



E. BACH.

NEW THOUGHT.

Vol. I.

April 1893.

No. 10.

DEATH, AND ITS TO-MORROW,

—OR—

The Spiritualistic Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell,

BY MOSES HULL.

“If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow,
For any one,
All the fight fought and all the journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, ‘Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
‘Do Thou Thy Will.’

I might not sleep, for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and, when the morning splendor

Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,
'It is His day.'

But if a wonderous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O Blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this,—
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While lead by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thou art close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether tempest hide
Or heaven serene; [Thee
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Nor love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth;
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts, the time to tell,
And it is well.

Let me keep on abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition
Or a short day's.
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait,
If Thou come late."

Death is on every hand; look which way we will we see the evidences of the mortality of the physical man. We have crowded our fathers and mothers off the stage of physical life; in turn we are fast being crowded into the great beyond. Why is this? Why do we die? What is death? What does it do for us, and with us?

Are we set adrift on a boundless ocean? or is it only a narrow stream? and what is on the other side of that stream?

These and a thousand similar questions continually ask themselves and the nearer we get to that other shore the more persistently do these questions obtrude. We are all interested in their solution, not merely for our friends who are over there, but we have a selfish interest in the matter. When our friends left us,

"We saw not the angels who met them there,
The gates of the city we could not see,"

But, somehow, we hoped that somewhere in the great beyond, death, which had divided us, would again unite us in more indissoluble ties. Any thing that can give us light on the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" will at some period in the life of every one be a boon the value of which cannot be over estimated.

OLD OPINIONS.

The old view of death is that it is a curse which has come on the race because of a mistake made by our first parents. The text, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," has been interpreted to signify that death is a curse, a penalty for man's disobedience. Paul may at times, have favored that idea. He said:—"Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Ro. v: 12. In verse 21 he tells us that, "Sin hath reigned unto death." In Chapter vi: 23, he tells us that "the wages of sin is death." In 1 Cor. xv: 26, he informs his readers that, "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." "It was through death that Jesus was to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil." Heb. ii: 14.

Thus for hundreds of years, death was regarded as an

enemy—a penalty for sin, and a weapon in the hands of the devil. It was of course to be followed by the judgment, and in most cases by endless torture in a lake of fire and brimstone. In secret societies and other places death was represented by a skull and crossbones. Songs had their effect in deepening this fear of death. Death and the judgment were always connected in the minds of the people. Isaac Watts, if my memory is right, asked the people to sing:—

“And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?”

Again Watts sang:—

“Death enters and there’s no defense,
His time there’s none can tell;
He’ll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.”

Once more we were asked to sing:—

“Death, thou art the king of terrors,
Terror felt by mighty kings.”

Also:—

“Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
Ye living men come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.”

Or worse still:—

“Death, ’tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek its last abode.”

SPIRITUALISTIC VIEWS.

David said: “Thou hast put a new song in my mouth.” Spiritualism has done the same thing; its poets and philosophers have introduced a new train of thought on

the subject of death. The spirit of William Shakespeare, through Lizzie Doten said:—

“The stroke of death is but a kindly frost,
Which cracks the shell,
And leaves the kernal room to germinate.”

Again:—

“What most consummate fools this fear of death doth make us!
Reason plays the craven unto sense, and in her fear
Choses the slow and slavish death of life,
Rather than freedom in the life of death.”

This same influence speaks of the fear of death as follows:—

“See here; another wound,—the fear of death—
That blessed consummation of this life,
Which soothes all pain,
Makes good all loss,
Revives the weak, gives rest and peace,
Makes free the slave, levels all past distinctions,
And doth place the beggar on a footing with the king.”

In speaking of what death does for humanity, Shakespeare, through Miss Doten says:—

“From every gaping wound of fear or doubt;
Murder or malice;
Sorrow or despair;
Thy spirit leaps as from a prison door.
It laughs at death and daggers
As it flies to hold companionship
With spirits blest;
And having thus informed itself of life,
The question then,—
To be or not to be,
Is swallowed up in immortality.”

Iowa's spiritual poet, McCrery said:—

“There is no death! the stars go down
To rise on some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;

For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Miss Priest sang:—

"And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail—
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatmen pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will that meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

IS DEATH AN ENEMY?

In a certain sense death has a sting—a sting which no religion, no philosophy, no knowledge takes away. Death does not sting the one it takes; it always comes to relieve the sufferer of what he was no longer able to endure; but death stings those left behind. Every time those left behind view the empty shoes and stockings; every time they see the unpressed pillow, or the vacant chair; every time they miss the pleasant smile or the melodies of the voice, there is an aching void—a sense of something missing; and this brings a pang not to be overcome in a moment. But death does not sting the one taken away. Indeed we will, most of us be as glad to go when the time comes as we ever were to start on any journey.

I have presented this poetical contrast as a kind of foundation for the argument to be made. Any one can see that there are at least two sides to this question; my present object is to try for my own sake, and that of others to find out the truth.

WHERE SHALL WE TURN FOR LIGHT?

On this subject the sciences are absolutely silent.

Science, with its telescopes sweeps the fields of space and brings within our purview worlds which, "hang upon nothing," worlds, the existence of which without their aid, we never could more than imagine. Microscopes bring to us the worlds of infinitesimal existences—worlds of living, organized, competing intelligences, in a single drop of water; but science as yet only reaches the physical; the instrument has not yet been invented that brings the world of spirituality to view. Science confesses it is educated only in the past; it traces the physical man back, back, back, through all the phases of matter, but when it comes to the spiritual part of man, or to the to-morrow of death, its eyes are bandaged.

When one turns from science to the more spiritual portions of the Bible, they, when interpreted in the light of Modern Spiritualism, when not contradicted by other seemingly authoritatively statements, reflect a glimmer of light on the question. This darkness attending the exit from this world has caused the world to dress death in black, and surround it with the gloom expressed in the texts of scripture and poems to which I have referred.

THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

Unless Spiritualism, with its phenomena and philosophy interprets this, death must remain an unsolved problem. If people return from the other country then there is another country. When Jesus "showed himself alive after his passion, by many infalible proofs," (acts i:3,) then he demonstrated a life for the people supposed to be dead. So, our friends, by returning with "infalible proofs" of life for the dead, have proven that there is a beyond,—that death does not end all.

The position assumed by Spiritualism is that death is

ONLY A BIRTH.

In the event called death one is born out of his own body, as when he came into this world he was born out of another body. Jesus in his conversation with Nicodemus in the third chapter of John, in various forms of phraseology, says; "ye must be born again." In verse 6 he says: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." This implies that the spirit is not born of the flesh, nor the flesh of the spirit. Now every one who lives in the flesh demonstrates his birth of the flesh. You may be asked when you were born, where you were born, and of whom you were born; but no one will ever think of questioning you as to whether you ever was born. The fact that you are here in flesh and blood is all the proof needed of the fact that you have passed through the ordeal called birth. So, when you are born of the spirit you will exist out of the flesh from which you will have been born, as an individualized and separate entity.

In verses 7 and 8 Jesus makes this point still plainer. He says:—"Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." "Mark you, this text does not say that the spirit of which one is born is like the wind; but the one born of the spirit is like the wind. He goes and you cannot tell where he goes, and he comes and you cannot tell where he comes from."

This birth of the spirit has generally been applied to an event which takes place in this life—a change which is generally called conversion; now while I do not de-
that such people may have passed through a change which in an accommodated sense may be called a birth,

I do deny that they have experienced *this* birth. They do not go so that no one can tell where they go; nor do they come in any different manner from those who do not lay claim to having passed through such birth. Neither of the two tests by which Jesus would have you test those born of the spirit apply to them.

I now assert that the birth of the spirit is nothing more nor less than

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

The term resurrection has been so sadly mis-interpreted that I am almost afraid to use it. The word itself brings to the average theologian visions of graves bursting open and dead bodies springing to life. I do not mean that; the word itself has no such significance. This word comes from the Greek term *anastasis*, and signifies a reviving, a rousing up, or rising up.

Rev. Chauncy Giles says: "The Greek word *anastasis* means 'a continuance of existence after the death of the body;' 'the future life of those called dead.'"

Rev. Dr. Dwight says:

"This word, *anastasis*, is commonly, but often erroneously translated resurrection. So far as I have observed, it usually denotes our existence beyond the grave. Many passages of scripture would have been rendered *more intelligible*, and the thoughts contained in them more just and impressive, had this word been translated agreeable to its real meaning."

In over one hundred places in the Greek Testament the word *ek* occurs before the word *anastasis*; that word is the equivalent of the Latin or the English word *ex*, and means, and should be translated, *out*. Take the word *ex*, which is the equivalent of the Greek *ek*, and you will find, no matter how many words you build upon it as a root, it always means the same. Thus we have the word *exit*, going out; *exodus*, the same; *export*, taking goods out of our ports; *exhale*, breathing out, etc. etc.

Now in every place where the phrase, resurrection *from* the dead occurs, and in a few places where resurrection *of* the dead occurs, it is *ek anastasis* or *ek anastasin*, and means resurrection *out* of the dead. In Phil. iii: ii, Paul says: "If by any means I may attain unto the resurrection of the dead." The Greek is, *ek anastasin on nekron*.—Resurrection *out* of the dead.

The fact is, we live in the body; the eye does not see; the ear does not hear; we see and hear through the eyes and ears. Eyes and ears do not remember what is seen and heard. Eyes and ears do not compare one thing with another, and reflect on the things seen and heard. I, the *ego*, which uses the eyes and ears as tools, do all that. When the various parts of the body can no longer be used as helps—when the body can no longer be of service to the man, then the thing for him to do is to rise out of the body. There is now, in a certain sense a misfit between body and spirit, and hence, they part company. The body being of no further use to the man is laid aside, never to be taken up again. The spirit being born out of the fleshly body puts on a new spiritual body. This is the resurrection.

I here and now pledge myself to, at any convenient time and place show that the whole Bible is in harmony with this idea, and that the resurrection of the animal body is unscriptural and unscientific.

(*To be continued.*)

Growing Old.

BY E. W. GOULD.

"What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?

Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes, but not this alone.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength decay,
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more loosely strung.

Yes, this and more; but not,
Ah; tis not what in youth we dreamed twould be;
Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow;
A golden days decline."

But how few persons realize the import of these simple words, *growing old*. To the young they are ideal, and only thought of in their dreams of what is possible to them in the distant future.

In youth, and middle age, hope and ambition so engross the thoughts, that no time remains to seriously consider a period so remote to them, and one that may never be reached.

At maturer years, when friction with the world and life's experience has arrested their attention, and the infirmities of age admonish them of the frailty of human life, then they begin to realize for the first time that it is possible they are *growing old*.

And although time may have dealt kindly with them, it has become too evident to them, that they have reached the summit beyond which they cannot hope to attain physically. And when any change comes in the mortal, it will suggest the approach of old age.

It is at this period they begin to suspect that all that glitters is not gold, and wonder if life is really worth living;

But with ambition still unsatisfied, and avarice predominating, while health remains unimpaired, they flat-

ter themselves that the period is yet remote, when it will be necessary for them to sever their connections with those with whom they have so long been associated. Regardless of results, they rush forward with the reflection that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

But ere long it becomes evident, from the numerous departures of those who started on life's journey with them, that under the most favorable circumstances the time cannot long be deferred, when they too must sever the link that binds them to the mortal, and cross the dark river that ferries but one way.

This perhaps, is the most trying period in the experience of those who have found in life, and its associations, sufficient to gratify their ambition, and to feel that life is worth living.

Those who believe, "If a man dies he shall live again" cannot be indifferent to results, when the conviction is forced upon them that every step now carries them nearer that ferry.

Through the influence of education and instruction, all are more or less impressed with the thought of moral responsibility. And but few are so indifferent to consequences, at this late period in life, that they can entirely close their thoughts from the contemplation of the profit and loss account, as it will appear on the ledger when made up from the journal of their lives.

Among the many conditions found in this class of pilgrims, with silvered locks and drooping forms, who are journeying along this declining pathway together none seem so free from care and anxiety and reluctant to reach the end, as those whom fortune has favored and disease left unharmed.

But even these are subject to the law of conscience and compensation, and the question must often arise in

their minds, have I made the proper use of my time and opportunities? Have I contributed of my substance for the ameliorations of suffering humanity in proportion to my ability? Have the principles involved in the golden rule been my rule and practice? Would it not have been wiser, and better if I had devoted a part of my time in distributing my accumulations in the building of charitable and educational institutions for the benefit of the worthy poor, and the ignorant, instead of hoarding my wealth, for the use and benefit of those who are now only waiting my demise?

While they are attentive to my physical necessities, it is often apparent that many of my legitees are stimulated by the hope of reward, which in many cases amounts to but little less than obsequiousness. My advantages have been many, and fortune has favored all my efforts. On which side of the profit and loss account, in life's balance sheet do I stand?

We now pass in review another and a far more numerous class, who have joined the solemn procession in passing along through the diversified avenues of life, to the closing scenes where all path-ways meet.

This class drift out upon the stage of life like bees from the hive, under the influence of the morning sun, scatter broad cast over the earth's surface in pursuit of honey or its equivalent.

Among this class may be found the husbandman, the professional man, the mechanic, the merchant, the sailor and some from all classes of society.

Like a bee, they flit along through life, gathering honey from every opening flower, when within their reach, depending upon the great store-house of nature for their principal substance.

It is to this class the world is indebted for its progress

in education, in agriculture, in mechanical arts, in science, and in fact for everything that makes it great, grand and enjoyable.

But such is the caprice of fortune, and the liability of failure, but few of this class have succeeded in securing their object in life; they ignore the thought that they are *growing old*, and rush on with renewed energy, in pursuit of that *ignis fatuus* they have been pursuing all their lives, until reminded by exhausted nature, there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot respond, or what is more probable, until made painfully aware, they are no longer considered even by their friends and associates equal to the requirements of the times, nor even to fill with credit, positions they have so long occupied.

Then they realize for the first time, how forlorn their situation, and how dependent their condition—that they have out-lived their usefulness, and are like a shipwrecked mariner, standing upon an uninhabitable island, watching with tearful eyes the cruel waves that are rapidly destroying the last vestage of the beautiful ship upon which he, the last survivor, and his boon companions left their once happy homes.

The few in this class, that have overcome the trials and reverses incident to an active life of three score and ten years, and have been fortunate enough to rear and educate families, who recognize as among their first duties, the care and protection of their aged parents and guardians are indeed among the favored few. While this should be considered a filial duty, there are many who are unwilling to sacrifice even the luxuries of life to make glad the hearts of those who have been defeated in the great battle of life, and are no longer able to continue the struggle.

But even when their physical wants are provided for, by kind friends, the infirmities of age are upon them, and the reflection of their dependence upon the charity of others makes it difficult for them to grow old cheerfully, unless sustained by the fond hope, that the next and the last change in the drama of life will place them beyond the reach of the many trials and reverses they have so long been trying to overcome.

But what can be said of that still more numerous and unfortunate class who, through ante-natal conditions, misfortune, crime, and dissipation, are filling prisons, poor-houses, hovels and insane asylums with disease and premature old age?

If those who do not believe life is worth living, need any argument to prove their position they may find it in the fact that so large a proportion of humanity who reach the age of manhood prove worthless "cumberers of the ground," coupled with the fact, that not one in ten of those who are born, live to the age of discretion, or if they do live, ever contribute any thing towards the benefit of the race, or the cause of humanity. Old age, decay and death is the avenue through which mortals reach the new life, if at all, and the law of compensation and of retribution are common to all, and the whole human family are alike subject to them.

Only through more formidable circumstances happier surroundings, wiser councils, and purer lives, is one class of mortals enabled to reach the highest life in a more exalted condition than an other.

The most difficult lesson in life that old people need to learn—one that involves more happiness to them and to those with whom they are associated, is, *how to grow old*, or as some one has said "to grow old gracefully." The infirmities of age become more and more appar-

ent each day, through disease, disappointment, real, or fancied neglect, anticipated or actual want, forebodings of the future, and regrets of failure in the past. All these, and more, appeal to the sympathy, to the forbearance of the young, and to those whose duty it is to provide for this dependent class. All are aware how difficult it is to entertain, or to be entertained by garrulous old people, who are usually sensitive, and forgetful, and are not aware they are not as attractive as in their youth.

Happy indeed are the old, who can practice sufficient philosophy to recognize that their days of usefulness are past, and that all that remains for them to do, is to wait with cheerfulness, hoping their experience in this life will not be lost, but that it has prepared them in some degree to enter upon a higher life, which the law of evolution and immortality will unfold to them when they cross to the other shore.

If a more reasonable and comprehensive view of the end and object of this life, had been promulgated in the education and in the experience of those who are now bordering on the hither shore, it would have done much towards sustaining, and cheering the declining years of those who still doubt that life is worth living, or that the soul is immortal.

Those that have had the opportunity of learning, and are satisfied that the philosophy of modern Spiritualism is reliable, and that the messages they receive, are from those who have passed from earth life, are relieved in great measure from the apprehension and doubt of the future and can anticipate with some degree of satisfaction the compensation in *growing old*.

St. Louis, February 20, 1893.



Was John Calvin a Murderer?

LET THE HISTORY OF CREED AND CONFESSION ANSWER.
OPEN LETTER TO AMERICAN CITIZENS AND
ALL WHO THINK.

BY. W. D. RICHNER.

Referring to the inhuman cruelties practiced on men many times the superior of their fiendish tormentors, it is not that the retrospection is pleasing. But rather by turning on them the light of American civilization, these errors and fanaticism, of the early formulators of man-slaving creeds, we would make them more odious, and un-mask the ecclesiastical craft, which would continue to impose them upon American citizens, in possession of liberty, better than can be conferred by any dogmatic creed.

The bitterness and bad temper shown by learned D. D's. in convention, as the exponent of character, there is more of Calvin and creed than Christ amongst them.

John Calvin, honored by numbers as the founder of their faith, was born in the Roman Catholic faith. Failing to obtain the promotion he desired, he left the church at about the age of twenty-six. A close study of his physiognomy its expression discloses, as history proves him to have been an unscrupulous zealot. His ascetic enthusiasm and love for the mastery could brook no rivalry. Educated and disciplined in the Romish church, the spirit of persecution, intolerance and theological hate for all who differed in any degree with him was inbred—ingrained into his very nature. By innate duplicity he compassed the death by burning of Michael Servetus, a rival reformer.

“ABOUT MID-DAY SERVETUS WAS LED TO THE STAKE”.
Before it laid a large block of wood on which he was to

sit. An iron chain encompassed his body and held him to the stake; his neck was fastened to it by a strong cord which encircled it several times. On his head was placed a crown of plaited straw and leaves, strewed with sulphur to assist in suffocating him. At his girdle were suspended both his printed books and manuscripts which he had sent to Calvin; the cause of his cruel death. Servetus begged the executioner to put him quickly out of his misery, but the fellow, either from accident or design, had been instructed, and had collected a heap of green wood. When the fire was kindled Servetus uttered such a piercing shriek that the crowd fell back with a shudder. Some one more humane than the authorities ran and threw on fagots; nevertheless, his sufferings lasted about half an hour. Just before he expired, he cried with a terrible voice: "Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me." (De Morte Servetus, apud P. Henry, iii 200).

JAMES BELL, IN ERRORS OF PRESBYTERIANISM,
DISCLOSED AND EXPOSED.

"Michael Servetus, of Villanueva, in aragon deserved to enjoy a peaceful fame for having discovered a long time before Harvey the circulation of the blood.—" To give an idea of the little known sentiments of this man, whose barbarous death alone has rendered him celebrated, it will perhaps be sufficient to quote this passage from his fourth book on the trinity: "As the germ of the generation was in God before the Son was really made, the creator has thus wished this order to be observed in all the generations. The substantial seed of Christ and seminal causes and archetypic forms be truly in God," etc.

"Reading these words," says Mr. Bell, "we might deem ourselves reading Origin, and at the word Christ

we might suppose we were reading Plato, whom the first Christian theologians, looked on as their master.

JOHN CALVIN, BY TREACHERY, OBTAINED SOME SHEETS of a work which Servetus was having printed secretly. He sent them to Lyons with letters he had received from Servetus, an action sufficient to dishonor him forever in society. Calvin caused Servetus to be accused by an emisary. Servetus, who knew that inovators in doctrine were pitilessly burnt, fled while the charge was making. Unfortunately he passed through Geneva, Calvin knew it, and denounced him, had him arrested at his inn just as he was ready to leave. He was stripped of ninety pieces of gold, a chain and six rings,"

Yet John Calvin is the name, and his inhuman creed, often exalted in Synods above the character and name of the humane gentle teacher of Galilee.

After the death of Servetus, Calvin published abroad that heritics must be punished, and that God required the execution of Servetus. Yet it is clear in his published works, the latter recognized the "eternal divinity of Jesus."

John Calvin, the god father of Presbyterianism, and who would consign infants from their mother's arms, and nine-tenths of the human race to a literal endless burning hell, compassed the murderer of Michael Servetus by the production of some private letters of his victim written a long time before, in doubtful terms. This deplorable crime occured in 1553, eighteen years after Geneva passed its decree against the Romish religion.

Now let John Calvin utter his own condemnation. In a letter from his own hand, yet preserved in the Chateau of La Bastie Roland near Maitelimart, addressed to the Marquis de Poet, grand Chamberlain of the King of Navarre, September 30th, 1561.

Calvin says: "Honor, glory and riches shall be the reward of your sufferings; above all do not neglect to rid the country of those zealous rascals who excite the people to unite against us. Such monsters ought to be stifled

AS I DID MICHAEL SERVETUS,

a Spaniard. Whoever shall now contend that it is unjust to put heretics and blasphemers to death, will knowingly and willingly incur their very guilt."

In a published work, John Calvin further says: "This is not laid down on human authority; it is God himself that speaks and prescribes a perpetual rule for his church. It is not in vain that he banishes all those human affections which soften our hearts; that he commands paternal love and all benevolent feelings between brothers, relations and friends to cease; in a word that he almost deprives man of their nature, in order that nothing may hinder their holy zeal. Why is so implacable a severity exacted, but that we may know that God is defrauded of his honor, unless the piety that is due to him be preferred to all human duties, and that when his glory is to be asserted, humanity must be obliterated from men's memories." (See Dyers Life of John Calvin, ¶ 354.)

Such indicates the spirit and method of Calvinistic 'reformation.' 'It is love your enemy'—to death. It reads very much like the out-cropping and continuation of the educational discipline received in the old Romish Cloister.—the tyranny of the scarlet old mother of harlots.

CAN SUCH MINDS MAKE GOOD LOYAL CITIZENS of the American republic? Calvin's "physiog" denotes Jewish origin, and his murderous hatred for the lamented Servetus was not lessened when the latter called him a Jew, for entertaining such monstrous sentiments.

Possessed of a zealous indomitable will, John Calvin's disposition was popish; he would rule. So inflexibly overmastering was his course and dealings with opposition, I am inclined to attribute much of his action, and some of his rulings to the spirit control of one of the earlier popes. His cruelties were enacted more than 400 years ago, when the devilish ignorance and pious prejudices of the people were such as to tolerate and consent to such inhumanity. But what may we say of the Spirit? Certainly exotic to our soil which seeks to keep alive and continue this sectional sectarian hatred, under the tolerance and protection of American institutions.

MILLIONS OF MONEY INVESTED IN GIGANTIC CHURCH machinery turning out, to prey upon the industrious; Reverend D. D's. whose life effort intensifies this hellish hatred. A theological aristocracy is antagonistic to the simplicity and truthfulness of a free republic. It is an exotic plant, and comes from the kingdom of the east. It is not indigenous to western republican soil. The church of the millionaire is exclusive and is not a place for the million. The proletariat have little sympathy with it. The multitude of a republic take more readily to the simplicity of the gospel of the Nazareth Carpenter. They have no time for Calvinistic creeds and confessions.

The spirit of truth and American civilization calls on her 80,000 titled divines to come down from their stilted dignity, and educate the business community in the practice of common honesty and restitution. To cease their silly efforts to bind back the people to a cemeteral creed, dead hundreds of years ago. Deeds, not creeds, our greater need.

YEARLY IS THE MANLY AMERICAN CHAGRINED to witness on our city streets this Clanish Sectarian exhi-

bition, in commemoration of some bloody religious battle or murderous event, which took place in foreign lands. The rioting and blood-shed transferred from disputing governments to the highways of the American republic; when "Orangemen" and Roman Catholics meet in their clanish parades. Oh! when will full grown manhood become sufficiently self-respecting to cease this shame and travesty on American institutions?

And still more, how shall we answer for the learned exhibitions of this selfsame persecuting spirit, senuous and more insidious by scholarly theologians, whose life-work appears to be only to enslave those more free. These graceless creed-mongers are a mocking travesty on Nineteenth century progress, sham ambassadors of the liberty giving prophet of Galilee. I am reminded, "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," expresses a bible inspiration positive and plain authority, superior to all Calvinism; and if Moses, when he "killed the Egyptian and hid him in the sand," was a murderer, and David, the King of Israel, when he ordered "Uriah to be placed in front of the battle that he might be killed," was a murderer. So also was John Calvin, when he ordered Michael Servetus to be burnt at the stake, a murderer.

MORE HISTORY.

Westminster Abbey was founded by Edward, the confessor, on the site of a much earlier church and was made a peculiarly royal institution. It was then far out of the city of London, on an island in a morass, and was called by Edward, the College Abbey of St. Peter, but was popularly known as the minister or monastery of the west, hence the name Westminster.

In "The Poets corner," said the artist to the clergy-

man, "here are Waller's expressive lines:"

"Mortality, behold and fear,
What a chaos of flesh is here,
Think how many royal bones
Sleep beneath this heap of stones,
Here they lie—had realms of lands,
Now want strength to stir their hands,
Here from their pulpits sealed with dust,
Preach, in greatness there is no trust."

SNAP SHOTS BY KODAK.

"Umbrellas to mend! Umbrellas to mend!" often greets
Our ears from alleys, lanes and busy streets,
Reminding of the demand: "Creeds to be mended,"
That from future storm we may be defended,
Theological athletes, in grave conclave assembled,
Scholarly reverends, prize pugilists resembled,
The Monk of Wales, father audacious,
Against advance criticism is very pugnacious.
Into the arena throws the glove and defies
Modern philosophy, sends science to the skies,
To knock out "higher criticism" and the foe
Of fogysm,—athletes fronted with direst woe,
An array of grave titles solemnly assembled,
The famous monkey-parrot tussel very much resembled
Creed mongers occupation, fat livings defend—
"Creed crutches to mend! Creed crutches to mend!"
Floats out on the air from scholarly convention,
These pious wrangles are disgraceful to mention,
Like numerous articles the tinker meets
On his "mending" way through our streets,
These worn out creeds are very thin—
Too thin from "Gods wrath" to shelter in.
Iron-clad creeds born of Westminster dead,
The marshy place of skulls can no longer shed
Light on American civilization and morals,
Should be buried deep beyond all quarrels.

9

The tyrannical power arranged in scarlet,
 Seen by the prophet, as "The Mother of Harlot's"
 Babylon of mystery—Babel of the creeds
 Sunk in the sea of her own misdeeds.

POINTER.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."
 There is no higher religion than truth.

W. D. RICHNER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ADENDUM.

By way of apology some friends say: John Calvin did not originate his theological doctrines. The most striking of them he found in the writings of St. Augustine, an African bishop, A. D. 354 to 430, 1150 years before Calvin. The ambition of both was to palm on mankind a "scheme" of Salvation.

The apology affords little light of relief to the industrious zealot. The mischief to the race by the "scheme" of the former, has been intensified by the latter, in its evil effects. John Calvin declared: "the damnation of all mankind was necessary as a proof of divine justice, and that it would not be unjust if all men were eternally punished; as it is,—very few will be saved, because the divine mercy must also be manifested.

The chief corner stone of Calvinistic Presbyterianism is the doctrine of "original sin." Calvin's deity was the same as that of St. Augustine—a fanciful conjecture—the common mistaken notion of the Hebrew Jehovah. Which, though with Jews, is to-day rejected by numbers of the more learned and progressive Rabbis.

American progress and twentieth century intelligence turns the light on many no longer willing to bow to authority destitute of proof; because there is no higher religion than truth. The religion which the world is open to, and the multitudes are yearning for, is that of

intelligent, sincere sympathy. The spirit of promise and helpfulness, not the killing law and letter of hate.

The citizens of a free republic have no use for the priestly domination which insists, "believe or be damned." History reminds that a few years ago this infernal priestly domination in, otherwise beautiful Mexico,— "if the people would not be baptized they were flogged, hanged or drowned, and when baptized were flogged if they did not regularly attend mass, burned if they slid back to idol worship."—*Brinton's Folk Lore*.

"Michael Servetus, an accomplished physician and man of science, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, afterwards attributed to Harvey." Say a writer, "after the death of Servetus, Calvin published a book remarkable for its bitter spirit of persecution. To escape the appearance of advocating popish fires, he argued that punishment of heretics belongs only to those who hold the true doctrine—himself and follower's bold attempt to make a monopoly of persecution. His argument: "Whosoever shall dispute my opinions shall himself be amendable to the charge of blasphemy and in danger of lighting his own pyre."

Sketch of E. Bach.

BY MOSES HULL.

E. Bach, whose portrait appears on our first page, was born in the mountains of Bohemia in the vicinity of Carlsbad, in 50 N. lat., in 1836. Bohemia is a province of Austria, and that empire was at that time an absolute despotism. The Catholic Church had absolute control of the people. There were in that vicinity a few Jews, but scarcely any protestants. It would have been very uncomfortable for such to reside among the bigoted people. He went to the common school till he

was twelve years of age, but an American could not possibly have any conception of such schools; they were under the full supervision of the priest, and the text books contained nothing but biblical history. They taught reading and writing, (German) and a little arithmetic. Mr. B. says that he had no conception of geography, astronomy, or any of the branches now taught. After the custom of European peasants at that time they put him out to learn a trade, and he went, wandering as they called it, at the tender age of fourteen, and had to earn his own living. With his knapsack on his back, and sleeping and living as he best could, as a German "HANDWERKSBURSAHE" he finally landed in Vienna where he spent several years, and returned to his home just before he was eighteen years old. Coming across an enthusiastic letter, written by a party who had emigrated to this country, he persuaded his parents to sell out what little property they had, and try America, and so they set sail for this country, leaving Bremerhaven in August, 1854; and, after a voyage of 42 days they landed in New York, about Oct. 1st, and thence went to Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. B. was the eldest of six children and during these hard times worked at anything which offered, to support his parents and brothers and sisters. After remaining in Milwaukee for one year they went into the Northern Wisconsin wilderness, and cleared a farm, cutting the timber and rolling it together by hand, having neither horses or cattle, burning the same as best they could, and putting in a small crop in the spring of 1856, on the clearings then made, through the medium of grubbing hoes, cutting the grain with a sickle, threshing it on the floor, and grinding a portion of it on a coffee mill. Those were pioneering days in good earnest. During the spring of 1856 he went to

work in a saw mill, in which he eventually became a partner, and which interest he has disposed of since he removed to So. Dakota in 1885.

In 1862 he married Miss. Frances M. White; the result of the marriage is a family of seven children, of which W. H. Bach, the secretary of the N. W. Sp. Ass'n, and a Spiritual Lecturer, is the eldest. Four months after their marriage Mr. B. enlisted in a Wisconsin Regiment, and was in the war a little over three years, returning as first Lieutenant of his Company. He then remained in Wisconsin till 1875, when he removed to Chicago, where he was in business in the lumber district for eight years. In 1883, the Western fever struck him, and he removed to Minneapolis, and after two years residence there he went to South Dakota, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. B. was an agnostic from infancy. He says that he cannot remember that he ever accepted any of the teachings of so-called religions. Even as a child, he claims that he could not become credulous enough to accept what is called religion. Understanding nothing but German when he came to this country, and being compelled to work daily and hourly to support his people from the day he landed until he enlisted, and having the care of a family afterwards, he could not attend any English school; he claims for that reason he has always been handicapped. As soon as he mastered the English language enough to read books, he became a reader of the advanced literature of the day, leaning to the practical and scientific, rather than to the speculative. Novels had but little attraction for him. This bent of mind naturally landed him in the ranks of the Materialists, and for years he was an avowed Materialist; yet he is free to admit that their conclusions never fully

satisfied him. He reasoned that nature made no errors; that she does not waste her forces; that she has brought man the highest developed being we know—the human mind, from the lowest stratum of nature to his present development, after ages of transformation, and that it would not be reasonable to suppose that after all this labor she would at a single blow destroy all that mind. Finally, Mr. B's eldest son, through a series of circumstances too long to relate, developed physical psychic phenomena at their home. Mr. B. being a Materialist, looked with disfavor at the investigation, but things occurred in his home, away from all contact with Spiritualism, which he could not ignore, and thus he was forced to investigate. His family had never come in contact with Spiritualism, and hence whatever occurred was not the result of imitation, or anything of the kind, but the results were entirely spontaneous and apart from all other influences. Mr. B. with his practical mind was at first inclined to assign physical causes as the origin of the phenomena, but on investigation every one of his theories was upset. The spirit intelligences led him along, and then showed him plainly that his theories were not facts. After a while W. H. became a trance medium, and the Bach household had one continued series of seances as the regular employment of every evening. Mr. B. always put himself on the negative side of every question; disputed; contradicted; asked for proof; would not accept anything unless it was proven beyond question; must understand everything himself, and thus it took him five years before he became fully convinced. He facetiously says he would not give a copper for a Spiritualist who could become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism at a single session, or in one course of lectures, or in a very short time; as

any person who becomes a convert under such conditions will be liable to become a convert to an opposing theory as quickly. After a while Mr. B. developed strong healing powers which he has used for the benefit of his fellowman whenever his business engagements would permit. Mrs. Bach developed first a writing medium, and finally into a trance medium, and so the household has plenty of spirit opportunities among themselves. In that particular they are more favored than many other families, even among Spiritualists. Mr. B. claims that with his present understanding of the Spiritualistic philosophy, he is convinced that spirit influences had control of him from infancy, and that they have led and directed him, unknown to himself, at every opportunity where the conditions were present for them to work.

Mr. B. is now president of the N. W. Spiritualist Association, and has hopes of building up an association and a campmeeting which shall be an honor to the cause.

Facts Versus Optimism.

BY C. H. MURRAY.

There is no other fool like the enthusiast. He blocks the course to true progress as much as the conservative. His character is illustrated by the man bursting with bigotry, who secures an organ and operator and takes the road with the avowed intention of conquering the devil. Then follows a travesty on truth that makes sober thinking people mourn. The grave principles of sociology or the slow working laws of the human mind are nothing to this prestidigitator of religion and reform. The Chinese soldier conducts his attack by gongs and outcry believing that victory depends on noise and gesticulation. Our performer adopts a simi-

lar course and marches shouting on the enemy. Presently he rubs his hands in ecstasy and cries: "Oh it is glorious; so many people converted; so many more saved from hell," and he passes on to new fields of conquest. The political optimist is not less confident that the world is booming. Great age; improving every day; invention; discovery; progress; annihilation of space and time; piling up millions of wealth daily; look at the last census. Then he jumps around with exuberant ardency; he glows and swells with millenium fervor. Think of it; steam; electricity; petroleum; natural gas; man harnessing the forces of nature; whoop! hallelujah! amen.

Locke says that "enthusiasm is founded neither on reason nor divine revelation, but rises from the conceits of a warmed or overweening imagination." It is often antagonistic to reason and like a *mirage* presents an entrancing picture that has no substantial counterpart. With a cooler judgment let us examine what really does obtain among men in this year of the Lord 1893. The most grievous circumstance we encounter is this; that never in the history of the human race have there been so many men armed and equipped for war; never have the implements for national murder been so devilish, so numerous and ingeniously destructive; never has the sweat of industry been so diverted from the purposes of making people happy to the purposes of making them destroying fiends, as to-day. With a beneficent sun shining down to fructify the soil and bless the children of earth, man stands arraigned as converting the forces of nature to produce a carnival of hell. In Europe, five millions of men under arms, maneauvering and practicing how to most successfully kill their neighbors. And this is not enough. The armies must be increased,

the people further taxed and labor impoverished to swell the blood shedding forces. Over all this like a bird of prey hovering in the air, are the expanded wings of a stupendous blasphemy shutting out the light, supporting a hideous dragon that discards nature with the cry, that in the name of God and under his patronage the nations war. Yes, these nations not only assume to be civilized but are mapped down on the books as Christian nations,—whatever that may mean. The anthropomorphic beast that presides over the German division, pulls down the priest from the altar, dons the holy vestment, and himself conducts the service instead. Why not? The high chief beast can certainly present a more exalted profanity than any of his sub-ordinates. A man visiting Germany saw the grand emperor reviewing eighty thousand troops in Berlin. All uniformed, armed with flashing, murderous implements, officered by arrogant lick-spittle lackies, all trained to believe that brutality is the highest qualification of an evolved man. Two days after, thirty miles away, he sees in a field two women and a dog wearily pulling a plow; and another women, aged, gray, wrinkled and bent, holding the same. A recent American traveler describes Germany as a country where the men and horses are in the army and the women and cows do the work. Glorious nation! civilized and Christian! Christian because every day there are prayers in the palace, and God is told how good He is, to permit Germany to exist at all. Praise ye the Lord, Oh, my soul! Praise him with saber and with gun. Let the smokeless powder speak His holy name; the huge mortar bellow forth His glory, for he is a mighty God. Praise him ye brutal men of war. He will help us to make the widow and the orphan. Praise him with reconnoitering balloon in the air, and

with the deadly torpedo under the sea. Oh my soul pants with the praise of the Lord.

The other nations of Europe equally stagger under the maddening incubus of hate. The ponderous steam hammer with its quaking blow moulds and fashions metal, not for the purpose of constructing vessels to more securely carry commerce to distant marts and exchange in trade the products of peace; but to be invincible as engines of destruction; to visit distant cities and lay them waste or rob their people by levying tribute. To this purpose millions of treasure are being devoted and the labor of thousands of men. In our own country the military spirit is being encouraged by the rich to furnish the means of keeping oppressed or discontented labor in subjection. The National (!) Guard is recruited and equipped to put down interior dissension; millions are being spent on ships of war under the plea of necessity for national defence. The people are being insidiously led astray by appeals to their patriotism, while beneath all there is hidden a wicked and sinister design.

What is the domestic status of the people of these nations? France is generally cited as the most cultured nation of the world. For two centuries her philosophers have been quoted as the highest authorities; her artists have excelled in richness and execution of design, and her modistes have dictated the fashions for civilized man; her financiers astonished the manipulators of securities when the nation rose from defeat in war with all the bouyancy of youth. These facts but indicate her great possibilities to make a people wise and happy. But in this old nation whose soil has been enriched by human blood, and whose people have lived in sight of carnage for a thousand years, there are 300,000 thatched cabins without a window, and 150,000 more with but one win-

dow; Two thirds of the population are crowded into small and uncomfortable habitations and dwell in despair and ignorance. Turning to Great Britain, Ireland has forty thousand thatched hovels of one room, and no window, in each of which a family is crowded to exist as they best can. If we go to christianized (!) English robbed India, with a soil unsurpassed, and a climate of perpetual summer, where every day the sunbeams kiss into life an exuberant vegetation,—we find man wasting, rotting under the blasting curse of starvation. In the vast domain of Russia, where the incarnate fiends of hell assemble to hold their wildest orgies, we find 1,700,000 men always under arms, with sufficient reserves to make a possible army of 7,000,000 men. This unnatural contorting of human life brings the disaster of hungry millions, the agonized moans of sorrowing mothers, the wild cry of children half maddened for want of food, and finally, as a compensation for being on the earth, the exquisite luxury of death.

Returning to our own country, which we have frequently been told in 4th of July speeches was reserved by Providence to be the palladium of human rights and the nursery of liberty,—we find that the wealth of the country is being swiftly absorbed by a few persons, who contrive by ingenious legal mechanism to exact tribute from labor and live in luxurious idleness without rendering any equivalent to society for their presence.

The statistics for this assertion are so abundant and bewildering that one is confused in trying to make selections for a brief article like this. But it can be shown that the vantage ground that these people have acquired is so extensive that a very few individuals dominate the nation; and if they are not checked by powerful legislation, or the still more radical means of revolu-

tion, in another generation the government of this boasted republic will pass to a limited plutocracy. By existing methods there is not a ray of hope for the perpetuity of the institutions that the founders of the nation labored to establish, and they are speedily wrecking while the people do not realize the fact. Partisan passion dulls the perception of the voters and enables a few unscrupulous and designing leaders, under the guise of public interest, to misdirect the people and juggle with their highest aims. Every assertion of this kind will be met with scoffing, even while the declension of the people's rights is every day becoming more accelerated. Facts of the gravest character may be cited in vain to a politician whose chief ambition is to rise to the top and enjoy the usufruct of his party's favor. In conventions this question is never put: "what will most benefit the people?" but "what can we successfully impose upon them?" The bell-wethers of political caucuses feel that the flock, will follow where they gambol, and they provide to secure for themselves the longest nip of the pasturage.

If any one does not believe that there must be something radically wrong in our social scheme, let him gravely contemplate our record of crime for the past year, and give a satisfactory solution for such a shocking exhibit.

The number of murders committed in the United States in 1892 reached 6,792,—an increase of 886 over 1891; 2,502 over 1890; and 3,225 over 1889; almost doubling itself in four years and not warranted by a like increase in population. Add to this 107 legal hangings and 236 lynchings, and we have a statistic of violent deaths equal to the whole war record of some nations. The list of suicides reached 3,860, with a gradual in-

crease each year since 1889, when it was 2,225. Of the suicides for 1892, 1,300, sought death by shooting, 1,010 by poisoning; 608, by hanging; 319, by throat cutting, and the rest by other modes, too numerous to mention. This averages 18.6 murders and 10.5 suicides per day.*

Who can contemplate this horrible record without a shudder. This monstrous insanity of crime cannot be explained by intemperance. There was as much liquor drank in '90 and '91 as during the past year. We find the solution of the increase of crime, in our social and political injustice. Men and women are driven to desperation by want, by hopelessly mortgaged homes and by the ever increasing oppression of tax tribute; not alone the legally assessed requirement, but the many insidious exactions that are ingeniously devised to gather from the toilers a duty that shall pass to the capitalist without an equivalent return. Thousands that do not kill themselves go mad and fill our over crowded asylums; thousands more are crushed by disappointment, pray for and welcome as a blessing a premature death.

"Oh,"—says the assuring politician in the fall of '93,—"you are a croaker; instead of things being gloomy, they never were more lovely; just elect us again and we have a scheme to perpetuate their loveliness. Under us Prosperity sits upon her throne and waves her magic wand."

And so good stupid voter you are hypnotized by promises. Those who grumble are not wholly under trance, but with a few more passes the gold-god worshipers will get control and subject the helpless subjects

*These criminal statistics were so incredible to me, that I have not used them until I took the pains to have them verified by sufficient authority.

to further robbery. They are not done with their performance yet; not until they can get these deluded voters to believe the fiction that fifty cents a day is as good wages as four times that sum. Everything must come down relatively when we reach a gold basis. So they proceed to put on the pressure gradually designing that the people may toughen as they go down. In this case the Lord tempers the storm to the shorn lamb.

"Oh yes, the world is booming,
Swift it speeds while its orbit curves
Towards the lurid abyss;
As it falls a melancholy spectacle
Is spread upon the stage;
A great play is going forward;
It is called, *The Tragedy of Man.*"

Reflections of an old Spiritualist.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

There are many things we may accept as facts and not know how to explain them. One fact can never antagonize another fact, no matter how much at variance they may seem, we often lack wisdom in knowing how to adjust them.

In the article in last issue under the above caption the statement was made that "many old Spiritualists wonder, even to-day, why some mediums could give names and dates, and others could not. This assertion has called out several letters, each correspondent says: "That has been my experience, why is it?" I may not be able to give a satisfactory answer, but will reply according to my highest light.

One of the most common occurrences in spiritual meetings at the present time, is the answering of questions by our entranced and inspired lecturers. It is a noticeable fact that questions of a philosophic nature are much

more readily answered than those referring to personal matter, and yet, one would naturally infer, that it would be much easier to give a name than to answer questions pertaining to science or philosophy.

When test questions are asked, there is at once a change in the mental state of the medium and the fear that he or she may fail, renders them positive and prevents in many instances, the desired answer, from the fact that the positiveness breaks the magnetic current between the spiritual operator and mortal subject.

Many mediums describe accurately, and are unable to give even one name with the description. There may be at least two reasons given why this is so. It should always be remembered that a spirit need not necessarily be in close proximity to the medium in order to be seen. Clairvoyant vision transcends distance—takes cognizance of persons and places hundred of miles away, so when under the influence of a higher clairvoyant, they are enabled to *see in the spirit* and a nearness of our spirit friends, is not an absolute necessity, in order to be described.

Again, we see scores of people every day in this life—persons whose names we do not know. We may describe them and unless their names are given us, we never know who they are. Were we deaf, there would be no way of ever knowing their names, unless they were written, and then we know what to call them, not by anything we have heard, but by something we have seen.

Our vision has been required, not only in giving descriptions, but names as well. Clairvoyance is much more common among mediums, than Clairaudience. There are many among us who can *see in the spirit*, but cannot hear; some one may say, "this explanation does not fit my case at all, because I have received tests in

the most ordinary details of life, at the same time names have been withheld." This is not uncommonly the case, and in all such instances the reason previously stated sums the most *rationale*, that fear of failure often prevents the giving of names and dates. Some one may inquire, "how can this affect a medium, if the medium is entranced or unconcious?" It remains to be proven whether or no a medium is ever *entirely* unconcious, some persons claim they never dream because they do not remember their dreams. Some mediums consider they are unconcious because they remember nothing that occurs while they are entranced, and yet, not unfrequently has it been proven that the conciousness of the medium might be aroused, sufficiently to interfere with the control. Such instances are common in the practice of psychology.

Independent slate-writing is usually much more satisfactory in the way of personal communication than any other method that has been introduced outside of spirit telepragphy. In this mode of communication, names are given with wonderful accuracy, and not unfrequently "pet" and "nick-names" of those communicating. Does not this fact go a long ways to confirm the theory that often the fear of failure on the part of the medium prevents the giving of names? In independent slate-writing the medium is as ignorant of the message being given as the one for whom the communication is designed, hence the results are always more satisfactory.

There are a few well-known "platform test mediums" who rarely fail in giving names, dates and records of events, but such are clairaudients as well as clairvoyants.

The farther we go into the philosophy of Spiritualism the more difficult are the problems to be solved, but there is a solution to every one and to the real student

it is a most delightful study. In our advance we may be compelled to put away many pre-concieved opinions, but the fundamental principle will ever remain the same. Some are fearful lest a newly discovered science may prove that the phenomena of Spiritualism may be explained from some other hypothesis. One experience in spirit intercourse—only one, establishes the fact of continued life and when we realize that they are multiplying on every hand, that many from all faiths are turning to Spiritualism for consolation; it should become a grand incentive to urge us on in the grand work. Let us endeavor to present it to the world in a manner worthy its name. Spiritualism is an established fact, and we are learning every day that there are stranger things in our philosophy than any of which we ever dreamed. Let us be patient, considerate and pains-taking, remembering that every soul is a wonderful door leading into the Infinite.

Hulled Kernels.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

One of the greatest mistakes of our life, is the unwillingness to learn from others, lessons which would be the most valuable to us. Nothing hinders advancement more than a vain conceit that resents advice or counsel.

* * *

There is no way of presenting a truth so effectually as to incorporate it into our very lives. Words amount to little, in and of themselves. A parrot may be taught to articulate nicely, but her words never enthuse a listener with better thoughts or to more noble deeds.

* * *

Physical culture has become one of the most common studies of the age; this is good, it would be better, how-

ever, if as one becomes enabled to free himself or herself from clumsiness and to manifest a suppleness of limb and body, they could in the same proportion free the mental and moral side from bondage, what a grand revelation of love, power and wisdom would be manifested in humanity, there is no toil, however humble or monotonous, but that becomes beautiful when associated with love-service. As soon as we become conscious that our contribution of labor, in the home, or in society, is indispensable in the general order of things, we become clothed with the dignity of kings and queens.

A Reverie.

BY MATTIE E. HULL?

The blue sky bends in beauty
Over the waking earth;
The air is sweet with blossoms,
The leaflets are hastening forth
The birds in the soft, green branches
Their songs of morning sing
And tender mem'ries waken
This soft, sweet day of spring.

I hear a voice from the north-land
In the breeze that passes by
I wonder if dear home—spirits
Can gather my reply;
I would span the vale and mountain
By thoughts most true and dear,
Sometimes our silent yearnings
Bring those we love so near.

Sometimes a calm, sweet sadness
Touches these lines of ours,
A strange, unuttered, longing
Outward our life-tide pours.
'Till every shimmering sunbeam,
And wave with jewelled crest,
Reflect the cherished faces
Of those we love the best.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.**PULPIT BILLINGSGATE.**

If there is a more clownish clown on earth than Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, it is Rev. Sam Jones. At the time of this writing he is under engagement of the Ministerial Association and the churches of Kokomo, Ind., to convert some of the sinners of that place. His audiences are simply immense; sometimes the largest audience chamber in the city being crowded more than an hour before the time for meeting; all of which reflects nothing to the credit of the average inhabitant of that wicked little city. It simply proves that its people prefer to laugh at filth and bar-room slang rather than to listen to something instructive and elevating.

If anyone can find anything elevating or tending to Spirituality in his talk they can find what is not there. I am now led to ask, have the churches come to this? are they guilty of all of which Rev. Sam accuses them? If so, gambling dens are paradises compared with them; if not, why in the name of all that is decent, do they not call this reverend blackguard down?

Below I give a choice selection from one of his sermons, as reported in the Indianapolis Daily Journal:—

Some people think they'll get to heaven just because there's where they want to land. They imagine that heaven is a sort of rendezvous for dead-beats and flea-bitten old hypocrites, where they can set down in the shade of a tree and have a good place to spit. In some places the grand jury is indicting the card players. Why don't they do it in Kokomo? Your ministers would find their congregations all in jail, and would have to go there to do their preaching. It's come to a pretty pass when professing Christians are out of the penitentiary by a scratch. You old flea-bitten blatherskites and hypocrites, you. Too many church deacons have demijohns at home. What sort of animals are you? Such people will be in hell before their feet are cold. A mean church member is the meanest man on earth. You Godless old hounds, hypocrites and sinners. Every church is cursed with a

gang of "old quitters," contemptable, flea-bitten old quitters, who leave one church and are picked up by another. If you eggs are as rotten as the town I don't want to be egged. You can throw ancient hen fruit at me, but don't give me any of your spoiled Kokomo fruit. The devil has finished his work in Kokomo and gone on.

Talk about the niggers of the south being abused. The nigger is all right. It will soon be blackberry time, and after that comes the water melon season. This will last till 'possum time, and the nigger will be right in it for the balance of the year.

Brother Bitler, what would you take for some of your church members? I expect about 10 ccnts a dozen, about the price of eggs in hot weather, and you would sell them for the same cause. They are rotten; they won't keep. Down in Texas they have steers they feed two bushels of corn a day, and they get poorer all the time. They are hide-bound, and won't grow. There are too many hide-bound steers in the church and if you, good old sisters, will hold while I skin, we'll just rip these old hides off and give them a chance to grow better ones.

When the church employes stand-by, and pays such blatherskites as that fellow Jones, to get off such extravagant nonsense as the above, its piety and self-respect must be low indeed. No wonder the poet said:—

"And has religion left the church
Without a trace behind her;
Where shall I go, where shall I search
That I once more may find her."

Churches and ministers; instead of listening to and paying for such rot as this man Jones deals out, let me advise you to read and act on Rev. iii: 18. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.

Church and State.

No one can now deny that the church which lacked arguments to force their Sunday institution on the managers of the World's Fair, have succeeded by the almighty dollar. When the church forced congress to

refuse to pass that five million half-dollar bill, unless they would close their fair to all except the favored few, on Sundays, thus forcing the multitude into the gin shops, the houses of prostitution and the churches, then the fair and its managers received the mark of the image of the old Roman beast in their foreheads. What the church lacked in argument it employed its tools in that den of its tools known as congress, and that "house of lords," known as the United States Senate, to make up, by forcing the state to fight its battles. If the old woman (the church) has not taken her seat upon the beast (the state) then the daughters (protestant organizations which came out of Rome) have. The church rides, holds the reins and uses the spurs. The state supports it with its five million half-dollars.

A CONVERSATION—WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

A stranger accosted me in one of my walks the other day and asked if his company would be an intrusion? Said he, "I want to learn something of Spiritualism." In our walk of over two miles, he said: "I have long had an interest in what I supposed was Spiritualism. Last year I heard of a camp meeting and put myself to some trouble and expense, and took a few friends. One speech was all any of us could stand. The speaker was an intelligent looking lady, and we all expected a treat; but she began by denouncing Catholicism; we stood that pretty well, although we could not see the necessity of feeding those who were hungering for spiritual truths on such bitter denunciation. Next, for twenty minutes, she poured red hot shot into Protestantism; then she scored political parties, and then the government itself. After that she attacked the Bible, next she gave Jesus Christ a tongue lashing; and, last of all, she attacked

God—not simply the old ideas of God, but the God-idea; she raked God down off his throne and mopped the floor, so to speak, with him. I did not hear a word about Spiritualism, and I and my friends went away determined to never listen to another lecture of the kind. Any old woman in the world can denounce anything; and if that is to be the only work of Spiritualism, I do not need it.

I was persuaded to go and hear you just once; it is needless to say that I become interested in five minutes, and have heard all of your lectures since. Now please give me a synopsis of what your kind of Spiritualism is, aside from the idea that spirits return?"

After I explained what Spiritualism teaches, he stopped short, and looked me in the eye and said: "Why the d——l don't you write your creed? Every sensible person on earth would adopt it."

I can only here give a rough synopsis of what I there and then gave him as the creed of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is deeper and broader than any creed ever written; its spirit cannot be put into a book of any kind.

Spiritualism, aside from teaching that God is a spirit, or that spirit is God, as the case may be, and that man is a spiritual being, and as such comes *en rapport* with all that is spiritual, teaches,

1st. That man is still inspired as much as he ever was—that as a spirit he possesses latently all the qualities supposed to belong to the Deity.

2nd. Spiritualism knows no infallible church, tradition or scripture—that every one is as free to-day to follow his intuitions as were the prophets and apostles of the past.

3rd. Spiritualism recognizes all churches, traditions

and bibles of the past as teachers—waymarks along the pathway of progress.

4th. Spiritualism relies on the presence of the Divine in the soul; it believes in the *eternal word of God* as it interprets itself in the soul.

5th. Spiritualism believes that God, spirit, and all spiritual things are as near to you, and as tangible to you, as a spiritual being, as matter is to your physical senses, and that, therefore the canon of inspiration or revelation never has and never can be closed.

6th. Spiritualism depends on no external, or sensuous proofs of deific power; it sees, hears and feels God in spirit, as the eye sees light and the ears hear sound. It says: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

7th. Spiritualism, while it does away with the kingship and all other anthropomorphisms of the God idea, still feels and recognizes the parenthood of what is commonly called God; while it rejects the atonement idea of the work of Jesus, in reconciling God to man; accepts Jesus as a brother and a great teacher. in showing in many ways how man can be exalted to a oneness with all that is divine.

8th. Spiritualism loves and trusts, but does not fear the powers beyond; it knows the tendency of everything in the universe is upward and onward forever.

9th. The creed of Spiritualism is love—love and reverence to and for all that is above and beyond us; love and help to all beneath us. Spiritualism asks no symbol; it has no *fetiches* in the shape of ordinances, or holy times or places; its temple is everywhere; its shrine the human spirit; its creed all truth; its ritual uplifting and consolatory words to those who need them; its wor-

ship the hourly discharge of every duty to everybody and everything in its reach.

10th. The commandments of Spiritualism are all summed up in one compound commandment, do your whole duty by everybody and every thing around you.

Spiritualism when rightly interpreted and lived, is a balm for every wound; a solace in every affliction and tranquility in times of trouble. Spiritualism takes all the help it can get; it learns from both the wisdom and the folly of the world; accepts truth, though it comes from the lowest, and rejects falsehoods, though they were told by prophets and sages, and have become hoary with age.

Spiritualism is eyes for the blind; ears for the deaf; strength for the weak, and a present, constant and eternal heaven for all who enjoy its divine benediction.

Our Book Table.

SEX REVOLUTION, By Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Helen Harlow's Vow," "The Occult Forces of Sex" and many other works.

"The homeless millions of the world
Cry loudly for love's meed,
Let prejudice from power be hurld
And woman take the lead."

1892. Purdy Publishing Co.; 168-170 Madison St., Chicago.

Lois Waisbrooker is always loaded down with thoughts; good thoughts—startling thoughts, thoughts, the very suggestion of which would startle the average reader and set him to thinking about an *inquirendo de lunaco*, but when one has heard her through, he will think the great trouble with her is, she was

"—Born five hundred years too soon
For comfort of her days."

The world will yet come to see the sense and the practicability of many of Mrs. W's. propositions. Of course if our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters were not so

much like their fathers, brothers and sons, and the masculine *persuasion* generally, just such a revelation as she dreams of in this book, could be inaugurated; and it would work and contribute its quota toward the world's redemption; but it will be a long time before the feminine half of humanity can lead the world to Utopia by the road pointed out in this book. Indeed the revolution which would bring woman to act on the plan proposed by Mr. W's. heroine, Lovella, would be the result and not the cause of millenium.

Every thing that points in the direction this book points is good, and we consider this book so suggestive that we have ordered an invoice of it, and will send it by mail for the regular price, 25 cents per copy.

LIGHT OF TRUTH TRACTS.—NO. 2. Immortality and Modern Thought. By Rev. J. Minot Savage, pastor of the church of the Unity, Boston, Mass. Being a lecture delivered at Army and Navy Hall, Cleveland, O., Sunday evening, January 15, 1893. Published by *Light of Truth Co.*, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O. 1893. Price per copy 5 cents; \$2.00 per 100. Postage paid.

Everybody knows that Mr. Savage has something to say every time he speaks; but even he, never spoke more to the point than he has in this tract. It contains an outline of his investigations leading him to a knowledge of life beyond this sphere. The matter is related in a plain, straight-forward sensible way. As a missionary document there is nothing better than this tract. Send for it.

AN ADDRESS ON THE PLATFORM OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY,
By Ralph Beaumont, at Tacoma, Wash., July 20, 1892. Indianapolis: Vincent Publishing Company, 19 Cyclorama Place.

Everybody ought to read this speech; it is as full of facts as an egg is of meat. The speech is delivered in Ralph Beaumont's entertaining and inimitable style.

The logic is of the Beaumont order; the only way to describe it would be to reproduce it entire. I sat down to read a page or two in it, only; I might have known better than to attempt anything of that kind, for I had heard Beaumont several times—well, the first thing I knew, I had read the forty-eight pages, and then quit mad at Beaumont because he stopped.

Send 10 cents to Vincent Publishing Company, or to this office and get a copy of it; it will furnish you ammunition for the next campaign.

LITERATURE OF DISCONTENT. Contents, Literature of Discontent. Constitution of the Industrial Legion. Recruiting Officers and Post Office addresses. A Wedding, from "The Earthquake." Gen. Vandervoort's Acceptance. Dietrick's Troubles. Vincent Publishing Company, 19 Cyclorama Place, Indianapolis.

As any one can see by reading the title page, as given above, this 48 page pamphlet is a *melange*, beside the contents noted. It gives a full list and description of all the publications of the Vincent Publishing Company. This company is so anxious to let the world know just what it publishes, and to get its literature before the world, that it will send this pamphlet to any one who will send a two cent stamp to pay the postage.

The reading of poor Dietrick's Troubles will give one a ten cent laugh any time.

