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The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them.

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CHAPTER V.

HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY.

For whom is this light sown?—Burdens which cannot be carried through this gate—The Psalmist's opinion—The "beasts" in our nature must be tamed—Should we eat Carrion?—We do not seek exoteric Mediumship—After the unseen—We do not grow old—Paul's Estimate of the matter—Not to be Purchased with money—Many Sorcerer-Simons—The Ten treatment Bargain—Not good for Drs. and Patients to try to beat each other—The kind of Bargain to make—Why this Power is wanted.

Thus far I have tried to develop the idea that "light is sown for the righteous," and for them only. That is, that goodness of heart, purity of purpose, and a determination to understandingly work for the moral and spiritual elevation of humanity, assists in the unfolding of our latent spiritual forces; also that spirituality, that "highway," cannot be found without diligent search. That search must be continuous and unwearied, and must be made on the basis that we are God's immortal children. The seed must be planted in the ground before one has any right to expect it to grow. Each must have within himself or herself, the immortal nature of the divinity, or there is no divinity to quicken. If the

spark of divinity is not within us, the divine light cannot illuminate our pathway.

THE BURDEN AND THE WICKET GATE.

John Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," represented his pilgrim as loaded down with a burden; there was a "wicket gate," through which he must enter, and through which he could not carry his burden; by some means this burden must be unloaded. This is a beautiful illustration, and is true. In these things we may deceive ourselves, but we cannot rob our spiritual faculties and still enjoy their growth. Nor can we live in this world as though it was to be followed by no other, and as though all enjoyment was of the sensual, animal or worldly kind, and enjoy spiritual growth.

One of Israel's sweetest singers asked and answered the question as to how we can ascend these Alps, as follows:

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? he that walketh uprightly—and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh a reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved." Psa. xv.

I believe this poet knew something of what he was talking about; and while his answer may not contain all the necessary steps to be taken in making the ascent of this "hill of the Lord," I am quite sure he has enumerated nothing here that can with safety be omitted. The unrighteous, the scavenger of human character;

the backbiter; the one who reproaches his neighbor; the usurer, and the taker of bribes cannot travel this road. Truly the "gate" is "straight," and the "way" is "narrow," and "few there be that find it."

A spiritual interpretation and a personal application of Isaiah xxxv: 8 to 10 will be a great help in the work of self-examination. Here is the text:

"And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joys upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

While I will not argue that great intellectual attainments are of no assistance in this matter, I will say they are not absolutely required in order to enable one to reach this altitude. Moral and spiritual ripeness are the only tickets upon which one can travel this royal road. Through the moral and spiritual many of us will develop the intellectual. The "lions" and the "ravenous beasts," which cannot go up thereon, are animals in our natures. Our brute natures must be subdued—left behind; we must be redeemed—ransomed, before we can walk this elevated path. When we are fully "ransomed," not alone from committing selfish acts, but from the love of ourselves as mere animals; and, therefore from every gratification of the flesh; all of which can be accomplished by having the lower desires swallowed up in the higher; then, and not until then will we be prepared to walk this "highway of holiness," and therefore of

healthfulness. But while one has one lingering desire for the "leeks and onions," and "fleshpots of Egypt," he had better stay with the "grasses," "reeds," "rushes" and "dragons," spoken of in the text.

OUR FLESHPOTS.

I often wonder if the fleshpots of Egypt were worse than our modern fleshpots. It hardly seems spiritual or to tend to spiritual development, for us to kill innocent hogs, calves, sheep and chickens, just because we are hungry; especially when the land affords such an abundance of everything else to supply our hunger. It seems cruel to cold bloodedly murder innocent animals just because we are hungry, or liable to be so. It seems still worse to commit a murder on an innocent animal or fowl just for the money its corpse may contain. I have not the least doubt that when we all cease to murder innocent animals and fowls, and to make our stomachs the *necropolii* of dead beasts—in short, when we cease our cannibalism, we will develop more spirituality. Beside that, we will be better men morally and physically. I also believe that when we cease to eat that which is killed, we will cease to legally or illegally murder our fellow-beings; what a stride we will have taken toward civilization when murder is taken out of this world, and death itself shall have died.

While, individually I never kill, I find myself making all kinds of excuses for eating carrion. I keep promising myself that I will abstain from depositing dead animals in my stomach, but for some trivial reason I seldom abstain more than three months at a time. Undoubtedly this retards my progress; these Alps are not ascended in a day nor a year, it must be a life-work.

I have several times indicated that the power to relieve the body of physical disease is not the one great

thing needed or desired. Indeed, no form of exoteric or external mediumship is the goal true spiritual pilgrims seek. We are in search of the path to the summit of the Spiritual Alps; all these other things come as a result of our walking "the straight and narrow way," found only by the few. Those who see only healing power as a result of this ascension have but a limited conception of the attainments of those who reside on this "hol yhill."

WHAT DO WE SEEK?

"The great blessings we seek, though they are eternal," are here and now. Paul, who had occasional glimpses of these things, said: "We look not on the things which are seen; but on the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." 1 Cor. iv:18.

There is such a thing as a constant dwelling with the unseen; a citizenship—an every day companionship with wise ones, who inhabit the world of spirituality. This is not to be attained by the one who sees no higher use for spirituality than to send its denizens to hunting material wealth, or for any other kind of merely worldly gratification. We must rise out of merely worldly or fleshly gratification before we are tall enough to pluck and enjoy this fruit. Tennyson expresses the result of keeping all worldly and fleshly appetites under, as follows:

"And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
Nor ever touched fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
Nor owned a sensual wish—to him the wall
That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men
Became a crystal, and he saw them through it,
And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
And learned their elemental secrets, powers
And forces."

The blessings above described, and others of a similar character, are for none but the spiritually born—those who live in the spirit. They are for those who talk

without the use of such words as we use to convey ideas to one another—they are for those who see things hidden from the physical eyes; and, who so thoroughly realize and enjoy their spiritual existence that either the loss or gain of this world is a matter of small moment to them. Their bodies and all their material belongings are only adjuncts—appendages—or at the most, apparel, they have to keep in repair and in order, for much the same reason that one keeps his clothes tidy and neat.

When we all get to where this world does not seem to us the real world; and, to where pains and aches are only to be considered as soiled spots and rents in our clothing, then we may be able to see that our clothes may grow old, but we do not—then we will cease to be affected as formerly, by our material conditions and surroundings. We will then look more to the within, and less to the externals. But, as the world, “seeking after a sign,” looks after the seen—not the unseen, I must present some of the external or material blessings to be obtained as a result of this growth.

HOW PAUL ESTIMATED IT.

Paul enumerates a few of the, to-the-world, most conspicuous and obvious blessings of those who reach this altitude, as follows:

“But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man, to profit withal. For to one is given by the spirit, the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another faith by the same spirit; to another the gifts of healing, by the same spirit; to another the working of miracles—marvels—by the same spirit; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh

that one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." I Cor. xii: 7-12.

Here we discover a number of "gifts," all bestowed by this same spirit-power, or this spirituality. These "gifts" are not the power, they are only different forms of its results, or of its manifestation. I have little doubt that any one attaining to these spiritual heights can have something of all these powers or gifts, according as he has reached the point where any of them may ripen in his organism; but no one can eminently succeed in all directions at one and the same time.

You have in you the elements which, if educated, would make of you a blacksmith, a carpenter, a shoemaker, a photographer or a watchmaker; but you cannot readily develop fully in all these directions at one and the same time. Your blacksmithing would harden your muscles, and render your hands rather too rough to handle the delicate machinery of a fine watch, or to sew advantageously on fine cloth. Besides, as in the material world one has one occupation and another another, so in this upper Spiritual realm, there may be an exchange of gifts, each may pursue one line to a greater advantage, and thus all these powers may be developed in the guild or church.

NOT FOR FILTHY LUCRE.

I have known mediums, so called, who were ready and willing to promise to develop almost any person to almost any phase of mediumship for a certain amount of cash paid into their hands—in advance; in such cases the sitter seldom gets the worth of his money in anything except experience. So one occasionally meets a person, who, like Simon, the sorcerer, thinks these gifts can be purchased with money. Once upon a time one told me he was willing to pay a reasonable sum for the power of

healing the sick, just to make a little money to tide him over until something better would "turn up." I always feel to say to such, as Peter did to Simon, the sorcerer, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter, for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of *this*, thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

There is no evidence that this Simon was a bad man, but, like thousands of others he was wrong in this. His one sin was placing the thing on a money basis. He thought the gift could be obtained for money, and, undoubtedly intended to make money out of it. That was his mistake. Peter could not do anything for him for money, and asked him to pray if *this*, the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee.

I have known spiritual and magnetic healers to place the whole thing on a money basis. One said to me one time, "I am called to a new patient—a very fine lady, who lives upon the hill." I said, "Do you think you can help her?" "I don't know," said he, "she has agreed to take ten treatments." I wanted to ask him if he had made a bargain with the disease to remain until she took the full number of treatments.

When you bargain for ten treatments, you certainly extend an invitation to the malady to stay until you have given the whole ten, unless you want to treat a person who is not sick. How do you know that six or eight treatments will not be sufficient? and if that many are sufficient, why do you want to take ten? If eight or nine treatments will not cure your patient, how do you know

that ten will! Once more, I ask is there not something more mercenary than spiritual in such a bargain as that? When the doctor works the patient to see how much money he can get out of him, and the patient does his best to get out of the results of his sins at the least possible cash expenditure, then it is time a little more spirituality was developed in both doctor and patient.

THE KIND OF BARGAIN TO MAKE.

Why not bargain like this? I will give you a treatment; if I do my whole duty and you do yours, the treatment will be likely to benefit you; it may entirely heal you. If the treatment fails there is something wrong somewhere. We will each examine ourselves and try to ascertain whether the wrong is in us; if it is, we will try to purge ourselves of that wrong. Then we will try it again, and again. I will humbly and prayerfully try to do my duty by you; you will get more benefit if you will do your duty by me. Let us each, under any circumstances, throw our idols—especially our golden idols, away, and we will receive and impart more good. It will not do for either healer or patient to try to deceive this power, they will only deceive and cheat themselves in the effort if they do.

I have little doubt that many of those who are in this work “just for what there is in it,” help many of their patients through a magnetic power—an animal power; but that such persons should be trusted as healers—doctors, —teachers, I do not believe. I do think that in many instances they impart more of harm than of good. The thing wanted is not simply power, *but divine power.*

If you want the power developed in you, you want it for life—you want it for life in every sense of the word; you want it for the life of the world, you want it for a life work, because you love the world and want to see it

elevated out of its sins, its sicknesses, and its sufferings. No mercenary motive can be allowed to enter; when it does, your tendency is downward instead of upward. Truly this is a "straight and narrow way."

(To be Continued.)

Coronado.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

[The Island of Coronado, off from San Diego, California, is perhaps one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Hotel Coronado is the finest and the largest resort hotel in the world. The climate there cannot be excelled, the mercury only falling in winter time eight degrees below its summer position. Art and nature have combined to make Coronado a paradise. Mrs. Hull spent one day in the court of the hotel, and on the beautiful walks of the island and in its museum. When she returned at night she wrote it up as follows: EDITOR.]

I stood amid the rose and palm,
 'Neath the feathery shade of a pepper tree,
 Where the marguerites and lillies smiled,
 And the blue-eyed violets talked to me.
 I fancied I felt the air from the North
 As I faced the Yankee, hardy pine.
 But its neighbor whispered, "I'm from the South;
 I was born in the sands of the tropic climes."
 A little flower by the beaten walk
 Brought me a dream of New England hills;
 By its side the proud pon-zetta talked,
 And said, "I've come from far Brazil."
 Lemon and camphor, side by side;
 Their odors to passing winds were given;
 And a lowly shrub said, modestly:
 "They have christened me 'A breath from heaven.'"
 Lattice and arbor mound and wall
 Were freighted with beauty and perfume rare,
 Until it seemed at Nature's call
 The world had sent her tributes there;
 For North and South and East and West
 Were interchanging mystic speech,
 And the soul that could interpret best,
 The most of this strange life could reach.

On from the gardens, past lovely homes,
Where maidens sang and children played,
Till I reached the spot where surf and foam
In snowy billows on white sands laid.
I stood enchained on Pacific's shore
Watching the waves as by fury toss,
By the silver spray encircled o'er
'Till it scattered in jewels along the coast.

I thought, O, waves that leap and rise
Till the waters are tossed near mountains high,
While just beyond, old ocean smiles
In her calmness, wooed by the bending sky;
How like this life is the current deep,
That causes wild breakers to lash the beach,
And the madd'ning passions we blindly keep
Striving to find, yet seldom reach.

Lesson on lesson was brought to me,
As though the unfathomed deeps below
Revealed their hidden mystery
Beneath the sky's eternal blue;
And my soul illumined with strangely light
Embraced earth's whole in one kinship here,
And link on link came to my sight
From atoms on to the spirit's sphere.

I lingered until the day was told,
And Sol in parting had kissed the tide,
And left in his train a bridge of gold
That spanned from shore to the farther side;
Till the moon caressed the trembling flowers,
And the mocking-bird had ceased to sing.
And silence brooded o'er scented bowers
Like the hush of a guardian's peaceful wing.

O, precious day! for my restless soul
Had touched the throb of the great Heart—God.
Through the language of blossoms and ocean's roll
I had met the Soul of eternal Good.
The days will come and pass away,
Shaded and sunned by tear and smile,
I shall always think I walked one day
With the angels of God on Enchanted Isle.

What Have the Years Brought Me?

BY ODYSSEUS, FRATER ROSICRUCIANA.

The following true narrative was received through the process known as the *blending*, that is, coming *en rapport* with another person, either mortal or spirit, to such an extent as to "speak their speech, think their thought," and at the same time retain their own mental and individual powers—a union of two souls. Mystics, persons of an advanced state of interior illumination, recognize this phase of mediumship, yet it is not always possible for persons to enter the condition at will.

As I sit alone in my room I weary of reading, and laying on the table the volume I have been perusing, I lose myself in thought. When will my thinking end? Something whispers in my ear the one word—never. I cannot sleep. Would that I could. But the hours of another day are numbering ere sleep comes at my bidding. I sit alone communing with myself. I am not alone. I never am alone—waves, and breezes, and showers of magnetic *aura* fall about me and bring with them the sensation, the knowledge, that those who have long since gone before are with me, though unseen. My father, and my mother, and my sisters, and other dear ones are with me. They often come and are always gladly welcomed.

As I sit here in the library I am constrained to review my life and see what the years have brought me. I am yet in the prime of life, but the very best of my life has gone into the sorrowful past. No moral taint ever blotted our family escutcheon. In one of the western states, in the early days, my father met a shy, timid girl, wooed and made her his wife, and time had almost counted the half century when the Angel of Death came in and took my dear mother away with him. My father

was inconsolable. For hours he lay beside her inanimate form and mourned as only a strong man could mourn. And when the grave hid her from his sight forever, he would strew flowers upon her grave. O, how well do I remember the parting! Mother was sick but a week. None thought she was to be taken from us. But a nameless dread seized me. Something whispered "your mother will die." Ere another day had passed, mother had winged her flight to the other and better life, and we were left motherless. When mother was buried her dear hands held a bunch of snow-drops that I had placed there, for they were flowers that she dearly loved.

When mother died I was only fifteen years old, and a quarter of a century has passed since then, and brought with it sunshine and shade, sorrow and gladness. I certainly must have been a strange child. Nature had given me a temperament capable of great pleasure or great pain. I received a good common school education, and was very apt in learning lessons. I had the faculty of memorizing anything I happened to fancy. I was a Sunday school scholar and for a number of years taught a class. My father cared little for what passed for revealed religion, but was an excellent student of the religion of Nature. My mother was a Methodist, and often talked with me on various religious topics, especially original sin, the depravity of mankind, the vicarious atonement, etc. "Why mother," I would often say, "if there is a God who is so good, why does he allow the devil to run his good work? If God is all-powerful, why don't he kill the devil, or did God make the devil for purposes we cannot know? If Jesus was God's son, and died for the sins of all men, to save them, did not his dying save all who came after his crucifixion? If Jesus was God how could he be his own father, or his own

son? How can that which is washed in *blood* be made whiter than snow? If God made men and women only to torture them, why did he ever make them? God is a *devil* when he does so. I cannot believe that God could be so cruel. And, mother, I cannot understand the story of Adam and Eve. I think the serpent was a better friend to them than was God, for by the advice of the serpent they came to know good and evil, and to learn to seek after knowledge. O, mother, I *can't* believe that the death of one man will save me from all the wrong things I do. I feel, I know, that when I do wrong my conscience troubles me, and if faith in Jesus saves, my conscience would not suffer, but Jesus. Mother, there must be some awful mistake. I cannot believe as you do. Am I to be damned for what I cannot believe?"

"O, child," mother would say, "I can't answer your questions. If I would stop to study as you do, I would lose my faith. Try to believe."

About the time that I talked with mother about religious matters, covering a period of several years, I became troubled as to whether I would live again after I died. Church people said they would, but I wondered if they knew they would. Was I to live here, perhaps seventy years, and then suddenly be known no more, just as a candle burns down—down and goes out, after shedding its lustre, and giving itself for the benefit of those who need its light. If mother died would I ever see her again? Would we all pass into oblivion and be forgotten, our bodies blended with mother earth, and our minds—where? Finally, a voice, the voice of an unseen being whispered in my ear: "Cease your weeping. There *is* a life beyond the grave." I had evidence that there was another life after this. A new lease of life seemed to have

dawned upon me. I had something to live for. Yet I wondered if my life would be as I made it, or as circumstances, Destiny or Fate so made it. But I thought to do as best I could.

Our lives seemed blank for a long time after mother died. We missed her so. I continued my liberal thinking and reasoning, and finally left the church, drifted into Universalism, and in the course of time into Spiritualism. When I was seventeen years old I became acquainted with a man, the memory of whom has changed the whole tenor of my life, my Banquo's ghost, a chain that cannot be severed, linking me to the awful, painful past. He became my betrothed. O, heaven, how I loved that man! Better than life itself. And only a few weeks before our wedding day I found that he was untrue to me—not false, but untrue.

"We parted by the riverside,
The moon looked down on you and me;
The stars put on a look of pride,
The river murmured to the sea.

"O, tell me that you love me yet,
For O, this parting gives me pain,
Say, tell me that you'll ne'er forget,
For we may never meet again."

Yes, "we parted by the riverside," and that was the last song I sang for him, and I have never seen him since, but I have never forgotten him. I cannot. You who have loved and lost, you who have loved and parted through force of circumstances, or falseness or falsehood on the part of pretended friends, do you forget the love that seemed a part of your very self—your life? No, no! I sent him from me, though it broke my heart to do so. I reasoned that he was no longer mine. Life seemed suddenly blank. O, the pain, the heart-ache, the agony of that awful day. "I cannot live," I cried

and rushed to the river to end my sorrow. But an unseen hand grasped me as I was about to plunge into the water, and a voice, the voice of my mother, said: "Daughter, what will the world say?" I turned and went home, and knew no more for months. I was sick nigh unto death. My heart tried in vain to eat itself out, but in the end was vanquished. I recovered, and resolved to accept the bitter cup I had myself prepared as I believed, as I thought, for the best. Have I been mistaken? Did I do wrong? Has the chastening of years been purifying my soul and spirit for a worthy and noble purpose I know not of? Ah, heaven! Bitterly do I remember that holy injunction of old: "Whom God (Nature) hath joined together, let not *man* put asunder." Is it too late to realize and know that Love is of the Spirit and knows not death, that true marriage is of the Spirit, and not made by man?

In the years that followed life became more pleasant, and I married a man whom I respected. He is not my ideal. How could he be, when our natures are incompatible. My heart is like lead in my bosom. Children have been born to us and in them I try to be satisfied with my lot in life. I am waiting, patiently waiting for the pale messenger to take me to father and mother, whom I have longed for many times, that I might lay my weary head upon their breast and be comforted as when a little child, *and they come*.

In the years that have passed I have been a humble instrument in the hands of the spirits to communicate with mortals, and in that way I have given comfort to many weary, eager hearts and souls, I have studied science and philosophy, and phenomena. I have experienced and witnessed, and clairvoyance, and clairsaudience, inspiration and intuition have brought me closer and

closer to the invisible world I hope soon to enter. My great comfort and joy is in making my children happy. I live for them alone. My life has been spoiled—have I done it myself? Have the years brought me their wealth of knowledge along with pain, and heart-aches for what might have been? Is it God's will that knowledge comes of suffering? That the gloom that darkens our light on earth is changed to never-dying effulgence above? Is our living and loving, and suffering here, but the gateway of loving and living and happiness over yonder? Is our self-abasement and self-sacrifice here, the foundation for our castle in the Father's Kingdom? When we have done our best, and what we thought was for the best, are we to be condemned by the Great Judge (Conscience) over yonder? Are our lives here but fanciful figures, phantasms, of dreams of beings of some other world who awake when we die? Are *our* dreams the fore-cast shadows of what is to be, is, or has been? Accepting the best of all things, holding fast to all that is good, receiving what Nature tells me is true, and casting from me the false, must I say that the years have brought me discomfort, pain, sorrow and anguish of mind and body; or shall I accept what my unseen monitor sends from the Beyond: "Daughter, be not afraid. Your home in the HEREAFTER contains *all* that the years have brought you." So be it. I am waiting.

PT. MYSTERY, SHADOWLAND.

Thoughts.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

"Write to the rhythmic beat of the harmonies within thee."

Within the *holy of holies* of the real self, this rhythmic beat is found, but one must experience a tranquil or harmonious feeling in order to find this even flow that

aids the poet's pen and touches up the author's sentences, so that each may possess the pathos we experience, as we read and which holds the charm.

What lends this pathos, to music, poem, prose, or painting, aye, and sculptured art, if not a sadness, born of a forlorn love, a severed love, or some sorrow passed and not outlived, or a contrite regret? What holds a readers attention as does pictured heart throbs?

Let those throbs be for an unceasing love-hunger; for a vivid present love-joy; for an harmonious soul-friendship; a mother's grief, or her rapturous living pleasure; or for the soul's love of the beautiful in nature; all are attractive, and draw and hold the readers attention as common-place topics cannot. Do you call these themes common-place? I do not. Ah! can love and friendship, a mother's grief or joy, or a golden sunset ever be common-place events. Do you think so? I cannot.

Never were there two sunset scenes that closely resembled! Never two friends whose friendship was just the same to us! Never two mothers had grief alike, or a mother's two griefs just similar! We know two loves cannot be the very same in sweetness and intensity!

A grand, good man, noting my *penchant* for the theme, Love, wrote me: "Yes, write of love. The world is full of hearts ever hungry for love, who will read your words and bless you for them." It is true. It is also true that my pen is winning me friends; many of these, in their hunger for love; turn thus to one who draws forth their confidence through realism conveyed in words. I bless the "rhythmic throbs" of my soul which touch my pen with a pathos that cheers even while it portrays the real.

It comes to me to touch upon a great wrong, the

wrong so many are—perhaps unwittingly—following in their daily life: the wrong of living in a wedlock of pretended love. Often there is not enough kindness to lead two to pretense—yet they bear children. Greater wrong results from inharmonious union—if the word *union* can be applied—than from any cause. We often hear of the evils that are the outgrowth of intemperance. *Out of this pretense of love, greater evil grows; in fact, to this evil, thinking minds can trace the cause of nearly all evils.*

Who that stops to reflect, does not concede that without love's holy blessing, inspiring to happy thoughts and reciprocity of feeling man and woman should *never* participate in the sexual rite. If not wholly a soul-love, there should never be less harmony between the twain than two experience in a gentle, drawing soul-friendship, which will bless the participators and their offspring. A repugnance in either breast carries a blighting effect. Yet, alas! seventy per cent of the homes in our midst harbor estranged hearts held in the bondage of wedlock, so-called. O, how terrible is the consequence to humanity! There can be no real peace in these homes, no real joy in the hearts, no *purity* in the sexual intercourse. All is a hollow mockery, all a blind pretense so full of evil effect. In or out of wedlock the curse is the same.

The sex and social purity questions are being agitated. One by one thinkers are taking an interest and seeking to solve the problem as to how improvements can be brought about, with a cleansing, beneficial result. To-day we have numerous books and periodicals devoted in part and in whole to these subjects in a reformatory manner. Wrongs that have for ages been smothered—within woman's breast principally—have

been unquenched, but smoldered and, as a progressive age grants more freedom of speech, the embers are blazing, and a strong demand being made for a system that will right the condition and bless the race.

Candidly, I consider these as delicate subjects, yet of utmost importance, very much in need of a thorough cleansing from contaminating tendencies. Especially should wives and mothers be deeply interested, and who can advocate the needed reform with so little of the vulgar which many attach to any mention of the themes, as a woman possessed of real modesty, and one who would not consider any part of the "human form divine," in an immodest way—whose thoughts rise above the carnal to the heights of spiritual love.

Humbly I present my claim to these qualifications, and, seeing the great need of proper instruction, would become instrumental—as woman and inspired medium—in helping forward all true reform movements. In all sincerity I can say: I have been led into this field of work, by spirit guides. Like many another, I had given far too little reflection to these wrongs and their blighting consequences on "generation after generation." Since being led to these reflections, I have asked advice of a number of our most progressive men and women, faithful workers in the advocacy of truth and reform, and each have counseled me to press onward.

Upon these, as upon all themes, there are varied opinions presented. By agitating themes man reaches definite conclusions. I note one writer advocates separating the sexes, or, in his own words: "Men and women should be separated, dispense with matrimony, permitting the woman to decide when she wishes to become a mother, and—under proper restrictions—select her child's father, under established rules, all in private."

This is, not, never will be, satisfactory. Man and woman need the companionship of each other. Need the male and female element, the positive and negative, —but need these in harmony. I have wanted proof of a God. The thought presents: The strongest evidence existing in proof of a God—an intelligent Power—*comes in the fact that two sexes are here.*

They need each other! Let the heart speak and it will proclaim this fact. Let the soul give voice, and love is the strongest desire, leading to all aspirations lofty. Let the spirit or *ego* be heard and, that the spiritual and physical may be benefited, it will cry out for the mateing of the sex-elements.

Remember, I say mateing. There must be harmony or there is no benefit, but injury; no mateing, but awful curses to follow. Only in a soul-love or strong soul-friendship is there real mateing, and no need of restrictions, for these are not carnal. Alas! how little is harmony considered where matrimony, so-called, is under consideration.

And true it is that love's antipode leads many into thralldom and darkens many homes, cursing the race. 'Tis this false claim that requires guarding, preventing future wrongs of like nature, and leading to true reform.

I agree, to an extent, with the writer quoted. I would give to woman the right to select, and to accept motherhood. She has the care and pangs. But, where true harmony exists, I believe health would be an established fact, care and pangs removed, and *unwillingness* governed by the soul's behest. How is this desideratum to be established?

As long as ignorance rules, the error will remain; freedom of choice will be restricted; because bondage is legalized before the soul usually makes its choice. In

matrimony, as in religion, reason has little place, and one accepts or enters upon each because of influence from outsiders.

While these themes are being discussed with more freedom, yet social opinion is so false that one must be brave to face the sneers of those *who do not think deeply*. Even the government has a power that may remove your freedom, if you dare to work for an unpopular reform. When a friend—whose face I ne'er have seen—penned me these words, to-wit: "I have often thought what would transpire if we had plenty of independent, outspoken women like yourself, of your intellectual acumen, that cannot be badgered and scared," I thought, possibly I am brave. However, I would not be brave if I did not confess, each time I pen words on social-purity and sex-ethics, that it requires something of a battle with old, narrow false-modesty, ideas I am striving to outrun. And then I say: *Yes, soul, I will have the moral courage to advocate that which I grow to see as truth.*

It is claimed, by one of my spirit friends, that "the mingling of forces and secretions with one who is congenial, is disease producing," and that "perfect respect and 'one accordance' should alone lead to so sacred an enactment of the law of nature in this demand on two." This is surely sound logic. The world dishonors the woman who "falls," calling her by hard names and shunning her, but who of us cannot speedily recall more than one married couple where we know the woman can feel little or no respect, yet, by bearing children, we know she sinks as low or lower than the poor soul she scorns.

What facts reflection presents! Then is there not need of reform and an increased number of earnest workers. My soul sends forth a plea for silent help, that I may aid.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Anthropology.

BY MARY L. MCGINDLEY.

This is one of the most important of all branches of learning, but since the christian era, has received very imperfect consideration. The church has regarded the intellectual faculties as within its exclusive jurisdiction; that the mind was designed by God to be moulded and fashioned so as to conform to religious dogmas, and it inculcated the conviction that thought touching the religious inclinations of the intellect not in strict conformity with the creeds was a serious transgression of the laws of the Creator.

Notwithstanding the progress of civilization the necessities of orthodoxy have rendered an impartial investigation of the attributes, qualities and capacities of the human mind virtually impossible. This will be seen in the fact that a uniformity of belief of what the church denominates "essentials" form really the basis of the whole system, and the maintenance of the rational view, that as all minds are dissimilar, and when properly cultivated must entertain different conceptions of each given proposition, rendering such unanimity inconsistent with the natural constitution of the mind of mankind, has been justly regarded by ecclesiastics as inimical to the propogation and establishment of the Christian faith.

As above indicated, each mind is differently constituted, rendering it impossible for such standard or creed to be formed as can justly demand an equality of faith from enlightened people. In addition to this, religious belief in creeds results almost exclusively from education. The Mohammedan, taught as he is, believes that the Koran is a sacred book; that the religion established

by Mahomet is divine, and that all other religions are erroneous; the Catholics believe in the infallibility of the Pope and his church councils; the protestant believes in the infallibility of the Old and New Testaments; and the various sects of protestantism regard their respective creeds as true embodiments of the essential teachings of the Bible; requiring their adherents to believe in an unquestioned way in the truth and binding force of such dogmas. Indeed, a casual examination of the framework of the religious superstructure of the world will make the conviction irresistible, that submissive belief without the exercise of the various elements of the intellectual faculties is the chief corner stone of the respective religious organizations, and that belief therein is purely a matter of education.

It will not be denied that the enforced uniformity of religious belief has been one of the most prolific sources of ignorance and oppression. The learning of antiquity was almost wholly destroyed by the clergy, in order to obliterate from the minds of the descendants of the cultivated people of that age broad and noble principles of liberty and justice. In fact, they virtually accomplished this result, for from the time of Constantine until the sixteenth century, general education was prohibited in Europe through a blind faith, and a uniform religious system was secured. Europe was so steeped in ignorance during that period, as to be even destitute of schools in which to give the rudiments of an education to her rulers, such rulers being the vassals of the church; the church anointed their heads, thereby giving them the divine right to rule, and they, in return, bestowed or rendered homage to the church. There can be no controversy as to the fact that this purpose to produce uniformity of belief during the dark ages caused the slaugh-

ter of millions of human beings, and placed the bodies and souls of the masses under the absolute government of tyrants and inhuman butchers. The Spanish inquisition, and the no less cruel persecutions inflicted by the Catholic church in other countries, in modern times, were the fruits of that implacable purpose to destroy free thought, by the perpetuation of a uniform belief.

The protestant sects have committed the most fearful crimes in order to compel the people to accept their dogmas without question. The murder of Michael Servites at Geneva, at the instance of John Calvin, because he maintained there was but one God; the terrible persecution meted out to Catholic and protestant dissenters by English monarchs for over two centuries, which religious ostracism drove the Puritans to New England, the proscription inflicted by the Puritans upon the Baptists, Quakers and those instruments of the Spirit world, denominated witches, exhibit in an unmistakable manner the awful crimes that have been inflicted upon humanity through orthodox purposes and policies for the establishment and maintenance of a uniform religious faith.

The baneful fruits of this tyranny of the church is visible in every department of life. Its emissaries are always attempting to subvert, if not destroy, free government. They thrust themselves in our common schools as well as our higher institutions of learning, to the end that the fallacies of their dogmas and creeds might not be demonstrated by impartial education. While religious liberty is guaranteed by our Constitution, they manage to force their services as chaplains in our legislative assemblies.

No mind can estimate, or pen portray, the unparalleled suffering and woe that the human family has suf-

ferred, through the maintenance, upon the part of the church, of a uniform Christian faith. Happily, the progress of impartial learning is gradually releasing the people from this giant wrong, in spite of the power of the clergy.

The basis and attributes of the intellect of the race is being analyzed and properly estimated, and its vast and unbounded capabilities are now generally recognized.

The numberless inventions and discoveries during the last forty years, revolutionizing, as they have, former methods of labor and channels of thought, have conspired to weaken the chains that bound the mind and conscience of the masses to their clerical governors.

Almost numberless agencies have contributed to this result; but the most potent and powerful instrumentality has been our system of free education, through which scientific learning has been disseminated, producing, as it has, an investigation into the real foundation upon which orthodox christianity is based. It is needless to say that the Mosaic account of creation, including the fall of man and what is denominated a "plan of salvation" through the blood of a murdered, innocent man, cannot withstand the crucible of impartially cultivated reason. That system of culture which looks alone to specific rules for the demonstration of truth is in constant antagonism with that submissive and unquestioned faith which the church demands. Hence the rapid extension of progressive free thought, which is disintegrating all religious sects and combinations. In our own great country cultivated people are ignoring and discarding the beliefs that were once regarded as essential to salvation; for they can but recognize the scientifically demonstrated functions and elements of that God-like intelligence that is incarnated in the race, and the im

possible assumption that the Creator deputed a priesthood to prescribe creed and dogmas opposed to human reason, the belief in which alone will grant an immunity from punishment in an endless hell.

Indeed, the clergy are beginning to comprehend this truth, and are now modifying their demands, in what they term an essential belief; for they well understand that notwithstanding their efforts to subordinate the minds of the people to their uses, enlightened reason is gradually undermining the sandy foundation of that colossal religious system that has domineered for so many centuries over humanity.

Who can doubt that modern Spiritualism is a grand and controlling factor in this auspicious revolution? While it is destitute of organization or creed, it tolerates the widest differences of opinion; has no combined or denominational wealth, or concerted action among its adherents; it carries the banner of free thought and universal progression into all the dominions of bigotry, ignorance and despotism; its angelic phenomena appealing, as they do, to the consideration of the learned as well as the unlettered, to the wealthy and to the humble poor;—in short, it demonstrates truths demanding peremptorily the adhesion of the critical and cultivated reason of mankind, its unparalleled and ultimate triumph is assured.

We can well comprehend the fact that well cultivated and enlightened people have a closer affinity to the spirit world than the gross and undeveloped, and that unbiased education of the mind and conscience is rapidly bringing the liberal minded of all lands into a more intimate relation with those invisible messengers, who are laboring for the moral and intellectual unfoldment of the best attributes of the human soul.

Let us be true to our convictions of what is right, as we are given to understand it; to the end that we may be co-workers with those lofty spirits who are laboring to aid us in the preparation of grand and beautiful mansions for our occupancy in the "Summer Land."

DULUTH, MINN.

Hulled Kernels.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

There is a kind of namby-pamby goodness that passes for virtue, and persons possessing it are often spoken of as "never having an enemy in the world." Some persons never have an opportunity of becoming bad, are never tempted, have no passions to overcome, no weaknesses to out-grow. The truly virtuous are those who resist temptation, and the morally strong are those who, under bad conditions, can rise into the atmosphere of a pure, sweet life. It is no sign of goodness or greatness in an individual that no one speaks ill of him. Individuality in a living man or woman is condemned while the world glories in the individuality of departed heroes.

* * *

Let us be honest, yes, honest with ourselves. We are never more deceived than when we undertake to deceive some other, and the greatest fool of all is the one who fools himself.

* * *

I am sometimes led to inquire if a greater part of the fault-finding and grumbling we meet are not caused by some derangement of stomach or liver. I used to think when I was on the invalid's list—and it seems ever so long ago—that this was a dreary old world, and shall I

say it, that good people were scarce, but since I have grown into health, the world to me has undergone a wonderful transformation. It is beautiful in sun or shadow, and in whatever season, and seldom do I come in contact with a person that I do not sense some good attributes. Probably my friends are no more kind or patient with me than they were in my days of physical weakness, but they seem thus, and I am sure my own condition modifies everything in life. I do not even harbor ill thoughts in connection with those who act as though they would injure me. I conclude there may be something wrong with their liver, and pass on.

* * *

A Query:—Women are reading and thinking as in no age before, they are grappling with thought problems that have for years busied the brains of the sterner sex. Clubs have been organized to promote study and make helpful conditions for growth; when men are thus engaged why are they called "Investigators in the domain of Science," and when women take up similar work why is it said, "The women have a fad?"

* * *

Another:—Why do some reformers put so much stress upon the words, "Woman's Cause." Is not woman's cause man's cause and *vice versa*? Woman does not demand a stronger *legal* protection, but the moral protection of brave, strong, pure minded men. Together they must be, bond or free.

* * *

There seems to be a strangeness in the fact that poetical writers can scarcely be rightfully judged by their effusions. For instance, the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was a homeless wanderer; the author of the "The Old Oaken Bucket" is said to have sold that gem for a tankard

of ale. One of the brightest, happiest young poets I ever knew, always wrote in a minor key. One of the happiest wives and mothers I ever met, wrote a poem on "Desolation," that never failed to unseal the fountain of tears when it was read, and the general idea among those who did not know the author, was that her soul knew nothing but despair. What a bundle of contradictions we are!

Bible Statistics.

My friend, Mr. A. Rigby, of Upper Stillwater, Maine, has a brother in Mexico, who until lately was a devout Christian, and who believed the Bible so thoroughly that he used it as a kind of *fetich*, but said brother, in hunting for arguments to defend the Bible, found himself treed, and has renounced its claims to being a truthful record; albeit it may be inspired. Mr. R. has handed me two of his brother's late letters and given me the privilege of making extracts from them. There are only two methods of possible explanation: one is to say the stories are not true, the other is to give them a spiritual interpretation.—[ED.

"This earth has been extensively explored, and, as yet no place has been found corresponding to hell or heaven. From all accounts neither place is so small as to be likely to be overlooked; though all accounts of the latter place indicates that it is high up in the skies; if so, where and on what is it founded? It certainly requires a strong foundation, for in Rev. xxi, we have its dimensions, and of course they must be correct. But I am at a loss to know how he got up there to measure it; especially how did he measure the height! Twelve thousand furlongs is pretty high to climb, especially with a measuring reed. John, also measured the Throne of God, but either lost

his note book, or forgot to give us its dimensions, as you will observe by reading the eleventh chapter of Revelation. For the present we may assume the Throne and Court to be equal to half of Heaven. Now we find by scriptural measurement a furlong is 145 paces, and five English feet equal to one pace. Now 12,000 furlongs will be equal to 8,700,000 feet; if squared it will contain 75,690,000,000,000 square feet. Allow one-half the city to be devoted to streets, we will have 37,845,000,000,000 square feet. John says the streets are paved with gold, but omitted to say how thick the paving was. If we assume the paving to be only one-eighth of an inch thick, this reduced to cubic feet leaves us to wonder where all the gold came from, for, to pave the streets of a city of that magnitude one eighth of an inch thick would require 394,218,750,000 cubic feet, or, at \$20 per ounce, \$352,235.50 per foot, making a total value of the gold in the streets or \$138,857,838,515,625,000. This is many thousand times the entire wealth on this earth. We can only comprehend these figures by another calculation. If possible to take this number of cubic feet and lay them in a line, they would reach a distance of 74,662,642 miles, or if laid around the earth it would make a band one foot thick and 2,986 feet wide.

"It is fair to suppose that the throne and ornamentations would require half as much more. This being the case, how rich in gold must the sphere of that city be; and how many thousand smelters and rolling mills would it require to make all that gold into plates or sheets for paving?

"Again, since this city was builded on some celestial sphere, how did John get there to measure it? Did he have a ladder reaching from Patmos? If so, how long would it take him to climb it?

“Again, I would like to know how Satan, when cast out of heaven, could fall to earth? According to the laws of gravitation he would fall back to the same sphere unless hurled with sufficient force to carry him beyond the influence of its gravity, in which case he would be attracted by the gravity of the nearest planet, and if that planet should happen to be Mars or Jupiter, then the devil has not yet reached the earth, nor will he for some time to come.”

The second letter discusses Jonah and his whale, as follows:

“‘So Jonah arose and went into Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord. Now Nineveh is an exceeding great city of three days’ journey.’

“After remaining three days and nights in the fish, he was vomited out on land. It would be interesting to know what kind of a fish this was. It could not have been a whale for it is well known that whales do not swallow large bodies. Since Mr. Jonah ‘cried out in the belly of hell,’ it may be inferred that that was the only fish of the hell species. There is no record of any other having been seen. After three days and three nights, the gentleman was vomited on dry land. Then the Lord commanded him to go and preach in Nineveh, that city being three days’ journey from the vomit. The distance from the nearest point on the Mediterranean coast across the country to Nineveh is over 500 miles. The text does not state the mode of travel. If Jonah went on foot he was a good walker. Judging from the average speed of buros at the present time, he would make about twenty miles per day. This would require twenty-five days to make the journey. But if this hell-fish had thrown him up on the banks of the Tigris, he—the fish—would have been compelled to double the Cape of

Good Hope, making a distance of over 12,000 miles through the Persian Gulf, then up the river 500 miles to spew Jonah up within three days' journey of Nineveh, or altogether a swimming rate of 4,166 miles per day. To perform that rate of speed that *sucker* must have had a power equal to a 20,000 horse power engine.

"When Jonah had preached in Nineveh, he went out to rest. It was very kind of the Lord to cause a gourd to grow up at night to shade him from the sun, but rather remarkable that he should manufacture a worm to destroy the gourd the next day. What became of the gentleman after the gourd was destroyed the book saith not."

Juliet H. Severance, M. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY MATTIE A. FREEMAN.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance was born in De Ruyter, N. Y., on July 1, 1833. Her father, Walter F. Worth, was a native of Nantucket, a Quaker cousin to Lucretia Mott. Her mother, who is now living and bright at the very advanced age of ninety-two, was a school teacher, a strong character with a jolly, social nature. At the age of thirteen, Juliet went from home to attend the De Ruyter Seminary.

While at this institution, under the influence of a revival meeting, and charmed with music, a thing unknown in Quaker meetings, which she had previously been in the habit of attending, she was converted—psychologized—and joined the Baptist Church, to the disgust of her parents. The following Spring she began teaching school, which she continued summers, attending school winters until she finished her course. In early life her health was very delicate; this led her

to study hygienic methods of treatment, by which she became strong and robust, the fact of which caused her to accept that method of treating disease. After a three years' course of study with a physician, she went to New York, attending college and receiving the degree of M. D. in 1858. Previously to this she had become interested in the anti-slavery, temperance, and woman suffrage movements, had attended and spoken at several conventions, and was also an advocate of the abolition of the death penalty. She commenced practice in Dewitt, Iowa, and the innovation of a "female doctor" caused the eight "regulars" there to unite in a crusade against her. She gave lectures on health and denounced drug medication, challenging her opponents to show any good reason why they should give a sick man, with a view of cure, that which would make a well man sick. While in college she chanced to meet a spirit medium, who gave her tests of such a character, that to her they were incontrovertible evidence of spirit's return and communication, and entirely upset her theological views.

She was soon developed in clairvoyance, clairsaudience, trance and other forms of mediumship, and has lectured on Spiritualism in nearly every State in the Union. She avers Spiritualism includes within its philosophy every thing that is of use in human development. After leaving college she read her first liberal book, which was "Paine's Age of Reason;" this took her outside the pale of the church. She then became a student of Darwin and Huxley, and embraced the theory of evolution. She wrote a book on "Evolution in Earth and Spirit Life," which has been through several editions. In 1862 she moved to Whitewater, Wis., where she very soon had a fine practice, introducing her system of treatment by lec-

tures there, and in various places in the vicinity. The following year she gave her first lecture on Social Freedom; at that time it was a terrible heresy to announce, as she did, that "a loveless marriage is nothing more or less than legalized prostitution, yet our moral society compels its married prostitutes to remain in their sins, while those in the same loveless relation outside, are trampled under the feet of these self-righteous Pharisees in the same unholy calling." She claimed love to be the only proper foundation for the relation of the sexes. Instead of being hissed, as she expected, tremendous applause greeted the close of her speech.

In 1865, at a convention of physicians in Minneapolis, she, being chairman of a committee on resolutions, introduced a resolution favoring magnetism as a therapeutic agent. Some of them were very much alarmed at the proposed innovation, afraid the "cause" would be injured by the impression going out that they were mixed up with Spiritualism. Dr. Trall, who was chairman of the convention, said: "Never mind the 'cause'—is it true or not, is the great question." On the following day, however, the bomb exploded in the following: "Resolved, that slavery in any form, whether to public opinion, fashion, appetite or passion, is detrimental to health, and that freedom in all the relations of life must be secured before mankind can be freed from disease and suffering." A graphic scene followed, but after a full day's discussion the resolution was adopted. It must be remembered that this was nearly thirty years ago, and but little had been said on such subjects at that time. In 1869, at Sterling, Ill., I believe the first Fourth of July oration ever delivered by a woman was given by Dr. Severance, and her great theme at the time was a demand for a sixteenth amendment to the

Constitution enfranchising woman, which was ably argued.

In 1878, at a State Convention of Spiritualists, of which she was president, holding the office for several years, she gave a lecture on the "Industrial Problem." This was subsequently published, and at the time pronounced a revolutionary document. As a parliamentarian and presiding officer, Dr. Severance has few equals, combining quick perception, tact, and power to command; hence she has been called to fill such positions on many occasions—has been the President of the State Association of Spiritualists from three to five years each, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota—was elected in 1880 to fill the position of first Vice-President of the Liberal League in place of Colonel Ingersol, who resigned, in which position she was often called to relieve the President, the venerable Elizur Wright, from his arduous duties as M. W. of the K. of L. For three consecutive years she was honored and loved, and "progressive assembly" was noted throughout the state for its practical educational work. For three consecutive years, from its very inception, Dr. Severance has been president of the "Liberal Club," of Milwaukee, an organization for the discussion of all questions, and calling together the best minds of the city. This club was the best attended meeting in Milwaukee, and owed its success largely to her efforts, and no speaker draws the immense crowds Dr. Severance did when advertised to lecture.

In the arena of politics the doctor has figured quite conspicuously, having been elected to represent her Congressional district in three presidential nominating conventions, and at the Union Labor Convention at Cincinnati, in 1888, she introduced the woman

suffrage plank, and by an eloquent speech carried the convention, which almost unanimously adopted the following:

"The right to vote is inherent in citizenship irrespective of sex."

The editor of the *Chicago Express* said: "Dr. Juliet H. Severance drove a golden spike in the Union Labor platform, which ought to immortalize both her name and the convention which sustained her." Twice her D. C. elected her delegate to the G. C. of the K. of L., where she was an acknowledged power in the line of progress. As a controversialist the doctor has few equals, and has met many prominent people, both on the platform and through the press. After a long and spirited discussion through its columns, between the doctor and another able writer, on the woman suffrage question, the *Milwaukee Telegraph* contained the following truthful statement: "However much one may differ with Dr. Severance in opinion, all must admit she is a large brained, well informed, earnest, fearless woman; and like the old guard she will never surrender."

Her writings and eloquent advocacy of freedom of speech and of the press should be remembered with gratitude by all lovers of liberty. In her book, entitled, "A Discussion of The Social Question, between Juliet H. Severance, M. D. and David Jones," I find the following pithy paragraph which will explain her attitude on paternal legislation.

"Morality must come as a result of organization and development, and not by legal enactment. You may pass as many laws as you please against stealing, and the born thief will act out his nature just as surely as a born humanitarian will his, and the hope of the world lies in a thorough understanding of the laws of heredity,

the laws of sexuality, upon which this is based, and the proper culture of the individual. Legislation can have nothing to do with these except to stand in the way of investigation. A law punishing a person for inheriting scrofula, the result of antenatal conditions, is as just as is one punishing a thief, or a licentious person for their inherited conditions; all our unfortunate organizations, manifesting themselves in sickness, crime and misery are the results of our ignorance of the laws governing parentage; and the world is groaning with untold agonies in consequence, and yet you and your like stand ready to crucify anyone who dares agitate this question, and how are we to educate except through agitation?"

Dr. Severance has no fear of public opinion and speaks what she believes, if she speaks at all—which she is sure to do if oppression of any class comes to her notice. In an oration on "Thomas Paine," given before the Chicago Secular Union soon after the hanging of the Anarchists, alluding to the different martyrs and their opinions, she said: "Never did martyrs meet their fate so heroically. Jesus of Nazareth in his agony cried out: 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' But Spies' last words were: 'The time will come when our silence will be more eloquent than the voices you strangle to-day,' while Parsons' pathetic prayer was: 'Let the voice of the people be heard.'" As a sample of her word painting I will quote her closing paragraph: "Friends, we are here to-day under a more despotic tyrant than was George III. This monarch robs manhood of his independence, and fastens fetters on the limbs of labor. He steals from the people their homes, driving them into dark and filthy abodes, into whose grim and damp apartments no ray of sunshine ever enters. He steals the bread from the mouths of

babes, and compels them to perish of cold and hunger. He grinds the flesh and bones of men and women and little children, and converts them into palatial homes and bank accounts. He fattens on the misery he creates, and is deaf to the cries of his victims. This heartless monster is sustained by Church and State. The priest in the pulpit, the judge on the bench, and the press of the country are subservient to his decrees, and help to forge the fetters he uses. His name is "King Monopoly," and we need a thousand Paines and Jeffersons and Franklins to help deliver the people out of his clutches."

Besides her public work, which has been continued and arduous, the doctor is an excellent housekeeper, and a most devoted mother, idolized by her two sons and lovely daughter. The doctor has been a resident of Chicago for the past year, and is located at No. 2 Warren Avenue.

All Woman Needs is a Chance.

M. M'CLELLLEN BROWN, IN THE SOWER.

The topic suggested is very fruitful of thought. In common with the rest of humanity, woman's absolute needs are five: food, clothing, shelter, rest, recreation. All else is relative. It is presumed that woman receives her share of these requirements under the ordinary administration of nature and civilization. To deny this would lead us into the field of special reforms.

We prefer to look at some need which pertains to the class—woman. Something which she has not, and, in the nature of things, ought generally to enjoy; something which is limited or debarred on account of sex; something which should be attainable by every intelli-

gent woman on the ground of womanhood—a fundamental relation to race-nurture and race-aims. That important need of woman is

OPPORTUNITY.

1. To have a good body.
2. A liberal education.
3. A conscious freedom of activity.

The general want of a good, healthy, vigorous body among woman is not all the fault of dress, nor the sin of mother. The brothers of tender, frail, unhealthful woman, may be strong, robust and healthful because of better opportunity for the development of physical powers. A generous philanthropy provides opportunity for even the strangers in our cities to enjoy the facilities accorded to young men for physical culture. But customs—social, civil and institutional—discourage woman's effort to develop a good body. She needs a body sound in all its functions, disciplined in all its movements, strong in all its muscles, flexible in all its articulations, and graceful in all its relations, neither corpulent from inactivity nor attenuated from useless worry—a body that is a perfectly manageable instrument of the supreme law-giving will of the woman who lives in it. Great is the human body in which the elements of the universe flow in solution—a living, cosmic tide to kindle the brain, to steady the nerve, to warm the heart, to thrill the being of woman as well as man.

The liberally educated woman is a rare product of the vast educational systems of our own boasted land (though the number in this country is larger than in any other). The limited time in college, the great number of subjects imposed, the false conception of requirements, the scanty provisions for the most liberal development of woman's powers can be accounted for only by

the fact that men hold the purse and use its contents chiefly for men.

Of the 600,000 young ladies in Ohio, only 5,000 are in college. Forty-one thousand are in factories. No needed work is dishonorable, but what preparation have these factory girls for dominating homes of Ohio in the next era? What bodies? What brains? What free skill to guide the coming citizens into responsible avenues of duty?

Sixty-five per cent of all the teachers in the United States are women—many of them very imperfectly prepared for the great work entrusted to them.

Most of them are engaged because woman's superior vitality and sacrificial spirit enables her to accomplish over-work for under-pay. They succeed. Yes, for fidelity makes friends and tact supplies many a defect of skill, and governing is woman's native province. In view of woman's universal province as a teacher of the race, she needs the opportunity for broad, physical development.

She needs that expansion of soul which gives to her warm nature independence of sense—impulse! A degree of knowledge which gives the will efficiency, strength, mastery, and gives to the legal sense right aims. Let woman develop a full conscious freedom—inner power to scorn popular opprobrium and walk in the path of right alone if need be—personal force for all the aims and ends and circumstances of life; intelligent skill for self-support, or self-dependence for all material wants.

Thus woman would be no longer a slave of custom whether right or wrong; a dupe of fashion whether suited or unsuited; a parasite of greatness whether true or false; a toy of men whether noble or ignoble; a lobby-

ist for her liege lord whether wise or silly; a pack-horse for the church whether represented or unrepresented.

From all these forms of slavery woman cannot be free until men concede rational freedom to the high prerogative of human destiny as involved in woman's consciousness. History is but the story of a man's upward lift to conscious freedom. In all this woman has been the minister of destiny—"the servant of all"—unfolding the essence of that divine principle of who shall be first and "chiefest."

As "Servant" woman has drawn the divine concept across the human pathway, lighting it Godward. The dominance of the animal over the psychical, resulting in subordination of woman to the ends of animal life, was a great "fall," but the coming "heel" of woman is heard in the dim consciousness of men like a portentous oracle of doom. Meanwhile the soul of woman is evolving the mystery of life—the at-one-ment by sacrifice. Her soul attuned to the harmonies of nature and of God, reflects the eternal sonship, while men live on consciously reflecting the physical world. She is exalted by obedience to the law of love which is never at variance with the law of life.

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

"O, woman, great is thy faith," and the silent forces of the Unseen are at work in thy interest, that thine freedom may have fuller expression. Thine impulses have given a womanly trend to all movements—an upward direction toward the the blue spaces of infinite betterment. Physical science, social science, educational and sanitary measures, press, people, powers show mercifulness to animals, men and nations.

A new devotion to humanity shows Abou Ben Adam's

path to heaven. It is the witness of God with men—Immanuel.

“Be reverent, oh man; put thy shoes off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy.” The burning bush, the perpetuating power of life in the race is the omnipresent ardor of woman upon whose breast all humanity is warmed into vitality and power. If any difference of opportunity be accorded, let it be in favor of humanity’s mother, teacher, lover—woman.

EDITOR’S PORTFOLIO.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ORGANIZATION.

During the last year I have received so many written and verbal requests for a few words on organization, that I have concluded to answer all in this public manner. Organization is needed in everything, and every where from a schoolboy debating club up to the building of a railroad or the running of a government. The power of the church to-day is not in its doctrines, but in its organization. If it were not for organization, the doctrines of the churches would kill every one of them inside of six months. Spiritualists are losing power every day and wasting much good ammunition, by their go-as-you-please-hap-hazard-bushwhacking plans, or rather their no-plans of work.

Some object to organization because the churches are organized; as well object to working or to eating or sleeping because church members do these things. Admitting that the churches are bad and are organized for bad purposes, is that any reason why good people should not organize for a good purpose? The fact is a lack of organization, and of concentrative effort has made Spiritualism a by-word and a hissing in the estimation of many good people.

I believe in organization, and in selecting as workers those who are capable, and whose lives will be an ornament to their profession. In selecting speakers and mediums to represent us to the world, we should choose those whose talent, aptitude and inclination to the ministry fit them for the work; then, I believe in ordaining such to the work. The church or society and the ministry, whether speakers or mediums, should have an interest in, and a watchful care over each other. It is but right that speakers and mediums, going out as "sheep among wolves," should have the moral support of a responsible society behind them. Old and well known workers may not need this moral backing, but those who are young and comparatively unknown in the cause do. Certificates of ordination should be given to every worker, and then a yearly license should be furnished them; this would enable worthy speakers to show their standing up to within a recent period. Where a person proves unworthy or incompetent, societies should be careful about renewing their endorsement. We cannot be too particular who we send out to represent Spiritualism to the world. We should always remember the world always judges Spiritualism by the ability and the moral standing of its evangelists.

It would be no harm if Spiritualists chose to go farther and get out a book or books of a few forms and ceremonies, for a kind of guide, to be modeled after baptismal, marriage and funeral services. I have come to where I see a beauty and a utility in all such services, when properly and impressively conducted. So I do in dedications of halls where our meetings are to be held, and of our dwelling houses. Nor would I object to some kind of service in joining the organization.

These things cannot in this article be argued; I can

only state them; future articles will, if desired, furnish an outline of the arguments in support of the positions here taken.

As for the name of a society, that, as all other matters, should be governed by a majority vote of its members. Individually I have no objection to the word "church;" the word signifies a body of people assembled, who believe the same things, and who observe the same rites. While the church is always an association, all associations are not churches. People can associate to build railroads or for any other purpose, but an association of those who believe the same things, and observe the same rites, no matter under what name, is always a church.

I like the word Evangelist, and Evangelical. Those words help in the estimation of the world. They help in obtaining the benefits we are justly entitled to from railroads and other corporations. An evangelist is one who brings good news, or announces glad tidings. If Spiritualism is not glad tidings, what is?

The name "Church of Evangelical Spiritualists," or "Evangelical Spiritual Association," or "Church of the Spiritual Era," or "Church of the New Era," or something of that kind would suit me. I do not suggest these as names that must be adopted. I simply offer them as samples. Spiritualists should be more after the association—the co-operation, than after any particular name.

"For creeds and modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

HOW TO ORGANIZE.

Issue a call to all in sympathy with the movement to meet at some convenient place; choose a temporary chairman and secretary; then draw up and sign a kind

of preamble, as a basis on which to work. The following is suggested as a form.

“We, whose names are here signed, form ourselves into a society (or church), and we hereby agree to associate together as a band of brothers and sisters, and to strive to help each other in the investigation and practice of those truths calculated to elevate us morally and spiritually. Further, we promise to strive to be mutual helps to each other in times of need and adversity, and to meet together at convenient seasons for mental and spiritual improvement.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I. *Name.* This society shall be known as the ———(here insert whatever name may be agreed on.)

ART. II. *Membership.* Any person in sympathy with the objects of this association (or church, as the case may be), and willing to abide by its constitution and by-laws, and to assist in its work can become a member by signing its constitution and paying not less than ———into its treasury; and such membership can be renewed from year to year by the annual payment of——

ART. III. *Officers.* The officers of this association (or church) shall consist of a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and treasurer, and a board of seven trustees, four of whom shall be the four officers already mentioned.

ART. IV. *Duties of officers.*

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the president to call, preside at and keep order in all the meetings; to see that announcements are made, and to countersign all orders drawn on the treasury.

Sec. 2. In the absence of the president, or at his request one of the vice presidents shall perform the duties of that officer.

Sec. 3. The secretary shall keep the records and books,

and conduct the correspondence of the association.

Sec. 4. The treasurer shall take charge of all the property and money of the association, and shall pay the money out only on an order drawn on the treasury, signed by the secretary and countersigned by the president.

Sec. 5. The Board of Trustees shall conduct all the business of association as it shall be instructed by the association in its business meetings.

ART. V. *Amendments.* Any article of this constitution can be amended at any time by a two-thirds vote of all the members present at any meeting of the association, providing the proposed amendment shall have been submitted in writing, and the announcement that is to be voted upon shall have been made.

BY-LAWS.

The by-laws should state how often you should have regular meetings; how and on what terms to call special meetings; how meetings shall be conducted; what number of members shall constitute a quorum; what your weekly or monthly dues shall be and how and when paid; what special committees shall be appointed and how you shall vote; how and to what extent you shall assist the sick among you; what offenses shall be punishable with reprimand, and what, if any, shall be punishable with a withdrawal of fellowship. Etc., etc.

On incorporation, obtaining a charter, etc., always consult a friendly attorney, a notary public or a justice of the peace. Different states differ on these technicalities, and I can only give general instructions. To amount to anything organizations should always be incorporated. The church or association thus becomes a responsible person in the eyes of the law, capable of holding property, of suing and being sued, and of receiving and making bequests. Its ministers then have

a legal standing, and can legally perform the marriage service; also they can ask courtesies of railroads and other corporations on an equal footing with other ministers.

When you are organized, get some property; that will have a tendency to hold you together.

After you are organized strive to bear with each other to create harmony, and *go to work*.

RACHEL CAMPBELL.

The first number of NEW THOUGHT contained an appeal in behalf of that veteran worker, Rachel Campbell; I am glad to say that there were several responses to the appeal. I am now glad to announce that her earthly troubles are ended. She peacefully passed away Sept. 17. She had long waited and wished for the change, and all her friends will rejoice with her that it has come. She lived a noble and useful life and now undoubtedly reaps her reward.

My two pamphlets, "The Irrepressible Conflict," and "Your Answer or Your Life," have just been re-issued as one, and entitled "The Real Issue," a few important pages have been added, making 160 pages, and I propose to sell the whole for twenty-five cents. This is decidedly the cheapest thing I sell. I will, within two weeks, have two hundred of them neatly bound in cloth, which will sell for fifty cents each. For permanent documents on the questions now agitating this country nothing is better.

Christmas is coming and many of our readers will want to make presents. Can you think of a better or more appropriate present than a year's subscription to NEW THOUGHT? NEW THOUGHT is a beautiful present—not to be ashamed of; beside that, can you think of a cheaper present—one where you will get more for your investment? If NEW THOUGHT does not suit you, look over our book list and see if you do not there find something to your liking. You will benefit yourselves, those to whom you would make presents, and us, by your patronage.

I had, as I was requested, reserved December, February and March, for societies that now seem to feel doubtful about holding meetings; if others want either of those months and will let me know in time, I will try to let them have them.