

NEW THOUGHT.

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The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them.

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CHAPTER VI.

A CONVERSATION EN ROUTE.

Selfish motives must be abandoned—Power of the mind—Mind illimitable—Shall disease beat it?—Prayer not always answered—Prayer and miracles—Prayers answer themselves—To whom shall we pray?—Shall we use medicine?—Why medicines are sometimes good—Biblical remedies—Naaman's case—Other cases—The world must be cured of sin—Physical and moral deformities—Why are people sick?—People must be saved from sin, not its consequences alone—Love as a remedy—Story of the spider—Are thoughts things?

The person who wants the power of the Holy Ghost, or healing power, just while he can make more out of it than he can out of something else, and who is ready to drop it at any time for something more remunerative, is too selfish, in a worldly sense of the word, to rise sufficiently into the realm of the spiritual, to be trusted with this divine power. The one to do this work should not only know him or herself as a spiritual being, but must prize the exercise of this spiritual power above everything this world can afford. Study not only spirit and mind, but use yourself to reflect on

THE POWER OF SPIRIT.

Fish can swim in the sea; reptiles can crawl on the ground; eagles can soar in the air, and fleet-footed quadrupeds can scale the hills and go through the valleys with almost the fleetness of the eagle; but man—immortally and infinitely endowed man—is superior to them all. Brains—mind—spirit, cannot be compared to the fins of a fish, the wings of a bird or the springs in the limbs of a hare or hound.

While it is true that man may not swim through the waters as the fish, nor over them as the swan, he can and does build steamships which defy both wind and tide and carry him safely and swiftly over old ocean's mighty depths. Man may not, as yet, as the birds do, fly across rivers and lakes, but mind, spirit, spans the one with suspension bridges and skims over the other in floating palaces. While man may not traverse the plains with the fleetness of the antelope or reindeer, he can put his iron horses—horses he has made, as God did man, from "the dust of the ground," into harnesses of steam, and spin across continents in flying palaces. While man has not the strength of claw or jaw of the lion or tiger, yet mind—spirit has crowned him their king. Mind by producing gun-powder and dynamite fells the kings of the forest as though they were grasshoppers.

Mind takes a heap of sand from the lake shore and combines it with ore from the hill-side and manufactures a machine that brings distant worlds to our own doors, and tells what they are made of—worlds undreamed of by the keen sighted eagle. Mind through the microscope, which it has invented and made, has discovered worlds of living, moving, competing intelligences in a single drop of water.

Of everything in the universe, mind alone—*spirit alone* is unlimited, and illimitable. The voice of the gods speak to old ocean, saying, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" but mind, immortal as God, its Sire, Divine as its infinite source, is as infinite as the Universe—as limitless as eternity.

Now shall this all potent mind allow disease to beat it? Shall spirit, immortal spirit, all potent spirit, allow disease to beat it? Shall omnipotent spirit fail to control and care for the body it has builded? It cannot be that with this essential man will or can fail in driving disease from the body. Wherever there is failure the spirit has been ruled and clogged by the animal.

PRAYER NOT ALWAYS ANSWERED.

In a former chapter I offered a few thoughts on prayer and its answer, but it occurs to me that there were some important things left unsaid.

A few more words may assist in a comprehension of the subject. Prayer does not always yield the promised results; and should not. The conditions for obtaining blessings from the realm of the spiritual in answer to prayer, are very fine—very subtle.

When David prayed for the life of his child, his prayer was not answered, his child passed away notwithstanding his "strong cries and tears." 2 Sam. xii: 16.

When Jesus prayed for his own life: "Father, let this cup pass from me," his prayer was not answered. See Matt. xxvi: 39.

When Paul besought the Lord thrice, that the thorn might be taken out of his flesh, the only answer he received was: "My grace is sufficient for thee." 1 Cor. xii: 7-9.

Hundreds of other exceptional cases may be found in

and out of the Bible, where men have asked amiss that they might consume it upon their lusts, and prayer was not answered. Prayer on proper subjects, when properly presented, contains the seed out of which its answer grows. Prayer never works miracles—never changes inevitable law; when prayers are answered it is always by bringing a stronger law to bear. In prayer we put forth an energy, which will, all things being equal, bring the results sought. There is something in prayer which goes from the one who prays to the one prayed for—something carrying a germinating—a quickening power. This force is medicine to the sick—"a balm for every wound." "Pray without ceasing." Pray always; pray ever; prayer itself contains the elements of its answer. In using prayer you are using a remedial force—a power which operates directly on the one prayed for; or on yourself, and thus prayer contains the elements of its answer.

Incantations, empty forms of words, have little or no effect; but *when the living spirit* breathes through prayer, the prayer, or the spirit force through prayer, is all potent. It sends out from within, a something which unites and co-operates with the world of force above and beyond us, and thus does the needed work.

Permit me to say here, where there is sincerity and one believes in the one to whom prayer is made, it matters little to whom you pray; prayer being only a spiritual exercise. Rev. Robert Taylor informs us that Catholics have been known to pray to the "holy dog, St. Touser," and they declared that their prayers were answered with wonderful promptness. Probably it would be hard to find a person to-day who believes that Touser answered their prayers, yet I am not prepared to dispute their claim. The sincerity of soul force going

out into the realm of spirit co-operated with the world of spirit force, and caused the prayer to grow its own answer. The answer is the natural and legitimate fruit which grows on the tree of prayer.

A writer says:

"Prayer is properly not to the Infinite All, but to the all that is in all; the manifest fatherhood, the motherhood, the sonship. It is a monologue to no auditor; it is its own glory, its own comfort, its own answer. As a song is, so is a prayer. As a poet who sings his soul into rhyme and rhythm, so is he who prays love, faith, honor, hope."

I have made these remarks on prayer to try to get the reader to comprehend its rationale. The *mis*-belief of many good Christians on this question has driven thousands of good men and women into *dis*-belief in prayer; and caused them to relegate the whole subject to the stow-away of worn-out superstitions.

PHYSICAL REMEDIES.

I have been frequently asked whether I considered it in order for spiritual healers to use physical remedies. I answer this with both a "yes," and a "no." Never take the props from under people until they can stand without them. Even when you know people are able to stand on their feet, don't force their crutches from them; either induce them to give them up, or permit them to use them.

There are very many so thoroughly on the physical plane that they can only see with their eyes and hear with their ears. On the same hypothesis that some need physical phenomena to teach them spiritual things, they may need supposed *inert* drugs, on which for their physical system to work while nature relieves them of their pain.

Be it remembered, spirit does the healing, whether remedies are or are not used. But there is spirit—yes, there is life in all things. I am not sure that there is

not a genuine spiritual help sometimes imparted in what is called medicine. Medicines are the condensations, the spirit of what they represent; and anything that will hold and infuse spiritual strength may possibly in some cases, be good. It is just possible that much of our rank opposition to all material remedies is off of the same piece with the opposition, once so common against mediums studying, as the spirits were expected to educate their mediums. In this, do not understand me to encourage too much leaning on props; if medicine is taken, take it for the spiritual power there is in it,—not for the *inertia* of the drug.

While I would not object to drugs being used by certain people, at certain times, I do most decidedly object to spiritual healers, who have not made *materia medica* a study, using them. We should never, in any case, claim more than we have. If medicines must be used, let an honest and intelligent physician be called. Let some one who is in that line of business administer the “crutches” needed, until the feet gain strength. In many cases the remedies have something of the effect on the system they are recommended to have; this should not be denied. Beside, until the patient is sufficiently born into to comprehend something of spirit and its power over the body, he, as a spiritual being, may be more passive and more yielding where, what the doctors call “remedies,” are used. As before observed, when a person is living on the physical plane, his physical ailments sometimes may yield to the thought that goes with a drug when the drug itself may have little or no power. Thus, even colored water and bread pills are sometimes effectual as remedies.

Not an element is ever taken into the stomach to sustain life but that contains spirit; it is the spirit in the

bread and potatoes we eat that feeds us. When we get far enough along so that we can extract the life-giving elements from the atmosphere and appropriate it in our daily living, then we will no longer need material food and drink. That time I confidently expect to come. So when we have spiritually developed far enough so that we can draw all we need directly from the fountain of spirit, then we will no more think of using remedies than we would think of riding in the old stage-coach or plowing with the old wooden plow, used by our great grandfathers.

Even in Bible times and among Bible makers, touches, magnetism, drugs and other material remedies were sometimes used. All of this proves that the patient must, by some means, be rendered negative and receptive; and anything that would do that was considered legitimate.

BIBLICAL REMEDIES.

David said: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." Psa. li: 7.

Isaiah recommended a poultice of figs for King Hezekiah, when he was sick. Is. xxxviii: 21.

Jesus used saliva and clay as a remedy on the blind man's eyes. He also used spittle and a touch in the case of the deaf man who had an impediment in his speech. See Mark vii: 32; also viii: 23.

Paul recommended wine for Timothy's stomach and often infirmities. 1 Tim. v: 23.

James advised to anoint the sick with oil, praying for them. Jas. v: 14.

Jesus' disciples, when they went to heal the sick, anointed them with oil. Mark. vi: 13.

The good Samaritan poured oil and wine into the wounds of the man who fell among thieves. Luke xl: 34.

Isaiah speaks of mollifying wounds, bruises and putrifying sores with ointment. Isa. 1: 16.

These, and many other instances, show that in the Bible times, and among Bible people, there was no set formula of words or work, no one method to be adopted in healing the sick. Material remedies were sometimes ignored, but not always. It was so common in Old Testament times to heal by laying on of hands, rubbing, or making passes, or "stroking," that Naaman, the leper, was mad when Elisha, instead of "striking," or, as the margin reads, "moving his hand up and down" over the afflicted body, ordered him to baptize himself seven times in the river Jordan. See 2 Kings v: 11.

Sometimes people were healed by a touch, as in Matt. xiv: 35. Luke xiii: 12. Sometimes Jesus healed people by taking them by the hand, and speaking to them, as in Luke viii: 54. Sometimes by a word, as in John. iv: 50.

Peter healed by the use of the eyes. Acts iii: 4. Sometimes people were healed by prayer and the laying on of hands. Acts xxviii: 8. Sometimes even the shadow of an apostle passing over a sick person it was supposed would cure him. Acts v: 15-16. Sometimes the healing was sudden, as in Matt. xv: 28. Sometimes gradual as in John iv: 52.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL DISEASE.

I have several times intimated that the healing of physical maladies is not the great end to be attained as a result of this unfoldment. Indeed, if the world were cured of its sins it would not long need physicians to elevate it out of its sicknesses. If we are what we should be we are "the light of the world;" and we are to heal the world of vice and crime, as well as of physical maladies. It is true, our light may, for a time, like that of other days, "shine in darkness," and the dark-

ness may comprehend it not, yet, if the world is ever saved, it must be saved by this light.

In looking at the world's moral delinquencies, we have ever looked through different lenses from those we use when we diagnose its physical ailments. We have pitied and tried to cure the consumptive and rheumatic patient, while the most of us have blamed, imprisoned and even killed the kleptomaniac, the burglar and the murderer.

Now let us again ask the question, why are people sick? The answer is, because they have not sense enough to enjoy health. This may sound a little severe, but the prophet puts it as follows : "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Hos. iv: 6. Sickness is always caused by lack of knowledge. So is sin. Did anybody ever sin who was wise enough to avoid it? Sin and sickness ripen on the same stem.

Sin is the direct effect of moral, mental and spiritual weakness and ignorance. Sickness is always an immediate or remote result of the same thing. When we see ourselves as spiritual beings and call our spiritual powers to the front—when we grow a positive spiritual element strong enough to overcome the weakness of the flesh, then vice, crime and sickness in our cases will disappear.

The mission of Jesus was said to be to save the people from their sins; not, as has been preached, to save people from the effect of past sins, *but to save them from the commission of sin*, by placing them on that spiritual apex where they will live above sin. Do not think of being saved physically while spiritually and morally you are in the "gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

I hardly think Moses intended the matter as a joke when he said to the Jews in his last great speech: "Thou

shalt be blessed above all people, * * * and the Lord will take away from thee all sickness, and will put none of the diseases of Egypt, which thou knowest, upon thee." Deut. vii: 15. All this comes on condition that they live in strictest obedience to the rules he prescribed. I think Paul understood these matters in the same way. In 1 Cor. xi, he enumerates many of the sins and short-comings of the church, and then says in verse 30, "For this cause many are weakly and sick among you, and many sleep."

When we learn that what we call vice and crime are forms of disease; and when we get so that we can treat the criminal as we would any other diseased person, we will be ready to enlist in the army of the world's saviors. Sin is disease; love is its antidote, or cure-not that kind of I-am-holier-than-thou-love, which looks down from its lofty heights, and through its pharisaic goggles, with such pity as a supposed superior would confer on an inferior; but with that kind of love which says, "I am that sinner; where he is, there I was, or there I am liable to be."

I often think of the remark of John Bunyan, who spent much of his life in prison because of belief in a *life* instead of a *state* religion; when he saw one of his fellow prisoners led away to execution, he said: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan." This thing which he calls grace we call sometimes by other names, but it always means the same thing.

But to return; the love that saves the sinner is the kind of love that says, "I am that sinner, where he is there I was, or there I am liable to be." What befalls one member of humanity may, under similar conditions, befall another; for this reason I will and I do love him, or her; I will confide in him or her; I will call their

better nature to the front, and into activity. As a spirit I will try to awaken and talk to their spiritual natures. Should such persons in their efforts to rise, fall ninety and nine times, I will still maintain my confidence, and in love will still strive to place them where they may possibly fall again, and thus give me another opportunity to still extend my love and faith.

I once read a story of a poor fellow who was in prison; having nothing else to do he watched the work of an energetic and persevering spider. The spider made seven efforts to spin a web across a corner before he accomplished it. "There," said he, "is my lesson, I'll try again, and again." He was right. The only reason why that spider tried to spin that web a seventh time was that six efforts were not sufficient. Six failures prepared him for a success.

Now let us take this lesson, not only for ourselves, but for others; and then consider that, however low, degraded, ignorant and wicked they may be, they are worth saving; and that they will be worth as much when saved as any others; and then go to work with a love for humanity, to save the world from its sins and its weaknesses.

THE REALITY OF THOUGHT.

Thoughts are things; they can be made to live and grow, and to revolutionize the world; or they can be neglected and allowed to die. How shall it be with these thoughts? Shall saving, healing, spiritual thoughts be cultivated and allowed to make the world better? or shall we neglect them and allow them to be choked out by mercenary or evil thoughts? Now is the time for readers and writers to choose between harboring, welcoming and encouraging life and health-giving thoughts, and thoughts of a baser kind.

The poet has said:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

This is partly true; truth will rise if we will put our shoulders to the wheel and force it to rise—not otherwise. Error will die when we kill it; not before. Let us then entertain, cultivate and practice every good thought, and "the world will be the better for it."

(To be Continued.)

Father John Scott.

The following is an abridgement of a very interesting letter furnished us by Mrs. C——, a lady of wealth and position. It is the last letter ever written by her father, John Scott. Mr. Scott, though in his early days a church member, was a life-long reformer, and as such left the church and its dogmas. As his brother saw he was nearing his end, he urged him to flee to the arms of the church for safety. This letter is a part of Mr. Scott's reply.

In connection with this I may say that Mr. S. knew his end was very near. As he drew nearer, the day and hour of dissolution seemed to be revealed to him. He was several hundred miles from home and he made all haste to get home before that important event took place. Though walking around, and to outward appearance, well, he saw the inevitable, and sat down and wrote directions concerning his funeral, and wrote telegrams to his children, "Father died on the train last night—Mother." He folded the instructions and telegrams in a book and handed them to his wife, and ex-

pired. I regret being compelled to omit several pages of his letter.—ED.]

August—, 1888.

BROTHER R——: When you wrote last that I did not appear to take much stock in a reformer who lived some eighteen hundred years ago, I, without consideration, replied, that I did take considerable stock in him. Some time after mailing my letter, it occurred to me that I had written under the influence of prejudiced education, and should correct it. I had been trained to believe that Christ was one of the best, if not the very best man. I never believed him a God, though for many years I considered it a duty to so believe, and frequently had most agonizing mental disquietudes because I could not. But my common sense would not permit me to do so.

Time and again, in those days, I prayed, "I would believe, Lord help mine unbelief," and have gone several times to Methodist meetings on revival occasions, hoping to be "brought under conviction," but judgment compelled me to condemn the exhibitions made there in the name of religion; and I went away, feeling that the Eternal Mind could not require as worship, that which anyone of his creatures would consider ridiculous, as I did what I there saw.

Thus it went on for years, while I studied theology and read a number of books on the Evidences of Christianity; Paley's, McIlvain's and others, including Nelson, on Infidelity. In the course of conversation, a Mrs. S., wife of a theological professor, informed me that she had had a change of heart, that she could not be happy without it, and urged me to seek it. Before we ended the talk, she told me that she owned some thirty to forty slaves in Virginia, which were hired out, she drawing their hire regularly. You can imagine what thoughts

entered my head concerning her righteousness, let her Christianity be as it might.

You know also that Christians have always held slaves, and that in some countries they hold them yet. You know that the Rev. Junkin, D. D., and Jno. H. Hopkin, D. D., Bishop of Vermont, wrote, each, a pamphlet about the beginning of the war, proving by "Holy Writ" that slavery was approved by God. You also know that God is made, in the Bible, to legislate for slavery. See Exod. xxi: 6-20. Christ lived in the midst of horrible slavery, yet never said a word against it.

After replying to you as stated above, I recalled some of Christ's sayings as reported in "the gospels," and then sat down to examine further, and I find that Christ, instead of teaching a religion of love, taught a religion of hate. I give you his own words. He says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword, for I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." Matt. x: 34, 35. "Into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter * * and whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when you depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." Matt. x: 14, 15. "But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you." "But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom than for thee." Matt. xi: 21-24. "And shall cast them into a furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Matt. xiii: 42-50. "Then shall he say also to them on the left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into

everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."
"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."
Matt. xxv: 41, 46.

He also says: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Matt. v: 5. Have you ever seen the *meek* inherit the earth? Who but the haughty, proud, powerful, the Emperors, Kings, and aristocracy, and the wealthy? Who has ever found a meek person among those? Who now possess the earth of Europe and parts of Asia and Africa, but the *Christian* powers? And there they stand with such armies as the civilized world—so called—never before saw, ready at a moment's notice to fly at each other's throats, and slaughter millions, and for what? For kingly and priestly ambition. Each has his set of chaplains, beseeching the God of battles to give success to his arms. As if a God of love could patronize such cut-throat scoundrels. They had better address the Jehovah of the Jews whose business it was to patronize all the outrageous scoundrels, and to neglect or reject all the good and noble fellows. And these Emperors and Kings are, most of them, good and noble Christians of one stripe or another. They are the direct outgrowth of the teachings of the Bible and of Christ, for no other sacred books in the world teach such revengeful, such execrable doctrines as the Bible and Christ teach, as my quotations and references prove.

The sacred books of the Brahmans, the Buddhists, the Shintoists, the Confucians and the Mohammedans, so far as I have been able to discover, teach the direct opposite. Confucius says: "What you wish others not to do to you, do not do it to them." "When you are disposed to condemn the conduct of another, look within your own mind and see whether you are not capable of the same, and if so, reform yourself." "If another

has performed an action which you are disposed to applaud, look within and see if you are capable of a like commendable act." I do not pretend to quote him *verbatim*, but give the substance. All his teachings are of the same high moral character. I can give you some testimonials to the excellency of Buddha and his teachings, *i. e.*, what is said by sundry persons, some of whom being clergymen you will more readily believe.

"Their ethics can hardly be equaled."—Rev. Spence Hardy. "Buddha was a philosopher, a calm disputant, employing no physical force, whilst his morality was the purest the world ever saw."—Rev. M. A. Sherrington. "Their scriptures tend to elevate the human race, and have changed savages into amicable men."—Klaproth. "The moral code preached by Buddha is one of the most perfect the world has ever seen."—Max Muller.

"Buddhists are guided by precepts older and not less noble than those of Jesus."—Mr. P. Horder, at the head of the Public Institution Department in Burmah.

Buddha most strictly enjoins temperance. Christ made wine for men who had "well drunk." John ii: 10. Buddha was a philosopher, and to a great extent a scientist. Christ gave not one scientific maxim or lesson. His leading characteristics were impulse, faith and religion. Buddha's great confidence was in effort, in labor and in strict physical and mental culture. In this direction he has excelled all other men. Christ did not distinguish himself in this way. He rather appears to have taught idleness. Buddha did not damn anyone, believer or not. Christ said: "Whosoever believeth not shall be damned." Buddha's followers do not force their doctrines on others by cruelty, as fire, faggot, thumb-screw, etc., etc. There is not an instance of such

force by them recorded. Christians have always persecuted for opinions.

To-day, when scientific and general knowledge prohibit the faggot and thumb-screw, they use defamation and ostracism. In controversy with unbelievers, they often become angry and insulting. Buddha did not command his followers to hate parents, children, wives, brothers and sisters; to cut off the hand, to pluck out the eye. He did not preach that indolence is better than industry; than providing for old age or sickness and against want. On what is your faith in the Bible, as the word of God, founded? On what you have heard from the clergy or from their lay dupes, and without any personal investigation? And what authority have they for the lies they teach? I can tell you.

About the beginning or the middle of the fourth century of the Christian Era, that blood-thirsty wretch, who scalded to death his wife, murdered his son and nephew, his father-in-law, and two brothers-in-law and thousands of others, in his reign. The man who was such a wretch that the pagan priesthood told him the gods could not forgive his heinous crimes. I mean Constantine, the Great, who embraced the christian religion, because the clergy told him that his sins could be washed out in the blood of the Lamb; called together two thousand and forty ecclesiastics as a church council, which has been known since as the first council of Nice. In their discussions they wrangled and fought among themselves, until Constantine had to send in his soldiers, and finally to turn them all out but three hundred and eighteen who adopted your Bible from among the mass of writings there presented, as supposed canonical works. The Apocalypse and one of the Gospels—I think Luke—was each adopted by a bare majority of one vote

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That is the foundation of your faith, a book adopted by a set of ignorant ecclesiastics, a great many of whom could not even read, and who fought and abused each other, as before stated. In the melee, Dyodorus, Bishop of Alexandria, kicked and cuffed Flavianus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, so that in three days he died.

Do you know that from the beginning of Christianity *i. e.* from the second century, thousands of Christians considered Christ a myth, an ideal character that had never a real existence. That is my own opinion, founded on the fact that he is nowhere mentioned in history. Your preacher may tell you that he is mentioned by Josephus, a Jewish historian, and priest in the temple; and by others of that age. But all these alleged "corroborations" are proven to be interpolations, and are so admitted by the best educated clergy of all denominations. As to the divinity of Christ, it has in all ages been controverted by theologians as well as others. Sabellius maintained but one person in the Godhead; the Son and Holy Ghost are different powers, operations or offices of one God the Father. Sabellius was a somewhat noted theologian of the third century. Socinus, also a noted teacher and ecclesiastic, of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, held pretty much the same notions, denying the divinity of Christ, and thousands of others in all ages have done the same, but none of them, or any other person, so far as I am aware, ever denounced Christ's religion as a religion of hate and revenge instead of a religion of love.

("God is Love.") Well, Love would appear grand to his children, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Had tidings of great joy, "where about perhaps one in a hundred is saved,

and the ninety and nine are consigned to that "outer darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth."

"Oh Judgment, thou hast fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason," or rather man never had any *right* reason; except perhaps one in a million.

So I denounce the Christian religion as the most horrible and detestable that ever was taught, except Thuggee. Oh, why is it that minds so formed by nature as to be capable of taking in any kind of learning, almost always take in the false in morals instead of the true, and once trained to the false, they always resist every endeavor to teach them the true, until science comes and by demonstration, by fact, explodes error.

Most minds are content to live on in what they have learned to think through childhood and youth, never investigating for themselves, nor dreaming of a possibility of error in their method, and so live and die with the truth just within their grasp, if they only chose to reach out and take it. Too lazy or prejudiced to examine, but not too lazy to oppose. Not one man in ten thousand is fit to be a teacher of truth; yet such men as John Calvin, Archbishop Cranmer, Cotten Mather and thousands of other such blood thirsty assassins have in past ages been set up as christian teachers, and are even yet revered as saints, and Cranmer as a martyr, and Calvin as a saint, by even learned christians. Men whose hands and souls were crimsoned with the blood of righteous people.

Calvin, you know, burned Servetus at a slow fire, compelling him to suffer for two hours the torments represented by the word hell, as described to us in our childhood, and for a trifling difference of opinion on the trinity—Servetus saying that he found no authority in the scriptures for holding that there were three *persons* in

the Godhead, but acknowledging three manifestations. Calvin also burned others. Cranmer burned a lovely woman, Joan Boher, a member of his own church, merely because she disapproved something in one of his writings. What he burned George Van Par and others for I cannot now say, nor can I say for what Calvin burned James Gruet and others, but you cannot fail to see and acknowledge, that they were both actuated by a devil, and not by the God of love.

All through the history of what is proudly called civilization, religion as practiced, has shown itself a curse and the enemy of righteousness. It has always opposed progress, when that progress tended to cast a doubt on its ways. Now cast off prejudice and use your powers, and they will free you from clerical influence and lead you to the truth. If you fear to cast the Bible aside altogether, take from it what Peter says: "Whoso feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." Acts x: 34. I hope, however, that when we come to die, fear will fly and we will be overwhelmed by love. John, I think, writes something of this sort in his first epistle. I accept truth as inspired, whether from John or any other.

Get the article Hypatia, in the American Cyclopaedia, and it will give you a true view of what the dignitaries of the church have done in all ages, until "mild-eyed science" spread her banner over the humane mind and put a stop to their infernal practices. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, and his monks, about the beginning of the fourth century, met Hypatia, a highly educated lady and lovely woman, a lecturer on philosophy, in the street, dragged her from her chariot, stripped the clothes off her, killed her with a club, dragged her into the monastery, tore and scraped the flesh from her bones, and

burned the whole. All for the glory of God, I suppose.

Now do not set this down as coming from those you call infidels and, therefore, in Christian opinion, not worthy of belief, for it is history, written by Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian of those days. Or get *Hypatia*, a novel written by Chas. Kingsley, a clergyman, and the son of a clergyman, a noble fellow who did all he could to ameliorate the condition of the laboring classes of England.

Recall to mind the conduct of your Presbyterian General Assemblies and Methodist Conferences for several years before the war. I watched the scoundrels for a number of years, and every motion and effort that was made toward a discussion of the subject of slavery was voted down. They would not allow it to be agitated, lest it might disturb "Our Zion." Oh, whenever I think of the history of the church and of the stupid supineness of her votaries, even in the present age of comparative light, I feel impelled to quote *Uncle Charlie*—Chas. P. S——s, "D—n all the fools." But, thank God, I see the end of these accursed superstitions. I have watched through the years, and religion has been gradually giving way before science, until it has become a different thing from what it was in our childhood.

As science made a step forward, the religious world at first denied and opposed it, but when it was demonstrated, so that to oppose was to write themselves down asses, they succumbed and immediately began to try to prove that the scriptures were in full accord therewith.

You remember, at least I do, when the clergy were among the bitter opponents of temperance, but when it was pushed forward by persons not of the clergy, they came in and now would like to claim the credit of starting it. Just so. When a gentlemanly mob in Boston,

encouraged by the clergy and the general religious element, put the rope around the neck of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, there was no church nor clergy to speak or act for the right. But when the Infidels—so called—Garrison, Foster, Abby, Kelly, the Burleighs and the thousand other *Infidels*, who by their speeches and publications opened the public mind to the horrible evils of slavery; then, and not till then, the clergy came over.

When infidelity gets the upper hand, then woman will get all her rights, among them suffrage. The Methodist clergy lately refused, in one of their meetings, to let women preach. Germany is another Christian country (Lutheran). You may remember several years ago Lidia Maria Child's description of the yoking of women with cows to haul wagons and carts in Germany. Here I just find in the "Youth's Companion" of Aug. 2nd, 1888, an account, by Mrs. Louisa Chandler Moulton, of what she saw in Carlsbad, in Austria-Hungary; she says: "I have often wondered what part of the work men do. I see men drive horses and beat the donkeys and play in the bands and blunder in the post-office and exchange money in the banks, but they seem to do nothing that requires much strength or exertion. I have seen only women working in the fields at Carlsbad, and besides being butchers and fruiterers and vegetable mongers and shopkeepers, they are literally hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they carry in great baskets on their poor, bent backs, burdens which a well cared for Yankee horse would resent."

Oh, yes, Christianity does elevate woman and give them all the hard work to do, while the men do the lighter jobs in that christian country.

When Henry George's idea of the single tax is adopted, then women will free themselves from making shirts for

from three to five cents, and woolen pants for twenty-five cents each, and from other devilish oppressions brought on them and on men by the accursed system of land monopoly. But how many of the clergy are assisting in this glorious anti-poverty crusade, by the success of which alone all will be made truly free? Politicians may patch up in their social and political efforts; fight over tariff and free trade and wallow in political deceit and pretense to hoodwink the working classes, the creators of wealth which they never enjoy, but their efforts are vain; neither man or woman will ever be free, until they have a right to the use of *God's* earth, without paying another for that use. But how many of the clergymen have taken their stand on the platform which aims at this happy consummation? You can count them on your fingers and have some to spare, but when men are made to see the truth in that direction, and act on it, then the clergy will flop over and claim to have been the earliest advocates of it, and so get the glory. One comes over now and again, but they are generally opposed. I know you did not at first take in this land idea, but I have not heard from you for a long time and you may have more knowledge and may now see the truth. Do you observe the signs of the times? Do you not see that it has to come? Either through the ballot or through bloody revolution, at the risk of the destruction of everything good in our civilization, setting the world back hundreds of years into barbarism or even savagery. I have foreseen this and taught it for years, but it was the voice of one crying in the wilderness to whom no man would listen. I expect you at first reading to denounce what I have written as blasphemy, but think again and you will perceive that the authors of the scriptures are the blasphemers, not I.

Your churches gather up their millions to send out missionaries to convert to an infinitely worse religion and civilization, such people as the Japanese, who are chiefly Buddhists, and a much more polite and decent people than exist in Christendom generally. I look upon it as a great curse to Japan. Wherever Christianity has been introduced, whisky and all its concomitant vices have accompanied it and degraded the people. So will it be in Japan where Buddhism has "changed savages into amiable men," as Klaproth says. Yet christians will not allow Buddhist missionaries to teach their religion here.

A few years ago, a Buddhist attempting to preach in a town in Pennsylvania (I think in Harrisburg), was mobbed and driven out of town. An educated Chinese, recently in this country, declared that among four hundred millions of Buddhists, there was not in a given time, as much violation of right and of moral law as in New York.

When Fish was Secretary of State, Mr. Yosheda was Japanese Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington. A young lady said to Mrs. Fish, "La, Mrs. Fish, how will we go about civilizing this Mrs. Yosheda?" Mrs. Fish replied, "Mrs. Yosheda needs no civilizing. She is a perfect lady and highly educated and I hope her example may have the effect to civilize some of the ladies in our social circles, for many of them very much need it." All persons who have traveled through those Buddhist and Confucian countries, except the clergy, have testified to their amiability, courtesy and gentlemanly behavior. Scott Stewart, who was over there as a diplomat of some kind in Grant's time, told me he never knew a more courteous, affable and gentlemanly set of people than the diplomats and others whom he met. Christians will not permit other religionists to come

here to propogate their religion, looking upon them as very impudent, but it is no impudence, but a holy duty, in them to send missionaries into those countries, to disseminate their christian religion. I cannot see any difference in the *impudence*. Can you? If so, tell it to me.

The "Reform" Craze.

BY E. BACH.

The writer was present at Onset Bay some years since when a speaker denounced the evils of a protective tariff from that platform. The matter stirred up quite a sensation. Many protests were uttered against it, and it was resolved to rule such discussions out. Of late, however, there has been a great deal of this discussion on the Spiritual rostrum, but the difficulty has been that only one side would be listened to with patience, and that was the so-called reform side. There is no sympathy for the other side. My attention was drawn to this matter by reading in your September issue your comments on Mr. Chase's book in the "Book Table." I shall take exceptions to the assertion that the white laborer is a slave, as the writer asserts, and as you rather approve.

I know very well that I am taking the unpopular side of this question, but truth is truth, popular or otherwise. Of course, my time and your space preclude a thorough discussion, but, friend Hull, there are two sides to this question, and the other side ought to have a hearing. What they call reform (craze) is abroad in the land now. This question is discussed very superficially on these platforms; with too much prejudice; with too little practical sense and experience. How

many of the people who discuss these questions are people of affairs, of practical experience, and how many are simply theorists and vagarists? How many of them fully realize the fact that we live in a practical world; that effects always follow causes with the rigidity of a bar of steel; that the conditions under which we work are the legitimate and inevitable results, and culmination of all the ages past; that thousands of causes have brought these conditions about, and brought them about slowly, and that, even should there be wrongs, these could not be righted in one day? These superficial, impractical, and undeveloped people rail at conditions as they are; never thinking of the fact that they are only natural results of foregone causes. They want these conditions changed instantly; not being well enough developed to realize that disaster is sure to follow rapid and irrational innovations, unless all affected by them are prepared for the change, and it takes years to make these preparations.

They cry, "pass a law," and that is their universal panacea for all ills. They seem to think that the passage of a law can change real and natural conditions. No law can be enforced which is not proper, natural, and on an equality with popular development. Look at the prohibition law; it never stops the sale of liquor in a community where a majority are drinkers. Conditions which have been growing, establishing themselves for thousands upon thousands of years; conditions upon which society has been built, and upon the foundation of which all society is resting now, cannot be overthrown in one day, and without the necessary preceding, and requisite education for the newer innovations, with impunity, or without danger of an entire collapse. Perfection is a thing which cannot be attained with

our present make-up in one day; and I question if the human race will ever be perfect here, or hereafter. If they become so they will be as Gods, as these cannot be more than perfect. The writer belongs to no party, no creed. He considers himself a citizen of the world, and considers *all men* as brothers. He would scorn to say that he owed any allegiance to anything but truth as he sees it, and he is not ashamed to say that he might be wrong. We live to learn. Progression is the watchword of the universe, is his. He ties to no one, but investigates for himself. He has neither fear nor favor, but he knows that we live in a world of cause, effect, action and natural law. Nothing happens without cause. He wants to learn; to find as much of truth as is possible, but cares nothing where, or under what guise he finds it. The nearer the human race grasps truthful conditions, the happier they will be. The concerted assertion of the whole human race would not affect truth one iota. Truthful conditions will work out, and the one who is nearer truth will prevail in the end. But the acquirement of truth and intelligence is a laborious process. Truth does not lay around loose on every corner. To obtain it, it requires an outlay of labor, thought, experience, judgment (the offspring of experience), honesty, and the best attributes of human thought. The trouble has always been that the masses have been mental sluggards. They are too indolent to think, or to develop their thinking faculties, and they follow down the stream of time as flotsam and jetsam; following every current which promises to carry them down easily, and without trouble, never caring where the current comes nor where it shall take them. The current of so-called reform has struck the country now, and straightway the masses throw themselves in it and

float along, hoping that it may land them in some good place, but never investigating deep enough to know for a certainty that it shall, or why it should. Thinking had been relegated from times immemorial to certain classes, and the masses did not think very deeply. Of late, thought is coming to the front. Many are beginning to acquire the habit, but unfortunately, there being no preparation, no foundation for the best and most rational thought, many try to think beyond their capacity, and they get top-heavy. The head in many instances tries to advance faster than the feet can follow, and the result brings about a collapse, and this will be so until there is proper equilibrium established between the head and feet.

It is an unfortunate fact, that in certain quarters the man who rails the loudest against present conditions, and who proposes the most radical and irrational nonsense as reform, the one who can condemn the industrious, the economical, the developed, the progressive, the most glibly, is the most popular. It is "madness gone mad." The superficial will not refuse the offer of more money, more wages, a division of property, a bettering (or supposed bettering) of his condition, if it can be had simply for the shrieking for reform, and he seldom takes the trouble to analyze and see if this reform is possible; if the promise is based on real conditions. If he is poor, and unsuccessful, it will not be very hard to make him believe that he is a good fellow, and that all the reason that he is not as well situated as some one else is that some one else has wronged him. He would never believe that he was to blame, in part at least, for his condition; while some one else insists that by voting, and perhaps by starting a small rebellion he could be the peer of the best, whether he had any of

the qualities requisite to success or not. What a responsibility our so-called reform leaders do assume. They talk glibly about rebellion. They compare us with the times of the Bourbons and of the Georges, never for an instant realizing that there is not a particle of analogy between the two conditions.

These prophecies of rebellion, of anarchy, of a leveling up, are received in certain quarters with cheers and pleasure. The possible downfall of established society is hailed with uproarious delight, and the better class of reformers even do not seem to realize that such an occurrence would be the death knell of liberty; to human advancement. The excesses of the French revolution are cases in point. These put liberty back fifty years. And while France is a nominal republic to-day, she is yet a practical monarchy in her political development. If there had been no excesses in France during the revolution at the close of the eighteenth century, there would not be a crowned head in Europe to-day, and perhaps none in the partly civilized world. Such was the effect of that revolution, and some of our reformers in this last decade of the nineteenth century have the effrontery to stand up and proclaim that they are ready to repeat that experiment; and, for the shame of American citizenship it must be said, that there are people so low as to listen and cheer such twaddle, or such treason, to the human race; and these people call themselves reformers.

A rebellion such as our self constituted reform friends talk about would be the death knell of liberty, and would re-establish despotic government. If these men should succeed in unchaining such a devil, there would be such atrocities, such excesses, as would make people beg for a dictator, to put things down with strong hands.

The culmination of "Cæsar's Column" would become a fact.

Mr. Powderly, in the North-American Review for September, says that the principles involved in the Homestead strike were the same as were involved in the American Revolution, but as is the case with nearly all that reform twaddle, he does not prove his position; does not produce one single fact.

There is only one rational way by which the poorer, and those whom our reformers call slaves, can raise themselves from their imaginary slavery, and that is by and through education, through economy, industry, sobriety.

The American working man possesses every right which is possessed by the richest man in the land. If he does not handle his vote properly, and so that it benefits him and all the rest of the world, he has neglected to search for truth, and to educate himself, neglected to make use of his possibilities. He is the peer of the richest man in the land before the law, and no one but a demagogue or ignoramus would deny it.

Nearly all the men against whom these so-called reformers rail, were poor when young, and have raised themselves from poverty and ignorance, to intellectual and financial superiority by the qualities which are common to many, if not all, but there are but few who will strive to develop these qualities.

In the Homestead matter it is claimed that the imposition of the protective tariff has brought Carnegie riches. Pray how do they get a protective tariff, and who voted for it? It could never have been brought about without the vote of the producing classes, but these do not study their interests, or the facts of political economy enough to know how to vote intelligently.

But while the protective tariff might have aided these men, there were other qualifications requisite to success. You cannot keep an eagle from soaring. If the producers of this land are suffering, they are to blame for not studying conditions and bringing about the right ones with their votes.

The proposition proves itself in that much discussed Homestead matter. Why do some of the operatives get from two thousand to three thousand two hundred dollars a year, and live in luxury, if reports are true, and others get only four hundred and fifty to four hundred and eighty dollars a year? It is simply a difference of development. Those who receive larger wages have learned more, are worth more to mankind because they are advanced beyond the others. Brains are very nearly alike, and there is many a rough diamond perambulating around under a ragged hat, which would be a credit to humanity if it was polished up to its capacity. Our reform friends would be a good deal more useful to humanity if they became educators instead of scolding fishwives, as they make themselves.

ABERDEEN, S. D.

Seed Time and Harvest.

BY MYRA F. PAINE.

"Brick" Pomeroy's saying, "He that sows the seed is greater than he who reaps the harvest," strikes me very forcibly as I pick up almost any of the numerous liberal or reform magazines, or papers with which a reading public is blest to-day.

When we take into consideration the wide range of thought with which these periodicals are filled, we note the similarity between the mental and physical world.

A well organized and cultivated farm displays a variety of crops. There is, where the climate and soil are right, wheat, barley, oats, corn, buckwheat, potatoes and all manner of garden vegetables, besides the fruit and flowers for the luxuries and ornamentation. All these combined make an interesting, variegated and attractive study for the lover of nature in her varying moods, and if one is a true student, he soon turns from the effects thus presented to his eye, and figuratively, if not literally, goes down on his knees in reverence to the man who prepared the soil and sowed the seed that has materialized into all this beauty and utility. Had there been no sowing of seed there would have been no harvest.

Yet, while this man was following his plow over those broad acres of rough ground, with limbs and feet weary, I suspect he many times thought there was a great deal of drudgery in his work that never was appreciated, and were it not that he could look with prophetic eye into the future, and see the fields of waving grain awaiting the harvesters, it would have been much harder to have kept up his steady tramp.

He has no way of knowing that a single seed that he dropped into the ground would bring forth fruit. But this he knew, that he was working in harmony with natural law—that if any result is desired, certain conditions must be complied with. So he fulfilled his part in providing the conditions, and his faith in universal, unchangeable laws, gave him the stimulant of hope, that the rain and the sunshine, the darkness and the daylight, would crown his waiting days with bountiful harvests, which would benefit himself and many others. His part of the work done, he could trust and wait, not in idleness, for every day brings its labors, and the time employed passes swiftly.

Those who sow the seed in the mental world are sometimes overtaken by the demon of discouragement, who whispers of the drudgery connected with their work and the uncertainty of fruitage.

But we who rejoice in comparative freedom of thought and expression—at least freedom from fear of thumb-screws—we who rejoice in the chance for an education for poor and rich alike, have to thank those who lived before us, who sowed the seed of liberal thought and broader education, and passed on leaving us to reap the harvest. Those reapers who shall follow after us, will look for the harvest which has ripened from the seed we have sown.

The laborer passes on to other fields, to work in different conditions, but the impression of his labor descends through generation after generation.

Each day is a seed time and a harvest time. We are sowers and reapers, all of us, whether we choose or not. We reap the harvest of the past and sow the seed for the future.

We are sowing and reaping, no rest by the way;
In the golden morn and the twilight gray;
Reaping some good to embellish our life,
And sowing some seed—is it discord and strife?
Or—mingled with these is there golden grain,
That shall bring forth a harvest of love again?

Castles in the Air.

BY U. G. FIGLEY.

This life is but a shadow floating 'cross the face of Time,
Shading from our sight the glories of the light sublime,
Beaming from the portals of the other world so fair,
Father's "house of many mansions"—true castles in the air.

The shadows float so slowly 'cross the face of Father Time,
And the face so slowly changes, as it wrinkles line by line,
And the furrows slowly deepen and grayer grows the hair
Of the keeper of the mansions—dear castles in the air.

Father time is slowly calling each mortal to his home,
Far beyond the scenes of earth, no more thereon to roam,
But to roam forever after 'mid the pleasures, sweet and rare,
Of the wondrous home above us—grand castles in the air.

Floating down the sea of life we slowly glide along,
Now battling 'gainst the tide—then rowing, with a song,
Floating toward the Heaven, to rest forever there,
Rest forever in sweet Paradise—our castle in the air.

Great the mystery to be lifted from the face of life,
Rending soul from body in this land of strife;
And the home eternal, though a mystery full rare,
Is even so forever—real castle in the air.

DEFIANCE, OHIO.

Hulled Kernels.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

The tendency of this age is not toward more baptism and more salvation, but better hygiene, consequently we may expect better brains and better livers in the next generation.

* * *

Is it not a fact, that those who read little and do the least mental work, are governed largely by their *feelings*, and cling most tenaciously to theories. For the want of trained thought and careful study, many a so-called reformer has utterly failed to accomplish the mission he felt called upon to carry forward. All reformatory work must of course have *soul* in it, and it also needs the backing of good brains.

* * *

Persons may cultivate a morbid desire in any direction, and not unfrequently do we meet well meaning people, who are seeking nothing farther in Spiritualism than "signs," and besieging every medium with whom they meet for a bestowal of "positive tests" of spirit identity.

If such would endeavor to find a "test" of *their own spirit identity*, they would put themselves in a condition where they would get the "proof" they earnestly demand of others.

The Soul of Things.

BY DR. T. WILKINS.

Have atoms souls, with life, endowed
With auras, to attract, allowed?
With power to sense, to feel and know
The touch of those above, below,
Or all around, that, too attract;
Also repel; their own select?
Have moths and mites, and ants, and fleas?
Have stones and plants, and giant trees?
Have birds and animals the same
Aspiring, growing power, aim,
Virtue, fragrance, spirit, breath;
Living, changing, never knowing death?
Why not things seen and unseen, too,
Have souls, when soul is not in view?
When things unseen have motive power,
Why not the same be in the flower,
To make it grow and change away,
As alternate the night and day;
May not this force that holds the sun,
The moon, the earth in place, be one
With all the power that is within
The smallest mite to make it win,
Attract, adhere to other mites,
To other forms, as satellites
Around the sun revolving cling,
To grow in harmony and bring
Out the higher from the low,
A force that makes all nature grow?
Electric force by science named;
A force by science greatly tamed,
And still the black clouds float in air,
The lightning flash in vivid glare,
The thunders roar, the waters fall,
And tell us science hasn't all.

NEW THOUGHT.

It has but learned to use the force
 And undiscovered left the source.
 There seems design behind the power
 In sands of sea and fragrant flower.
 And if design there is behind
 There surely is designing mind.
 There seems intent and purpose in
 All things, and there all things begin;
 Then all combined in one great whole,
 Design, intent and power roll
 And touch all things of earth and air,
 And sea impart eternal there
 A living and a loving soul
 To cling, evolve, emit, unroll,
 Attract, repel, unite, divide,
 To do and be, and work, and guide,
 Within all things, also without,
 Nor seen, nor heard, though felt about;
 Known to be and never seen,
 Nor heard, nor smelt, but ever been
 And sensed by consciousness in man
 As source of all this force and plan.

My Bouquet.

BY MATTIE E. HULL.

Precious this gift, from her, my cherished friend,
 Dear pinks and roses, O, how sweet ye are!
 Your fragrance like a breath from Heaven seems,
 And beautifies earth's coarser atmosphere.
 How strange the life your charming petals hold
 Some poor bruised petals sweeter than the rest,
 The wond'rous lessons to my thought unfold
 A priceless sermon in each leaf expressed.
 Was it a careless hand or frosty breath
 That marred your beauty, rose of dainty hue?
 It matters not, for in your cruel death
 A richer sweetness has been given you.
 Some natures, like these flowers I hold to-night,
 Many a hurt and cruel touch have borne,
 Where, 'neath the bruises hid from mortal sight
 We find a sweetness we had never known.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.**A GOOD MOVE IN SUMMERLAND, CAL.**

It really begins to look now, as though the people of Summerland, Cal., were going to stop their quarreling and get down to real *bona fide* business. The advertisements of Summerland called together a strange medley of people—cranks of all sorts and sizes. Don't understand by this that there were no sound, level-headed people there. They had many sensible men and women there, but those who had been general failures everywhere else outnumbered such "by a large majority." The result was they soon began quarreling among themselves. The colony divided on almost every question; and even street fights failed to make Summerland a type of what the other Summerland is supposed to be. Many of these people have left Summerland in disgust, or been relegated to a prominent position in the rear, where they belong.

The result is that now they see that the only way to build up a colony that will claim anything like respect is to go to work in unison. Mr. Williams, who owns something over a thousand acres of the best land in the world, in the best climate in the world, at Summerland, and who has always been inspired to work for a grand Spiritual colony and institute there, desiring to see this Spiritual Mecca succeed, has now offered to a Joint Stock Company a thousand building lots, and about a thousand acres of his best land at about half price. I think he offers it at considerable less than half speculators offered him for it in booming times. This offer is not made to individuals, but is offered on condition they will form an association or joint stock company and go to work in good faith to develop the

mineral, the coal and the gas resources known to be there; and to build a college, a sanitarium, and probably a home for superannuated mediums and speakers there.

The Spiritualists of Summerland have met and formed a preliminary organization, and chosen as temporary trustees, J. W. Darling, Z. T. Croop and W. D. Wheeler. This committee has gone to work to organize the association, and are now ready for stock subscriptions. Subscriptions are ten dollars per share, and no one is allowed to take more than ten shares. Any one is allowed, however, to donate any amount to this purpose he or she may feel called upon to use in this way.

Here is a place where rich Spiritualists—and poor Spiritualists too—who believe in medium's homes, sanitariums, and Spiritual colleges, can show their faith by their works. For all the particulars of this new movement write to W. D. Wheeler, the secretary of the *pro tem.* association.

THE MENACE OF PLUTOCRACY.

That somewhat strange word does not apply to one of the old political wings more than the other. A plutocrat is one who believes in the wealth governing the country. The late Senator Sharon proved himself a plutocrat when he said:

"We need a stronger government. The wealth of the country demands it. Without capital and the capitalist our country would not be worth a fig. The capital of the country demands protection; its rights are as sacred as the rights of the paupers, who are continually prating about the encroachment of capital and against centralization. * * * *The wealth of the country has to bear the burdens of the government, and it should control it.*"

Jay Gould is a pronounced plutocrat. He proved it when, in his testimony before a New York legislative committee, he said, that when he was with the republicans

he was a republican, and when he was with the democrats he was a democrat, but he was an Erie railroad man all the time. When he swore that he, as president of the Erie road, had four states to manage—that he could no more tell how many legislators he bought than he could tell how many freight cars he run out, he said rich corporations must own the law makers. That is genuine plutocracy.

Now the wealth of the country has no choice as to which department of the great demo-republicratic party is in power, only so it can use it. Corporations have no more use for a political party out of power than they have for a last year's almanac. They intend to be the power behind the political throne, no matter which division of the party is in power.

Political issues are cut and fitted in the saloons of the great wealth corporations of the country. The wealth of the country fixes the puppets and sets them to dancing. The average voter who thinks himself a great political factor in the country is greatly mistaken; he is only the political puppet who does the dancing as the plutocrat manipulates the wires.

The issues between the two divisions of the plutocracy are gotten up to attract the attention of the common people from the real causes of the calamity—to set the people to fighting among themselves while they go on with their robbery.

Just now a strange vision has come over the spirit of the dreams of both heads of the one great political party; one part of it very unexpectedly finds itself out of business and the other quite as unexpectedly finds it has been taken at its word, and just now the job of redeeming the country is in its hands. The republican no longer has confidence in his republicanism, and the

democrat has lost all confidence in the medicine he administered every day from the political stump. These political doctors never did believe in their own medicine.

The republican end of the machine, which is just now out of business, is urging the democratic end to stand right up and do its duty—There never was anything plainer in the estimation of republicans than for the democrats, who have the lower house of the present congress, to go right to work and repeal the McKinley law and undo other republican mischief, and they promise not to put anything in the way of them doing so. They want the democrats to call an extra session of congress and save the country as soon as possible. On the other hand, there is not a democrat who is in any hurry; the country, in their estimation, does not need saving half as badly as it did when the political campaign was on and each end of the party was in dead earnest, trying to deceive the people into voting for its particular policy. The republicans have found out that everybody has found out the falseness of their promises of the good that was to come to the country as the result of the McKinley law. They know that the democratic policy will not benefit the country any—that the difference between them is a mere bag-a-telle—not so much as a flea bite, and they know the country will find it out, and the more rapidly the democrats carry out their pretended programme the sooner the world will tire of them, and the sooner they, themselves, will get back to the government feed trough.

Thus all the democratic brains in the country will spend their mighty force in contriving how not to do anything, and republicans will exhaust all of their persuasive powers in exhortations to democrats to do their duty. Meantime the robbers will go on robbing the

country and increasing mortgages on the few homes which yet remain in the hands of the poor.

VILE VENOM.

A man calling himself Dr. Houser, has written a book called "Is marriage a failure?"—a book noticed elsewhere in our columns. While there are a few redeeming features about the book, much of it was evidently written for the same purpose that the peddlers razors were made; that is, "to sell." Of all the books I ever read, I do not remember one containing such base and slanderous *ad captandum* appeals as are found in this one. While the book advocates every sentiment that the people whom he calls "freelovers" advocate, a book was never written that spit out more venom and less argument against freelovers than this. This is all done evidently to catch the eye of the ignorant reader who has heard, but knows nothing of freeloze. As an illustration of what I mean I will quote one passage found on pages 13-15:

"No more disgusting travelers are met on the highways of life, or in the by-ways, than the freeloze croakers. If I were to attempt to describe the personification of all human depravity, and select the most repulsive creature I could think of, one who would be revolting to every sense of decency, an outrage to every idea of purity, I would but point out short haired, masculine woman, who mounts the rostrum to pour forth her turbid flood of sexual putrescence, called freeloze, whose other name is prostitution. Those moral and sexual monstrosities would overturn the marriage relation, upon which rests all the purity and sanctity of home; they would defile the cradle, rob the child of decent parentage, crucify the honor of every woman, bring a feudal age to all affection, and make every man an indecent chieftain, and every woman an object of vile conquest. Not this age, nor any past age, has ever seen as vile a horde, or nasty congregation of misguided and improperly called humanity, as the advocates of freeloze. * * * Modern freeloze crucifies the soul on the altar of the body. It dethrones manhood and debases womanhood to the level of common beasts."

I really wish for this writer's own sake that he had

not arrived at such a pinnacle of excitement so soon. In such cases it is always the man and not the subject he seeks to traduce that suffers. If before he got into his terrible frenzy he had taken time to have separated his charges a little, his readers could possibly have understood him a little better. As it is, no one can find out what he is denouncing; there is something terribly out of joint either with the doctor or with the women he seeks to describe, but "no fellah" can tell just which! I am inclined, however, to think that he has somewhere run across some terribly naughty women, but what is the matter with these "personifications of all human depravity?" Why they "wear short hair," they are "masculine," and they "mount the rostrum!" Just think of it! What "personifications of human depravity!" Bring them out and let them be stoned to death! Then they are guilty of other sins, almost as bad as wearing "short hair," that is, they are "pouring forth turbid floods of sexual putrescence," and that right on the rostrum! Oh! Send for the doctor, quick!

Why did not the doctor tell his readers which of these women's great crimes were the most heinous, so the world would know how to mete out the proper punishment? Which was it, doctor? Was it wearing "short hair?" If so, let us have a law passed hanging every short haired woman! Or is the particular woman a sinner above all others because she happened to border on masculinity? If so, let us crucify every woman that happens to manifest any masculine tendencies! Probably her great crime was "mounting the rostrum." How should she get on to the rostrum? Will the learned doctor tell us? Come, doctor, tell us in the revised edition of your book, whether you would have woman roll up on the rostrum, or will you have her get down on her

hands and knees and crawl up? Or do you mean that free love women, or short haired women, must not go on to the rostrum at all?

Possibly you are a member of Dr. Buckley's church, and believe with Paul and the good Methodist Divine, that if woman would know anything she should "learn of her husband at home." Ah, doctor, your wife and mine married the wrong men to learn very much of their husbands!

Seriously, is it possible for a person to make himself appear more ridiculous to a well informed person than the doctor has in the quotation above made? The fact is, there is not a truthful sentence in the whole quotation; it was not written for truth, it was written as clap-trap—thrown out as a bait to catch fools. It is insured to catch no others. It is not true that the women advocates of free love generally wear short hair; nor are they generally masculine women. If they were guilty of either of these offenses, does that make their logic bad, or their conclusions illegitimate? It is their doctrines and not their *personnel* that should be called in question. There is no controversy as to who wears the longest hair, or who is the most effeminate; the question is, *should love be free*, or is it a dangerous thing to turn loose on this wicked world? It is not true that a woman who happens to believe in free love, "pours forth a turbid flood of sexual putrescence." It is not true that they ever advocated prostitution. The doctor is defied to show a single line of anything of the kind. Will the doctor or someone else tell us what freeloever ever proposed to injure the sanctity of home, or to "defile the cradle?" I brand all the doctor's charges as originating in an unpardonable ignorance; otherwise they are willful and wholesale falsehoods.

Surely love never injured anybody; Paul said "love worketh no ill." And how about freedom being dangerous? A free press, a free land, free thought, and even free negroes now go down with the doctor; and this part of his book appears to act on the assumption that free hate is not a bad thing to indulge; but love, the purest and the grandest of all the emotions, must be bound with chains! I reason exactly the other way; I say let us try to keep hate in close quarters, but let us give love the field, it will do no harm.

Does the reader ask what freelovers advocate? I answer, you will find all their doctrines in Dr. Houser's book. After he gets through his tirade of villifications he proceeds to put their doctrines on to almost every page of his book. A few quotations must suffice. On page 16, the doctor says:

"There are persons against whose moral character there can be no allegations, and yet two persons of this kind may marry and utterly fail to get along in peace. *In their natures there are heterogeneous elements that will not, that cannot harmonize, nor is it in their power to live together in tranquility.*

In such cases, freelovers say, marriage is a decided failure,—that law, and not love, made them man and wife, and that it is their duty not to people the world with the offspring of such marriages; their duty is to separate, and leave each other free to find their true mate. What does the doctor say to this? On pages 37 and 38 he says:

"This fact (the increasing number of divorces), though seemingly so terrible to some, *is one of the best evidences of advancing civilization, and the purifying of society.* It is an evidence that marriage is held in higher esteem, home more sacred, the rights of manhood and womanhood more respected. It is true that this should be regarded with a jealous care and not granted for frivolous reasons, but it is equally as true that *no person is either legally or morally obligated to live with a companion who adds only misery and disappointment to their lot.*"

That is the genuine freelove answer to that question. Should anyone incline to misunderstand the doctor in what I have quoted, the following is so plain that a way-faring man, though a—denouncer of freelovers, cannot fail to catch its meaning. Pages 40, 41:

"Let the mind draw the most frightful picture the imagination is capable of conceiving. Let it picture a gloomy cave surrounded by stone walls, and paved with a stone floor. Let no light break through the gloomy walls above nor below, and let the cave be filled with the dead bodies of men, and beside each body let there be pools of corroding blood in which vile toads croak and where foul worms writhe and poisonous serpents hiss. Let vampires tear the decayed flesh from motionless bones, let jackals rend the dead with their fangs; let the serpents hiss from the lack-lustre of the eyeless holes where once gleamed bright eyes. Let toads croak from between the chattering teeth, where speechless tongues again receive speech, and let the dead hands of those putrid bodies beat back the vampires that advance to rend them; let them clutch the jackals that tear off their flesh; let the awful wail of torture, even of the dead, burst from their once sealed lips, and pandemonium thus awful reigns. Let worms writhe, serpents hiss, jackals growl, vampires rave with rage, beaten back by the dead hands of this charnel house; then shut out every gleam of day, and turn upon this awful fantasmagoria the fiercest gleam of hell; and chain to that stone floor the sensitive woman, and *she would be less miserable than chained to a beastly husband.* Oh, Hell! Hell! *thy other name is unhappy marriage. How any person, laying claims to the least feeling of human kindness, could refuse freedom from the unfortunate matrimonial bastille is more than I can imagine.*"

Hold on, doctor, hold on there! I fear your "hair" has been clipped! Why! no short haired woman has ever "mounted a rostrum," and dealt out such a string of hyperboles as you are using. Aren't you getting slightly "masculine?" Such "putrescence" as you are getting off can't be matched even by those who would "overturn the marriage relation."

Doctor, read us three more lines of your book and we will dismiss you for this time. Here they are on page 42:

"Love in the house is the only thing that can keep the married out of divorce courts. Love is the sunlight that gives every heart a golden fleece."

That is exactly the doctrine freelovers have advocated for over two-score years. Now when you repent of your denunciations of people you either do not know any thing about, or that you have willfully and maliciously slandered, you can be admitted to an humble place among your fellow freelovers.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

WOMAN, AND HER RELATIONS TO HUMANITY. Gleams of celestial light on the genesis and development of the body, soul and spirit, and consequent moralization of the human family. Offered especially to woman for study and contemplation; not to the phenomena hunter, but to the Spiritual student and deep thinker. The True Religion: Magnetism—Materialization—Reincarnation. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, 9 Bosworth Street, 1892.

NEW THOUGHT would like to recommend every honest book, but a few writers of Spiritualist books have missed their calling. The authors of this book evidently belong to this class. There are a few good ideas in it, but the syntax is so bad, and the ideas so scarce that it would take too great a stretch of conscience to recommend it. Henry Ward Beecher told Spiritualists that much of their literature was trashy. This book unfortunately belongs to that class.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? Or Lessons of Life. You must learn them—You will learn them. Will it be to profit yourself and better the world? By J. A. Houser, M. D., Indianapolis, Ind. Author of "A Helping Hand," "Babies and Bread," etc. Illustrated. 1892. Vincent Bros. Pub. Co., Indianapolis.

This book must not be judged by the paragraphs picked to pieces elsewhere in this magazine. It contains many meritorious passages. While there are many good things in it, there is nothing new in its matter or in the manner of its presentation. It contains fairly

well-written chapters on Compatibility; Mixing of Races; Age to Marry; The Religion of Home; Love and Faith; Home; Happiness; Husbands; Fast Men; Second Marriage, etc., beside several little poems of some merit.

In one place the author describes and forgives the Magdalene, as follows:

"Homeless, husbandless, childless, she bowed to commune with her dead; she prayed, and in praying laid her burdens down. 'Tho' 'fallen;' though the world had marked her with a 'scarlet letter;' though the flowers of maternity were the nettles of sin; though grief and death walked on either side of her path, faith and hope stood by her when she kneeled, and a voice gentle as pity, said: 'Peace! thy sins are forgiven.'"

The author of this book is the enemy of greed and avarice, and the friend of the poor; and gives the following sensible advice:

"As a protection to mother and children, that home should be deeded to the wife, that no debts arising from the uncertainty of a business or professional career, may ever deprive those innocent creatures of a hearth and a roof. The avarice of capital has no soul or heart. It will, without a sigh, send the weeping mother into the street with a starving or dying child in her arms. *Greed has no ears, no eyes—only claws.*"

The following quotations are from the chapter on Home.

"The greed of the wealthy makes anarchists of the poor." * *
 "Though thousands upon thousands are homeless, foreign corporations own sufficient lands in the United States, if it were gathered together, to make ten states like Indiana, and yet the child of Columbia is without a home, while the foreigner, who has not even come to this country, forms a syndicate and gets our land for a pittance, to put the free-born American upon it to be a serf, and toil for him as the down-trodden Irish toil for him on the Green Isle." * * "The strength of this republic is not in the corporations and hoarded money, but in the happy homes its people have." * * "In 1890 the New York tenement houses contained 163,712 children. This is eight-ninths of all the children in the city. These loathsome places of human abode are almost entirely without ventilation, sunlight, or the conveniences of a home in any sense. To live in them means physical and moral death. In some cases nine or ten persons were found living in a room ten feet square. In two small rooms in one tenement

lodged eight adults and ten children. In one house were found 58 babies; in another 101 adults and 91 children; in another 89, and in another 170 children." * * "Compulsory education is not enforced in New York, nor even an attempt to do so, nor is there any effort to prevent the sale of intoxicants or tobacco to these little creatures. Surrounded thus, there is no escape for this great army of children, except the grave, that is very close over most of them; prisons get a good per cent of what is left." * * "There is not a great city in this country where a moral, upright, honest, Christian gentleman could be elected mayor; the immoral elements control the elections."

On marriage the author's final conclusion is, "that if guided by intelligence, honesty, love and purity, marriage will ever be a success—without them, a failure." It is presumed the price of this book, bound in cloth, is 75 cents. At least Moses Hull & Co. will agree to furnish it at that price.

THE LYRIC OF LIFE, unfolding Principles of Immortality in the seen and unseen forces of nature. New thought in planetary motion, and the world life of suns, by Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse, author of *Pencilings from Immortality*. Charles Well Moulton, Buffalo, 1892.

The above is the title-page of a nicely printed and handsomely bound book that has found its way to our table. This volume is adorned with a fine frontispiece, an excellent picture of the author; it contains one hundred and fifty-nine pages. The author has dedicated it to "The wide, wide world."

Mrs. Nourse is an inspirational writer of many years' experience. In the preface of book under notice, she says:

"These truths embodied in this work, came to me after much thought and mental questioning, in the year 1879, solving what life was in all its forms of personality."

The table of contents presents an array of interesting subjects. The volume contains one hundred and fifty-nine productions—all poems. We have not been informed of the price of "The Lyric of Life." Address Mrs. Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse, Moline, Ill.