

# NEW THOUGHT.

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## OUR EASTER—THE SPIRITS GREETING.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

*Written for and read at the Spiritualist's Celebration, held in Washington, D. C., March 31st.*

We bring our joyous greetings friends,  
From our homes just over the way;  
We have bridged the stream of Death with flowers,  
Their lives were nursed in spirit bowers,  
And we blend our loves and joys with yours  
On this *our* Easter Day.

You ne'er had learned that love died not,  
It had ne'er been proven by word;  
Your eyes were dim, your stifled prayer  
Was a moan of grief—a wail of despair,  
Your loved were gone, you knew not where,  
'Till the tiny rap was heard.

A rap—a little rap at last,  
So strange—so weird a thing;  
Who knew its meaning? Ah! who could tell  
Whether the omen was good or ill?  
Or saint from Heaven, or fiend from Hell,  
No one could the answer bring.

Again and again the answer came,  
'Till at last in a child's own way,  
With mingled feeling of joy and fear,  
She said: "Mamma, *it can see and hear*"

(Nor dreaming the spirit world so near)  
 "And it knows too, what I say."

The grandest truth of a growing age,  
 Sought for by priest and seer,  
 Given at last by a little child  
 Spoken by lips that had known no guile,  
 Giving the proof to your sense the while  
 "The so-called dead are near."

It met the scorn of the powers on earth,  
 But its voice could not be stilled;  
 It proved the dream of a thousand years,  
 The sacred garner of hopes and fears,  
 And these strange things from the spirit-spheres,  
 The pulse of your soul-world thrilled.

Faith is no longer a wanderer blind;  
 Her eyes with radiant light  
 Are catching gleams from our fair shore,  
 She has seen the loved who have gone before,  
 She bends as a mourner in crape no more,  
 She has knowledge of touch and sight.

There is no death! From souls once dark  
 The stone has rolled away;  
 O, bless the powers, in the past afar  
 That pushed the mystic gates ajar,  
 And said: "here your loved and loving are,"  
 Five and forty years to-day.

Aye, this is the *Spirits' Easter Day*,  
 Then let the joy-bells ring;  
 We are wending our way to friends of earth  
 O, dear ones, let your song go forth,  
 While we proclaim the higher birth,  
 And our *Te-Deums* sing.

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**DEATH, AND ITS TO-MORROW,**

—OR—

**The Spiritualistic Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell.**

BY MOSES HULL.

*(Continued from April number.)*

## IS THE RESURRECTION A BIRTH ?

Yes, the resurrection is declared to be a birth. I will only refer to one place. In Col. 1: 18, Paul says: "And he [Jesus,] is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the *firstborn from the dead*; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Here Jesus was said to be born from [*ek*, out of] the dead. The only objection I have ever heard urged against the interpretation here given, is, that while the text declares that he was born from the dead, it says he was the firstborn, that is the first one born from the dead. This is a mistake; no Bible writer or educated Bible reader, ever believed any thing of the kind; except as a kind of subterfuge, to dodge the interpretations here given. Paul says:—"Women received their dead raised to life again."—Heb. xi: 35. The fact is, the term "firstborn," while it signifies that Jesus was born *out of the dead*, does not signify that he was the *first one* born from the dead. The word signifies first in rank—in importance, and not first in numerical order. This is proved in what follows: "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." This signifies that, as Jesus stood first, that is, A, 1, among reformers here, so he is first, that is, A, 1, among those born from the dead.

Now let us apply Jesus' tests to himself; he says



those who are born of the spirit, are like the wind ; you cannot tell where they go, or whence they come. While this is not true of those who profess to have experienced this birth, it was true of Jesus. First, let us bring Jesus and Paul together. Jesus says :—"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Jno. iii: 3. Now may I ask why ? Paul answers:—"For flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit in corruption."—1 Cor. xv: 50. Thus it appears that one must be born out of flesh and blood to be born into the kingdom of God.

#### APPLICATION OF JESUS' TESTS.

Those who will examine the various appearances of Jesus after his death will discover that in every instance he came and went exactly as he said those would who were born of the spirit. That is to say, no one ever saw him come or go. Usually he appeared and then vanished. In Matt. xxviii: 17, the disciples saw and worshipped him in Galilee, but "some doubted." In Mark xvi: 9, he appeared to Mary ; then, in verse 12, he appeared "in another form unto two of them as they walked and went into the country." Afterward, in verse 14, "he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat." In none of these instances did they see him come or go.

In Luke xxiv: 15, Jesus drew near to two men who were walking, but "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." In verse 31, after going in and breaking bread with them, he "vanished from their sight." They surely could not tell where he went. In verse 36, Jesus "stood in their midst," but they could not tell where he come from. While he continued his conversation, he was "parted from them and carried up into heaven." Verse 57.



In John xx: 14, Jesus somehow appeared when Mary's back was turned. When she turned and saw him he refused to allow her to touch him. The next seen of him, he was in the midst of a room, where "the doors were shut, for fear of the Jews." They did not on that occasion see him come. Verse 19. In verses 25 and 26, after eight days he again entered a room where the doors were closed and talked with his disciples. Thus he came and went exactly as he said those should who were born of the spirit.

#### SOME RESULTS OF THAT BIRTH.

As birth into this world liberated us from the narrow sphere we occupied before that birth, so birth from our own physical body and its environments lets us into a larger, wider and more useful existence. How often have I heard the old proverb, "live and learn; die and forget all." I once believed it, but I was never reconciled to the idea. It never seemed right that a person should spend three score and ten years in this world, in picking up an education and then die and forget all he had learned. To me the idea of the unconsciousness of the dead was always revolting.

Has this earth been millions of years preparing to produce such statesmen as Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Gladstone, only to have that statesmanship and that manhood swallowed up by the grave? Is the grave the house where all the knowledge, patriotism, statesmanship and experience of the world is to be garnered? Have the mountains of the eternities thus labored for these millions of ages to bring forth this mouse? When one thinks seriously of it he involuntarily exclaims in the spirit of the epitaph on the child's tomb stone:—

"Since I am so soon done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for."



Since the above was written, Rev. Minot J. Savage has delivered a discourse on "Immortality and Modern Thoughts," in which he says :

Then there is just one other consideration. If some one asked me philosophically or scientifically to try to prove continued existence, I should say it falls short of proof. But I should suggest that the universe seems to me a rational thing, and that to end in the dust would seem to be the defeat and denial of reason. For millions of years, from star-dust down to the appearance of these planets on one of which is our home ; and then from the first beginning of the appearance of life in its lowest forms on the planet, climbing up through fish and reptile and bird and animal to man, life has been making this wondrous ascent ; and then from a period three or four hundred thousand years ago when man first appeared on the planet, until to-day, climbing this pathway of dust, of blood, until at the summit of the world's civilization, the Homers, the Virgils, the Dantes, the Goethes, the Shakespeares, the Gautaumas, Jesus—to say that this process, climbing age after age through millions of years, should culminate in nothing but—dust, seems to me the very denial of reason. I do not believe that the power and life, of which this universe is only a manifestation, has been going on through this long period of preparation to end in nothing at all.

Nor is man to live in the great future without the effects—the *karma* of his earth-existence. The child passes to the beyond as a child ; the one who has not improved his time here, passes into that world without the results—the wealth gathered by a life of devotion to spiritual and mental progress in this world.

I cannot remember when I did not thirst for knowledge ; nor can I remember when, in my boyhood days, I ever looked upon a great statesman, orator or scholar without indiscribable longings—longings which often formulated themselves in questionings : Will I ever gain the pinnacle on which that man stands ? And when I looked upon grand old men, and saw them faltering in their steps ; their hair bleached out ; their eyes growing dim ; their memory and voice failing ; I almost involuntarily said to myself, and sometimes to others, and



must this man die and forget all he has learned? Must that eloquent tongue lie silent in the grave? Must that knowledge be shut off? Must this great man forget all he has learned in three score and ten years of hard study? Indeed, I have seen some of these great men intellectually fail; I have seen the lamp of their genius flicker, and, to all appearance burn itself out before the physical life left the body. Alexander Campbell, a man whose erudition, logic and eloquence astonished the world, became a babe in intellect and ability before he was called home.

Old John Knox, whom kings and queens feared more than they feared the armies of the world, before he passed away, it is said, used to cry for his granddaughter to put him in his cradle and rock him to sleep, singing to him the songs his mother sang to him almost a century before. These things in my youthful days troubled me beyond expression. That trouble is now over.

Neither John Knox nor Alexander Campbell lost any of their power. The machines upon which they played during their long and active earth-journey, failed; and they consequently could no longer manifest their power to an admiring world. I take a musician with me into the hall some night, and ask her to play, she sits down by the instrument and discourses music which almost raises the hearers to the seventh heaven; the next night I take the same musician into another hall and ask her for some more of that divine music; but the piano is cracked, some notes do not sound, some are too high, some too low; some broken wires rattle over the old box which could once have been called a piano; the noise, which takes the place of music, almost throws one into an extasy of misery. Why this difference?



Has the musician lost her cunning? No, the instrument has failed. So with many old people who seem to have lost their powers. They need a new instrument; they will soon be born out of the old body of flesh and blood into a newer and more spiritual existence. When panting for knowledge, "as the hart panteth after the water brooks," I used to think, oh! if I could stand under and catch this power—this knowledge, as these grand old men lose it, so that this knowledge, this wisdom should not depart out of existence, how glad I would be. If as these good old Elijahs are ascending to heaven a few young and vigorous Elijahs could catch their falling garments, how much better it would be; I almost felt to chide God because it was not so. I am now cured of that; I no longer want it so, I love an education and must have it, but I love more the effort—the labor—the excitement of getting an education. No, I say to these departing saints, go; take your experience, your energy, your ability with you; you have earned it, it is yours—yours by conquest. "Well done thou good and faithful servant," enter the higher classes in "that better country," which your work entitles you to enjoy.

Death does not change the man, it releases for him all he may have invested in justice, purity, truth, wisdom and love—it puts it into his hands where he can use it as never before. Reader, instead of envying people the goodness, the purity, the wisdom they attained and carried away with them, let us strive to lay up for ourselves "treasures in heaven where neither moth or rust can corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

#### WHO DOES DEATH STING?

Death always comes to the poor sufferer as a friend; it comes to lift him out of environments he was no longer



able to endure. It is those left behind, those who live in "outer darkness," who are stung. As Rachel wept for her children and refused to be comforted, so do those who do not see death as it is, refuse to be comforted. To them, those who have gone with the "pale boatman" are not. They say, a man, a woman, a child is dead. But these clouds have a silver lining; could we look through our tears, could our spiritual eyes and ears be opened, we would see and hear a different throng from the weeping friends; we would see a band of angels made glad by their reunion, and we would hear them singing and shouting, a child is born—born into our world with all the education, experience and ability he gained through the long years of his residence in earth-life—his wisdom, his love, his philanthropy are now on our side, Heaven is better for the passage of every good man or woman to its portals.

How often earth's pilgrim feels as he journeys through life, that every step of it is new; every move on earth's chess-board, one never made before; hence how numerous are our mistakes. Who is there that does not, when taking a retrospect of his or her life, see where, if they had it to do over again, they would do differently. How numerous are the mistakes in the lives of the best of us; if the youth could only learn from the mistakes of those who have lived before them; but, alas, they never know of these mistakes until they have been repeated in their own lives.

There are few who cannot say, if I could only be put back to my boyhood, or girlhood, with the experience I have gained in my long battle with adverse circumstances, I would be a nobler, wiser and better representative of my race by the time I again arrived at the years I have now reached.



Reader, it will soon come ; you and I will, ere long, be born again, we will enter that higher life under superior conditions, we will have the benefit of the experience we have gained here. The lessons thoroughly learned here will not need to be repeated. If we fail to learn by the things which we suffer here, then we may, in the great beyond, be relegated to the a, b, c, class in that other world. Let us make all we can of ourselves during this life-journey, so as to enter the world into which we are to be born, under the best possible circumstances.

*(To be continued.)*

## **WHO WAS THE HEBREW JEHOVAH ?**

BY REFLECTOR.

An anxious inquirer questions the consistency of a being who declares, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," and deliberately plans the production of a rival whom, though he calls his son, Christendom has exalted into a God.

At the risk of being deemed presumptuous we propose the inquiry, who is the Hebrew Jehovah? and did he have a special son? Amid the supposed existence of "Lords many and Gods many," we may be pardoned the selection of one of these only, for present reflections.

Never in the history of humanity has bold, incisive thought and questioning trenched farther into the domain of sacred mystery than in these days of general judgment, necessary revision of "divine revelations," dogmas and creeds. American civilization and genius, the recognized ideal of social and religious progress.

THE PRESENT IS THE IRON AGE

of the world, and our busy Vulcans of advanced thought are earnestly utilitarian, and care less for theology and



more for humanity. Belief in the divine right of kings to reign over and oppress the people is exploded, and the fragments of the wreck are drifted back with the *debris* of ignorance and bigotry. The divine right to life, liberty and sufficient soil on which to earn a living, and secure happiness, is not with the king but with the man, and equally with the lowliest as with the highest. Women and men are no longer called on to cringe to the powers that be. Man is of more value than altar, throne, dogma or temple. The highest object of devotion is an exalted, cultured, refined manhood. The sublimest attribute of the peasant prophet of India was his large humanity.

"The God of the Hebrews." There is no other name which has served as a bulwark and defense for more ignorance and greater cruelty than this term "God." But by the pulverization of man-enslaving creeds, the time seems near when this term will be numbered with names now obsolete. As man becomes intelligently familiar with his relations to his necessary surroundings, he ceases to be superstitious,—

#### CEASES TO HAVE ANY USE FOR GODS.

As he becomes mentally mature, healthy, candid, truthful and pure, he will cast away the creaking crutches by which he has been halting along the ages. When we emerge from the swadling bands of superstitious infancy and become able to walk alone, we shall no longer need the imaginary support of the crutch of the mythical god idea,—the magic wand indeed, with which cunning, selfish priestcraft has controlled and directed the prejudices and ignorance of the ages for personal profit.

In practical life, names amount to little. We cherish an appellation with endearment only when it stands to us the loved souvenir of pure character and all that is



lovable. Not so much what a man says he believes on one day of seven, but rather the character of his daily dealings with his fellows and his social habits reveal the real registry of his faith.

It is safe to decide character as we do the tree, by the quality of fruit it bears; judge the descent of personage by progeny, or the quality of resultant outcome. "If Abraham were your father, ye would do the works of Abraham,"—works as worthy if not superior—"but ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye will do." Said the Nazareth carpenter, to the Jew. Jehovah, as reflected in the mirror of his acts, exhibits a trait known largely among men as pompous exclusiveness, intimated in the command, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

#### I AM THE ALMIGHTY,

the highest of all the Gods, all that live is solely for my benefit, gratification and glory. "I am, hath sent thee." Another characteristic is jealousy, one of the meanest of human passions; another is revenge. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Great *anger* is also his. He is said to be "angry with the wicked every day." And still if 'mid all this daily anger of an almighty power and all its resultant hatefulness and contention among the offspring of God, our fair earth is yet so beautiful, made so easily even by human love, such a garden of gladness and joy. Surely without belief in the crystalized idea of so much hate and malice, the entire globe would soon become the paradise and temple of universal praise and joy—the home, beautiful home of angels and divine men. But, I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation. He is also



## "A MAN OF WAR,"

"the Lord God is his name." The bloody wars and the carnage conducted by "thus saith the Lord," through Hebrew instrumentality, for reckless cruelty and butchery toward man and beast, woman and children, stand on the record without a parallel.

The Lord declares to his servants that he had appeared to them as yet only as "God Almighty," and not by my name "Jehovah."

This name of all others always commands from the devout Hebrew the profoundest respect, and the intimation is strengthened by corroborative inference that this august appellation is found through the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," to be a modified adaptation of one "Gehokah," the name of a voluptuary and priest who flourished anterior to the finding of Moses by the king's daughter, amid the reed rippling waters of the classic Nile.

A scholarly gentleman and a traveller says: "There is very good reason for the belief that the Jehovah of the Hebrews was an Egyptian priest, and may not have been a very pure one at that, judging by some of his amazing acts."

The idea is not new that the Mosaic Jehovah is not the creator of the universe, but he was a very ancient disappointed priestly ruler. The Christian apostle speaks of an ancient priestly king, Melchisidec, in the Greek tongue, this, however, was a changed name given him, as characteristic at a certain period of his history, when he was king of Salem, which means king of peace, though aforetime a "MAN OF WAR." This king was met by Abraham on the plains of Chaldolore on his return from the slaughter of the kings, a jealous, fighting God—an uncommon peculiarity possessed by this peculiar

priest,—King Gehokah, *alias* Melchisidec. He is without “father or mother, pedigree or descent, beginning of days or end of life.” An extraordinary man certainly, if not indeed a very God. In his dealings with the people, this Gehokah, *alias* Jehovah, specially with the Egyptian rulers, prompted by jealousy and revenge, there is disclosed the unsparing spirit of cross purposes, spite and rivalry, just such feeling as would be shown by the spirit of a man disappointed in his ambition for distinction; one who perhaps, in his time, has received glimpses of reformatory truths—principles of government, in advance of his fellows, and in his persistent efforts to enforce them, lost his mortal life; but still strong in spirit, tenacious in impulse, and the utility of his convictions, is determined not to be thwarted, he starts on his mission to carry on to completion the reforms he would have inaugurated while in the flesh; a medium doubtless for a spirit, who lived in the mortal earlier yet than he. Crossed, opposed in his wishes to change the social life of the State, he is represented as frequently visiting in *propria persona*, the scenes of his mortal exploits, and by instigating dissensions among the people, vexing the Pharaohs and their priests, afflicting them with loathsome diseases, plagues, pestilence, famine, discords, wars and distresses in all phases of social, political trouble, he appears determined to bend all opposition to his own imperious will.

All nations have possessed their own great recognized leading God, high over all, with which we find no fault, if the idea secures to the people a superior social life, and does not ensnare to religious slavery. The great mistake nations have fallen into, we think, is the exclusive selfish pride of exalting their special deity as being the universal creator.



The reforms attempted by the great Hebrew Spirit Jehovah, are radically fundamental, and lie at the base of a permanent superstructure of political, religious and a just social economy. These revolutionary reforms are dietary and sanitary, the abolition of all usury or money interest, and the just status of land—securing by legislation, universal justice and equal individual opportunity for the possession of all the essential conditions of life, liberty and happiness,—“to the end there be no poor among you, saith the Lord.” If one of these essential principles—the just regulation of landed property was enacted into practice, our present social corrupting superstructure would be turned upside down, rather right side up.

#### THE REGULATION OF LANDED PROPERTY

on a status of universal even-handed justice in its revolutionary progress would abolish poverty from the earth, and humanity would be no longer pauperized in the name of charity.

Is human disenthralment less just now? Has this great spirit less power to-day than aforetime? Has he ceased to be just? Has a venal priestly power exalted false Gods instead of a true and better humanity? “Justice is slain in the streets and the sons and daughters of toil go mourning about the city.”

“Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you,” sounds like a higher order of refining culture, than “an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth.” So contradicting in effect are these doctrines, they appear as not coming from the same source. The man or the woman capable of loving their neighbor as self, will never do anything in thought, word or act that tends to injure them. Millions seem bent on self-deception in the belief that they can love this Jehovah and hate humanity.

## IF WE CANNOT LOVE OUR KIND,

is it not utterly impossible to love or even respect a suppositious being beyond our ken? "He that hateth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The death of superstition is the freedom of man. Ignorance seems to have much to do in the earlier conception of Gods. To the degree we are instructed by truth, we cease to be superstitious.

The system that has served its day, old and waxen into decay, no longer useful should be removed out of the way.

The philosophy of spirit is said to be old as humanity. The logic of spirit has been the prompting of bible making and all religious annals, the basis and prompting of revelations. Since the idea of spirit emerged from the fire-mist of early cooling chaos, there has been many who attribute the evil with which they find themselves afflicted, to vicious powers invisible. "Demons," they believe are an order known as familiar spirits, wizards, unclean spirits, etc. These are the powers, say these people, that manifest by a variety of freaks, such as table tipping, rapping, knockings, slate writing, and sometimes materializing and personating professed friends. Quick to discern evil or hurtful spirits, communicate with us, these Solons are equally positive that angels or good spirits seldom or never come near us.

This is the tenacious fanatical faith that inaugurates dogma and laws to suppress the practice of mediumship. Superstition has not slept soundly these many years, bigotry is not yet dead.

## SPIRITS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In Assyria, Babylon and Chaldea, the Seven Caananish Nations, Egypt and Phœnicia, Spiritualism—the practical belief in the direct influence of invisible spirits,



obtained for thousands of years as the established national religion. The people believed tenaciously that their sacerdotal kings were the successive media for spirit expression of many of their favorite rulers, whose mortal remains had long lain embalmed in their pyramidal tombs. Rulers, kings and people possessed their familiar spirits, guides, etc., so that Egypto-Chaldea flourished under a reign of ghosts, a sort of spirit pantheism. Spirits, some of them perhaps, holy, others not so immaculate.

THE TERMS GENERATION, REGENERATION, "new birth," "born again," etc., are expressed within the scriptures, and though the subject is referred to, the terms carnation and reincarnation are not mentioned. Reincarnation is the act of repetition of the process of assuming a body, taking on a fleshy form.

Now if the postulate be true, that spirit is the basic principle of all life, it must influence and more or less control the multiform expressions of the mineral, vegetable, animal and human life, not excepting, through our dominating passions, all the vicious deflections and crimes in their subtle, insidious and revolting horrors. If spirit does not underlie and influence all we term evil as well as all which is more pleasing and happyfying, then is it limited and is not a complete system of philosophy.

#### SPIRIT THE BASIC PRINCIPLE OF ALL LIFE.

It follows that spirit is the birth-giving source of deities and devils, and the countless variety of their manifestations. Our passions as well are the magnets or media by which we attract spirits of good or ill.

The idea of spirit reincarnation occupies prominence in the sacred writings of nations. In the Hebrew scriptures it is frequently met with. The union of Gods



and Goddesses of the ancients often occurred. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all which they choose—and the Lord said: My spirit shall not always strive with man for that *he also is flesh*."—Gen. vi: 2, 3.

A remarkable admission by Jehovah that he too had been flesh, subject to like passions as mortals. The least perhaps we may make of this corroborative confession is the intimation that the carnations and reincarnations of this high and holy one will eventually cease—when the spirit cares no longer thus to strive.

REINCARNATION IS THE METHOD OF ADVANCED SPIRITS by which to construct or adapt media for special work. This philosophy seems to have been well understood, at least believed, by the ancients and practiced wisely. Beings possessing the strongest attractions, sway and influence those of less power, and as it is natural law for the purer elements to rise, so is it the essential law of spirit to ascend. To such a degree of effective power did this obtain under the control of Jehovah and the superintending care of his ministering angels that his peculiar people became a nation of mediums.

THE CONCEPTION OF THE JUDEAN MEDIUMS was the work of reincarnation, and by a power not common, he seems to have recognized the fact himself. "*Before Abraham was I am*," is the terse and significant expression of his faith in his own pre-existence, and the Christian apostle in his letter to the Hebrews reasons in this wise: "Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared [fitted for] me." The fact is, this letter treats largely of the very necessity of reincarnation to make humanity better. From the earliest prophecy of the promised Messiah, the more



fervid in Israel ardently desired and make special prayer to become the worthy mother of the longed for Messiah; a gifted, pure, well developed man, who should redeem the nation from both spiritual and physical deterioration, and himself become the first of a better transformation. This hope grew to be the holy ambition of a religious faith. Their dietary and social devotional habits were constantly pursued with this honorable end in view. They believed tenaciously the conception of special media was within the province and active care of the better order of spirits. Such was the fact with the birth of Isaac, whose parents received the announcement in advance by the disposition of angels. Ministering spirits held overshadowing care and influence in the conception of Samson, Joshua, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Elijah, Ezekiel, Zachariah and John, the cousin and forerunner of Jesus. Very many others amply proved by their remarkable lives familiar intercourse with the spirit realm. Time would scarce suffice to recount by name the thousands of well attested media gotten and gifted by the special interposition and carnation by spirit impsement and power.

The lower is developed and redeemed by the assistance of the higher, and so by the transmission of the refining forces of the spirit spheres we become partakers of the devine nature, and humanity thus receives its highest exaltation. The most sublime and appreciable attribute of Deity to us is his sympathetic humanity. Kindness being reflective, love is regenerative and redemptive. And so attracted, like planets to the sun, by love's sacred force, a truly cultured woman is a savior to man. Her angel companionship acting and reacting on his receptive returning nature, inspires to renewed effort and the attainment of nobler conditions.



The mutual partaking of the Edenic fruit is a godlike exaltation. Two souls, two hearts that throb as one, makes the unity of life complete, and thus shall cultured humanity attain to refinement of joy, continually grow more fragrant and sweet. Little children love one another. It is written no man hath seen God at any time. Moses and others saw Jehovah. God the universal spirit, former and transformer of all universes, and their suns, is discerned only by the revealments of his works. The only wise, immortal, invisible ALL FATHER, God, our Savior, world without end.

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### *ALONG THE LINE.*

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BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Having had a large range of travel within the last five months, and many and varied experiences in the field, I am impressed that I can offer nothing more entertaining to the readers of NEW THOUGHT than reflections and experiences that have from time to time been associated, not only with my public work, but in social interchange as well.

To say there never was so much interest manifested on the subject of Spiritualism as at the present time, but half expresses the truth; for inquiry comes from all directions, while in every community, persons irrespective of professions and beliefs, are endeavoring to solve the problem of "Death and Its To-morrow," through the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Sometimes it seems as though we were making little progress, but in looking backward over a few years, noting the changes that have come in the intellectual as well as the religious world, we find we have come a great ways,



since the little rap signalled the fact that the spirit-world was here and communication established between it, and the inhabitants of earth. True, we meet opposing elements and often bitter prejudice in our prosecution of the work, but none except the ignorant or perversely inclined, say the phenomena do not occur, or that all the adherents to its philosophy are fanatics or fools.

In every place I visited during the several months of constant work and almost constant travel the past winter, I found interested listeners on the subject of Spiritualism, and strange to say, the churches were always largely represented in my audiences.

The walls of sectarianism are gradually being lowered; the once supposed impassable gulfs are being bridged with the sympathy of human souls; the people are not growing farther apart but more nearly together. Many, who a few years ago, were shrouded in doubt as to the idea of future life, believe that they are now daily receiving evidences of immortality.

I have found that the greatest impediment to the work of Spiritualism, is a lack of concentrated effort and method, coupled with the spirit of rivalry, amounting to almost jealousy, among some of the most efficient workers; of course there are some worthy exceptions.

Considering the disadvantages against which Spiritualism has had to work, its influence over the public mind is wonderful and the movement has assumed almost gigantic proportions. Probably there have been few movements so badly managed as far a system is concerned; no intellectual efforts more illy paid than those on behalf of Spiritualism. Notwithstanding these facts, it has gained such an influence and hearing as no other philosophy ever has in the same length of time.

It was my privilege during the past winter, to make



the acquaintance of several clerical gentlemen, who are evolving from orthodoxy: in each instance, it was given me to understand that Spiritualism was leading the way. On one occasion one of these friends said to me, "I am convinced in my own mind that Spiritualism is true; the question with me is, where can I go, and what can I do to earn a livelihood, if I leave the pulpit? I wish my people were ready to hear these things." Undoubtedly his "people" were more ready than he knew.

In another instance, a minister said to me, "When I am alone I find myself invariably drifting into the Spiritualistic line of thought; I believe we are on the verge of a great religious revolution, and the ministers who are not abreast with the thought of the age may expect to take a back seat; I want to go into the lecture field untrammelled, free to utter my honest thought on all occasions; this is a big world and I want room to grow." In an extended conversation with him I found him bubbling over with inspiration; he also had a very good knowledge of the basic principles of Spiritualism, and the receiving of spirit impressions was a common experience with him.

In another instance I was called to deliver a funeral address, the occasion being the departure from this life of an old Spiritualist. Out of deference to one member of the family, who belonged to the church, the minister of that respective church was invited to participate in the exercises. He supplemented my discourse with remarks colored from beginning to end with Spiritualism. When he referred to the departed, he said: "Our friend has arisen, a Spiritual man, none the less an individual, though out of sight; he will continue to grow in knowledge and goodness." He spoke the language of his soul and not the language of his creed.



One can but observe all along the line, the trend of public opinion in regard to Spiritualistic thought. Its sentiment is woven into essay and song; helpful consolation in tender words, rises to the lips, and soothes in the hour of sorrow, full of the sweet comfort, known only in Spiritualism; often such comforters, think in their souls they are opposed to Spiritualism. I often hear persons denounce Spiritualism when their eyes are filled with tears, and their souls cry out for the grave to give up its dead. Such do not realize that the consolation they want is to be found in that which they so bitterly denounce. Is it not strange? Why is it that Spiritualism has been compelled to contest for every step of its advance, when its philosophy is what the world wants to know?

I wonder sometimes, if we, who have been commissioned for so many years to carry the glad tidings to a sorrowful and sin-sick world, even now comprehend, the grandeur and infinitude of the work. We have had many discouraging things to meet, especially in these latter days, when prejudice and bigotry are seeking to suppress the manifestations of mediumship by legislative enactments, by imposing heavy licenses—putting our mediums on a par with jugglers, street peddlars and fakirs. If all who are secretly reading and investigating the matter—if all who are privately receiving the benefits of Spiritualism, were to avow their honest sentiments and lend their influence on the side of justice, no power could prevail against it. Legal enactments cannot make a thing true or false. Why not vote to suppress experiments in any other lines of science?

Co-workers, whoever, wherever you are, the time has come for earnest work. In the words of Franklin I would say, "We must either hang together or be hung

together." Never were there more beautiful or more frequent tokens coming to us from the other side than now; never were lights flashed more brightly from watch-towers, than from the heights where our loved are holding guard. Shall we co-operate with them?

Then let hand clasp closely hand,  
Let true heart beat close to heart  
'Till the inspiration warms  
And unites souls grown apart:  
'Till in unison we move,  
Keeping march with truth sublime,  
'Till we reach the wished for goal,  
Workers all along the line.

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### PRINCES AND PAUPERS.

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BY U. G. FIGLEY.

The more I read, reflect and observe the trend of affairs, politically and socially, the more I am convinced that this country is daily growing away from the cardinal principles engrafted in the Declaration of Independence. We are steadily drifting toward the strongest kind of centralized government, a country domineered by such money-bags as Cal. Brice, the Senator from "Oyork," Jay Gould, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Murphy, *et al.*, who make it a point to gobble up everything within reach, regardless of the rights of others. These plutocrats have obtained control of the government through the machinations of such men as John Sherman and Charles Foster. We are surely becoming a land of untitled money princes on the one hand, and white slaves of the wage system, paupers really, on the other. The results of the present monopoly of privileges by a few is shown in New York, where, of a population of



1,500,000, 1,100,000 live in tenement houses ; one-fifth of the deaths among this tenement house population occurring last year took place in charitable institutions, and one out of every ten of the dead was buried in the potter's field. Strikes are the results of efforts on the part of producers to resist invasion and robbery in the form of law.

No wonder there is so much stealing done when there is so much penury and want. I do not in the least blame the man, woman or child who takes, I do not call it stealing, a loaf of bread, some potatoes, a little meat, or an armful of wood, when they are actually suffering for the want of such necessities. A man who takes a loaf of bread is called a thief and pays his fine or is sent to jail ; a man who falsifies his accounts and pockets some of his employers money is said to be short in his accounts ; if he robs a bank and goes to Canada he is an embezzler ; if he breaks up a dozen other men in stock-gambling and robs a few thousand people of their hard earnings, he is called a brilliant financier. It depends altogether on what he steals and how much. When a poor man invests in Wall Street stock it is called gambling ; a well-to-do man's investment is called dabbling in stocks ; a rich man's investment is called a legitimate speculation. When a poor man suffers from drunkenness it is called delirium tremens ; when a well-to-do man suffers it is called alcoholism ; when a rich man gets an over-load of whiskey it is called debility, or heart failure. When a poor woman takes a loaf of bread to feed her starving little ones it is called stealing ; if a rich woman takes a seal skin sacque or roll of lace it is called kleptomania. You see it depends altogether upon who does the stealing as to whether it is a disease or a crime.



William McKinley, Jr., governor of Ohio, said a cheap suit was good enough for a poor man, and that a mortgage was a sign of prosperity. John Sherman said, the farmers should not grumble, they should stay at home and keep out of politics. They ought to be thankful that the republican party had saved the country and that they would have plenty of money if they raised plenty of produce to sell. He forgot to say that over production sometimes is a boon to the farmers, and sometimes is a curse.

Railroad sharks are the principal money-rats in this country. From 1850 to 1870 Congress gave away to railroad companies 208,344,268 acres of public lands. The earnings of the railways last year, as reported by the Interstate Commission, were \$125,950,303 greater than the year before. Net gains last year, over \$43,000,000.

Boards of Trade are nothing new, for Zoroaster the Persian Moses, said many hundred years ago: "Whoever buys grain when it is cheap and holds it from the people to make it dear, commits the worst of sins, for he commits the sin that leads to all others."

"Old Hutch," as he was familiarly called, who cornered wheat in Chicago a few years ago, should have known this, and he would perhaps be in a better condition to-day, for according to the life he led, he may be supposed to be now resting on the bosom of his elder brother, Dives, who preceded him several thousand years to *sheol*.

I take the liberty of revising Sankey's favorite hymn, as follows:

For the ninety-and-nine who illy fare,  
So hungry, and wan and cold,  
There is one who sits in his palace rare,



And gloats o'er his chests of gold—  
Gold that was gained by his honor's fall—  
And ninety-and-nine have nothing at all.

Ah, Shylock, you grind the face of the poor,  
And smile when you hear them groan,  
And though your injustice may long endure,  
The wrong'd ones shall have their own.  
Beware ! for your doom is coming fast,  
And the ninety-and-nine must rule at last.

For the ninety-and-nine with empty hands,  
Will toil for the one no more  
Who robbed them of their homes and lands,  
And gave to them naught for store.  
Plutocracy then will lose its sway,  
And Right and Justice shall gain the day.

A crisis is approaching the land, that unless prompt measures are taken to ward off the tendency to nihilism, will deluge the land in blood. The day is drawing very near, and who can tell the result? Is this land to be drenched in the gore of thousands of innocent people, to gratify the insatiate longings of a sordid few to gain notoriety, and to further their own base ends? Forbid Heaven! What is to be done? Even now the cloud grows blacker and blacker over the horizon; but a faint ray of light is seen behind the cloud, and if the proper means are taken, the light will drive away the clouds, and this nation will be a nation of people, and not of paupers. Organizations founded on law, the seat of all power, are springing up under spirit guidance, and all that is now to be done is to *organize*, ORGANIZE. Fight lawfully, only, all wrongs in social life, in business life, in all avocations of life. Then, when all this has been done, let the blow fall—let the dread hour come, and the enemies of liberty will crouch like starved wolves, and be swept away by the



onward march of the sons and daughters of liberty ; and the Angel of Light will seal the Book of Life with the blood of the saviors of the land, and a long season of prosperity will ensue.

Do not be discouraged, do not give up, though the way be dreary, and life seems a cross and not worth the living. Trials must be overcome, and the army of liberty overshadowing this land has strongly to contend with the army of wrong, which guards the aristocratic many, who seem about to seize in their powerful grasp the sovereigns of the land—the working people. And foreign gold will be useless to this moneyed aristocracy for the “dollars of your daddies” will hold their own, and this nation will be *itself*, not aping the manners and blooded antics of old tottering monarchies. Fire and blood, sword and pen, have made this land freer than many a one ; but the purging is not yet done till the star of its eternal progress will have been forever set, and its beauteous banner of light, liberty and love, be perched on the ramparts of the fort made of the hearts of a united people, and the whole world will bow in profound homage and respect to the land, every one of whose people is a savior, a Christ.

Fear not, O people, liberty is coming, right shall triumph, and the wall-eyed dragons of oppression from beyond the seas will be forever banished, and universal peace will be attained ; leaving the history of lost causes as a memento of a non-civilized nation striding toward its end.

DEFIANCE, OHIO.

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**THE NEW IN LITERATURE.**

BY FRANCIS LEANDER KING.

It has been said that revolutions never go backward, and if this be true, we have much reason to hope that the literature of the day, is culminating in a grand epoch, which will elevate the human race to a point of grandeur never before attained. We do not forget Athenian culture, but we now allude to the elevation of the race, instead of a class, favored by accident of birth and position.

This may not seem to be true to the pessimistic mind, but he who reads and thinks will read between the lines of nearly every popular book of the day, words of fire, which cause the soul to burn with desires heretofore allowed to slumber within the human breast.

Words so germinated can never die, but must move on, ascending step by step; slow at first, perhaps; because new clothing must needs be fitted to its wearer; but, the mantle once assumed, will warm, vivify and awaken new aspirations. New ideas will take possession of the physical. Nervous energy is generated; creating a force within, which, though silent and unseen, is nevertheless a power which is irresistible on the field of action. Do it must, and what?

New desires are welling up. Pent up forces have been created, and must be allowed to work out their mission.

How have these new potencies been created? From what have they been evolved? Has a modern Minerva sprung forth in full armor from vacuity, and without a cause? Our modern philosophy denies this, and affirms that every effect must have a cause, and the cause of this new awakening may be traced, not to fiction, but



to scientists whose long and patient researches are approaching the fruition of their most ardent hopes.

It was once the custom of the scientist, to announce discoveries, by long and laborous argument, and although facts might be invulnerable, the labored announcement was not always felicitous. Consequently rival powers were eager to assail unguarded points; a war arose, beginning and ending in "words, words, words." When the dust of the battle was allowed to drift away, and minds became clearer, the facts remained; the war of words was forgotten as wasted breath. When the solid towers of error cannot be overthrown by direct assault, they may be undermined; are being undermined to-day, and each setting sun throws its last lingering rays upon some long cherished error that has fallen and become a part of the *debris* of a dark and uncanny past.

Among the first to welcome the flame of progress and recognize the noble truths which have failed to duly enlist public attention; were minds poetic, romantic, and delicately attuned to catch a new inspiration and weave a web, the fillament of which sparkled with newborn ideas, drawn from the world of science, which should attract through the pleasing art of fiction.

The old time literature, which dealt with the dead past, or the more deadly vaporings of erratic fiction, is rapidly becoming extinct, and this is well for man. It has been a burning volcano, pouring scoria, and blasting otherwise fruitful fields. The new is coming to the front; not by any miracle, or sudden revolution, but by that gradual evolution which inspires better thoughts, and more astute teachers. Where argument has failed, felicitous fiction, clothed in the garb of progressive truth, has succeeded.



Grounds made sterile by successive crops of baseless theories, drawn from ancient heathenisms, are now being plowed, sub-soiled and sown with seeds of truth by the pens of those we still call novelists, but whose works are thoroughly imbued with that spirit of progress, which pleases without demoralizing; teaches without argument or dogmatism and instils the mind with nobler thoughts, founded upon the facts of science, aptly applied to the emergencies of the living present.

A novel is written, filled with startling facts and "strange conceptions." It is drawn from the archives of the future and its very extravaganza draws the public mind with feverish excitement and expectation to its pages. It is the talk of the hour, but it is not the commonplace of which the people speak; it is the 'unthought of,' the 'inconceivable,' the 'impossible' that engages the attention. They do not see that an angel has entered the pool and troubled its waters, but the brain is impressed, and the mental world is moved to its deepest depths.

It is not allowed again to settle into a stagnant pool, before another and still more startling book is ushered in, and again the public mind is on the *qui vive* to catch the earliest reading of the new in literature.

The usual epithets may be hurled at the author, but by a power they cannot comprehend, they are forced to read, and a few begin to think.

All do not see the same colors; all do not see the same lights; but all thinking minds are ushered into an arena of advanced thought. The artist seizes his brush and a new creation appears upon the canvas, 'a thing of beauty and joy forever.'

Out of vague hints, the inventor involves a new and useful invention which becomes a material blessing to



mankind ; the musician catches 'lost chords' and weaves them into such melodious strains as may have been inspired by the joyous songs of heavenly choirs. Truly, 'the pen *is* mightier than the sword.' A new literature has possessed the field, sowing seed which has quickened and brought forth fruit which shall multiply and bless through endless ages.

Revolutions in literature are the harbingers of progress. The new wine having burst the old bottles, *must* flow out to thirsty souls. and it would be the vainest of vain labors to attempt to quench the flow.

The angel that came to move the waters descended to no vain mission. The undulations of the waves, though gentle, are irresistible. The old forts of fiction and error must surrender to the new, the progressive, the true. The crystalization of the old world of thought has been broken up, and its idols destroyed. Its wares still encumber the shelves of the merchant, but are stale in the market, and he no longer looks to those costly fossils for gain. As relics of the dead past they may be sought, but are no longer fit nourishment for the mind upon which the new light has dawned. The merchant turns from the encumbered shelves, there is no salvage there. The wreck is too complete. His future is with the pioneers of the new dawning. Profits come from those authors, whose pens are dipped in progressive ink, who think human thoughts, tinged with that divinity which sees in man the image of the Most High ; sacred in person, and endowed with rights, subject only to the equal rights of others ; respecting which, he secures and keeps his own inviolate.

The new in literature has come to supply the demands



of a better educated people, and to meet the wants of a higher civilization.

It has been said that 'all history is a monstrous lie,' because they who had the power wrote their own biographies, in which their own deeds were heralded to the world, in language which reflected their own ideas of greatness, and what they would have the world believe, rather than literal facts.

There will be less hero worship in the future than in the past, and the heroes we have, will not be blood-stained. The new literature will not extenuate the crimes of the slayer, but will extol the arts of peace and those superior attainments, which lead to higher and nobler works, and recognize the fact that the God (good) in man is a spirit that will not down at the bidding of any; that evil alone, is the object at which *anathema* is to be hurled.

The voice goes forth from every human form, saying "Touch me not; not that I am holier than thou, but *as* holy. Respect my individuality and preserve your own. In my protection, your own safety lies. Hand in hand, we are a power irresistible, that may command Heaven's best gifts. Divided, we are as blades of grass, which wither and die."

This is the inspiration of the new in literature, which is wooing the hearts of men to-day, as lover never before wooed and won. Hearts are being moved to-day, as never before moved; not to acts of aggression and violence; not to acts of sordid self-aggrandizement, but to the love of truth and justice.

A new Heaven is about to open to us, and the new in literature is its evangel; a new Earth is about to be born, and the noble spirit of the new literature will be its god-father.



The venal pens of the past, have no longer the power to corrupt.

The pens serving the new dispensations, 'must put on incorruption.'

It is honor unspeakable, to be enrolled among the first volunteers in the field; for future generations will rise up and call them blessed. They are even now marching with an ever increasing phalanx, upon the strongholds of corruption and selfish power. Never before was so glorious an army marshaled; never before was so strong an arm in the field, for though small in numbers, they are invincible in power.

The victory is already assured, by that great murmuring sea of mental activity, which is agitating the masses in every walk and station in life, and which will never cease its murmuring, while man is unjust to his fellow-man.

Day by day, we see the old leaders turning to the new order; one by one, they are compelled to forego their old acts of aggressiveness, and grasp the buoys offered to them by the spirit of progress, which demands justice, offers love, and proclaims that the new in literature will deal fairly with the present, and look forward and upward for new facts and inspirations.

These words are not the product of an idle dream, but a true record of existing facts. The science of life, its equities and necessities, is now being studied, with ever increasing earnestness. Truth is being sought in place of tradition. Our papers and magazines are even now vying with each other to secure items from the most advanced thinkers.

Fiction no longer draws its chief actors from the worst of an evil past, with which to excite and entertain its readers, but looks to the possibilities of the future



for that which shall edify, entertain and elevate. New books, exposing past and existing evils, suggesting better ways, and a nobler, purer statesmanship, are now published, and the public, not only buy and read, but ponder until their own brain glows with the new light, of that higher life, which is demanded and which is to be.

We are no longer to be clothed in the sack-cloth, and besprinkled with the ashes of a selfish, unjust and unloving past; the enlightened sentiment of the world is in rebellion against its atrocities.

The "to be" of the future is already painted in glowing colors by pens dipped in the milk of human kindness, and inspired by a divinity, newly awakened, but sleepless henceforth, which, with unerring truth as guide, demands, not charity, but justice; equal opportunities and equal freedom for all. The thoughts of the future will not be of what ye shall eat, drink or wear, but in what degree have ye developed and given expression to the divinity within, and for this alone will credit be given on the historic scroll.

The new in literature, with its great heart of love, is moving for the unification of all nations, tongues and men.

It condones no wrongs, and seeks the highest and best for man.





*Something About Allie's "Thoughts."*

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

After reading the thoughts of our noble sister, Allie Lindsay Lynch, in last NEW THOUGHT, I felt like writing her a letter, but a little consideration led me to decide that her time was probably too fully occupied to be trespassed upon by private letters from those whose faces are strange, while yet through the heart throbs, comes a consciousness of loving sympathy and spiritual unity that makes all mortals kin.

Then I thought possibly what I had to say might meet a response from some other soul who is longing to walk in the light, and yet trembling with fear, lest she shall be misunderstood and maligned by those whose eyes are not yet opened as are hers.

How true it is that every experience an earnest soul meets with in life, has been met and lived through, and is therefore understood, by *some* others. We are so apt to think *we* are the only ones whose pathway is so rugged as to cause bleeding feet and weary heart aches.

As we came into this expression of our lives alone, so we do walk alone through it. And yet there is a connecting link that binds us all together. Experience is the teacher that stands at every turn in our road and she loves all alike.

Our Sister Allie has been led into a line of thought that leads to the very center of all life, and as such is the foundation upon which every structure for the use of humanity is builded. Experience is teaching us day after day that these structures are ill-shapen, out of line, rotten from turret to corner stone.

Gradually, one by one, eyes have been opened to see



the falling timbers, which are only glued together and covered over with a little whitewash, or a coat of paint, to blind the eyes of the bats who congregate beneath the deceiving eaves.

If the external is pleasant to the sense of sight, human bats have neither eyes nor ears to heed the warning cry of the watchmen upon the towers. "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands"—it is so unpleasant to have our olfactories disturbed by a disagreeable odor which is sure to arise if the walls of our beloved social structure are molested. If the paint is washed off it will disclose the slime beneath it. It is just as it has been for hundreds or thousands of years, and that ought to be proof enough that it never can be any better. Besides, if the disclosures that you make of the miasmatic condition of the interior should lead to the razing of this ancient structure, what would become of the poor bats gathered under its sheltering roof?

Of course they are constantly breathing in poison, disease and death where they are, but if you were to tell them that a new building was awaiting them, all they had to do was to move "out of the old into the new," they would be afraid to run the risk, for fear the new might have "a screw loose" somewhere.

These blind bats are the female readers who are "shocked" at the "thoughts" which are eye-openers to the true condition of the structures which society has reared and which have become as festering sores, demanding a deep probing and thorough cleansing. Truth never shocks true modesty.

Morality, that deserves the name, has nothing to fear when the light of day is turned on to it.

False education, the education that leads everybody to be untrue, deals largely in paint and whitewash.



Everybody, with eyes and ears to-day, knows that what passes for marriage covers the vilest prostitution—not in all cases, heaven forbid—; there are some true marriages, because there are souls that God (good) has joined together. Such *need* no *law*. The *law* is for those whom *man* has joined together, and all such joining is purely external.

It seems oft-times as though *love*, the vital element which *should* infuse all relation between the sexes, is the *one* element that is left out.

Woman suffers *most* through the inharmonious relations of so called marriage, and yet about nine out of every ten will hold up their hands in holy horror if any other woman dares to lift her voice or pen against the prevailing customs, which are holding them in the vilest, most abject slavery the world has ever known.

When will woman be just to woman? When will she see that the woman who brings her wrongs to the light, has proven herself her friend, by taking the first step towards the redress of those wrongs.

The wrongs that need righting most are those which a false education (ignorance) has led us to imagine too sacred (?) for the public ear. I am glad that some brave souls are coming forward, and their number is increasing, who dare tear the masks off from make-beliefs and shams.

And yet, Allie, all such must expect to write only for the few, the masses will not understand. It will be as it has been in the past, when true men and women have tried so hard to educate the masses into seeing a difference between Love and Lust. Only the few can yet recognize any difference.

But be not discouraged in well doing, my Sister.



Every worker on any line of reform has been ostracised and spit upon by those who could not understand the purity of a motive so far above them, that they could not catch the echo of its glad song. The dear Angels have no easy task to find and fit up workers suitable to carry out their plans for the uplifting of humanity. They will not forsake those true to their inspirations, and are they not more than all the earthly friends? The dawn is breaking! Light gleams through the leaden clouds! Daylight will soon be ours!

Welcome the light that brings us Truth!

*Painesville, Ohio.*

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### *Loves Magnetism.*

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BY C. H. MURRAY.

Where shall I speed to find thee Love,  
Out in the gloomy night?  
The clouds hang dark around, above,—  
What course, my soul is right?

Sit quiet on the throne and wait  
The subtile currents magic flow,  
To guide thee to thy heart's estate  
Where thou wouldst gladly go.

The sight of eye or light of sun  
It far excels to show the way;  
It draws thee to the worshipped one  
And gives thy heart its day.

No incandescent orb can glow  
And measure space's solemn deep,  
To cause the craving heart to know  
The course that it should keep.

Two souls apart that yearning sigh,  
Both to coalesce as one,  
Will hear each other's psychic cry  
And love will be their sun.



*EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.*

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THE OLD AND THE NEW ATONEMENT.

People seldom jump into the light; on the contrary, light usually dawns gradually. People seldom take off old garments and put on new ones at the same instant. The process of casting off the old should and does come first; then there should be a process of ablution. Then is the time to put on the new.

When Spiritualists first began to see the errors of the old, much of their time was spent in its denunciation. Many of us were loth to admit even the little good it contained.

As an illustration of this general condemnatory spirit, I remember, not long since, to have heard a half fledged Spiritualist say he could not think of a place where he would not rather have his children go than to an orthodox Sunday school. I doubted at that time whether the man was really as destitute of common sense as that remark indicated. I would much prefer to have my children educated in an orthodox Sunday school, where they teach them many things it may be hoped they may have the grace to forget, rather than in drinking saloons and brothels, where they would learn to drink, smoke and use obscene and profane language. Let my children be trained by an honest clergyman rather than by a Ben Sykes.

All this is prefatory to the thought that even orthodoxy may have a *sub-stratum* of truth. It has told us about an angry God; and an endless hell, with all their etceteras; and that the only way to escape these dire calamities was by virtue of a vicarious atonement. This atonement they have supposed was a kind of means of appeasing the wrath of an offended deity—



of reconciling God—in so much that he would accept a kind of compromise with the sinner, who was utterly bankrupt, as all are, and unable to pay for his transgressions. Thus they sang:—

“My God is reconciled.”

And again:—

“Jesus paid it all,  
The debt of love I owe.”

As an illustration, the malefactor on the cross was supposed to have accepted that atonement; and, though he had probably never done a good thing in his life, he was ushered with seraphic hymning into an upper ten heaven, where he was to spend an eternity of unalloyed bliss. His joy was to be as great, and to continue as long as that of his Saviour; the difference being that Jesus went into heaven as an honest recipient of its benedictions, on his own merits, while the hell-deserving thief got in there by virtue of a complimentary ticket—a ticket purchased with Jesus' blood. That blood had in some way reconciled God to the idea of admitting this rascal to the joys of heaven.

In former years I used to bring up the case of Constantine the great, who, with his sword compelled the world to accept Christianity. The crimes of this man are probably as numerous as those of any tyrant that ever lived. The following are some of the more prominent murders committed by this establisher of Christianity:

- In A. D. 310, Maximian, his wife's father.
- “ 314, Bassianus, his sister's husband.
- “ 319, Sianius, his sister's son.
- “ 320, Fausta, his wife (drowned in boiling water).
- In A. D. 321, Sopatar, a pagan priest.



In A. D. 325, Sicinius, his sister's husband.

“ Crispus, his son.

According to Lardner, Gibbon, Taylor and others, Constantine applied to his friend Sopatar for absolution for his sins; but the answer of this honest old pagan assured him that it was not the office of religion to save men from the *effects* of sin, but to save them from the *commission* of sin. This answer did not suit the emperor as well as the answers of the Christian bishops did; they informed him that “The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin.” The result was, the emperor killed Sopatar and accepted the atoning blood of Jesus.

These horrid ideas once almost universally attached themselves to the atonement idea, and caused many good men and women to reject it in toto. However, when we get partially through with the work of tearing down, when iconoclasm has torn everything to pieces, then we begin to think of building. And when we look for the material out of which to build, many of these old words come forward with new meanings, and demand a place in the Spiritual temple now being reared.

The atonement idea cannot be omitted. When we strip it of the hideous garments put on by orthodoxy, we find it contains beautiful truths which we cannot afford to ignore.

The word atonement occurs but once in the New Testament. That is in Rom. v: 11, and there it means a reconciliation, not on the part of God, but on our part. It means exaltation, an elevation to a unity with the divine. Not once does the Bible hint that God ever needed any reconciling; man is the one to be reconciled. Nor does the Bible teach that we are saved by the death of Christ, as orthodoxy has preached; but by



the life of Christ, and not by the life of Christ as lived by the reformer of Judea either; but by the life of Christ as practiced by ourselves. Our own souls must be the Bethlehems where our Savior's must be born.

Paul says: "For, if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled we shall be saved by his life." In 2 Cor. v: 18, Paul again says: "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given us the ministry of reconciliation."

Thus it is seen that man becomes exalted or reconciled by a new life. The preceeding verse says: "He is a new creature; old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new." In this sense of the word—in the sense that the atonement means the taking of bad men and making good ones of them—that it means bringing men and women more near every day to a unity with all that is pure, holy, divine, I believe as thoroughly in the atonement as I do in my existence; and I love to assist in carrying out its work of reconciling men to all that is divine.

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#### BADLY AFFLICTED.

The worst case of spirit-o-phobia I have known for many years has attacked a writer for the *New York Town Topics*. In order to let the readers see the case in all its malignity I publish the *excerpt* entire:

That I was right was shown last Sunday, when the book reviewer of the *Herald* appropriated the precise sentiments of Mr. Dana regarding the scientific importance of spiritualistic phenomena, and commended a reading of Mr. Savage's book to the public at large. The *Herald* critic makes that familiar and most dangerous assertion that the former disbelief in spiritualism was a result of ignorance and bigotry, while now the greatest minds of the day are being won to a respectful contemplation of the subject. The spiritualists of



every age have been able to show that certain of the leading literary men and scientists were sharers of their belief, but I think that not until the present epoch have the deluded wretches gained the support of the editors and critics of the newspaper press. I regard this, moreover, as the most intimidating circumstance to be found in the disease of spiritualism that just at this moment threatens the earth. That men like Mr. Savage should write books recounting experiences of living men with the spirits of the other world is bad enough, heaven knows, but such writers would only reach a limited number of people if they were not advertised by the newspapers. The masses read the newspapers, and when the *New York Herald* and the *New York Sun* listen reverently to and recommend a careful study of the writings of Mr. Savage and kindred authors on spiritualism, it is time that some one should rise and warn the public against the awful philosophy that is thus spread broadcast. This I do know. There is just one subject to which the man of broad mind and liberal impulses must shut his eyes and ears, and that subject is spiritualism. Spiritualism is insanity. Those people who have seen and conversed with spirits were either drunk or deluded. The man who pretends he has seen and conversed with spirits is a liar, a fool or a lunatic. And yet at this moment the *New York Sun* and the *New York Herald* are on record as believing that the most intellectual people must now cast aside their prejudices and embrace this Bloomingdale madness. Mr. Charles A. Dana has personally announced himself as a victim of the mania, and Mr. James Gordon Bennett is pledged by his book reviewer to become a student of it.

The great wonder is how this mummied relic of fifteenth century darkness and dogmatism has withstood the light of the nineteenth century and survived until the present; but here he is as large as life and as true to the darkness of the past as a frog is to his native slime; issuing his bull against Spiritualism with all the venemence of a pope Jeremy's bull against the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, or Claxtus's bull against the comet.

Let's see what kind of people these Spiritualists, including Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, and Rev. J. Minot Savage, are. They are "deluded wretches," afflicted with the "awful disease of Spiritualism," believers in the "awful philosophy," "either drunk or deluded."



"The man who pretends he has conversed with spirits is a liar, a fool or a lunatic." Spiritualism is a "Bloomington madman;" and Charles A. Dana is "a victim of the mania."

Surely Spiritualists will know in the future what estimate to place on themselves, since the writer has ordained himself and sent himself out to "warn the public against this awful philosophy that is thus spread broadcast."

Now this apostle of anti-Spiritualism proposes to enlighten the world by asking "a man of broad and liberal impulses to shut his eyes and ears to the subject of Spiritualism."

I wonder if this ostrich of a writer, who hides his head in the sand, and asks others to do the same, in order that hunters may not find them, does not know that he is addressing the wrong parties? "Men of broad intellects," are not the kind who "shut their eyes and ears" against light and sound.

Permit me to say to this dispenser of darkness, and recommender of blindness and deafness, that this is the closing decade of the nineteenth century; it is too late to tell fifteen millions of Spiritualists, and as many more investigators, that they are all either drunk, liars or lunatics. The best and most erudite men and women in every department of life to-day are Spiritualists. The newspapers, notwithstanding the warning in the above *excerpt*, are compelled to follow public opinion; especially when that opinion is based on what has been witnessed by half the inhabitants of earth, and accept Spiritualism; and this writer will make about as much in his tirade as Festus did when he said: "Paul thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee" mad.



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## CHURCHES AND GUNS.

One of the Ten Commandments says: "Thou shalt not kill;" and Jesus said: "Resist not evil." Yet there never before in this world, could be found such implements of destruction as the Christian nations are making to-day.

Churches and Guns seem to be the order of the day; and there is as much evidence of piety in the one as in the other. Churches have the advantage, being untaxed. Every tax-payer in the United States pays proportionately more tax for all the churches in America.

These thoughts have been suggested by the following *excerpt* from one of the speeches of ex-Congressman Tom Watson. It is as follows:

We are now constructing one of the most expensive churches that the world has ever known since the pagan religion was superseded by the "meek and lowly Jesus." They are building one in New York which is to cost \$10,000,000. Suppose Christ should come again and should wear what he wore before—a linen gown, a pair of wooden sandals on his feet, no socks, and no hat—do you suppose the minister in that ten-million-dollar church would be glad to see Jesus come in.

He would be just as glad as the money changers were in the temple. The finer our churches are the bigger Mr. Krupp makes his cannon. He now constructs them so large that it requires several tons of powder to load them. The ball is almost as heavy as a park of artillery used to be. Wherever it hits there is trouble. We are a strange people. We constantly build more churches and school-houses, and we constantly want more guns. The more we embrace the doctrine that we must love our neighbor as ourselves, the more thoroughly we prepare to bore a hole through him with a Winchester. The more we theorize on returning good for evil, the more we practice trying to get the drop on the other fellow.

This big gun, it is said, is to throw a ball weighing several tons, twelve miles. Besides, the balls can be so filled with dynamite that at the end of a twelve-mile journey, it will burst and kill everything within a



quarter of a mile of it. Does this fulfill the prediction, "and men shall learn war no more?"

What a farce our nineteenth century civilization and Christianity is proving itself to be.

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### *Editorial Brevities.*

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MOSES HARMAN, of Topeka, Kas., is out of prison. Under the odious Anthony Comstock law he was put in prison for publishing obscene literature and sending it through the mails. The man never wrote or printed an obscene word in his life. He is as honest and pure-minded a man as lives. The trouble with him is, he is a reformer, determined at any cost, to leave the world better than he found it. His paper was and is a reform paper, demanding the elevation of humanity through the redemption of woman from sex slavery. This was too much for that pious scoundrel, Anthony Comstock, and as honest an old gentleman as lives was hounded by the courts several years and finally landed in the state prison, where he remained one year. He has now been released, and comes out with a thousand times the honor his persecutors ever had.

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It is not without regret that I abandon the idea of holding meetings in Chicago during May and June. The fact is, I have been utterly unable without paying several prices, to secure a suitable hall for the meetings. Even though the halls were full they would hardly hold enough to pay the expenses. Rather than take such risks I have accepted other engagements. On May 7, and 14, I speak in St. Louis, on the 19 to 21st in Jackson, Mich. On the 28th, I will speak either in Chicago, or somewhere *enroute* to California where from June



3rd until July 2nd, I speak at the camp in Summerland, California. By the way here is a golden opportunity for Spiritualists, who wish to attend a camp-meeting this year to attend one, and at the same time visit "the golden state" when it is at its best. Why not make an effort to see Summerland now? It is said there will be many number one mediums at that camp. Beside that, Summerland just now offers some apparently grand opportunities for investments where the money will do good, and at the same time pay the investors.

\* \* \*

THE fever of settling speakers is rapidly rising among Spiritualists just now; and I am glad. Individually I feel that my doom is to be a wandering pilgrim during the remainder of my earthly sojourn, but I have had several very urgent requests during the last two years to settle down to "steady habits," and become a pastor. It is doubtful whether there is a church in Christendom that could retain its hold of the people six months, if they changed their speakers with every new moon. Speakers and societies, in fact everybody except railroads will be benefitted when Spiritualists settle our worthy speakers.

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IT would be unjust not to say a word about Mrs. Mollie B. Anderson, the widow of the late lamented Jim G. Anderson. She has spent eleven months in the family of the proprietors of this journal, taking full oversight of the house and the business of the office. She proved herself in every way efficient, able and honorable. She leaves us with the love and the confidence, not only of all the household, but of all with whom she came in contact while in Chicago.