



SPIRITUALISM—Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems. SPIRITUALISM

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STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

The Ideal and the Practical as Related to Pure Purpose in Life and Endeavor.

Lila Sloane, "The Angel of the Slums"—Many a Poor and Struggling Family Has Personally Been Fed and Nursed by Her.

On a cold afternoon a few days ago, says the New York Journal, a slender young girl stood in one of the East Side Rescue Mission, talking to a wretched wail of adversity, a homeless woman. Two companions waited near by. A hired carriage stood at the door. All about were the lofty tenements, swarming with the shivering, starving poor.

"Come, Lila," said one of the women; "it's time we were going."

"Poor woman," said the slender girl, "I am so sorry for you." Then pressing a bill into the hands of the faded creature, she hurried after her companions.

A few nights later (last Monday night, to be exact), in the palatial mansion at No. 642 Fifth avenue, a beautiful young girl stood in a formal bower by the side of her mother receiving the guests who had been invited to her "coming out" party.

The girl of the mission and the girl of Fifth avenue were identical.

The first was Lila Sloane, the Angel of the Slums.

The second was Lila Sloane, the society debutante, an heiress to ten of the Vanderbilt millions.

The same and yet not the same. There is no heart in society. One has no time to think and to suffer with the suffering, as in the slums.

One must dress and dance and smile and flatter and prevaricate and forget all but the glitter and glare of a false life.

But will Lila Sloane forget? Her heart has been wrung by distress, in the days of her maidenhood. Will she have any heart to wring, now that she has crossed the portals of society?

Will the poor lose their best friend, the missions their best worker? A stranger girl is this newest debutante of society. From the days of her childhood she has spent much of her life in charity. She seemed to care for little else. In more ways than one she is an extraordinary woman.

From her mother she inherits a strong, resolute character, a ready sympathy and much of her prospective fortune.

She is tall, fine looking, with dark hair and eyes. Before entering society and between the duties of her charitable enterprises she has spent much of her time in coaching with the younger set.

From this healthy recreation she has built up a strong constitution and a great reputation as a woman who.

In the past Miss Sloane's life has swung like a pendulum from the broad roads of Lenox in the summer to the slums of New York in the winter.

Many are the poor along Mulberry, Essex, Delancey and Roosevelt streets who bless the heart and heart which prompted her to charity.

Miss Sloane comes naturally by her charitable instincts. Mrs. J. Abercrombie Burden, the elder daughter of the Sloane household, is still noted for her warm support of the church missions.

Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane then took up the reins and inaugurated the Anti-Basement Circle, popularly called the "A. B. C.'s."

It was a coterie of rich young women, devoted to the alleviation of misery of all kinds. Even before she was out of her teens she was one of the principal members of the "A. B. C.'s."

Consequently, when Mrs. Emily Sloane concluded to become a passive supporting member the presidency was tendered to Miss Lila Sloane.

Miss Lila Sloane plunged with charitable enthusiasm. Her time and her pocketbook were open to the deserving of all denominations.

No contented with working in conjunction with the charitable church missions, the responsibility for which was shared by the wealthy members of the congregation, Miss Sloane began to formulate and put on foot enterprises of her own.

She sent trusted emissaries into the slums in search of misery outside the pale of all organizations. Accompanied by friends, she followed on the routes of these emissaries, scattering charity with a liberal hand.

It is no wonder, then, that the name of Lila Sloane is blessed among the poor who know her. Go down to any of the slum charities of St. Bartholomew's church, and ask if they know Miss Sloane. You will find her name on the tongues of the poor everywhere.

If they do not recognize her by name, they will not hesitate to bless charities of which she is head and foot.

If you do not believe that Miss Sloane takes a personal interest in this work, ask one of the officers connected with the parish house, "you may ask Mrs. Mary Kelly, of No. 436 Delancey street. I believe she is one of those who have been benefited by Miss Sloane's charity."

Mrs. Kelly was found on the top floor of a lofty tenement house, in a bare room with broken windows, broken chairs, broken dishes and a broken stove.

A sick child whined on a bare mattress, covered with old rags.

"Do I know Miss Sloane?" said Mrs. Kelly. "And did she help me? Sure, I don't know you. A blessed lady came in here two weeks ago and asked me was I Mrs. Kelly."

"I said I was."

"Then," said she, soft like, "Mrs. Kelly, I've heard of you—just like that, your child is sick, Mrs. Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly, you must have a doctor, and coal to keep you warm and some nice things to eat."

"What that surprised, I had tried so hard to get work, and me man in the hospital. Without sayin' any more the blessed lady gave me the whole of ten dollars. May the Holy Virgin bless her."

"I just broke down and cried. I didn't know where my next meal would come from, and here was all of ten dollars."

"There, there," she said, "don't cry, Mrs. Kelly, and better days will come. Maybe I will come again some time. I will send a man around in a few days to inquire about you."

"And look at the child," continued Mrs. Kelly. "The doctor has picked him up wonderful."

What the child must have been before the doctor "picked him up" was fearful to contemplate.

"What kind of a lookin' woman was she?" continued the grateful woman. "Well, she was young and slim and tall and dressed in plain black."

Who could doubt that it was the Angel of the Slums?

But Miss Lila Sloane has made her debut into society. She will dance and smile and drive and go to the opera and follow the usual path of the human butterfly.

Will she forget? There are hundreds of lives in the slums that have been uplifted and made better by her charity.

There are thousands of lives still moaning in want and misery, in sickness and starvation.

One of the strongest quotations is from Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher:

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall."

There are only two quotations from Emerson. These are:

"Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now."

"Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in the river; he must advance or be wrecked on every side but on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea."

If the volume shows little originality it shows also that the compiler has read widely of the best literature, which is perhaps better. Her ideals are the highest which the greatest minds have conceived.

This is one Sloane sister devoted to duties, the other to practical charity.

The foregoing account affords a fine illustration of a pure spiritual element in two characters, outworking in different yet harmonious directions. A deep spirituality, while it may carry one's head among the stars and amid celestial scenes of idealism, will not wholly dissociate itself from the scenes of earth that call for sympathy and help.

Spirituality renders one more finely sensitive to pain and wrong, and makes one more alive and feelingly earnest in desire to aid in uplifting from the stress of earthly adversities. While aspiring upward, it reaches downward a help to others less happy and less fortunate.

J. C. UNDERHILL.
Hammond, Ind.

A WEIGHTY SUBJECT.
Object to Legislating Religious Belief.

To the Editor:—In looking through one of your recent volumes of scraps (collected during the last fifty years), I came out to that quaint old document, the ordinance of 1787, for the government of the Northwest Territory. It was promulgated at the spot where now stands the city of Marietta, Ohio, July 15, 1788, in the presence of about two hundred people.

The first governor, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, was then there inaugurated. This document antedates the Constitution of the United States, and was not ratified until September 13, 1788.

Article I of the ordinance reads as follows:

"No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship, or religious sentiments, in said territory."

This is authoritative, and is fully as binding now as it was 110 years ago, and it should be as scrupulously and as religiously observed and obeyed. All Spiritualists and Free-Thinkers, however, are painfully cognizant that it is far from being respected, and is often violated with impunity.

At this time, when attempts are being made to legislate religion into the lives of the people and put God into the constitution, it behooves all patriotic citizens, irrespective of religious or political belief, to encourage a strict observance of the law. This is incumbent upon us all, if we wish to preserve our free institutions in the spirit in which they were formed.

In this connection I may add, that in the convention which formed the constitution and the ordinance of 1787, Dr. Benjamin Franklin (who probably had more religion, so-called, than any of his peers), "moved that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning, and that one or more of the clergy of this city (Philadelphia) be requested to officiate in that service." In a footnote the worthy Doctor F. adds: "The convention, except three or four persons, thought prayer unnecessary." Dr. Franklin was then a believer in what is termed "revealed religion," but in agreement with Congress, he had no idea of forcing the new republic into his way of religious belief.

These are weighty arguments in support of the attitude of Spiritualists and Free-Thinkers at the present time, and I respectfully call the attention of President McKinley and Congress to this important matter.

C. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Utilizing Churches.
A complaint is made in an Eastern city because an abandoned church has been converted into a saloon. Kansas City doesn't go to that degree of depravity when it wants to utilize deserted churches. It turns them into literary establishments. Kansas City Star.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—Cecil.

CAMP AND SCHOOL.

Curriculum of the School at Maple Dell, O.

What great good has come from the Hull-Covert debate. I notice it has aroused the Spiritualists all over the country to more diligence.

Societies which were dormant have aroused, put on their war paint, and are ready to do battle for the right. Hope they will polish up the swords of truth and stand firm by the battlements of honor, and it will not be long until the victory shall be displayed all over the land.

If I were going to prophesy I would say we are at the dawn of some glorious developments that will startle the world, and will shake old orthodoxy to its foundation.

But I started to write you concerning Maple Dell Camp, and am glad to be late that this camp is coming to the front, and has established a college which fills a long-felt want. This school will open on the 7th day of June, 1898, and continue until July 21.

The officers of the school are: Moses Hull, president; F. Schermerhorn, D. D., vice-president; Mattie E. Hull, secretary; M. H. Danforth, treasurer; A. J. Weaver, A. B., chairman.

The above officers are a guarantee of efficient work.

The curriculum of the school will stand as follows:

Moses Hull, Dean, Professor of Biblical lore, Biblical Exegesis and Higher Criticism; three lessons each week.

Also, Comparative Religion and Parliamentary Law, two lessons each week.

Also, Doctrine of Future Life; one lesson each week.

Alfreda Jahank, Professor of Oratory and Physical Culture, will give six lessons a week.

A. J. Weaver, A. B., Professor of Rhetoric and Logic, also English Literature; in all, six lessons a week.

D. M. King, Professor of Psychic Culture, two lessons each week.

Mattie E. Hull, secretary, Professor of Physical Culture for the children.

The above named departments will fit a speaker for the rostrum. Every speaker should avail himself of the opportunity, no matter whether you speak extempore or are inspired. Remembering that the higher influences can control brain which has been educated for an exercise develops a strong healthy body, so training the mind increases its unfoldments and fits it for the higher intelligences.

To the Spiritualists of the United States I would say, the school will continue and develop into a regular college, and grant degrees by diploma, provided they get the proper amount of credit.

In order to have it continue, you must give it support. Other talent will be added as may be required.

There are enough who need this class of learning to fill the school, which has a seating capacity of more than one thousand.

The College is regularly chartered by the secretary of the state and is the only one in the country.

You cannot afford to miss this grand opportunity. You can club together in a cottage and board yourselves at small expense.

The charge for the entire term is only ten dollars, thus making it within the reach of all.

Even one term of lessons will aid you more than a year's study at home.

It is well to know how to think, but it is better to know how to think to a purpose.

Please write us and let us know you are coming, so we can make ample arrangements for you.

Those who desire to take only a part of the lessons will be accommodated.

Address W. E. BALL, Mantua Station, Ohio.

or MOSES HULL, 538 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

A Good Test.
To the Editor:—About six weeks ago at my house, in one of Mrs. Gehring's sennets, a spirit giving his name as John Forney, said that he was killed by the cars about nine years ago, near Dundee, Ohio. A few of the many things he said were as follows: His wife, Rebecca, who passed after he died, was there with him. He had two sons, Myra and Samuel. He had a little girl named Maud, born with two arms but only one hand. His wife's father was a tanner; his wife's father was a shoemaker.

Now the reader can see that she has corroborated everything that I have written, but does not seem to understand it. O. M. BOLANDER, Anderson, Ind.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Move in the Right Direction.

Provision has been made for the organization of a Young People's National Society of Spiritualists at the Jubilee, a society which will be the Spiritualists' which the Christian Endeavor and similar societies are to the churches. It is to be hoped that all Spiritualists, especially the younger ones, will seize this golden opportunity and come forward with a determination to form a large, successful, permanent organization.

Mr. J. C. I. Evans, of 1352 1/2 B street, S. W., Washington, D. C., has been appointed to take charge of the Young People's department. He is a young, active Spiritualist, having been president of the Young People's Society of Washington for several years; previous to that he was active in the Northwest where Mr. Bach and myself first had the pleasure of co-operating with him in the interest of our cause; he has also done a good deal of work in connection with the N. S. A., and so is well fitted to fill the position to which he has been appointed by General Manager Walker.

Mr. Bach and myself therefore heartily recommend him to all, and hope all will at once interest themselves and assist him in the work which he is so capable of directing.

Mr. Evans asks all young persons between the ages of sixteen and forty to send their names and 25 cents and become charter members and also in the organization. This will give our department a fund, also place him in communication with you, so that you can assist him personally in the movement.

Do not delay, but write him to-day and become charter members.

The members of the Young People's Spiritual Union, of Maple Dell Camp have always talked of and felt the need of such an organization, and I appeal to them as secretary, to become charter members of the National Society and assist Mr. Evans to the best of their ability.

The Union members who are now located on the grounds give a birthday party the 24th of February, to raise funds for our Union and to assist the National movement. We hope to receive a liberal response to the many announcements sent out; which read as follows:

"This 'Birthday Party' is given for you, 'Tis something novel, something new: We give to each this little sack, Please either bring or send it back With as many cents as you are years.

We promise the number shall never be told. We'll have a six o'clock tea, a drama at eight, Dancing at nine and refreshments quite late.

Your kindly aid and your presence we need. Though now we follow, some day we must lead. As a national body we can help first rate.

The truth made known by girls in '48. The Young People's Union at the Jubilee will meet.

With others, to form an organization complete.

Our Spiritual Society, with greetings most hearty, Feel sure you will come to your own 'Birthday Party.'

The little sack spoken of is tied in the corner of each announcement card. All the young people can do the same. Just go right to work, appeal to your friends in behalf of the Young People's movement. Every Spiritualist knows that the work in this direction has been sadly neglected, and few will decline to assist you in your efforts.

This is the first opportunity ever offered for the organization of a Young People's Society truly national in character, and now let us show what we can do when we have a chance.

Communicate with Mr. Evans at once, whether you expect to be at the Jubilee in June or not, so that he may have a knowledge of the desire of the Young People of the United States, and thus form an organization satisfactory to all.

MRS. W. H. BACH, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Where Are the Antis?
To the Editor:—A bad beginning does not make a successful ending.

This Anti-Spiritualist effort began low down, in the shadows of prejudice and old time bigotry. It doesn't seem to reach up to the higher grade of clergy. Even if it should, which is unlikely, its defeat is none the less sure.

The old abolitionists had the great body of the clergy of all sects and sections against them. Evangelical ministers preached for slavery (which brave John Wesley denounced as "the sum of all villainies") as upheld by "the Holy Bible," and "cursed be Canaan" was the cry from Maine to Georgia, while abolitionists like Garrison, Phillips and Gerrit Smith were denounced as infidels and traitors, fit only for persecution and abuse all over the land.

How is it now? Where is the preacher, North or South, who would wish, or dare, to preach for chattel slavery as ordained of God?

During his illness he told me the story of his life. His one deep regret was that his unlawful life should be proved so base before the woman he loved. He was the last of his family, and the name would soon be forgotten, but the girl, that was soon to be his bride, to be made to suffer was more than he could endure. He in some manner obtained copies of a paper from his native place, and while reading the home news in one of these papers one day, he received a shock that did more towards bringing the end than months of sickness. It was the announcement of the marriage of the former sweetheart of Bird. That she should marry. Bird had often said was probably as he told him at their last interview in the court room that she could never forgive his base

IT IS HAUNTED.

Spirits Frolic About the State Prison Hospital.

A STORY OF LOVE THAT LEFT A GHOST BEHIND—THE ROMANCE OF CONVICT BIRD CAUSED IT ALL—THERE ARE STRANGE SOUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL HALLS AT NIGHT.

The penitentiary hospital is haunted, says the Colorado Sunday News. Along in the still watches of the night some spirits in dire unrest hold high carnival in the north corridor of that well kept and equipped department of the state's great reformatory institution. Almost every night for the past many years there have been things seen and heard of such a nature as to cause the teeth of the attendants to chatter and the patients to draw the bed clothes well about their heads in order to shut out the spectral sights and hollow wailings that fill the entire building.

For some time all this has been going on but there is almost nothing that the prisoner attendants would not sooner undergo than to own that they had observed anything of an unnatural origin, as such admission on their part would in their estimation unfit them for a job in what is known as a soft snuff and fearing that the officials would look at it in that way, they would sacrifice almost anything before they would make an acknowledgement. The patients finding their stories not backed by the attendants also kept still, and the ghosts have had things their own way.

For the last few days the story of the strange sounds and appearances was circulated among the prisoners about the front buildings and a News man, after a series of questionings, gained the following story from one of the clerks in the hospital:

There have been many things going on around here that I cannot account for and I have found no one that works around here that can. I work in the day time and go to bed at 9 o'clock in the evening. I sleep on the second floor and have done so ever since the place was built. I am not the least bit superstitious, but when you wake up in the night and find a man walking around in the air above your bed with a murderous looking knife in one hand and a large roll of greenbacks of the \$10 and \$20 denomination in the other, and insisting that you take the knife and plunge it into some one's heart and accept the money as a consideration for the job, you can bet you have received an eye-opener that will last you till morning, especially when the staring eyes and contorted features of the man are all that is most horrible and can be seen very distinctly in the light of the small number of gas jets that are kept burning all night. Do I know the cause of it? Well, I know what is said to be the reason of these visions of the spirit of a man that died in this place about one year ago. The story is this:

Along in March, 1891, a man was brought to the prison here from the southern district of Alabama to serve a ten-years' sentence for counterfeiting. His name was W. W. Bird; he was about 30 years of age, was a fine looking man as ever came to this institution. He was a slick one, and had given the United States detectives no end of trouble before they landed him. He was well educated, and claimed to belong to one of the old colonial families of Alabama, but ever since the war the family has been in financial straits, and in very low circumstances financially. At the age of 21 years he found himself in a position to enjoy the world, and all that seemed lacking for him, considering his good birth and education, was money. During the several months in which he gave himself time to consider this financial question he made the acquaintance of a very polished gentleman, who developed into an expert counterfeiter when the acquaintance ripened into confidence, and he offered young Bird such inducements in his line that Bird thought he had found a solution to his financial problem. He agreed to enter into a partnership (telling himself that when he had secured a start in the world he would forsake the business and lead an honest life.

The good standing and name of young Bird in that section of the state was a good element in the business and for five years everything went well and he was about determined to abandon the dangerous life when the fate of so many in that following overtook him and he disgraced his honored family by being proven a counterfeiter and sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term of years. During his life as an outlaw he had met and fell in love with a beautiful lady, whose family like his own was among the best in the state. After a short courtship the young people were engaged and this fact more than any one thing decided young Bird that he would return to an honest life, and all might have ended well had not the resolution come too late. When he was brought to this place he was set to work down in the foundry, and it was not long before that kind of work began to tell on him and he was already doomed when he was brought to the hospital, where after a long illness he died.

During his illness he told me the story of his life. His one deep regret was that his unlawful life should be proved so base before the woman he loved. He was the last of his family, and the name would soon be forgotten, but the girl, that was soon to be his bride, to be made to suffer was more than he could endure. He in some manner obtained copies of a paper from his native place, and while reading the home news in one of these papers one day, he received a shock that did more towards bringing the end than months of sickness. It was the announcement of the marriage of the former sweetheart of Bird. That she should marry. Bird had often said was probably as he told him at their last interview in the court room that she could never forgive his base

deception, and hoped that she should never see his face again. But what brought the sweat of agony to his brow was that he recognized in the name of the bridegroom his old associate and confederate in crime.

Never for a moment did he blame the girl for her opinion of his unlawful life and the deception, and knowing her high sense of honor, dreaded to contemplate the awful awakening that some day would be hers. It seemed that this confederate had kept in the dark during the trial of Bird, who despite of all, retained too high a sense of honor to implicate his name in the affair.

When everything had settled down, he sought the young lady and offered such consolation that she promised to share his life and a fortune. He had met the girl much against Bird's wishes during the time Bird was courting her, and himself falling in love with her, determined to get his rival out of the way, and after securing himself he set the detectives on Bird's track. This is of course the way Bird figured it, and whether it is so or not, he firmly believed it, and was making arrangements to get the officials on the man when death came. I was with him in his last moments, and his one desire was to satisfy his revenge for the betrayal he had suffered at this man's hands.

Just before he died he asked for his clothes, and cutties a slit in the lining of his coat took out a roll of bills amounting to four hundred dollars. This was sent to his friend in the south. As I said before, I do not believe in ghosts, but if you want to see something strange just hang around the north corridor of this place and some night you will see something that will keep you awake a good long time. There are other things that happen around here that would be hard to explain but this one case is causing some of the attendants to lose their appetites.

Denver, Colo.

A TRIBUTE TO ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.
To Nature's true interpreter—The humblest yet the greatest seer, Deepest thinker—philosopher That lives upon our mundane sphere, We write this simple, truthful lay, Which from the inmost heart doth flow.

That we, in part, the debt may pay, That a neglectful world doth owe, From callow youth, to ripe old age, You've used your wondrous gifts of love.

As seer, philosopher, and sage, That Nature's light might clearly shine; Her "Revelations" to mankind So clear you voiced in early youth, That nowhere else on earth we find So much of wisdom and of truth.

The books you were inspired to write—Which far too few have seen or read, Will fill the earth with living light For ages after death are dead. 'Tis always thus, the truly great Must do their work and pass away, Before mankind appreciate The good they do or truth they say.

Yea, such the price all pay to live, Who live ahead of their own time, Their time and talent they must give And "trust in God" with faith sublime; Your duty thus you've nobly done, And all who witness you will reward, E'en now you've fame and honor won Which all who know you, glad award.

The generations yet to be Will reach the stature of your thought, And it requires no prophecy To say by them it will be sought; "The Children's Lyceum" which you saw, And from the spirit spheres brought down.

The world's attention yet shall draw, And bring you honor and renown, And millions whom your books have fed With manna new and fresh from heaven, Will bless you for the "living bread" With lavish hand so freely given; And when you reach the "Summer Land," Where all you've fed you'll surely meet.

They'll grasp you with a grateful hand, And then your bliss will be complete. Then lean upon your "Magic Staff," And patient wait a few years more, And then the cup of joy you'll quaff With saints and sages gone before; But while you stay, still work for man, Though harder 'tis, still work in your prime.

In history you'll lead the van—So trust in God and bide your time. DEAN CLARKE, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

THE NATION'S POOR.
Softly falls the twilight shadows O'er a land of grief and woe, Like the shepherd folds his mantle, When the stormy winds doth blow. O'er homes where hunger, gaunt and fearful, Pallid cheeks and hollow eyes Looks out upon the falling shadows With stifled moans and anguished cries.

And listen, while the twilight deepens And children call aloud for bread, To the chiming of the church-bells chime, "O God! Is mercy dead?" Can a loving Father forget his children, And sit where glories forever reign, While the homeless poor are cold and hungry, And their hearts are tortured with grief and pain? WATERLOO, N. Y. ALICE GRAY.

Cards Saved His Life.
A New York man's life was saved the other day by a pack of cards that stopped a bullet from entering his heart. They probably did it just as well as a Testament would have done, but it doesn't make so good a story—Ex.

