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THE WAY TO GAIN ADMISSION TO THE TEMPLE OF SCIENCE IS THROUGH THE PORTAL OF DOUBT.—Socrates.

IN ADVANCE.

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Original Poetry.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.
BY J. L. GARDNER.

The summer twilight beauteous near,
The balcony is sweetly light;
And from the neighboring grove I hear
The preludes of the willow-pit.

To garden day a glad relief,
And welcome evening's tender light,
While yet the stars are twinkling,
"O! glory crown the brow of night."

And memory overlaps the years—
Long years, whose passing seems so slow—
And through the mist, that might be tears,
Uplifts the scenes of long ago.

Again I tread the merry path
That through the Cimmerian darkness led,
While white-winged angels guard their way
Upon my unprotected head.

Then, for an hour, the storm passed by;
The heavens the bow of promise opened;
Repeats a distant, cloudless sky
I caught a glimpse of Pearly Land.

Thus might I gaze, but might not stray,
Where scenes and dangers were unknown;
Where thousand forms of beauty tread—
And up whose lifting crossed my eye.

That Angel Presence hung a gleam
Of day against my dusky night;
I knew 'twas but a fleeting vision,
Yet who would wake from such delight?

Bright dream, farewell! the radiant form
Passed on, and all was dark again;
My heart sank down amid the storm,
Aflut with loneliness and pain.

And yet, ere long I seem to know
All things were not as they had been;
I see my path again to grow,
And lost of darkness vanishes again.

Through grief I catch the starlight gleams,
And evermore encircle
An atmosphere serene, that seems
To whisper to my soul of thine.

More tranquil now to heart and brain;
And life shall be, oh! evermore,
So dark with gloom, so sad with pain,
As it had ever before.

And as to-night, I wander where
The flowers rise and the lipping hill,
While thrills along the evening air
The music of the willow-pit.

The murmur of the starlit stream,
The glory of the moonbeam's glow,
Bring back the memory of the dream
That blessed my life, so long ago.

And by the constant influence,
That lights, and lifts, and purifies;
And by the ever-present sense
Of living in the light of thine.

And by the music soft and low
That floats upon my spirit's ear—
And by the darkness love, I know
That evermore are very near.

DUNCAN, IOWA.

Literary.

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ADRIFF;
OR
CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.
A Tale of Life's Vicissitudes.
BY J. WILLIAM VAN NABER.

Author of "Bygone on the Title of Life," "Dreading," "Fishes Grinning," "The Weekly," "Deep Waters," "Angel Friends," "Passion and Reality," "Guardian Angels," "Driftwood," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Oh, friendly! 'till him and sweetness of life,
Kind parent of care, and composure of heart;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
But empty delusion, the joy of an hour?"

"One by one the sands are falling,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all."

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joy's are sent, these here be gone;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall melt
Do not fret at unmet hands,
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for tomorrow,
Every day begins again.

As day after day went by Marion realized more and more fully the comforting assurance of angel presence. Her society was eagerly sought for, and she found every hour in the day occupied. She had written some beautiful inspirational poetry, and Mr. Henderson, whose attention was called to Marion's articles in the N— Magazine by his wife, pronounced them far above the ordinary run of Magazine articles, and offered to bring out a book for her, if she would write one. Now this was what Marion had dreamed of, she had looked forward to the time when she should write and publish a book, as something far off and unattainable, and the opportunity to consummate her wishes, to realize her dreams, had been presented her without an effort on her part, and she set herself to work with a right good will, and often worked with her pen when she ought to have been resting from the fatigues of the day, in the arms of sleep. Four weeks she had been at work upon her book, and the manuscript was gradually increasing in size, when one day as she was leaving the house of her kind friend Mrs. Henderson, the latter said:

"Marion, I know you will not like to leave your writing, even for one evening, but I want you to come and spend to-morrow evening with me. I have some friends from the South who arrived yesterday. I am anxious to promote their enjoyment, and make their visit a pleasant one, and have invited a few friends to meet them to-morrow evening. They have gone to see Mrs. Harmon this morning, to consult her on a little matter of business, they are looking for a lost friend, and I thought Mrs. Harmon might be able to obtain some clue as to her whereabouts. You will come with you not?"

"Certainly, with pleasure! no doubt the excitement and change will do me good."

"It certainly will; I will send the carriage for you at half past seven, be ready at that hour."

"I will."

And Marion Lee had several pages to her manuscript before dinner, and had no time to lose. When she reached Mrs. Howe's she no-

tinged Mrs. Henderson's carriage standing at the door, and a gaily colored shawl which was lying on the seat attracted her attention—and she thought:

"How like Maggie's that shawl is. The very sight of it brings up pleasant memories of the happy past," and brushing a tear from her eyes, she hastened through the hall, past Mrs. Harmon's door, and up the stairs to her own room. Oh, if she had known that it was indeed Maggie Wilbur's shawl, and that Maggie and her brother Paul were even then sitting in Mrs. Harmon's room, seeking to gain some clue by which they might find her. She would not have hurried so to her room—when she reached her room, she threw off her things, but could not write, a strange feeling of unrest took possession of her, and abandoning all thought of brain labor, she threw herself upon the lounge and gave herself up to dreaming of the happy days at Loest Grove, of Maggie Wilbur, and of the present.

And in the room below, Paul Wilbur and his sister Maggie, were attentively listening to the words of Mrs. Harmon. Across the blue ocean she went, and pictured Paul's apartments in Rome as minutely as he could have done it himself, then she went to Loest Grove, and then she drew the pictures of all the principal ones, gave their leading traits of character and peculiarities, saw Madame Ponti on her death bed, and concluded her clairvoyant reading by saying:

"Give your eyes no uneasiness. You will find the person you are in search of, find her without an effort. Remain perfectly composed and quiet, do not put forth any exertion. I see a social gathering, hear music, see dancing, you will meet at an entertainment of some kind, and within a very few days."

That night Marion wrote a full hour later than usual; her book would be ready in a few weeks; she was to hand the first pages of her manuscript to her publishers in a few days, and was anxious to complete more than half of it before doing so. Mr. Henderson had told her that five hundred pages of manuscript in her delicate hand writing would make a good sized book; she had already written two hundred pages, three hundred more and it would be finished. Twenty pages were added to the two hundred before she sought her couch, and weary and worn she sought rest in the arms of slumber.

At half past seven o'clock the following evening Mrs. Henderson's carriage stood before the humble lodging of Marion Lee—and very pretty Marion looked as she stood before her mirror, twining a beautiful white camelia in her hair; a plain black silk fell in graceful folds around her figure; a white lace collar circled her throat, and was fastened by a delicate pin—a gift from Maggie—her hair was arranged in plain braids, and one waxen leafed camelia was placed upon one side, and a few geranium leaves on the other. She heard the carriage when it drew up before the door, and throwing her shawl lightly over her shoulders, she hastened to the door.

A ride of a few moments, and she was before the elegant home of the Hendersons, and a servant opened the door and said:

"Front room, if you please, Miss Lee."

As she passed the parlor door—which stood wide open—she saw that quite a number of guests had already assembled, for Mrs. Henderson had particularly requested all to come early; she was by no means one of those fashionable women who believe in turning night into day, and vice versa. When she gave an entertainment, she particularly stated in her invitations the hour the guests would be expected to arrive, and always succeeded in assembling her company before eight o'clock.

Minnie Henderson had seen Marion as she passed through the hall, and hastened up stairs to see her.

"Oh, I am so glad you are come, Miss Lee, you will surely laugh when you see Mr. Wilbur; he looks so funny, his face is all covered with hair."

"Wilbur," repeated Marion, "who is Mr. Wilbur?"

"He and his sister are our guests from the South, for whom Mamma has given this party. So saying, Minnie hurried to the parlors below, and not willing to remain over five minutes in one place, and Marion as she arranged her hair before the mirror—murmured to herself—

"It cannot be Maggie; no, no, her brother is in Italy; it may be some of their relatives, and I can doubtless ascertain how and where Maggie is, and why my last letter remains still unanswered."

Having arranged every lock of hair, and cast the last lingering glance in the mirror, Marion ascended to the parlors. At the door she was met by Mr. Henderson, he offered her his arm, and was about to lead her to his wife, when Maggie Wilbur, who was standing at the other end of the room, came running up to them, and thro' wing her arms around the neck of Marion, she exclaimed—

"Oh, my dear Marion, we have found you!"

"Well, this is quite a surprise, I should judge you had met before," said Mr. Henderson.

"Well, I think we have; it was in search of Marion we came to New-York, and you never told us you knew her."

"I am sure I could not know of whom you were in search, when you told me simply that it was a young lady who had formerly been your teacher."

"Well, I was thoughtless not to give you the name, but here comes Mrs. Henderson the very picture of surprise and concern—

and I can see that Paul is dying of impatience. Mrs. Henderson approached, and warmly welcomed the guests, and in a few moments all was explained, and Paul led Marion off to a retired part of the room to tell her the particulars of Madame Ponti's death-bed scene. We will not follow them, gentle readers, for their conversation, however interesting to themselves, would in all probability, prove dull to you—for the facts are already known—and though presented in Paul Wilbur's peculiar and fascinating style, would fail to interest.

Marion was glad to know that her innocent had been established, and that her friend Maggie had not forgotten her—and that the silence which had been unbroken between them was unavoidable, and not from chafes, and the interest Paul Wilbur manifested towards her was by no means unpleasant. When urged to sing and play, she took her seat at the piano, and after playing a short prelude, sang, in thrilling tones, the beautiful and touching song, entitled—

INVIATION.

"Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery mead,
Come, while the sunset beam is glowing light,
And joy, pure sunbeams tremble in thy rays;
Come, ere the shadows of the future unfold,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy head the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure thy future life."

Son with the freshness of thy days be over,
And the free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Measure will bring wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm be gone;
Those who now love thee will have passed forever;
Their looks of kindness will be left to thee,
Thou wilt need him to hold thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart breathes ever years to thee.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the shadows of the future fold;
Ere the gay spell which earth has round thee throwing,
Rides, like the crimson from a sunset sky,
Life hath many shadows, but a promise given
Which lights the future with a delicate ray;
We can make it bright and blissful, heaven
Then turn thy spirit from its clouded away.

Then will the cross of thy brief existence
Seem aye nothing, and thine sunset end;
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of thy patient soul, appear the god;
Angels will come from lands in peace repeating—
Which lights the future with a delicate ray;
To weave bright garlands round the years now closing,
Oh, draw them near thee in a world like this.

Marion possessed a fine, if not a strong voice, full of melody and sweetness, and sang passionately fond of music, requested another, and yet another song. Then followed dancing, more music and singing, refreshments, promenading, and at a late hour the company broke up, and after bidding them all good-night, and promising to see Maggie on the following day, Marion prepared herself for her homeward ride. The same carriage which brought her to Mrs. Henderson's conveyed her home, but she did not ride alone—Paul Wilbur sat by her side, and at the door of her lodging she promised to see him the following evening.

When she laid her head upon her pillow that night, she could hardly realize that all the events of the evening were not a dream, a delusion, they seemed so like a delicious dream from which she would awaken, so bright, so beautiful—and while living once again in imagination the hours gone by—she fell into a quiet, peaceful sleep, and in dreamland she heard again the rich, full voice of Paul Wilbur, and looked into the clear depths of his deep entrancing eyes. He had made a deep impression upon Marion Lee—as deep as she had made upon him, and this was mutual interest to ripen into love, and bring the fruit of happiness within their eager grasp? Was this mutual interest but the forerunner of something deeper, grander, broader, holier? Wait and see!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I will to smile and sing the while
This love and fortune wait.
But, oh, the better, never far
For him outside the gate,
Who looks and sees the life of ease
Compared with his estate,
To hear within a noble breast
A heart for any fate."

For any fate I thought I'd wait—
Though pleasure passes by—
Though love, the angel of his life,
Looks with avowed eye;
To dare and die—to still be true
To every pure emotion,
To pledge himself each day new
To duty's stern devotion.
Oh, this is brave; then love, embrace,
Though fate ambition check,
Though many a ship launched on life's sea
Duff back again a wreck.
There'll be a glory round the life
Of him outside the gate,
Who hears within his noble breast,
A heart for any fate."

The following morning, soon after breakfast, as Marion was preparing to go out to give some music lessons, Maggie burst into the room without waiting to knock at the door, and seeing the preparation Marion was making after embracing her, said:

"Now, my dear Marion, you must not think of going out to give music lessons while we are here, and as we intend to take you home with us, you must give up your pupils at once."

"Oh, Maggie, I could not do that."

"But you must, papa has written us to bring you home with us, and Paul left Italy and come home on purpose to find you, and I have made a hundred or less little pet plans in regard to you and your stay at Afton Hall, there will be no use in your raising objections for it is all settled."

"But how can I give up the music pupils to whom I am pledged until the end of the quarter at all events?"

"Write them all a note, and tell them you cannot serve them longer. And oh, Marion, Mrs. Henderson told me last evening that you were writing a book, and Mr. Henderson was going to publish it. I am so glad, for I know you will become famous."

"Not so fast, Maggie, not so fast, it does not follow that because I am writing a book I

shall become famous—I have no such expectation, as the peculiar style and unpopular sentiments of the book I am writing will certainly prevent me from becoming famous. If I am enabled to do good, I shall be satisfied."

"Well, come now, Marion, write those notes, for you shall give no more music lessons—we want all the time you have to spare for your writing, and it will be useless for you to make any objections—I shall over-rule them all."

Marion sat for a moment thinking, and then feeling that it would be impossible for her to do justice to all—her pupils, her writing, and her friends, she resolved to act upon Maggie's suggestion, and accordingly prepared little notes for each one of her patrons, informing them that, for the present, she would be compelled to suspend giving music lessons, on account of the pressure of other duties. When she had completed her work and folded and directed each note, she said, she said, "There, Maggie, you have gained the day, and now what do you propose to do, until my writing hour?"

"I promised, Paul I would bring you back with me, and then we are all to visit a gallery of paintings. At that time do you commence your writing? Let us have an understanding—then we will avoid interference in your arrangements."

"I usually devote two hours in the morning, before breakfast, two hours in the afternoon, and two hours in the evening to my literary pursuits."

"Very well, the evening hours you must change, we shall want you every evening—now how can we arrange it?"

"I will take my entire mornings after this for my literary pursuits, and after dinner place myself at your disposal."

"That will do nicely. Now come, dear Marion, get ready, for I promised Paul I would be back in an hour's time, and I have already been absent two hours."

Marion made such alterations in her toilet as she deemed proper for the occasion, and accompanied Maggie to the residence of the Hendersons, where they found Paul and Mrs. Henderson waiting for them, ready to visit a gallery of celebrated paintings. Without further delay they started, and as Paul walked by Marion's side, Maggie and Mrs. Henderson fell back, and Paul said,

"Mrs. Henderson tells me that you have really accepted spiritualism as a truth, and are becoming quite a medium."

"Yes, I have accepted the truths of spiritualism, I could not fail to do so after becoming convinced that they were truths, but I am afraid my mediumship will never amount to very much. I do not think I would like to be a medium, and then again when I see what poor Mrs. Harmon has to endure for truth's sake, I wonder how she bears up under it all as bravely as she does."

"By the way, Mrs. Harmon is the lady we went to search of, and she told us that we need not trouble ourselves about it, that we would find you without an effort, would meet you at some social entertainment, and we did."

It must have been Maggie's shawl I saw in the carriage then I returned from Mrs. Henderson's. I could not account for the strange feeling I had after entering my room, I was unable to write—and it is all plain to me now—Maggie was in Mrs. Harmon's room and had been a better medium I could have ascertained the cause of my peculiar feelings. There is so much in this Spiritual Philosophy which is not understood by most people, and which can be understood only by the most careful and untiring investigation, I feel that I have only learned the rudiments as yet, and am daily progressing in knowledge and growing firmer and stronger in my convictions of the truth."

"I wish that I could realize Spiritualism to be a fact, it is a very beautiful theory, and the philosophy is reasonable if one could only be brought to believe it, but I cannot."

"How then, may I ask, do you account for the so-called Spiritual phenomena?"

"It has always seemed to me closely allied with the fallacies of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when alchemy and religion were more or less allied, and men professed to be devout investigators of God's truths—discoverable in the marvels of nature, and manifest only to the patient and diligent searcher after truth. They claimed that the God of revelation is also the God of nature, and speaks to man by one mode as well as another. Many great and noble minds were deluded then, and may they not be now? Enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the border land between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions; a fanatic, in his over-zealous desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the middle ages leave one in amazement, both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have yielded to the influence of table rapping and Spiritualistic seances?"

"Not at all—by your own showing not at all. You truly say that evidence needs fact for its basis, and that is the evidence offered by modern Spiritualism. It asks no one to accept its theories, its teachings, its demonstrations, if they fail to find the evidence founded on fact. While a certain mystery enveloped the alchemist of the middle ages, the phenomena of modern Spiritualism is

entirely free from all mystery and invites investigation and examination. The alchemists of old appealed to man's baser feelings, the one idea seemed to be the possessing and enjoying of gold. Modern Spiritualism appeals to the higher and better nature, seeks to overcome the animal by the spiritual, and lead man and woman to a diviner because of a more natural existence."

At this moment they reached the gallery of paintings, and Paul said:

"We will continue this conversation another time, for I am interested, and if there is anything better than delusion or fancy in modern Spiritualism—I want to know it."

They entered the Gallery, and for hours wandered up and down the halls, admiring the works of art. Paul being something of an artist himself, and having lately studied the master pieces of the old painters, was one capable of pointing out and explaining the beauties and defects of the paintings before them, and very interesting he was. The moments glided swiftly by, and the morning passed away as rapid wings. It seemed to Marion as if she was living in some dream—the realities of her life had been so angular and harsh, that she could hardly realize that the present was in truth fact and not fancy.

It was so pleasant to her to listen to Paul's rich, full voice, that she seemed loath to leave the gallery when Mrs. Henderson informed the party that it was already past the time set for lunch.

(To be Continued.)

A SEARCH FOR THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS;
Leaves from the Life Book of a Spirit, Given Through the Mediumship of MISS NETTIE M. FRASE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Out 'neath the smiles of the Infinite—
Out where the angels have trod,
Leading souls from the darkness,
Guiding them home to their God.

Out where the harvest is ripened,
Where its treasures are ready to yield,
I'm out in a new field of action,
In your blossoming grand field.

Never shone the sun more brightly than upon the morning of my departure. I had taken an early start, and when the sun rose above the distant hills, I was many miles from the city, out in the broad, fair, beautiful country. The shadow, that parting with Sylvia, had cast over my heart was soon dispelled by thoughts of the bright future. Strong in body and mind, with my life-course marked out by assured of the affection of her whose love I cared than life to me, guided and guarded by my angel friend, how could I be other than happy? As the carriage rolled on over the smooth road, the trees seemed to bow their heads and whisper a blessing. All things around, beneath and above me seemed to unite in an anthem of joy, and I could not help comparing the present with the dark and lonely hour when PEARL first stretched forth her hand to save me. How kind and gentle, and how wise was PEARL. She had, indeed, been my Saviour. She had brought me out of darkness into light, she had promised to lead me to the TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS, and earnestly she labored to accomplish that object. She had taught me much in the last few months. I recalled the vision of the flower garden, remembered how she had showed me the folly of looking for happiness, in only one direction. How correct, indeed, was that picture of my condition. Like a short lived flower, I was only drawing from the surface, and as the flower lives but a few short days, so would the pleasures I was then searching for have perished. The great oak sends down its strong roots into the deep rich soil and draws to itself all that is necessary to give it strength as well as beauty; so truly my thoughts are not confined to any one subject; but going out into the broad realm of cause, I draw my happiness, from the material as well as the spiritual. From the flower, the bird, the crystal spring, as well as from the contemplation of those suns and systems of suns, that light the trackless depths of space. From science, art, philosophy and religion, from the realm of matter and of mind, in a word, I draw happiness from all things. I inhale it in the air, in fact it is to me as an ever present principle. But from all the sources or fountains from which I draw this life giving element, the inspiration and happiness that comes to me through the pure love of my noble Sylvia, is the most elevating, spiritualizing, and refining. To me this inspiration is more refreshing than the silver dew to the drooping flowers. Sylvia's soul is as pure as crystal, her spirit is brighter than the stars of heaven. She is nearer the being of infinite goodness than singing bird or brilliant star, yes, nearer to God than prophet, sage, or philosopher; for with her intellectual endowments is blended true goodness, the brightest gem that glitters in the crown of the immortals. It is this that makes her superior to all other, and her love a gift that brightens all other blessings, and never in time or eternity, can I lose the happiness that is now given me. For as we advance in knowledge our capacity for enjoyment will increase, the flower of love is that so beautiful here, will unfold in dazzling splendor beneath the light of the wisdom and culture that will be ours in the future. All that day I was occupied with such thoughts and at night PEARL came again and talked to me of my future. I followed her direction and the next week found me in a quiet village many miles from the city of R—. Here I was to remain for a time, as PEARL had told me

there were individuals here who were prepared to receive the truths I should present. I was directed to engage a room, and give public notice that I would deliver a course of lectures, commencing on a certain evening. This I promptly declined, as I had made no preparation for anything of the kind; but PEARL reminded me that I had promised to follow her direction. But what should I say, for I did not know the subject upon which I was expected to speak. "Have no anxiety in regard to that," replied PEARL, "be calm and passive and all will be well." "PEARL," I replied, "I have the utmost confidence in you, but I cannot consent to go before an audience in this way. Think of my mortification should my first effort prove a failure." "For you there is no such thing as a failure," continued PEARL, "for your own sake as well as for the cause we advocate, we would not place you before the world, until we were sure that our control would be perfect."

For a long time PEARL talked with me and at last I yielded to her request. The arrangements were completed and the evening for the lecture had arrived. With trembling steps I entered the hall, where a large audience awaited me. The agony and anxiety I endured for a few moments no language can describe. I was so much excited that I could not see PEARL, nor feel her presence. I took my seat in the desk, a soft hand was placed upon my eyes, the lids pressed down and a quiet, holy influence came over me. My sensations were like one raised from the chair and was floating out into space, and the next moment I lost consciousness. When again I opened my eyes upon this material existence, I was standing upon the platform, the audience rapidly leaving. Scarcely knowing what I did, I descended from the desk and taking my hat, was about leaving the hall, when a couple of gentlemen stepped forward and expressed themselves as being much pleased with the thoughts I had given them, upon the subject of religion. One, said he had never been a member of any church, but the views enunciated by me suited him exactly. All this seemed very strange to me as I had not heard a word that had been spoken. I did not dare to tell them I had been unconscious, while giving the thoughts to which they had listened. I feared to mention anything upon this subject, especially after hearing some one say that a minister who sat next to him during the lecture, say there was something very strange about me, the wild glow of the eye made him think of an insane person; and after the lecture he had been heard to say he had no doubt I was under the control of the evil one, that I ought to be attended to, and not allowed to promulgate such teachings, they would have a pernicious influence on the minds of the people. Much more was said to me that evening, but I gave but little attention to it; having but one desire, and that was to get out into the free air and away from all those strange faces. At last I found myself again alone with the thought that the first step had been taken, that my work had commenced.

I remained in the village two months, giving public lectures, conversing in private circles, and doing all in my power to overthrow what I believed to be a false religion. At first my lectures were well attended, but gradually the number decreased until before I left there was not more than a dozen regular attendants; and yet, I felt that my efforts had been a success, that I had inspired others to take hold of the great work, and aid in destroying the false Gods at whose feet the people were bowing. I felt that my efforts had been successful not because of the praise and attention I received, for I had been called infidel; had been told that I was preaching anti-Christ, and many efforts had been made to compel me to leave. This had not annoyed me in the least, for I was well prepared for it, and I knew their persecution was because of my opposition to their cherished theories. It was said that I denounced with burning words, what the best minds of the nation had held sacred; yet, I did not preach Spiritualism. It was the object of the angel world to instruct man to use his reason upon the subject of religion, that through this power he would perceive the folly and errors of the old dispensation and be ready to receive the teachings of the angels.

PEARL seemed well satisfied with the result of my labors said much to encourage me, and came often to give me instruction. Her visits and Sylvia's letters bright with gems of thought, and fragrant with affection, blessed and cheered the long weeks of my exile. I soon learned to have perfect confidence in those who controlled me in public, and the great work which I was engaged to perform, and all absorbing subject of life. By PEARL's all directing I left and travelled on, tarrying two months in the next place where I stopped, my experience being much like the first. I was persecuted, scorned, and despised by the populace; yet a few choice minds gathered around me who seemed to delight in asking questions and eliciting answers upon various subjects. At such times PEARL and various spirits, now my constant attendant, stood near me, and their magnetic influence upon me, and so intensified with the greatest ease and that I conversed with which I was not fluently upon subjects with which I was not familiar. In this way I felt that I was doing much good and was very happy. About this time I received a letter from Sylvia, stating that Frederick had left home, and without giving any indication where he was going. He had then been absent three days, and

nothing had been heard from him, although Mr. Belrose had inquired diligently throughout the city. It was feared that Mrs. Young had spies watching for Frederick, and in some manner had gained control over him and again had him in her power.

His lawyers were shrewd men, and Sylvia had faith to believe that all would be well. She wrote that Nina, who had been gay and jocular since their arrival in the city, was pale and dejected, refusing to see company, and yet, seemingly angry if Sylvia attempted to console her, declaring, "she did not want sympathy, Frederick, was nothing to her," and ended by telling Sylvia that she was already engaged to another. This news was a great shock to the pure minded Sylvia; she considered it a sin to bestow the hand unaccompanied by the heart, and so deep was her interest in Nina, that she could not refrain from speaking plainly to her upon this subject. She pictured the horrors of such a life, the deep yearnings of the heart that must ever be crushed, the spirit calling for its idol and refusing to be silenced.

Oh, the long, the weary years; could she endure the life she was preparing for herself, and above all could she consent to crush out all the light and joy from one of the noblest, truest hearts that ever beat? Could her hand send the poisoned arrow to rankle in his heart? Could she make his life a wreck? At first Nina was angry, then became quiet and passive and at last bursting into a flood of tears and throwing her arms around Nina's neck, she said, "Oh, Sylvia, you know not what you are doing. You have a kind, good heart, but you are torturing me beyond endurance. Sylvia! Sylvia! I love him madly wildly; every book, paper, or flower that his hand has touched is sacred to me, I love him with a love that your calm nature could not dream of. I live only in his presence, when he is gone I drop like a flower shut out from the sunlight. Sylvia, with him I could be happy in the humblest cottage in the world. I could forget wealth, station, society, father, mother, home, and all, for his love! And yet there is a wide impassable gulch between us, no bridge can span it; we are more completely separated than we should be were I in the other world and he here, for I would worry the angels with my prayers to bring me back. The glory of heaven would have no power to keep me, if he were still on earth. Sylvia, how little have you understood my nature, you have thought me selfish, and trifling with that great, noble heart, for whose happiness I would willingly yield my life. I cannot tell you why we are forever separated. Sylvia, speak not upon this subject again, enough that my life path leads me into the darkest shadows of earth."

"Sylvia, I have spoken to you in confidence, he must never know that I have regarded him other than a brother; bury my secret in your heart, and as you love and pity me never refer to it again."

After this conversation with Nina, Sylvia was so deeply distressed by the revelation made to her that she wrote to me at once. This letter gave me much uneasiness, and not until I had seen and conversed with PEARL, could I regain my composure. Her assurance that all would be well, removed my fears, and I wrote to Sylvia, that although the delusions appeared dark around our friends, yet the sun shone brightly beyond them.

(To be continued.)

From the Woman's Advocate.

Mr. Victor.

In another column will be found a contribution, from the pen of Theo. S. Greiner, the well-known newspaper correspondent, addressed to Governor Hayes, calling attention to the case of Mrs. Victor, of Cleveland, and, as the public is aware, was some time ago convicted for murder of her husband by poison, and sentenced to death. Her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and Mr. Greiner, who has upon several occasions, visited the State's prison, and reported the condition of things in and around that institution, says this poor woman is deprived of all the privileges granted to all other prisoners, and that she is the only one who is subjected to solitary confinement, notwithstanding there are many whose crimes are equally and more appalling.

We are not acquainted with the circumstances of Mrs. Victor's crime, trial and conviction, nor of her present condition; but here we have the testimony of one whose character for truth and veracity is unimpeachable, who says unhesitatingly that in the manner of her treatment and mode of punishment an unjust discrimination is made. Can this be owing to the fact that the prisoner is a woman? We sincerely hope our good Governor is fully able to clear up this matter, and silence a public feeling in respect to the case of Mrs. Victor, which is daily and hourly increasing, and which must soon be regarded and respected. While our correspondent is directing the attention of Governor Hayes to this matter, we ask the women of the State, and especially of Cleveland, to interest themselves in Mrs. N.'s behalf; and, if injustice is done, urge the right, at any cost. We should like to hear from such of the friends in Cleveland, who are acquainted with the case of Mrs. Victor. Who shall it be.

Not only sound principle but gentlemanly courtesy make it my duty to break my pallid twin, like my daily loaf, and share it equally with my wife. The one woman whose rights I am bound most to respect, is an American citizen, who wants the American citizen's ballot.—Theodore Tilton, Editor Independent.

