



NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD,

Author of "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?"  
Photographed from a miniature taken in 1863.

# NEW THOUGHT.

Vol. I.

July, 1892.

No. 1.

## *The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them.*

BY MOSES HULL.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

A general consensus that there are higher altitudes—Possibly not for all—Some have experienced these blessings—What is to be gained?—The question cannot be answered—Some of the gains hinted at—The writer has not reached the goal—Who will be benefited by this study—The “pearl of great price,” at a bargain—Solomon testifies—Theo-Sophia—Testimony of a sixteenth century prophet—No specific panacea—The first lesson to be learned—A disgusted hearer—Self control—Paul’s testimony—Comments—“Be ye clean”—The sacrifices we must make—Plain questions—Truth comes only to those ripe for it.

“I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be; and there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock and will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick \* \* \* And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods.”—Ezek. xxxiv, 14-25.

That there are spiritual altitudes higher than is generally trodden by mortals, is believed by every one who has made spirituality an earnest and patient study. And that most of us get glimpses of states and conditions to which we do not attain, or which, having reached, we do not seem able to maintain, is realized more or less by every experimenter in spiritual things. Who, that has



ever tried to penetrate beyond the physical swaddling clothes in which we are all wrapped, has not felt to join in the spirit of the poet's lamentation:

"Look how we grovel here below  
Fond of our earthly toys;  
Our Souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys."

Who has not, after dropping back again and again from that higher position into which he has seemed to have occasional intromissions, felt to blend once more with this same poet's prayer:

"Return, oh, holy dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn  
And drove thee from my breast.

Possibly it may not be for every one, in all respects to reach and permanently occupy that pinnacle of spirituality which has been attained by a few. We may not each one of us be a Buddha, a Jesus, a Mohammed, a Swedenborg, or an Andrew Jackson Davis; again some of us may attain the dizzy heights to which some of the above mentioned individuals attained, only to fall as others before us have done; yet I must believe there are higher grounds than most of us occupy. Who, that has made a steady and persevering effort has not learned through experience, the only real teacher, that there are intromissions into beatific states, where they feel to say with Dr. Watts:

"Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight,  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight."

Those, who have seen, and, for short periods, have trodden these "sweet fields" and tasted the fruits which hang all around them in such abundance—we who have heard the voice in "the holy mount," know that in our



search for the more spiritual element in ourselves we are not following "cunningly devised fables."

Beside our own short, but vivid experiences, we have the history of many who roamed over these "fields;" breathed this pure air, and enjoyed the blessings of what seemed a super-mundane existence. Who has not had times of spiritual elevation, when, for the time being, the whole world seemed to be under their feet. Beside this, we have caught glimpses of the history of those who have lived in these apparently transcendental experiences. The names of Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Bøehme, Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis, are with some of us, as familiar as household words. These men, and many others, though they may not continually have lived on the tops of the mountains, the writer, and I trust many of the readers of this book seek to ascend, frequently found them; and, as Caleb and Joshua returned from Canaan laden with its precious fruits, so they have returned from time to time with unmistakable evidence of what is there in rich abundance for those who dwell on this "holy hill."

It took Guattama Buddha, and Immanuel Swedenborg a long time to scale these Alps; the latter was in his fifty-fourth year when he fairly began to see himself as a spiritual being, and to realize his power; but the mountain heights once attained, such men as these dwelt there more continuously than any others I can mention.

Do you ask what is to be gained by the ascension of these Alps? I know that is the way of the world; the first question nearly always is, will it pay? In answer to this I will say there are gains which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive;" but the greatest of all gains is the



ascension itself. When one has smallpox or cholera, he does not ask what will I gain by being made well; the cure itself, the relief from pain is sufficient to stimulate the patient to make every effort to get well.

If the gains from ascending into this altitude could all be enumerated, one would hardly dare do so; the enumeration, it is feared, would cause many to strive more earnestly for the *fruits* which grow there than for the *victory* of reaching and dwelling on this celestial plane. This much can be said: Those who travel this celestial path, live, in a certain sense, a heavenly life; they have heavenly companionships; while they are to all intents and purposes in this world they are not of it—not subject to such environments as are those who grovel in the world's spiritual malarias and dig in its spiritual pollution and mud.

Living as such do, in the spirit, that is, in the world of causes, they put many things under their feet, which otherwise would hold them as with an iron chain. It is possible for such to rise superior to the aches, pains and troubles of this world. Sickness, and even death is naught to them. Such live above the selfishness, sin and disease of the world—they walk superior to it; no more affected by these things than were the supposed Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego by the fires of the furnace through which they passed. Indeed, there is for every one a sufficiency of this spiritual light and life if they will but live for it to enable them to overcome not only fire and flood, but even the venom of poisonous reptiles and wild beasts. I personally know at least one person so spiritually developed that she handles the most poisonous serpents with impunity.

#### POINTING THE WAY.

My leading object in writing these thoughts is to try to



point the way for my readers as well as for myself to reach this goal. Please do not get the idea from anything I have said, or that I may say, that I have reached these spiritual Alps; I have not; in my heart of hearts I wish I had. For a few years I have been roaming some among the foot-hills, and have had occasional glimpses of some of the peaks attained by others. I can and will try to point out some of the paths we must tread if we would get on higher ground where we can breath purer air and see greater distances.

While I may not in every instance be able to suggest to you just what to do, I think I can tell you a few things you must not do. I cannot always tell you what burdens to carry, but I may mention a few things you cannot carry with you over the steep grades of this narrow path.

A plainer truth never was told than in that terribly misunderstood text: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life." I would also emphasize that other truth "few there be that find it." This brings me to record here, among the first suggestions I have to make, the necessity of entering upon this study and the work that may grow out of it, with pure motives. If your motives are not pure, if you want anything this world can afford, more than you want this truth, this path; if you do not feel that you could make any sacrifice to obtain this boon, you are not one of the "called" and "chosen;" the things I have to say will do you little or no good. You may as well lay these thoughts aside. Please don't ask for more light until you are willing to walk by the light you already enjoy. Light may hurt your eyes. Jesus said: "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds



were evil."—John iii, 19. To all such I say, the time and money you spend in this research, will afford you much more of the kind of pleasure you are after, if spent in some other way. You had better pursue this investigation no farther. Go and do as the young man did, who had "great possessions," "go away sorrowful." If you do not wish to see, do not seek this light, it will hurt your eyes.

Jesus gave a very common sense truth about casting your pearls before swine. He also spoke of a field in which was hidden a "pearl of great price," and of the man who parted with all his possessions in order to obtain that field and pearl. The pearl we are after can be had for that price; no cheaper. Do you want to pay that much for it? If so I have no doubt it is for you; and it will be even at that price, the greatest bargain you ever obtained.

#### DIVINE WISDOM.

A wise man said: "Happy is he that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof, than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."—Prov. iii, 13-18. Again the same writer said: "Wisdom is the principle thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. She shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her."—Prov. iv, 7-8.

Especially is this true of celestial wisdom—divine



wisdom—spiritual wisdom. THEO-SOPHIA. Please do not get scared at that word; it is a word upon which no one has either a patent or a copyright; no Theosophical society owns the word or has a right to cage it. It means *Divine Wisdom*. “Length of days” are literally hers—riches—spiritual riches and honor accompany her.

Now, reader, if you are after this Divine Wisdom for its own sake—if you are after it because you love wisdom—not for some advantage it may give you over some one else, in short, if you regard its “merchandise” as “better than silver and gold,” if you regard it as a tree of life, a something for which all things else could be cheerfully sacrificed, you have entered upon this study in the right spirit and will likely get some of the same kind of benefit from a careful perusal of these thoughts as I am getting from writing them.

Jacob Boehme, the seer of about three hundred years ago, said:

“If you design to investigate the divine mysteries of nature, investigate first your own mind, and ask yourself about the purity of your purpose. Do you desire to put the good teachings which you may receive, into practice for the benefit of humanity? Are you ready to renounce all selfish desires which cloud your mind and hinder you to see the clear light of eternal truth? Are you willing to become an instrument for the manifestation of Divine Wisdom? Do you know what it means to become united with your own higher self? to get rid of your lower self? to become one with the living, universal power of good? and to die to your own insignificant, terrestrial personality? Or, do you merely desire to obtain great knowledge so that your curiosity may be gratified; and that you may be proud of your science, and believe yourself to be superior to the rest of mankind? Consider, the depths of Divinity can only be searched by the Divine spirit itself which is active within you. *Real knowledge must come from our own interior*; not merely from externals; and they who seek for the essence of things merely in externals, may find the artificial color of a thing, but not the true thing itself.”

This old German shoemaker has told the thing just as it is. All knowledge must come from the interior, and



must come as a result of a self sacrificing spirit. Jesus said: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Choose this day whom ye will serve," said Joshua; for "no man can serve two masters," said Jesus again.

Some may read these thoughts with the hope of finding in them something fragmentary; some specific panacea by which humanity can be healed of its ills; something they purchased when they paid for this, as one purchases a patent right; and now that it is theirs they will make all out of it they can. Not so; my object is to teach you to try to elevate yourselves and humanity out of your and their physical ailments by assisting you to place yourselves and others on an altitude above the disease laden moral, mental and spiritual atmosphere. This cannot be done in ignorance and indolence, nor by any kind of hocus-pocus or incantation. It requires a learning—a wisdom—a level-headed, generous, pure mindedness, and a spiritual unfoldment, to be obtained only by the purest and truest devotion to this work for the work's sake, to reach this pinnacle of spirituality.

The first and most important thing those who would climb these hills have to do, is to develop and to bring into activity a power in themselves, which will enable them to control their own actions. If this power cannot do that much for you, dear reader, as an individual, please do not ask it, through you, to work for others: it is not sufficiently strong, your petition will be in vain.

From this it will be plainly seen that the first important lesson needed is one of

#### SELF EXAMINATION.

Let every one who reads this begin by asking the question, how far am I on the road? Am I, as a spiritual being, master of myself? If you find you are not,



there is little use to go farther until you retire within yourself and become a self-conqueror. Having gained this first and greatest victory—the victory over your fleshly passions, lusts and appetites; over your vanity, self esteem and pride; the strength of these slain foes has become a part of your spiritual strength, and you are ready to become an amateur in the battle for others. While the love of tobacco, whisky, or lust of any other kind controls you, you are not a self poised individuality.

I remember once having made a remark similar to the foregoing, when a gentleman arose and left the audience, to return no more; this was probably the wisest thing he could do. I called at his office the next day, when he informed me that he was much pleased with all I said until I made that remark. Said he: “when you began to preach celibacy, I could go no farther with you, so I left the audience.”

I believe I had, in the past, been accused of preaching about everything in the world except that; this was the last accusation, my cup was now full. I did not deny the charge to him; I saw he was not ripe enough to comprehend what I was after, so I simply congratulated him on his escape and did not urge him to return and hear more.

The fact is, I never preached celibacy, I never thought celibacy. What I did preach was *self control*! The spiritual and the intellectual must hold the animal—not simply the overt act of the animal, but the desires and feelings of the animal. The stronger and more constant desires of the spiritual to reach this higher plane must subordinate every other desire.

Paul never said a truer thing than when he said: “Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh; for the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the



spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things ye would." —Gal. v, 16-17.

When I urge you to govern your appetites, I do not mean that you must live without food. I do mean that your knowledge of your nature and of the nature of different kinds of foods and drinks rather than your appetites should regulate something of the quantity and the quality of what you put into your stomach. Thus should you regulate yourself in everything.

#### THE SPIRIT MUST BE SUPREME.

Who cannot see that in the foregoing quotation Paul arrives at the perfectly legitimate and natural conclusion that if the spirit does not control, it is controlled; if it is not Lord it is servant. Now it is not the prerogative of the servant to command his Lord; it is the Lord who commands the servant.

While you as a spiritual being, are under the control of the lusts, that is the appetites of the flesh, you will do little toward putting away your own sins and controlling your own ailments; and still less toward subjugating the sins and diseases of others. In such cases, you may be answered as were the seven sons of Sceva. When they, in the name of Jesus, whom Paul preached, commanded the demons to leave certain ones, the demons cried out: "Paul I know, and Jesus I know, but who are ye?"—Acts xix, 15. It is not at all impossible that such may be overcome in as bad a sense as were these seven young men. These things were recorded for our benefit, let us take the lesson.

There comes to me every day a world of meaning in that scripture which says: "*Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.*"—Isa. iii, 2.

Before we are prepared to walk this high road, we



must purge ourselves of pride, of selfish ambition, of jealousies, and of submitting to be controlled by general fleshly or carnal appetites. We must be willing to let go every error, no matter how sacred, to take hold of every truth, no matter how unpopular or humiliating. We must get where we think more of the welfare of suffering humanity than of anything which may come personally to ourselves. If we would benefit the world, especially that portion of it which suffers bodily afflictions, we must get where we can first purge their minds of error, and build them up spiritually, in order that they may rise to a condition of perfect and continued physical health. Having learned that spirit is the realm of causes, we will at once, see the necessity of its purity and power.

Having gained the victory over self in every sense of the word, and having gained the disposition and the ability to morally and spiritually elevate every one who comes into your atmosphere, you are ready to take one more step up these hills.

#### PLAIN QUESTIONS.

Now permit me once more to ask the reader, are you simply searching for power—a power which will give you a name and cause the world to look up to you, or are you after this Divine Wisdom, for its own sake?—for the sake of knowing yourself as a spiritual being, and for the sake of placing yourself upon a more spiritual plane than you have yet occupied? Let writer and readers here ask and answer to themselves a few plain questions. If I had this knowledge and power, could I and would I use it for good purposes and from pure and exalted motives? Do I prize the elevation of humanity above everything this world can bestow? Could I, if necessary, sacrifice everything for it? Or, has the world with its



baubles of popularity, its gold and silver, its false honors, still charms for me? If I cannot from the heart answer all the former questions in the affirmative and the latter in the negative, my hands are hardly clean enough for this work. Let us remember again, we may deceive the world and ourselves, but we cannot deceive the power we are coveting. Ananias and Sapphira would have little trouble in deceiving the world, but—when they lied to the “holy ghost,”—*pneumatika haggion*,—that is spirit power, they beat themselves. “Truly, it is a dangerous thing to fall into the hands of the living God”—living spirit.

I do not say, in such cases as I have supposed, I would not strive with all my might to help the reader, I say I *could not*—he is out of the reach of help. A thistle can be cultivated but it cannot be made to produce strawberries or grapes; the more it is cultivated the more thistle the cultivation will have. The one who is not ripe for this truth cannot take it; the seed in his case, has not fallen on good ground. Reader, if you are not tall enough to reach these truths, lay this book down or pass it to your neighbor. If you can take these truths, give me your hand; let us travel on together.

(*To be Continued.*)

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### *Thoughts.*

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BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Penning a letter has started a train of thoughts, which I feel disposed to place in line and hand to others. One whom I, seemingly, have never met, penned, for my perusal, views on relationship: Who are our “relatives?” Who our “best friends?” “Many of our best



friends we have not met," and "our relations are those with whom we harmonize," he said.

This is my opinion. Others have given these thoughts as truths, but we easier understand as the soul experiences these friendships and kinships. How often ties, recognized in law, are but enforced toleration. Outside of law's recognitions the soul often claims its own.

As the soul unfolds, I think this power draws kindred souls: they are won almost without an effort, simply because thought harmonizes, and a magnetic (we call it this for want of a better term) influence—possibly wholly of the soul—calls our inner emotions into active life.

Soul-kinship led to the remark: "That part of you which belongs to me, I will take away with me." As I heard, new thoughts came. The soul treasures in memory its possession. This is why love never dies. I speak of soul-love. Fancy, hypnotic influence, and low passion have little semblance to real love. Not more than blood-kinship bears to soul-kinship. Our loved, though miles away, as distance goes, in thought are just as dear. Memory fondly dwells upon their words, the tender glance and kiss, claiming them "our own."

Though I had not met this soul-friend or kindred until today, though many years I had not dreamed for me so dear a friend existed; now that I have found him (her) never more shall I lose or be lost. When minds have evolved to this point, relationship will be recognized by the soul. Law will be based on this manner of knowing. Flesh and blood will not count; soul alone will proclaim its ties: Marriage will be complete, divorce unknown, and heaven in each life. We raise our thoughts to those higher spheres and sense this condition for futurity. We call for this condition now. Not



yet, not yet, poor earth child, comes the response. Time is still required to produce this perfected law.

I question of the spiritual: What is soul-love? I gather these thoughts as reply. *Soul-love is sweet sympathy, sweeter accord, and sweetest bliss.* The definition is complete, but details will not necessarily detract. So I say, soul-love is that tender blending in hopes, prospects, attractions, which bring congenial reflections; is that soothing silence which lends the genuine content we feel, at times, while the holy hush lingers; is that charm that lasts after lips and hands have severed; is that pleasing thrill which, to our finger tips, we feel, when the arm of our soul-adored does gently glide round waist or throat; is that glow which warms into blushes the cheek when the penetrating glance of a clear, kind eye fathoms our entire being; is life; real, full, free, rapturous, all-the-world-is-joy life; is that which causes our aspirations to tend upward; our spirit nature to round out; is the tendency to perfection of desires for the good, the true, the beautiful.

Love makes of man a being grand; of woman the poet's conception,—“A perfect being nobly planned.”

Love makes of woman an angel pure; and man, who loves this being, all griefs, all trials can endure, save only that fate which holds their lives asunder, barred by legal severance as only this has power. Eternal decree sets aside all hindering forces.

If from this complete joy your earth life is sealed, I can but say, wait. I do not say, *do not love*. It is as impossible for the soul to bar out love as for man to end life.

Why so seldom do loving souls meet in time for that mating the laws of our country sanction as marriage. I wonder—for the thought presents—if 'tis true the soul



needs this discipline during earth life. How strangely souls are tested. I may look back from the spheres supernal and, seeing with clearer vision, acknowledge even this a "wise plan." Misery is now so plainly seen on all sides, that I long to aid in revolutionizing, or hastening the evolutionizing process.

As love is purity personified, the gross in matter must be cast off before so pure a piece of work can receive a fitting home. That thought came unexpected, awaking a new train of reflections. All life is gross until evolution purifies. Therefore, ages and ages may have been necessary for the growth of the being who *entertains thoughts of love*. There, that is new again! On the earth plane of life, to-day, are many who do not understand the meaning of the term, love; any more than they realize the need of intellectual unfoldment; of the soul's advancement in this way, instead of through blood atonement. Would it not be folly to give a rare gem to those who knew naught of the value? Love comes not, until the soul has the growth necessary to its reception and retention. And we find that more of years are needed for this growth, generally, than by mortals is thought necessary to prepare two for matrimony. So, many meeting late in life, recognize the soul-love and sorrowing go their severed ways; severed until death's sweet change unite the twain.

I love this theme. My soul finds kinship with lovable things. Nature paints scenes, flowers, sun-set reflections, that charm and hold my soul spell-bound with adoration. Is aught more worthy the soul's homage than a noble man or woman.

O thoughts! You seem to purify my inner life as, with aspirations, I turn my spiritual vision upward to angelic spheres, where holy love will meet and holy love cement



souls akin. No longer question "why too late," or marvel that here we oftentimes know our own. *Let souls wait.*

But waiting, place not the soul under too great a pressure; let it find all of joy these conditions grant, though this be but a smile, a word, and a memory cherished in silence. Let these thoughts go forth to find responsive echo far and wide. Everywhere there is much of soul-hunger, therefore I know the world *is* growing, ripening for higher spheres, where love is law.

I have many unknown kindred I doubt not. Yet in classing these as unknown I may err. Do our souls—the real man or woman—go forth into the spirit spheres while slumber holds the outer form? A spirit once gave me this as truth; the spirit of a loved school-mate. She was my soul-kindred I know, for the love I gave and received has never lessened.

We ask many silly questions in our search for knowledge. We are but grown up children. I questioned of the spirit—my sweet Alice—"Will we seem the same, after all these years wherein I have not seen you face to face? Will there be no strangeness?" "None. We have met all these years; met when slumber rested upon the clay." Why, I said, do I not recall these meetings? And I was told that, if in earth-life I remembered, I would not be content with my environments. Therefore was the seal placed upon memory.

But the thought is a pleasant one. Do all thus visit spirit spheres, and mingle with loved ones gone before? I send the query out and wait response. It comes. Souls who have unfolded to an understanding of lovable things can and do thus wander where attraction wills, while matter takes on needed vitality. Thus they reach forth into eternity, building for futurity. This is true of the soul that has outgrown the material environment,



taken on with good intent, a natural process, and necessarily borne until disintegration frees that soul for its non true realm. Disintegration, disease, or accident must unfetter, but the soul often outgrows its habitation.

Let me ponder that new thought. This desire to pen thoughts for the benefit of other minds, brings self food for reflection. Is a realistic return of "bread cast on the water." A writer once said, "a musician sings and plays himself into harmony, a poet poetizes himself into rhyme and rhythm;" so I write myself into thoughts—thoughts upon which I ponder for days. We know so little, really, of the great truths so eagerly reached after. Our Magazine is most appropriately named NEW THOUGHT—and we have at its head so great a teacher. We should therefore strive to glean and garner new thoughts all the while. Evolution is helped by the soul's efforts. This comes to me as a truth; I hand it forth; bravely let us venture onward in our search for light, fearing not the baleful influence ignorance would place in our way. Even the birds of the air, in civilized lands, have ceased to fear scare-crows.

Many of these thoughts came into life as I penned them. Did they? How do I know they have not lived in other minds and other spheres for ages? How do we know they have not evolved the same as thy soul and mine?

I love to become passive, and thus come *en-rapport* with the thoughts that play above and around as do gentle zephyrs. Such as my soul has power to glean I thus receive, and in no other way, I think, would they come to me.

MEMPHIS, TENN.



## NEW THOUGHT.

*No Babies in Hell.*

BY C. H. MURRAY.

"The assembly" has recently met  
 To fashion a doctrine to teach us,  
 And dish out the eternal wrath  
 In *quantum sufficit* to reach us.  
 In adjusting the classes to damn,  
 They have done exceedingly well  
 To credit Omnipotent power  
 With sending no babies to hell.  
 The way the subject was handled,  
 Was the most parliamentary sort;  
 They had a special committee  
 To get the devil's report.  
 Although the action is tardy  
 On the fact we will pleasingly dwell,  
 These dignified deacons acquaint us  
 That there are no babies in hell.  
 The kind mammas can now rest assured  
 If their infants should early expire,  
 They'll be carried to regions above  
 And kept out of that horrible fire.  
 Aye! escape not only the broiling,  
 But the detestable sulphuric smell,  
 That all previous synods have told us  
 Plagued all the poor babies in hell.  
 It must be a relief to the devil  
 That the infants are taken away;  
 For now he can give more attention  
 To those who are aged and gray.  
 Perhaps John Calvin's among them,  
 For Swedenborg ventured to tell  
 That he saw the great preacher in limbo,  
 Who consigned the dear babies to hell.  
 How that hideous infernal doctrine,  
 Has made many a sad mother wild;  
 From fearing the mercy of heaven  
 Too scanty to cover her child.  
 Go tell such to sorrow no longer,  
 Their gloom and dejection dispel,  
 For the preachers have lately discovered  
 God sends no babies to hell.



*Nettie Colburn Maynard.*

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

There are reasons why it is a great pleasure to the writer to speak in praise of this woman and her recent, but already widely known book, "WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?"

I regret that I have never met this woman, of whom my personal friends and many writers speak so eloquently. Moses Hull said of her:

"She is one of the oldest and truest, and was once one of the best known and most deservedly popular mediums in the world. And," said he, "to spend an hour in her presence and drink of the sweet influence which continually flows to and from her is to be convinced that she is one of the purest woman as well as one of the grandest mediums that lives."

Could such words be said of me, when, like Mrs. Maynard, I am nearing the portals heavenly, I should feel the eulogy sufficed for all unjust censure and bodily pain endured. To be "one of the grandest mediums that ever lived," is to have made hundreds of sorrowing hearts to rejoice, and to have given many more the glorious truth of immortality—no greater gift can man receive than the answer, in the affirmative, to the ever recurring question of the ages: If a man die shall he live again?

It must indeed be these cheering thoughts that sustain so bravely this woman who for many years has been a helpless, and, so far as physical health in this world is concerned, a hopeless invalid. I am told by her personal friends that the resistless power of pain has ripened her so that she seems to live more in the spirit-



ual than in the physical world. That some of her sweetest songs seem to come almost as a direct result of suffering. A friend, in speaking of this medium and author, said impressively: "When I visited her and she lay there suffering, looking so pure and white, bearing pain so smilingly, I did indeed feel that I was in the presence of an angel."

The erudite Hudson Tuttle has said:

"A vindication of the truthfulness of Mrs. Maynard is entirely unnecessary to those who have had the good fortune to know her, or to receive messages through her entrancement: Her life has been an eventful one, and from over exhaustion of a constitution intensely sensitive, for the past three years she has been not only confined to her couch, but to one position, by the contraction of her limbs, arms and body, she has, and does suffer constantly the tortures of martyrdom, aggravated by the knowledge that her case is hopeless. She is able only to move her head from side to side, and every change of position must be made for her by an attendant. Yet, after this long suffering and the certainty that there can be no relief except by death, which shall free the spirit from its bondage, her face has an angelic expression, and when in trance glows with a light that is divine.

"In the early days of her mediumship she was brought in contact with Lincoln, and her recollections from the most important chapters of her book, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" was dictated by her with a conscientiousness and regard for the truthfulness and accuracy in the slightest detail, which no one can appreciate without a personal knowledge of the lady. The style is direct, unpretentious, and carries conviction with it."

Mrs. Maynard, formerly Nettie Colburn, began to manifest signs of mediumship as early as 1845, that is three years before the Rochester rappings. As a little girl, strange phenomena accompanied her—phenomena which neither her parents nor their neighbors knew how to explain; yet it was phenomena which always came on errands of mercy. In the preface of her book, she says:

"Looking back over my life, it is a source of undying joy to recall the scenes where I have been the instrument in the hands of the Spirit World to carry health to the sick and peace to the sorrowing, and to



kindle the light of hope where reigned the darkness of despair. It brings me that peace that passeth understanding, to remember that by the aid of this precious gift I have brought comfort to the bedside of the dying, and more than once have staid the suicidal hand; while many souls wandering in the paths of sinfulness have been reclaimed and brought back to a life of virtue and honor. It is also gratifying that the ties of friendship formed in many households, twenty-five or thirty years ago, are still unbroken. That the memory of my work as a spirit medium is tenderly cherished, is proven by the letters of kind sympathy that I so frequently receive; but sweeter far than all these memories is the ministry of angels unto me in my helplessness and suffering as I now lie upon a bed from which *I may not hope to rise in this life*. The spirit of my dear mother comes and goes before my spiritual vision as plainly as she appeared to my mortal eyes when living. And I find strength and comfort from the dear ones who wait unseen by my side until I can in truth say, 'Death' has lost its 'sting' and 'grave' its 'victory'."

To this she adds words that are proof of her unenvious, generous nature. She says:

"I thank God that this spirit knowledge is spreading broad-cast through all lands; that mediums with more perfect gifts than mine are developing each day, to carry to all who will receive the glad tidings of a *demonstrated* immortality."

As early as the winter of 1845-6 the manifestations began through her mediumship. At first these were sounds of loud raps on the door and articles of furniture. Though these noises were repeated from time to time, and an old clock, not wound for a year, *struck one*—a premonition of Nettie's grandfather's death—it was not until in 1855 that she learned to know of her gift and began sitting for development. Her sittings were soon rewarded, for she began to give tests of power and intelligence, which brought skeptics, and among them her own father, to a knowledge of the power of an endless life.

Nettie Colburn soon became a fine writing and trance medium, and while yet a young girl was induced to leave home and, under spirit power, deliver fine lectures; and though spiritualism was unpopular and the public pre-



judiced, she yet retains pleasant memories of those first public years of her great work.

We hasten on in our review, and touch upon that important and now historical event when Nettie became the mouth-piece of those unseen workers still interested in our country's welfare. She was lecturing in Albany, N. Y., in April 1861, so she says, when the war of the Rebellion broke out. We all know, as she says, that:

"The Northern people expected that the President's first call for troops to the number of 75,000 men would quickly end the 'little fuss' down South, and that, taken all in all, the war would soon be over. The first battle of Bull Run made the Northern people acquainted with the fact that no easy victory awaited them. At the close of my evening lecture, the Sunday following this disastrous battle to the North, a gentleman asked the question: 'How long will this conflict continue?' Our spirit friends made the reply, '*That it would continue four years, and that it would require five practically to end it.*'"

Living witnesses testify to this statement, which history now records as the duration. Something more than a year after this Nettie assisted at a *seance* at Mr. Laurie's, in Georgetown, where she was introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the President; also the Rev. John Pierpont, the President's warm friend, and Mr. Newton, Secretary of the Interior Department. She learned that it was Mrs. Lincoln who had sent her carriage to bring "the children," herself and friend Parnie. It seems that Mrs. Lincoln was so pleased that she remarked: "This young lady must not leave Washington; Mr. Lincoln must hear her."

Thereafter she was invited to give a *seance* at the White House, and at this *seance* President Lincoln was advised upon the Emancipation Proclamation. Stating that pressure was being brought to bear upon him to suppress the enforcement of this, the President, as Nettie says:



"Turned to me, and laying his hand upon my head, uttered these words in a manner that I shall never forget: 'My child, you possess a very singular gift; but that it is of God, I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps any one present can understand' "

I must curtail my remarks, but let me advise those who would know of immortal life, and those who revere that mighty man who has joined *his* forces to those unseen ones who once, through this medium, advised him in the most momentous period of our country, to purchase and read her book, and learn if our martyred President was a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. Where he went, who should fear to follow.

This has been a pleasure to the daughter of one of Abraham Lincoln's friends, a friendship extending over a number of years, when each were active business men at Springfield, Ill. I recall that as a child I many times saw "Old Abe" enter my father's private office for a social chat. Morris Lindsay was Post Master, but being a Democrat, Mr. Lincoln, expressing much regret, with a jest for father to "turn over," wrote him from Washington, that: "The people say they must have a Republican P. M." Thus, with pleasure, I pay tribute to two who figure as our country's saviors: Abraham Lincoln and the medium he so trusted as to follow the advice and accept the truths of her spirit guides—Nettie Colburn Maynard.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

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### *Hulled Kernels.*

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BY MATTIE E. HULL.

We know of no love, no mercy or justice, that we have not felt within ourselves. We know of no God, or God-power that has not been revealed to us, and



human beings can frame no language that can convey that knowledge to another.

\* \* \*

Spiritual truth, or Spiritual Science teaches, that one who would instruct in morals must be moral, whosoever would teach truth, must be truthful, whosoever would become a teacher in the spiritual movement, must aim to cultivate his or her power not for the praise of the world, but because there must be a soul force lying back of all teaching and effort to enlighten the world, in order that the work may become potent.

We who know the truth of Spiritualism, are rejoiced that there are mediums who can give tangible evidence that this life is not all, at the same time, supreme spiritual satisfaction can only be realized, when the soul receives its inward testimony through itself.

\* \* \*

Our surroundings may be ever so beautiful, but they will not always admit of growth; we from necessity leave them, we must make new conditions. We cast off circumstances as we do our clothing; if we are growing we need more room to-day than we did yesterday, and shall need more tomorrow than to-day. The man whom the world reverences to-day, was the inconsistent man of yesterday.

Experience in spiritual lives cannot be given in exchange for money, or received as a commodity in any sense. No person, or class, or University can bestow spiritual gifts; no formula can be put into words, no ritual can be produced that can meet the demands of spiritually starved souls.

\* \* \*

If people will not seek knowledge for themselves or



strive to understand and unfold their own powers, they can never comprehend spiritual truths, and nothing in a spiritual sense can be proven to them.

Many mediums, failing to understand the majesty of self-will, have yielded themselves so completely to outside powers that they are more like machines than living, growing beings. No one in this condition can possibly have the satisfaction, or experience the joy of ascending the "Spiritual Alps," and discovering the beauties on the way.

\* \* \*

When we shall have reached the point where we are made to understand that the soul-life is the root from which all nature, in whatever form or expression, comes, whether visible or invisible, we shall find that we have the key that opens the storehouse of thought where we may study the Universal Life from worms to men. With this knowledge it matters not where we are, whether in or out of the physical form, for we are linked to each other, and are a part of the Central Life.

This philosophy must form a basis of a more thorough and practical reform than could be carried out under the old systems, because from this standpoint, all reform and education must be non-sectarian. When applied to material life, it must mean co-operation; then shall we realize in all its fullness, the meaning of the words, "The World is my Country."

When we listen to a grand organ under the hands of a skillful artist, with what sublimity our souls are stirred. The performer, following the rules of harmony, sweeps from octave to octave, from the highest unto the lowest notes, little dreaming when he but expresses the music in his own soul, how he affects his listeners. Some-



times we are melted to tears, at others made strong with new hopes or fired with nobler ambitions. Passions are subdued, often tenderness is awakened and we feel we could never harbor another cruel thought. Reader, did you ever reflect that the same atmosphere, breathing through that wonderful piece of man's mechanism, would under different manipulations, produce a discord so terrible it would distress you? The musician has learned that musical vibrations can only be produced when governed by *the fundamental principles* of the harmony of sound.

So with ourselves, we may be likened to musical instruments; what wonderful keyboards we have in our possession. If we understood the fundamental principles of harmony in regard to our relations with each other, what a grand diapason life would become. Like the artist who revels in his own melody, and sings or plays not to charm the world but himself, so we, forgetful of self emulation, would rise into that condition where we would make, others loving and happy, because we were loving and happy ourselves.

The idea of a universal Brotherhood cannot be comprehended until mankind has grasped the idea that we are all children of the same spiritual father and mother. If mankind is *one* in essence, that essence is the Infinite, and it matters not, whether we call it the "Great Universal Principle," "Spirit," or "God."

\* \* \*

Our affectional natures unfold as we give them expression, and by reaching out for opportunities to help or bless others, we grow in goodness, and get better lessons than we could learn from the most eloquent discourses or divine precepts ever written.



*Is Organization a Necessity?*

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WHAT OUGHT TO BE THE RESULT OF SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS?

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BY M. E. CONGAR, M. D.

This subject is a common one, and is being thoroughly discussed East, West, North and South.

In the early history of the race the primary object was for protection and personal benefit; the object in forming spiritual organizations at this time, is, or should be, to unite individual forces, means, and methods, to spread the glorious gospel of Spiritualism.

In order to accomplish so grand an object all personalities should be subordinated to the one purpose of the greatest good to the greatest number. Personal ambition should not be recognized in organizing any charitable or religious society. The love of notoriety should cut no figure in any beneficent organization.

If a society be determined upon, state plainly and distinctly your objects; success is impossible without a worthy, inspiring object.

Every organization should have a name as well as object, and the most significant should be chosen; if you are Spiritualists do not dodge behind some less significant name. Nail your colors at the mast head and then stand by them.

The very best men and women should be chosen as officers of the organization, and every member should sustain them in their trying, but glorious duties. Do not choose any one because of wealth, a worldly reputation, or because they are old time Spiritualists. Choose the growing, active, earnest, enthusiastic spirits, and pass by the fossils, the hitch ups, whether old or young. Do not allow any kind of popularity to usurp,



or take the place of the spiritual, or the methods and teachings of the spirits. Select the spiritual, and the spiritually unfolded to lead if your organization is for the teaching and uplifting of humanity through the spiritual methods; there are no other methods so sure and effective as the spiritual to redeem humanity.

In organizing a spiritual society it is not necessary that you have a large number called together; numbers do not signify strength, or work, often only weakness and disintegration. If you have faith, and are deeply in earnest you can invite the spirit world to join you, and success in a true and spiritual sense will be assured. In all spiritual gatherings the spiritual should dominate; we should invite spirits and spiritual methods to guide and lead; this is what Spiritualism means, if it means anything.

Organizations to be successful must lead; it will not do to organize and sit down and wait for the spirit world to do the work. Our leaders must be live, critical men and women; what I mean to say is, they ought to be broad and free, willing and anxious to accept all new truth and discoveries, always bearing in mind that there are glories yet undiscovered that will eclipse all that we now possess a hundred fold; that we are worthy of better conditions, and that they await us, but as in all things, we must seek in order to obtain.

The necessity for spiritual organizations is an open question. If we organize more is expected of us than of any other society in existence. We claim to have the best religion in the world and there is no doubt about the truth of our claim. What does this claim signify to the outsider? Nothing at all, unless we live better lives. But suppose we do live better, and are more consistent than any other class (as I believe), we are weighed and



measured by their external and material standard; the skeptics know nothing of spiritual standards, hence we are found wanting. We, do not believe in the extravagance of churches and the thousand and one institutions and methods which are the outgrowth of their theological systems. There is no possibility of success if we adopt either the church or the material methods, therefore if organization is considered practical, join hands and hearts in a labor of love to all humanity. Organizations thus far among Spiritualists have not advanced the truth of continued life and spirit communion to any great extent except in a few instances, and no doubt the reason for the partial failure may be found in a lack of comprehension of the mighty work to be done to ensure success.

So long as we had a burning hell, a roaring devil, and the other methods of theology to frighten and avoid, we could work in season and out of season, but the orthodox hell has become a very comfortable summer resort, the devil has turned out to be a myth, and paradise a condition which we all have to reach by right living. The Spiritualist has outgrown all those old dogmas, he does not fear *the* hell, or aspire to *the* fanciful heaven, but is coming slowly to realize that there is a mine of truth underneath all this rubbish of creed and dogma worthy of serious consideration.

Much of this rubbish has become sacred because of its association with sacred things of life common to every one, therefore to remove this debris and show humanity that all those sacred truths, all the love, charity, sympathy, and justice that has been so long covered up, hid away for selfish purposes, is ours by inheritance, is a part of the work organization signifies. To do this work at this time and age of the world successfully, re-



quires more than the ordinary material methods; the spiritual world has been for ages looking this subject over and preparing a portion of the children of earth to inaugurate new and better methods to uplift the race; mediums have been unfolded to receive the light and diffuse it from the mountain tops, many of them have been inspired with the martyr spirit and have proclaimed the universal gospel of peace and good will to all men, yes, and to all *women*, and in compelling a recognition of women prophets (woman's rights), a new era has been ushered in; what shall we do with it, is one of the questions that relates to organization.

If our organizations can be so handled as to help and not hinder, if we can by inviting our mediums to come out and give their best gifts to the world through organizations founded upon a deep and abiding recognition of mediumship, one of the corner stones of spiritual success will be laid. Sorry to say it, but it is true, and is a repetition of the same old materialistic expressions, viz., a majority of professed Spiritualists think their schemes, their methods, their notions will advance the cause more than to trust the spirits for guidance, they are determined to climb up some other way, materiality everlastingly rebelling against the spiritual. Yes, a majority are determined to run the spiritual by their material methods, consequently failure has been the rule and experience the teacher.

Spiritual organizations can never take the position which the spirit world have marked out for them until they abandon the material and adopt the spiritual methods. *The showy and expensive methods of all church organizations are not what the spirit world would inaugurate.* Jesus ignored and condemned the pomp and show of his day, and he was at least a very good



medium; his example is left for a lesson for all spiritual workers. Are we wise enough to take a hint even from angels?

CHICAGO, ILL.

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*Soul to Soul.*

---

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

My friend, I cannot ope the door so wide  
That even thou canst step within the room,  
Where I hold close the treasures I have found  
In the short journey of Life's changing years.  
Treasures—ah! Yes—of worth to none but me,  
For I have gathered them 'mid shade and sun  
Low in the vale and on the mountain side  
By purling streams and ocean wave-washed sands,  
In swamps of darkness and in gardens fair.

Sometimes I gathered up there pearls 'mid tears—  
Tears that seemed wrung from fountains of the soul—  
Tears, that so blinded in those weary days,  
I could not tell the gems from trifling stones;  
And there are tablets bearing many a mark,  
And blot, and blemish of misguided will;  
Others that glisten with the radiant smiles  
That tender words and kindly deeds have wrought,  
Some woven by the threads that have been spun  
So deftly by the magic hand of Love.  
And there are songs that none but I have heard,  
The music never has been trilled by voice  
Or words ever carolled by the lips of dust.  
Soft as the breeze that sings the flowers to sleep,  
Or lifts the tendril from the lattice bar,  
So softly, sometimes falls this melody

Into my soul of souls.  
It quells the harshness of my lower self  
Fills up Life's chalice with elixir draughts  
Until the bitterness, and hate and wrong,  
That I had nursed in hours of selfish pride,  
Are drowned beneath the rosy wine of Love.  
And there are pictures, such as I ne'er see



With mortal eyes, for they are hung so high  
Above the blinding shadows of the earth,  
That when I view, I e'er must climb the way  
Into a higher consciousness of things.

I do not hold within my narrow range  
Aught but I gather by unvarying law.  
Each soul that opens, finds within its state,  
Lovliest flowers and groves of fruited bloom.  
It reads the symbols, such as but souls write,  
And learns that Love will crown all beautiful.  
No soul can hold monopoly of wealth,  
For each will gather from its plane in life  
Its wheat or tares from sowing; all its own.

Do not expect, O, Pilgrim on the way,  
That other lives can treasure wealth for thee;  
Nor that an artist's hand, though deft and skilled,  
Can hang thy inner life with pictures rare.  
Do not lament because the din of earth  
Yields naught but harshness to the finer sense;  
There is a spirit, waiting in thy life  
To ope the door when thou shalt will it so;  
And then, when once across the threshold line  
Heaven's messengers shall whisper to thy soul,  
Quickened—awakened, then thy thought will be  
Set to the music of diviner spheres.

And beloved Pilgrim, shrink not when the storm  
Hangs in its fury all about thy path;  
Storms are of earth and pass away.  
The loveliest pathways wind 'neath shade and sun;  
Daylight and darkness, perfect rarest fruit,  
The rains may beat and bruise the star-eyed flowers,  
They bless with nourishment the dainty roots,  
And ne'er their fragrance half so rich or sweet  
As when the crystal drops like jewels hang  
Upon their drooping leaves.

O, weary, waiting Pilgrim on the way,  
To thee I dedicate my humble song,  
And strive to touch the chords that may awake  
The longing hunger for "the Bread of Life";  
To make thee feel there is a wond'rous world  
Around, *within* thee, only waiting time,  
When thou with trusting faith shall ope the door  
That leads unto the beauties of thy soul.



*Invocation.*  

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BY DR T. WILKINS.

Oh, Thou Infinitude, who, to name  
Would seem narrow and make the same  
As man, a person, a finite being,  
Instead of an all-wise, all-seeing,  
All-pervading, energizing force,  
Father and mother, all-life source,  
Who to name would limited make  
The limitless power of life and break  
The waves of traction that through space  
Must roll and hold all worlds in place;  
Who to feel, or hear, or name, or see,  
To cramp, compel or span would be;  
Except to see in nature's form,  
In winter's cold and summer's warm;  
In fields of grain and barren plain;  
In giant oak so tall;  
In towering hill and rippling rill,  
In Niagara's fall;  
In little ant and elephant  
In eagle, proud and grand;  
In mad cyclone and calmest moan  
Of gentle zephyr o'er the land;  
In all things see universally  
Thy hand and voice and mind;  
All things in Thee, of Thee must be  
Adapted to its kind.

Hence, oh, Wisdom, Power, Love,  
We below to Thee above  
Must look for all we would obtain,  
And asking know 'twould be in vain  
To ask thy aid for things to feed  
Our morbid appetite or greed.  
We know that Thou wilt not digress  
From law to grant mere happiness,  
Or note a selfish made request  
That granting would not be the best.  
We know the just and unjust too,  
Of men, receive the blessings due



And more than due, as oft would seem  
 To mortal eyes; but Thou dost beam  
 Thy sunlight warm on every thing,  
 And send the blessed showers of spring  
 To each and all just at the time  
 And in proportion as the clime  
 Demands—not to each notion;  
 But by the planetary motion.  
 By and through a law so true  
     That no mistakes can be;  
 A force within a law that's been  
     In all eternity.

We would not speak the useless words  
 But pray in songs like happy birds;  
 Pray in keeping earth in tune  
 To sweetest songs of sweetest June;  
 Waft the fragrance of a soul  
 Back to Thee, Stupendous Whole.  
 Pray to Thee as one of Thee,  
 Clothed with man's identity;  
 Wanting, yearning, always hoping,  
 Grasping, clinging, onward groping  
 Darkly through a stage of action,  
 Governed by the law—attraction,  
 Knowing naught can ever be  
 Mine that was not made for me;  
 Ever giving, ever taking,  
 Ever helping in the making  
 Of a better place our mother Earth  
 For coming souls to have their birth.  
 Ever praying, always staying  
     In the pathway for us made  
 Always acting and attracting  
     By impressions well obeyed;  
 Ever blending and extending  
     And exchanging loving deeds;  
 Ever seeking to be speaking  
     Words to still another's needs.

We pray for others in our prayer  
 And seek our brother's true welfare;  
 We have no prayer but that would bring,  
 If answered, to each living thing



Its own; just that and nothing more,  
For only that we Thee implore,  
As any more would be extortion  
We only ask for each one's portion,  
And asking thank for that obtained  
That was our own, in nature gained.  
Thanks to Thee, oh, Perfect Soul  
Thanks to Thee, Stupendous Whole.

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### *Suggestions to Parents.*

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BY ROSA CADMAN CONGAR, M. D.

Health and disease are neither matters of chance, nor the effect of any special dispensation of Providence, but subject to law.

One law of health is harmony of spirit, and a peaceful, tranquil mind. "True harmony is that condition of the spirit which is at one with the All-Good that thinks no ill, that rises superior to all the petty annoyances of life and reposes sweetly and serenely on the bosom of Infinite Love."

We are constantly building and rebuilding the human edifice, and the structure will be strong and beautiful, or weak and ugly, depending upon the good or bad materials we use, and whether we manipulate them wisely or unwisely.

The physical conditions essential to the healthy and beautiful development of the child, are pure air, wholesome, nourishing food, abundant sleep, warmth, light, hours and hours of sunshine, thorough cleanliness, and daily exercise in the open air. The mental condition—as anger of the mother, will sometimes so seriously affect the nursing babe that spasms result. "So closely is the body in sympathy with the soul, that whatever



disturbs the harmony of the latter, also deranges the secretions of the body—breaks down its defenses as it were, and opens its gates to the enemy," Men do not expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles, why then should diseased parents expect to raise healthy children.

Motherhood is earth's holiest and highest mission; she who produces perfect children, of sound body and sound mind also, is worthy the homage of a queen.

How we pity the children held only by a feeble thread to life, launched upon the breakers of a tempest tossed sea, and often, too often, failing to receive a welcome. God pity them in their helplessness.

While riding recently on the street car, a beautiful three year old girl with her Papa took seats opposite me.

The day was raw and cold, and a stiff lake breeze blowing, making warm wraps necessary for comfort. As I looked at the little bare arms blue with cold, and then at the warm woolen suit worn by the father, I wondered what the result of such exposure would be!

A sudden attack of Pneumonia proving fatal would no doubt be laid at the door of Divine Providence by the thoughtless parents.

Is it not strange that fashion is consulted before health or comfort.

Thousands of early graves have been dug, because of the ignorance and indifference of parents toward their little ones. What a joy it is to know that the beautiful Summerland is waiting with open doors and arms to welcome these unwelcome and neglected children.



**EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.**

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**GREETING.**

I suppose I will be held responsible for the conduct of NEW THOUGHT. The other "M" is the "and Co." of the concern, but whatever she may write will be over or under her own signature. I say this to relieve everybody else of the responsibility of everything in NEW THOUGHT not otherwise signed or credited.

Individually I never did believe in the duplex-entity of editors more than others; but formerly, out of deference to "old opinions," have used the editorial "we." But as this journal is small and as I expect to pay all the bills over what subscriptions pay, out of my own daily earnings, I propose to be independent enough to use that egotistical letter "I", when referring to myself.

The thought of starting up NEW THOUGHT as a monthly magazine antedates by several months, the transference of its subscription list to the *Better Way*, and its type to *Summerland*, and this is only the hatching out of a plan which has been in incubation for years. I hardly realized, however, what an important *niche* NEW THOUGHT filled until the letters of regret of its suspension poured in by the hundreds. Nor could I realize the importance of the present undertaking until the tide of congratulations, many of them accompanied by \$'s, set in this direction, after sending out our "announcement."

My Spiritualism every day assumes more and more the type of a religion, and I see more and more each day the beauty of all the religions the world ever had; I see the connection of the past with the present—that the present has grown out of the past—hence, while I



leave the past more and more, my reverence for it grows with each new day.

NEW THOUGHT will in no way stand in the way of any of the weekly Spiritualist papers; nor will they stand in its way. Each have their legitimate field of work, and each will undoubtedly try to do its duty in its field.

NEW THOUGHT will enter into no personal fights, nor will it ever indulge in denunciation of any person or thing, except where truth and the good of the cause absolutely demands it.

The two "M's" have no axes to grind; no enemies to punish; no personal grievances to air, nothing to do but to write, preach, and in every way work for the elevation and spiritualization of humanity.

Hoping that my best work is yet in the future, and that I may live worthy the gospel which my pen and tongue preach, I am ever in the work.

MOSES HULL.

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#### ARE THOUGHTS THINGS?

It is said that a French hypnotist, "once upon a time," took a blank card out from among a hundred others just like it, and, after putting an almost infinitesimally small private mark on one corner of it, looked at it in earnest, carefully forming in his mind the likeness of Napoleon Bonaparte. These cards were then thoroughly shuffled and passed to hypnotic subjects, every one of whom pronounced all of them blanks except that one on which the thought of Napoleon had been placed. The cards could not be so thoroughly shuffled or turned over or turned around, that these subjects would not find Bonaparte on that particular card, in exactly the position the operator put it there. If the



cards were handed to the subject the other end and the other side up, that made no difference, he would find the right card and turn it as the operator held it, and admire the picture on it, thus proving that the thought photograph was a real one.

What a revolution in our thinking the idea that thoughts are things must make. It opens the door to an understanding not only of many of the common phenomena of every day life, but to the Bible as well.

Did not Joshua understand the matter in this light when he made a bargain with Israel. After inducing them to promise certain things, the writer says: "And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up by an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, *behold this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake; it shall therefore be a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God.*—Josh. xxiv:26-27.

It must be that Joshua and the Israelites knew something of psychometry,—that that particular stone had caught and recorded their thoughts.

Jesus, in his sermon on the mount, twice uses language only explainable on this hypothesis. He says: "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you that whosoever is angry with his brother without cause shall be in danger of the judgment."—Matt. v:21-22.

Here Jesus makes the crime precede the overt act. Murder is not sin; murder is the fruit which germinates in and grows on the tree of angry thoughts. To put an end to the act or culmination of murder you must ban-



ish thoughts of hatred. The thought is the father of the act.

In this same chapter, verse 28, Jesus, after quoting the commandment, "thou shalt not commit adultery," says: "But I say unto you, whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her *hath committed adultery with her already, in his heart.*"

Thus the sin is before the act and teachers and preachers should warn those whom they instruct against the thought which leads to certain kinds of acts.

Now if thoughts are things, may there not be certain mental climates where certain kinds of thought can grow, as there are physical climates where certain weeds or fruits may grow; and may not the rapid change now going on in the world's thinking be due to changes in the mental climate?

In the light of these thoughts how important is Paul's language in Phil. iv:8. In that he says: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things.*"

Neither was Solomon entirely mistaken when he said of man: "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. xxiii:7.

If the thought planted in this short paper, grows and yields fruit, it may reverse some of the world's time-worn theories.

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#### DO WE WANT ORDER?

Dr. M. E. Congar's able paper on organization suggests a few words of "exhortation". Everybody has



heard of the horse which, while shying from a hole on one side of a bridge, ran into equally as bad a hole on the other side. I have wondered whether Spiritualists might not learn by the poor horse's difficulty. Colts, when let out of a stable on a beautiful day in mid-winter show their love of freedom by running and kicking up their heels. Many Spiritualists have suffered in church organizations, and, once freed from those, seem to enjoy their liberty too much to take part in any organization; thus Spiritualism, instead of presenting an organized and orderly front to the world, has seemed to sensible people more like a mob than anything else; and instead of gaining a place in the world as a great religious and moral movement for the elevation of humanity, has earned the reputation of a convocation of semi-insane cranks.

Many in our ranks have thought just far enough to think themselves out of old church organizations, but not deep enough to see that we as a body can never be anything more than a band of bushwhackers, until we can present to the world an organized front.

As we are now, any person can go where he or she pleases and call him or herself a spiritual lecturer, and impose on the Spiritualists and the community to their heart's content. Spiritualism, having no organization, has no way to demand a certain amount of talent and a certain standard of ethics of its teachers. The greatest drunkard or the most worthless vagabond on earth can call himself a spiritual preacher, and the world knows no difference. What is more, the world always measures Spiritualism by the *conduct* of such a person as that. This has driven thousands of the best Spiritualists into the churches, and has made Spiritualism a stench in the nostrils of many good men and women.



An organization with power to give its ministers the legal qualifications of other ministers, and with a regard for society at large, that would only legally qualify those who were spiritually, mentally and morally qualified to teach, while it might reduce the number, would greatly improve the quality of our teachers.

A kind of bargain between speakers and societies, publicly ratified by some kind of ordination service, where a charge was conferred on the speaker, and certain promises made to him or her, so that speaker and society would exercise a kind of watch-care over each other, would bring Spiritualism up one step in the estimation of the world.

I believe that a proper ordination service, such probably as Moses performed over Joshua (see Num. xxvii: 18-23 and Deut. xxxiv:9), or Jesus performed (Mark. iii: 14), or was performed when Paul was sent out to preach (Acts xiii:3), would cause the speaker, the society and the world to incline to consider the responsibility of his office, but in many instances would impart a spiritual blessing which would help the speaker in the performance of his duties.

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#### DOES YOUR BODY FIT?

Probably very few of us have formed the habit of thinking of ourselves as spiritual beings, and of our bodies as garments to be worn. Sometimes I am not true to my philosophy, and as a result I call myself sick; but I am not sick—I cannot really say the body is sick. When I take care of the body and keep it in good condition it fits me so perfectly that I do not realize that I am wearing it. At other times my body does not fit. It weighs over 180 pounds and is as much as I can lift. It is hard work for me to get it around from one place



to another. When what is called my back, legs, shoulders, stomach or side aches, I can realize that there is a mis-fit. It is sometimes hard work for me to turn the body over.

I live as really in some of my dreams as I do in my waking moments, and I am not prepared to say my dream experiences are not real experiences. How many times in my dreams I have found myself by a slight effort of my will floating through the air. Sometimes no eagle could fly from place to place faster than I have done; sometimes I have been troubled to rise as high or float as fast as I desired.

The fact is, this avoirdupois that I carry, this specific gravity belonging to the body, holds me down. In dreams, and sometimes in my more spiritual moments when I am awake, I rise for a time out of the body and its environments. It is when I return from one of these excursions, or when my body, as in sickness, seems not to fit me—seems a dead weight,—that I realize that I am a spiritual being, held down by cumbrous clay.

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#### GONE HIGHER.

I would feel that I had neglected a sacred privilege were I to let this number of our NEW THOUGHT go to the world without bearing a word from me concerning Mrs. Lizzie Hamilton, whose recent and sudden passage to the better side of life took all her friends by surprise. At the time she passed away her trunks were packed to come and spend the winter with us, and arrange to take charge of NEW THOUGHT.

She learned her trade in our office, and worked for us as fore-woman and general manager of our business near five years. A more conscientious, faithful or intelligent employe I never had. I always left the office feeling



that everything would be done quite as well as if I were taking personal charge of the work.

Mrs. Hamilton met death with all the courage in the world. She said her only regret in leaving was that she could not carry out her plans to care for her aged parents. She has reported several times since she went away, and seems as deeply interested in the cause of reform as when in this world she devoted her life to trying to make the world better.

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### OUR BOOK TABLE.

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"ANTIQUITY UNVEILED." Ancient voices from the spirit realms disclose the most startling revelations, proving Christianity to be of Heathen origin. "Truth crushed by priests shall rise again." Philadelphia Oriental Publishing Co., 1892.

This is a wonderful book consisting of over 600 pages of well printed matter, nicely bound in cloth. It consists mostly of spirit communications coming from ancient spirits through the mediumship of Abraham James. The most of these communications were first published in *Mind and Matter*. Gen. Jonathan M. Roberts, at the time these communications were given, went to the histories and encyclopedias, and in every instance where it was possible, found the history of the ones from whom these communications purported to come. In every instance the history corresponded exactly with the communication given. Thus, as far as possible the communications were verified.

Whether the communications came from those whose names are appended or not, the most of them, in fact all of them, so far as my reading goes, are wonderfully true; and they, together with the information culled and published concerning the authors, throw a flash light



on the origin of what is called Christianity that will make it seem to those who read this book, a different thing from what it ever appeared before.

Aside from the communications, the colations from the best histories of the world are worth much more than the price of the book. As a frontispiece the book has a good portrait of Gen. Jonathan M. Roberts. Other illustrations are a likeness of Apolonius, the Nazarene, supposed to be Jesus; symbols of the crucified lamb and the crucified man; the burning of the condemned books, and Prometheus bound.

The Spirit authors of this book take the position that the myth of the binding of Prometheus was the prototype of the crucifixion of the Christian Savior.

The proprietors of NEW THOUGHT regard the book as so suggestive, original and true that they keep it on their shelves for sale, and will send it post-paid to any address for the publisher's price, \$1.50.

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"CHRISTIANITY A FICTION." The astronomical and Astrological origin of all religions. BY DR. J. H. MENDENHALL. Philadelphia Oriental Publishing Co., 1892.

Dr. Mendenhall, I understand, never called himself either a poet or an expert in the old mythologies until the power seized him to write this book. It is probable that some of our readers have seen better poetry than some of the lines in this book. Generally, when an author undertakes to state an argument and make a poem in the same lines, one or the other of them will to some extent fail.

The argument cannot well be more concisely stated than is here done. Beside that there are 77 notes of explanation which will give the reader an idea of the mythologies, not to be obtained in any other one book



in the world. The author first shows how the Jewish Jehovah and the Christian Jesus were made out of old myths. He then traces the stories of Adam, his wife and sons to its astrological origin. After which he gives the story of Noah and the flood; Abraham offering Isaac; Jacob and his family; Elijah and his chariot of fire; of Sampson, David, Solomon and their exploits, and then goes through the whole Bible to the end of the book of Revelations, and in not bad poetry shows the impossibility of their being literally true, and fits them to astrology and astronomy as nicely as ever a glove was fitted to a hand.

Moses Hull & Co. send the book to any address for 50 cents.

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"BOND HOLDERS AND BREAD WINNERS." A portrayal of some political crimes in the name of liberty. BY S. S. KING, Esq., of the Kansas City Bar.

As a people's party political document this is the best thing I have seen. It is filled with such statistics a cannot fail to open the eyes of careful readers. The author first lays off the states of Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina as Producing Districts. Then he puts in the New England States and New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey as the Wealth District. The Produce District has, according to his figures, 486,040 square miles of territory, while the Wealth District has but 168,665 square miles of territory; this is nearly 3 to 1 in favor of the Producing District. The population of the two districts are about equal.

After giving these figures he says:

"With nearly three times the territory, and all productive territory to work upon and nearly the same amount of people to do the work



the Produce District gained in wealth during the ten years from 1880 to 1890, \$559,441,974.

"While with a little over one-third the territory, and not productive territory, to work upon and but little greater number of people to do the work, the Wealth District gained at the same time \$3,054,762,727—more than 5 to 1.

"The size of the territory and gain in wealth taken together, show that the east has possessed advantages 15 to 1 over the Produce District.

"The Produce District gained in people during the decade, 22 per cent, and in wealth 20 per cent, an actual decrease of wealth per capita. The Wealth District gained in people 20 per cent and in wealth 40 per cent, a gratifying increase.

"There are 64 pages of just such figures and facts as those above, and the whole thing is illustrated by cuts which tell more than words can, how terribly one portion of this country robs another."

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"LABOR AND FINANCE REVOLUTION." BY B. S. HEATH, together with a biography of the author. Fifth edition published by Mrs. B. S. Heath, Chicago, Ill., 1891.

The age has produced no more versatile and piquant writers than the late Col. B. S. Heath, especially when his soul was stirred as it was when he wrote this book, by the outrages committed by the classes upon the masses. The logic and eloquence of this book reminds one in many places of Thomas Paine's arraignment of the British government and those who fed at its trough, in his "Rights of Man." Indeed, the late Dr. Heath could in truth be called the Thomas Paine of the new revolution.

The biography which introduces the Labor and Finance Revolution is written by Mr. Heath's estimable wife. She tries to forget that she was the wife of the author of this book, and to act as an impartial biographer; and she succeeds in writing a very racy and interesting history of one of the most earnest and busy soldiers on the battle field of reform. A dollar cannot be better expended than in this book.



*Mediums and Morality.*

FRIEND HULL: Keep my name and place of residence out of NEW THOUGHT in this connection if you please. But the Spiritualists of a certain western city have just passed through an experience—not uncommon in Spiritualism, and it has suggested certain queries which I have been delegated to forward to you.

We have had a great medium here; perhaps the greatest in the world. He has given over 200 sittings, every one of which, so far as can be learned, has been eminently satisfactory. He has made very many converts to Spiritualism; but right in the midst of the greatest possible success, he got so intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, and committed deeds, so<sup>1</sup> they say, too horrible to mention, and was driven out of our town. We learn that this is nothing new with him. Also the history of Spiritualism presents the case of a Colchester, and a Charles Foster, and others who have passed away; and some who are living to-day, equally as good mediums, who have become moral wrecks.

Now does the glorious philosophy of Spiritualism tend in that direction, or why is this? The world demands and ought to have an answer. \* \*

This question I will not attempt to answer this month. I have an all-sufficient answer which will partly appear in my articles on "The Spiritual Alps." Other and more specific answers, if no one else takes the *onus* upon themselves, I will present, possibly next month. I will only say now, facts must be admitted. The one who denies them is the ostrich that hides his head in the sand. [ED.]



