



Lovingly
Mattie E. Hull

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The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them.

BY MOSES HULL.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATION FOR THE ASCENT.

Nature arbitrary—Is man more than flesh and blood?—Offspring of Deity—Man connected with everything from the worm to Deity—Not to settle the God question—No anthropomorphisms—Did we spring from nothing?—The no-life period—Buchanan on the origin of life—To define is to limit—Am I Infinite?—Spirit produces matter—Christian Science—What it lacks—Your body only a kit of tools—Man's power over venomous beasts and reptiles—In what does individuality consist?—Study yourself as a Spiritual entity—Where our medical colleges fail—Latent powers to be developed—The matter syllogistically stated—An objection—Reply.

There are dogmatists enough in this world, and I very much prefer not to lay anything down dogmatically or arbitrarily. I prefer not to say certain blessings can only come on certain conditions; but nature is arbitrary, her fiat is inexorable. She lays the law down dogmatically, and will be obeyed. This case is no exception. I must now say, having gained the point of self-examination, and having learned that our motives are pure—that we want truth—light above all things; that we want it on purpose to practice it, a certain amount of knowledge and of faith is necessary to enable us to proceed; without it we will never succeed.

You could hardly be persuaded to spend much time and money digging in the mountains for gold, unless by some means you could be induced to believe there was gold there, so, if you are only flesh and blood and breath; in short, if you are not a spiritual being, my theories are worthless, and you are wasting your time in reading them. Again, unless I can make you understand something of the spirit and its possibilities, you will hardly be willing to spend much time in trying to arouse its latent qualities.

But you cannot comprehend your possibilities unless you can get, at least, a faint glimpse of your inheritance. If you are a bunch of cells—only that and nothing more—if you are animated dust and that is all, then there is little reason for supposing there is much more of you, or within you than there is in your dog or your horse, and any effort to make anything more than a well trained animal of yourself, is time and labor thrown away; you will never succeed.

But if you are, as the ancient poet Cleanthes, and the ancient apostle Paul supposed, the offspring of Deity—if you have in you all the elements of Omnipotence; then the thing most to be desired is to realize that fact, and to know how to call your latent powers into activity.

I concede that man is connected with all the past—with everything below him—that Job was correct when he said to the worm, "thou art my mother and my sister;" but is that all there is of man? If so, I may as well lay down my pen, and the reader had better cease his investigations. There is little for either of us to do except to weave our burial robes as the silk-worm does its cocoon, and lie down and die.

This prepares you for a very important proposition. namely: that, as we are connected with the worm—as

we are, and have been all the past, so we are literally
and really

GOD'S CHILDREN,

and contain latently within our natures all the elements of the Deity.

I know that Agnostics, Materialists and Atheists will turn up their intellectual proboses at this, and say: "Well, if the God question must be settled before we can arrive at the good we seek, we may as well retire from the field; the question never will be settled."

Please do not make up your mind too speedily. When I speak of that power, which, for the want of a better name I call GOD, people are apt to get up visions of an anthropomorphic boss work man, which many of the world's most erudite thinkers got rid of many long years ago.

I have no intention of resurrecting this God. In fact it is no part of my present business to locate or to try define God. Before God can be defined he must be comprehended—weighed and measured, as it were; and when he is comprehended he is no longer God. I adore no personal or impersonal Deity which can be either described or comprehended.

I only say, we are here; we are here, not as an original cause, *but as a result*. All the past was, in order that the present, including ourselves, might be. We are living, sentient, moving, thinking beings. The non-sentient, the non-thinking, never produced the sentient and thinking.

There is truth in that old Latin proverb: "*Ex nihil nihil fit*,"—that is, out of nothing nothing comes. Another equally true and universal proverb is: "Effects cannot be greater than the cause which produced

them;" and another: "A stream cannot rise higher than its fountain head." So we never sprang from nothing.

THE AZOIC PERIOD.

Upon one point all scientists of note are agreed; that is, this earth once passed through what they call an *azoic* or a no-life period. *Zoe* is the Greek word for life, *a* is a Greek no, or negative. The meaning of that word *azoic* is, no-life. Then this world had a no-life period,

Now there being originally no life on this planet, of course life had to be brought from where it was, to this world, where it was not.

Now where did life come from?

Where did *our* life come from?

Dr. J. R. Buchannan says:

"Life being immaterial, or spiritual, must evidently have entered matter from the Spiritual world—the infinity of which we call divine.

How, when, and where this incarnation of the divine has occurred, is a question which is not beyond human capacity. The future will reveal."—*Therapeutic Sarcagnomy*, p 58.

Lizzie Doten expressed about all there is to be said on the matter, when she said:

"Oh, thou who hast poured the essence of thy life,
Into this urn—this feeble urn of clay;"

This is the true state of the case; the essence of Divinity has been poured into us. If you like the expression, *the essence of God is in us*.

Now, I do not propose to use up my space and the reader's time in discussing what God is!

To comprehend and define God is to measure Him; and to measure Him is to set his bounds—to limit Him; and to limit Him is to travel on the same tread-wheel so many thousand have trodden before us. When we have learned just what God is, and what God is not, we have settled the question of the Infinite—there is

nothing more for us to learn; progress stops, and eternity for us may as well end.

MAN POSSESSES ALL THE ELEMENTS OF THE DEITY.

Now, having arrived at this much; God is; and we are his children—her children, if you prefer to have it so; let us launch out from this. If this is so, *I am Infinite*. I am not only immortal as the God whose offspring I am but *I am Omnipotent*—I have all power. As a bunch of cells, a body of flesh and blood. we all know this is not true. But let us again ask, where did I get this body? There is only one answer; I materialized it. I gathered it from the elements, and I hold it together; when I leave it, it disintegrates and goes into other organisms.

Let it be remembered, your body is not you! it is only your reflection. Mind produces matter as its reflection or shadow. Matter is impossible without spirit, shadows are cast by substance, and are impossible without it. Science can resolve all solid matter into fluids; all fluids into gases and all gases into ether. Thus matter—and by the term matter I mean that which is tangible to the five physical senses, can be resolved back, as near as the senses can determine, to its original—spirit.

Possibly this is what so called Christian Science means, when it says, "there is no matter." Probably the more sensible of them do not mean to say, matter has no existence; they rather mean to say, "there is no reality in matter." The spiritual universe is the real universe; the spiritual world the real world; spiritual beings the real beings. Of course I cannot undertake to tell what the average so-called Christian Science teacher means by his rather loose talk. Christian Science as I have heard it, lacks so much both of Christianity and Science that it would take a good guesser to guess what propo-

sition its advocate would next formulate, or what argument would be launched upon his hearers to prove his proposition. Such lecturers are always interesting on the ground stated by Dean Swift, "that it is more interesting to watch the actions of a monkey than a man. It can generally be guessed what a man will do next by what he did last, but the actions of a monkey are a continual surprise. I am happy, however, to record the fact that there are noble exceptions to the cases above mentioned; and that some of the advocates of Christian Science are gradually unloading their vagaries and putting common sense in their place.

THE BODY NOT THE MAN.

Pardon this digression. I was talking about matter and spirit, particularly about man being a spiritual being.

I will now say, a thorough study of these and similar thoughts will enable the reader to form the habit of thinking of his body not as of himself, but, as of something, of his manufacture something belonging to him—something he can use, control and care for. It takes reflection to develop this thought, and a constant habit of thinking this way and of bringing illustrations to bear on the point. Illustrations in superabundance will naturally force themselves upon those who make these thoughts a part of their life.

Permit me to give you an illustration or two. It will not take much reflection to enable you to comprehend that your eyes do not see; your ears do not hear. *You* use eyes, ears and all other organs of your body as tools. Now train yourself to think of the body as a kit of tools—nothing more. The various parts of your body are not parts of yourself, but tools used by yourself. *You*, that is, something back of and anterior to your body,

get knowledge of external things or pass *en rapport* with the external world through the five external senses. Who is it gets this knowledge? Who remembers it? Who reflects on it? Who and what is this living, thinking, reflecting, restless *I*, or *ego*, anyway?

Such reflections will form in you the habit of thinking of yourself as something more than an animal. You can soon form the habit of thinking of the body, with all its aches and pains, as negative to you—as something to be used by yourself as a master mechanic uses tools. When you learn this much, you will soon make the discovery that by an energetic and constant practice you can learn to play on your body as a musician plays on a piano.

Do not forget that you, a spiritual being, have developed a complex organism, containing elements from the three kingdoms; of this you, as a spiritual being, are sovereign. Bearing in mind also that the higher you get spiritually and morally, the more perfect your control over your fleshy organism, and everything connected with it.

A thorough self-control—a control over your own entire animal nature—will even give you the power to control wild beasts and serpents. First, however, you must tame the tigers, hyenas and serpents within. You must get to where you can endure unmoved, alike the flatteries of friends and the censure of enemies.

WHERE IS THE INDIVIDUALITY?

Try to think of yourself as being entirely independent of the animal organism; can you not talk with yourself—your other self if you prefer to have it so, something as follows: call yourself by your familiar name; say, "I am A—B—, that is, I, as a spiritual individuality am called

A—B—; my body is not A—B—. If my right arm were taken off, I might not be able to sign my name, as formerly; but I will have lost none of my name or individuality. I will simply have lost the ability to make myself known, as formerly, by writing my name with my right hand. If I should have lost only the pen instead of the hand, I would not be able to write; but in that case no one would have suspected that any part of my individuality was gone; I have only lost that with which I express myself on paper; so, if I lose my hand, I am the same person, though I cannot sign myself as such.

Now, supposing I loose both hands and both feet, am I not yet the same person? If my individuality were in hands and feet, I am not, otherwise I am. Supposing another accident takes my tongue off, or out by the roots, then I cannot speak. I have no hands or tongue with which to make my individuality known to the world, yet, every one of my readers will concede that I am the same individuality that I was when I possessed the apparatus through which to manifest my thoughts to my neighbors.

Now if the reader will please take this and a few other similar illustrations which will force themselves upon his mind, he will get glimpses of himself as a spiritual being. Having once obtained these glimpses, study yourself as a spiritual entity, not simply for an hour, a day or a week, but all the time. Make this your habit of thought. When you studied the multiplication table you did not simply read it over; you fastened your mind upon it until you could not ask yourself a question concerning it that did not answer itself immediately; so it must be in this case.

WHERE MEDICAL COLLEGES FAIL.

On this point, permit me to say, is where our medi-

cal colleges fail; they study man only as an animal. In teaching anthropology they tell you much about anatomy and physiology; you learn all that science can find out about nerves, muscles and bones, but they know nothing of that which operates on them. These doctors are learned—they are many of them, noble, self-sacrificing men and women; nor will I say, they do no good; on the contrary, many of them do a great deal of good; but in many instances they remind me of a boy I, employed to manipulate my stereopticon; a bug got on to one of the slides; of course it represented a huge animal on the screen. He volunteered to jump down from his platform and get the broom and hand it to me, with which to "brush that thing off." The boy was honest, but his diagnosis of the case was wrong. It was the slide, not the screen, that needed doctoring. So, many honest M. D's. doctor the body for maladies which can only be cured by treating the spiritual and mental condition of the patient.

Let us return to our study of anthropology—of man and his origin. Having learned that you are connected with Deity—that all that Infinity is, you are, it is time now to begin to circumnavigate yourself, to find in order to use your powers. Please do not understand that Infinite power is developed in you, for it is not; it is only latently there. Your business, your life-work, is to find this power and to acquire its use.

A babe, before it is an hour old, may have in its organism the eloquence of a Demosthenes or Cicero; it may have the poetry of a Longfellow or Tennyson; it may be as great a soldier as a Washington or a Bonaparte, but it will take years of training to bring these powers into activity. At first, it does but little except to kick and to cry; but one by one it gets its lessons; it

may take two score or more of years to develop and bring into activity its powers, but if it keeps on making efforts they will sooner or later come to the front.

Well, there is not on earth a human being who is not the repository of infinite possibilities. Being children of God, all that is in God is in us. If this were not true, progress could not be eternal. Now, if the reader will cultivate this idea; if he will allow it to ripen and bring forth fruit, it can but bring into activity the latent power within, which overcomes disease—yes, which overcomes all things. A good book has said: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." The prediction is, "I will give him power, and he shall not be hurt of the second death."

When you get this idea of your birth-right—of who you are, and of what you are, thoroughly established in your mind, then get the idea of whither you are bound fastened upon yourself, and you will soon arrive at the inevitable conclusion that you are not placed here to suffer more than may be necessary for your development. As the beautiful pond lily must exist in the black muck before it can appear arrayed in more glory than Solomon ever had, so a certain amount of suffering may be necessary to develop over latent godhead. Otherwise suffering is not only useless but wrong.

The matter might be stated syllogistically thus:

1. I am God, possessing latently all the elements belonging to Deity.
2. But God never suffers—is never sick.
3. Therefore, in proportion as this latent spiritual power or god power develops in me, I rise superior to sickness, pain and disappointments.

My body, which is not myself, may seemingly have aches and pains, but I who formed this body for my

own use, am a spiritual being, and should rise superior to all these conditions; and as the light drives out darkness, so should I control every mundane condition, and with my spiritual power drive every ill from the body which is under my care.

Every one should remember, and hold constantly in mind that his or her body is not his or her self. Once more we must all think that our duty as spiritual beings, is not to be subject to the body, but to use it; to play on it as a musician does on a musical instrument; and, above all, to keep it in repair.

A friend to whom I read this said: "Your syllogism looks well on paper and sounds well, but it is not true. I am God, but I am sick; I had the small pox and the rheumatism, and am full of aches and pains; why is this?"

I answer: this is because you do not use the god element, it is latent—latent or dormant divinity is of no more use to you spiritually than a paralyzed arm or leg would be to your physical body.

How to find and to use these powers is a matter which concerns every one. It is hoped that future chapters may throw some light on this question.

(To be Continued.)

Thoughts.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

I have been thinking of the three qualifications I find I most covet. Aside from these I exonerate myself from the ugliness of a covetous nature. These are: A much improved education, a very retentive memory, and a fluent expression in conversing. Ah! I can place no estimate on these coveted possessions if they could *now*

be mine. I know that in all these, I can and will improve with the onward sweep of TIME.

Were I twenty instead of twice that age, this loved vocation—writing—would have a fair degree of chance for success. Oh! for the wasted years when sorrow and blindness held my life in check and was the cruel hindrance to these coveted blessings. No, it was not my fault, unless through ignorance, that ignorance which leads us to trust too much, but it was so bitter a misfortune. And now, as never before, I know how great a loss was that period of my life wherein I lived the bitter experience of an ill-mated marriage, in so much sadness of heart.

Yet I feel to-day, had I those coveted powers, the *lesson* so despairingly learned would be a ready foundation on which to build all my tales. The truths learned, of man's baseness of heart in some cases—not all, thank God!—would help me teach others how to escape the tortures I endured. Even without this coveted power to correctly clothe my sentences and instructively converse, I can say, to-day, I regret not the bitterness of those years, since, even to do the little I can, I find they have given me a source of thought that to an extent proves useful, as I attempt to depict sorrows and sufferings and point a lesson of usefulness.

And I have learned the fact that those who have had these heart-lessons in sorrow, hopes, despairs and loves, and these alone, are fitted to teach by weaving tid-bits and stories. Out of my own life I might provide stock for hundreds of tales teeming with realistic strength. Out of my experiences weave thousands of sketches full of bits that told of deception, of trust betrayed, man's inhumanity to woman, his low qualifications, reeking with the sins of intemperance, dis-

honesty, treacherousness, and base deeds of many kinds; of that psychologic influence for evil that a young, trusting, loving girl should be taught to flee, and which, as in my own case, leads to those marriages that must be failures.

I could pleasingly and instructively teach, by my pen-
tales, all these sorrows that may come, too often do, alas! when all one's life had passed in happy, innocent, perfect girl-hood, within a peaceful, pure, and tender home-atmosphere; and, where, trusting the lover-like professions, the heart of the unsuspecting maid is pledged and the hand and vows given in "holy" wedlock—to a villain.

But, as I have exclaimed, thank God that, in my case, though alas! after years of sufferings—deeper than the pangs of the Orthodox hell I then feared could have brought, endured because I feared to sin against the God of Orthodoxy, having just cause (understood then as the only just cause,) through divorce I obtained my freedom, and have since *learned the beauties of man's pure, perfect love*; learned, that is, that all men are not vile. Ah! *I knew this truth before, for I had a grand-souled father and a grand brother in those early days of happiness.* I even think it was their worth that led me to so readily trust the words—so eloquently written and conveyed in looks and voice—that caused me to surrender my happiness to this man's keeping only to find my hope's all as shattered idols.

So, as I say, were I endowed at present with the three coveted *graces*, I might hope to become famed as a writer. As it is, I am only *reaching after hearts*, leaving my readers to clothe the thoughts presented in language that pleases their facilities of expression, gleaning my *good intentions*.

Nay, to-day I feel that I have few regrets, connected with that early venture into matrimony and its many pains, other than the three coveted blessings missed.

It was not that I remained so long in this bondage—a little over three years—but that divorce did not banish the shade that had rested so heavy and dense o'er my life. At the age of twenty-three I was older in spirit, and furrowed brow, than I feel and show to-day. I am living those lost years—so bitter and soul-bowing—over as such youthful years should have been lived! Do you blame me that I have risen from the ashes and taken on youth? And now, *now* that ever in my soul love's sweet song is being sung, do you wonder that I say: *I shall never grow old!*

I am growing to think there *is* method in our life movements. Yet I do not know *to what power this predestined showing can be attributed*. Is it our own soul's knowledge of that which will sound out the soul's career? Is it—God? Or is it a guardian angel, with powers to work the soul's good, through prescient, unfolded to them by earth and experience, and perfected to the extent this would require?

As I said: I am coming to think method moves—who has knowledge to reply? some at least—us forward for our soul's growth. That in this method, all my past experience tends to fit me for the *hope* I cherish—that of *reaching hearts*; and the usefulness that, even without those coveted qualifications, (by *efforts* to attain these) *I am drifting toward*.

Why do I seem thus presumptuous? Reader, permit me to say it comes from *knowing* that I am daily unfolding, both in mind and power; and thus becoming able to win the love of those for whom I unite humanity.

It is true that without method the worlds would not

swing in space. Why not without method my life as likely result in failure as in good to self and others? I think man moves by method *and efforts put forth knowingly*.—falling short where imperfect forces *within* lead to the need of repeated efforts. We must “try, try again,” until the end designed will—I was about to write, be accomplished. But that is not the philosophy of our “endless progression” idea. You will understand that, by continued trying we grow *toward* perfection.

I am whispered by the unseen, that courage is necessary in one who would achieve that end which is for the aid of mankind. That, suffering for truth's sweet sake, for fellow-man's interest, is the bravest record that can be stamped upon a heart. And now I hear this comforting assurance and dear praise: And you have suffered, been brave, and found your truest joy in giving to others words that brought comfort and gave rest. Your reward begins even here: “as mortal you shall reap a harvest—and ne'er forget to share thy sheaves with thy fellow-being.”

Ah! that is a sweet angel's whisper, and o'er my soul bursts a light as glorious as but now breaks over the outdoor scene, the clouds quickly dispersing amidst the April shower, the clouds that come and go so repeatedly, in large drops beating the window-pane, then ceasing almost within the moment.

Oh! I love such a day: love the lightnings lurid flash, the thunder's rumble; these seem strokes with the mighty brush of a glorious living painter! They are—NATURE'S. And it is my near akin to Nature that leads me to see beauties in the storm.

What is life but the showings of her—Nature's—great power. The poet says:

"Yes, bury me by the friends I knew
And loved in life. * *

* * Where some smiling flower bends;
For birds and flowers and I are friends.

* * *

Near by where some old denizen stands,
And spreads to heaven his leafy hands,
Where limb to limb a clasp extends;
For all the trees and I are friends.

* * *

Where clover-feeding flocks are seen—
And here, beneath the clover's feet,
My little house would nestle sweet,
Where brook to bleat a welcome sends;
For brook and flock and I are friends.

* * *

Where falls the morning's earliest rise,
And sunset perches, pales and dies—
Here wrapt in echoes I would rest
On nature's ever throbbing breast,
Where sound with silence dying blends;
For I and rocks and hills are friends.
Yes, let my neighbors in the tomb
Be those I loved in my life-bloom;
And memories I held sweet and dear
Be gathered on the border near;
So that my spirit-heart may reach
To either margin of the breach
Where heaven begins and nature ends;
For heaven and nature and I are friends."

The poet's idea is that man and nature are friends, but that heaven lies outside of nature. My own is that we are a part thereof. As Pope expresses it:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

This recalls the expressed idea of a dear friend, who makes a play on the above line, the better to give his way of thinking. Said he: "I often think the word "whole" should be abridged to *hole*. On every side of us space spreads away to what ultimate and to where? Truly we are in an infinite hole without any way to get out."

And my idea is that heaven is a continuation of nature; certainly of space. Or perhaps I should say, heaven being a condition of happiness, we inhabit heaven if we possess joy. If our conscience does not upbraid, and we harbor no hatred even where we know wrong has been done us by a mortal—then, living in and of nature, we are in heaven. Yet—no! Not in all cases, no, for the soul goes out in longings for power to “be as the loved ones gone before; believing that those who have passed beyond the grossness and needs of the flesh must be nearer a condition of contentment and joy than we of earth.

Night is steadily nearing. I used to fear night and death. Fearing death I lay down with the prayer that life might be spared 'till morning. That is, I repeated the prayer my mother taught:—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake”—

As I came to those words there was ever a shudder and pain of fear—for “death” seemed so terrible. I was almost as much afraid of God as of Satan. O cruel teaching that leads to this condition! The night comes on so quietly, often so beautifully, and death, so called, is symbolized thus. Sweet, peaceful night and death: each such blessings to weary mortal. Nor time nor place nor surroundings can tear its sublimity away where minds have solved its seeming mysteries. So the world moves onward—the thought world—and you and I, dear reader, are striving to keep pace. How far do we fall behind? Ah! “*thought is substance*,” we are learning to know. As my soul unfolds—like a rose-bud to sun-light—I will expand in beauty. My soul, like nature cries ever: more light, more glorious sunlight!

Of self, Nature, the Universe, *Life*, how very little we know, truly! I recently listened to Gen. Geo. W. Gordon lecture on Altruism instead of Egoism. Said he: "I do not think there is anything under the blue concave of heaven which man knows less of than himself, or sees less of than his weaknesses." And then he remarked: "Men have not chances alike. No man can then judge another, or say whether he is in consequence a fool or a failure."

Daily, hourly I yearn for more truth; for that knowledge which is a truth proven. Many minds are in advance of me; many write of truths that are theirs yet are not known as truths to me, but, because that I am yearning and seeking truth, that which is theirs—if truth—must surely yet be mine. Step by step must come to my aspiring soul all that is beautiful and true.

What a happy thought! Is it not a power to help me onward in growth. Waiting, yet yearning ever, let me be receptive. Not one *fear* shall henceforth hinder my onward walk in all true reforms; in all true progressive movements. Though "fear" meet me, it *shall* be vanished. I *will* conquer. In my chosen—and to angels of truth and purity I have pledged my aid to any extent, in any direction they are able to use me as their co-worker, instrument—work the world's opinion (the world that is not advanced) shall not retard my usefulness as reformer—as medium.

I would grow! I would follow those in advance! I would seek to lead those behind! For this, what is needed? Surely love of truth, lofty aspirations, earnest research and receptivity must be all that is needed if, indeed, truth is mighty and will prevail.

Once I wrote: It is sometimes difficult to face in print that to which we have appended our names. The rea-

son: If we continue to seek knowledge, truth throws light upon themes and often brings out the opposite of that which we once endorsed. A writer can but give forth as his light has power. I can but unfold as honest conviction comes to me.

Light—the light of glorious truth—is breaking over the world. It comes from advanced intelligence; from those who, looking back to earth, seek ways and means to teach those who willingly receive new thoughts.

In Spiritualism, true, there is no gulping indigestible soul food. The mind must have power to grasp, or wait and unfold the power. Truth comes only to receptive minds. Those who would grow in wisdom must march after this priceless treasure. Already I note that my views are changing, unfolding, on many things, which heretofore my feeble pen has touched upon. Once I read someone's opinion that young writers should not air their views. I think differently. It is a great schooling; it is the only way I can ever become a writer; it is publicity that spurs us to reach forward, to seek to improve. Looking backward I can see, O how proudly! that I have not been going backward. Let us glean and garner as our power gives us strength. Unlike the lovely rose that withering perishes, *souls* expand. Aspiring, let me feel that I am daily living nearer to the truth.

Ah! mysteries of mysteries, how can men and women sit in content and ignorance. All about us are minds that, seemingly, feel no need of growth? What to them is the meaning of growth? A little more blind faith in that which their minister keeps parrot-like repeating weekly. A little more fear and a few more rehearsal prayers.

First the mind must begin to over-reach fear. As we then walk in the flower-strewn pathway, seeking truth, how the new beauties lure us onward. We may

feel the thorns that are hidden 'neath the leaves, but they are there to teach us closer watching. They do not mar the perfume or rose petal's beauty, nor the clear light of truth: they but serve to teach us to *prove with care all that seems beautiful.*

MEMPHIS TENN.

MATTIE E. HULL.

BY MOSES.

The non arrival of the portrait of the one whose sketch we had intended for this number, is more to blame than anything else for our frontispiece this month. However, as Mattie is 52 years old the day this is written,—June 22, she is old enough to have steady habits, and so I have little fear of her doing some unspiritual thing which will spoil this sketch before the ink on it gets dry.

It has been almost a quarter of a century since I became intimately acquainted with the subject of this article, and, having lived with her twenty years of that time, I feel safe in saying I know her pretty thoroughly, both as a medium and as a woman. Mattie comes of good, honest New England stock. I was not acquainted with her father, but her mother has lived in our home several years, and I can say a more honest, consiencious and dutiful mother never lived. Mattie's sisters also are intelligent and noble women.

Mattie's girlhood was, perhaps, not much different from that of other ordinary girls, except in the early development of mediumship. She was educated at Mount Cæsar Academy, and, had not mediumship siezed her, she would probably have spent a portion of her life

either as a common school teacher or in music, of which she is passionately fond; and in which her father, who was a musician, educated her.

Mediumship, which generally has its own way, spoiled the calculations of her parents and of herself.

Forty years ago mediumship siezed Mattie; at that early period little was known of mediumship, and her parents were as ignorant as parents generally were, as to what it was. The best medical skill in the country exhausted itself in trying to find out what was the matter, and much nauseous medicine was scientifically poured down her throat, to cure her of "The-lord-only-knows-what," all to no purpose. The child grew worse; that is, mediumship increased. The neighbors were called in to witness the automatic writing, and to hear the child "preach in her sleep." Somebody finally suggested that they had known a medium to act very much as the child was acting, and it was learned that her disease was a chronic attack of spiritual mediumship. There was no cure; the only thing to do was to let it work itself out. It has been working ever since, and manifests no particular signs of working out. When she was only thirteen years old, some of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts churches were opened, and her father was invited to take the little phenomenon there to preach, which he did. Some of these discourses were stenographically reported, and Mattie became a convert to Spiritualism by reading reports of her own discourses.

At the age of 17, Mattie married Mr. C. C. B. Sawyer, a very good and worthy man, though he was neither musically or eminently spiritually inclined, he thoroughly believed in his wife and her mediumship and music, and in every way he could assist in her work.

He enlisted in the war against the rebellion, where he contracted consumption, which carried him out of the world.

For many years Mattie, beside preaching, sat as a medium. She became as thoroughly disgusted with the average sitter as many sitters are with some mediums. She found that fully two-thirds of those who go to mediums go for anything else than a knowledge of spiritual things. Many go with the direct intention of taking the advantage of being alone with a lady, and offering an insult. Others by their very first question show that they are in Spiritualism for the "loaves and fishes,"—in other words, to prostitute it to mercenary purposes; and still others go to mediums to get the spirit world to help them out of some scrape. So small a proportion of medium hunters wanted to really learn of anything spiritual, that years ago Mrs. Hull gave up giving sittings except in very rare cases where she is especially impressed to sit.

Her mediumship has long taken the phase of poetry and music, more than any other. As a speaker she is better known than otherwise, having traveled from Maine to California, and spoken in nearly every one of the Northern states, and in several south of Mason and Dixon's line. She has never been known, in her speeches or in private conversation, to say a hard thing of anybody; no matter what is said of her, she never retaliates. Indeed, the worst secret of her worst enemy is safe in her hands.

Mrs. Hull has written hundreds of very readable poems, many of which have been published. Her volume of poetic and prose essays, entitled "Wayside Jottings," has passed through two editions, and the demand for it is undiminished. She has another volume

ready for the press, but as yet we hesitate about bringing it out. Some time since, about twenty of her songs were published on a card, over six thousand copies of which were sold in one year. Last February we issued thirty-one other songs in a pamphlet, and already we are preparing to issue the fifth thousand. We now have in incubation, a book of her best songs, together with constitution for societies, marriage service, burial service and a few other things needed by Spiritualists everywhere. All of which, except the songs, will be prepared by the writer of this.

At this time, Mrs. Hull's 52nd birthday, she is more determined than ever to use the gifts the angels have conferred on her, in the advancement of the cause to which her life has been devoted. She asks Spiritualists everywhere to give her an opportunity to be useful in the cause.

"In the Beginning!"

BY U. G. FIGLEY.

There was a time, in the darkness of obscurity, so far ago in the annals of being, that the mind of man or angel cannot compute or comprehend it in numbers, when worlds and systems of worlds, suns, moons, stars, and all things pertaining thereto, did not exist in their distinctive individuality as solar or physical or minereal or protoplasmic, bodily entities, capable of generating bodies of similar species. There was a time when a gray, filmy substance permeated and filled all space, for it was space. And space was boundless, There was no exertion of power, for power could not

then act. There was nothing generated, for the power to gestate or produce had not lost its dormancy. This gray substance was the brain and body of all space, and in it was contained all things, matter and spirit; force and torpor; will and listlessness; youth and senility; heat and cold; light and darkness; life and death; attraction and repulsion; union and disunion; harmony and discord; law and anarchy; love and hatred; ignorance and wisdom; power and weakness; beauty and ugliness; symmetry and deformity; truth and error; mathematics of all grades, and the empire of egotism; humility and arrogance; worlds and world-atoms; souls and soul-germs; electricity and magnetism; odyl and ethyl; ether and aether; methyl and protogen, phosogen and zoosperm; gases and solvents; kaleidoscopic and spectroscopic; everything that has existed, exists, or ever will exist, in utter confusion, a conglomerate, heterogeneous, vaporous substance, awaiting resolvability into ogglomerate individual entities. This great brain never had a beginning, and it never will have an end. It did not beget itself, and it, itself, lacked the power to beget anything.

This great Brain-so-called from its resemblance to all brains, filled all space, above, below, within, without, around and about; for space has not depth nor breadth, nor angle nor circumference. It was formless, yet had many forms, in that primeval time. It was shapeless, yet was filled with shapes. It was not darkness, though darkness was in it, and it was not light though light was in it. It was an universal twilight dawn of coming days. Space was ethereal, yet vacuity seemed to rest therein. But there was no place in space for vacuity, no space for nothing. There is no such thing in space as nothing. There cannot be. Frail, finite man cannot

hope to cope with the secret forces of Nature, and grasp them as playthings fit for childish amusement. Philosophers, by specious devising apparatuses, may produce to their own satisfaction a vacuum wherein there is nothing, wherein all natural laws are seemingly violated, set aside, yet there never was yet a law violated or broken; parties or bodies may come in conjunction with a law or laws, yet they only suffer, the laws pursue their usual course, or rather perform their usual functions, serenely, apparently unconscious that a world, or individual, or body of some sort, is sick, dying, or dead. An apparent vacuum is not empty. *Life* extends everywhere. Life cannot act unless it has some germ, some atom, to act upon. Ether pervades, permeates throughout space. It is a magnetic essence. Space is not bounded by an unknown something or nothing. Space is infinitude. The borders of space, the uttermost parts of space, are only figurative expressions used to satisfy the sages who cannot comprehend but that all things have a boundary line, spiritual as well as material. Infinity is unthinkable and alike unknowable, to mortal man, and Infinity dwells in space, therefore space is infinitude.

All the wonders contained in this great, torpid Brain were dormant as was it. Mind was there, yet was dormant, and therefore matter either crude or refined could not be acted upon by mind to be directed into different channels. This great, lethargic Brain contained the pent-up knowledge of all things yet to be, yet of itself, as a Brain, knew—absolutely nothing. It contained the secret of all power, and all will, and all energy, and all force, and all mind, and all constructiveness, and all destructiveness, and all adhesion, and all repulsion; and it contained all things of every grade of crudity and re-

then act. There was nothing generated, for the power to gestate or produce had not lost its dormancy. This gray substance was the brain and body of all space, and in it was contained all things, matter and spirit; force and torpor; will and listlessness; youth and senility; heat and cold; light and darkness; life and death; attraction and repulsion; union and disunion; harmony and discord; law and anarchy; love and hatred; ignorance and wisdom; power and weakness; beauty and ugliness; symmetry and deformity; truth and error; mathematics of all grades, and the empire of egotism; humility and arrogance; worlds and world-atoms; souls and soul-germs; electricity and magnetism; odyl and ethyl; ether and aether; methyl and protogen, phosogen and zoosperm; gases and solvents; kaleidoscopic and spectroscopic; everything that has existed, exists, or ever will exist, in utter confusion, a conglomerate, heterogeneous, vaporous substance, awaiting resolvability into ogglomerate individual entities. This great brain never had a beginning, and it never will have an end. It did not beget itself, and it, itself, lacked the power to beget anything.

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hope to cope with the secret forces of Nature, and grasp them as playthings fit for childish amusement. Philosophers, by specious devising apparatuses, may produce to their own satisfaction a vacuum wherein there is nothing, wherein all natural laws are seemingly violated, set aside, yet there never was yet a law violated or broken; parties or bodies may come in conjunction with a law or laws, yet they only suffer, the laws pursue their usual course, or rather perform their usual functions, serenely, apparently unconscious that a world, or individual, or body of some sort, is sick, dying, or dead. An apparent vacuum is not empty. *Life* extends everywhere. Life cannot act unless it has some germ, some atom, to act upon. Ether pervades, permeates throughout space. It is a magnetic essence. Space is not bounded by an unknown something or nothing. Space is infinitude. The borders of space, the uttermost parts of space, are only figurative expressions used to satisfy the sages who cannot comprehend but that all things have a boundary line, spiritual as well as material. Infinity is unthinkable and alike unknowable, to mortal man, and Infinity dwells in space, therefore space is infinitude.

All the wonders contained in this great, torpid Brain were dormant as was it. Mind was there, yet was dormant, and therefore matter either crude or refined could not be acted upon by mind to be directed into different channels. This great, lethargic Brain contained the pent-up knowledge of all things yet to be, yet of itself, as a Brain, knew—absolutely nothing. It contained the secret of all power, and all will, and all energy, and all force, and all mind, and all constructiveness, and all destructiveness, and all adhesion, and all repulsion; and it contained all things of every grade of crudity and re-

finement. This great Brain was *matter*, and there is naught within the comprehension of man, or angel, or God, but that is matter in some grade of progression, or condition. All the forces of Nature, and all things which these forces act through and upon, are all material things. Forces, laws, are etherealized substances when resolved into their true conditions, and they cannot act upon themselves, but upon some substance or substances grosser in condition. Thoughts are substances—they are material things etherealized, strongly spiritual. Motion cannot be produced by inert matter; there must be some will power connected therewith in accordance with natural laws, to produce motion.

By-and-by there came a time when consciousness became a unit, asserted itself as intelligence, acting feebly in unison with matter. Dormancy, torpor, lethargy, which had characterized the life itself of this great spacic Brain for ages and cycles of time untold, unthinkable, incomprehensible, began to dispel its languid, listless, embryotic existence, by contracting and expanding, in equal ratio, the myriads and numberless atomic forces, and the result was that in countless cycles of time, this great Primitive Brain became one kaleidoscope of space in which began to be portrayed in miniature grand, the worlds, and universes, and all things therein contained, which were destined to be formed and re-formed in countless forms and shapes, by the immutable law of life—which is perpetual action.

The positive principle of all things is the soul or spiritual part, the life, intelligence, individual, and the negative principle is the outside covering or body, through and upon which the positive acts. So, in the primitive state of all things in the dawn of life, the positive warred with the negative, like seeking to draw near to like.

All the vapors, gases, solvents, became the active forces in this great crucible of Nature, wherein the fiat of Intelligence was promulgated and produced. No two things are alike, but may be of approximate likeness, and only through formation, re-formation and construction of bodies, large or small, in which Mind is King, Director, can Nature's chemistry be ever infinitely progressive.

The course of time brought forth in this embryotic mass, an awful, potent force, power, principle, called Magnicity, partaking of the properties of magnetism, electricity, and all other ponderable and imponderable forces known to science, and in fact is the Life Principle of the Universe. To some of the ancients this wonderful power was known as Glyptinism, and those who occasionally, *only*, became in full rapport with it, were enabled to call down to their aid the awful, weird powers of the Spaces; for instance, the Pyramid builders of Egypt, the marvel workers of Atlantis, the Magi of Chaldea and India, etc. As the cerebrum is by many believed to be the seat of intelligence, mind, etc., hence of the soul, in man's brain, so in this great Brain there was organized not only a cerebrum but a solar Plexus as well, from which proceeded to every point, silvery cords and tentacles, the lines along which ran currents of deific force, gathering to the Center the stronger and more potent forces, forming a center Sun. As this great *Battery* increased its strength, its size increased from an infinitesimal point of light, to gigantic proportions; and as current after current of Glyptin shot forth, atoms by millions, according to refinement and condition, were expelled from the presence of the Sun, shooting far out into space, when meeting with those of kind, they united and in the course of time formed planets, which necessarily underwent many changes ere becoming fitted for

habitation. And from these planets every moment arise waste matter, which in the ætheric atmosphere surrounding them, become again impregnated with magnicity, and are carried to other parts of space, again to undergo a change of life. Planets themselves sometimes require re-changing with this mysterious life-principle, and necessarily decay and die, dissolve, and re-form somewhere else.

The spirit of every living thing existed in that far off Beginning; and passed from one stage of existence to another, until the culmination in *man*. And I am given to understand that man does not yet *dream* of the grand realities in store for him in the world beyond, where more in sympathy and rapport with the mighty glyptin, he shall progress onward, ever, ever onward in wisdom, and knowledge, deeper into the mysteries of living, and to the spirits inhabiting planets in the yet to be, spirits that are now evolving from one form of gross matter to another, will be hailed and welcomed as—Gods? “The spirits of just men made perfect.” The mysteries of existence solved, the powers of the human soul analyzed and understood, and world-building and world conducting not a misty supposition to the world, and an experiment for a few ancients as now it is. How much there is yet for us to learn. How hard the *Spiritus Montana* is to climb, for us weak mortals. Have patience, for we shall yet KNOW ALL.

DEFIANCE, OHIO.

“THE human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labor the greater part of their time for mere subsistence; and the scanty portion of freedom which remains to them so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. Oh, destiny of man.”—Goethe

A Waking Dream.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

I watched from my western window the day glide into night,
The clouds, pink, golden and azure, had drifted out of sight.
The birds in the neighboring wood-lands had ceased to chirp and sing,
O'er all there rested a silence, like the hush of a guardian's wing.

And I prayed that some grand spirit from the vast shores of time,
Might touch my soul with its music, in soft and flowing rhyme.
I would leap beyond the boundary of weary, struggling years,
Forgetting the cares and trials of lower, darker spheres.

Then a strange voice to me whispered, "Come, follow as I lead,
I will open the gate to the mystic—will answer all thy need."
And I wond'ringly assented, and traveled paths of gloom,
At last with my guide I entered a strange, deep, inner room.

So strange—and yet there were faces that I had seen before:
Dear, and old-time voices speaking to me once more.
And flowers I had kept as treasures with scent and color gone,
Fair as the rose, and fragrant as when wet with the dews of morn.

In this inner room were arch-ways festooned with colors rare.
I heard as I slowly passed them, soft music in the air.
There were songs like sweet responses back to my spirit flung,
And the air seemed a rich censor o'er which some magic hung.

Loving hands were reaching downward' each held a golden line
That touched with a strange, deep meaning some broken thread of mine:
And a bright-hued arching rainbow o'er all my path was spread,
I saw it made of smiles and tear-drops long since shed.

A casket was filled with jewels, I knew that they were mine,
Some stones I had not treasured were in that precious shrine,
And lo, things I had treasured, in hours of selfish pride,
Among the useless rubbish had all been thrown aside.

I questioned my silent leader, who had trod with noiseless feet:
Where am I? what mean these symbols—these wond'rous things I meet?
The guide ne'er breathed a whisper, in spirit simply told
That I was only wand'ring in the realm of my own soul.

"Release."

BY LEONORA.

O, Portals Eternal! draw nearer,
Life's way has been weary and long;
O heart! fain to droop by the wayside,
To await the coming of dawn.

There are loves whose voices are silent,
And hearts that have proven untrue;
Life's pleasures are only delusive,
Or fraught with the wormwood and rue.

A treasure was mine one brief life-time;
Each year made more blessed her birth,
She faded and drooped ere the blooming,
Had come to perfection on earth.

Another dear bud of great promise,
Unfolded her beauty in bloom,
And when her dear life seemed the brightest,
They carried her form to the tomb.

If friends come to me that I cherish,
They vanish like dews of the morn,
The true ones are called by the angels,
Leaving my heart sad and alone.

Oft times I have thought in my sorrow,
I had found one trusted and true,
But making new friends on the morrow,
They left my heart bleeding anew.

And now I am longing for Heaven,—
To join those who went from my side;—
Oft dreaming, I hear their sweet voices,
Calling me over the tide.

O loved ones, who have gone on before me,
Your bright souls are with me once more:
Just over the river your waiting,
To guide me across to the shore.

You bring me hope in my sorrow,
And promise a haven of peace,
Soon you'll waft on wing's of the morning,
Call for my spirit's release.

NEW THOUGHT.

Hulled Kernels.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

I cannot tell how in the voiceless silence,
 My songs are born,
 I only know they fall in sweetest cadence
 And cheer me on.

I do not see the forms of my dear teachers
 Who often guide,
 I reach my hand out mid the darkened silence
 They're by my side.

I cannot tell, while waiting in the silence
 How two souls meet.
 I only feel life's strange and mystic circle
 * Is more complete.

If one-half the time, and paper and ink, that have been invested in the effort to prove *the one God* had been used for the purpose of proving *the one Humanity*, on what a different foundation would our religious, political and social systems rest at the present time. The church sways the social sceptre, she has become the shrine of fashion; she commands the worship of the rich; is this an evidence that she is a moral or a spiritual guide? Who can truthfully deny that politics is a "chess-board for gamblers and that popular society rests on conventionalities and shams?"

* * *

Every life has some experiences, which when translated might become rare, sweet poems. Strip existence of its poetry, romance and emotion, and earth would become a mass of shapeless objects.

* * *

The under-currents of existence cannot be controlled.
 Every human construction will fall before the larger life

that bears us on. Growth and outgrowth are everywhere. The struggle for justice; the war for freedom; the bereavements that bow us low, the endeavor for better conditions, often prove our richest experiences, leading into diviner ways, forming new mental and spiritual illustrations, and yield us fresh springs of inspiration.

* * *

It does not follow because we may not be able to communicate with the inhabitants of an unseen world, that such beings and such a world do not exist. Man has always existed in an ocean of air, but for centuries, he knew no more of this air than the fishes know of the wonderful world in which they exist. "Man, with ever unfolding capacity, has not only been able to fathom the realm of the finny tribe, analyze the air in which he lives, but has pressed forward, and comprehended in a relative sense, the atmosphere beyond that in which he moves as a mortal being. The inhabitants of that atmosphere beyond mortal ken, are as tangible to him as those that people this earth, and his communication with them as real as that carried on through the agency of the electric currents between the old and new worlds. The long, dark cable that stretches its arm under the briny waters—the achievement of genius in a glorious age—can never be comprehended by the dwellers of the deep; so it is impossible for the denizens of earth—those who cannot rise out of earth's atmosphere, in a spiritual—sense to know aught of the spiritual, magnetic communication between the seen and unseen.

* * *

Sometimes we cherish an undue amount of egotism, thinking we have become the reservoir of a wonderful

amount of knowledge. We may be able to name the rocks, anatomize the animals, classify the flowers, compute the stars, and turn from our magnifying lens or telescope with a vast amount of pride over our newly acquired wisdom. How suddenly our conceit is taken from us, when confronted by the first blade of grass, that royally raises dew-gemmed in our path, and says, "tell me how I grow." No lens can ever reveal that knowledge, any more than it can the existence of spirit.

* * *

Who can reasonably deny the fact of spirit communion between loved ones in the form? Distance is no barrier, solid walls no obstacle. Thousands of miles may intervene between lovers, they meet in the deep, beautiful silence, spirit touches spirit with a blissfulness never known in former meetings; aye, they leap into each others arms, and no communing was ever so hallowed before, though thousands of miles intervene. The mother-spirit follows the darling of its love, and often the poor, misguided child is arrested from a downward path, by the spiritual enfoldment of that mother, and hears amid the breakers of a confused life the sweet mother-voice, never so potent before, "you are going wrong, my child, beware." Friend meets friend, no word is spoken, but in this wonderful, voiceless language, wrongs are righted, harsh words forgiven, life becomes richer and more complete, the two are reunited once more. Sometimes a strange loneliness hangs about us; we pause in our labors long enough to send out a cry for love, sympathy, helpfulness, and lo! gradually there comes to us as wave follows wave, a tide of restfulness, strength and peace, and afterward we receive, in some tangible way, knowledge that our longing had reached the soul-life of a congenial friend, and on the

wing of silence, a comforting thought had been sent us. Not until the problems of soul-communing and ministrations of love in this world are solved, can we rationally deny the ministry of angels from unseen realms.

* * *

In these days, when there is so much discussion in reference to hypnotism, mesmerism, psychology, etc., some one says: "to what extent ought we to use our will-power?" Before an attempt is made to answer that question, let us submit another, *to what extent ought we to use our tongue?* The wisest answer that can be given to the one question, applies to the other; *never only for a good purpose.* As the cautious person would be slow to speak when moved to anger, so would he endeavor to overcome the anger itself, lest its effect might taint the mental and moral atmosphere in a more subtle way than speech could possibly do. The person who would exert his will, save for the noblest purpose, should be considered as much of a criminal as he who would lay violent hands upon another.

"Mediums and Morality."

BY A FRIEND OF BOTH.

Having learned that Mr. Hull does not intend to answer the questions propounded by his Western correspondent, until its answer comes in its regular order, in his "Spiritual Alps," it occurs to me to offer a thought on the question. I know enough about Spiritualism to know your correspondent was right. I also know enough about the particular case referred to, to know that Mr. Hull, as he often does, allowed his heart to run away with his head, when he came to the rescue of one H.—S.—, in the *Progressive Thinker*. The charges made

against him are too true, and however broad our charity, and however good his past work may have been, we cannot now allow his acts during his drunken deliriums to ruin Spiritualism.

Catholicism believes in spirit communion—it fully understands that Spiritualism demonstrates immortality; but it so thoroughly understands the evils which so often follow in the wake of a continual submission to everything calling itself a spirit, that it forbids it. Swedenborg also found it unprofitable to spend much time with earth-bound spirits.

I have noticed that this downward tendency is almost exclusively among mediums, for certain kinds of physical manifestations, and have wondered whether spirits whose business it is to gather up material for tests and to give tests, or to produce physical manifestations, were not generally of a low, or non-progressive order? and may it not be true, that in some way they operate more on the baser elements in our natures than they do on our more intellectual and moral faculties?

As you say, Spiritualists can neither afford to deny or to ignore facts. As a starter in this direction I will make a quotation from one of the oldest and most logical platform workers in our ranks—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. In her *Unseen Universe* she says:

"I have never had occasion to modify the teaching given to me, and corroborated by many wise spirit guides, to the effect that every form of intellectual manifestation produced by spirits is operated through different portions of the cerebrum or front brain, while the physical manifestations, such as sounds and movements, are produced through the predominance of the life-principle in the cerebellum or back brain."

The above statement will at least bear investigating; and, if it is true, might we not go to work scientifically to help our mediums? Might we not save the mediums while they are saving the world?

NEW THOUGHT.

Born Again.

BY LOIE J. WINTERS.

Out of the mortal, or house of clay,
 Into the realms of Infinite day;
 The second birth, a wondrous fact,
 Will recompense all earth-life lacked.

Released from finite limits here,
 Beyond conflicting hope and fear
 Born again, where conditions rise
 Higher, because the mortal dies.

But the spirit, deathless, immortal soul
 Has gained advancement towards the goal
 Which aspiration strives to win,
 Seeking the good devoid of sin.

Onward ever, without a pause,
 Obeying only nature's laws
 Which guide intelligence to the source,
 Bestowing vital, potent force.

To shape life's problem—help to gain
 The heights of progress, till we fain
 Would oft return and seek to pave
 The way for others—help to save

Humanity as one, *en masse*,
 Not waiting for the time to pass
 Until the stern decree shall say,
 What spirit voices whispering, may

To point the way beyond the tide,
 Helping another by your side—
 Find the secret of life and happiness too,
 Is loving work where the path will woo

Into the harbor, or spiritual fold,
 Away from material greed or gold;
 Within, the kingdom of Heaven has birth,
 And all may learn its priceless worth

Latent dwells in the human heart,
 Blessed inheritance, use the part
 Heaven implanted in the soul
 While time and eternity may roll

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

IMMORTALITY,—A PRIORI ARGUMENTS.

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well,—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter
 And intimates Eternity to man.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."—*Addison*.

"There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain pre-
 sage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest
 root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most
 exalted souls."—*Cicero*.

The materialistic, or sensuous philosophy, apparently
 believes nothing that cannot be demonstrated to the five
 physical senses. Their usual argument is, "I can
 neither see, hear, or feel immortality; therefore I do not
 believe that I am immortal." It is not uncommon to
 hear such persons, in connection with such arguments
 boast of the demonstrations of science, and they often
 ask for such proofs of immortality, as scientific men
 present of their conclusions. In answer to this I will
 say, if scientific men had never resorted to *a priori* rea-
 sonings, there would be little science to-day. There are
 people in the world who can comprehend that three
 apples and five apples are eight apples, but who cannot
 comprehend that three and five are eight, when it comes
 as an abstract problem. Such are incapable of either
 making or comprehending an *a priori* argument. It was

a priori reasoning that discovered the rotundity of the earth; the same kind of reasoning led to the discovery of the continent we now occupy. The planet Uranus was discovered in the same way. So I might state many other demonstrated truths, arrived at as I believe an astute reasoner can arrive at a knowledge of immortality.

When men in the region of the equator traveled north and south and learned that a perpendicular post set up north of the equator cast a shadow north at noon, while one set up south of the equator cast a shadow south, they reasoned that the earth must be round. A measurement of the shadows, and of the digits, and their distance from each other, beside, a knowledge of the fact that at the equator such digits cast no shadows at noon, enabled philosophers to assert *a priorily*, that the earth was round, and that it was about eight thousand miles in diameter. Travels around the earth have demonstrated the truth of the *a priori* conclusions.

So the imigration of birds from this country, and drift-wood in the ocean caused the *a priori* conclusion that there was a continent somewhere, that the civilized world had not yet found. A diligent search brought a new world to view.

Two astronomers, Leverrier and Adams, each independently came to the conclusion, from the otherwise unaccountable actions of certain planets, that there must be one not yet discovered, and they told where this undiscovered world must be; the result was, Dr. Galle turned his telescope to the place indicated, and found the new world. Thus science has demonstrated over and over the necessity of *a priori* arguments.

Now, as shadows prove the earth is round; as the birds and drift-wood from other continents prove their

existence; and as the strange gyrations of Neptune proved the existence of Uranus, so, aside from what are called the spiritual phenomena, man finds in himself every day the evidence of immortality. It would require volumes to state all the arguments to which this preface opens. I can only hint at a few. William Denton said:—

"From fluid fire to solid rock, from shapeless stone to symmetrical crystal, from crystal to polyp, from this sluggish stomach at the sea-bottom to the active fish, thence to the ground-treading reptile, first tenant of the soil; then life soars in the bird, advances toward man in the brute, and reaches him only to urge him on to nobler and higher positions. We are here with this infinite past beneath us, and an illimitable future above us, and ability within us to climb the heights apparently forever. All this to drop at death back to the dust from which life has ascended only by slow steps for millions of years? We are that we may be. All the past was that we might be in the present; and the present is that future may be superior to it. Progress is not dead, nor God asleep. The ages have not sown that death or the devil might reap; neither hell nor the grave is the granary of humanity. The everlasting arms are around us; over the stream of death they shall bear us, and land us in a sunnier clime."

Prof. Denton is right; the mountain has not had all this labor to bring forth a mouse. This world is evidently only a preparatory existence. Man lives a score of years before he knows enough to take care of himself, and another score before he can really appreciate his relations to his surroundings. Nothing in the animal kingdom is really progressive except man. We talk of "educated animals," but no animal has ever been sufficiently educated to make a fire to warm by; to make his own clothes, or if he should chance to find a suit to put it on. The inventive genius in animals has never been so far developed as to make tools or to use them after they were made. Animals instinctively love life, fear death, and fight in their own defense; they know enough to slay and eat; beyond that, if one can be

taught, he cannot teach another. Here he stops; here he must stop. Yet I would not say animals are not immortal.

Man possesses higher faculties than any other animate creature, and his wants so far as is known are all supplied. If man wants water it has been provided for him; does he want food, it is to be had; is he after means to convey him rapidly from place to place, his inventive genius supplies his want; he thirsts for knowledge, and all eternity, and all the universe is his. Man's growth adapts him to another and higher state of existence; his particular thirst is for such existence. So far as is known he is the only being having that particular longing. Isaiah represents God as asking: "Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth?" Isa. lxvi: 9. Preparing man for immortality as humanity is prepared for it, causing him to spend a whole life-time in adapting himself to it, and filling him with desires and longings for a life beyond, and then annihilating him, would look very much like "bringing to the birth and not causing to bring forth."

Another *a priori* argument is found in the answer to the question, whence came man? Life, yes, *lives* and progress are all in him. Where did they come from? The old proverb, "*Ex nihil nihil fit*," is a true one. But as that argument will be presented in the "Spiritual Alps" articles, I will not present it here.

NIGHT PENUMBRATIONS.

"For God speaketh, once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in the slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."—Job xxxiii: 14-16.

Truly man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." A philosopher once said: "Man knows as little about him-

self as he knows about anything in the universe." I believe it: the older I grow the less I know about myself and my connection with the world I live in, and other worlds. I think, but how do I think? Where are my thoughts manufactured? Where do they come from to me? And whose were they before they were mine? These, and a thousand other questions, keep asking themselves; and, if one of them should chance to be answered, a dozen others immediately take its place, until I conclude that this restless *ego* is but little else than a bundle of interrogation points.

I suppose I do not differ greatly from ordinary specimens of the *genus homo*, yet I study myself with more interest than I do anybody else. I think it would take a volume of a thousand pages to hold the night-thoughts which come to me, sometimes in a single hour. I could not write them, and if I did how could I get them printed? and if they were printed who would read them?

Experiences—night-visions, and how they come, is to me a matter of absorbing interest. Could I tell them as they are, then I am sure many would want to read them; and yet how do I know but that everybody in the world has similar experiences?

Every day I grow to be more of a recluse; I find that the longer I live in the world the fewer people there are in it who interest me—the less time I take with other people the more time I have in which to get acquainted with myself. But just now I am to write on these, what-shall-I-call-thems?—penumbrations? Well, that is not a dictionary word; but I mean shadows of thought which persist in obtruding themselves.

Although these thoughts do not come in the daytime as in the night, there is generally something in the last night's penumbrations to keep me thinking all day.

usually sleep until about three o'clock in the morning, at which time I am awakened by this inspiration, which lectures and instructs me for from one to three hours. It is then I wish for the "pen a ready writer," to fasten, partly for my own use, and partly for others, the thoughts that come to me: but if I allow myself to awaken sufficiently to handle a pen I am too much myself to catch the thoughts.

After having watched these "night-thoughts," for several successive nights, on purpose to know what my condition is, I am satisfied that I am not awake—no, I mean I am not asleep. Yes, I am awake, fully awake, or, rather I am asleep, soundly asleep. There, everything in the whole business is as contradictory as that. I have many times proved that I am awake and asleep at the same time. I will say: Now I am wide-awake, talking with invisible intelligences, no, they are talking to me, and I am asleep; now I hear my heavy breathing—I am more than half snoring, but at the same time I am awake, now I hear the clock tick, there it strikes, three; yes, I am awake, but I am not awake, for I both see and hear myself sleep." I will then make a note of the noises on the street and thus prove I am awake, at the same time I will catch myself warning myself to be careful for fear I should wake myself.

I then catch myself lecturing—no, I am not delivering a lecture, I am listening to one: and while listening to or delivering a lecture, I do not know which, I am taking it all in, and at the same time debating with myself as to my condition. Ordinarily I am not a mathematician: indeed I have forgotten the little mathematics I got in school: yet these hours of sleep-waking I am a lightning calculator, the most abstruse mathematical problems—problems I never thought of before, state

and solve themselves instantaneously. Once I found myself either discoursing or listening to a discourse, or both; on the silver problem, in which in less than one minute was calculated the number of ounces, pounds and tons of silver going into the United States Treasury every day and every year; and, it was calculated, I think correctly, the weight and size of the mountain of silver now stored in Washington, as useless as the old rusty arms in Westminster Abbey.

Sometimes poems come—very fine ones, but not a line of them can I remember. If I wake enough to write them they are gone. At one time I seemed to sense the presence of both my father and mother. Mother seemed contented and happy, but father wanted me to do something for him, and to keep doing. He said I had done much for him in his old age, but now I could do much more. I asked him what I could do? He answered, I can tell best by repeating a poem I learned when I was a boy. He then repeated a very fine poem. I only remember the leading idea which occurred in every stanza; it was:

"The son is now father to the father,
And the father is son to the son."

If there ever was such a poem as that I never heard of it. If any one knows of such a poem, I would give dollars to see it. I want it as a poem, but more as a test. Did my father come and repeat that poem? is this something from my own brain, or—am I crazy?

MATERIALISTIC DOGMATISM.

It is not necessary to become a church member in order to become a dogmatist. Indeed, it is exceedingly doubtful whether Catholicism, in its most palmy days of bigoted ignorance, could out-dogmatize some of the

Materialists of to-day. H. L. Green is the editor and publisher of an able magazine in Buffalo, called the *Freethinkers' Magazine*. But some of his writers, who have much more zeal than knowledge, occasionally impose upon him. As an instance, I will cite one: T. H. Gallahan, who, in his effort to convert Spiritualists to the beautiful (?) idea that there is nothing of man but flesh, bones, blood and breath, loads his gun in such a manner, that, however harmless it may be at the muzzle, it kills at the breech.

To show the reader what I mean, I submit the following quotations, all taken from an article that would make only about a half column of ordinary newspaper matter. Spiritualism is "the popular superstition of the age." "Not being able to reason in the strait line." "The writer began the study of this *craze* way back in 1853." "They have practiced all kinds of legerdemain and call it Spiritual communication." "Spiritualism is simply a phenomenon of nature, inexplicable at the present time, but had nothing to do with disembodied spirits or the future." "Nothing but animal magnetism or mesmerism." "The solid men of sciences are not there, and never will be." "Spiritualism is a superstition that will die out, as people become intelligent." "It has been investigated so often and found to be, as before stated, animal magnetism, hypnotism, legerdemain." "Some good magazines and papers giving so much space to this *rot*." Such *silly stuff* as Spiritualism." "A Spiritualist is either a fool or a hypocrite."

It would be foolish for one who "cannot reason in a strait line," to attempt to answer the foregoing arguments, (?) but if one who is loaded down with this "popular superstition," or "craze," could be indulged in a

suggestion, I would like to know how it happens that the spiritual phenomena which "is nothing but animal magnetism, or mesmerism," is "a phenomenon of nature, inexplicable?" and, if it is "inexplicable," how does this wise man know it "has nothing to do with departed spirits, or the future?"

This great man next informs his readers that the "solid men of science are not there." More than that, they "never will be." How confidently he speaks! His prophecy rather indicates that whether Spiritualism has anything to do with "the future" or not, the opposition has. Now it occurs to a Spiritualist, who, of course, "is either a fool, or a hypocrite," to ask, what is the matter with Alfred Russel Wallace, that he has lost his position among "the solid men of science?" What has become of Prof. Crooks? Has this man ever heard of Dr. Hare? Did he know that there was a scientific man—a "solid man of science," by the name Mapes? Did he ever hear of C. F. Varley? Where would he place Zollner, Butlerof, Fechner, Scheibner, and Fichte? These men and an hundred others, equally as great, all succumbed to this "rot," this—"silly stuff." Are these men "fools," or "hypocrites?" I never was more interested in watching the actions of a monkey than I would be in reading this man's wise answer to some of these questions.

IS SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION?

I have been very gently taken to task in a private way, for something I have said, and for a statement on our envelopes, that "NEW THOUGHT is devoted to Spiritualism in its higher and more religious aspects."

That word "religious," is the "red rag" which excites the ire of the agnostic and would-be scientific bull. My

critic says Spiritualism is not a religion but a science." I answer Spiritualism is not, in the highest sense of the word, a science; leading scientists have never recognized it as such.

If Spiritualism were an exact science, there could be no more dispute about it than there could be over the solution of a mathematical problem. Although people who have investigated may not differ as to the occurrence of the phenomena, the difference as to their source, and as to their reliability and utility, is world-wide.

Spiritualism may not be a religion in the etymological sense of the word; but in the sense of the word as used by Eppes Sargent, Spiritualism is, with the proprietors of NEW THOUGHT, a religion. "Religion," said Mr. Sargent, "is the sentiment of reverence or of appeal growing out of the sense of the possibility that there may be, in the universe, a power, or powers, unseen, able to take cognizance of our thoughts, and to help us spiritually and physical."—*Sci. Basis of Spir.* p. 166.

Emma Hardinge Britten, in the *Unseen Universe*, has stated the matter about right. Her words are as follows:

"The knowledge acquired by scientific men on earth has so far enlarged the boundaries of the spirit's capacity to commune with the mortals they have left behind—that we may in time realize the long promised millennium, when the kingdom of heaven shall reign on earth, and the mere external science of spiritism shall be exchanged all over the earth for the *glorious and exalted religion of Spiritualism.*"

In the sense that Paul used the term religion where he says, "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee," Spiritualism is a religion. With me Spiritualism is a life. I try to study its ethics religiously, devotedly. Hudson Tuttle expressed my opinion of the matter when he said: "Spiritualism comes to the scientist with a new science, while to the broken hearted,

mourning over the loss of loved ones, it comes with the assurance that, beyond the grave is the grand reality of which this earth is but the shadow. Spiritualism has no creed, for it cannot formulate a dogmatic system. It is the science of life here and hereafter."

In an accomodated sense the word science can be applied to Spiritualism; but in the sense that Spiritualism is a life—a source of devotion—that it shows us our relation to one another and to the great hereafter, my Spiritualism at least is a religion.

ANOTHER CONVERT.

The converts are all very naturally coming our way. None are going from us; even those who quit our ranks and go into some of the popular pulpits, carry their Spiritualism with them. The most of them leave us because we are so thoroughly disorganized, and because of our masterly activity in *doing nothing*, except on Sunday, coming down with the almighty ten cent piece to witness for the most part, silly manifestations, and listen to bad English from ignorant spirits and half developed mediums.

I took my pen, not to say this, but to say that among the new converts to Spiritualism can now be classed that erudite and materialistic scholar, and deep thinker, B. F. Underwood.

Spiritualism, which is always breaking out where least expected, has attacked his family, and his wife, Mrs. Sarah Underwood, has become a medium for automatic writing. The writing comes under such conditions that they have both been compelled to surrender to the fact that there is, at least, an intelligence entirely independent of either Mr. or Mrs. Underwood, which produces it. They have each of them written an article for the

Arena on the subject; I believe neither of them claim to know definitely just what the intelligence is. In Mr. Underwood's article in the *Arena* for June, he says:

"I do not accept the spiritistic hypothesis, but I know of no other hypothesis that is satisfactory in helping us to explain the facts. Automatic writing belongs to a class of phenomena, the investigation of which may show that personality is larger and more inclusive than we have believed. * * * I believe that automatic writing has been an important factor in the world's religious thought and history; that in Egypt, India, and Judea it was believed to be communication divinely dictated or inspired; and that in modern times it has led to belief in special revelations, and to the inauguration of great religious movements. The phenomenon should be no longer ignored; it should be made the subject of the most careful and thorough scientific examination."

Mr. Underwood gives the *Arena* nine pages of such talk as the above. It is great improvement on his *brochure* on Materialism, published some years ago. I wonder how much, Mr. Underwood's connection with the *Religio Philosophical Journal* has had to do with his change of heart?

Appotheosis.

The last moment before going to press we receive the notice of the passage of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard to the spirit world. She peacefully and willingly exchanged worlds on the night of the 27th ult., so her publisher writes me. Her book, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist," will live as one of her best monuments.