

THE REFORMATION AGE.

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VOL. I.

"BE SO TRUE TO THYSELF AS THAT THOU BE NOT FALSE TO OTHERS."—Bacon.

LYONS, MICH., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

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No. 10.

Zitery.

For the Present Age.

The Watcher for the Morning.

BY MRS. L. N. WELLS.

I am weary—wary waiting

For the promised day;

Heaven seems far off, forgetful,

Sins and death bear away.

Wary watcher, see the mountain,

Tipped with golden gleams,

See the clouds that gather beauty,

From the coming dawn.

Yet I'm weary; on the valleys,

Rests the sombre shroud;

Only from the hills is lifted

Heavy mist and cloud.

Wary watcher, why not treading

On the mountains height?

He is weary who stands waiting

For the coming light.

Onward to the hills of Deulah!

Up and catch the day;

Find where gleams the eternal promise,

Morning waits—away!

The Tragedy at Mere Hall.

THE DANGER OF RELYING ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It was a golden afternoon in August, and we were a party of eight on the Mere, of whom I was the eldest, the others being mostly giddy boys and girls. They will none of them ever forget that afternoon, I think, though each of them should live to see three-score years and ten.

When on the Monday we met at Mere Hall, which our friend, Lady Ashleigh, had just taken on a lease, we were all strangers to each other. St. Ledger DeMaine and I laughed together, this same Thursday afternoon, when we remembered how we had only been at Mere Hall a few days when we arrived; it was all new to her, the people on the estate and in the neighborhood unknown, the very park itself unexplored. It was a sweet old place much neglected by reason of the impoverished fortunes of its owner, overgrown with weeds, but offering ample scope for the exercise of the party, next to myself. All the heads of families had been expressly invited to stay; it was a party of boys and girls brimming over with good spirits, among whom I felt that I must seem a very slow coach, for I could never swallow sixpences and bring them out of my boots, as St. Ledger DeMaine did, nor walk round on my own head twenty times without falling flat on the ground, like George Fynechden, nor catch gooseberries in my mouth when they were thrown at me ten yards off, like that expert young Apsley. I could only sketchily and ungraciously attempt to do all this mild accomplishment was incapable of bringing any grist of fun to the common mill. Yet they were very long suffering with me, I am bound to say; and sweet Rosalind, especially, with her pretty little ways, tried to make me feel that I was not a cumbersome appendage to this joyous band. We walked across the park, through green herbage, topped with tall, feathery grasses, which became a sheet of tremulous silver, as the sun shimmered along their edges. Then, through a wood of fir, whose branches interlaced against the sky, where great-tailed squirrels were leaping from bough to bough, and the ground was carpeted with the recumbent fibre of the trees overhead. At length we came to the edge of the Mere, and here we looked to find the boat, but it was nowhere to be seen. A half-drum or two dived up from the rushes at our approach, and skinned along the glassy water, leaving a ripple in their track; there was nothing else in sight. But the Mere was a mile and a half round, with many a creek and wooded cove, where the boat might have drifted, and none of us knew the greater part of the lake. He had nothing on his head, and his hair, which was of a light brown color and abundant, was in the wildest disorder; and we could not see his face, which he kept buried in his hands. He was dressed in a shooting jacket, and part of a fishing rod lay beside him on the bank.

"What business has he here?" said Fynechden. "Who is he? I vote we ask him."

But Miss Ashleigh suggested that it was, in all probability, some neighbor or tenant of her mother's, who had always been accustomed to wander about the place at will, and with whose prescriptive rights Lady Ashleigh would be sorry to interfere without first making inquiry of her.

"He is a very queer-looking fellow," said DeMaine, as we walked on. "I don't half like him."

A few yards further, we came upon the object of our quest, wedged in among the rushes. An old-fashioned boat, which had apparently drifted here—for it was not moored where the weeds had caught it. Was it safe? Was it large enough to hold us all? I declared not, but Sir Reynard, the next senior in command, stoutly asserted that it was; and the juniors of course all sided with him. As it was wet and dirty inside, we all gathered round the water's edge. I drew out my sketch-book. "No! I must draw you all. You make such a pretty picture, with all those bright colors; quite a bouquet of flowers float on the water." "It is distance lends enchantment, I'm afraid," laughed Rosalind. "You never said anything half so civil until some yards of water divided us from them."

Then they floated away, and the voices and the laughter grew more and more indistinct. As to drawing them it was impossible; the punt, propelled by Fynechden's long arms performed such wonderful evolutions that I never got for two seconds together from the same point of view. I had just shut my book in disgust when I heard a step behind me. The boat was, by this time, nearing a long narrow promontory of rough stones on the opposite side of the lake. I turned and found the stranger we had passed a quarter of an hour before, standing close to me. His face, which I now saw for the first time, was deadly pale, and the effect of ghastliness was increased by a recent cut upon the cheek, where the blood was scarcely yet dry. The sweat stood out in great drops upon his forehead, and I observed that his hand trembled nervously, as he spoke:

"Call to them to come back, sir. Tell them not to come any further."

"Why? Isn't the boat safe?" I exclaimed, starting up. "Does it leak?"

"No—yes, it isn't safe. For God's sake call to them to come back from that—that point. Shout to them, sir, won't you?"

I shouted; for the man's agitation was so great that it conveyed to me some vague sense of imminent danger, though the obvious question rose to my lips immediately I saw the boat's head, in answer to my signals, swing round.

"But if the boat isn't sea-worthy, they had better land on that side, instead of recrossing the lake?"

"Anywhere but there—let them land anywhere but there! Let them recross the lake—let them land anywhere but there!"

"Have you been in the boat yourself, to-day?"

He gave me a terrified stare, like a wild beast brot to bay. "No I have not been in it. No one can say I was in it. I defy them to prove it. I mean" (here he pressed his hand to his head, and moaned) "if there is anything amiss with the boat, I didn't do it."

I now made up my mind that the man was mad, and this conclusion, though not altogether a pleasant one, as we stood together on the water's edge, (and the man was a head and shoulders taller than I,) relieved my anxiety somewhat as to my friends' peril; they being still some distance from the shore. But any personal apprehension, if I entertained it, was quickly dispelled; for the stranger, almost instantly after this, turned upon his heel, sprang up the bank, and was quickly lost among the trees. I could now hear Fynechden's voice shouting, "What's the row? Do you want to get in?"

"Boat isn't safe," I bellowed. "Man says, shore there dangerous. Come back here." "Tell him he's an idiot!" was the reply. "The punt hasn't let in a drop of water," cried DeMaine.

Then rose the chorus of girls. "We won't come back, unless you promise to get in." It was the only way to secure their return, so I promised; and three or four minutes later, the old punt, with its cargo of blithe, boisterous young spirits, ran up on the beach close to the water's edge, and I told my story very impressively, as I thought.

"Depend on it," said Fynechden, "the boat was drunk. Did you ask him what business he had in the boat at all?"

He pulled up some boards from the boat's bottom to verify this statement, and he had not made a drop of water, when Apsley called out, "Hallo! look what I've found. A pocket-book! It must be that mad duffer's!" But he was not scrupulous as to examining it; but there was no name on the first page to indicate its owner. A number of entries—chiefly far accounts, apparently—were scrawled here and there throughout the book, and the words "Reuben owes me," occurred constantly; until, in the last entry, it reached upwards of seven pounds.

"There is method in his madness, at least," laughed DeMaine.

They insisted on getting me into the boat, and disposed of me somewhere between Sir Reynard Vavasour's legs, where I sat, crunched up, with my knees in my mouth, and my head hanging over the boat's side, staring with the blank stare that I held the marvels of the little deep, as we lazily clove the water; dragon-flies and wondrous many-winged insects, forests of tiny pink-eyed weeds, and groves of red-brown water-mosses. Anon we came to shallower water, and I could see the fine sandy bed of the Mere, starred with green, and violet gold-pebbles, fitted together, here and there, by the cunning hand of nature, into shapes of tasseled pavement. Tadpoles and minnows darted across from under the awful shadow of the punt as we advanced, but the bigger fish, which all kept to the deeper and thicker portions of the Mere.

We were now at the lower end of it, and began working our way round by the opposite shore, floating dreamily on, like the Lotus

Eaters, under the cool green light of the overhanging, large-leaved lilies. Some of them struck up the "Canadian Boat Song," and we all joined in chorus, when I broke in upon the harmony by calling out:

"Hallo, Fynechden! look where we are. Turn the boat's head 'round; we're not fifty yards from the very point that fellow warned me about; we may just as well avoid it as you know."

"Stuff! what danger can there be? I vote on the contrary, we make straight for it." And disregarding my sapient voice, on we went. The water, though still translucent was much deeper as we neared the stony tongue of land which advanced into the lake some thirty yards beyond the bank on either side. I called out lustily to Fynechden not to propel us any more with his long pole, lest, haply, he should drive in the boat's bottom upon some sharp point of rock. We were now not more than five or six yards from the promontory.

Suddenly we were facing a very different scene. From Miss Galloway, who had been hanging on the boat's side, and now threw herself back, covering her face with her hands. I stooped forward and looked down into the water. Good God! What was it? Could it be—

—a face, livid, distorted, staring up, with terrible, wide-open eyes, the color of the clear water from the stony bottom of the lake.

Most of the men, and two of the ladies, had the same horrible vision. There could be no doubt, no question about it. "Come away! For Heaven's sake let us come away!" shrieked Miss Galloway; and I saw that in truth, the first thing to be done was to land the ladies as quickly as possible. They were all pale and trembling; I thought Miss Galloway would have fainted, as I handed her out of the boat; and the scene of terror and dismay natural on such an occasion I need not here detail. "You had better go home at once," I said. "You must—some of us—remain here, and see after this. They turned away in among the trees, leaving me to my own thoughts. Life had been clung to each other like a herd of frightened deer, while we pushed the boat off once again to the spot where we had seen that ghastly sight. There it was; we felt it with the oar; and though there could not be a doubt that the man was dead, the most urgent matter was to get the body out of the water. Fynechden and Apsley threw off their coats and plunged in; we in the boat held the pole and the oar, to which they clung with one hand while with the other they lifted the body. It was not without some difficulty they succeeded in this, for the body was very heavy, a fact which was proved when the two men were filled with large stones. Life had been extinct some time; he was quite cold. The hands were rigid in the convulsion of their death agony; the face was awful to behold. Whether or not it had been evil in life, the horror of a sudden and violent death had scarred it with a ghastly expression, which one of the boys looked upon it that I shiver to this day. He was a short powerful man, from his dress apparently a well-to-do farmer. Who was he? What was his history? How did he come to this end? We had all one impression. The look stamped on the features did not belong to a suicide. Yet the body, when it was hoisted, showed that it was no accidental death. There had been foul play. 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For the Present Age.
DREAM OF AN IMMORTAL.
BY EMMA TUTTLE.
Out there the vines are creeping
Over the lattice white,
I dream as the flying time
Greeted the coming night,
Far in the blue east trembled
The light of a cream-white star,
And the rime of the clouds of sunset
Were pink as the sea-shells are.
The eyes of my life were open,
The springs of my heart least high,
Though my outer form was lying
As motionless as when we die.
Down through the twilight distance,
Floating like song and thought,
Came one whom the world has worshipped
For the mighty gift of song.
At length in the grape vine shadows
Near by my side he seemed,
But oh, what a far-off beauty
Over my spirit beamed.
'Twas gazing a spot of moonlight,
Or holding a song most sweet,
So subtle, so bright, so heavenly
He seemed from head to foot.
I looked in his face a moment,
So mighty, so all-complete;
I bowed to his burning glory
And prayed to kiss his feet.
Back from my touch he vanished
Saying, "not so, not so!
But raise up thy soul to meet me
That I need not come so low."
Then with a graceful motion
Over my neck he threw
A scarf on which stars were sprinkled
Over a ground of blue.
Reaching a fair hand forward
Holding a glove of white,
"Wear it, oh earthly sister,
Wear it, he said, and write!"
Now when the mazy mantle
Presses upon my hand,
Then I can write the sweetest
Tales of the Better Land.
Angels seem all about me
Guiding my heart and pen,
And telling the truths of Heaven
Unto their fellow men.

An Address
DELIVERED AT THE CONVENTION AT STURGIS,
MICH., SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1896.
BY MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

The choir sang, "Shall we know each other
there?"
Yes, friends, in the land toward which we
are rapidly journeying, you will meet and re-
cognize, and clasp in kindly and loving em-
braces, all the idols round which your affec-
tions have clustered so fondly in this mortal
sphere. And oh, friends, as we come freight-
ed with our blessings as ministering spirits,
with our heart expanding in unity with your
own this evening, we look over the future, so
far as we are permitted to see its necessities,
its privileges and its issues. We can but re-
joice in a song of glad thanksgiving, that in
this age has been vouchsafed to the human
soul the glorious intelligence that life is con-
tinuous throughout this and every other con-
dition in which we may be placed by the ma-
nifestations of time and circumstances.

We can but feel that running throughout
all the various strata of the earth, and of our
material and spiritual experiences, there is a
grand law of compensations, there is a correla-
tion and conservation of forces that provide
for all possible exigencies that each and every
experience of life bring us, and we cannot but
feel that although we are destined in this
mortal life to experience disappointments, to
overcome difficulties, to meet in the devious
paths of life, a great many obstacles and trials;
still throughout all these experiences, there is
an organic law immutable, in time and eternity,
providing for all our sufferings, for all our
struggles, a compensation.

We cannot but feel, while we are as denizens
of another and higher condition of being, over-
looking, with earnest affection, the interest of
these our loved ones upon the earth, while we
are casting, intelligent fore gleams into the
future and trying to divine what are the
possibilities or immediate advantages to be
realized by the inhabitants of earth in the on-
ward march of progress, we cannot help realiz-
ing, we say, that in and over all, there is a wise
and beneficent Providence that supplies to us
under each and every varying condition, all
the requirements, all the absolute necessities of
our being. And as we look over this audience,
and see men and women whose furrowed cheeks
and silver hair indicate that their journeys
have been long and tedious; and as we see
them uplifting their spiritual eyes to that
brighter and fairer future wherein they hope
to realize all that they have wished for in this
life, and as much more as the constantly ger-
minating and unfolding soul is capable of
realizing.

As we look again and see just starting upon
the outer border, of the stage of life, young
souls, newly commissioned with the high re-
sponsibilities and duties of manhood and woman-
hood, we cannot help feeling that it is indeed
a glorious boon to live, although we find in the
world, if not here in our immediate presence,
still we hear coming from the outer border, of
civilization the wailing of broken hearts, the
moanings of innocent victims sacrificed un-
mercifully and tyrannically to custom and au-
thority; yet mingled with the tones of sorrow
and suffering, with these complaining and
heart throbs, are finer and purer notes, that
bespeak as we reach down deep into the souls
of men and women, the hope of a brighter and
better future for all mankind. It is true all
men and women are not emancipated and un-
folded to that extent that they can catch the
key notes that prophecy a better and grander
future.

But there are here and there seeds so nicely
attuned to the interior harmonies of God and
nature, that they catch the strain and prolong
it until upon the mountain tops of spiritual per-
ception, our prophets and seers proclaim the
millennium, though it be afar, though its morn-
ing beams have scarcely illumined the horizon
of the coming day.

Still we hear, we see and feel that the times
are imminent, that everywhere men and wo-
men are emerging from the night of darkness,
ignorance and slavery that has bound us in
the past. We see the glad morning of the
resurrection. Do you ask if we mean a phys-
ical or spiritual resurrection? We answer
both, for there is a sublime truth in that old
orthodox idea of a resurrection, although it is

untrue in the sense that the orthodox world
interpret its meaning. It is literally true in
the higher sense that God is resurrecting or
re-combining, and man is also doing this. God
is re-combining the elements and forces, and
atoms, and primates which He is creating con-
stantly; that He is re-combining and reun-
iting these in an infinite variety of forms and
conditions.

In this sense we are being physically resur-
rected every day of our lives, and that resur-
rection is partial or perfect in proportion as
we thoroughly understand and apply the true
principles of physical development and growth
of our own bodily unfoldment. We are be-
ginning to learn, as a people, the gospel of
health. We are beginning to learn that it is
a moral and religious impossibility for any man
to be good who is not physically pure. We
are beginning to learn that water is colored by
the medium through which it flows, and must
inevitably take the shape and form of the ves-
sel into which it falls.

Now, I believe it is a moral and physical
impossibility for a man or woman that is a
confirmed dyspeptic to be strictly moral or re-
ligious, for the reason that incorporeity is not
born of corruption, that purity is not outgrown
from impurity.

We will find the fruit always corresponding
to the nature and character of the tree that
produces it.

And no man or woman, I maintain, can be
purely moral and religious who is not healthy
physically. You may say, then, that there
are very few Christians in this world. True
there are perhaps none in the sense of perfec-
tion, but we are, as I said before, learning the
principles of Nature. We are learning the
economy observed in all natural and material
productions, in other words, we are learning
the divine economy, which never wastes, never
perverts, never diverts from the legitimate
channels of use and unfoldment, any single
particle of matter or any amount of force used
in controlling these particles in the various
forms, which are but combinations of particles.

Though in a general and strictly common
sense view, the material and spiritual Universe
is not divided. Matter is a unit, when we
take an absolute and comprehensive view of it;
when we stand where God stands; when we
hold in the hollow of our hand the material
universe; when we measure the present devel-
opment and its interminable future unfoldment,
we should see it as a unit, creating and evol-
ving every visible form of combination and as-
sociation.

But as we cannot stand where God stands,
as we cannot compass with the finite mind in-
finity, we are compelled to use this disintegrate-
ing process, which leads us with some degree
of certainty, to a knowledge of the relations
existing in the material universe. Now, science
has been the means by which all these facts,
relative and partial as they must be, have
been accumulated.

Science has been the instrument through
which we are beginning to learn, through the
application of laws and principles, that all places
and all things are sacred; that the atom
or the pebble that is from time to time cast
up on the sea shore, is in itself as indispensa-
ble to the perfection and unfoldment of this
natural universe, as are the stars that reside in
the firmament, as are the planetary systems
that move in perfect order around us.

We are beginning to learn that matter and mind,
matter and spirit and motion are indissoluble
and inseparable throughout all the great
divisions of the created Universe.

These glimmerings as they have been shad-
owed forth to us, though vaguely and dimly,
in our philosophy, more perfectly in our spir-
itual science are laying the foundation upon
which to build a more practical structure of
philosophy.

We have to learn a great many lessons. We
are learning very slowly, we shall learn faster
in the future than we have in the past, for our
growth increases just in proportion to the
amount of unfoldment. And I want to tell
you what I consider to be the first letter in the
alphabet of Spiritualism. It is this, to learn
to accept the world as it is; not as it
should be; not as we would have it, perfect as
we could make it ourselves but just as it is.

We find ourselves upon these material shores
of existence, with no power to get away from
the limitations, conditions or circumstances
that bind and control us. We have to learn
to accept them as they are. The Christian
world has been complaining for 1800 years,
that God has not done his work efficiently and
completely. Now I want to hear no more of
this complaining, no more of this whining, if
we can do nothing else but bemoan our condi-
tion, it were better we had never been born.

We have found fault with and complained
of God's work long enough.

Now let us begin to enquire whether, after
all, all the necessary and requisite conditions
for the perfection and unfoldment of these
works, are not inherent in the works them-
selves, and are not to be supplied by any pro-
vidential interposition on the part of God, Je-
sus or any body else. If this is true, then
what are we to do but cease our complaining,
cease our backbitings and jealousies, and com-
mence at once the work that is before us, deal-
ing with the elements and forces which God
has called into being, dealing with these, ex-
perimenting with these, exhausting, expand-
ing and unfolding them. I care not whether
they lead us, if it is deep into the bowels of
the earth, or any where else in nature, or into
the recesses of our own souls; I care not where
the resources which we are to use are discov-
ered, they belong to one common family of
forces, elements, causes and purposes.

God has created them, somebody has created
them for a purpose. I do not believe that In-
finite Wisdom has been experimenting for 1800
years; or for many millions of years without a
purpose; nor do I believe he has failed in his
undertaking, or ever will, and therefore I do
not propose as an individual, to improve upon
his works, but I do propose to take hold of
such things as are within my reach, and make
the best use of them. And I would have each
of you do the same thing.

It makes no difference what they are, so
long as they are present with me. I propose
to use them intelligently not authoritatively,
or dogmatically, nor with a disposition to im-

pose restraints and burdens upon any, but with
a disposition to understand their significance
and uses in every direction.

This I understand to be the purpose of the
present age, to make every possible force in
the universe serve a use. We find that in the
natural and material world all things have a
legitimate use, that is, so far as our scientific
observations and experiments have been ex-
tended. We find everything has a specific
end and relationship to all other things. I be-
lieve that there is a necessity in the vegetable
productions for a superfluous life which must
each year decay, and in its dissolution and de-
cay lend strength and nutriment to the earth;
so there are moral weeds, moral vipers that
are just as essential to the life of society, as
superfluous vegetation is to the earth, to
strengthen it for future productions. I be-
lieve that these under strata are just as neces-
sary to its perpetuity as the rocks are to the
organic structure of the world. And therefore
believing this, I am disposed to accept human-
ity as it is, but I am disposed to accept it all.

I am not going to put my mark upon this one,
or that one, or the other, and say these are my
brothers or my sisters, and those I have not
marked are aliens, they are none of mine, they
do not belong to my family. I have no sym-
pathy with intelligent Spiritualists who pro-
pose to do any such thing as this, because I
believe that Spiritualism is a divine eclecti-
cism, it is cosmopolitan in its nature, and it
proposes to make every force, and every atom its
servant so that there can be nothing outside of it.

If this is the purpose of modern Spiritualism,
I want to see men and women who are
ready to accept it. I do not ask intelligent
men and women to take to their homes and
their hearts the debauchee, the prostitute, the
drunkard and the criminal; but I ask them to
treat them as members of the human family,
as members of the common brotherhood of hu-
manity, and contribute so far as they can to
their education, to their comfort. They are
bound by all the laws of God and nature to
do this without any equivocation. That spir-
itualists, as a body, are not ready to do this I
believe; I know there are noble exceptions;
I know there are good Samaritans who do not
pass by on the other side, when a poor brother
or sister lies in the gutter asking for their
very helplessness, their assistance. I know
there are those among the Spiritualists who
will help these. We are beginning now, spir-
itualists, numbering as we do so large a pro-
portion of the human family, to lay the foun-
dation for future work. I know there are a great
many weak kneed Spiritualists who are very
much afraid lest somebody or something will
hurt the cause. My dear friends, God will
take care of his own, and if he cannot, cer-
tainly man cannot hope to do this. This cause
of Spiritualism is the cause of truth, of hu-
manity, and is there any finite being who can
perfect it.

We are just now laying the foundation of
the future work. Spiritualism has been to
some degree a disintegrating force or power,
many of its exponents have been iconoclasts
they have broken idols, they have laid in
waste the fair fields of Spiritual promise and
hope; they have weakened the influence of
the churches, by letting in the light to the
minds of the people, revealing in that light
many of the absurdities of their theology.

We are termed iconoclasts, idol breakers
and destructionists, and rightly so, for we
must necessarily break up a great deal; must
destroy the roots that are absorbing the vital-
ity from the soil, and in their decay, make
them subserve the life of the new, and by and
become entirely absorbed in the life that
outflows in larger and more expanded organi-
zations. We cannot expect the fruit and
grain to grow unless we prepare the soil prop-
erly, so, morally speaking, we must destroy
the source of vice and corruption.

I maintain that evil always destroys itself
if let alone. When I say, if let alone, I mean
this, just as soon as you can convince a man,
or woman that they are acting upon erroneous
grounds, that their opinions are based upon
false foundations, that moment their opinions
waver and totter, and by and by we find them
preparing to surrender their opinions and
change their convictions, and so soon as they
do this, so soon as the evil is revolting they
avoid it, and it dies a natural death. Now
as we look down into the fields of material life
we find that nature always conserves her
force, and combines them in such beautiful order
and economy that nothing is lost. Even the
poisons that destroy human, animal and veg-
etable life, when in the great chemistry of
nature, they are properly and legitimately
associated, they in turn sustain some form of
life. And these have their mission to re-
move these poisons from condition, where
they would be more injurious. So then we
find that in the material world, we cannot af-
ford to sacrifice one jot or tittle of what God
and nature have provided in the past or present.

We therefore must take hold of the present
issues and base all our hopes for the future
upon these present conditions, adding to them
all the powers and advantages that science,
philosophy, art and divinity have unfolded
and revealed to us.

It seems to me friends that we want now a
constructive work. We have laid our founda-
tions in every county, we have left the marks
of our footsteps, we have met the foot-prints
of old time tyrannies, of old time monarchies,
of old time barbarism—and we have left our
impressions wherever we have whispered in
the listening ear of doubting mortals the
glad news of a future life, and of intercom-
munion between the life beyond and the life
here. Wherever we have whispered these
truths into the ears of mortals we have left a
mark upon these, we have left impressions up-
on the face of civilization that ages cannot
erase.

Now these footprints are scattered all over
the civilized world, and it is time that they
were gathering in the workers. You know
an old teacher said, "many shall be called
but few shall be chosen," of all to whom we
have appealed, of all those whose attention
we have awakened, we must select those who
are best adapted to the work. The construc-
tive work,—we have appealed to some through
their sympathies, we have reached others
through their love of truth, others through

their doctrinal or religious natures—we have
aroused their attention in every way we could,
if we could not bring into exercise all the fac-
ulties, we have been content with arousing
one or more faculties where we could not in-
terest the whole. Having awakened a few of
the faculties we may reach the others. And
now, in calling them together, there is a
very large proportion upon whom we can rely
for labor. It is no small matter to systemat-
ize and arrange this movement, but we hope
by constant effort to accomplish this labor.

The time is not far distant when a higher
system of political, social and religious science
is to be unfolded and scattered among the
people. The world demands that which is in-
tensely practical, and Spiritualism has come to
make men and women practical.

The age of theories is fast disappearing and
in this practical age, every man and woman
is desirous of making every thing subserve
some use.

This being the case, the natural inquiry
from every department is, what are you going
to do with Spiritualism? We hope none of
you will feel like the man who drew an ele-
phant in a lottery, that it was a doubtful
prize, for he did not know what to do with it.
If there is no practical use of Spiritualism you
are worse off than as if it had not come.

This question is to be answered by spiri-
tualists themselves. We cannot lay down any
rules by which all spiritual associations shall
be governed. We cannot draw up a creed
and in that creed express all that every spir-
itualist shall believe, because the moment we
do that, we are doing precisely what the
churches have done and failed in.

Shall we repeat their failures? Never!
What then shall we do? Shall we say to the
Spiritualist that the best answer you can make
to this inquiry is in your daily lives? Don't
let us stop to answer the question when it is
asked by the outside world. "What good does
Spiritualism do?"—say to them, watch our
daily lives, if you see any change attribute
this to Spiritualism. I am a Spiritualist, and
Spiritualism teaches me to believe in a con-
tinued existence, to believe that I cannot ce-
dare the legitimate penalties of my own follies,
my own sins, that if I do any wrong I must
suffer for it.

Spiritualism leads me to deal gently with
the erring, and that in this and every other
condition of life, I must retain my own self-
respect, and throughout all the changing rela-
tions of life, keep the constant harmony that
breathes love and good will to men.

Friends, we want schools, we want colleges,
we want theatres;—yes, theatres; and what
for? Why, to develop all parts of our na-
ture into harmony. We have a love of the
beautiful. We have a love of the rhetorical.
We have a love of all that unfolds and devel-
ops human character; and there is no place,
no one school of education that gives a wider
scope to all the human faculties—spiritual,
mental, and physical—than a thorough dra-
matic education and discipline.

One of our great teachers said in his time
that the theatres of this country had done
more towards unfolding man morally, than all
the churches had.

We want as our theatres, theatres; we
want colleges, where we can send our young
men and young women, to educate them as
a class, without the binding influence of custom,
that too often, when it opens the doors for
woman, perpetrates the vices and annoyances
that it could not continue openly, in the prej-
udices and limitations that it imposes upon
woman to-day.

Do you tell me that Spiritualists are poor
and cannot build colleges? I tell you it is not
so. They are not a poverty-stricken people.
They are not a set of paupers. They are in-
telligent men and women, and in all spiritual
societies there are some of these almost invari-
ably who are paying their money for the sup-
port of theological schools, in which every-
thing else is sacrificed and made secondary to
the idol of the church. Look at the most lib-
eral institution in your country—your Michi-
gan University. What has it done? It has
attempted to arrest the tides of progress; it
has closed its doors against women; it has at-
tempted to force down the throats of the peo-
ple of the nineteenth century an old exploded
theory of medicine, that is as destructive in
its influence physically, as the old Mosaic dis-
pensation is spiritually.

I ask you if we do not want, in this age, a
college, an institution—aye, many of them—in
every State of this Union, where men and
women may be educated in the enjoyment of
all the rights that God and nature have be-
stowed upon them? It seems to me that we
need these, and I have faith to believe that
they will come. If I had not I would never,
as a spirit, open my lips again in defence of
human liberties. We want in every commu-
nity like this, spiritual and social organizations,
that shall combine all the varieties of social
enjoyments, so that we may not only come
here and listen to the wisdom from the lips
of such great teachers, but that we may bring
our own wisdom to the aid of the young
men and young women, and they may enter
into the largest life and the greatest enjoyments
that characterize the human condition.

This free country. We want them to inter-
mix with these gray hairs and furrowed
cheeks, and dim eyes that are looking forward
to the future. We want the happier and
brighter faces of the youth of this country,
that we may realize in our declining years,
we descend the hill of life, and look up the
mountain that is beyond, that we may have
the encouragement of these fresh young hearts
to cheer us on our way, as we are going to
meet the loved ones who have gone before us.

We cannot bring in the young if we have
no other attractions than purely scientific dis-
quisitions and essays. We cannot attract them,
they are full of life, and they cannot afford,
in the early spring-time of their lives, to sit
down and pour over dusty records, and listen
to our dull and prosaic discussions.

What shall we invent to attract them, and
give them pleasure?
Give them the drama, give them the the-
atre, give them music, give them amusements
of every description, that they may feel them-
selves naturalized in our climate and our
sphere. It will not hurt us, friends; these
old gray-headed men and women, it will not
hurt you to mingle again with the children in

the sports and pastimes of childhood: it will
tend to renew in your minds the beautiful
spontaneity of the early spring-time of life.

Let us have a united effort in behalf of edu-
cation, for that is, after all, the basis upon
which all government, all society, and all
religion rests. Now friends before we leave
this Convention, let me urge upon you the
necessity of taking some action in this direc-
tion. This Convention, this gathering togeth-
er of the people from different portions of the
State, can do much. Let us find encourage-
ment and strength in the thought that there is
growing out from these centers a positive and
permanent and reliable system of education.

That when we have laid off our outward
bodies, and they are mingling with the phys-
ical elements of the earth, when our worn out
garments of clay are mingling with the phys-
ical elements of which they were composed, we
may feel assured that the wheels of progress
are not stayed; that we are repeating our-
selves in our children and children's children,
and transmitting all transferring the glories
of the present in renewed and added lustre
upon future generations.

Oh, friends of progress, we beseech you, aid
us in the emancipation of body and mind;
give us the hand of co-operation; give us an
earnest word and inspired soul, and though all
the hosts of evil are marshalled against us, we
will conquer!

CLING TO THE RIGHT.

BY E. C. ODIERNE.

Cling to the right! though the pathway be dreary,
Souls true and loyal before them have trod;
Cling to the right! if thy spirit is weary,
Bravely press on, it will lead thee to God;
Thou'rt ever thy path, to the glorious skies,
Angels of beauty before thee shall rise;
And round thy spirit, rejoicing in Light,
Floating thy'll gleam in their radiant bright.

Ever be firm to truth's principles glorious,
Calm in thy innocence, pass on thy way,
Hope then shall bear thee, on pinions victorious,
To the pure beams of a radiant day;
Then as a child of the glorious Light,
Cling, ever cling unto Justice and Right,
And in thy Earth-life the victory gained,
Laurels undying will then be attained.

Think of the joy of those radiant immortals,
Joy for the souls, who in triumph have passed,
O'er life's river, to Heaven's bright portals,
Safe from the troubles of Earth-life at last.
Oh! 'tis most glorious, this future so grand,
Meeting our friends, in the bright Summer Land,
In those blest scenes, ever radiant and bright,
Dwelling forever in immortal light.

PUEBLA, Aug. 11th, 1896.

THE PRESENT AGE.

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Lyons, Mich., Saturday, Aug. 22, 1896.

Progress of Spiritualism.

The numerous contributors to our columns,
whom we gladly welcome, compel us to reduce
our editorials this week to a comparatively
small space.

We had intended, in view of the assembling
of the Fifth National Convention of spiri-
tualists, which will occur before our next issue,
to have briefly reviewed the past and present
of Spiritualism. Perhaps it is better to defer
any extended remarks upon the subject until
after the Convention shall have made its re-
cord. Suffice it to say that only twenty years
have elapsed since the world was startled by
the singular phenomena occurring near Roch-
ester, N. Y. Investigation followed, and
scientific men have been unable to explain or
account for those tiny raps to this day, upon
any other hypothesis than that claimed, viz.
that they were and are the medium made use
of by intelligences, and inhabitants of earth
to communicate with those yet remaining
this side the change called death.

Prof. Hare, Judge Edmunds, Robert Dale
Owen, Gov. Tallmadge, and scores of others
equally intelligent, though perhaps not so
publicly prominent, became convinced of this
fact. Twenty years have passed, and although
an unceasing warfare has been waged by
branches of the church against modern spiri-
tualism, believers in its teachings are num-
bered by hundreds of thousands—some author-
ities claiming millions. And these are not
confined, as many opponents assert to the
low and ignorant, but are found among the
intelligent and refined of all classes of society
—in congress, among the judges of State and
U. S. courts, in the Cabinet, and all pro-
fessions, in colleges and all our institutions
of learning.

It is well, perhaps not widely known that
our late lamented President, Abraham Lincoln,
was a full believer in Spiritualism; attended
lectures in Springfield after his election, and
in circles—after the outbreak of the war
sought for aid and counsel from those who
had passed on to a higher life.

Spiritualism, then, has become a power in
the earth, and next week a convention will
assemble near the reputed birth place of this
movement, which has already produced such
an agitation and change in the religious world.
We expect to meet in that convention dele-
gates from nearly every State and Territory,
the Canadas, and some of the countries of the
old world.

What shall be the work of that convention
when thus convened, we know not; but judg-
ing from the history of all past reform and
religious movements, we believe that if a
permanent and effective national organization
is not effected, we shall at least approximate
it, and that its accomplishment is only a ques-
tion of time—the object being the advantages
of organization, and yet, in no respect infringe
on the freedom of individual thought and be-
lief.

Our State Missionaries.

THEIR WORK.

Will lecture in Pontiac last Sunday in Au-
gust—will remain in Oakland county during
the week following. First and second Sun-
days of September, in Grand Rapids; and
the remainder of the month in Kent county,
as officers of County Circle may arrange.

DRAN CLARK

Is in St. Joseph county, the present month.
Will attend the Lenawee County Circle 29th
and 30th days of August—and work in Len-
awee and Hillsdale counties during Septem-
ber.

S. F. BREED

Is laboring in Oakland county during the
present month, and we hope may be success-
ful in organizing a County Circle, and induc-
ing the Spiritualists of that county to adopt a
system of co-operation and thus secure mutual
aid in the employment of speakers.

MRS. E. C. CLARK

We are glad to announce that we have em-
ployed this earnest worker in our cause to en-
ter the field as our fourth missionary in this
State. She will enter upon her work im-
mediately, commencing at Flint the first Sunday
of September, and remaining in that county
during the month.

Will the friends in the several localities
named, prepare the way for above speakers,
and aid in the promulgation of the teachings of
Spiritualism.

Our local missionaries are working nobly
in every part of the State. Mrs. Kutz,
Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Frank Reid, Mrs. Fow-
ler, Brothers A. B. Whiting, Dr. S. D.
Pace, Chas. Andrus, Elijah Woodworth, A.
C. Woodruff and others, are constantly ap-
pearing to interested audiences. J. O.
Barrett has also returned to the State, and
during the present month is speaking in Cold-
water and vicinity—and yet the call is for
more speakers. Will those in the State, not
actively engaged, please heed the call; and we
would gladly welcome speakers from other
States.

National Convention.

We desire once more to call attention to the
convention to be held in the city of Rochester,
on the 25th inst.

I submit to the Spiritualists in every town and city
in the Union, the propriety and absolute necessity
of putting their shoulder to the wheel in this im-
portant crisis of the history of our country. Spiritualism
is the only religious system in harmony with the
American republic; it therefore has a powerful claim upon
every patriotic and philanthropic in the land.
Bidding pardon for this encroachment on your pre-
rogative, and offering as an apology, my deep inter-
est in the advancement of the grandest science, the
most exalted philosophy and the purest religion God
ever gave to man.

Thank you, Brother Spettigue. Come again;
the oftener you thus "intrude on our diocese,"
the better will it please us. Intrusion! Our
diocese! "Not a bit of it." Thanks to the
progressive spirit of the age, Spiritualists are
not limited to imaginary boundary lines. We
do not have to ask consent of any prelate, as to
where we shall preach the "gospel" of
Spiritualism. Our mission is to go out into
all the world and proclaim the glad tidings to
all, of immortality and spirit communion.

No, Brother, let
"No pent up Utes (Chicago) contract your powers,
The boundless universe is ours!"
Letter On Death.
We present to our readers the following let-
ter, because it is replete with affectionate
kindness, and gives a devout and beautiful
view of death.

Capt. Charles Parker, of the Regular
Service, son of Dr. C. Parker, of Panama, N. Y.,
after having made a bright record in the army
of the Potomac, returned to his father's house
with broken health, and but to die. After
lingering some months, the portals of his
brighter home were opened for him, and, Sep-
1st, 1896, he quietly and pleasantly moved
"onward and upward."

A few days before his death, Prof. W. Put-
nam, of Berrien Springs, Mich., with whom
Capt. Parker had lived in his boyhood, wrote
him dear Charlie the subjoined letter:

BERRIEN SPRINGS, Mich., Aug. 26th, 1896.

DEAR CHARLIE:
I come in spirit to talk to you. I treat
myself as your boy in that pleasant room at your
parent's house; take your hand in mine, and greet
you with the love of the past, and with the consolations
I may offer in the present.

I know how much you have loved life, and how
well you are fitted by nature to enjoy it. I bring with
me good words, kind wishes, and fond memories to
you, and of Charlie, from wife, Flora and Clarence; and
this may assure you how dearly and sincerely we
remember you. You and I, and all are moving on

