

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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"THE WORLD MY COUNTRY, TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION."

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

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## Original Poetry.

### OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lessons I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need,  
Or even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dew must fall;  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The pondorous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing, falling once or twice,  
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to feet;  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the heart to its depth be driven  
With storms and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for Heaven.

## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE  
DENTON CRIDGE.

#### CHAPTER I.

About thirty miles from Philadelphia, and about four miles from the Schuylkill river on a gradual ascent, past white-washed farm houses and white-washed fences, contrasting so beautifully with the landscape's sylvan green; up a narrow lane in which the trees on either side grasp each others outstretched hands, thus forming a canopy of living beauty for the pedestrian, and a charming retreat for the birds frequenting the locality. Well up this grassy lane, was a rustic bridge, the stream rippling its ceaseless lullaby beneath; past a rocky, jutting point all shaded by trees, where there is a natural spring of clear bubbling water, we came suddenly to a substantially built farm-house that had seen its best days many years ago. In front of the house, yet separated from it by a walk, is a good kitchen garden, the walk leading to a large orchard on the east and south of the house. Immediately behind the garden is an abrupt ascent to the table-land above, where a new brick house conspicuously shows its front.

The family in the old farm-house consists of a widow lady and her two daughters. Jessie and Jane Allston respectively aged fourteen and seventeen years; also Oscar, an only son now on a visit home.

But before we enter the farm-house let us here—in this beautiful, green lane—give a chapter from the past.

Mrs. Allston was by birth a member of the society of Friends; her "worldly marriage" to Mr. Allston had caused her to incur the disapprobation of many "consistent Friends," and finally resulted in her being disowned by the Quaker church. But, notwithstanding its frown, a higher, diviner power smiled on their union; love, peace and happiness, almost unmixt, had been theirs until a few months previous to her husband's death.

Mr. Allston had, soon after their marriage, become a partner in a New York business firm, and for several years was a resident of Liverpool, England, where his children were born and educated.

Come a little nearer; let us see this house, hold as it really was before death entered; for fact—not fiction—invites our approach.

First, that mother in her dress of brown merino. Look at her broad forehead, her comely, Quaker face, so expressive of kindness and gentility; her hair is dark brown, so dark that it appears almost black; her eyes hazel; how youthfully plump her face! age but ripens her beauty.

The father of medium height, predominant nervous temperament; the features small for a man; the face rather thin, the eyes large blue and expressive. How pleasantly he smiles as he talks with his children, and charmingly puzzles them by his questions!

Oscar very much resembles his father, but evidently possesses more physical stamina; he has a large brain, broad and prominent in the region of ideality and intellect.

Jane—look at her; her soul full of imperfectly defined aspirations; her destiny and its necessities urging her to labor, to hope, to wait. See the blush as her father praises her quiet tenacity of purpose. Do glimpses of her future steal across her horizon? If so, she divines not their import, and yet, she is striving towards a something, which ever lives in her soul, throbs in every pulsation, is an ever present desire. Are "attractions proportioned to destinies?"

But we have not yet described her. Though not beautiful in profile, there is something more beautiful than beauty in that whole head and face. Her forehead is very prominent, the preceptives, though well developed, being overhung by the reflectives. Her eyes—Oh, look as she lifts them to her father! bright, large and expressive. Her brow is broad, her self-esteem deficient; her countenance expresses firmness, diffidence, intelligence and power.

But there sits little Jessie—beautiful queen of the household. How pretty, how charming her whole profile! that hair, light flaxen; the large eyes, blue as the heavens; the

grecian nose, the delicate outline of the mouth, the curve of the round face. Oh, how exquisite are the touches of beauty! Would that the laws of beauty were better understood, that earth might be blest by more of such divinely clothed children. Theirs was indeed a happy family; sewing and knitting were invariably discarded with the daylight. After tea they all gathered in the parlor for home enjoyment. Oscar had, at quite an early age acquired a taste for Geology, always taking with him in his country rambles a hammer with which to break the rocks. Every available spot for ornament, in parlor or bedroom was occupied by his specimens thus gathered, which, after due immersion in acid to bring out the forms distinctly, he would occupy the evenings in brushing, or in making chemical experiments, while Jane would be occupied with her writing, and Jessie with her book; for a book was so constantly her companion, that she was laughingly styled the book worm. The father would sometimes lay down his paper to converse with his children on their various amusements and studies, the mother occasionally lifting her spectacles from her eyes to smile on her beautiful family. "My boy genius," as she playfully called her Oscar, had, like many other dreamers, made experiments in hopes of discovering perpetual motion, which with his other attractions, was a never failing source of amusement. No restraint, no reserve, no secrets, no "skeletons" were in that household, but a charming picture of home, and of all a home should be to its inmates, was that of the Allston family.

A few months previous to Mr. Allston's death, circumstances resulting from commercial fluctuations and other causes had rendered his firm almost insolvent; his consequent anxiety hastened the fatal result of a disease—consumption—hereditary in his family.

In Philadelphia and its vicinity, Mr. Allston had spent many happy years of his business life, and it was a place to which he was very much attached. Before his death he requested them to return to the United States remarking that England, though a rich man's paradise, was a poor man's purgatory.

His dying request was, that come what might Oscar should have a thorough College education, and that when this was accomplished he (Oscar) should provide for his mother and sisters.

When Mrs. Allston returned to the United States she was kindly received by her uncle, Jacob Newport, who occupied the brick house on the hill.

"There can have the old homestead, Mary and welcome," he said to Mrs. Allston soon after her arrival. "I was just going to rent it when I heard of thy coming; but I thought may be thee would like to live there. Of course thee will do as thee likes; but I would advise thee not to send Oscar to College; thee will soon have nothing if thee does that. I have a concern to say to thee, too, that thee had better make acknowledgements and return to thy old place among us."

By this Jacob Newport meant that she should own in meeting, that she had done wrong in violating the rules of the Denomination relative to "marrying out of church."

"I will never make acknowledgement, uncle Jacob," she replied firmly; "it would be better to strike out the RULE, than to turn out those whom God hath joined together."

Two years had passed since her return. To Mrs. Allston these two years have brought a pensive happiness; sad and weary she came back to the "old house at home" and found ease. The house and forty acres of land were once owned by her parents; she being an only child, the farm became at her death hers and her husband's, but was subsequently sold to Jacob Newport. Owning at this time not a foot of the land, it had nevertheless become to Mrs. Allston a quiet pleasure to again reside in the very house, in which she had been tenderly nurtured by loving parents, as well as wooed and won by her husband. In the society of her daughters, among all these pleasant associations and hallowed memories, two years of her widowhood have quietly glided away.

Six weeks ago Jacob Newport died, this together with the depreciation of the stock—in which their available funds had been invested, has affected their prospects very materially.

However, we have lingered long enough by the way-side; let us, without further preliminary, go up to the farm-house, and become more intimately acquainted with the present and prospective life of its inmates.

On the steps are seated Jane and Jessie. Just inside the door is the mother in a rocking chair contemplating the quiet evening scene. A few curves of sorrow have cast their shadows around her mouth; otherwise there is the same kindly, pleasant face that blessed a husband and children in a distant land, in days forever past.

Oscar is standing on the walk, slowly breaking the leaves from a branch and scattering them on the ground, thinking of their pecuniary circumstances; he is silent and anxiously thoughtful. Most busy are all their thoughts, as is natural when dear friends are about to part, and sorrow or regret prevent connected utterance.

Thus silent for sometime. Jessie, who sat on the lowest step, looked up at her brother and said archly. "What were thy thoughts, brother Oscar, a moment ago? One would think thee was going to California or the Antipodes. Perhaps, mother, he is thinking of turning Quaker preacher, instead of returning to College like a good boy."

"Thee is thinking about the depreciation

of the stock my boy," said the gentle mother, "was thee not?" Come, we'll have no secrets, children; let us talk the matter over. There is yet sufficient for thy education, Oscar, and something over. "Our wants are small; we can remain here on the old place, and Jane's earnings will meet all cash outlays."

"But I do not consider myself competent to teach," Jane remarked.

"I wish thee had a little more self esteem my Jane," said Mrs. Allston.

"A teacher," Jane replied, "ought to be well read, well informed. Merely being able to teach the common branches of education in a routine, parrot-like style, is not all that is, or should be required in a teacher. I must be prepared to give information on any subject that is interesting to young people. I want to teach from my own knowledge, and understanding more than from books, and I cannot pretend to teach until I learn enough to do this with self possession and confidence, but I can do something else, and I will."

"What can thee do?" said her mother, smiling.

"I can take a situation as seamstress for a while, until I am prepared to teach."

"Oh!" said Jessie, "thee could not bear the humiliation."

"I could; labor is not degrading, but honorable. Rachel Clarkson is acquainted in Philadelphia; I will go and see her to-morrow, if thee has no objection, mother. I believe she could procure me a situation."

Rachel Clarkson was an elderly Quakeress who lived about two miles distant.

Seeing her mother about to speak, Jane added: "Do not say anything against it, mother. I must do something if Oscar remains in college, which we have resolved he must do. I cannot teach school yet, then I must do something else. I can sew."

Oscar, as he heaved a deep sigh, said: "Does thee know, mother, I am very sure that father would never have desired me to go through college if he had realized how little would be left for you?"

"It is all right—all as it should be," replied the mother; "a few years will soon pass away, and then thee can be to us all that thee desires. Now all that thee has to do is to pursue thy studies; we will do very well, I assure thee. For thee to go through college will give us more happiness than anything else could give. Had we no more than just enough for that purpose we should still cling to that, because it was thy father's last request, and because it is right."

"He is a naughty boy," playfully added Jesse, "I really believe that he does not like to go to school."

"On the contrary," earnestly replied Oscar, "going to school, as Jesse says—obtaining a thorough education—is what I most desire; but, with all deference to dear father's desires, I am satisfied that a college education is not the best education, either with reference to the pursuits of life or the culture of the higher faculties. Little or nothing can be learned of the varied laws and manifestations of nature. The end of the dead past is chewed over and over again until the little vitality that it ever had, for us, has departed, while the living present is sedulously smothered, instead of being carefully cherished, thus making book-worms and fossils rather than bringing out true manhood. Instead of burying myself in useless lore, I would take lessons in the sciences that I most love. Besides whatever value may belong to a college, or any other education, Jane and Jesse are entitled to the benefits equally as much as I am; it is not for me selfishly to appropriate such advantages at the price of their comfort or culture. I prefer, therefore, in some degree to disregard the letter of father's wish, in order the more faithfully to carry out its spirit. I would engage in school-teaching, or some other occupation which would bring us more means, and study during vacations and at other opportunities might serve."

Seeing, however, a sad expression on his mother's countenance, he quickly added: "But I suppose that it must be as you desire. When I've graduated, mother, we'll go out West and buy a farm in the grand old woods. We'll build a house among the tall trees, and it will be just as charming as the park of England."

"Now for a castle from our castle-builder," interjected Jesse.

"Not a castle this time," he replied, "but a farm house."

"In castle grounds," rejoined Jesse. At this moment Jessie espied the stage coming down the hill that was to carry Oscar away from them; his vacation being ended he must now return to college.

"Here comes the stage," said Jesse; "no more sermons, no more talk, you serious folks! Be off to school, you naughty boy!" putting her arm through Oscar's very lovingly and playfully; "prepare for the future; here are thy two very little girls that thee must provide for just as soon as college days are ended. I just think thee is in great haste to be at the head of a family and to feel thy great importance!"

"He smiled, patted her on the head, and said, 'Thee is a funny girl, Jessie; but here is the stage!' Then the trunk was securely fastened behind. 'Farewell, my own boy!' said Mrs. Allston, her eyes beaming with maternal love. 'Farewell! Farewell!' was said again and again. Oscar stepped on board and away went the stage, the mother and daughters following it with their eyes until, by the windings of the road, it was lost to view."

Jane called on Rachel Clarkson and explained to her the exact position of their affairs, their father's request respecting Oscar, and their resolve to carry out this his last desire; finally Jane told her, though with great diffidence, what she had thought of doing.

"Thee go as seamstress, child!" said the old lady, "why, thee can teach school."

"But I cannot yet, Rachel," said Jane; "I am not competent."

"Not competent! thee may well blush; I know thee is; thee went to school in England until thy father's death, did thee not?"

"Oh yes."

"And thee has been studying since?"

"Yes."

"Yes, indeed! thee is too diffident, Jane; thee forms too low an estimate of thyself; thee must apply for a school; then thy mother and Jessie can remain where they are; and thee can earn well supply you with necessities until Oscar can provide for you all."

Perceiving that it was useless to argue with Jane, she promised to write at once to Isaac Carman, a Quaker in Philadelphia who had a large family of children, and whose wife, Mrs. Clarkson had heard, required some one in her family to sew. "Isaac is one of the best of men," she said; "I know thee will like him, if thee goes there; with his wife, Martha, I am not acquainted, but I've heard her well spoken of, and I think thee will be very comfortable."

Jane walked home greatly comforted, dreaming of two dollars per week to send home to her mother. "I shall only need shoes," she thought; "my wardrobe otherwise will do very well for a year or two; mother and Jessie, having no rent to pay can remain where they are; my two dollars per week I do believe would supply them with food." Her spirits rose with the prospect before her, and she wondered she had been so sad and anxious.

In due time Rachel Clarkson received an answer from Isaac Carman; his wife needed just such a person as Jane, and would like her, if convenient, to start for Philadelphia at once. Nothing had been said by Rachel, or was now said by Isaac relative to the compensation. Rachel had remarked "that will be all right, however; Isaac is a good man, he will pay thee what is right."

Jane's trunk had been packed as soon as the letter was sent by Rachel to Isaac Carman; so, in that respect, she was quite ready to leave. "But thee must not leave at once," said her mother, "in two days will be time enough to lose thee." Jessie coincided, she had so many things to say—so much to discuss; two days! they must have her two days!

Under one of the trees in the orchard which she had made her study, spending hours daily there with her books, she carried her low stool and tried to commence her studies as usual. The beauty of the spot—for just through the trees she could see the landscape, with all its wealth of tree and rivulet, of swelling hill and sheltered vale, of azure sky and silvery cloud, the happiness, the delight she had there realized, added to her intense love for the beautiful, and considered in connection with the uncertainty of the future—all pressed on her attention and made her frequently lay down her book and rest her head on her hands, while her eyes through the veil of leaves sought rest in the blue and distant hills, and she asked herself "shall I ever sit here again—ever return? Is this the last time with my books and all this peace and beauty, —the last time? 'The last time,' was echoed by her spirit. Was it a presentiment, or was it a peculiar manifestation of what Quakers term the "inward light?"

However, Jane had resolved to be cheerful, for her mother's sake, so she ignored the gloomy side, and met what was inevitable with a pleasant face. "I shall not shed one tear," she said to her mother on the morning of her departure; "I feel that it is all right and not nearly so bad as it might have been."

So she cheerfully bade her mother good bye, telling her merrily that she was going to seek her fortune; that she should continue her studies every spare moment, and in a short time she would earn more than two dollars per week and they might be again together. She added that she believed women would be better if thrown on their own resources, providing labor for woman was abundant at a fair remuneration.

Uppermost in her thoughts, as the stage rolled on, was the two dollars per week which she expected to receive as remuneration for her services. Suppose she should only receive one dollar and fifty cents! O, the very thought sent a pang through her heart. What could her mother and Jessie do? Separation was terrible. "I can endure it if they are together," she thought. Her two dollars had made her quite nervous when she and her trunk were put down at the door of Isaac Carman.

(To be Continued.)

Rev. Mr. Herzer, of the Ohio Geological Corps, has made some interesting discoveries in the vicinity of Greenville, Drake County, Ohio. About seven miles southwest of Greenville the remains of a mastodon or mammoth have been found, and operations have been commenced to exhume the remains as carefully as it is possible. Mr. Klippart, of the same corps, promises rare developments in the same line. The remains, in some cases, are reported in a good state of preservation, and in one case the trunk of a partially exhumed skeleton are reported to measure thirteen feet. The discoveries, when fully reported, will create what may be termed a sensation among the curious and the scientific.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

### The Radical Club: Boston.

The November meeting of the Radical Club was held at the house of Rev. Dr. Bartol, where, after half an hour of informal greetings and social chat, an essay was read by Rev. William J. Potter of New Bedford, the subject of which was—

#### CHRISTIANITY, AND ITS DEFINITIONS.

The frequent discussion in our day of what Christianity is, said Mr. Potter, shows how far Christianity has travelled. It was originally rather an enthusiasm of the heart than a conviction of the understanding; but, different opinions having arisen in regard to what it properly includes, many attempts are now made to define it. These attempts show us the existence of several groups of distinct beliefs relative to this subject.

Prominent among these is the orthodox evangelical definition, which assumes Christianity to rest on the authority of Jesus as an inspired defender of evangelical truth. The essential part of it is the confession of Jesus as the expected Messiah and redeemer. This simple confession of Jesus as the Messiah was the whole demand made by the first teachers of Christianity upon those who wished to join them, and the record represents Jesus as allowing and agreeing to this view of the system. Whether he said just this, or whether it was a mistaken idea of some of his followers, there can be no doubt that he claimed Messiahship in some sense. Christianity, as an organized religion, historically began with this.

The lapse of time, however, has caused differences of understanding of this term and its equivalents, even where the same terms have been preserved. Some believers still retain the ascetic idea, the idea of self-sacrifice; a renunciation of the joys and comforts of this world as the best means of securing happiness hereafter. But in the lives of a great majority of those who call themselves Christians, nothing of this sort is included. They adopt the form of religion which they find around them, attend its churches, and join in its ordinances, without finding it necessary to make any material change in the current of their lives. In the early days of Christianity, to assume that name meant martyrdom. It tested not the intellectual belief, but the character; and this lasted until Christianity (unfortunately) was patronized and adopted by the Roman empire.

Now, however, Christianity is in the majority, so far as the acknowledgement of Jesus as the Messiah goes, which was the original meaning of the term. Christianity has now become part of the common stock of hereditary opinion, and it really gives its professor an improved business position. Young men who go to a new city for the transaction of business, take pains to seek out and form an eligible church connection. Probably half the stock and gold gamblers regularly attend church, and some of them are ostensibly pious. A young lawyer takes a pew, and a class in the Sunday School, avowedly to advertise himself. Very much of our church-going is merely an act of conformity to ideas accepted by the community.

Many people are alarmed at the number of those who habitually neglect church-going; but much more alarming is the fact that so many who do go show themselves to be thoroughly unprincipled in business and politics. So widely is this the case, that no sagacious man treats another more on the strength of confession and church-membership.

Christianity has been opened also to intellectual influences, a logical method, and to the demands of the individual reason. In its historical development, Christianity has kept pace with the advance of public opinion by gradually yielding the points most strongly contested by it. Whether it will continue to do this, is the question that now confronts us. Mr. Potter thought it would so continue, far as the great seats still seem from the disposition to make further concessions.

Science makes constant war on the very idea of miracle. Some theologians attempt to evade this contest by saying that science may yet explain miracles, discovering some law by which phenomena of that class are naturally produced; but this is a contradictory term, dismissing that theory of intervention which is the very essence of a miracle.

In some future day, no doubt, a reconciliation will be made, and Christianity will fall into line with science and reason. Some have already taken the ground of natural religion; and when more take this ground the Christian will stand not as the representative of finality in religion, but as a truth-seeker, with no lord or master less than God himself, and feeling free to accept whatever new truth time may bring to him.

A simple man cannot hold the place of headship to the human race. If Jesus had been God he might have established the absolute religion. Being man, he is simply one of God's workers.

Not Christianity alone, but all preceding religions have contributed to the great system of the future. Christianity, like Judaism, is provisional and preparatory, and will have accomplished its mission only if it shall set forth the glory of God himself instead of exalting one of his instrumentalities. Even if the name remains, a different meaning will be attached to it. If, as Wendell Phillips says, its professors will not deem the name very important to keep, but will readily join hands with others in the fellowship of the Spirit and of good works.

The essay having been finished, Dr. Bartol, the host, first spoke. He said that perhaps silence would best express our appreciation of this fine discourse; but since silence was oppressive when people had come together to hear, he would open the conversation.

It was difficult, he thought, to define the subject of which we had been hearing. The judgment of the head on something belonging rather to the heart and the life must always be imperfect. By a law of life, we are in some sense Christians. The system known by that name has a living power in us, and we are all bound to pay a tribute of thankfulness for its transmission to us. As to the application of the words divine or human to Jesus, strict consideration will show that there is no difference between them. To be the son of man is to be the son of God. To assert one's humanity is to assert his divinity. When Jesus says "I and the Father are one," I suppose he means to say that the son, the child, is as essential to the father as the father to the child. Fatherhood implies childhood. The idea of the eternal generation of Christ implies that God never was without a family.—

If God was an eternal creator, there was an eternal creation.

Dr. Bartol said that he sympathized entirely with, and believed in the doctrine of the discourse. A change has been passing over us. We don't emphasize miracle as we did. The more science shows us of God's real works, the less we believe in the doctrine of occasional supernatural interference with the regular bearing of the fig-tree is more than the alleged immediate withering of one specimen of it. Dr. Bartol thought, however, that there is and always will be a specific meaning in the word Christian. The personality of Jesus was nothing unnatural, but its reality and vastness are not to be denied.

The next speaker was Rev. James Freeman Clarke. He found much to admire in the essay, but no statement included everything, and in the present one he found this deficiency, namely, that it did not express the personal influence of Jesus. The essay had assumed that it was impossible for us to stand in the same relation to Jesus as his first disciples did. Mr. Clarke held the contrary opinion, and believed further that our relation to Jesus might be even superior to theirs. The relation of Paul to Jesus was superior to that of the earlier apostles provided he triumphs in this, declaring that his knowledge of the Master came by the Spirit, and thus was better than a bodily intimacy. Take any humble Christian from any denomination, and he will say, "The life that I live, I live by the faith of the Son of God." When I am consciously with God, that suffices; but when I lose my faith, then I want Christ again. As to the distinction between supernatural and natural, every human being includes both these elements. Jesus was in part Jewish, and in part different. Where did the un-Jewish part come from?

We are free beings; not under the absolute control of law, but able to do something to resist it or forward it. Some men think they can make a religion, not receive it, as the spider spins its web out of its own body. Our course should be rather that of the bee who takes what a higher power has provided for him and works it over. He applies his own faculties to what he gets from without, until he makes it his own. So I criticize the Bible, and yet find it worthy of veneration and love.

What I miss in the essay is want of recognition of the present Christ. He is here now not less than of old. He is my friend, helper, inspirer. I can go to the father more easily with him than without him.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe said she found in the essay all the sweetness and catholicity of which Mr. Channing had spoken; but she also found something wanting in it.

Christianity includes something inward, far more and far deeper than the outward recognition of which the essay spoke. By Christianity, the poor man understands helper, friend, brother, to be meant. Christ said: "Not as the world gives, give I unto you." Spiritual gifts do not lose in the giving. Mr. Jones thanked Mr. Potter for his essay, but found in it a thread of error twisted with the thread of truth; in it something was omitted, and something mis-stated. Christ's law of love was something different from the Mosaic law of type; his doctrine was all for humanity and nothing for self. Mr. Jones agreed with Mr. Clarke in saying that the enthusiasm for Christ can be as genuinely felt now as in the early times.

Mr. Wesson said that he did not believe that the force of the Christian system was given in the notion of a special revelation sent from God. It was well said by Mr. Clarke that the God taught by Mohammed had numerical unity, but not spiritual unity. The Christian scheme drew its real force from its unification of God and humanity. Christianity never generated civilization in Asia; and it did this in Europe only after, and by means of, combining with an intellectual movement. Christianity did not gain its full force until three centuries after Jesus; and its full operation was seen nowhere until the force of civil law and the free exercise of reason could have their legitimate action upon the messianic idea.

Mr. Weiss, the next speaker, confessed that he did not understand what was meant by the influence of the personality of Jesus. He had himself formerly used phraseology of this sort, and had asked, like others, that his prayers might be heard for the sake of Jesus. He now thought there was no good reason for these expressions. He found the Divine mind so pervasive that there was no room for Jesus Christ. When a man thought that he could approach God best through Jesus Christ, it was probable that he did not well understand his own meaning. Does Raphael's personality help the enjoyment of his paintings? He is not in communication with us when we admire them. The new testament helps us by its own thought and sentiment, apart from the individual who first published its system. The using of phrases in a dubious sense is doing immense harm, and increasing harm. Jesus Christ is dead and buried. He has no vital, practical connection with our business on earth. He is not in this room. (Here Mr. Clarke interposed the question, "How do you know?") I recognize all the persons here, and do not see him. (Mrs. Howe said, "Truly, he might recognize all the bodies here, but spirits were invisible, though real.") Mr. Weiss then admitted, as your reporter understood, that his expression had been too sweeping.

Mr. Clarke then said that there was this difference between his friend's position and his own. Mr. Weiss having formerly recognized Jesus as mediator and helper, thought there was no reality in those relations. He, on the contrary, continued to recognize them, because he found them very real.

Mr. Alcott was the next speaker. He said that though there were many cultivated and religious people here, few seemed to have recognized Mr. Potter's fine essay in the sense in which it was intended. They had criticised its omissions and short-comings, but seemed not to apprehend the fullness of its positive meaning. If the Christian affirms that he is better than the Mohammedan or the Zoroastrian, that is to be unchristian. We need to learn the beautiful lesson of charity. The Christian doctrine came last, but the sacred books of all religions have something precious, and they all are to be fused into one. Let our Club serve the purpose of finding our agreements instead of our differences. The most universal interpretation is the highest.

Another party said that the act of confession is not the important and characteristic thing. Wendell Phillips thinks the essence of Chris-

tianity is found in the precept "Bear ye one another's burdens." Others declare righteousness the important thing. Others assume it to be a following of the spirit of Jesus, a practical recognition of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the love of God to his children. The New Testament contains much in support of this view, and there is much reason for assuming that love to God and love to man is a true summary of the teachings of Jesus.

A still stronger argument for this view is the general attitude of Jesus toward the institutions of the Jews. He was the radical, the revolutionist, the Hebrew Protestant of his time. The heroic heart of the world does not easily give over such a character to the keeping of adherents of tradition. The persecuted and martyred minorities are the true successors of Jesus. And the definition of Christianity now in question is a plausible one, so far as the essential character of the teaching of Jesus is concerned.

But, though this definition is natural and useful, it may be questioned whether, historically, it is strictly true. Does it explain the real origin of Christianity? Love to God and man belonged to the Jewish religion, and to many other religions. If Christianity simply means natural goodness, why take that name for it? The doctrine it is love is to make it independent of Jesus, and of every other teacher.

But of late a definition has sprung up and found large acceptance, which we may call the sentimental definition. It calls Christianity an enthusiasm of humanity, and gives Jesus the headship of the human race as the best representative of this idea. This is the doctrine of Ecce Homo, of Reman, of Schenkel, and of our own beloved Dr. Furness. Their descriptions touch the hearts of all readers, and bring them into sympathy with Jesus; but this method gives us no true philosophy of events or of character. It gives us a picturesque drama of Christianity, but not its philosophy. The active enthusiasm of the first disciples of Jesus cannot be revived. The feeling of the believer must now depend upon his ideas.

What we need is a tracing back of events to ideas and principles; and Christianity will not have its true place in the world's history until its history is written in this manner. We need a view not only of the life of Jesus but of its antecedents, followed by a view of those modifications of the ideas of Jesus which came into operation after his time. When we have the true history written, we shall find that the essence of Christianity is universal. The progress it represented was inevitable. It would have come in some form though Jesus had never lived. The old religions fell away because pushed off by an influx of better ideas which the tendency of the age had formed. Mr. Potter here enlarged impressively upon the power of ideas when embodied in such vital energy as that of Jesus; and upon the fact that the greatest enthusiasm was aroused by that belief in his speedy second advent which was taught with absolute confidence by the apostles immediately after his own time.

The original elements of Christianity were modified by the Greek tone of culture introduced by Paul and Apollon. Christianity under Paul effected a change of base, offering salvation not to the Jew only, but to the whole world; and, further, it then began the policy of adapting itself to the genius of the people to whom it offered itself.

### Connection between Food and Animal Energy.

Baron Liebig thus explains the principles between the food of man and his warmth and activity in different latitudes of the earth.

In the animal body the food is the fuel; with a proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during the combustion of that fuel. In winter, when we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, and when, consequently, the amount of inspired oxygen increases, the necessity for food containing carbon and hydrogen increases in the same ratio; and by gratifying the appetite thus excited, we obtain the most efficient protection against the most piercing cold. We expire more carbon at a low than at a high temperature, and require more or less carbon in our food in the same proportion. Consequently more is required in Sweden than in Sicily, and in Germany an eighth more in winter than in summer.

Even if an equal weight of food in consumed in hot and cold climates, Infinite Wisdom has ordained that very unequal proportions of carbon shall be taken in it. The fruits used by the inhabitants of southern climes do not contain in a fresh state more than twelve per cent. of carbon, while the blubber and train oil, which feed the inhabitants of the polar regions, contain sixty-six to eighty per cent. of that element. Even the same cause it is comparatively easy to be temperate in warm climates, or to bear hunger for a long time under the equator; but cold and hunger united, very soon produce exhaustion. A starving man is very soon frozen to death.

Our clothing is merely an equivalent for a certain amount of food. The more warmly we are clothed, the less urgent becomes the appetite for food; because the loss of heat by cooling, and consequently the amount of heat to be supplied by the food, are diminished. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if in hunting or fishing we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the people in Arctic latitudes, we should be able with ease to consume half of a calf, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles in the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travelers have related with astonishment of some of these people. We should then also







## NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., - Editors.  
MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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### Mr. Thornton's Diary.

April 21. A new trouble has come to me not quite new, but new to my present position. It came about in this wise. I had never confided to Helen the true state of my affairs. I took the position that almost all men take, that finance is altogether outside of woman's sphere of action. Aunt Ruth's economy gave place to Susan's thriftiness and I wanted to indulge Helen in every beautiful and appropriate thing. Just as if indulgence could compensate for anxiety! And I got in debt.

I became a coward again; I feared to tell Helen. I thought of every expedient to save her; I would borrow money, I would ask for an increase of salary, I would demand pay in advance. But I could not quite satisfy myself with any of these expedients, so I grew anxious and perplexed. Helen read it on my face and I was forced to tell her all. How gradually her spirit asserted itself. She humbled me by every word she uttered. She said "to owe anything? to be in debt to those in humbler positions? It is dreadful, it is sinful. Why not have told me all, meal porridge were more nourishing than unpaid roasts. I would live on crusts sooner than be a beggar as every one who involves himself unnecessarily. But this is not the point to talk about. The way out, that is the question. And then she sat and mused. A fire was burning on the hearth for it was a damp evening. She gazed at it, as if she were solving a problem. I sat silent and abashed. At last she said again. "There are a dozen ways out of this difficulty, I could sell my ornaments, but that would humble you, I could dismiss Susan, but that would make me suffer. The readiest means is to provide some way for earning money. I think I have it now. I will write some stories for the paper."

"Stories?" I said. "You write trash for such a purpose?" "There are many ways of reaching the people," she said. "And I believe one of the easiest is by fiction. A good story conveys truth splendidly. It is a certain way of reaching many minds. A good story teller has the best opportunities of disseminating truth. It is as if you buried your bread in wreaths of flowers. It is nature's method who gives us nourishment in the shape of delicious fruits. Yes I am resolved I can and will write some popular stories. I will go to-day and engage to do it." "But Helen you are not fit for such exertion, you need care and attention." I interposed.

"Then you mistake the need of my condition. I need that which shall call out every faculty of my nature. I want to be ennobled by noble action. It was only yesterday that I was lamenting that I had so little to awaken my spirit of self-sacrifice and devoted love, and now my good Providence has brought the opportunity to me. It is certain that if we trust the love of our good protectors on the better side of life, they will bring in what we most need. In reading a work to-day on inherited virtues and intellectual force, I learned that it is precisely as a mother calls out her noble nature that her offspring become noble expressions of humanity. Women have too small opportunities to exercise their virtues. They need broad fields to roam in search of pleasures and noble occupation. I wonder that I did not feel this before. So you see that it is circumstance that is ever made the benefactor of our lives."

Helen's face looked so radiant as she said this, that I almost thought myself a hero in bringing her burdens. Such is man's self sufficiency. True to the spirit that moved her she put on her shawl and bonnet that very evening and went to the home of the editor of our county paper. He readily engaged her at five dollars a week for three full columns. My blood boiled as she told me what she had done. Five dollars for ones best, noblest thoughts. Five dollars for what a man would claim fifty! Again the great question of woman's half-paid right had to the world forced itself on me. What right had that man to offer Helen so petty a sum? He knows her talent. He has seen that it will be a good thing for him and save him many hours of careful attention to his paper, since it will bring him ready popularity. I said all this to Helen. "There is justice in what you say," she replied, "every word should be judged by its merit, and not by the source from whence it comes. A woman's work is just as valuable as a man's if it is just as well done. But we must take the world as it is, and we know the world is ever ready to take advantage of our necessities."

But this scheme of Helen's has humiliated me more than I can tell. I the Lord and Master, the God appointed supervisor of worldly matters! how do I stand in my position? I hide my diminished head in shame. I find that Helen has a tact, a capacity, a spirit of endurance quite superior to mine. Is not woman after all head of all family matters! and if she is rightful head of the family why not of the great family government? At least she is the equal with man. She is an equal partner, and if she is that, then she should have all confidence. What would become of a firm if one partner was never consulted as to the great interest of their business. And if women are rightful partners in care, of course they are in income. Half the money belongs to the woman, it is her's to spend or invest or give away. Half the men do not know how to spend money. I am sure that women are more faithful, more just, more economical than men. They are said to be mean, that is because they have had a training in little things. I know men who give their wives a dollar or fifty cents at a time, and then expect them to always have cash on hand for postage, expressage or any little expenses that continually open the purse. I am convinced there should be an open box of deposit, equally free to husband and wife. This experience of mine has given me new faith in woman's capacity, and many thoughts as to the right method of living.

### Inspirational Utterances.

The *Home Journal* has a long and candid article on what it calls supernatural poetry. It admits that the poems are meritorious; that they are worthy attention aside from their claims of an uncommon origin. It is acknowledged that the phenomena of Spiritualism have been recognized for ages. Planchette was familiar to the Chinese hundreds of years ago. Vision-yielding balls of crystal were used by the Arabians from time immemorial. A crystal ball has been one of the three symbols of sovereignty associated with the emperor of Japan. Modern table turning is similar to the use of the Thors Kettle or perhaps the Delphic tripod. The Sibyls of Cumae, Delphi, Troy, &c. possessed similar powers to the modern seers and mediums. The ancient oracles often responded in words, and it is said that thousands of volumes containing their sayings, were destroyed by the order of the Emperor Augustus. The improvisations of ancient times seemed to go into a state of ecstasy, in which they gave forth poetical recitations of great beauty.

Mr. Harris, perhaps, presents a remarkable instance of the power of the Divine afflatus as any one of modern times. His Lyric of the Morning Land was given in thirty hours at different sittings. It is acknowledged that there are many stanzas of great merit and originality, and that would not discredit any living poet.

It is pleasant to find so much justice given to the unpopular productions of Spiritualism. We have no doubt that many, if not most of the valuable poems attributed to modern authors, are due to a similar influx of spiritual power. Many of our poets and musicians have acknowledged that they could not account for the rapidity with which their poems would at times flow from their pen. Thought seemed taken possession of by some superior power. The following is from Mozart's own account of the way in which he received his happiest musical compositions:

"When all goes well with me—when I am in a carriage, or walking, or when I cannot sleep at night—the thoughts come streaming in upon me most fitly; whence, or how, is more than I can tell. Then follow the counterpart and the different instruments; and if I am not disturbed, my soul is fixed, and the things grow greater, and broader, and clearer; and I have it all in my head, even when the piece is alone; and I see it like a beautiful picture—not hearing the beautiful parts in succession, as they must be played, but the whole at once. That is the delight."

If we could have the testimony of our distinguished authors, we should without doubt find that to a similar condition is owing our most rhythmic poems. Mrs. Stowe gives us an account of the condition she is often in when writing. She sits enraptured, taking no note of time. The point of her pen seems as if dipped in fire, and the thought seems to flow from it as if it were imbued with life.

We know that our best public speakers have similar experiences when their words seem to proceed from a power superior to themselves. That which we call inspiration is only the sympathetic relation between the mind of the person and a sphere of thought or intelligence. It is not necessary to have perfect control or a condition of trance for spiritual forces to act on the brain. It matters not whether such outside power or force be acknowledged. We all know in the case of Henry Ward Beecher, that at times a pure inspiration flows from his lips. He is led away from his notes and text, and breathes forth words that burn. In such a condition he gives utterance to the thoughts that contradict his previous prepared statements. He is broad, liberal, and stands above all church dogmas. He comes at once into relations with the universal of faith and feeling. He is no longer a preacher over a limited congregation, but he is receiving from the universal sphere of truth, and speaking to the universe.

One of the first requests for this kind of speaking or writing is courage. A man must be brave enough to dare to utter truth, if such comes to him. We often notice broad, high brains that would seem to fit the possessor to become a teacher of truth and are surprised when we find such an one holding back and repressing his best thoughts. There is capacity, but not daring in such a one.

We make a mistake in numbering our inspirational speakers and writers. We can claim almost every name that has appeared to the heart of the people. Why do we care whether they be counted among the Spiritualists? By their truth ye shall know them.

### Address to Woman's Council.

One of the important questions for us to consider is this, how can we best interest women in the subjects, that we know are vital to their progress and to their attainment of the position which belongs to them. We know there is a great many women untouched by the questions, that this movement presents. There are the fashionable women, the conservative women and the ignorant women. We have to acknowledge that they include four-fifths of the women of this Western world. Yet, as we know that in the breast of one woman glows aspirations, unattained longings for a freer broader sphere of usefulness, so we know that every woman in our land has within herself these unawakened aspirations, these inactive capacities.

There is a law of humanity, certain and active, a law of progress. We may be sure that any truth or any condition in itself superior to, or in advance of the age, will be accepted and become the universal condition. Thus we know when we work for any cause, that has for its aim the advancement of the human race in any way, that we are sure to find that cause progressing. Therefore we need have no doubt as to the ultimate of our efforts; we can work with good heart, being sure of success. But what we want to know is the speediest method of gaining our desired end. We want practical methods of work.

We know we have a great variety of characters to appeal to, we have few ready means of labor, for the reason that all are in the hands of those indifferent to our success.

It seems to me one of the first things we have to do, is to give power by extending our means of labor. We want to carry on our work with the speediest method of gaining our desired end, we want to carry on our work with the speediest method of gaining our desired end, we want to carry on our work with the speediest method of gaining our desired end.

ment that a woman engages in any paying work, in any labor necessary to the world, that moment she becomes a force in the world. Talk as we will of the dignity and honor of housekeeping, a great many women know that they are capable of a work beyond the kitchen. Every woman of energy knows she has a chain about her neck, when she binds herself to the monotony of dish washing and scrubbing. She knows she has a broader sphere. There is no more reason why a woman should consider it her province to wash and bake, than the gentleman of the house should get in coal, split wood, or paint the house.

Mrs. Pierce has seized the great lever that is to lift so many burdens from women's neck. She has struck her axe at the root of one great evil. In co-operative labor, we are to find the way out of prison for hundreds of women. But that movement seems too far off for us to wait for it. The whole fabric of society seems to rest on the kitchen. It is like tearing up the foundations of the world to disturb those precincts. Each home has its consuming fire, burning up the wealth, the patience, the energy of half the world. There are great souls being consumed in these fires day by day.

If we could start an organization of women that could place opportunities of work before women, we should do the first great labor for woman's elevation. Now, if a woman wants work she has to stoop for it, she must sue, petition, humiliate herself. It requires more courage for a woman to seek fitting labor than is necessary for heroes in arms. All honor to those women who have boldly and fearlessly pressed forward through all obstacles, to occupations for which they felt themselves fitted. Their examples prove what woman can do.

If an organization of women could start any great enterprise, to be conducted by women, we should be surprised at the numbers that would seek employment. It has been said here that women are not qualified for such labor. The women who present themselves for clerkship, and inferior positions are not, but there are scores of women who have had a long training in the arduous duties of home, who have learned to manage, to economize, to direct, and whose brain burns with unused forces, who would adapt themselves readily to positions of influence and trust, if only they knew how to reach such positions.

Woman's fitting labor is given at such disadvantage, that it is a wonder she works at all. Think of the Philadelphia riot, when young women were hooted at and insulted, followed, in fact mobbed because they were seeking to fit themselves for woman's natural office, the care and treatment of the sick.

It is estimated that the wealth of the productive industries of the world would allow to each person 40 cents a day for support. Now we all know that for clothing, education, amusement, food and shelter, we require about four dollars a day, or we should have that to give us what we could readily and usefully spend for ourselves or children. Now the industries of the world need to be increased to that amount. We want ten times the means of gaining wealth that we have now. How easy to see that woman's work is needed to increase the wealth of the world. She has the largest opportunities before her if she knew how to adapt herself to them.

At present women engage in only a few lucrative occupations. We need not enumerate them. We know she is fitted or can easily fit herself to be a merchant, an importer, a druggist, as well as a doctor, a teacher or an author. She makes a good farmer, or superintendent of our door labor. She has served faithfully as sea captain, and has shown her capacity as astronomer. We know so many women waiting for work, and we know that the world's work is waiting for them, that we only ask for the adjusting power; or the means to fit the work for her and her for the work.

### The Empress and the Pyramids.

As we read the accounts of the celebration of the opening of the Suez canal, we are struck by the impressiveness of the scene. The great Pyramids, with their majestic secret enclosed in their sombre stones, and the brilliant Eugenia with her silks and feathers, and gay shawls, standing face to face bridging over the forty centuries, and bringing the great past face to face with the brilliant present. She expressed the French nation, with its active life-giving expression to the taste and artistic culture of the present. The Pyramids seemed a solemn protest against the vanity and frivolity of the present. And yet the present was the real engine of power.

The Suez canal was the out-work of the power of the present, which alike strives to develop use and beauty. Better than the kings and potentates, Eugenia expressed the living, vital present. It is a woman's work to recognize both use and beauty, and fit them to the time. We are glad the emperor could not go, and that it was given to Eugenia to lead the fetes and ceremonies of the time.

The Suez canal, spite of doubts and misgivings, is a success. It is a means of uniting the nations of the earth in closer relations, and giving a new impetus to civilization. Speedy means of transportation are among the most necessary of modern inventions. All that facilitates the ingress and egress of national industries, is so much done, to hasten the equalization of national power, and to unite races and tribes in a family of interests. We expect soon that some master mind will take hold of the principles of motion that govern the suns and planets in their course, and send us whirling through space at rates hardly conceivable in the present.

### Tobacco Smoking and Blindness.

The London Medical Minor says tobacco smokers must look to their eyes. Many facts are fast accumulating to prove that loss of sight is due to slowly progressive atrophy of the optic nerves induced by smoking. In a vol. of the London Hospital reports, Mr. Hutchinson relates several cases of amaurosis occasioned by the injurious effects of tobacco smoking. It is called tobacco amaurosis. It is more apt to attack those who use no other kind of stimulants.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, - Editor.  
All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at Tintonville, Pa.

EVERY GOOD SEED WE PLANT IN THE HEARTS OF THESE LITTLE ONES IS A TREASURE Laid UP IN HEAVEN.

### SUNSET.

"Come mother, oh, come to the window and see what a world the sunset has lighted for me!" But a few moments since, I looked to the west And saw only hill-tops, where the clouds seemed to rest, But now, gentle mother, my glad eyes behold Islands of fire in an ocean of gold!" I thought as I stood here a moment ago, That I saw little boats with spread sails of snow, But now they're melting to invisible things And must have been shadows of some angels' wings, For neither I am sure the sky is so fair, Some day we shall find it is Heaven up there! Yes, darling, the sunset is lovely to-night, And its lesson will linger long after 'till light, For 'tis saying to me "The clouds that you mourn To island and to sea, are meant to be lighted And over life's hill-tops the ocean will roll, A golden highway for the Heaven-bound soul!"

### Katy Mead—Or Something to Do.

(CONTINUED.)

For several weeks Katy and Marcia promptly met, missing only a few afternoons and doing a great many things, both for themselves and others. Marcia had gone far beyond Katy in drawing, and surprised Mrs. Mead very much one day by bringing her a beautiful picture of a child-angel, almost an exact likeness of Katy's little sister, who died when Katy was a baby.

"My dear Marcia, where did you get this?" asked Mrs. Mead.

"My hand drew it, ma'am," answered Marcia.

"You drew it? Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead.

"But indeed, ma'am, my hand *did* draw it: I cannot tell you how, for I could not stop the pencil, and did not know what I was making until it was finished, and then the pencil flew from my fingers!" and Marcia's great earnest eyes were fast filling with tears, as she saw the look of unbelief on Mrs. Mead's countenance.

"Katy, come here: did you see Marcia draw this?" and Mrs. Mead held up the picture before Katy's eyes. "Why, yes, mamma: 't is 'nt it beautiful, and will not Marcia become a great lady if she keeps on drawing?" and just to think, mamma, this all comes of my wanting something to do!"

Mrs. Mead was greatly puzzled, and resolved to watch Marcia the next time the children were seated at their different tasks. Marcia had been growing thin and weak of late, and her poor mother felt afraid that she should lose the angel of her household before the birth of spring-flowers made earth glad again; and when Marcia reached home that night and held up the picture, Mrs. Dean nearly fainted—she knew better than Mrs. Mead, how the angels come to us on earth, helping us to do a great many wonderful things, and had seen evidences of Marcia's Mediumism more than once before; and to-night she clasped Marcia to her bosom and wept for joy at this beautiful manifestation of angel power.

"Mother, was it an angel that moved my hand to make the lovely picture?" asked Marcia.

"Yes, darling, and you must thank God for the beautiful gift, and pray the good spirits to guide and guard you always." "Mother," said Marcia. "I think I shall stay here many days longer, for Grandmamma came and stood beside me last night in my dreams, told me I might come and live with her very soon; and you know, dear mother, these poor hands and feet are so tired all the time! I'm sure I shall not be crooked and lame in heaven, mother, and if you can spare me I would like to go, oh, so very much!"

"My darling, my darling," sobbed Mrs. Dean, "I cannot bear to let you go!" "But, mother, Tom and Willie are so good and you have to work so hard for us all, don't you think it would be better to let me go?" "I am sure, I have no reason to doubt their truthfulness; the statements are corroborated by abundance of testimony. I do not pretend to have any theory of my own in the matter, and merely present the facts as given to me, for those who have a desire and capacity to investigate."

Dr. Peet says it is a power beyond him, and claims nothing for himself. Will somebody please give their attention, and explain to the world how these things are done. Yours for truth, ISAAC C. TEAGUE, M. D. Wabash, Indiana, Nov. 24th, 1869.

"God's will be done, my precious child, I will try to give you up!" Marcia did not go to Katy's "school-room" the next day, and after waiting for her some time Mrs. Mead and Katy went to see what was the reason of her unusual absence. They found Marcia quite ill and Kate was grief-stricken, for she had learned to love her gentle companion very much.

"I am so glad you have come, Mrs. Mead," said Marcia, "for I wanted to give you the picture before I went to live with Grandmamma, for the good angel that helped me draw it wrote a name on one of the leaves of the rose-wreath; see, it says 'Flora Bell,' and Katy said that was her little dead sisters name!" Mrs. Mead took the picture with trembling hand, read the delicately written name and burst into tears.

"Yes, little Marcia the angels helped you draw it," said Mrs. Mead, "for no one else could have created such a likeness; I never believed before that our dear darling could come to her earth-home, although I have yearned for her deeply; but little dying Marcia cannot deceive!"

This was a very happy day to Marcia, notwithstanding she was so sick. Katy stayed until late in the evening, and returned again early the next morning, but Marcia grew every moment just as usual as the sun was blessing this land 'er it arose upon another, she called to her mother, and as Mrs. Dean bent over her, murmured—"sweet mother, I am going now; Grandmamma has come for me, and I can see oh, so far away—I think it must be the heavenly country! Good bye, Tom, good bye, Willie! be good to mother, our sweet mother!" and Marcia's spirit went out from the poor crippled body, free and strong and beautiful, to find in a brighter land, something still to do!

For weeks Katy could not be comforted; but her wise mamma told her she must not forget the sweet lessons little Marcia had taught her, and every day there were calls for some of the nice and warm garments she had so well learned how to make, and Tom and Willie were so anxious to learn! No, no, Katy must try to grow into the household angel, and take Marcia's place as well as she could for the poor children's sake.

And so Katy persevered, and before spring her busy fingers had made many a poor child glad, and the boys by Sunday study in Katy's beautiful "school-room," had learned many good and true things besides how to read, write and spell; and teaching others was a great benefit to Katy too, for she remembered the lessons so much better when, with a new interest, she repeated them to her bright-eyed pupils, and somehow she was beginning to feel that life was good and grand, even if there was a great deal to vex a little girl.

I wish I might tell you how Katy grew to a wonderful womanhood, working day and night for others, blessing the poor where-ever she found them, making her mamma so happy that she felt more than ever that Heaven was not far from earth, and that her dear darling could visit her home. And I would like to relate how Tom and Willie, inspired by their fair, young teacher worked harder and harder, until enabled to give their poor mother the little garden spot and cottage. How Tom did become a soldier and fought for the freedom of the down-trodden slave, and helped to gain it; and brown-eyed Willie felt little angel Marcia helping him to play the soul-enchanting violin until he grew to be famous and played beautiful "dreams" and "visions" to applauding multitudes; but all these things I must leave for the children to imagine. And I hope this little story, though poor and incomplete, will inspire my readers (if I am so fortunate as to have any) with a desire for something to do all their lifetime on the earth, so they may be ready to begin a still better work in the Heavenly land toward which all our earthly ways are tending.

### Healing the Laying on of Hands.

TO THE PRESENT AGE: Mr. Editor:—Believing in the omnipotence of truth, and that honest, candid investigation is the sure means of developing it, I desire to present to your intelligent readers, a few things that have presented themselves in our midst, for consideration, and which I believe to be worthy of careful investigation. Some four or five weeks ago, our town was visited by a Dr. Chas. Peet, from Sturgis, Michigan, who advertised he held the *laying on of hands*. At first we paid no attention, supposing him to be like many others who are traveling through the country, making great pretensions, but doing, as they say, very little good. After a time we began to hear of some very remarkable cases that were being relieved by Dr. Peet, amongst them we were told of a young man, who had been afflicted for some seven months with cancer of the womb; another, Mrs. Dices, whose case had defied the skill of our best physicians, and was considered by them as hopeless; another, Mrs. Crouch, who had been afflicted with stricture of the throat for ten years; and a number of other bad cases, all of which appeared to yield to the powers of Dr. Peet. But the case I wish particularly to call the attention of the public to, is that of Mrs. Samuel Westenberg, who lives at Manchester, a town fifteen miles north of this. I will state the circumstance as it was related by Mr. and Mrs. Westenberg to me, on the 8th inst., at the Europa House, where they were stopping.

On Friday, the 10th of November, Mr. Westenberg came to see Dr. Peet, and get him to go to Manchester, where he was very low and not expected to live. Dr. Peet was very busy at the time, with patients that were waiting for treatment, and informed him it was utterly impossible, as he could not neglect those who had come to see him. Mr. W. did not go, whereupon Dr. Peet accosted him and bade him stay, and he would see what could be done. As soon as Dr. P. got through with the patient he was then treating, he called Mr. W. to him, bade him look at his watch and note the time. He then said: "Go home, your wife will be better from this hour," which was between 12 and 1 o'clock. Mr. W. departed, and when he got home he found his wife better, and when he enquired of the change and time of its taking place, found that it agreed with the time that Dr. Peet had said she would be better.

Mrs. Westenberg was present, and corroborated the statement of her husband, and stated that she felt at the time that Dr. Peet must be doing something for her, for the strange feelings that seemed to possess her, for her sickness and pain all appeared to leave her, and that she had not felt pain since.

These statements I had from the parties themselves, and from that I know and have seen of Dr. Peet's power, I have no reason to doubt their truthfulness; the statements are corroborated by abundance of testimony. I do not pretend to have any theory of my own in the matter, and merely present the facts as given to me, for those who have a desire and capacity to investigate."

Dr. Peet says it is a power beyond him, and claims nothing for himself. Will somebody please give their attention, and explain to the world how these things are done. Yours for truth, ISAAC C. TEAGUE, M. D. Wabash, Indiana, Nov. 24th, 1869.

"God's will be done, my precious child, I will try to give you up!" Marcia did not go to Katy's "school-room" the next day, and after waiting for her some time Mrs. Mead and Katy went to see what was the reason of her unusual absence. They found Marcia quite ill and Kate was grief-stricken, for she had learned to love her gentle companion very much.

"I am so glad you have come, Mrs. Mead," said Marcia, "for I wanted to give you the picture before I went to live with Grandmamma, for the good angel that helped me draw it wrote a name on one of the leaves of the rose-wreath; see, it says 'Flora Bell,' and Katy said that was her little dead sisters name!" Mrs. Mead took the picture with trembling hand, read the delicately written name and burst into tears.

"Yes, little Marcia the angels helped you draw it," said Mrs. Mead, "for no one else could have created such a likeness; I never believed before that our dear darling could come to her earth-home, although I have yearned for her deeply; but little dying Marcia cannot deceive!"

This was a very happy day to Marcia, notwithstanding she was so sick. Katy stayed until late in the evening, and returned again early the next morning, but Marcia grew every moment just as usual as the sun was blessing this land 'er it arose upon another, she called to her mother, and as Mrs. Dean bent over her, murmured—"sweet mother, I am going now; Grandmamma has come for me, and I can see oh, so far away—I think it must be the heavenly country! Good bye, Tom, good bye, Willie! be good to mother, our sweet mother!" and Marcia's spirit went out from the poor crippled body, free and strong and beautiful, to find in a brighter land, something still to do!

For weeks Katy could not be comforted; but her wise mamma told her she must not forget the sweet lessons little Marcia had taught her, and every day there were calls for some of the nice and warm garments she had so well learned how to make, and Tom and Willie were so anxious to learn! No, no, Katy must try to grow into the household angel, and take Marcia's place as well as she could for the poor children's sake.

And so Katy persevered, and before spring her busy fingers had made many a poor child glad, and the boys by Sunday study in Katy's beautiful "school-room," had learned many good and true things besides how to read, write and spell; and teaching others was a great benefit to Katy too, for she remembered the lessons so much better when, with a new interest, she repeated them to her bright-eyed pupils, and somehow she was beginning to feel that life was good and grand, even if there was a great deal to vex a little girl.

I wish I might tell you how Katy grew to a wonderful womanhood, working day and night for others, blessing the poor where-ever she found them, making her mamma so happy that she felt more than ever that Heaven was not far from earth, and that her dear darling could visit her home. And I would like to relate how Tom and Willie, inspired by their fair, young teacher worked harder and harder, until enabled to give their poor mother the little garden spot and cottage. How Tom did become a soldier and fought for the freedom of the down-trodden slave, and helped to gain it; and brown-eyed Willie felt little angel Marcia helping him to play the soul-enchanting violin until he grew to be famous and played beautiful "dreams" and "visions" to applauding multitudes; but all these things I must leave for the children to imagine. And I hope this little story, though poor and incomplete, will inspire my readers (if I am so fortunate as to have any) with a desire for something to do all their lifetime on the earth, so they may be ready to begin a still better work in the Heavenly land toward which all our earthly ways are tending.

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Healing the Laying on of Hands. TO THE PRESENT AGE: Mr. Editor:—Believing in the omnipotence of truth, and that honest, candid investigation is the sure means of developing it, I desire to present to your intelligent readers, a few things that have presented themselves in our midst, for consideration, and which I believe to be worthy of careful investigation. Some four or five weeks ago, our town was visited by a Dr. Chas. Peet, from Sturgis, Michigan, who advertised he held the laying on of hands. At first we paid no attention, supposing him to be like many others who are traveling through the country, making great pretensions, but doing, as they say, very little good. After a time we began to hear of some very remarkable cases that were being relieved by Dr. Peet, amongst them we were told of a young man, who had been afflicted for some seven months with cancer of the womb; another, Mrs. Dices, whose case had defied the skill of our best physicians, and was considered by them as hopeless; another, Mrs. Crouch, who had been afflicted with stricture of the throat for ten years; and a number of other bad cases, all of which appeared to yield to the powers of Dr. Peet. But the case I wish particularly to call the attention of the public to, is that of Mrs. Samuel Westenberg, who lives at Manchester, a town fifteen miles north of this. I will state the circumstance as it was related by Mr. and Mrs. Westenberg to me, on the 8th inst., at the Europa House, where they were stopping. On Friday, the 10th of November, Mr. Westenberg came to see Dr. Peet, and get him to go to Manchester, where he was very low and not expected to live. Dr. Peet was very busy at the time, with patients that were waiting for treatment, and informed him it was utterly impossible, as he could not neglect those who had come to see him. Mr. W. did not go, whereupon Dr. Peet accosted him and bade him stay, and he would see what could be done. As soon as Dr. P. got through with the patient he was then treating, he called Mr. W. to him, bade him look at his watch and note the time. He then said: "Go home, your wife will be better from this hour," which was between 12 and 1 o'clock. Mr. W. departed, and when he got home he found his wife better, and when he enquired of the change and time of its taking place, found that it agreed with the time that Dr. Peet had said she would be better.

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its own active and lonely idea of personality is from its own self-consciousness; that mysterious, undefeatable realization of his own nature and its attributes. The mystery of man is here wonderfully manifest, for in this process, or state of self-consciousness, the objective and subjective seem to combine. The actual selfhood, the personality of man, becomes, or seems to become, an objective entity to its own self-cognizing faculty. And, in this profound fact evincing at once the mystery and perfectness of humanity, is to be found the solution of his mistaken notions concerning a Deific personality; for, this subjective ideal, when projected in, and expanded by, the imagination, becomes more perfectly objective in conception, and constitutes what man, in his weakness, worships as God. It is not inconsiderable evidence on this point that man has never worshipped any God, who possessed any attribute or faculty differing from his own, save in degree. So, also, the gods of all nations and ages have been only the exponents of the intellectual and moral status of that nation and age. The same name may have been transmitted from age to age, but his character has perpetually varied. The Jehovah of Moses and that of Dr. Channing, though seemingly the same, are no more alike than Juggernaut and the Great Spirit of the North American Indian. The Jesus of St. John, and the one taught by John Calvin, are as dissimilar as the characters of Howard and Tamerlane. One age represents Deity as "laughing at the calamities and knocking at the fears" of men, while another shows the same God weeping over, and lamenting the sins of his creatures. In other words, God has changed just as man has changed. The change in the character of the gods, has always been the *consequence* of a prior change, or growth in man. The opposite idea is claimed as true, by theologians of all religions, and, as I wish to express all truth, I admit that in a certain sense there is plausibility in the statement. The men of genius, the seers—the prophets of the ages—the profoundly intuitional men, in their seasons of deepest introspection, when the outward world and life have faded entirely from consciousness and they traced in sublimest thought, have seen the lofty heights of spirituality at excellence and beauty, which are now the possibilities of human hope in its aspirations, and to be the glorious certainties of future realization. As these sublime conceptions have come careering over the field of consciousness like a vast panorama of revealing angels, the seer has mistakenly thought that this opening and blossoming of his own nature, in that hour of ideal transfiguration was in illapse, a veritable unfolding of the Deity to himself; for, in that peculiar state of abstractedness, the subjective is easily, and in many cases, inevitably mistaken for the objective. Thus, this idealism called God, becomes invested with the noblest attributes of human nature, and expanded by the imagination, and intensified in the lofty visions of the seer, it is held up to man as the perfect pattern for his imitation. Thus a standard of excellence, beyond the actual condition of humanity at large, is presented and becomes an incentive to noble effort on the part of the aspiring of the race. But this so-called character of God, is simply and only human conception—humanity's presence of its own nobility, and spiritual greatness. It is well that man has had these incentives, although the belief in their existence in an objective, divine personality has been purely chimerical. Man had better listen to the language of his destiny, even if it come from the fairy realm of idealism, than not to listen to it at all. Thus we dispose of the theological assumption that human progress has been the result of a clearer unfolding of what they call the "Divine Character." We know the

contrary to be true. The unfolding of the divine is simply and *only* the unfolding of man.

My readers will pardon me for digressing here, in order to suggest that the solution of much that passes for spirit manifestation is to be found in this peculiar state to which we have adverted. Paul says he knew a man, caught up into the third heaven, but, whether in the body or *out*, he did not know That is, he could not in that peculiar condition, determine whether he heard or saw anything objectively, or whether it was merely a state of subjective vision, or interior perception. Such is still the condition of man. He cannot determine, while in that peculiar state called trance, whether he is dealing with beings and things *ab extra*, or with his own subjective ideas and emotions. It is the province of the logical consciousness or reason, to pass in review upon all these visions, and vigorously measure, classify and assign the proper estimate thereto, as to all other forms of mental perception. This testing, or measuring is the dread of all superstition. Because reason, or the logical consciousness is incapable of these trances and visions, it is denounced as inferior, and fanatically commanded not to lay its profane hands upon holy and divine things. But we fear not to enter this holy temple, and though we will not *desecrate* its holy things, we propose to strip them from the idols of the imagination and hang them upon real humanity, where they rightfully belong. Reason can neither see, hear nor feel, but can these senses, without reason, give us science? So neither can the faculty of inner vision, without reason, give us a system of truth.

**TRUTH AND ERROR.**

Not an error, firm as Andes,  
Deep as lie the granite rocks,  
High as soars the bird of thunder,  
Wide as autumn sheds her fruits,  
But can feel the heave of progress,  
Like an earthquake, at its core,  
And can hear the tempest roaring  
That shall sweep it from the shore.

**The Scientific Method.**

In a recent article, we urged the necessity of a more thorough scientific culture. Volumes might be written on this topic, and yet, it would not be exhausted. But we took up our pen to say that it is not to be expected that every person will, or can become a scientist, in the sense of having a thorough knowledge of all the minutia of every branch of human science, though of some it is very desirable.

Persons may be justly entitled to lay claim to a knowledge of Chemistry, and yet, not be able to give the details of all known chemical combinations, or perform at once all the experiments necessary in giving absolute demonstration of its affirmations. But the man, ignorant of the law of *definite proportions*, would be in a sorry plight if pretending to a knowledge of science. Or, if he knew nothing of the positive and negative qualities of electricity and magnetism, he would be in no better position. But those, who are to a considerable extent ignorant of the details of some of the special branches of science, may nevertheless, be proficient in the scientific method of investigation. We do not think it necessary to prove that all reliable deductions must be drawn from premises which are supported by ample induction. Men may reason correctly, so far as the forms of logic are concerned, and yet, the whole structure may be worthless, because their major premise involves a false assumption. The scientific method is inductive. It begins with particulars—with facts. It examines these facts, or things carefully. Ascertains all their qualities, functions, and hence, their relations to each other. It then classifies them in appropriate categories, for it has discovered the common principles underlying a certain class of phenomena, or things. Certain substances are ponderable and others imponderable. A certain class of animals are carnivorous—another herbivorous, and still another omnivorous. Now, if some would be a logical man, should affirm that animals eat grass, that a lion was an animal, and, therefore, the lion was a grass eater, he would find plenty who could deny his conclusion, though they might not be able to show the logical fallacy of his syllogism. Nor would the master of science be especially anxious at that point, because his prior method had assigned the lion among the carnivorous or flesh eating animals. Or, suppose he should affirm, the trance is a spirit-induced condition; therefore, John Smith is a spirit medium, for he is entranced, how should we settle the question? We might object that the syllogism was imperfect, in that it did not affirm that the trance was a spirit-induced condition in all cases, and that, therefore, he was not entitled to claim mediumship of John Smith. This would be a valid objection to the correctness of his argument, but it would not prove John Smith not to be a medium, "very true," the captious logician will say. "I am not bound to prove a negative." Very true, we reply, you are not, but every lover of nature and truth wishes to know what caused the trance in Smith, Spirits, says one; and some other agency asserts another. Can they settle it by logic, or by a process of deductive reasoning? Never, the scientific method alone can lead us to the truth. It will compel us to notice *all* the peculiarities of the trance as a human condition. How it affects the body in its various functions and organs. We shall ascertain how many agencies, if more than one, induce the trance state; and also what are the specific points of difference, if any, between the persons condition under the different entrancing agencies. Then, if we find distinct features of unlikeness pertaining to the several methods, the question is settled, and argument is at an end.

The perpetual danger of all spiritual movements, is the neglect of science. Revelation, inspiration and their correlatives are so much easier of access than it is to study, that they are preference. The circle is sought instead of the school—The medium is consulted rather than the scientist, and "impressions," "communications" and "messages" are of more authority than all the dicta of science, even in those departments where it should hold supreme sway. As a consequence, books, so comparatively neglected, study is disre-

garded and an unreasoning fanaticism takes the place of rational culture. All religious systems, thus far, have been opposed to the scientific methods, and it remains to be proved whether the great mass of spiritualists will not follow the same course. The general aspect of the movement is indicative of that result. And it might seem strange, did we not comprehend the philosophy, that those, claiming to be most radical in the ranks, are the ones, who are most directly working to that result. Respecting ignorance in their culture, or lack of culture, they can but institute and work those methods by which the spiritual movement will be converted into as soulless a bigotry, as narrow a sect as ever scourged the earth with its loathsome presence. Having no knowledge of science themselves, they are filled with curious hate of those who have, and seek by all foul means to either drive them from the ranks, or kill their influence in them. Let this be done, let but science be stricken down, in the persons of its students, and the fate of popular spiritualism is sealed. It is a lamentable fact, and fraught with a telling significance, that so many of the ablest and best expounders of spiritualism have been compelled to leave the field, into which ignorance has stalked, and unblushingly essays to control the entire movement. Let Spiritualists ponder this fact.

**WHO ARE SLAVES.**

They are slaves who dare not speak  
 For the fallen and the weak  
 They are slaves who do not choose  
 Hatred, scorn and abuse,  
 Rather than in silence shrink  
 From the truths they need most think;  
 They are slaves who dare not be  
 In the right with two or three.

**What is Spiritualism?**

NO. III.

We have shown, that a new religion necessarily involves, a new idea. But by this is not meant an absolutely new mental creation, but a discovery of a new relatedness, or a new characteristic, or a new function, would be a new idea; or, again, to discover that certain effects flowed from entirely different causes than had been previously assigned, would be a new idea. Let us see, then, if we can find in this age a new idea respecting the spiritual life of man, and also if it is the fundamental one of spiritualism. We have already ascertained the existence of a vast amount of phenomenalism, but have shown that that, was not all of our movement. We are now to prove that point more fully. All phenomena, involving the exercise of mind, necessarily presuppose a purpose in the mind of the presupposing intelligence, and of course, these effects must be wrought in accord with some law or method. The spiritual phenomena of to-day are declaratively produced by departed, human spirits, whose purpose is, to announce the fact of a future life, and they produce these manifestations of their own will and accord, and in the use of purely natural agencies. With such declarations, supported by sufficient proof, we are compelled into the recognition of a new idea. It is this: *Spirit manifestations are natural* instead of supernatural. Or, in other words, the factors on which all religions are founded are no miracles, but as amenable to rational explanation as the falling of rain, or the flowing of the tides. Hence, religion becomes a science as really as physiology or chemistry. Spiritualism, or natural spiritualism is expressive of the new idea. The so-called rationalistic world had affirmed a dead, cold materialistic naturalism, while the various religions have unanimously asserted a miraculous spiritualism. The supernaturalist and the rationalist have been in fierce conflict for generations. One has shouted infidel, and the other has retorted superstitious. And this same conflict has been waged in each man's own consciousness, and so fiercely at times as to make life a burden. But in spiritualism, the contest has ceased. Reason and the spiritual instincts are married, and it is a true conjugal union. Reason is acknowledged as the supreme faculty in that complexity of powers constituting the human consciousness, and is, therefore, the measurer—the umpire in all appeals. And as it is not the province of reason to affirm or ignore facts independent of the testimony of the senses, but to assist them in their exercise, and point out the bearing, relations and significance of phenomena when observed, we have reached the period when religion can be rational and reason religious. Religion, or the status and development of the spiritual faculties, is as amenable to scientific methods as is the culture of the perceptive and intellectual powers. The spiritual powers, belonging as they do to the category of the instincts are exponential and incidental, but it is reason alone which can span the sweeping arc of the circle of eternal destiny, and solve the mighty problem involving these exponents. And the fact that spiritualism discards the supernatural, and affirms instead the natural, in other words the progressive, growth, or unfolding of things, brings every thing within the scope of scientific analysis, as well as philosophic generalization. The perception of facts lies at the foundation of all genuine philosophy, as really as it does of true science. And whether those facts are powers or phenomena, makes no difference, so far as the interpretative process of the reason is concerned, for to it they are alike facts. It may work up or down, to or from, in other words, inductively or deductively, still, in either case, it is on the ladder of facts it moves; unless, unfortunately, it has mistaken fancies for facts. But fancies are usually facts clothed with a grotesque, half-concealing, and therefore, disguising dress. Should one visit a masquerade, and describe the appearances as real, he would be dealing in fancies, and yet, beneath all those quaint and gorgeous habits were living men and women, though not knights or nobles, or aristocratic ladies of rank. So, also, with what the carping sceptic calls fancies; real entities and powers are there, though oftimes most sadly disguised. We see this most perfectly demonstrated in men's religious history. Central in his nature, are the spiritual instincts, by virtue of which, he has always been a religious being. In harmony with these instincts, have occurred phenomena all along the path of history. In the childhood

period of humanity, they were thought to be  
fanciful, and were covered with the mask  
(fancy) of supernaturalism. In process of  
time, the growing, but immature, reason of  
humanity, boyhood, became extremely dis-  
gusted with this repulsive mask, and having  
caught it tripping, in some of its waltzes,  
proceeded with an Aristotelism manner, to  
announce that the mask was a myth—"a false  
creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed  
brain." Thereupon, commenced the war be-  
tween rationalism and supernaturalism, which  
has raged in all the ages, though in more  
power the last two centuries. Neither has  
been fully defeated or compelled to leave the  
field, yet the gain has been on the side of ra-  
tionalism, for it has gone inside the church,  
and is to-day fighting its most successful  
battles there. The final result of all war is  
peace, though secured in various ways. Some  
more than twenty years ago, commenced the  
modern manifestations called Spiritual. The  
"veiled Isis" had appeared again. The  
mask was no longer a thing of story, but a  
tangibility to the senses of all. And while  
the more shallow rationalists shouted humbug  
and the analogous class of supernaturalists  
howled devil, another class, from both the  
others, quietly stepped up and inquired if this  
mask might be examined, and this concealing  
veil lifted. They met no obstacles.

From the Independent.

### The Bible and the Public Schools.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

The action of the Board of Education of Cincinnati in excluding the reading of the Bible from the common schools of that city, has already called forth no little comment from the public press. Taken in connection with previous discussions there and elsewhere upon the general question involved, it contains elements and influences which may lead to a very sharp controversy among the American people.

It is well to observe that, the question in debate is whether the reading of that version of the scriptures that Protestants generally use, and which is known as King James' version, shall be continued or discontinued in our public schools. This is the version which has been used when any has been read. Shall the use be suspended, or shall it be pursued "at all hazards?" If the reading of the Douay version were the question, then all but Catholics would object to it; or, if the reading of the new version made by a section of the Baptists denomination were the question, then all but Baptists would equally object. The question, however, being, "Shall King James' version be read in our public schools?" then the objections come from Catholics, and perhaps, to some extent from those who are styled Rationalists and Free Thinkers. It is thus manifest that the American people, divided as they are in opinion and preference on the subject of religion, cannot agree with anything like unanimity as to *what* version, if any, shall be read. What the Protestant perfers the Catholic opposes; and what the Catholic would prefer the Protestant would equally oppose. The point when actually put to the test, may be determined by the sheer force of majorities; but this will not change the aspects of the question, or the relations of the opposing parties. The question is not one which mere majorities, one way or the other, can ever settle.

The argument of the Catholic, and of those who adopt his conclusion, may be briefly stated in the following propositions: 1. That our schools are managed by the government, supported by public funds, and which are subjected by general law, levied indiscriminately upon all tax-payers—whether they are Catholics, Protestants, Free Thinkers, Deists, or Atheists. 2. That the *prime* object of these schools is to furnish to the masses an opportunity for acquiring the rudimentary elements of a common education, such as will fit children to become useful and virtuous citizens, and not to inculcate any of the special doctrines of the Christian religion, or favor any of the peculiar tenets of religious sects. 3. That, in the constitution of this government, both state and national, *all* the people considered as citizens occupy the same ground and are entitled to precisely the same rights; and that too without any reference to their religious creeds. This makes a complete severance of all organic connection between religion and the state, and leaves the citizen free, without any pains, penalties, or disabilities, to exercise his rights of conscience according to his best judgment, with the single qualification that he must not so exercise them as to interfere with the rights of others. 4. That the reading of King James' version of the Scriptures in our public schools is practically a Protestant method of religious teaching, which, however agreeable to the great mass of Protestants, is offensive to the conscientious scruples of Catholics, and perhaps some others, who, although they are taxed to support these schools, decline for this reason to send their children there, and substitute therefor private schools under their own special management.

Such, for substance, is the argument urged by those who resist the present practice of Bible reading in our common schools. The opponents of the usage press this argument upon the public mind, and demand a change.

What, then, is the change that these parties desire? Is it the destruction of our common school system, and the distribution of the public school funds among private schools to be conducted by the various religious sects, as is to teach their religious peculiarities? If so, then far distant be the day that shall witness their success. We should regard it as one of the most serious disasters which could happen to the country. If, on the other hand, these parties simply desire such a change in our common school system as will place its administration on the basis which we have adopted in the construction of our civil polity, and if with a view to this end they press the above argument, then we confess that the argument is not only pertinent to the issue, but also one which deserves to be carefully considered. The premises are undoubtedly the very ones upon which Protestants would strenuously insist for a like conclusion, provided the Douay version were the one whose reading was in debate. They would object to the use of the *Catholic* Bible in schools conducted by the state and supported by funds for whose creation they were taxed. In our judgment, the objection would be well taken; and hence we are not able to argue why, upon the special merits of the argument, the objection is not just as well taken when urged by Catholics against a like use of the *Protestant* Bible. Protestants have no more right to force the reading of King James' version of the Scriptures upon the children of Catholics than Catholics would have to force the Douay version upon the children of Protestants. Both are alike taxed for the support of public schools, and both live under a government which disowns all formal connection between church and state.

It necessarily results, from this view of the case, that the controversy between the Protestant and the Catholic can never be har-

aniously sent, except by their mutual agreement to omit the reading of any version of the Scriptures in our public schools. They must come to this point, or continue the warfare, deciding the question in this locality and that according to the accidental preponderance of numbers. If this be all that the Catholics desire, then we can see no sufficient reason why Protestants should not meet them on this basis. It is a fair bases, just to all parties. It places the Catholics and the Protestants on precisely the same footing. It not only accords with the genius of our republican institutions; but also exempts the public school system from any possible charge of sectarianism, and opens it widely and broadly to the children of all classes. With it the Catholic ought to be satisfied; and surely the Protestant cannot afford to make the concession (if such it be), when he remembers that if the Douay version were the one in debate, he would demand a like concession to his views.

If, however, the Catholic programme be agitation, either for the purpose of breaking up the common school system or for that of diverting a portion of the public funds to the support of private Catholic schools, as a sort of peace-offering, then we pronounce the programme utterly insincere in its argument and just as objectionable in its end. To neither of these purposes would we yield for a moment. The common school system ought to be maintained "at all hazards," and against all enemies. No sectarian affinities in any direction ought ever to jeopard its interests. Moreover, not a dollar of the public money ought ever to be appropriated for the support of any sectarian schools, whether they be Catholic or Protestant. It is a breach of faith. It is virtually *stealing* the public money, and applying it to purposes entirely foreign to those for which it was collected.


If Presbyterians want the common schools, let them organize them themselves, take on their own responsibility, and pay the bills on their own responsibility; and not ask Baptists, Methodists, Jews, or Catholics, through the medium of a tax-levy, to aid them in this work.

Let the religious sects have as many private schools as they wish, and there teach what they like; but when it comes to the public school, in which all are equally concerned, and for the support of which all are taxed, then it seems to us that all had better merge the religionist in the *citizen*, and compromise their differences in the former respect, if there be any, on the basis upon which our political and civil system rests—a basis that will be just to all and ought to give offense to the conscientious scruples of none. The Catholic must accept this principle and be content with it, if sincere and honest in the agitation of the school question. If he will not do so, then let him be hypocritical in the argument which he offers. He then places himself in the wrong, justly alienates all sympathy on the part of the general public, and proves himself to be the sectarian enemy of our common school system.

There is no peril to the cause of religion in this land, and none to the Bible, to arise from the adoption of the view we propose. The truth is, it is not religion or the Bible that is really in peril, so much as it is the common school system itself. There are other agencies, partly in the family and partly in the church, for disseminating religion among men, which all are at perfect liberty to use, and all will use according to the type of their elective affinities. These agencies, entirely voluntary in their character and absolutely unrestricted in their scope, and not the common school, are the greatest agencies in forming and fixing the religious sentiments of the people. They operate, as they should, independently of all state control or state patronage. It ought to be sufficient alike for Catholics and Protestants to employ these agencies, without confronting each other as religious antagonists in respect to the common school. Neither should ask of the other what neither can conscientiously grant. Both should content here to be *citizens*, without bringing their religious antipathies into the domain of their citizenship. This will involve no sacrifice of principle and no jeopardy to religion, while it will most effectually promote the greatest good of the greatest number. A Protestant who loses nothing by it, and a Catholic who loses nothing to which he is justly entitled.

The views presented in this article are the natural and necessary sequence of the principles which the American people have adopted in the organization of civil government. They are simply the carrying out of these principles to their legitimate results. We believe in the principles, and hence we accept the results. We believe that it is best for the state and best for religion that the two should in no way be organically connected, and that each should in this respect let the other alone. Let religion take care of itself, in the spontaneous and voluntary keeping of its friends, and not look to the state for direction or support. It did so in the apostolic age, and it can do so in any age. This is the American doctrine, and we believe it to be just as good and just as true in application to that governmental machinery for popular education which styled a *public school* as it is any where else; and we would as soon apply it here as we would elsewhere. We think it but just to concede to others even if they be Catholics, the same advantages which we should demand of them. The honesty of those Protestants who propose to fight and vote this thing through to the bitter end we do not question; but their practical wisdom as men and their consistency as American citizens are by no means so clear to us. Bigotry, passion, and prejudice in Protestant minds are no better than the same qualities in Catholic minds. In all minds they are very unsafe rules of thought, and just as poor guides to practice.

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