

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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SEARCH FOR TRUTH ON ALL OCCASIONS, AND ESPOUSE IT IN OPPOSITION TO THE WORLD.

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Eternal Father! in whose life we live,  
Whose boundless love doth every blessing give,  
Whose wisdom planned and ordered all the whole,  
And speaks the wonders of divine control;  
Whose power is ever equal to fulfill  
The changeless purpose of Thy holy will;  
Whose will is law, with one revocable aim,  
Through all extent eternally the same;  
While Nature, loyal to her code of laws,  
Responds to Thee, the Universal Cause!  
From smallest atom that no eye can trace,  
To vast and worlds that decorate all space,  
From lowest stratum to the verdant plain,  
To highest realms, all adorn Thy plan;  
Alike are objects of Thy tender care;  
Alike fulfill their mission everywhere;  
Alike adapted to the spheres they fill,  
In perfect union all obey Thy will.

Relentless man! in view of truths like these,  
Why sit you down in ignorance and ease?  
Why falter by the road, or from the way?  
While God's eternal signals light the way?  
O! honest truth—the scribble of every age—  
In Nature's volume writes on every page  
A universal language, understood,  
By every soul, that God is great and good.

From lowest stratum to the verdant plain,  
Behold the links in this important chain;  
Each link dependent on the one below,  
Each marked with progress as we upward go;  
Till vegetation spreads her carpet green,  
And creeping things and animals are seen.  
While man—the crowning apex of the whole—  
Is made the temple for a living soul,  
In whom all other forms and powers combine—  
The union of the earthly and divine.

From grove and meadow to the most refined,  
Each grain is working as it is designed;  
Each in its sphere its laborers do impart,  
Unskilled in science, and untaught by art.  
Each brute fulfills its mission, and all great,  
No less than kingdom formed inanimate;  
Each rock a volume filled o'er with age;  
Each grain that forms it is a written page;  
Each shell contains a lesson if we seek;  
Each pulse beats forth with eloquence due speak.  
The rippling rill that cheers the mountain side,  
Salutes its mate to form the river wide;  
While rain in arm thy journey to the sea,  
Where all nature in harmonious array,  
Yet every breeze that fans the vacant main,  
Brings back to earth the little streams again.

Lo! fettered Spring-time breaks her icy bands,  
Leaps forth with gladness, liberates her hands,  
Spreads verdant carpets o'er the wintry lawn,  
Clothes naked forests, beautifies the moor;  
Brings forth the flowers from their long repose,  
Penetrates with beauty, and perfumes the rose;  
Chatters feathered songsters to a gladsome lay,  
While showers and sunshine glid the genial day.

The changing seasons of earth's broad domains,  
Bring wealth and gladness in their daily trains;  
Thus Nature works in all her varied forms,  
Through joyous sunshine, and in wintry storms;  
While every creature in its sphere is true,  
Performs the will of Him who gave them birth;  
All things co-operate, and ever blend,  
To serve each other for a common end.

Thus Nature's law directs, and all obey;  
Her laws are just and have triumphant sway;  
All law is adapted to each sphere,  
And thus controlled, the law is ever true;  
Each has its line of life distinctly run,  
All plainly marked—its path to what to shun;  
All heed God's law, can choose no other way;  
This truth is clear, to us to obey.

Can apples grow on oaks, where acorns thrive?  
Can bees turn spiders and forsake their hive?  
Can fishes live on trees where linnets sing?  
Can men shave heads and wear the crown of king?  
Then doubt no more, for all are to fulfill  
The changeless purpose of their Maker's will,  
All have their proper sphere, or lot assigned,  
Adapted to their nature or their mind.

While viewing thus the laws that govern these,  
Beast, bird, and insect, blooming flowers and trees,  
And in them all God's order and design trace,  
We must conclude 'tis thus throughout all space;  
Like the fair needle that directs our way,  
If true an inch 'tis true to distant star;  
Omnipotence established His decree,  
Mapped out all time, no less eternally.

"Thou Great First Cause!" and only Cause direct,  
All else existing only in effect;  
Cause and effect must be linked and blended,  
To doubt the cause, we need not find the end.

When on the verge of Time's primeval morn,  
Before a sun or starlit orb was born,  
Or first glad ray of orient light  
Dispel the gloom of an eternal night,  
While chaos reigned through endless depths of space,  
And coming years had no recording trace,  
Yet world's taberns were in the womb of thought,  
Which were by God and Nature long begot;  
And God through Law, by which He doth control,  
Was breathing life and beauty through the whole;  
Was working out a grand and glorious end,  
Which we but dimly see, less understand,  
And through eternity His law reveals  
His changeless plan that ignorance conceals.

Like as Himself, His law must be divine,  
Through which His law is beauty and grace;  
God's perfect law can never be changed;  
Is ever changeless, though all else is changed;  
No clause abridged, none added, none repealed;  
Is perfect change—this is the goal;  
God can not err, hence, can not change his law;  
While endless ages constitute the past,  
Though future cycles will forever last,  
Unchanging law binds beauty to the whole,  
Outlives all ages, ever will control;  
Yes, God Himself is Law; and His decree  
Propels the movements of eternity.

All Nature is but one stupendous thought,  
Which God through love and wisdom hath outwrought;  
Each world and sphere dependent on the whole,  
The whole on each dependent, as they roll.  
Each globe, an aggregate of countless grains;  
Each grain a key, a ponderous arc sustains;  
Destroys but one, the boundless spheres will fall,  
And tumble down like a vast, unnumbered wall.  
Thus all are linked in Nature's endless chain—  
The hand that God doth never wrought in vain.

(VERSE VOICE.)

## Mormonism Looking Out for the Locomotive.

When the cars on the Union Pacific line of railway have dashed through that weird, wild gorge, grand and awful almost as an Alpine pass—the gorge that bears the name of The Devil's Gate—they stop almost immediately at a small station, opposite a raw and struggling "canvass-town." This station is Uintah, and people sometimes say that there is a certain fitness in the fact that to reach it one passes through the Devil's Gate; for it is at Uintah that travelers to Salt Lake City begin their special pilgrimage. At Uintah station are waiting two or three hideous, rickety, musty, ramshackle old "stages"—looking like a sort of compromise between a French diligence of old days and an English mail-coach of Dick Turpin's time; and in these pleasant caravans the curious pilgrims begin their journey from the railway to Salt Lake City. Such a journey! The most magnificent scenery and the most abominable roads. The "stage" climbs up rugged, stony hills; staggers and plunges down into broken, rocky valleys; splashes and crashes across the beds of rivers; leans and reels to this side and that like a yacht in a squall; shakes the wretched passengers up and down and together, as if they were dice in a box, and were presently to be flung out with a cry of "sixes!" on the hard earth. The distance is only some thirty miles; but

the journey occupies some five or six weary hours—weary despite of the unspeakable beauty of the mountains, the valleys, and the lake. Thus guarded hitherto from civilization, even though the railway binds Atlantic and Pacific together, has the City of the Saints slept securely on the verge of its lake, and within the ramparts of its majestic mountains.

But this is to be so no more. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The traveler in the stage, craning his neck from the window, that he might not lose the joy of the glorious scenery, could catch glimpses every now and then of certain works making progress between him and the lake which held the promise of a better day for locomotion. These were the works of the railway which was to connect Salt Lake City with the great Pacific line, and to put an end, once and forever, to the isolation of Mormonism. Now the railway is actually made. The last rail has been laid, the last spike has been driven. Salt Lake City has hung out all her banners, and glittered with such semblance of festivity and joy as her habitual sullenness and gloom would allow; and the capital of Mormonism is as free and open to the travelers and the traffic of the world as Chicago or San Francisco. The old days when Mormonism believed itself securely sheltered, even against the authority of the United States and its military force, by fortresses of mountain and sentinels of crags are gone forever. The light of day streams in upon Mormonism; the competition of enlightenment and freedom forces it to its final test; the hermit is brought forth from his cavern of isolation, and called on to justify his mission and prove his sanctity in the face of criticism, and science, and civilization. For a long time the leaders of Mormonism perceived the tremendous importance of isolation to their system, and strenuously endeavored and still hoped to maintain their position of salutary solitude. But there came a time at last when this seemed past all hope. Brigham Young is in some respects a wise pontiff than the Pope of Rome. He sees when a fact becomes irresistible. He is not a man to "argue with the inexorable." He accepts a reality when it must come, and makes the best of it. So the *mot d'ordre* was passed round that Salt Lake City must come into the Western railway system, and that railways and rapid communication were the special need and would be the crowning mercy of Mormonism. With characteristic energy, Brigham Young rushed at the work when once he had resolved that it had to be done. He lent the services of hundreds of his people to one of the great Pacific railway companies to help in completing their line; and he received in return certain concessions and assistance for the making of the railway, of which he is the president, from Uintah to Salt Lake City. He made it a common boast that Mormon labor had finished one of the Pacific lines, and proclaimed that the railways would consummate the triumphs of Mormonism. Orson Pratt preached on this theme in the great Tabernacle one Sunday last autumn, at a time when many Gentiles were known to be among his audience. He declared that the very sacred prophecy on which rested the claim of Mormonism to cover all the earth, contained the injunctions that "swift messengers" must be sent forth; and he asked whether their means of communication hitherto could be called swift. Many a Gentile present, inwardly groaning over the memory of the stage-journey, would have cordially admitted that in the matter of swiftness Mormonism had not yet fulfilled its mission. The "swift messengers," then argued the Mormon preacher, were needed by the Saints—were all they needed. And now behold the swift messenger, the railway, almost at hand; and with it comes the day of fulfillment and fruition. There was, indeed, a suspicious and painful eagerness about the manner in which the Mormon leaders kept on declaring that they rejoiced and triumphed in the approach of railway communication. When one remembered what use to be the creed given out on this theme, and contrasted it with the present declarations, he could not but admit that the Mormon rulers possessed at least that one quality of successful statesmanship which consists in a prompt surrender of logical consistency to the argument of necessity and practical advantage.

But those who know Brigham Young as nearly as he allows any one to know him are believed to be convinced that he regards this opening up of Salt Lake City as the one grand test and trial of Mormonism. Schisms do not kill a superstition or destroy a church. Military force does not crush out a false faith. Successions do not annihilate political systems. Brigham Young may, probably, look with complacent composure on the strife of parties within his bounds; and perhaps in his secret heart he yearns for the pressure of a little force, which he could call persecution, from the United States Government. But the railway, the influx of strangers, which he can no longer control; the efflux of undisciplined and disgruntled proselytes, which he can no longer prevent; the incursion of Gentile competition in stores and shops, and all ways of trading; the absolute impossibility of any longer keeping up the screen of mystery which shut in and concealed the "peculiar institution;" the inevitable and ever-increasing juxtaposition of the Mormon harem with the Christian wedded home—these are the dangers which no one appreciates more justly than does Brigham Young. Isolation is as necessary to Mormonism as new territory to the slave system. The energetic and persistent efforts which Young has lately been making to mould and organize all the buying and selling of the city into one exclusive scheme, operating among Mormons only—these very efforts show how well he at least is convinced that Mormonism cannot live in the crowd and breathe the common air. It cannot be doubted that the opening of the railway will tempt multitudes of traders and workers and settlers to pour into that most beautiful of valleys, that the mountain regions will be compelled to yield up their hidden treasures, and that cities peopled by Gentile will begin to spring up everywhere over the face of the Mormon territory. All this means simply that Mormonism will be out-numbered and out-voted on the soil once its own. We have read of bodies, long and safely kept in the darkness and pent-up solitude of some funeral-vault, which, when their loneliness was invaded and their shrouds were opened up to the light of day, crumbled instantly into the dust. So it will be with Mormonism. The rejoicings in Salt Lake City over the completion of the railway may perhaps have been perfectly sincere; but they are, in fact, a great deal like the pageantry prepared by some Hindoo widow in honor of the lighting of the funeral-pile which is presently to consume her.—N. Y. Independent.

## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Could not some motive to live be impressed into the mind of Jessie? Could she not be made to feel that she might do something for herself and others? Should Jessie die, life would be veiled in despair.

Thus Jane often soliloquized while the blinding tears fell like rain from her thin car-vorn face upon her toiling hands.

Winter relaxed his icy chain—spring wandered through the valleys and was slowly ascending the mountain side—the green mosses and grasses everywhere greeting her approach; and Oscar and Jessie were still confined to the sick room. But Hope entered the drooping heart of Mrs. Allston, and whispered, "They shall live." Life, however, seemed very feeble in Oscar, who was reduced almost to a skeleton, helpless as an infant, and unable to lift his head from the pillow; but the crisis of the disease passed, and all he now needed was good nursing and nourishment. While Mrs. Allston, who, since the sickness of her son and daughter, had not hitherto taken one night of unbroken rest, now felt the great weight of anxiety and care so far removed as to be enabled to sleep one night undisturbed. Dr. Meredith said, "All danger is past now; Oscar will recover, Mrs. Allston." These words revived hope—made mother and daughter experience a sense of life in themselves, and sent Jane quickly to Jessie's room, her face radiant with hope as she took Jessie's hand (which lay on the white counterpane) in her own, and commenced in a quiet yet cheerful tone, "Jessie, I want to tell thee something delightful."

The tone and manner evidently interested Jessie, for she opened her blue eyes wonderingly and said, "Please, Jane, turn me over, I want to look in thy face."

This done, Jane resumed, "Now, darling, I want to tell thee something delightful, also my plans for the future."

"Well? feebly replied Jane. Evidently there was not in the soul of Jessie the slightest hope or wish to live. Several months she had been confined to her bed; Oscar, she felt, would die, and should he recover, what then? Her father's dying wish concerning him, could not be carried out; the money for that purpose was being spent, and would soon be gone; she could see nothing for all of them but poverty and uncertainty in the future, and so hope and the love of life—those powerful auxiliaries if not component parts of the *via medicatrix nature*—were almost extinguished.

Even Mrs. Allston and Jane had felt something of this despair. "What shall we do? what can we do?" they had often asked each other, as their funds had decreased from day to day, and no visible prospect of replacement, and no prospect of a miracle to keep from diminution the widow's cruise of oil and measure of meal.

But a new plan occurred to Jane, and as she lovingly held Jessie's hand in her's, she felt that those questions had been answered.

Look in Jessie's face, so deathly pale—look in her large blue eyes and thence descend into her spirit; desire for life seems gone; remains there a spark that can be fanned into a flame? you see it not—so young, and yet so weary of life that she longs to fly away, and be at rest!

"Away o'er the regions of space came rest, rest for the weary spirit!"

But the charm has come to Jane for inspiring hope and life into her dying Jessie.

"Darling, there is going to get well," said Jane in a positive voice; "all danger is passed with Oscar; Dr. Meredith says he will recover; so thee will recover now."

"I can't live, I don't wish to live, Jane," said Jessie in a feeble voice.

"But thee will after I tell thee my plans for the future; we will not bind gaiters any more; we will not live with any Mrs. Carman's any more, and yet each of us will earn six or seven dollars per week; mother need not then do anything, and I'm sure the labor will agree with thee better than sewing."

Jessie lifted her eyes and asked, "What is it, Jane?"

"Well, there are factories in Gloucester, about three miles from here, down the river; hundreds of young girls work there and make money; I know that they are called 'factory girls,' and in contempt too; but what do we care for that?—a happy home and our wants supplied, will make us feel independent of epithets that disgrace only those who apply them."

A slight tinge of color came to Jessie's face; was the spark of hope being kindled? "Oscar will improve daily; soon thee will improve, I believe—yes, I am sure; and as soon as thee is able to walk out and take care of thyself, I will go to the Factory and learn to weave. When thee recovers, thee can go too; we will soon be able to earn ten dollars every week! Oscar can return to college as soon as he recovers; we can do well, I am sure."

Three, four and five hours passed, still she slept; Jane watched her with a beating heart; she felt her pulse; it was far more regular than usual; the sap of life was beginning to flow healthfully through her veins. After sleeping ten hours unintermittedly, she awoke with a smile, saying, "O Jane, what a long time I have slept! Jane, does thee think I will get well again?"

"O, yes! thee is much better now," replied Jane in a cheerful voice; for faith and hope had made her strong, and with every word and look she infused the same spirit in to Jessie.

"Dear Jane, I want to live, now," said Jessie, "but I cannot talk, I am so sleepy."

Nature's great restorer—sleep—again he folded her in his strong arms and carrying her safely over the bridge of a single hair on which she had tremblingly vibrated between life and death; the crisis passed and she was safe.

Jane said nothing to her mother concerning those plans she had imparted to Jessie, but which were not destined to be carried into effect; for their brother was the soul of honor, and had often during his illness, though too feeble to converse on the subject, cast over in his mind the probable and possible pecuniary condition of his mother and sisters. As health returned, these indefinite cogitations assumed a definite form, and his active brain began to mark out a remedy for the financial difficulties which he believed must exist. Long before his mother and sisters considered him well enough even to realize that their means were necessarily and greatly diminished, he perceived the exact condition of affairs, and made his resolve accordingly.

"I'll go no more to college," he said firmly to himself; "I'm glad that is ended, for how like a thief and a robber I have felt."

"Where is thy watch, mother?" he asked one day as she stood at his bedside.

"I have not worn it for some weeks."

"Has thee sold it?"

"No, my boy."

"You have sold some things, have you not? Where is the carpet that was in the next room? I see there is none; you had one there when I came home?"

"It is not sold, my boy; don't ask me any more questions; only think of recovery, and all will be right."

"Yes, mother, all will be right; when I am well, I'll make all right;" then he closed his eyes and thought, "my good mother—Jane!—Jessie!—I must—I will recover—what a burthen!"

Over and over again he repeated these words to himself; then he looked at his mother, saying, "I am not going to college again, mother—never! don't object," he said, putting out his hand to her; "I will be father, son, brother—all—to thee, Jane and Jessie; could the spirit of my father speak, I know he would approve of this resolve."

Evening after evening, night Charles and Jane have been seen walking across the green leading Charles between them. Neighbors whispered, "How happy they look! how she loves the child! they are so suitable," etc. More and more closely to the heart of Jane was taken the little treasure, "Charles"; he was her own boy, never to be taken away; and the large mother soul of Jane Allston opened and folded closely, and as if for eternity the little darling "Charles."

Let him nestle there; pat his head affectionately; whisper tender, loving words; dream, dream of the future and of thy boy Charles; gaze trustingly in that manly face, and believe him manly and true; gather all the blessings of these beautiful loves and loved ones; for the time draweth nigh—yes, is even at hand—when between thee and those treasures will be placed a gulf of darkness.

Jane's approaching marriage to Charles Upland, made Mrs. Allston very thoughtful, she not feeling quite certain that it was for the best; there runs in her mind a doubt—something akin to distrust; certainly he had been very kind to them, was evidently benevolent and as earnestly loved her daughter; yet she sighed as she thought of her child being married to him. "He will never seem like a son to me," she thought, "and it will be better for us to be apart." Jane had once doubted her love, fearing that it was only friendship; but now all doubts were gone; he was going to be her husband and dear little Charles her own, own boy; no one could ever take him from her; her mother and Jessie would be with her; all the dark days had passed away, and the golden days were coming—were hers even now.

"Mother," she remarked one day when such a train of thought was passing through her mind, "we shall be very comfortable indeed, after I am married. Charles is aging to take the pretty cottage we have admired so often; next spring we will plant flowers in the front yard; in the rear is a nice vegetable garden and fruit trees, we can keep a cow, Charles can play and romp on the green in front of the house; won't it be nice mother? Why do thee not say, 'O, yes, it will!' like Jessie, and let us build castles together?"

Now Mrs. Allston did not wish to cast a cloud on her child's hopes, and yet misgivings would come.

"I wish thee was not going to be married quite so soon, Jane, that is all."

"Why, mother, if we like each other why should we wait longer?"

"Yes, that is the point—if you like each other; is thee quite sure of that, Jane? My child, I do not feel clear about thy marriage; though he seems—and I believe him—

to each other, that I should then be an unmitigated sounder for not doing that which if I now offer, and you accept is to be regarded as improper? Love would shield you from sorrow and trials—would protect and provide for the loved one, both before and after marriage."

Jane if not convinced was silenced. If her feelings were the result of education, she felt that she could not wholly conquer them; and yet, as Charles uttered these sentiments she felt towards him increased love and respect.

How sadly and anxiously he had looked on the household during all these weary months of sickness! How he had observed one article after another disappear—during the last few weeks! How earnestly he had urged Jane to accept money which she had as decidedly refused! How he insisted that had he been her husband, he could have lifted the burthen from her, and that what he now most desired would then have been not only a pleasure, but a right and a duty! "I shall always think sadly of this time, my Jane," he said, "because all this might have been avoided had your confidence in me been greater."

"Not that, Charles," said Jane quickly; "O, no! but a something I cannot describe. Thy position—the view thee takes—I like, I assure thee. I respond to the truth of thy words, and yet, I greatly wish that I had not thus been humiliated."

"Humiliated because the man you love sufficiently to marry would shield you and yours from sorrow!"

Charles then urged an early marriage. Her mother and Jessie, he said, could make their home with them. No objection must be made to this, for would not Jessie soon be well, and would she not be able in a short time, to teach school? Oscar had told him that he was resolved not to return to College, so would not her mother be independent? etc., etc.

We need not repeat the arguments used on both sides, nor the delicacy Jane felt in marrying under such circumstances. It looked too much like marrying for a shelter from the world—marrying for a home, she thought; but Charles met every objection, and on that night they were engaged to be married in two months.

The next day found Jessie and Edgar in the sitting-room as usual, Charles calling to welcome their return to the home circle.

Jane's cup of happiness seemed full; the sick ones were recovering. Oscar had obtained the promise of a situation as book-keeper in a large iron-foundry as soon as he should be quite well, and her mother would rest in a permanent home; Jessie would thoroughly recover; Charles would be her own, own boy, and she would educate him herself. So Jane read the page of the future.

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an excellent man, yet the future makes me sad; it looks dark; I know not why."

"I have felt just the same," said Jane; but when I analyse my feelings I find that I do not doubt him; I know that I love him; and little Charles—O, mother! he is like my own child. Thy misgivings, mother, are but the misgivings of caution; let us be happy, for I am sure the future looks very bright."

When Charles Upland brought his little boy Charles from Massachusetts and gave him into Jane's care, he had accompanied it with the request that father and child might not be separated, but that he might board with them. On account of their limited room it was impossible at the time to meet his views, but another room had been subsequently secured, he became an inmate of the house, and father and child were together.

The child was held up to the window as usual, to see papa coming; papa entered the sitting room and took his little treasure in his arms.

"After supper let us go for a walk Jane," Charles said, adding, "Jessie, you will soon be able to go with us. I have much to tell you," he whispered as she passed him.

Supper over, Jane was soon dressed for the walk; what could he want to tell her? It must be something pleasant, for how smiling he was at the supper table, how blessed her lot! Love—life—had come to her; he was going to be—O, was he not now in the sight of God?—her own husband! "I thank thee, O father, for this great boon!" she said, as she was dressing in her room, though tears—tears of gladness—falling on her hands as she clasped them together.

Leaning on his arm as they walked from the house, she asked Charles, "What does thee want to tell me?"

"I want to tell thee of a cottage," he said, using the "plain language" as he sometimes did in addressing her, taking her hand in his own for an instant, and looking in her face as only love can look.

"Something more than that, Charles, I know from thy manner."

"Well, come to the cottage and see; I have the key, and I want us to look at it together. 'O, yes! there is going to say, 'why we have before looked at it together.' I know; but there is something there you have not seen."

The hall door was opened; she hesitated. "Come in," said he, taking her hand—"Charles, my own dear Charles! what does all this mean?" She exclaimed as she seated herself on one of the lounges in the parlor.

"It means, darling, that this is all ours, yours, mine." He led her from room to room; nothing was forgotten. Carpets! yes, the very carpets she had looked at with him and admired—these he had purchased. Now she could see why he had said, "Let us walk into the furniture store, or that carpet store and look at the goods, for we shall keep house sometime, perhaps. The parlor furniture was the very same she had admired."

"O, Charles! how good, how kind of thee! Can I ever repay thee for all this?"

"Yes, my own Jane; you repay me every day by your love, by your smiles; and were there no love, Jane, I owe you more than this for your kindness to little Charles."

"No, not for that, Charles; for is he not my own boy? am I not going to be—am I not now—his mother? Think of us as one, as mother and child, for—"

She could not finish the sentence, for he folded her in his arms, many tears rolling down his face as he said in a hushed voice, "My own blessed, blessed Jane! my own darling wife! mother and child! you shall be so linked together in my soul. He is yours he is mine, he is our child. O, Jane! better than life I love you! I loved once, but a deeper, fuller love has come to me; nothing shall ever separate us but death. Thy mother and sister shall be to me as my own. Come and see the room you said should be your mother's."

Here he had shown his thoughtful kindness. Jane stooped to look at a roll of carpet. Why, it was the same of which she had in one occasion said, "I should like such a carpet for my mother's room." A rocking-chair, easy-chair, bureau, wardrobe—even a foot-stool for Jane's mother; nothing was forgotten.

"I have ordered plants for your mother's room and Jessie's, not forgetting yours; but they have not arrived. You shall not say a word, dearest Jane. Come into the yard and I will show you something useful; then we will go home."

The useful article was a cow.

Only three weeks and then they would be married and move to their cottage. Meantime the carpets were to be put down, which Jane would be able to visit the cottage, where he would have his books taken and arranged. Jane would now have time to improve herself as she desired, by reading and study; they would study together.

So they dreamed—so they talked of the "good time coming;" why had it not even now come? Was not this the beginning?

Mrs. Allston saw on their return that her child was exceedingly happy, and she tried to think that all would be well in the future. He loved her beyond doubt; she, too, loved him; why should she feel this indescribable something a kin to doubt, when there was no cause? And yet had Jane only waited a little longer she believed all would have been made plain. All looked bright, and yet there lingered a presentiment, as it were, of coming evil.

On the next day Mrs. Allston, Jane and

Charles went to the cottage. It was a surprise to Mrs. Allston. As she went from room to room, Jane pointing out this piece of furniture, or that carpet for which she had expressed a preference, never dreaming they would be hers. Mrs. Allston felt a deep respect for the man who had so delicately, so completely responded to her child's taste and ideas of beauty and comfort. She did wish that the indescribable something which stood before her as a dark shadow would depart. Her own room furnished with such care, such tender thought for her comfort, was a mark of decided goodness. That he was kind and generous could not be questioned; and so she would say to Jessie, "I must believe they will be happy together, and will rest in this belief, for there is no visible cause for doubt."

One week passed. How smiling the cottage appeared! Carpets were put down, furniture arranged, books placed in the best case by Charles; the flowers had arrived, as had also a stand on which Jane was placing them, Jessie surveying the proceedings from an easy chair in which Charles had placed her and made her comfortable. With her head resting on a pillow, how happy Jessie felt! Health was once more kissing her cheeks and mantling her with roses.

"I will go to the post-office, Jane," said Charles, "while you attend to those flowers; sister Jessie; Jane, let us make her Superintendent of the flower garden."

"We'll be co-partners in that, brother Charles," laughingly replied Jessie.

"Very good," said he, and off he went to the post office.

"Something has kept Charles," said Jane two hours later; "it seems rather strange, and it is getting late, too late for thee Jessie; let us go home."

Jessie could walk pretty well now leaning on Jane's arm. As they walked along they thought and conjectured as to the cause of his not returning; was he sick, or had he been called away? it was so strange! Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock—what has kept him! Charles was kept up after his usual bed time for the accustomed good-night kiss, but no papa came! Now he slept in his cot, Jane tried to read, but the color in her face came and went; she feared she knew not what.

"It was nearly ten o'clock, mother; can anything have happened? Hark! he is coming!" As Jane said this she ran to the door, he kissed her without saying a word, and







TILL WE SHALL MEET.

(On all the poems breathing conjugal love that death had not victory over—love which even the long years failed to conquer—all such poems written in an age that witnessed more devotion than any before or since, this inspired, exultant, and the bishop of Chichester with his hurried wife is the most elegant and beautiful!)

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,  
Never to be disquieted!  
My last good night, then will not wake  
Till I lay like a child in bed;  
Till age, or grief, or sickness mutes  
Marry my body to that dust  
So much loved, and fill the room  
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.  
Stay for me there; I will not fail  
To meet thee in that hollow vale.  
And think not much of my delay,  
I am already on the way.  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Dante can make, or sorrow breed.  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step toward thee—  
At night when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my west.  
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

But hark, my pulse, like a soft drum,  
B-use my approach, tells thee I come;  
And I low how'er my marches be  
I shall at last sit down by thee;  
The thought of this bids me go on,  
And wait my disquieted  
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive  
The crime.) I am content to live  
Divided, with but half a heart,  
Till we meet, and never part.

#### From our Corresponding Editors.

##### The State University.

It is somewhat amusing to us to notice the eagerness manifested by many prominent journals in the state to applaud the Board of Regents for their late action in regard to the admission of women to the various departments of the University. The action is truly commendatory, but that praise belongs especially to them we are not quite ready to concede.

They are undoubtedly as good and probably far better than the mass of mankind, and have certainly evinced great sagacity in thus "taking time by the forelock," and saving themselves from the growing disgrace of keeping one of the best institutions in our country a one-sided affair. As the servants of the people they simply expressed their wishes, and done what in honor and justice they were bound to do. Just as any other officer and public functionary will do, when those wishes are bravely asserted, and firmly demanded.

Supply follows demand, and laws are as much the creation as conservators of the people, when they outgrow or rise above the laws, they are powerless and cannot be enforced. Bad laws only evince a bad state of society and that which society creates, she can and will in time destroy.

Bringing us to this country the common law of England, and adopting it for the most part as our own, it is not at all strange that we should find many of its customs wholly unfitted to the free air of this western world. And in none of these do we find a more flagrant opposition to the genius and spirit of our government than those that control the condition and relation of the sexes. Born amid the darkness of the feudal ages, when military prowess was the ideal of citizenship, it could and did only look to the welfare of its arms-bearing subjects. A *feme sole* was an apology for a human being, but the moment she entered *coverture*, her individuality was lost, and her legal right placed on the same footing with infants, idiots, and lunatics, and if we accept the humanity of some of our state legislatures, has remained there ever since—and will probably continue to remain there until she rises in the glory of her womanhood and demands that which justly belongs to her.

As yet she has been quite as slow to ask as man has been to give her social and political equality. There are, however, many grave questions connected with the relations of the sexes, that superficial observers entirely overlook. Distinctions between them that no social condition or legislative enactment can destroy. Dependencies and organizational tendencies that will not depart at our bidding, though they walk hand in hand to the ballot-box—side by side over life's thorny path: our mother is still *mother*, and father still *father*, in spite of the mutations that must and will occur in our social relations.

Rights themselves are limitations—we may do as we please. Let us not, however, forget that it must be our pleasure to do what we can. Sexes will follow their orbit as well as worlds, and if in our struggles to find the true path of destiny, we occasionally bump our noses, or jostle each other's elbows, we will bear it with complacency.

We can hardly realize the great change that this event fore-shadows. It is a tocsin of social revolution, and in the not far distant future we shall undoubtedly see universal suffrage, and equal rights and privileges irrespective of sex, race, or color emblazoned upon our banners, and our sons and daughters marching together into fame and history.

A. B. F.

#### To the Spiritualists of Michigan.

At the last meeting of the MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, there were claims presented for balance due for Missionary labor, to the amount of over four hundred dollars. The officers of the State Association employed these missionaries in good faith, believing arrangements were made for the payment of their services.

The present officers of the Association, find an unpaid subscription due to the missionary fund and about \$75, in the treasury, as the only means to meet this indebtedness. The committee to whom this matter was referred, reported that it would be unwise to continue the missionary work, until this debt was paid. The question now presents itself shall our association go on with its work or shall it cease.

At your annual meeting, a financial plan was adopted, which, if practically carried out, cannot fail to prove successful in the prosecution of our work. A resolution was unanimously adopted, making it necessary for every person desiring to become a member of the State Association, to pay the sum of one dollar annually. The undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare an appeal and have it circulated among the Spiritualists of the state, to enable each and all to become members of the association, and thus create a fund, not only for the payment of the amount now due, but also to create a fund for missionary purposes.

Therefore, the said committee do confidently appeal to the Spiritualists of the state to send their names with a sum "not less than one dollar" to the Secretary of the Association, and thus become with us members of the State Association. The Secretary (J. P. Averill, of Battle Creek) on receipt of the money will forward a certificate of membership, which has been prepared for that purpose. You will thus become co-workers in disseminating the great truths of Spiritualism, among those who are now in darkness and doubt upon the subject of immortality. We believe that without organization no great work can be accomplished. We therefore ask you all to unite with us in furnishing the means to discharge our obligations and continue our work.

DR. WM. E. WYBURN,

J. P. AVERILL.

#### California Correspondence.

ED. PRESENT AGE.—Since my return from Humboldt, I have been overhauling a file of papers that waited my eyes and hands. THE PRESENT AGE was among the welcome things that awaited my coming.

There is a grand article in No. 23, from J. L. McCrory. I like vastly, his down right "plain talk." God has given the thinkers of this age a problem to solve, it is this: "What rights have children that parents should respect?" Mr. McCrory has called attention to the question. From my soul I bless him. I rejoice whenever a soul comes out openly in defence of these little helpless creatures—these fragments of souls that are cursed, crushed, defrauded long before they can protest against the assaults made upon their innocent lives.

This wicked generation is not one which is shocked by the nameless crimes that debase and defame the little earth-pilgrim, but let a daring hand be lifted to avert the destroying blows and scorching fire in virtue's borrowed robes, cries out "hands off!" do not disturb old customs and time-worn creeds."

Another paper of my pile is shocked beyond endurance. Epes Sargeant, has written a book, "The Woman who Dared," and in it he has dared to say some severe things—he ought long ago to have said. *The Bulletin*, in speaking of the "Woman who Dared," said, "It is vicious in sentiment. It advocates woman suffrage, which is right enough, provided the author believes what he preaches; but it goes beyond this, and espouses a species—mild it is true—of free love, involving an upturning of the recognized usages and traditions of society, and the inauguration of a new social dispensation. The author's heroine is more than strong-minded: she invades the domain of masculine prerogatives in matters not only of business, but of love; not only jostles him in the race for wealth and fame, but pops the question."

And then to prove that Mr. Sargeant set at open defiance old conformities, the following awfully true lines are quoted:

"She marries young,  
Perhaps in meek submission to the will  
Parental, or in hope of a support;  
In a few years—as heart and brain mature,  
And knowledge widens—finds her lord and master  
Is a wrong-headed churl, a selfish tyrant,  
A miser, or a blockhead, or a brute;  
Her love for him, if love there ever was,  
Is turned to hatred and indifference;  
What shall she do? The world has no reply:  
You made me young, and you must live in it:  
True, you were heedless seventeen—no matter:  
Be his wife still; stand by him to the last;  
Do not forget him by him, that he treats  
And his bad love may be continuous.  
Think that you love him still, and feed your heart  
With all the lies you can, to keep it passive!"

Now, I trust that the world knows just what is meant by "free love." Let us take a long breath, and give the Rev. Reviewer thanks. The women of to-day who dare and do—the women who have faith in God and in themselves are making a glorious tumult. "The wayfaring man, though a fool," is no longer in doubt as to the women's motive in this war of words.

Another fact is looking us squarely in the face: The women who dare, are asking—demanding—the ballot. California women have never been tucked into nooks and corners; they learned self-utterance long ago. Now they are wide awake on the suffrage question. I mistake the woman heart, the zeal and energy of California women if they rest arms till every inch of ground that they claim, is won. I wonder how a husband and father dare look his wife and fair daughters in the face and say "Hut! be quiet—let the Irish-man, the black-man and we vote for you." Let the black, white and yellow men legislate for themselves, but modesty, if not justice, should suggest that they do not know our needs half so well as we know them.

We shall sadly miss one of our brave workers, Mrs. Slade. The world has need of her; but it may be she was wanted in the upper land, so the good Father sent his servant to open to her the gate to that labor-field. Angels keep her strong.

SAN JOSE.

I have just made a visit to this old Spanish town of about eight thousand souls. San Jose is 50 miles south-east of San Francisco. The town was founded by Spanish missionaries in 1777. The streets are clean and broad; the buildings are mostly substantial; the people, judging from those to my good fortune to meet, are earnest, well-informed, independent thinkers. Rev. Chas. Ames, a man of the Emerson and Beecher class, speaks to a fine San Jose audience Sunday mornings, and in the evenings of the same day to a good congregation in San Francisco. I am not warranted in classing Mr. Ames among the defenders of Spiritualism, but he gives our people a cordial welcome to his platform. Heaven and earth will come near enough to shaking hands, when ministers of all creeds recognize a divine brotherhood, and live their better faith.

I think you will find on your exchange list *The San Jose Daily & Weekly Mercury*, Jas. J. Owen, the editor-in-chief, has a kindly soul. He wears no mask, no chains. When a word is to be spoken for any just cause, he does not ask "will it be policy to speak it?" but speaks.

Our old friends, the Stoves, live in San Jose. They opened their doors to me—of course I went in, and found rest and peace. Mrs. Stove gives most of her time to healing the sick and preaching the gospel, which will bring peace and good will to the world. As a healer, she has been very successful, as a speaker she is too well and widely known to need another word of commendation. My blessing will go with the San Joseites forever and ever.

H. F. M. BROWN.

GRAND RAPIDS Jan. 16, 1870.

COL. D. M. FOX: *Dear Sir*—Being on a visit to Dowagiac a while ago, I called on Mr. James Heddon the medium for answering *Sealed Letters*; and while seated with him in a room with other company, I took a letter from my pocket [a business letter which I happened to have with me.] and requested him to hold it in his hands, and give me a description of the writer. He took it and without looking at it, gave a perfect delineation of the character of the writer, mentioning some very singular peculiarities of mind and habits of life, and also referring to a recent narrow escape from a terrible calamity which the person in question had made, all of which was strictly true.

Now as I am absolutely certain that he had no previous knowledge of these facts, the writer of the letter being wholly unknown to him, and myself a stranger having met him for the first time, and as the letter itself contained nothing of what the medium revealed, I felt thoroughly satisfied that some intelligence beyond himself had made known these things.

That some subtle magnetism lingering about the hand writing might find its way to the brain of the medium, and thus impress him with the peculiarities of the writer is, perhaps possible, but that *events* in the past history of the writers life should be thus revealed is not possible.

Mr. Heddon has been a powerful medium for physical manifestations, but has always shrunk from notoriety, and he certainly cannot be accused of mercenary motives in consenting to sit for answers to *Sealed Letters* as he charges only fifty cents for each letter, scarcely enough to pay for his time and stationery.

I would recommend all who wish to investigate this phase of manifestation to apply to him personally or by letter. Yours truly,

A. J. Webster.

For the Present Age.

ED. PRESENT AGE.—Sir: I would like to address a few words to you and your many readers in relation to the success of our late tour through the Counties as published in the PRESENT AGE up to Jan. 15.

With Hiram Taylor, travelled through Lenawee Co., Jackson, Ingham, Eaton, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph and Branch; holding meetings at private houses, where persons of inquiring minds of all sects were invited to come and hear for themselves. We instituted a Circle of all present at these places, but at public Halls we did not. An opening lecture prepared the way for the invisibles to be described, which was done much to the satisfaction of hundreds of the attendants.

We found this to be just what is demanded by the great masses of to-day. Have seen new mediums developed, old ones encouraged and move on to higher attainments.

From Nov. 27, to Jan. 14, 1870, four evenings only have given us a respite from toil. Circles can be convened at a call, any time. I am convinced that such a move is much needed now—teaching is becoming stale when void of demonstration. The people demand facts, and must have them.

Church members and infidel skeptics, yield up their doubts in relation to spirit intercourse—often when their departed loved ones can be described, which was done much to the satisfaction of hundreds of the convinced. All subjects are investigated at our circles, which are of vital interest relative to theology or philosophy by the controlling intelligence. Many interesting particulars could be given. ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Coldwater, Jan. 15, '70. Pioneer Missionary.

ED. PRESENT AGE.—From a news paper column of passing events we take the following:

"Napoleon has ordered the travelling expenses of the French Bishops of Quebec, in going to and from the eccumenical council to be defrayed from the Imperial exchequer." And also while Rev. Hyacinthe, the modern religious reformatory Samson, is strangling the Pope, and Catholicism generally is becoming shaky, the Papal temple rocking and tumbling about its ears, "great preparations are making in Paris for the opening of an exhibition of sacred relics, gathered from various places, etc., for the purpose of arousing papal enthusiasm."

What a picture of grotesque drollery, were it not in another light sadly sorrowful. In the name of the vast and exacting achievements of science and of intellect in the nineteenth century, can it be possible, that grown up men and women, are yet so childish, and silly in their nature, their religious notions, as still to venerate and respect these toys, mementoes, relics of a religious despotism—a soul enslaving system, degrading and disgraceful to all that is manly or divine. Blind, ignorant homage to these evidences of barbarism, have enchaind and disgraced the race already too long.

And yet, somewhat instructive will be the remarkable contrast of sentiment as expressed by these persons of such refined culture, as side by side in the of the Catholic religion gathered from the "principal and wealthiest churches of the Saints," etc., together with a bit of the "Papal" girl circling Jesus, as he ascended the napkin and other linen found in the tomb after his departure, a hinge from the door of the tomb, a piece of the cross, one of the cruel nails that pierced his feet, the head of the spear with which the Roman soldier pierced his side, the crown of thorns that pressed his bleeding brow, as he hung fainting and dying at the torturing cross.

These and others, side by side with parts and remnants of torture once in such successful operation against free thought and heretics in the Catholic Spanish inquisition. All these of course will be there, not excepting, certainly, that ingenious and complicated automaton of charming death, the figure of the fascinating and beautiful "Virgin" an instrument of such refined cruelty that once in her lifetime, presence, the victim—her opened arms, along which the fine keen edged knives, skillfully concealed,—that ere he was aware, he was charmed into the inviting embrace of an exquisite death, sheared into a thousand pieces. This mystic virgin will occupy of course a prominent place amid the vast and varied array of relics of religious refinement during the seventh century, with others of a more modern and of a more ancient date.

Oh! what a book will this important exhibition at Paris prove, in which to read the thousand tongued evidences of the race of the past, their religious cruelty and folly. And may be the "man with the mask" means after this, to hold this mirror up to the world, that we may, at least to some degree see reflected the character and body of the times, through which poor duped and priest-ridden humanity have come. Napoleon may be a wag, and an enthusiast and still prove some service to the race.

Who shall say that he will not yet be the coming Pope. There is nothing secret that shall not be revealed, neither hidden that shall not be made known. W. D. R.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at Hingham, Pa.

He who teaches not his child an art or profession, by which he may earn an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public.—*The Talmud.*

### Willie and Jessie.

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDDER.

CHAP. I.

Jessie is a dear little girl, with hazel eyes, black hair. Ah, I wish I could let you see her picture! She is so round and rosy, so healthy and hearty, and she has just learned to read a little, and is as proud as a peacock, for she thinks she will soon be as wise as her big brother!

Willie is a merry, laughing, jolly fellow who wants his mother to weave a new story for him every day.

One morning, not long ago, as he opened his eyes, he cried out, "Mamma, shall I come to your bed a little while?"

"Yes, come here, my boy," said his mother, as she cuddled him in her arms.

"Well, mamma, I wish—I do wish—women had their rights."

"Why do you wish that, my boy?"

"Well, mamma," said Willie, very thoughtfully, "I wish it because I want my little sister Jessie, to have her rights when she grows to be a lady; and I want my two friends, Blanche and Maggie Sanderson to have their rights when they are ladies."

"Very good, my darling," said his mother: "but I would like to know what you think Woman's Rights are?"

"I know some of them, mamma," said Willie. "You know a woman cannot earn as much money as a man, and that is not right; her right is to be paid as much money as a man for her work. What would Jessie do if you and papa were to die?"

"Ah! that is the question," said his mother: "what would our darling Jessie do? I often ask myself that question, because women have so few chances of making money: thousands of poor women in cities hardly can earn enough to get bread."

"Well, mamma, then I wish women had their rights, so sister Jessie may have her rights. One day I heard you say that men made all the laws; there were no women, you said, who made laws, and that is not right; and I know these men have made some very bad laws, for the law takes away little children from their mothers sometimes; and, mamma, I am sure no woman would make such a bad law as that, and the law sometimes takes away a woman's money and gives it to her husband; and papa says some husbands are bad men and cheat their wives, and you see, mamma, the law helps them to be bad husbands."

"You are right, my boy."

"Women should help to make the laws, mamma. I know they would have no such bad laws as that. When I am a man I will help to make good laws, and I want Jessie, and Blanche and Maggie to help make the laws; for they are so good, they will be sure to make good laws. But, mamma, tell me something else about woman's rights."

Just then little Jessie awoke, and climbed from her crib into mamma's bed. "Come along, Jessie darling," said her mamma. "You are going to have woman's rights some day, but you shall have children's rights first. You shall have health—blessed health—this is one of your rights. If every little girl had health, she would be ready for her rights—her woman's rights, Jessie—my Jessie—shall have thick, warm clothes in winter, she shall romp and play like Willie, she shall learn to skate and swim, climb trees and fences, and everything else that she wants to do that will make her strong and healthy. Health is every girl's right, and every boy's right; and my Jessie has this right, and she shall keep it."

"Jessie has a right to a pretty, round waist, just as nature made it. She is not going to have a wasp-like waist, she is not going to be pinched by corsets or tight dresses."

"I know what a wasp is like," said Willie, laughing, "ha, ha! No, indeed! Jessie is not a wasp, nor like a wasp. You won't pinch your waist, will you, Jessie? Oh, mamma! how can the ladies breathe? Do you think it hurts them?"

"Yes, darling, it hurts the lungs, and other organs of the body, and often causes death. But Jessie shall have a chance to grow into a fine, large, healthy woman: she is not going to be pale-faced and sick when she is a woman; she is not going to be nervous and fretful; oh, no! my Jessie will be able to row a boat with her papa, ride on horseback, ramble in the woods, or walk five miles on a fine morning and feel all the better for it. What do you say to that, little chubby face?"

"I like that," said Jessie; "but mamma, do girls fly kites?"

"They have a right to fly kites, if they like," said her brother, "have they not, mamma?"

"Certainly, they have."

"And do girls play with boys?" said Jessie.

"They like. You play with boys, don't you?"

"That is so," said his mother; "it is one of the rights of girls to play with boys, and it is one of the rights of boys to play with girls. Sisters and brothers play together."

"Mamma," said Willie, "sometimes when I play with Blanche and Maggie, the boys laugh, and say 'boys playing with girls! ha, ha! boys playing with girls!' but I don't care. I will play with girls as long as I like, and little girls are so gentle, mamma, I like to play with them."

"You are a real good woman's rights boy," said his mother; "sisters and brothers live in one house together, they play together, then why not go to school together, study together and work together? I believe we would have better women and better men, if they did so?"

"Jessie shall have her rights," said Willie: "when I am a man I will be a woman's rights man. Jessie shall vote, like my papa, and she and I will go to the polls and vote together, won't you, Jessie?"

"Yes," said little Jessie, "and I will fly my kite."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Willie. "Yes Jessie, you kite will be Woman's Rights, and I will let you fly your kite, Jessie, shall I?"

"Yes," said Jessie, very demurely, "I will let you help me, Willie."

Now, darlings, I must say good-bye; we have chatted so long in this snug little corner, that I rather think good Mr. Editor wishes we were done.

But let us first take the vote; all of you in favor of your sisters and little girl friends having their rights, say yes. Why, you all said yes, I believe! Well done! I wish every little boy and girl in the country would say yes; then we would have woman's rights in a hurry.

### Heat from the Moon.

A long-voiced question—one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarrelled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the Moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a mooted point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now, there is one mirror in existence which exceeds all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long out-reaching arms, the spiral nebulae with mystic convolutions, the fantastic figures of the irregular nebula, all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass well poised; indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse Telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbersome and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscopic, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measure, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Higgins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth from "the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon!" The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behaviour of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse has been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual down-pour of the fierce solar rays.

For and about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is radiated from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of reflecting heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a sun's light in his hand, and he will feel the heat, and he will feel that the light is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from

the sun's rays. This is radiation, and cannot happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show us by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates toward us.

We do not mention this point from any desire to cavil at the results of one of the most interesting experiments which has recently been carried out. But the recent researches of Zollner upon the light from the planets, have shown how largely the surfaces of the celestial bodies differ as respects their capacity for reflecting and absorbing light, and there is every reason to infer that similar peculiarities characterize the planet's power of absorbing and reflecting heat. The whole question of the heat to which the moon's surface is actually raised by the sun's heat depends upon the nature of that surface, and the proportion between its power of absorbing heat or reflecting it away into space.—*London Spectator.*

### Spirit Birth.

Julia A. Wright, daughter of Marcus and Delia Wright, passed onward to the spirit world from her home in Middleville, Barry Co., Michigan on Thursday Jan. 13th, at the premature age of six years and one month.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

#### Convention of Mediums and Speakers.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums and speakers will be held at Batavia New York, Saturday and Sunday, February 19th and 20th next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and holding three sessions each day. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all workers in, and sympathizers with the new dispensation of the 19th century.

Near two years have elapsed since, in accordance with a request of angel guardians, the first convention of this series was called at Batavia. That was a season never to be forgotten by those in attendance. Among whom were eighty mediums, whose names, residence and place of mediumship were recorded. Since that time Conventions of this class have been held at Johnsons Creek, Gowanda, Rochester, Buffalo, Avon and LeRoy, all of which have been seasons of deep interest, and permanent good. These quarterly gatherings have been so embalm in the affections of participants, that their arrival is anxiously awaited, some making long journeys to be present.

Again brothers and sisters we invite you to this Spiritual Feast. Our Batavia friends invite us, and will as far as possible, extend the hospitalities of their homes. And our dear angel guardians, who with their eyes and ceaseless interest embrace their human brotherhood in arms of love, engage to be with us on the occasion, to bless by their presence, to instruct by their wisdom, and to fraternize and harmonize by their sympathy and affection.

J. W. SEAY, P. J. CLARK, FRANK RICE, } Committee.

BATON, Jan. 19th, 1870.

#### Quarterly Meeting in Otisco Mich.

The Quarterly meeting of the Otisco society of Spiritualists, will be held in Lyceum Hall at Cooks corners, Commencing Saturday February 20th, at 2 o'clock A. M. and holding on Sunday, Mrs. L. A. Pearson is engaged as speaker for the occasion.

A. WRIGHT.

#### Van Buren County Circle.

The Annual Meeting of the Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists will be held in the Congregational Church in the village of Keeler's Center, commencing on Saturday, February 5, at 2 o'clock P. M. and continue over Sunday. It is earnestly requested that all members be present, as the officers for the ensuing year are to be elected.

R. BAKER, Sec. I. H. TUTTLE, Pres.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### THE REUNION COMPANY.

Is now incorporated and in successful operation in South-west Missouri. It aims to secure to its members a home and employment, mutual assistance and support, and education and social enjoyment. All who wish to unite and co-operate for their mutual benefit, both men and women, are invited to send for a specimen copy of THE REUNION, which is a monthly paper containing the practical operations of the company. Address ALFRED LANGLEY, Room 18, S. E. Cor. 4th, and Chestnut St. Louis, Mo.

### Announcement for 1870.

CHANGE OF FORM.

#### "THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE,"

Devoted to Woman: her Social and Political Equality. Published every Saturday at Dayton O.

The ADVOCATE enters upon its Third Volume on the 1st of January, 1870. In quarto form, of 8 pages of five columns, enlarged and materially improved in typographical appearance.

The publisher has spared neither pains nor expense to place the ADVOCATE in the foremost rank of the papers devoted to Woman's emancipation, and his successful efforts in the past are an earnest of his intention in the future.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.



