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DEATH, AND ITS TO-MORROW,

—OR—

The Spiritualistic Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell.

BY MOSES HULL.

(Continued from May number.)

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS IN THE HEREAFTER.

I am sometimes asked if I believe that there are rewards for our good works, and punishments for our sins, in the great hereafter? I answer, I do not like the terms reward and punishment. There are consequences here and hereafter, of every act of life. You put your hand into the fire and it is burned, not as a punishment, but as a result. If you go out improperly clad, when the mercury is below zero, you are frozen, not as a punishment, but as a result. If you neglect education, you remain ignorant, as a result—not as a punishment; so your education is a result of your studious habits—your industry.

Spiritualists do not generally believe that God goes out of his way to reward or punish anybody. Heaven and hell are each latently within every one; the former is quick-

ened into activity by your conduct—yourself—denying work for the elevation of your fellow beings. So of the latter; you hold in yourself the fuel, the kindling-wood and the match; and, if it is ever touched off, you, yourself will be the incendiary who will do the job. Every act we do here brings forth fruit in the great hereafter. As an illustration, let me suppose two characters; one has spent his time in moral, mental and spiritual growth. He has gone about doing good—has made the discovery that there is an actual wealth in knowledge of something beyond how to make a good trade or how to raise a good colt or pig. Where he has found it possible to relieve suffering, of no matter what kind, he has done it. He has learned that to work for the elevation of humanity is happiness; and, that he cannot be happy while others around him are miserable. He therefore tries to relieve the world of its aches and pains, whether of the back, head or heart. Such a person works, not with the mercenary motive of a reward in the great future; but because his over-mastering love of humanity causes him to spend his energies in an effort to elevate it. Such an individual, by helping others has helped himself—has elevated himself. Death does not put so much as a punctuation point in the existence of such a person as that. He finds himself on the other side reaping what he has sown here. Possibly he spent his last fifty cent piece in making a little orphan girl wealthy by purchasing a doll for her; or he has given a boy a knife, worth more to his expanding genius than a farm would be worth to him in after years. He thus, in working for the comfort of others, kept himself poor in this world's goods, though rich in good works. The body of such a person, when he leaves it, may be thrown into a pine box and loaded into a dray, and driven off

to the music of a cracking whip and a song:—

“Rattle his bones, over the stones,
For he’s only a poor pauper that nobody owns.”

But, on the other side such will find a wealth—a wealth of satisfaction—a wealth of welcome—a luxury of ease and happiness which has ripened in the work he has done for others. This is a happiness which cannot be compared to the wealth of this world. Such lay up their treasures in heaven where moth, rust or thieves cannot reach them.

The other character, in this illustration, spends all his life tying himself to his gold. Gold was his god; at any expenditure of honor, yes, and of happiness too, he must have gold. What matters it with him who suffers? Is some one afflicted? That is their own lookout. Is some one starving for bread? That is nothing to him as long as he can pile up his mountains of wealth. He literally sells himself—his happiness here and in the great hereafter for gold.

When such an individual wakes up in the to-morrow of death, he will find that notwithstanding gold over there is a useless commodity, he is chained to it. He spent his whole life here forging chains and binding himself to his gold. In this life he was *en rapport* with nothing else; now nothing else is *en rapport* with him. He is literally in a golden hell. The gold he in this world kept from the poor and the suffering, in the other world will serve as an immense weight on his progress and happiness. He will there count it over and over; instead of enjoying himself he has doomed himself to watch his gold. He has not prepared himself for other enjoyment; he trusted in “uncertain riches,” and did not lay up for himself a “foundation against the time

to come;" now he reaps the result.

The Shylock, who sells the poor man's furniture to pay his rent, may find himself in cold and very poorly furnished apartments in the beyond. Truly the road to happiness in the other world, is "straight and narrow;" and "few there be that find it."

OTHER HELLS.

I am not sure but our ungoverned appetites in this world, may contribute their share toward making hells for us, in the great to-morrow. I am certain that while we are cultivating passion and false appetites, we are not cultivating the spiritual, which is the opposite of all such things. I have, several times in my life, known of spirits coming back, and begging for, and using both tobacco and whisky.

I know a medium—a very refined lady, who, when under control, has gone to a toothless and filthy old man, and taken his nauseous old pipe out of his mouth, and sucked it more ravenously, and ejected her saliva more carelessly, than I ever knew a regular tobacco smoker to do. This was done under the influence of an Indian; and one thing strange about it is, it not only did not affect the lady, but she did not have the taste of tobacco left in her mouth, or the smell of it left on her breath, after the influence left her. While on this subject I will say, that I verily believe some mediums are made drunkards and tobacco users by this class of spirits.

The fact is an individual cannot be a medium, in all that word implies without being negative to whatever influence he or she may represent. A medium must, for the time being, be swallowed up in the influence of the one they would personate. Only as spirits can make

—mediums a part of themselves can they fully manifest themselves to—the world. Thus the more negative one becomes the more perfectly do they represent the spirit world, whose servants they are. And thus, again, the better the medium the more liable they are, when they pass under undesirable influences, to fall.

Our lives, in the to-morrow of death have grown out of our lives here—are, in fact, made up of that which has been worked into our lives in this world. If all could realize this—if all could know that every act of this life contributes toward the building of our heavens and hells in death's to-morrow, we would, perhaps, be more careful of how we live than many of us now are.

“How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
Of my behavior here.”

Poor undeveloped spirits are often forced back here to get the lessons they neglected to learn while in earth-life, and sometimes to overcome, through mediums, what they failed to overcome when using their own material organisms as mediums.

I have known spirits to come back and beg, even cry for tobacco and whisky. Oh, mortals, could you but know, that in the use of these things, you are cultivating appetites which may hold you as slaves, not only in this world, but perhaps for hundreds of years in the hereafter, it seems to me you would put forth one grand effort to overcome them now.

It will be seen from the above, that Spiritualists do not believe that death makes an individual either much more happy or miserable than he was in this life; he simply enters the other world with the conditions he has made for himself here. Spiritualists do not believe

there is a heaven such as Dr. Watts had in mind when he said:

"In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there."

Indeed, if I could have my choice, I would not go to such a heaven. I want the privilege of sinning to all eternity. "What said an objector to me: "You must be dead in love with sin to want to sin to all eternity."

The poor man did not understand me; I do not want to sin either here or hereafter; but I want to live in either world, where both roads are open, so that I can do right from choice and from the love of right; not because I am cooped up in a heaven where sin cannot enter. I want to always feel that a love of right prompts me to do right, not that I am doing right because of an *ab-extra* power which holds me from evil. I think more of my identity than I do of a forced righteousness. Let me then, not be so changed by death as to lose the distinct individuality that makes me differ from others in this world. If there are things in my character here, calculated to make me or any one else suffer here or hereafter, now is the best and easiest time to overcome them—the central point in Spiritualism is

PROGRESS HERE AND HEREAFTER

Eternal progress eternal growth. How pleasing the thought that we can spend an eternity adding to our store of knowledge—of wisdom—that the universe is infinite—containing enough that is new and interesting to keep us investigating as the *eons* go by.

When I think of it, I feel, as I apprehend Sir Isaac Newton must have felt when; after looking through telescope and getting a faint glimpse of the infinitude of the universe, he retired from his observations, trembling

with emotion and said: "I seem to myself like a little child, picking up pebbles on the beach of the ocean, while the whole ocean lies unexplored before me."

An illustration or two will show the vast difference between the views of Spiritualism and the views which are fast giving way to Spiritualism on the great hereafter. The recently popular views have only two classes in the other world: the "blood-washed," happy throng—eternally felicitous because they have been touched by the magic wand of a vicarious atonement, and those who are eternally miserable because they could not see the justice, or accept the idea of going to heaven on a complimentary ticket.

With orthodoxy there could be no half way work; every one in the other world must either be as happy or as miserable as an Omnipotent God could make him. Again, no matter how good a person was, if he had failed to accept "the plan of salvation," he must in eternity be herded with the "goats on the left hand," and be eternally damned. In the estimation of these same people no matter how wicked a man was, even the malefactor and thief who hung the cross at the same time Jesus did, if he could be induced to accept a complimentary ticket, he was at death ushered into a heaven filled with blood-washed rogues,

Two cases will sufficiently illustrate this point, and show the difference in the orthodoxy which is now happily a thing of the past, and the Spiritualism of to-day.

Permit me to introduce as an illustration two of my

PATRON SAINTS:

One from the world of politics and statemanship; the other from the world of theology and ethical reform.

As my first saint I will introduce the rail splitter, the lawyer, the politician, the statesman, the president, the patriot, the martyr, Abraham Lincoln. Materialism says this giant among men has crumbled to dust; Agnosticism says, I do not know; while Orthodoxy cannot possibly without deserting their systems, place him anywhere except in a tormenting hell of fire and brimstone, where he is to forever "bite and gnaw his fiery chains." If the orthodox people do not put him there it is only another proof that they have out-grown their creeds—they are better than the religion they profess.

Mr. Lincoln did not accept the religions of the day. He did not join the church; he made no profession of faith; was not baptized, did not partake of the communion; in fact, made no pretension to be a Christian. He received his death-wound not in the church, or on his bended knees asking God to have mercy on this wicked world; but in a theatre, watching ungodly people play an ungodly play. In short, he neglected every condition on which orthodoxy proposed to admit people into their heaven and fellowship in the great hereafter, and obeyed the most of the conditions on which they guarantee him first class apartments in the hell prepared for the devil and his angels.

Again I ask where is Lincoln? If he is in heaven then all the cumbersome machinery invented and operated by the church to save men is useless. If Lincoln can run the quarantine and get into heaven some other way, then your machinery is superceded, half of the inhabitants of the infernal regions may get to heaven in the same way, and rents in the brimstone regions must come down.

If Lincoln is in heaven what is he doing there? Singing Psalms? flattering the approbateness of the boss who has allowed him, un-washed as he was, to enter

among the people with whom he never associated in this life? That would not be one bit like Lincoln; he would be sadly out of his element. It would be more like him to have a *coterie* of the most un-orthodox saints he could find, around him and engage in telling stories!

If orthodoxy were true to its creed it would send Lincoln to hell; but who dares to send this honest, patriotic statesman to the regions of "dark despair?" The fact is, the world has out-grown the inhumanities of its theology—no body but an ignoramus believes it, and the man who, to-day would preach it would be thought a fit companion for the dwellers on Blackwell's Island.

Lincoln can neither be in an orthodox heaven or hell, then where is he? He has returned on several occasions and told the matter as it is. He parted with friends, neighbors, soldiers, statesmen, here—he here bade farewell to those interested in the salvation of the country, to meet exactly the same kind of people on the other shore, Jesus and Paul were not the first to meet him there; they were not so near to him as his mother—had not suffered so much for him—had not the same interest in him. On the other side, after such greetings as he might receive from his mother, he was met and received by the former patriots of this country—by Clay, Webster, Jackson, Hancock, Jefferson, Paine Washington. Not only by these but by such men as John Brown, whose soul had been "marching on" some time; and many of the officers and private soldiers whose blood had been swallowed by the battle-fields of the south. Lincoln had ceased to preside over the destinies of the republic here, and joined the cabinet of immortal statesmen on the other side, who are using all their power to bring about a *real republic*.

Besides this, Lincoln, according to Spiritualism is neither singing Psalms in heaven nor cursing God in hell. He is working—working out the principal of a “government of the people, for the people and by the people.”

He has stated that his sympathy for poor misguided Booth was so great that he could find little rest until he found him and helped out of the darkness and horror by which he was surrounded. He took his slayer by the hand and said “come up hither.” Thus Lincoln was his murderer’s savior. This makes heaven a place of practical work—place of reform—of love. Who would not strive to enjoy such a heaven as that?

SAINT THEODORE.

The next saint I will introduce is Theodore Parker; a man who was execrated by the churches because he believed in, and preached “the revival of religion which we need.”—a revival which would deal justly by everyone from the most humble servant in the household to the president of the United States.—which would not allow a poor Burns, or a Simms to be remanded back to slavery—a revival which would cut down the hours of the daily toil from fourteen to twelve, from twelve to ten from ten to eight, and would keep on cutting the hours down until the toil is equally distributed among those who need it. He preached of a revival which, while it cut down the hours of work, would keep up the toilers’ wages until those who toil could at least have as much of the results of their labor as those who “toil not, neither do they spin.”

This kind of preaching caused a trembling among a class of rich sanctified, over-reaching sinners. While it was popular among some of them to preach against African slavery it was the most heinous of all offenses to pour out the vials of wrath against New England

puritanic robbers. This excited orthodoxy until it prayed not only for the Lord to put "hooks in Theodore Parker's jaws," but it is said, they actually asked God to kill him.

When Parker passed away, they thanked God that the world had now gotten rid of one of orthodoxy's worst enemies. How mistaken! Theodore Parker did not die! His voice still rings as harmoniously and as melodiously in behalf of every reform as when, through his own organs of speech he used to pour forth floods of burning and eloquent truths in Music hall. Parker is not now sitting down in listless supineness; he is still, on the hither side of life, marking out paths for others to follow, while he follows the way-marks of those who have gone still higher. He hails reformers on this side, and with immortal energy helps all who desire help to be men and women, more than they desire to follow dead and rotten creeds, on to higher planes of thought and life.

The Spiritualists' heaven is a place of incessant but untiring work, a place of activity; a place of reform; a place of reaching down to help others up; a place of organization and of eternal progress.

The beauty of death, when considered as a birth; and the vastness of the theme,—its to-morrow; the desire to traverse the fields of the beyond, causes me to sometimes feel almost impatient to join the throng on the hither side of death's narrow stream.

I do not allow this desire to get the better of me; I am placed here to work and wait; and so I toil on, knowing that in due time I shall reap what here I sow. "What shall the harvest be?" Reader may you and I so live in this world that our fruitage shall be abundant and rich in the "sweet by and bye."

E. Bach and The "Reformers" Once More.

FRIEND HULL:—Referring to my article, and your answer in the March number of NEW THOUGHT, I am under obligations to you for confirming what I have said about the "reform twaddle" in that article, right on the spot, and without having to wait for it. As for the meaning of the word "twaddle" which does not seem to be understood, I take the liberty of referring you to an authority by the name of Webster. He says that "twaddle means "Silly talk; senseless verbiage; gabble; fustian; twaddle." I might search the dictionary from Keelson to truck, and not find a word so expressive; or which defines the current reform talk in a better manner. So we will have to call this part of the matter settled. I do not care to discuss the question at length, as most of the matters in it have been settled long ago. You have grown old in the harness. Have written and published many works. You speak on many matters, and have a well deserved reputation, and I was really surprised at your arguments (so-called) in answer to mine, and must only conclude that you could not answer my assertions, and for some reason you did not feel like admitting them. I said that the saloons of the country, in which from \$800,000,000 to \$1,200,000,000 of dollars are annually wasted, worse than wasted, are supported by the poorer classes of the people, and that if those stopped patronizing the saloons the latter would have to shut up. You answer me that "*you do not drink.*" What has that fact to do with the question, or the assertion which I made? Where is the connection? Instead of answering the question straight forward, and admitting the truth of my assertion, you try to mislead the reader by introducing an issue which is not in the

question. I know that you, and perhaps millions of poor men, do not drink, but you know just as well as I do, that if the \$1,200,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000 which are worse than uselessly spent by the poorer class of people in the saloons of this country, and for tobacco were applied to the comfort of these who spend it and lose their time while they do so; if they educated their families; were sober and trusty, they would be better off; but instead of being a real reformer of a real abuse, and advising those who look to you for guidance to do all possible to overcome this evil, you turn pettifogger for the saloons, and hold me up as a slanderer of the poor. I must tell you that I was taken aback when I read this, and it must have been one of your "off days" when you wrote this, and I expect you to acknowledge that it was an error to do so.

Then you say further: "There are millionaires who spend more in one day for rum and tobacco than I would spend in a thousand years." Who said that you ever spent a cent? And who asserted that the millionaires do not spend such money? You say: "It hurts *me* to be classed with the Lazaruses, because of excessive use of rum and tobacco, when I do not use either." What part of my article gives you the right to say such a thing? My statement was, (and is now), that the reform movement was superficial: senseless; idealistic; full of emotional and sentimental vagaries, and not practical, and that I have never seen anything in any of the reform literature, in the reform press, or on the reform rostrum where this question of the poor men spending that enormous sum in liquor and tobacco was discussed, and where they were advised by their self appointed protectors; and to whom I hoped they would listen; to

change this enormous out-flow of their hard earned money. We live in a real and practical world, and it will take practical means to better present conditions. And for fear that it might be forgotten I will repeat, as I have done many a time, that the only road to better conditions runs through a practical school; through the acquirement of real and practical education for the lower classes; through the road of eliminating all nonsense, superstition, credulity, and leaning on some one else, and to permit some one else to do the thinking for them. It lies in the path of such acquirements as honesty; sobriety; industry; perseverance; intelligence. Now do not pettifog again and tell me that I say the poor do not possess these qualities, because I do not say it, but I will say that neither the rich nor the poor possess these qualities to such a degree as they should, and as they *will* in the future, and when these qualities are more common, there will be no use for the idealistic and impractical reform shouter, because the conditions which will then rule will be one continued reform movement.

I believe there was a war for universal liberty (such was the outcome of the war) all over the world. It was forced on to this country when there was no money in the treasury to carry on this war, and like in all other emergencies, extraordinary, and unusual means were taken to raise money. We used to have an idea that some of the purest and greatest minds of any age were then at the head of our government. Mr. Lincoln I believe to-day; stands head and shoulders above any man who was ever born of woman; not in one particular only, but in all the attributes which go to make up perfect manhood. In my estimation he towers as far above the rest of humanity as the oak towers above the shrub. But since the war there have risen a class of

men whose sole aim of life seems to be to slander these great men, and belittle and besmirch them. They succeed in showing their own littleness only in this. Providence erred badly in not permitting these men to be born and come on the scene of action during the time which tried mens souls. According to them, this country lost what it can never regain, through not having the benefit of the results which their gigantic and unapproachable minds might have produced. But, alas, it is now too late. We shall have to abide by the results which were brought about by the actions of the inferior minds which were then available, and regret that these reformers came on the stage of action so late! They have a great deal to say about the mismanagement of the finances of the war. About how such men as Mr. Lincoln and his heroic and unselfish co-workers spent their time chiefly in plotting with the rich of this and other lands how to manage matters so as to work into the hands of monopolists, and gold bugs, instead of doing their duty towards the rest of the world. But supposing that they were right (the present reformer) what good does it do to keep hatchelling up these conditions.

The bitter tears of even the most comely milkmaid would not bring the spilt milk back into the pail, and I do think that these great reform minds should accept the logic of such events as are beyond recall, and try to live in the present instead of in the past. But their whole stock in trade is the repetition of the mistakes that the great leaders who brought one of the most gigantic and far reaching wars to a successful conclusion, are said to have made. Now supposing these great reformers were right, there would not yet be any sense in continually bringing up these things. The war closed twenty-seven years ago. If they were right; if every dollar borrowed

and spent for the prosecution of the war had been wasted; that waste could not now be recalled or rectified. Most of these grand men who were leading actors in that war, have gone where the slanders of the reformers cannot reach them. History will do these heroes and unselfish patriots justice, and as time passes on, these men will occupy honored and revered graves when no historian will be foolhardy enough to mention the name of a single one of the present reformers.

Whatever money has been spent during the war is gone, and no amount of "calamity howling" will ever bring it back. The National debt which was incurred for the prosecution of the war is nearly paid, and permit me to say to the reformer that humanity has never invested any money during all the past of its history which will bring such rich returns to it during the existence of the race on this globe, and during the eons of eternity, before us as the money which was spent in order to eliminate from this earth the last vestige of human slavery, and which proves also one of the greatest element in eliminating the mental slavery under which manhind groans. And so I say, the money which was raised during the war is now spent irrecoverably, and there is no use to bewail it, (though the writer will put himself on record here, after having tried to study the financial history of this war, and the circumstances surrounding it), that his admiration for the men who carried on this war; who had to provide the means to do so under difficulties which cannot be understood by the average reformer; growing greater, and his homage to their genius is unbounded, and grows with time.

You quote some soul harrowing statements in regard to the injustice done to the people by and through the

National Banks. W. R. English was a god send to you reformers. When you get through with him you ought to apotheosize him. He has been so very convenient for you. In all your writings you assure us that the money made by the National Banks is made through the privilege of issuing money. (I do not care to discuss the National Banking system, but will say thus much to show how little real fact underlies "reform twaddle.")

To prove this let me quote you just one example. The Chemical National Bank of New York is one of the oldest and wealthiest banks in the United States. The capital is \$300,000.00. In the report of the Comptroller of the city for 1891, it stated that they had a surplus of \$6,000,000.00 and undivided profits to the amount of \$674,208. or a total investment of nearly \$7,000,000.00.

It would be one of the easiest things to make a person who knows nothing about banking believe that in order to accumulate this amount the profits must have been enormous on its circulation. I know from personal observation that many National Banks do not divide their profits, but leave them year after year as surplus, thus accumulating a capital which seems large—is large. This bank had individual deposits to the amount of \$21,296,707.00 on that date, and bank, and other deposits to the amount of \$6,095,297.00, making them the custodians for \$27,392,004.00 of the peoples' money, outside of their own capital or nearly \$7,000,000.00. Now why do the business people of New York, and vicinity, and the banks all over this Union entrust that bank with this enormous amount of money? Simply from the fact that they have confidence in the management of it, and because during its long career that bank has honestly and promptly returned

every dollar to the depositors at any and all times when they called for it. And the laws under which the National Banks work has made this condition possible.

There are such safeguards thrown around the deposits of these banks as human intellect and honesty suggests, and the losses on account of failures of National banks have been reduced to a very small percentage. The United States prohibits the bank from loaning more than (75) per cent. of these deposits. This bank had loaned out at the time when this report was made the sum of \$21,142,303.00. Every dollar of this was money which was put into that bank for safe keeping, with the understanding that the bank could loan it if they choose, all the depositor asks is to have the money ready when he calls for it, and practically all the National banks have done this for years. I know there have been some failures, but as I said before these were so insignificant in comparison to the amount of business transacted that the amount is a very infinitesimal one.

Now this bank in question has loaned out over \$21,000,000.00 of the money entrusted to it. At only 5 per cent. interest, which is probably about what they get, the interest amounts to an annual sum of \$1,056,015.00 and the bank gets this for taking care of this money, and has besides in its coffers \$12,346,998, to secure its depositors. And as I said before, this money is entrusted to the National banks because people have to have a safe deposit place, and experience has proven that the National Banks are safe depositories under the law. Now as to the question of making this money out of the money issuing privilege. That bank has deposited \$50,000.00 in government bonds to comply with the law, but out of a possible \$45,000,00 bank notes which they might issue they have

out just \$10,874.00 in National Bank notes. And even a reformer would not have the hardihood to say that the money made by the bank was made by the money issuing privilege, but our reform friends either do not know the facts as stated, or they do not care to tell the truth to their dupes about this matter. Nine chances to ten I will be answered that it is wrong to have so much money, when the great bulk belongs to the people, liable to be called for any day, and that it is a boon to the people to have it taken care of.

I do not wish to discuss the National Banking question, because with reformers it is "Love's Labor Lost."

About the poor man who has eight children, working in the streets, at a dollar a day, etc. Friend Hull, how many such cases do you know of? And is that a fair question from a fair minded man? But in answer I will say that no man has any business to be so illy developed in this country where education is lying around as thickly as leaves in the autumn forest.

No man in this country has any business to be so ignorant as that he has to work on the streets for \$1.00 and there are too many to do this work then.

There will come a time when the street laborer will be paid more than other employments, simply because all will be fitted to do other work; no one will care to labor on the streets because they are fitted for better things and then those who condescend to labor on the streets will get better pay than other employments, and those who are now considered more respectable, because there will be but few who will do such hard bodily work and such will get extra inducements to do this work. Now friend H., be fair with me next time.

E. BACH.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

I have neither the time or the disposition for long controversy, or for epithets. On such things I hope never to be an adept. I will, in the beginning of my remarks grant Bro. Bach all the advantage to be gained by that kind of controversy. Accusing an opponent of being a "pettifogger," or of "trying to mislead the readers," is no part of my argument. I do not doubt but that Bro. B., is as honest as I am, but I doubt much whether his sweeping assertions are calculated to lead his readers to his understanding of matters. That is a matter, however, of which I may not be a proper judge.

On the very first page Bro. B. Claims the victory; as I never write or speak for victory I will not dispute his claim.

It is always easy to say, "you could not answer my assertion." Perhaps I could not, and did not; I will not discuss that point. I believe there is no discussion as to how much money is wasted for whisky and tobacco. And I, for one, hope Bro. B. will use his influence to reform every man who uses either; but to make the charge that tobacco and whisky are the causes of the poverty of the toiling masses, is a direct insult to over a million of poor but honest working people, who though they "touch not, taste not and handle not," find it impossible to throw off the burden of poverty. I also grant Bro. B., all the advantage to be gained by accusing me of being a "pettifogger for the saloons." My life is a sufficient reply to all that kind of argument.

There are probably few "reformers" who do not see the evils of the use of rum and tobacco; but if there was not a drop of rum or a pipe full of tobacco in the world, the evils of monopoly, of corrupt legislation and

of our monetary and land system would be the same; and I have yet to learn why we should direct the poor man's attention away from the fact that he is being robbed, because some of them eat or drink too much. I believe in temperance, and in lecturing on temperance, but I cannot see how even that could enable the farmer or mechanic to pay from seven to thirty-six per cent interest on an average income of three per cent.

I believe in all the honesty and intelligence of which Bro. B. speaks. That is the reason why I am "pettifogging" in behalf of the honest, hard-working man who is being crushed under the monopolistic wheel. I fully agree with Daniel Webster, that:—"Liberty cannot long endure where the tendency of legislation is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few."

I always admired honest Abraham Lincoln, and voted for him twice, but cannot depreciate every other man as Mr. B. does. Lincoln was not "head and shoulders above any other man ever born." Hundreds of as good men were born before and since Mr. Lincoln, and Bro. Bach is one of them. Lincoln only did his duty, Bro. B. went to war and did his duty; and if Bro. B. had the same opportunity Lincoln had he would discharge his duties as conscientiously, I have no doubt,

"New occasions teach new duties;

Time makes ancient good uncouth."

The occasion came and Mr. Lincoln did his duty, as hundreds of others would have done. Now I ask Bro. B. Who among the "reformers" is slandering Mr. Lincoln? I never heard of it before; but supposing they had, are his public acts above public criticism? Is he a fetisch that I must fall down and worship?

Who has ever said anything about Mr. Lincoln and his co-workers "plotting with the rich of this and other

lands?" Why is it necessary to make such *ad captandum* appeals as that? Bro. Bach knows as well as he knows anything, that there was "plotting with the rich." Not on the part of Mr. Lincoln, but on the part of others. If he does not, let him read the ringing words of honest old Thaddeus Stevens, when he told of the "howls that came from the salons of Wall street, and finally, with tears in his eyes said:

"There is no great prospect that we shall return to the system I have indicated, nor do much to protect the people from their own eager speculations. When, a few years hence, the people shall have been brought to general bankruptcy by their unregulated enterprise I shall have the satisfaction to know that I attempted to prevent it."

This looks as though there was some "plotting with the rich," although Mr. Stevens was not in it. Neither was Mr. Lincoln in it. In a private letter to a friend Mr. Lincoln is reported to have said:—

"As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people, until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel, at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than I ever did before, even in the midst of the war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

Mr. Lincoln was a prophet, his suspicions were not groundless. Senator David Davis, who was as honest and as intelligent a man as Mr. Lincoln, said:—

"The rapid growth of corporation power, and the malign influence which it exerts, by a combination on the National and State Legislatures, is a well grounded cause of alarm. A struggle is pending in the near future, between this over-grown power, with its vast ramifications all over the union, and a hard grip on much of the political machinery on the one hand, and the people in an unorganized condition, on the other, for control of the government."

Senator Oliver P. Morton used language stronger than the above but as I do not happen to have his language with me here, in St. Louis, I will forego any attempt to quote it. Suffice it to say, that he

said never, since the existence of nations had such a gang of thieves, robbers and plunderers been gathered together as were concentrated in Washington.

Why "hatchel up the past?" Bro. B. I answer, if we can learn the cause of our present trouble by studying the past, we may get lessons which will enable us to avoid the shoals on which we were wrecked in 1873--80. The poet has said:—

"He who heeds not experience, trust him not."

Bro. B. next informs us that "the national debt is nearly paid." I answer, yes, it has been much more than paid, in interest; yet it would take as much wheat, as much beef, pork or hay to pay it to-day as it would have taken at the close of the war. And if the single standard ruiners of the country can bring us to a gold basis, it will double the debt again.

There was no need of incurring such a debt as we have for the prosecution of the war. Indeed the banks and money grabbers have caused more of the debt than the war caused. Money could have been issued directly to the soldiers, and sailors and for their food and clothing without contracting a dollar of bonded debt. The *Chicago Express*, after tabulating the expense of the war said:—

"According to this statement the pay-cost of food and clothing of the volunteers, amounted to \$1,767,064,130; while the bond holders to the date of June 30, 1879 was, \$1,767,246,198, and another year's interest must be added to find the amount paid to the present date. Thus we find that the bondholders were paid over fifty millions more for their services than the soldiers were paid for theirs. Not only this, but the bondholders are to receive back double their principle invested—a principle which was loaned in depreciated currency to be paid back in gold or its equivalent. The soldiers' principle of health of strength, or vigorous constitution, is gone forever, and can never be repaid."

I wish the war had "eliminated the last vestige of

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I wish the war had "eliminated the last vestige of

human slavery from the earth," but, alas, I am compelled to think of Homestead; of the coal miners east, west, north and south; and of the recent court decisions, which in effect make railroad employes a part of the road. The tendency of events in this country indicate more of feudalism than of freedom.

I have not the space to go into bank question; but I must thank Bro. B. for proving that the Chemical National Bank of New York has made a fortune by drawing interest on its debts. Could I draw from six to thirty-six per cent interest on my debts, I would be slower in paying them than I am now.

I hope Bro. Bach's millennium, where "hewers of wood," and "drawers of water," will be better paid will soon come. If Bro. B., instead of talking of "twaddle," and throwing out the general charge of drunkenness, ignorance and crime after the workingmen, will take hold and try to bring this millennium about, I, for one, will thank him.

Mr. B.'s admonition for me to treat him fair next time, is laughable; knowing him to be subject to fits of joking I enjoyed it. I have allowed him to say what he pleases, and as he pleases; have crowded other excellent articles out in order to give him all the room he asked for, and have not taken nearly as much space in my replies as he has in his articles; indeed I allowed his first article to go without a word of reply. In none of my replies have I been half as severe and thorough as I would in any other but my own magazine, and now he asks me to treat him fairly! That is a good joke!!

Bro. B., is an able man, a good man, and a personal friend of mine, but on this subject his head is, for the present, set wrong. I hope to yet see him point his batteries at the oppressors of labor, rather than at oppressed labor, then the fur will fly.

Who is to Blame?

BY MATTIE HULL.

Not long since, a disgraceful affair came off in one of the Spiritualist Halls in this city, in the name of a "Spiritual Seance." Had we only the reports of newspapers, I would let it pass as another tirade on mediums, but after listening to the expressed opinions of honest, intelligent Spiritualists who attended the seance, and to their regrets that persons should advertise as did the medium in connection with this affair, I feel constrained to say something on the subject.

I have said again and again, publicly and privately, that good physical manifestations, could not obtain in large, promiscuous audiences, and as many times have I been censured for that declaration, and accused of using my influence against mediumship.

Whether I have been an effective worker on behalf of Spiritualism, those who know me may decide; of my honesty, love of and interest in the cause, no one can know as well as myself, under all circumstances, I have held none but the most kindly feelings toward my co-workers, and the warmest sympathy for mediums. It has been my aim to say my best thought on all occasions and when asked my opinion, I have given it honestly, according to my best judgment, never under feelings of dislike or jealousy; I have always endeavored to consider that personal likes or dislikes should weigh nothing in such matters. No one believes more in mediumship than myself; how could I do otherwise? I cannot remember when I did not feel the presence of the Spirit world. Before I had learned to use the pen, visions were presented to me, and poems and discourse that I had no way of imparting, until I was pushed into the

field as an active medium—commissioned to bear the glad tidings, to sorrowing, soul-hungry mortals. That was long ago; but ever since those early experiences, to the present time, I have believed in, loved, aye, revered mediumship. It is because of this love, that I have always felt pained when I have known mediumship was prostituted to ignoble ends, or fraudulent practices were imposed upon earnest seekers after the truth. I feel to take up this subject once more, and I am going a little farther with my pen than I have in the past; I declare that Spiritualists themselves, are largely to blame, for just such performances, as were represented in the hall, on the occasion referred to in the commencement of this article.

I know nothing of the medium in question; have heard intelligent persons who know him say, he is a genuine medium, but advertizes to do more than could possibly be done by the best medium on earth, in promiscuous audiences. If these statements are true, who is to blame?

We hear it said everywhere, "we must have test mediums in connection with lectures, for the majority want tests." Nevertheless, I note that large audiences crowd the halls to hear our able exponents of Spiritualism, and I also note, that usually when the lectures are supplemented with seances of a physical phenomenal nature, the meetings break up in confusion; the influence of the lecture is lost, and wrangling and discussion ensue. Every intelligent and candid Spiritualist, is ready to admit the fact, that fraudulent practices are sandwiched in so thickly between the genuine manifestations, that it is becoming difficult to know the genuine from the spurious. In fact, the more marvellous the feat, the more is the medium sought and the louder his

praises are sung. What has brought about this condition of things? Will some one explain why it is, that in so many instances, persons, who have no kind of conception of Spiritualism, no interest in reform, can, in a few days' time, develop(?) so marvellous a mediumship, while others, who love the cause and would make any reasonable sacrifice for its advancement sit for development, work for it, pray for it, live for it in every way; and while they may grow strongly inspirational or impressional, never realize anything beyond this? The answer may be given that habit, character, and desire, may have nothing whatever to do with physical mediumship; that may be true in some cases, but when we see so many unprincipled persons, with something of mediumship, supplementing genuine manifestations with fraud, is it not time for Spiritualism to go into a sifting process and ought we not to be frank enough to declare the result of our honest investigations? I have heard persons say, when referring to these matters, "yes, so and so, is a good medium, but I know he will practice fraud, yet I shan't expose him; let others find it out; if they don't, why let them be deceived; the people want just such things, and if they cannot tell the difference, it will not harm them." This method seems little less than criminal. Not only are unprincipled persons allowed to gather in dollars that do not belong to them, but they are trifling with the most sacred feelings of their honest patrons; and in consequence of such dealings, the best mediums in the world are held under ban.

There are many excellent mediums in every city who are comparatively idle, in consequence of the great demand for something more marvellous, in the way of phenomena, than they can give, and which, when obtained, does not satisfy the longings of the soul, any

more than pictures of food satisfy the appetite of a hungry stomach. The constant and increasing demand for the wonderful in mediumship, has been the cause of trickery and deception, and such demand has been largely by Spiritualists. Not content with tender, soulful messages, personations, and descriptions, they have urged more and more, at any price, until the temptation has been great; and thus, when only a desire to please and reap a golden harvest has been the object, fraudulent practices have too often been introduced, and Spiritualism has suffered in consequence.

In connection with some phases of mediumship, there have been wagers on the part of mediums and skeptics; this is a feature that does not belong to the Spiritual. I cannot think that our loved ones—those who hold guard over us, desire to convince the world on wagers.

One thing more; of course, mediums are flocking to Chicago, to do business during the World's Fair; this is good; Spiritualists will come here from all parts of the world and will naturally expect to find the best there is in the world on the phenomenal line. Why should our mediums advance their prices for sittings until they are beyond the reach of people of moderate means?

I presume this custom has not been generally adopted, but I notice in one instance, a medium has put up her prices for psychometric readings, charging ladies three dollars and gentlemen five; the medium to whom I refer, is one of the best in the world; her parlors will be thronged daily, in such case, she will reap a fortune during the season, and many who are anxious to learn of Spiritualism, must be denied the privilege of sitting with this medium; the rich will be favored, but we have never learned that there is "a poorer grade of grief."

O, Spiritualism! thy pure white-souled messengers are with us; in spite of every adverse obstacle they are with us; they strive to minister to our needs, they press near us in our daily walks; could we learn how to make the best conditions, putting away influences that retard us in our progress, and blind our spiritual sense, how clearly would we see and how much more deeply would we feel the significance of the movement.

O, Spirit world! I feel thine atmosphere
 About my way, no matter where I tread;
 I toil, nor do I stoop in slavish fear,
 I know I hold communion with my dead.
 And I would live so that my every thought
 May be an opening to some higher sense,
 Striving for all things good, sweet love out-wrought
 And this shall bring me fullest recompense.

John Brown Sr.

BY MOSES HULL.

For our frontice piece this month we present a portrait of John Brown,—not the John Brown whose “soul goes marching on,” in other spheres, but John Brown, familiarly known as “the medium of the Rockies.” John Brown is an octogenarian, and, being a born medium may safely be put down as the oldest, if not the most wonderful medium in the world.

He became familiar with the visits of spirits before he was seven years old; they keep up their regular tete-a-tetes with him yet. At first he did not know who and what they were; soon they told him, and he told his parents and others; of course they attributed it to a deranged stomach. He took many a dose of medicine to cure him of seeing and conversing with spirits; the medicine never cured him, but it did break him of telling it.

When Andrew Jackson Davis was writing “Nature’s

Divine Revelations," and when the Fox girls were first introducing spirit rappings to the world, old pioneers in the Rocky Mountains, who were acquainted with John Brown, were staking their bottom dollars on predictions made through his lips. A few gamblers learned that John was like a John of whom we read, a prophet; and that he was so universally correct in his predictions—that he afforded them "tips" on which to lay the foundation for fortunes. They wanted no better opportunity to win a stake than to find some one who would risk money against his predictions. As his spirit guides would not tolerate this they were compelled at times to cease to use him.

At first the gift of prophecy seemed to be about his only gift; and his prophesies were so true that no power seemed able to prevent their execution. Indeed he came near losing his life several times because of the literal fulfillment of his predictions. It was thought unsafe by some of his associates to mingle with one who was a wizard, or if he was not, was bewitched.

Men determined to break the spell of his predictions, bound themselves with oaths to defeat some of them; and used all their powers to bring about a failure. All this had no other effect than to convince his friends that when John's guides took him away from his body at night and told him a thing was to occur, they might depend upon it.

On one occasion his guide said to him, "John you will break your riding mule's leg to-morrow." In the morning he told his fellow campers; they swore that prediction should fail. In order to defeat the prophesy they imprisoned Mr. Brown in his own cabin, and put a guard to watch it. They were determined this time to break the spell of his predictions. All went well and

they had apparently defeated him until about sun down; when the hunters were in the enjoyment of their victory an alarm was given; the Indians were coming. A rush was made for their mules, to get them out of danger as soon as possible. Mr. Brown was let out of prison and was assisting to drive the mules to a place of safety, when his mule undertook to run back past the men. In the effort to prevent it Mr. Brown picked up a stone and threw it toward the mule to scare him back. The stone flew out of his hand and broke the mule's leg. Then his vision flashed across his mind, and all remembered the prediction they had all been fighting all day. Many other similar incidents are related by Mr. Brown, and his friends.

After a few years of this kind of mediumship another phase was added. It was that of healing the sick. No greater cases of healing were ever performed even by the man of Nazareth than some of those done by John Brown. There are several well-authenticated cases of his raising those said to be dead. These two phases, prophecy and healing accompanied him for years, when other phases were added, among them that of receiving and giving tests, and of teaching the higher truths of Spiritualism.

One very cold night, in what is now called Colorado, he was riding along when, suddenly he saw an angel standing before him. He believes to this day that his mule both saw and heard the angel. He also believes that the mule heard and, by some means understood what the angel said; for as soon as the angel said: "John go to the river as quick as you can," the mule voluntarily whirled and started with all possible speed to the river, some three miles distant. When he got in hearing of the river, he heard groans. When he came

to the bank of the river he saw by the light of the moon, a man lying on the smooth ice. He went to him and found the man had set a beaver trap under the ice. He had gone to see the trap, had cut a hole in the ice and put his hand down to see if it was properly bated and accidentally sprung the trap and his arm was fast. As the mercury was below zero the poor man could not have survived an hour. Mr. Brown helped him out of the trap, and took him to his cabin and cared for him. At last accounts the man was living in San Francisco. His arm is crippled but he has never ceased to be thankful to some intelligence who sent John Brown to his rescue. How true it is that, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee to bear thee up in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

On several occasions Mr. Brown's life and the lives of his friends have been saved by his spirit teachers. His guides have taught him not only of the things of this world, but they have made a most profound spiritual philosopher of him, as any one will learn by reading his book or conversing with him.

John Brown is to-day living in San Diego, California, respected and loved by all his neighbors. His wonderful stories are fully believed by those who know him; and as to his prophesies and other marvelous manifestations, there are to-day hundreds of living witnesses of their truth.

Those who would know more about John Brown should send to Moses Hull & Co., and get the book entitled, "The Mediumistic Experience of John Brown, The Medium of the Rockies."

Since the foregoing was written the following has been received: The names attached will be found in the book:

We, the undersigned, have read the "Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies," and take pleasure in saying that all, in reference to us, and all that we are conversant with, as related by Mr. Brown in that book, is true.

Further, we have been intimately acquainted with Mr. Brown for many years, and know him to be a man on whom the reader can rely for truth.

Signed, MRS. EZRA S. PARRISH,
 J. C. PEACOCK, M. D.,
 D. R. DICKEY, M. D.,
 JAMES W. WATERS,
 San Bernardino, Cal.
 NELSON WILLIAMSON,
 Los Angeles, Cal.

Do Animals Talk?

BY D. W. HULL.

Quite a discussion is going on upon the question, as to whether animals have a spoken language, by which they can communicate with each other, and even scientific men are taking part in it. One man has discovered that the *simean* species, give forth certain expressions of the voice to convey to each other certain emotions, and that the monkeys of South America have a different language from those in Africa, that they cannot understand each other, but that they may learn each other's language, and sometimes do. An enthusiast has gone to Africa, with the purpose of learning the gorilla language. He will construct for himself a gorilla-proof iron cage in a gorilla neighborhood, and thus fortified against any war-like proclivities from his four-handed cousins, he can observe all their actions, while with a phonograph he catches every sound made by them.

It has been further claimed, that dogs and other animals, probably converse, when they place their noses together, the speech being inaudible to the *genus homo*.

That some animals have a more acute sense of hearing than others, I have no doubt. Long before a thunder shower is visible or its distant muttering can be heard by human ears, ducks will show their premonitions by "peeping" showing that their hearing is more acute than ours. Again there are but few of us that ever heard a bat scream, yet there are ears that hear even as high a note as that.

I therefore believe there are sounds inaudible to us, and it is possible that some of the despised insects may give forth such sounds and hear them too. Undoubtedly, those insects live in a world so different from ours that they scarcely realize our existence any more than we realize the sounds they emit. They neither hear us nor do we them. If beside their own noises, they heard all that we hear, the confusion would be deafening to them. While there are sounds too shrill for human ears, there may yet be other sounds too deep to reach us. If the whirling orbs in their impact ether as they fly through space makes music, it is such that we cannot hear it.

Believing in all these possibilities, does not make me a believer in the vocal speech of animals. There are different intonations by which animals have some sort of understanding of each other at a distance apart, but this is not speech.

How then do some species of animals and insects communicate with each other if they do communicate? and I believe they do. My impression is, that they communicate by means of psycho-instinct, instinctive psychometry. That is, that dogs, horses and cats, by placing their noses together, are enabled to take some-

thing from the *antennae* each from the other, and thus to act in concert. That ants and bees by rubbing their *antennae* together, impart to each other such information as is desired. Sir John Lubbock tells us, that when ants want assistance from their fellows, they make them know their wants by rubbing their *antennae* together. Probably their psychometric reading is not so explicit in some details as that of human psychometrists, but it conveys all that is necessary for them to know.

As an illustration, I will cite the case of a mother cat, which had the unpleasant habit of bringing kittens to the house a little oftener than we wanted to see them. After she had brought a litter one day, Mrs. Hull said, "I want you to take those kittens away or I will kill them!" The old cat was present, but no one thought of her paying any attention to the conversation. But the next morning the kittens had disappeared and no one knew where, we listened for their "mewing," but could hear nothing; we watched her leave the house, but she was always careful to start for the fields, but not always in the same direction. Several weeks had passed when Mrs. Hull went near that part of the house that had been shut off by a kitchen, behind this had been a cellar-way which had been upon the outside, leaving an apperture, between the boarding and the door, and the steps part had been filled with dirt.

Peering over this boarding, from the apperture, she saw one of the kittens. She had hid them there from the time they were helpless kittens until they were large enough to come out themselves. There are persons who would draw an inference, from this circumstance, that the cat understood what was said. I do not believe it! I believe that in speaking, we gave off in another, way, of which we are not aware, the same thought we

expressed in words. There is as much in some persons' magnetism, as in what they say, and I believe the cat was sensitive to the emanation that accompanied the words, and in that way knew some mischief to her progeny was contemplated. We may think it is idle to talk to our dogs, horses and canary birds in an endearing manner, but when we come to understand them better, we shall learn that they appreciate and apprehend every tender word. They don't understand what we say from any education, but they sense it in their intuition and comprehend more of it than we are aware. Let me say right here by way of parenthesis, that few of our mediums give off the language of a spirit; they read his or her thoughts and give it off in their own language.

In this way the spirit may lecture the same evening through a dozen mediums, a thousand miles apart and no two of them talk on the same subject. Being a medium myself I know I often read the thoughts of the same spirit and hand them to those near me, and it has only been after possibly a thousand observations, that I discovered it. I seemed to think the spirit had used my organs of speech, because when I talk in that condition, I do not seem to be able to avoid it. Just as one cannot avoid giving a warning of danger when he sees it. I am lead to believe that when we get to the spirit-world, we shall find mind-reading, will be a chief mode of conversation.

For many years, I have been a skeptic as to animals following the tracks of other animals by scent. I could not here give all the reasons for my incredulity. My opinion is, that they simply sense aura, and from that, gather what was on the animals mind which would be the safest way to go. Thus I believe a pointer also may point out game when it is hid in the bush. The sensa-

tive part of a dog or horse is the nose and mouth. The prehensile lip of a horse and the mouth of the dog, answer some of the same offices that the hand does to the human, and these advantages thus endowed give a superior intelligence to other animals, as also does the trunk of an elephant. When, therefore, horses or dogs rub their noses together or insect their *antennae*, they each impart whatever thing they would have them know.

To many readers, I know this will appear speculative, and possibly I may be mistaken, but I feel that the thoughts here offered will open a useful field of inquiry, and there is nothing to lose by investigation. All the fears I have is the exactness of my theory. It may include too much or too little; but I believe the main idea is true.

The Two Lights.

BY E. N. BEEBE.

I have stood on a hill by sunlight illumined;
 My wife by my side and my children around me;
 I have walked down the hillside, into the valley,
 Down into the valley, so dark and so weird.
 When I stood on the hill by sunlight illumined;
 My wife by my side and my children around me!
 Not a seraph came near me there on the hilltop,
 But bowed in the valley some angels I've found.
 When I stood on the hill by sunlight illumined;
 My wife by my side and my children around me;
 I thought it was true light had guilded the summit,
 For "The Book" this light, to be true light asserted,
 Alone in the valley, by no light illumined;
 My wife in her grave, and our children beside her;
 I remember the light that had played on the summit,
 And there it was book lore light, only it proved.
 Then I saw in the valley by new light illum'd;
 My wife in her glory, and our children beside her;
 I know it was true light that dawned in that valley,
 For, three dear ones whom I know have so proved it.

They Are With Us Yet.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Sometimes I stand by a beautiful stream,
That laves the shore of the Border Land;
I watch, for perhaps, o'er the waters gleam,
I may catch a glimpse of a shadowy hand.
I know that the loved who have gone from sight,
Of't speak to me from the viewless air;
When my stars grow dim in the weary night,
They meet my soul by the Mount of Prayer.
When the day is o'er and the sun sinks down
From our sight, in its beautiful 'couch of gold,
And one by one the stars shine forth,
'Till the earth is touched with a shimmering fold,
Then foot falls gently about us tread,
And we wait and watch with bated breath,
For love gives back our beautiful dead,
Now glorified by the touch of death.
O hallowed sphere, where soul meets soul,
Where we find the hopes of our weary years;
Where we garner the grain that we have sown,
And to jewels are turned our crystal tears.
I think of thee 'till thy blossoms sweet,
Like perfumes rare o'er my life are flung;
And my spirit a language learns to repeat,
That never trembled on mortal tongue.
O, glorious thought, that our loved, not lost,
May sometimes touch earth's atmosphere;
Their boats have only anchored first,
Across the way where the skies are clear,
With a beautiful bridge the stream is spanned,
And o'er it our loved ones come and go;
We cannot tell, yet we understand,
When their presence touches these lines below.
E'er long I know, when the days are long,
When the sunsets glory has touched the hill,
I will hear the notes of an angel song,
And my spirit with new found joy will thrill;
Dear friends may weep when I go away,
When I cross the tide of a stranger sea,
But I shall turn back some golden day,
And my cherished friends shall follow me.

EDITORS PORTFOLIO.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

A year has dragged its slow length along, and volume ONE of the present series of NEW THOUGHT is closed. While the proprietors are not by any means ashamed of their work, they have not made the volume which closes with this number all they intended it should have been. They think, however, that every subscriber has been satisfied; and that many of them will join their army of subscribers for another year.

It may be a little disappointing to our readers to tell them that volume TWO will not begin until October. There are several reasons for this, only one of which need here be given; that is, the proprietors are both engaged in camp meeting, the senior every day and the junior much of the time until past the middle of September. The machinery of the institution is not yet so organized that we can look after it and do camp meeting work every day, nor have we the time just now to adjust matters as we would like. We therefore think it best to suspend through the "heated term." At the close of summer we will begin again and for one dollar will give you twelve numbers as good, to say the least, as the past twelve numbers have been.

The senior partner of the firm has already an article of near two hundred pages prepared for the next volume on "Joan the Mediumistic Heroine of Orleans," which is the best thing that has ever yet emanated from his pen.

Many other good things are already written or in incubation for the next twelve numbers.

Several of the best and most earnest workers in the cause have promised us their portraits and sketches of

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—TABLE OF CONTENTS:—

Chapter I.	Fallacies of legal tender money.
Chapter II.	Banks and private individuals own and control our medium of exchange.
Chapter III.	The credit system.
Chapter IV.	Bonded debts.
Chapter V.	Guernsey market house.
Chapter VI.	Labor exchange.
Chapter VII.	Labor exchange.
Chapter VIII.	The Reform, we need.
Chapter IX.	Initiative and Referendum.
Chapter X.	Education.
Chapter XI.	From the regions of eternal darkness to the region of eternal sunshine.

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