

THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

"A MAN'S TRUE WEALTH HEREAFTER IS THE GOOD HE DOES IN THIS WORLD TO HIS FELLOW-MEN."—Mahomet.

IN ADVANCE.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CREED.

BY MARY ANNE TOWNSEND.

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I die,
Cold, dumb and dead to all the world contains,
The folded robes would open at my breath,
Life would come gaily back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the dusty cold should tread,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him I ever loved in life so much.

And thro' again, warm, tender, true to thee,
I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody depths or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every stalk of your loving grief,
Some faint, sweet blossoms would leap up in leaf,
To prove death could not make me love forget.

I believe if I should fade,
Into these mystic gorges where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth like fogs, till they are,
Led by the beacon blaze, full on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed in me,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory striken from the throne of time,
As the unworthy worship thou hast won!

I believe who has not loved,
Half the pleasure of this life is unproved;
Like one who has the grape within his grasp,
And all its luscious sweetness quite unproved,
Out from his careless and unthinking grasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk;
The watching angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered hulk.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE DENTON CRODGE.

CHAPTER IX.

The happiest individual in the household of Mrs. Allston was little Charley. "Mama Jane" took him for a walk once or twice every day, and she tried to laugh and play with him, as she had always done since his father had brought him to her, interrupted only by the illness of her sister, and brother, but again resumed on their convalescence.

Early in life Jane had resolved to cultivate a happy disposition, had determined not to be crushed by sorrow, but rise above it. "We are," she said, "to a good extent what we make ourselves; sorrow shall never leave its furrows on my face." All this was well for the child Charley; for, though his father was sad and sick, he received from Jane the same love and attention she had ever given him; she was the same "mama Jane" to him; she loved to say this as he patted her face with both hands and kissed her again and again! He little realized (indeed none could realize) the ordeal of fire through which she was passing and the battles she was waging.

"I don't love you," Charley said to her the day after the scene narrated in our last chapter. Jane, feeling something akin to contempt, made no reply; then it occurred to her to be inane but that thought was no sooner formed than dispelled.

Two hours afterwards, when Jane went into his room reading Charley by the hand, he said:

"Jane, do you believe what I say? Come, tell me; you do believe me! you believe that I do not love you! I'm glad—very glad!"

"If these desires to break off our engagement, Charley—if that will make thee happy, then this is free."

"Jane, listen to me; come a little nearer." She stepped to his bedside, still holding little Charley's hand in her own. "Selfishness will conquer; I thought that if I could induce you to believe that I do not love you, then you would cease to love me, and could more easily give me up; O, selfishness conquers!" His countenance expressed utter wretchedness, his mental agony seeming intense. "Jane come a little nearer;" then he took her hand; "I love you as I have never loved woman—not even Charley's mother."

"Don't say that, Charley!" interrupted Jane; pity for the young wife and mother, so soon taken away by death, made her feel that she would much rather not hear those words.

"Jane, better than life itself! I love you; and because of this love, I would protect you even against myself. I should not be a happy man without wealth; you thought you knew me, but you saw not this; were I poor I fear I should be unkind; I know I would; I should be morose and silent. Listen then, Jane—for I will not be selfish; your good not mine—your happiness not mine, shall govern me—I have resolved not to marry you before I leave, neither will I correspond with you, because if I do you will wait for me, and grow old and broken down with long waiting for what may never come; for I shall never return unless with wealth. No, I will not bind you; the majority of men would, I know, because they think only of their own happiness; the world is governed by selfishness, but I will conquer selfishness. I will not marry, then, should I obtain wealth, I will find you, no matter where you may be; then all your philanthropic plans for woman shall be carried out, and you and I will be united for ever, etc., etc."

Jane tried to reply, but could only say, "I don't understand thee, Charley." Then turning to Charley she said, "Come darling, let us go and find Jessie."

It was evident to Jane that either his opinions on selfishness had made him morbid and inconsistent, destroying his intellectual balance, or that the "selfish theory" was used by him as a means of terminating a relation which he conceived to be incompatible with a successful prosecution of his newly-formed acquisitive schemes, and governed by the gratification of a feverish desire for wealth, none the less absorbing because hitherto comparatively dormant.

Oh! how indignant was Jessie at all this madness, as she termed it. "Unselfish, indeed! Won't marry thee now—won't correspond with thee—loves thee! Supreme contradiction! Leave thee alone to battle with the world—take away little Charley—yet loves thee! Most wonderful and incom-

prehensible unselfishness and consistency! The fact is he has taken the gold fever; he is mad for gold, and to this, his God, is ready to sacrifice everything—even his child. I would not listen to such talk. "Does not love thee" let him go then; 'not selfish'—he is the very embodiment and essence of selfishness."

"Now, Jessie, remember all his kindness, and don't be hasty," interposed Jane.

"I do remember; but his baseness now to thee destroys all the virtue of that."

"O, Jessie! don't ever talk so again; it is so painful; I have loved him and love him yet; if it was not true carnal love then it would be, and it will take time."

Mrs. Allston listened to her daughters, but was silent; both were somewhat right. While believing that the man who could so trifly with her daughter's happiness, was evidently unbalanced and that Jessie's strictures, however harsh, were not altogether unmerited, she yet felt that Jane's feelings demanded respect, and that her views constituted one side of a truth of which Jessie's criticisms were the other. It occurred to Mrs. Allston also, that her feeling that something was in the way from the time the subject of Jane's prospective union with Charles Upland was first broached, was partially accounted for when that something, as it appeared, was folded up in her daughter's future.

"For my part," said Jessie, "I wish he was gone, and the child too, much as I love him, and little fellow! (here her tone softened), and all this was cleared out of the way. Love seems to take away clear mental vision to make that which is distorted seem harmonious and beautiful, to cover up inconsistencies and sins, clothing its object with the ideal of our own souls. Jane has, I think, so clothed Charles Upland. Ah! I'll use common sense, which is the best of sense, in my love matters, you'll see."

One week passed; it was Sunday; Charles, being decidedly better, was up most of the day. He was silent, his face cold, his features like a stereotype plate. Jane, while quietly and kindly attending to his physical comfort, avoided conversation with him. He asked Jane to be so kind as to see to Charley's wardrobe and put his clothes in order, to which she replied that they were in good condition, being nearly new.

On the Saturday evening he had called her into his room, and asked her to put on the shawl which he had taken out of his trunk; she did so, remarking that it was very handsome. "I want to give it to you," he said; "I would not like any one else to wear it." "Why?" "Because it was my wife's." "I don't need it," she said, "I have two shawls; you must keep it. It is all I kept of her Jane, and only you must have it." "You keep it and take it to California with you, it will be pleasant to look at it sometimes," said Jane. "But Jane—" "I shall not accept it, Charley, I thank you; so please don't say any more." As she said this she folded it up and laid it on the chair.

As she neared the door to leave her, in most impassioned terms, declared his unalterable devotion to her, but, reverting to his monomania added at the close, "I ought not to say this to you; it is selfish—purely selfish."

"You must not tell with me any more," said Jane. "You must act consistently with me; if you regard me with affection, then write to me and I'll trust you."

"No," he replied firmly; "bind you to me! perhaps to poverty!" etc., etc., repeating what he had previously said on the subject.

"Then our engagement, Charley, is at an end, as you evidently desire it should be."

As we have said, he sat up most of the day on Sunday; just before retiring he remarked to Jessie, (Jane not being in the room) "I shall leave for Massachusetts on Tuesday morning; ask Jane to have all ready, please; I am going to take Charley to those friends who have taken him before."

"Certainly," replied Jessie.

"But we need not linger over these painful scenes; false ideas of duty, entering as they do into all the ramifications of life, always result in unhappiness. With an error for a foundation on which to build, to preserve consistency the whole superstructure of principles and conclusions must be cemented by similar errors; take away the first error, and the whole is chaos."

Charles Upland laid down as a foundation, or fact that the world was governed wholly by selfishness, twisting our best thoughts and actions into manifestations of this faculty, subordinating titles to names and facts to a sophism; hence the whole train of errors and unhappiness we have seen were the natural results of his theory when carried out.

The next day—Monday—Jane was quite ill; the mental anguish of the last few days had been too much for her strength; during the night she was sleepless; for he was going to take her little treasure away, and how could she sleep? With it, she felt would go all the light of her former life. "I cannot give him up," she said again and again, "had I the money I would take him away; for next to his father surely I have a right to the child."

Early in the morning she knocked at Charley's door. "Come in," he said; pale and feeble she knelt at his bedside—"Charles! Charles! anything! O, he is mine—my boy—next to thee, surely, I alone should have him; I will promise thee anything—wait for the twenty years, if these so desire; but don't take little Charley away! I will be him all that his own mother would have been; if poor I will labor for him. O, Charles give me the boy!"

"This is worse than death, to me you are sorrowful," he said; "O, I may be a wretch, but I do this for your sake, believe me—only your sake, but I am decided; I know this is the right way and nothing shall induce me to alter my plan. I would make any sacrifice to comfort you, but I will not sacrifice you or your life; burthen you with my child! never!"

Poor Jane! we cannot dwell on the agony of that day—how often she hugged the child to her bosom and wished she could flee away with him to some spot where she could have him all her own!

Late in the day Jane said, "They will leave me the address of those people to whom thee is going to take Charley?"—for an idea had come to her which told of hope.

With the cunning of a monomaniac she seemed to divine her thought, for he replied: "No, Jane, I have thought of that, and I believe you so love Charley that you would steal him."

Thus dropped the curtain that closed from view not only what had been her possible future, but her real future—yet hidden by the row.

Tuesday morning came; Jane, ill as she was, awoke early; this was the last morning that she would dress little Charley! She had slept but little during the night. It was now but five o'clock; all were asleep as she thought; Charles, however, had heard her as she passed his room, but did not rise. As Jane stood by the sitting-room window and looked across the green, her heart was full of sorrow; of all she had passed through, her boy being taken away was the culmination, yet, as she was not the wife of Charles, it could not be presented; and though none but Jane so loved the child, he must go. Love her! O, where had Charles' love gone to cause such grief as hers! But she resolved to be calm; never again, she thought, should he witness her grief, Charley's clothes were all ready for his father to pack in his trunk. She held up the blue frock and coat she had embroidered, and then the black hat with the black plume, put them down, burst into tears and laid her head on the table when the door of Charles' room was opened and he said to her, "Charley is awake!" then came little Charley, trotting into the room calling, "mama Jane, by-by!" She took him in her arms—"O, how can I let thee go!" she murmured. He sat on her lap trying to wipe away her tears, and with a wondering look of childish sympathy exclaimed, "mama cry; poor mama?" She took him to the window, forced back her tears, talked to him, then washed and dressed him, put him down and looked at him as he ran across the door. Ah, was there no help! was he to be surely snatched away from the mother heart that had so wholly so fully made him her own! She put on his coat and hat; "there is time for a walk with him before breakfast," she said half a loud; "tis the last time; never shall I see him again; I know this, but the present is mine; so come Charley, she said to him aloud in a tone that she tried to make cheerful, "let us gather some posies and fill the basket."

She carried him in her arms across the green to a woodland path, talked, laughed, gathered him some flowers and filled his basket; then she wore a wreath of wild flowers and placed on his head, while a prayer that his path might be strewn with flowers gushed from her soul; "though not my lot, O, Father to do this, may the stranger deal gently with my boy!"

When Jane and Charley returned from their walk, breakfast was ready, so she took off his hat and coat, put him in his high chair to the table, kissed him and left the room.

"I will see him no more," she thought; "Charles must not know all this has cost me." Then she stood at the window sadly looking at the green which she would no longer cross with her boy.

One hour later, and Charley called, "Jane, Jane! I am going; come and kiss Charley good-by!" "I have done so, Charles; I don't want to come down again." "Yes, you must," she said.

Jane felt that she could not preserve a calm exterior, and yet her love for the child urged her to see him once again.

"You must come, Jane," he called again; and so she went down to another agony.

Charley was in Mrs. Allston's lap having his coat put on by Jessie, who was kneeling at her side. As Jane came in, Charles met her holding the child's hat in his hand, and she held it out to Jane said, "Jane, you must put on his hat for the last time—O, no! not the last time," he added as he saw the tears trembling on her eye lids. She took the hat and stooped to put it on, when the little fellow seeing her grief said as he put his hand over her face, "Oh! O! I mamma Jane, cry?"

Then the tears refused to keep back, her self-possession—her stoicism forsook her, and a wall of a stricken soul went up.

"O, my Jane!" said Charles as he raised her from her stooping posture, "O, Jane, the tears rolling down his face, "I will make money; then you and I and little Charley will yet be happy together."

A little later, and the child has gone; the last star has disappeared from the sky of her late existence.

"I'm glad that is over," said Jessie to her mother, as she wiped away the tears that would come as she thought of little Charley; "Charles is a perfect enigma, a mystery I cannot solve; from what part of his nature came those tears? Poor Jane! I wish that I could transfuse a little of my indignation into her; I would be willing to open an artery if I could."

"Thee, my child," Mrs. Allston said, "does not know—I hope thee never may know—such trials; when he has left California, then time will heal her heart; I think it very fortunate that she was not married to him; it is better she should pass through it now than as his wife."

Oscar was now well enough to take the situation which he had been offered as book keeper in an iron foundry; his duties being light and not occupying his whole time, he was, notwithstanding his weakness, quite equal to the requirements of his position. Home was now very delightful to him; their evenings began to resume something of their past brightness; the marks of care on the mother's brow were gone; Oscar, as was his custom, had been assisting his sisters in their studies, after which they became quite joyous, the merry laugh going round as in by-gone days in their father's home; many sweet and sorrowful memories of the past bloomed in the benignant sun of the present, and were dignified into the far future, shadows vanishing in the sunshine left no trace in their expanded souls, and the brightness of an anticipated future cast its halo on the present.

Oscar, now the support of the family, would not listen to any proposition of his sisters for earning money. "Jessie, when quite well, must go to school," he said, "and Jane must rest a year or so before she attempted to teach. Why should they toil three days for less than I can earn in one?" His farm dreams which he had brought from England never left him, it would seem; for as soon as sufficiently nerved to talk and take an interest in life, he began to draw glowing pictures of a home in the West, among grand old forests and growing grain, where no narrow limits should cramp his efforts, and reduce everything to a matter of calculation, as if the sum of existence was comprised in a ledger, and a man's whole life a solemn arithmetical farce. As health and strength returned, so those pictures increased in beauty, and Mrs. Allston listened to her "boy castle builder," as she loved to call him, with many a pleased smile, she realized, and sometimes told him, that he would find the actual very different from the ideal, even with adequate means for a commencement, much more without.

"Had I a few hundred dollars," he frequently observed, "I would at once go West, buy twenty-five acres of land (no more would be needed for gardening, which was better than cattle-raising, or even grain-growing,) go to work, and in a few years, mother, there would see that all my dreams would be realized."

Jane spent no time or strength in useless regrets, though sad she resolved to converse with Charles Upland, who had given her the name of "I loved him," she reflected, "and love him still," but true conjugal affection is reciprocal and transient; or otherwise it would be but transient. This point settled, the question arose, had Charles by his conduct forfeited her respect? In this connection "doubts and queries" repeatedly arose in her mind, which time alone could solve. As if by mental consent Mrs. Allston and Jessie did not refer to the subject, their new life linking the present with their English home as it had been before death had entered.

Jane's cheerfulness surprised and pleased her mother; but could she have seen her heart, she would there have found a constant sorrow, less for the loss of her lover than for that of the child Charley; incredible as this may appear, truth compels us to give the fact as it was. Ever since she herself had been a child, Jane had wished for a child of her own, and Charley had been given to her by her affianced husband, while the mother being dead, the child himself had instinctively affirmed the inherent relationship by calling her "mama!" stretching out his arms and going to her the first time he saw her, Jane taking him to her motherly heart as wholly, perhaps, as she would have done a child of her own. In her, too, the maternal faculty was very strong; never had she seemed so beautiful and charming as when she had felt that Charley was her own boy; never before as then had life dawned upon her in its fullness; never more, it seemed to her when the child was taken away, would life again be as it had been, so entwined around her innermost heart seemed to be her affection for the boy. No wonder, then, that her sorrow was mainly in connection with the loss of the child; no wonder that he was so seldom absent from her thoughts.

However, things that had occurred diminished her interest either in the duties or pleasures of the present, her mother, Jessie and Oscar, being all to her that they had ever been, her sorrow, though entering her soul, not excluding previous occupants.

During the illness of Oscar and Jessie, Dr. Meredith was to them a careful physician and warm friend, being occasionally accompanied by Mrs. Meredith; but as nothing of interest to our narrative occurred in connection with their visits, we have passed them unnoticed. Hannah and William Tillman, as also friend Martindale, had called several times, but saw nothing of the poverty of the family; and though supposing the relationship of Jane and Charles, were unaware of its termination, or the circumstances, therewith connected.

Four weeks after Charles had left with the child, Jane proposed that Jessie and herself should visit the minister and his wife, who were desirous that they should spend a day with them. Jessie was still unable to walk to the ferry; the boat ride will do her good, and from the other side it will be but two squares to the omnibus, on her way to which she can lean on me just as much as she likes, for I am strong."

"O, yes, quite an Amazon!" said Jessie laughing.

On arrival at the minister's residence he met them at the door, having seen them from his window as they approached his house.

"I'm so glad to see you, Jane and Jessie," he said in his usual genial tone, "walk into the parlor."

"Yes, walk in," said Mrs. Meredith; "here, take this easy chair, Jessie; take a seat on this low chair, Jane; you are tired, as you took off her bonnet; you have waded through deep water, haven't you? never mind, you'll be all the better and stronger for it."

Just then a gentleman who was in the dining room when they came, stepped into the parlor, in a hesitating manner, from the hall; his hands were pressed together, before him uncomfortably, he repeatedly moving them, half opening, then hastily closing them, and holding them tightly, as if apprehensive that they might run away. Mr. Cuff was introduced, and hesitatingly took a seat, keeping his eyes on Jessie and Jane in a half-bashful, half-wondering manner; then he allowed his left hand to smooth his face, his fingers and thumb passing slowly down opposite sides until they met at the end of his chin, he evidently imagining he had a beard, though his face was as smooth as that of an infant. His head was rather low, his features full, reflective, moderate, alimentive, dark hair and eyes, the latter small and rather deep in his head, looking out from his dark eyebrows as a man might look from around a corner, cautiously, secretly, and somewhat furtively.

Mrs. Meredith took a chair, and in her kind, motherly manner, was talking to Jessie of her sickness, while the Doctor, in his large black rocking chair, a hand on each arm thereof, was quietly conversing with Jane, telling her that Christians and he had often talked of them, wishing they could come over and spend a day, when Mr. Cuff, leaning forward and pressing a hand on each of his knees, looking friendly at Jessie, asked, "Has the young lady been sick?"

"Her manner of putting the question was such as can be ascribed to a bashful person making a desperate effort to be socially; the impression being the same as that from undue boldness—it makes one wonder where such an exhibition came from. Jessie appeared somewhat startled; Mrs. Meredith gave one stern look at him, but continued her conversation with Jessie; while Jane looked at him, then at Jessie, and was about to answer, when Mr. Meredith smilingly put out his hand towards Jane, as if to check her and said very deliberately, "Yes, Mr. Cuff, she has had influenza of the lungs."

"Several months," repeated Mr. Cuff in great surprise, "Jane looked at him wondering what manner of man he was, scanned his brain, his face, his manner, and was about to ask if the gentleman considered that an unusually long time for that disease, when lowering his eyebrows, he asked, "Pray, what did she eat?"

Here they all smiled; the minister, however, kindly said, "Allow me to explain, Mr. Cuff." Then addressing Jane and Jessie, he

added, "Mr. Cuff is a believer in Hydropathy and also a very strict vegetarian, and has studied for a physician; so suppose you tell us, Mr. Cuff, how this case should have been treated?"

Mrs. Meredith looked at him with a dissatisfied expression, gave a "humph!" instinctively turned her head, as quickly looked at him again and said "well!"

Mr. Cuff did not seem to observe her manner, but crossing one leg over the other and half rubbing, half folding his hands, still holding them tightly, as when he entered the room, now looking at his shoes, as if he expected to learn something there, and now at his hands, as if to be sure they were all right, said,—"When the disease showed itself, self she should have been put in a cold pack."

"A wet sheet I suppose you mean?" broke in Mrs. Meredith. "Yes," he continued, still looking at his shoes, "three times daily, keeping a cold wet cloth on her head."

"If you had kept her there long she would have been there all the time," said Mrs. Meredith; "how long?" she added.

"Until she perspired freely," replied Mr. Cuff. Here Mrs. Meredith looked at the minister and lifted her eyebrows in pretended surprise.

"When not in the pack," Mr. Cuff continued, "wet bandages should have been applied to the chest, and occasionally—say twice or three times daily—a cold sitz bath. If she did not rest well during the night a cold pack would have been good."

"Cold work!" said Mrs. Meredith, as she sat upright in her chair her lips just a trifle curled in doubt or contempt, perhaps both, and moving her head once or twice slightly up and down; "cold Jessie would have been the next on the programme," she added, and then leaned forward to Jessie as if to resume her conversation with her; there was no mental reservation in that look, which said more plainly and emphatically than words, "I like you, my child;" and this was no trifle, for whom Mrs. Meredith liked, she liked indeed.

"Go on, Mr. Cuff, if you please," said Dr. Meredith.

"Her diet should have been of the plainest; her drink pure soft water; no flesh, butter or cheese, of course, but a little mush; no fruit, no pie or pastry, of any kind; she should have eaten as little as possible."

"Starvation!" said Mrs. Meredith; Mr. Meredith smiled, but said nothing.

"I have often gone without food three or four days, and felt the better for it," said Mr. Cuff.

"You know," rejoined Mr. Meredith, "the story of the horse learning to do without food, etc., etc.?"

"Especially the 'etc.'," said Jessie which made them all laugh.

"I insist, however," said Mr. Cuff, "that if Miss Jessie's case a little starvation would have been beneficial; her lungs were inflamed; by abstinence the worn-out parts of the body would have been drawn upon, and the lungs would have thrown off the diseased particles; life would then have been sustained by the body and not by food; hence the diseased as well as healthy portions would have contributed to recovery, and the worn-out portions when removed would have been replaced by healthy, unstimulating diet, thus ensuring her recovery in a few weeks."

"Would not that depend on the violence of the disease, Mr. Cuff?" asked Dr. Meredith.

"The worst phase of the disease could be cured, I am quite sure, in a few weeks, by vigorous and energetic treatment."

"But," asked Dr. Meredith, his genial manner not changed in the least, "have we not to take care to save the patient's life while endeavoring to effect a cure? Jessie is delicate, and could not endure the same kind or amount of treatment that you prescribe, as a strong man could, even if it be, as a general thing, the right treatment for the disease."

"Water won't hurt any one," said Mr. Cuff, hands now free and resting one on each knee; "it is very different from strong allopathic medicines which kill more than they cure; I don't believe allopathic medicines will cure any body or any disease."

Just then Hannah Tillman arrived.

"I thank thee for letting me know our friends were here," she said to Mrs. Meredith, who, as soon as Jane and Jessie arrived had sent to inform Hannah, and invited her to spend the day, William and friend Martindale to join them at the supper table.

"Mr. Timothy Cuff," said Dr. Meredith, "has been telling us that he believes Allopathic medicine kills more than it cures, and that water—meaning water treatment—never hurts any one."

"Why, there is an extremist, Timothy," said Hannah; "it seems to ignore medium positions; the apostle says, 'Be temperate in all things;' would not this apply to water treatment as well as to other things?"

"Brandy, whiskey, etc.?" asked Mr. Cuff, never moving his position or his eyes from their resting place this time on his shoes; "these are included in the expression 'all things.'"

"Yes, Timothy; brandy and whiskey too; for there are cases when these are needed."

"Never!" said Mr. Cuff decidedly.

"Does thee not think," said Hannah, "that the poisoning point of the beam would be more comfortable for thee than the position on one end?" Timothy Cuff looked at his seat on the sofa, while Hannah continued: "All is not known of the human system or the nature of diseases and how they are acted upon by medicines with a view to cure; would it not be just as well to be temperate in the use of water? I believe in water-cure—the water being moderated and modified in temperature and frequency, according to the feelings of the patient; a great amount of mischief and falsehood does not prove the absence of all good and truth in systems, either of medicine or of theology."

"You cannot convince me," said Mr. Timothy Cuff arising to leave; "it's no use of talking; I must go home to dinner."

"What have you for dinner?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"Brown bread, apples and cold water," replied he, holding his hands together more than ever, while they seemed to make still greater efforts to get apart.

"These finishes off with a little pie, I suppose?" asked Hannah.

"No, it is not healthy."

Here Mrs. Meredith said, almost harshly, "Be consistent, Mr. Cuff; a man of principle is consistent," her tone implying more than her words.

Mr. Timothy Cuff bowed himself out of the room, repeating, "Good-by, Miss Jessie;

good-by, Miss Jane; good-by, Dr. Meredith; good-by, Mrs. Meredith; good-by, Mrs. Tillman." Mrs. Meredith seemed impatient when he came to her, for she said, half aloud, "O, there! that will do! good-by—good-by!"

"Lean and lank Timothy Cuff in the doorway, his hands at last free and banging his sides."

"Jane," said the Doctor, "you can give us Mr. Timothy Cuff's character sometime; he lately came to Philadelphia to reside; he seems to like our people, and regularly attends Divine service."

"And is a simpleton," added Mrs. Meredith; "I have no patience with folks who preach but don't practice (a smile went around); but come, Jessie, I'm going to take you upstairs; she must lie down awhile; she is so tired, I know."

When upstairs she said, "There now, lie on my bed; let me see the pillow; I'll cover you up nicely; you'll sleep like a baby; don't come down stairs until I wake you!"

When Mrs. Meredith returned to the parlor, the minister was dwelling on what was to him a favorite theme—the law of correspondence; he had enquired of Jane respecting her friend Upland, and this resulted in a conversation on his peculiar views on Selfishness, in the course of which Mr. Meredith took the ground that Selfishness and Benevolence corresponded respectively with interior natural forces denominated "centrifugal" and "centripetal," the one determining by reason of individual necessities the measures to be taken for the supply of individual wants; the other, limited by no narrow individuality, seeking a scope as extended as its world; but both necessary to secure on the one hand unity of return, and on the other individual safety, so to operate concertedly as to produce the harmonies of society in its orbit around the Central Sun of the Universe of Spirit, as in the other case is regularly secured the motion of the earth around the sun of this material planetary system.

In conclusion, he said that reason, not limited by the restraints of time and space, had revealed through the Swedish, seer the thread which ran throughout God's entire domain, connecting the material universe with the Spiritual and Celestial, by means of the LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE.

In the evening friend Martindale and William Tillman joined them at the Minister's Vegetarian Supper, at which they partook of the fruits and grains so plentifully supplied by our good mother, Nature; never had any one entered that house, nor the odor of cooked flesh polluted its walls, as it had never been necessary to take life to supply the Minister's table.

A pleasant as well as profitable evening they passed together. When at its close Jane and Jessie prepared to leave, Hannah, William and friend Martindale proposed to accompany them to the ferry-boat.

Nothing had whispered to Jane during the day spent with those dear friends of what was meanwhile transpiring at home; no presentiment prepared her for what awaited her on her return.

As she crossed the river the rushing waters sang to her soul a lullaby, and as she walked home felt that after the war of elements waged in a sweet peace had supervened, and congratulated herself on returning spiritual strength, little knowing how easily this strength might be not only neutralized but conquered.

Mrs. Allston met her daughters in the hall leading to what had been Mr. Upland's room. "Come in here daughters," she said; "Charles," she could say no more, for Jane had taken in at a glance that Charles Upland had been there and had gone, having taken everything of his, even Charley's crib and little chair; she would have fallen had not her mother quickly placed her in a chair, Jessie bringing water and bathing her face, "I'm well now," she said while she was struggling to conquer the weakness; "tell me all about it mother; I did not think he would leave without saying good-by to me."

"O, he has not gone to California—we'll not go for three weeks."

"He said so?"

"Yes."

This was a relief to Jane; for will not the heart cling to the loved one, even when all lovefulness departed, even when injury and insult have been given? It is not easy to change the current of affection from their accustomed channel to another, for to drag them up to their source, its own individuality is not only difficult but impossible, affection in such, going out but once, and if met by coldness or unfaithfulness forever extinguished. Happy are they who can realize that the qualities of soul supposed by them to be possessed by the object of their affection and which they loved not being there—not a part of the individual—then that individual is not the loved one, not the soul's companion; and then the tendrils of the soul are carefully gathered in, nothing broken, nothing lost, it being believed by such that somewhere in God's universe there is one whose notes of affection can harmonize with their own and make eternal music in each other's souls.

Jane stood on this granite rock, and it was well she did; for the stormy waves raged madly around her.

"He will call to see thee to-night," said Mrs. Allston.

"He said so?"

"Yes, he said I was to tell thee so."

"I wish it was all ended, mother," was Jane's reply; "I'm so weary!"

To be Continued.

From the Independent.

The Solution of the School Question.

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

Shall the state relinquish the work of popular education in our public schools, and remit the whole question to individuals acting under the voluntary principle? There are some who take this ground as being the true policy for the state; and others seem inclined to adopt it as an alternative in the event that the state refuses to assume the character of a religious teacher in its system of public education. The great body of the people, as we imagine, will be very slow to accept the views of either of these classes. Popular education in some form, gratuitously afforded, and supported and managed by the state, has so many advantages and meets so large a sphere of want that it may be regarded as a fixed fact in the opinions and practice of this country. Millions of dollars are invested in school-houses, and other expenses are held as school-funds. A long experience has demonstrated the great value of the system.

As an idea, it is as firmly established in the public heart as the doctrine of liberty itself. To abandon the system would involve a vast reduction of educational opportunities, and entirely withdraw them from an immense number of the poorer classes. It would be practically equivalent to a plan for depreciating the popular intelligence, and promoting general ignorance. It would be had economy, since private schools would be very much more expensive than state schools in proportion to the number of pupils instructed. To give up the latter, because they lack the specific element of religious teaching, would be to sacrifice a great positive good for no sufficient reason. There is not the slightest prospect that the American people will come to any such conclusion. The view is so palpably inexpedient that it supplies its own refutation.

Shall the state become a mere assessor and collector of taxes for school purposes, and then distribute the funds thus collected among at least two classes of schools—the one for Catholics, to be managed by them in the interests of their own faith, and the other for Protestants? This, as we have previously shown, is what Catholics are seeking to gain; and we regret to say that some Protestants see, or think they see, peculiar charms in the idea. Distribution of the school-fund is the demand, in order to adjust the system to the necessities and ends of a religious sectarian education. The Catholics are clearly upon the record as the advocates and supporters of this doctrine.

Among the many weighty reasons to show that this demand ought not to be complied with, we name the following: (1.) It is totally inconsistent with our school system as at present organized, and would in the end be fatal to it. (2.) It would be exceedingly difficult, if not wholly impracticable, to make the distribution according to any well-ascertained rule of equity. What share should go to the Catholics, and what to the Protestants, and by what law should these questions be settled? The number of Catholic children would be no rule of the amount to which Catholics would be entitled; since it would be no index of the taxes paid by them, especially when we remember that the great proportion of them pay no taxes. Their tax contribution to the school-funds is all that they could justly claim, unless it be proposed to educate their children in the Catholic faith with funds derived from Protestant sources. (3.) It would add greatly to the cost of school education, by dividing up the schools, and increasing the number of teachers and structures that would be demanded. (4.) In all places except cities and large villages it would either make the public school impossible, by sheer weakness growing out of division, or so enlarge the school district, that a great many children would be unable to attend the public school on account of its distance from their residence. (5.) Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, Rationalists, Infidels—indeed, all the sects and classes of society—would have precisely the same right to a proportionate share of the school-fund. If the principle of distribution is good for Catholics, it is just as good for all other classes. It would hence fritter away the whole educational force of the state among sectarian and conflicting schools, some of them strong and needing no support, and more of them mere starveling concerns, which no amount of patronage could make of any value. (6.) The plan would lead to antipathies, antagonisms, and religious bigotries in our educational system, highly detrimental to the state and the general good of the community. It would plant elements of alienation and hostility in the bosoms of children unfriendly to the interests and duties of their common citizenship in the years. Its whole tendency would be toward the disintegration, and not the unification, of the American people.

demand that the state should not grant; and hence the demand should be unconditionally rejected. In rejecting this demand the state should plant itself upon the broad principle that inheres in the organic constitution of its own life; and this is the principle of absolute "neutrality" in the public school in relation to the doctrines and tenets of the various religious sects. It should say to each and to all of these sects that it does not and will not tax the property of the state either to support or to teach their religious views. It should treat them as citizens, and not as Catholics or Protestants, Jews or Rationalists. Having no theology of its own, either to teach or enforce it should not consent to be a party either for or against any religious or theological sect in the land. If the sects want denominational schools for religious purposes, then let them have them, and pay for them out of their own funds; but let not the state, which represents the whole people, not as religionists, but as citizens, and which, moreover, has a school system of its own for civic purposes, tax the community to the amount of a dollar to teach the doctrines of any of these sects, either to their own children or to the children of anybody else. We see not what else the state can do in consistency with the essential principles of its own organic life. This we believe to be the true grand—the one that involves the fewest difficulties, and the one that will be most likely to carry our school system safely through the sectarian war that is now waged upon it by Catholic leaders. Standing upon this ground, the Protestant can meet the Catholic with a firm and yet generous opposition, conceding to him what he demands of him. He asks no favors of the state as a religionist, and he insists that the Catholic shall ask none in the same capacity. He saves himself the folly and the weakness of a school war, which would not be misrepresented by calling it Protestant sectarianism versus Catholic sectarianism. On this ground the great proportion of the people will join with the Protestants; they will not if he himself becomes a sectarian in respect to common schools; and, if the question should pass into the arena of politics, as it is very likely to do, the Catholic will find himself in an overwhelming minority. In one word, the great principles which underlie American citizenship and not the tenets and special affinities of religious sects, form the strong argument with which to address and by which to influence the public mind in the pending issue. We think it to be a sound argument, as just as it is strong.

Objections to this view there are—more than we shall undertake to answer; yet we have noticed that nearly all of these objections are pervaded by one general feature—namely, that, when the objection to their final meaning, they are objections to the political and civil system which the American people have adopted and under which they are now living. The objectors, in effect, find fault with the doctrine of a state that has no religious creed to teach or support. We do not find fault with it; but rather accept it as an immense improvement upon the doctrine of state theology. In this respect we adopt the American theory of civil government, and are prepared to carry it out to all its legitimate consequences. As a Protestant and a Presbyterian, we should be quite willing to have King James's version of the Bible read in our common schools; yet, it would suit our denominational affinity if it were used as a textbook, and its doctrines thoroughly taught by a competent Presbyterian teacher. Yes, more, we should be delighted to have a religionist in the teaching of the "Shorter Catechism," considering it the best compendium of Christian doctrine that the world has ever seen; but, as an American citizen, taxed in common with all others for the support of public schools, we set up no such claim, and ask no such favor from the state in the service of our faith. We are not prepared to consent, except by necessity, that the state shall teach the faith of either of these classes; and we do not demand that it shall teach ours. We are willing that here the state should be neutral, and leave the people to adjust their religious preferences and relations elsewhere. The better way to untie this whole knot, and thus solve the school question, as we think, is to have the state as such simply let the business of religious teaching alone. It is not competent to the work, and will not and cannot do it half as well as it may be done, and will be done by the friends of Christianity acting the voluntary principle. Now will it do Christian sects, whether Protestant or Catholic, any harm thoroughly to remember that, under this Government, they have no rights and immunities which are not the common heritage of all the people. As citizens they stand on the same civic platform with the Jews or the Infidel. Morally they may be better religionists and better men—we think they are; but this fact does not entitle them to any additional rights or privileges. It will not be best for them in fact that they are a minority of the whole people. We belong to their number, and hope to die in their fellowship; yet we record our protest against all that unphilosophical and anti-American bigotry which seeks to carry into the domain of citizenship pre-eminence in favor of Christian sects. We deny such pre-eminence in toto. Their *dicta* have no more right to govern the state, whether in respects to its school system or its general policy, than the *dicta* of any other class of men. The will of the majority, legally expressed, and not of this or that sect, is the law of this land. To insist that the state shall create the *spiritual* rights of the sectarian and denominational character would be just as reasonable as to demand that it shall provide a denominational water-cart or a sectarian vaccinator.

The Coming Young Lady.
She will vote, will she? Will she in the world will vote, her own glow; will earn her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work; will not endeavor to break the heart of unopinionated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will provide with equal grace at the piano or wash-tub, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will not despise her plainly-clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker; will wear a bonnet; speak good, plain, unspiced English; will darn her own stockings; and will know how to make doughnuts.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be, will here check in a glow; will mind her health, her physical development and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to comfort and health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness; will have courage to eat an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think refinement is French duplicity; that the assumed hospitality where she dwells in the heart, is better than condemnation; will not confound grace of movement with silly affectation; will not regard the end of her being to have a beau. The coming girl will not look to Paris, but to reason, for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dress-makers decree it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with quantities, or ruin it with wine and spirits. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker, and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.

THE PRESENT AGE

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Kalamazoo, Saturday, Feb. 12, 1870.

INVOCATION.

Our Father! we thank thee,
For the sunlight of this winter day,
And for the peace and gladness,
That lights our earthly way.
Our Father! we thank thee,
For the joy that's all'd
Our life cup to its brim;
And made all earthly care and grief,
In its pure light seem faint and dim.
Father! we ask that the
Nectar brimming our life cup o'er,
May spread to every human heart,
"Thy grief and pain are known no more."
We ask that those bright angels,
That far above us stand,
May scatter the sunlight of thy truth,
O'er all the land—
"Thy every soul shall learn,
Its deepest trust needs,
By listening to the still small voice,
That forever leads—
With the storm tossed soul, to seek
In the pure realm of mind,
For those lasting pleasures
That it cannot find,
On any plane below.
Thus guided by pure angels from above,
And baptized in the sunlight of thy love,
Each soul shall rise superior
To all man made creeds,
And learn to worship thee
By noble deeds.

N. M. P.

Views of God, and Social Reform.

The current views which obtain in any form of society respecting the social status of the masses, and especially of Woman, depends very much upon the notions which are entertained regarding the character of God and the relation he sustains to his creatures. The Semitic conception, which is revealed alike in Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, regards God as a Supreme Sovereign, in whom is centered all power and rightful authority, and who, having created men and angels for his own glory, has the unquestioned right to use them with reference to that end, independent of the consideration that any rights belong to the creatures whom God has created. This view of the character and sovereignty of God, is the parent of all the notions which those who accept Christian interpretations, necessarily entertain regarding the institution of governments among men. The only form of government compatible with this Christian postulate, is a Theocracy. It claims not only the right to establish an Absolute religion, but an Absolute government as well. God has a right to rule, and on earth he rules through his agents, who are high priests of the Absolute religion. Recent attempts on the part of prominent religious bodies, to introduce a clause in our constitution which shall recognize the Godship of Christ, is in strict conformity with the genius of the Christian religion. That religion teaches subordination of the masses, deference and obedience to the "powers that be," for the powers that be, are not, or should not, be framed by men, but instituted by God, and we should learn entire submission to the agents whom it is asserted by the exponents of this religion, were appointed by Jehovah to rule over us.

Are illustrations needed to enforce the truth of these general statements? We are not destitute of them. Here is one: In the year 1837 the General Christian Association of Massachusetts took the following ground as though it were self-evident: "One way," they said in their Pastoral Letter, "One way in which the respect due to the pastoral office has been in some cases violated, is in encouraging lecturers or preachers on certain topics of reform to present their subjects within the parochial limits; without the Pastors' consent. Your minister is ordained of God to be your teacher, and is commanded to feed that flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer. If there are certain topics upon which he does not preach with the frequency, or in the manner that would please you, it is a violation of sacred and important rights to encourage a stranger to present them. Deference and subordination are essential to the happiness of society, and peculiarly so in the relation of a people to their pastor."

The policy of all ecclesiastical bodies since the assembling of the Nicene Council, has invariably been in accordance with these statements. Untrammelled science, free government, liberty of opinion, any movement which tends to the elevation of the masses and consequent limitation of ecclesiastical rule, have in all ages been contested by church dignitaries with uncompromising hatred. Individuals there are who, notwithstanding their Christian profession, entertain views consistent with modern progress, but this results from their natural caucasian tendencies and the influence of a reactionary literature under which they have fallen. Modern science, equal suffrage, woman's rights, and free schools were never suggested by Christian precedents. In countries where the Christian religion has completely swayed, these questions are least agitated. In the Italian provinces, seventeen millions out of a population comprising twenty-one millions, are unable to read and write. The only condition of society compatible with the perpetuation of Christian institutions is a stationary one. Christianity assumed infallibility before the birth of modern science. Now if any changes are to be suggested regarding the social status of men and women, they must

arise from new data—data furnished by science, which is a daring innovation upon theological precedents not to be tolerated. Does the genius of modern progress demand the freedom of the slave and recognition of his manhood? "No!" said nearly every church in this land, both Catholic and Protestant, and in the language of the *Tennessee Baptist*, "It is not true now that all men are born free and equal. Universal freedom and equality are conditions of innocence. Had man not fallen from his first estate all men would have been born free and equal. Sin brought servitude as well as death into our world; and all our woe—every evil that afflicts the human race. God is an absolute sovereign. He has the right to withhold the blessings he bestows whenever he sees fit as a punishment for the misuse or abuse of them. It is therefore a false philanthropy, and a manifestation of a questionable character of piety, that arrays itself in the most virulent opposition to an institution of Heaven." Do the exigencies of modern civilization demand education and the ballot for woman? From St. Paul all the way down to the clergyman ordained yesterday, the protest is shouted that "this thing must not be!" Eve was the first to sin, therefore though the yoke be aggravating, woman should submit with all humility to the condition which God and the priest hath appointed her.

We do not charge the priesthood indiscriminately as committed to this conservative position. It is granted there are noble men, true philanthropists in their ranks, but we do claim that in proportion as they apply the genius of their religion, do they discourage and oppose popular education, equal suffrage, and freedom of opinion. The adoption of the Semitic conception of God necessitates this opposition. Society "as it was"—a stationary condition of man, female dependence, kingly authority and popular subordination, are the only social usages which legitimately flow from Christian interpretations of the Divine government. E. W.

History of Spiritualism in Michigan.

At the Fourth Annual State Convention recently held in Battle Creek, the Committee on Publication, reported in favor of publishing as early a date as consistent, a history of Spiritualism in Michigan. The report was adopted by a unanimous vote, thus signifying that the Spiritualists regard such a history desirable. A committee was appointed for the purpose of effecting this object. We, therefore, solicit communications from Spiritualists in every county and town of the State; giving us any and all facts, phenomenal or otherwise, which may have fallen under their observation, or of which they are cognizant. We want the names of the Mediums of your town and county, past and present, the efforts made to organize, and the best estimate you can make of the number of Spiritualists in the town and county where you reside. Give us the names of the prominent workers in the cause, and particularly, the names of those who first identified themselves with spiritualism, and the churches from which they came. Spiritualism in the modern acceptance of the term, is of so recent origin, that in almost every locality, some of the first to embrace it, are yet living; but they are passing away, and many interesting incidents and the names of speakers and others prominently identified with the movement may be lost, unless obtained, soon.

We notice that since our movement in Michigan, Hudson Tuttle, President of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, has resolved to publish a like history for that state. He has issued a circular in which he says:

"It is now more than twenty years since the advent of Spiritualism. Those who first gave attention to its facts are passing to the realm of spirits. Every year will add to the difficulty of collecting and substantiating the phenomena that have occurred within her borders. It is a duty we Spiritualists rest. Oh led in the new movements. One of the earliest Conventions was held in Cleveland. Some of the most startling manifestations have occurred within her borders. It is a duty we owe to the future to collect and co-ordinate these phenomena. A few years hence it will be impossible. Brought together, arranged and condensed, they will be of great interest and furnish a solid, incontestable argument."

I have assigned to myself the task of making such a collection, and now address myself earnestly to write full statements of the facts, either of physical manifestations, or mental phenomena, giving date and other particulars in full, with references, which have come under their personal cognizance, and send to my address.

We called attention to this subject immediately after the adjournment of the State Convention, since which time, we have received communications from three counties. We see our action was endorsed, by the Kent County Circle. We hope to obtain this history from all parts of the state, and from individuals, formerly residents of Michigan who are now in other states. Necessarily these communications must be brief. We ask our friends to give us the information we seek, in full, yet as concise as possible. Will our readers and all who feel an interest in this subject, please favor us with information as above. Address all communications to the Editor of the PRESENT AGE, Kalamazoo.

Religion and the Bible in Public Schools.

We had intended in this issue to have considered finally, for the present at least, this subject at length; but finding an article in the *N. Y. Independent*, by Rev. T. S. Spears, to be such a comprehensive and clear elucidation of the subject, and so appropriate as a closing article to those we have written, we have presented it to our readers on first page, and trust it may be carefully read. This is a question upon which all will soon be called upon to act. In fact it is a subject calling for immediate consideration and action in every School District. The sooner we get this Religious agitation out of schools, and limit the teacher to his legitimate sphere of instruction, the better. Sectarians are raising the cry, "Religion and the Bible in our Public Schools in danger," to which we reply; If your Religion and your Bible are based in truth, they cannot be endangered. If they are not true, fall they must; but whether true or false has no relation to this subject. Our warning cry is, *Save the Public Schools*.

The conviction has become almost universal that it is the duty of the State to educate all the children at the public expense. That, give them an education such as shall fit them to act intelligently as citizens of a government, which is "of the people, by the people, and for the people." This it will be impossible to accomplish unless our schools

be such as may be free to the children of all religions, like our government, tolerating all, establishing none. It must be clear to every unprejudiced mind giving the subject thought, that our schools like the State must be divorced from all religions—that they must be supported by the State, but that the State can enter upon no system of religious instruction.

Another Week of Work.

Our readers will recollect that we called attention last week, to the "work of one man." The present week brings us from the same source the following letter, and with it the names of twenty new subscribers, the work of one week! From others we have received one, two, three and in some instances five new subscribers. One day last week we received *thirty*. We do thank our friends for this earnest work, and shall redouble our efforts to make the PRESENT AGE, worthy of the cause it represents, and satisfactory to those who are working so earnestly for its increased usefulness. We seek the hundreds of our readers who have not yet made an effort for us, to now come to our help, and our subscription lists, will number ten thousand before the close of the present volume!

DEAR BROTHER FOX—I have sent you fifty-eight names in all. I now am in hopes to get more time, and go among the christian people. As far as I have been able to canvass in that direction, I find them anxious to hear me talk and many of them take the paper, in hopes that they may learn of the way. I wish I had the power sometimes to give a positive demonstration to such. But when I come to consider that the spiritual growth of man is a matter of time, as is the growth of the material body, so no person would think of teaching a child two years old mathematics with the expectation of his understanding it, for all admit that we must wait until the child gets older, capable of understanding. Therefore the necessity of each and every one raising their voices and proclaiming the glorious news and glad tidings, that there is a natural world and there is a spiritual world, "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body" and (as one of our old has said) when I was a child I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things. So too when man grows to the spiritual plane he puts away the material, and becomes more spiritual. The process of development spiritually, is as natural as the development of the material body. Yours, J. V. SPENCER, M. D.

A Spirit Communication.

NO. V.

Silver Spray, for such was the name of the beautiful angel that appeared to me in the bower of roses, remained in the pavilion many days. From her I received many explanations of subjects that had hitherto been to me a mystery. I learned that her home was in a distant part of the spheres, beyond the one into which I had been received. On her departure I was permitted to accompany her to the shore of what appeared to be a boundless ocean. It had the appearance of silver, yet was as clear as crystal. I longed to accompany her, but was told I could not go beyond the limits of the sphere in which I resided. At this I grew restless and uneasy of being separated from one whom I had so recently learned to love. Why may I not go, I asked, if we are really one why should we ever be separated? "Because you are not prepared to enter a higher sphere," said the majestic spirit, standing by the side of Silver Spray.

This is unjust I replied, I desire to advance as rapidly as possible. In the society of Silver Spray my spiritual nature will unfold as it never can in her absence. I can see no good reasons why I should not accompany her. "The same law that should have kept you upon earth until you were prepared to enter spirit life, will keep you here until you are sufficiently unfolded to appreciate, enjoy and be benefited by the higher plane of spirit life." At this moment a new thought struck my mind, and turning to the spirit, I asked it is possible for me to set aside that law, or is there any way by which I may open the door between the two spheres and go there before I am sent for? A look almost of sadness rested upon the face of Silver Spray, as she advanced and looking into my face with an imploring gaze, said: "Is it possible that your past experience has been lost upon you, would you place yourself in a position to live over again the bitter past; would you knowingly attempt to violate the laws that control you? Yes, I replied I would do anything rather than be separated from you; with you, suffering would be pleasure, your presence would dispel the darkest cloud that might ever enshroud my pathway, your love would make the wildest desert a paradise.

"And what if I were to tell you," replied Silver Spray, "that there was a way in which you could enter the sphere which I have made my home, without waiting the slow process of growth?" Oh! say that it is so, I replied, I will accept of the punishment whatever it may be if I may be permitted to remain in your society. "You remember," said Silver Spray, "our conversation the other evening in regard to the law of compensation. You acknowledge that you had realized the effect of this law. The same principle holds sway in all the planes of spirit life. You can go into the sphere above you, but if you go before your time the process will be something like that of death. You will for a time lose consciousness, but the spirit will not be separated from the soul, or its body. Your awakening would be painful. You would fully realize that the pearls gates had not swung back upon their golden hinges to admit you to that beautiful realm; but that you had forced yourself into a position, that you were not fitted to occupy, into an atmosphere that you were not adapted for, and those around you and to whom you would be transparent, would know that you had come over the walls instead of through the gate. You could not enjoy their society, for by a law that you do not now understand they could make themselves invisible to you; they could converse, and you would hear no sound; you would be with them and yet not of them. But this would not be all, that most dreaded by you, would be inevitable, such a great distance would be placed between us, that what would seem an eternity to us would elapse before we could again meet and converse face to face." I can find no language to express my astonishment at what you have said, I replied. First, I cannot understand how spirits

could be present and yet be invisible to one already in the spirit world; will you please explain this to me? Silver Spray fixing her large blue eyes upon me with a power that thrilled every nerve of my being replied, "I will," and the next moment she had vanished from my sight. Whether she had gone down beneath the bright sand upon which we were standing, or whether she had floated out and become a part of one of the bright cloudlets above me, or gone down into the depths of the silvery sea, I could not tell. By my side stood the spirit who was to accompany her to her home. Turning to him I asked where is she? At your side he replied and there she was radiant as when she left me a moment before. Where have you been, and how did you go, I asked. "I have not left you for a moment," she replied, "have only exerted the power of which I have spoken." And can you at any moment become invisible, I asked. "Not to those in my own sphere, or to those who have advanced beyond my sphere of existence." Although I do not understand the philosophy, I accept the facts. Will you explain how Spirits can converse in my presence, and I be unable to hear them?

Silver Spray turned to her guide and for a moment they seemed absorbed in earnest conversation. I saw their lips move but could hear no sound. I am satisfied, I said. "This is not the only way by which we can converse in your presence, and you are unconscious of it. It may be done by soul reading, without the use of vocal language." Again I replied I am satisfied, and ashamed of my inferiority. "You are not inferior," replied Silver Spray, "if so we would not be truly united, for it is impossible to love up or down in the scale." Alas I know little of love or its laws I replied. Will you tell me why, the law of compensation would separate us, should I go uncalled into the other sphere, if we are truly one and you are permitted to come to me here, I cannot understand how we could be separated there, surely your love would overlook all failings on my part, and the will that brings you here would unite us more perfectly there. The answer to this question will be found in our next communication. N. M. P.

PERSONAL.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, is speaking during the present month in Cincinnati, Ohio. Address Kalamazoo, Mich., or New Albany, Ind., for February.

EMMA MARTIN, lectures in Niles during the month of February, instead of going to Marshall as was first arranged and announced in the AGE.

MRS. NETTIE T. BRIGHAM—We hear that this faithful and popular lecturer, soon returns from the South, and will speak in Washington, D. C., the first two Sundays in March. Troy, N. Y., during April.

DR. HENRY SLADE, goes to Richmond the present week, as a Healer, and also to give Seances. The doctor has recently made a tour into Kentucky, which we judge by the tenor of the following letter, must have been a successful one. For variety of manifestation under the most satisfactory circumstances, we think no Medium in the United States superior to Dr. Slade.

FRANKFORT, Ky. Jan. 28, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—Our friend and brother Dr. Henry Slade, left us this morning homeward-bound. The few days he sojourned with us, we were greeted with many messages from our departed friends, which lifted the veil of doubt from many bright minds in this place. Oh! how rejoice that their dearly beloved ones live again, and do commune with mortals.—The doctor held a few seances for some distinguished gentlemen and ladies, among whom were two Judges of the Supreme Court, and several Members of the Kentucky State Legislature, who received kindly messages from their departed friends, which they recognized beyond a doubt. All who have witnessed these manifestations expressed no doubt of their Spiritual origin. The *Banner of the Harmonical Philosophy* is marching on to conquer. R. R. JILLSON.

General Remarks on the Woman Suffrage Convention at Washington, D. C.—Jan. 18 to 20, 1870.

This Convention was held under many favorable auspices, in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, probably the largest and best in the city. The weather was favorable, the attendance quite large, and the proceedings fairly reported in the *Morning Chronicle*, an influential paper.

It is to be regretted that a disposition is so strongly manifested by certain persons prominent in the movement, to court the favor of wealthy, orthodox and fashionable people, obtaining what is called "respectability" at the expense of vitality. While abstinence from fashionable follies appear to be a general characteristic of the women who are earnest in the advocacy of Woman Suffrage, it is to be regretted that such should in any degree countenance woman's worst enemy by urging the adherents of the veriest diabolism of diabolism FASHION, to join the movement.

Moreover, silk trains, yards in length, Grecian bends, chignon's, and other absurdities, of like character, are not appropriate auxiliaries to public advocates of woman's elevation. The effect of their display was, in this instance, unquestionably detrimental.

Equally injurious will be the results of attempts to curry favor with the orthodox religionists and speculating politicians. The honest ones will come very slow; the others could better be dispensed with. Nothing but intrinsic right earned the emancipation of the slave in spite of clergy and politicians with few exceptions; those classes only giving in their adhesion, when they could not profitably do otherwise. It is well to insist on the fact, that of the principal advocates of "Woman's Rights" in the early days of the question, some were infidels, and the rest heretic; Mary Woolstoncraft, Frances Wright, Margaret Fuller, Abbey Kelley Foster, and W. L. Garrison for instance. No candid person who believes in the plenary inspiration of the Bible, can come to any other conclusion than that the

book of Genesis, and Paul, (when he said that "women should keep silence in the churches,") were opposed to woman's rights in almost every form. And notwithstanding the recent statements of Lucy Stone Blackwell that *the clergy are the best friends of the movement*, it is scarcely probable that one of them are secretly favorable thereto, or that one-tenth of them would openly endorse. Out of thirty or forty orthodox ministers in this city, (I may not be strictly accurate in the number,) not one is known to be favorable to the movement.

As has, however, been the case, successively with Astronomy, Geology and other branches of physical science, as well as with the anti-slavery question, so will it be with "Woman's Rights" and Spiritualism. The orthodox will soon claim almost en masse, (as some are now doing) that they were all along favorable to these movements. It is, however, a little premature to alienate progressive minds in order to catch chignons, Grecian bends, preachers, millionaires and politicians. [N. B.—The latter didn't bite to any extent at this convention; two or three were on the straddle. Senator Wilson's position is not entirely square. Senator Pomerooy, some say, must go in for Woman Suffrage to secure a re-election. Mr. Ellis, of New-Hampshire, advocates it because it is right, regardless of consequences.]

Woman suffrage, when achieved, would be but a barren victory were it merely to result in replacing a tobacco-chewing Senator, by a fashionable woman being weighed down by several pounds of chignon poking forward with a Grecian bend, with several yards of a thousand-dollar silk dress, wrung from the toil of the factory girl, or the frauds of the lobby.

No; such policy is not even *politic*, and will never enlist the support requisite to carry the measures desired, is not generally the policy of the advocates of the movement, and should be, as it will be, decisively squelched in the west. ALFRED CRIDGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAR, DEPARTED SISTER MRS. ALCINDA WILHELM SLADE.

BY MRS. R. L. DOTY.

Thou art gone dear sister, like the early flowers of spring,
The chapel I now breathe is one that angels bring,
A garden of fresh roses, all beautiful and fair,
Entwined with sweet beauty, ever rich and rare,
They are called from those gardens, perennial in their bloom,
They are bright and faithful, and live beyond the tomb.
There are pearls of priceless worth, one a richer gem,
Wrought from the mine of wisdom, and a glorious gem.
It sparkles on thy brow, so pure and spotless white,
It shone with radiant light, in the darkest hour of night,
Entwined with sweet beauty, ever rich and rare,
"Twill dazzle with its splendor, the portals of the grave.
The garlands twined for thee, were truly, nobly won,
Effulgent in their brightness, like the glory of the sun;
For they are peerless treasures, immortal as the stars,
Few there are that gain them, while dwellers upon earth.
O come to me my sister, and deck my brow like thine,
Entwine for me a wreath of flowers, immortal and divine,
Inspire my soul with courage, that I pass safely on,
That the chapel like as thine, be pure, and nobly won.
O bring it from those realms of light, with glory all divine,
And let me wear it now, while this darksome shore I tread,
That the immortal wreath be mine, when by the world
I am called dead.
Detroit, Jan. 1st 1870.

The Impending Revolution.

NUMBER I.

Jesus was born in a manger; Confucius in a hollow mulberry tree. The one became the Savior of the West; the other of the East.

While Chosroes the mighty king of Persia was contemplating the wonders of his power and magnificence, he received an epistle from an obscure citizen of Mecca, inviting him to acknowledge Mohammed as the apostle of God. He rejected the invitation, and tore the epistle. "It is thus," exclaimed the Arabian prophet, "that God will tear the Kingdom, and reject the supplications of Chosroes." A little later, while Heraclius, the Christian emperor, was celebrating his triumph over this same Chosroes the Magian, a few Arabs from the desert attacked a small town in his dominions in Syria; an unpretending circumstance. But these robbers were the Apostles of Mohammed, and in a short time the Moslems swept the religions of Jesus and Zoroaster almost entirely from Asia and Africa; and at the end of a hundred years the Caliphs, the vicars of the prophet, reigned from the Ganges to the Atlantic, the most potent monarchs on the Globe.

While Leo X. was "assuming himself both spiritual and temporal power over all the kingdoms of the world," Martin Luther was counting his beads in a monastic cell in Germany. But the humble monk soon broke the spell that bound the Reason, the Religion, and the Governments of Europe to the Papal Throne; and the Protestant Reformation is one of the most glorious periods in the history of our race.

Thus great men are generally of humble birth, and an obscure occurrence is, sometimes, the prelude of a mighty revolution. While Miller and his followers were waiting with anxious hearts the day that should wrap the world in flames and usher in the great judgment, the people awaited the issue with no small degree of interest. But the day came and went as quietly as other days; the church drew a deep breath and derided the false prophet. But the Adventist was not so much mistaken as the world supposed. The prophet actually had a vision of a great event, but he saw it through orthodox glasses. He was a medium developed on the physical plane. Like the ancient Jew he was too material in his views and could not correctly interpret the signs of the times.

While Miller was reviewing his texts, and old theology, with another lease of time, was reposing in conscious security and power, a young man in New York City, a mere boy, an unsophisticated child of nature, untaught in science, literature or religion, was dictating, in a magnetic sleep, a large volume treating largely and learnedly on all these subjects. The world wondered at the prodigy, but did not dream that it was the humble beginning of a revolution more thorough and complete than any the world had ever seen. Science, Philosophy, Rationalism, Unitarianism, Universalism and Scepticism, all the forms of free, independent and vigorous thought, prepared the world for the coming revolution. Finally Spiritualism comes, the hubbub of the thoughtless, the devil of superstition, the

"Despair of Science;" but to the independent thinker, the impartial investigator, the most important development in the history of man. It lifts the veil that has hitherto obscured the future destiny of man. It bridges over the great chasm that has hitherto existed between science and religion, and places religion on a natural, scientific basis. It destroys all supernaturalism, and thus entirely removes the foundation on which rests the huge structure of supernatural theology.

The nature of the revolution which is already inaugurated is thus plainly indicated.

Popular theology rests on a series of revelations given more than two thousand years ago. These, it claims, were supernatural in their origin; that is, they were not given in accordance with natural laws, but in contravention of them. Therefore they do not come within the province of science or reason, consequently it is worse than folly, it is sacrilege, it is blasphemous to endeavor to explain them by any scientific or reasonable process. These revelations were recorded by divine authority in a book, called, by way of pre-eminence, The Book or Bible, (from biblos, book,) which constitutes the only infallible guide to happiness, here or hereafter. The visions of Saint John close the series. The curtain drops. Heaven is sealed. No more revelations from God, good angels or good spirits. Nothing but this ancient book is left to us to light up the dark valley of the shadow of death, and eternal damnation awaits all those who are not satisfied with this dim light. Even the teachings of nature and reason avail us nothing if we find it impossible to believe the infallibility of the Bible. And what is still more terrible, though heaven is closed against us, the gates of hell are all wide open, and millions of spirits damned round the earth unmoored to drag us down to perdition.

Against this formidable array of authority priest-craft and superstition, the enlightened reason of the age is fast rebelling. The principles of the revolutionary party have already been indicated. They hold that Science, Philosophy and Reason are the highest authority in Religion as well as in secular affairs. All through the ages of the church men have occasionally arisen, who defended the supreme authority of nature and reason; but supernaturalism was so firmly rooted in the ignorance of the masses and the power of the priesthood, that they met with little success. Besides supernaturalism had the advantage of them in another respect. The desire for a future state of existence is so deeply and firmly planted in the human soul that it forms a controlling element in our being. Science and Reason could not demonstrate immortality to the masses, and they preferred to believe the spiritual demonstrations of the Bible, through the authority of the priesthood, to the negations of science or the inferences of philosophy. But modern Spiritualism supplies this desideratum in science and philosophy. The human soul can now quench its most poignant thirst at the fresh and unutilized fountain of Nature, and needs only to taste the sweet waters, to prefer them to the bitter drops that trickle down slowly through the ruins of the ages.

This is a brief statement of the principles involved in the impending revolution. In future numbers they will be followed in their legitimate results. H. STRAUB.

Dowagiac, Michigan.

ITEMS.

Mr. C. R. Ballard, of Castleton, Vt., wrote the "Carrier's New Year's Address" for the *Rutland Herald*. It contains this passage, in which there is more of truth than poetry:

"Next, Woman Suffrage—which, no doubt, will be a good deal talked about. But let us see what it will do. If 'tis approved, for me and you, And first—'twill vote the 'Rummies' down, And drive bad whisky out of town. Next—the Tax-payers, each and all, Will vote the Taxes, large or small. Again—'twill put Democracy Still lower in the minority. Once more—for I must needs be brief—'Twill be a very great relief On each Election Day to find Good Order and Fair Play combined; Rudeness suppressed, Profaneness checked, And 'Roughs' restrained by Self-respect; The Day all used in lawful strife By everybody—and his wife."

A young Elizabeth Fry.—The western papers tell of a pretty young Quakeress, name not given, who is making herself useful in some of the states by visiting prisons and other similar or charitable institutions. Recently she called at the Indiana State Prison and conversed with its inmates. In the evening she conducted religious services in the cell-house. The effect of her eloquence is pronounced marvellous. The hardest-hearted criminals wept, and some of them were not content until they had touched her dress. At the close of the service the beautiful angel in drab was invited to call again.

A German paper says that the simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the Southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself, it is confined to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Each ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

The wife of Rev. M. P. Alderman, a Methodist clergyman, at Hingham, Mass., supplied her husband's pulpit a few Sabbaths since, when, on account of sickness, he was unable to officiate.

AN ASSASSIN.—The attacks of an Anonymous writer, are to be regarded only as the blow of the assassin. The man (?) who can resort to it is only to be regarded with silent contempt.

GRACE GREENWOOD is in favor of giving the ballot to every woman who owns a swing-machine or wash-tub.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, - Editor.

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

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.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

Go up higher, study school-boy; Do not loiter long below; You are wanted at the summit, Briskly, bravely, upward go.

Go up higher, little maiden; Tripping lightly at the start; By and by you may grow weary, You go up, be strong of heart.

Go up higher in your lessons; Go up higher in your play; Step by step you'll climb the stairway, Go up higher every day.

Willie and Jessie.

BY ANNIE DENSON CRIDGE.

JESSIE'S SNOW DRESS.

"Winter will soon be here," said the mother of Willie and Jessie; "we must begin to think about warm, thick clothes; so thick and so warm that Jack Frost cannot bite my little boy or my little girl."

"Buy me a thick, cloth suit, mamma," said Willie, "and please don't put any braids or flowers on it, like on my other suits. I want to pull my sled up and down hill, make snow forts, and tumble round in the snow just as I like."

"Very well," said his mother, with a pleasant smile on her face. "Yes, mamma," said Willie; "and will you buy me long mittens and boots that will come up to here? (his knees) Then I can go in the wet or anywhere."

"I will," said his mother. "Perhaps you would like your boots to come up a little higher, would you?"

"Now, mamma, you are making fun of me," said Willie with a laugh. "And what about my Jessie?" said her mamma.

"What will you buy me?" said Jessie. "That is the question, my darling; what shall I buy you? I am going to buy you a thick cloth dress, little Jessie—cloth as thick as Willie's suit, and you shall have thick cloth drawers down to your ankles, and warm stockings to pull up over them. You shall have Wellington boots, too, little Jessie, like brother Willie's, and a sled; then you can go in the snow, and have fine times."

How Jessie's eyes did sparkle as she listened to this! And when her mother had finished, she leaped up and down on her toes, put her hands together with a flutter of joy and said; "And Willie, I will help you make snow forts and I will ride you on my sled. You know when the snow was here before, Willie, that you pulled me on your sled?"

"Yes, I remember," said Willie; "oh, I like the snow. Mamma, I want to tell you something. You know girls won't play with boys, but the little girls in the row played with us. I will tell you how it was; One time some boys and I were having fine times pulling our sleds up the hill, and then sliding down. Oh, it was fun! All at once I saw some of the little girls at the corner looking at us. One of them had a sled, and I said to them, 'Let us take our sleds, boys, and give those little girls a ride. One boy said, 'No, I won't!' and some laughed; but I said, I will; so I asked one of the little girls, and she got on my sled and I pulled it. By and by another boy came with his sled and a nice little girl got on it, and he pulled the sled."

After a while all of us were at work giving the girls a ride. Oh, it was so nice, mamma! How the little girls began to laugh and talk, and we all went to the hill, and what fun we did have pulling our sleds up, and then boys and girls sliding down. I like girls, mamma, to play with."

"You are all right, my boy," said his mother. "When will you buy my thick snow dress?" asked Jessie.

"I am going to buy your dress, to-day. Just as soon as you are dressed and ready we will take the street cars and go to the city." In half an hour they were on their way to the street cars.

"Mamma," said Willie, "I would like Jessie to be President of the United States when she is a lady. Can a lady be President, mamma? Was there ever a lady President anywhere in the world?"

"In England," replied his mother, "a lady is a Queen."

"And is a queen a President?" asked Willie. "A queen and a President are about the same."

do. We must have good men and good women to make the laws: no bad people must make laws: then a good President would never say No to a good law. Jessie, you shall be President of the United States, won't you, Jessie. And you will say Yes, won't you, Jessie, when they make good laws?"

"I will," said Jessie; "Yes, I'll be President, Willie, and you shall pull my sled."

"Here are the cars! All on board!" shouted Willie; and away they went to the city to buy the "snow frock."

In the evening when papa returned home, Jessie met him in the hall and told him all about her Wellington boots and her new "snow frock," as she called it. Then she led him into the sitting-room, and showed him the cloth her mamma had bought her.

"You like it, papa?" she asked. "This is my snow dress. I am going to do just as I like, papa, in that frock. I can go in the snow and mud, papa, like Willie; that will be nice, papa, won't it?"

"You are going to be a little mud turtle then?" said her papa, as he lifted her up far above his head; "a mud turtle, are you? Look at my little mud turtle!"

"No, no!" said Jessie; "I am going to be like Willie."

"So you are," said her papa, as he put her down. "So you are my Jessie, and this, (taking up the cloth) and this is your sensible dress, your 'snow dress'?" And you are going to roll in the snow, pull sleds and grow into a beautiful, rosy woman?"

"So I am," said Jessie, as she took her papa's hand and walked with him to the dining-room. "I am going to wear my snow dress, and I am going to grow into a beautiful, rosy woman."

Spirit Photography.

I see in the last Banner an article upon the above subject, in which the writer wonders if in our present state of development we can understand the modus operandi.

The following thoughts are new to me, but so plain that I wonder at my not seeing the principle involved before, and thinking that some of the readers of the AOE may be in the same condition. I will present them for their consideration and criticism.

Let us first consider the law, involved in taking the likeness of a physical object.—What is that law? Why, the law of motion. How can it be by the law of motion when both subject and operator are motionless, while the impressions were being taken? Light itself is produced by this law. The waves or vibrations of the ethereal element comes in contact with the subject in their onward course, and being thrown back are caught and concentrated as they pass through the lens of the camera, and striking the sensitized plate, penetrate its coating and make exact impression of the object from which they have been thrown back. Throw an object of any given form against a solid wall, and let it fall back upon a softer substance and an image, an impression of that object, in just the form in which it strikes the softer substance, will be made upon it.

Now we have in the prepared coating of the plate a substance susceptible to the force of the vibrations of the ethereal element. These vibrations thrown back upon the sensitized coating by the same law that a ball makes an impression in a snow bank.

In order to get the likeness of a spirit, then what is it that is necessary? Simply this, the spirit must be brought sufficiently into rapport with the physical, to be able to check and throw back these ethereal waves from its spirit body. There must be a spirit artist also, who can come sufficiently into rapport with the physical to see that the spirit subject throws back those waves at the proper focus, and, at the same time to do this in a perfectly uniform manner; that is keep still, as must the subject in the form; otherwise there will be dim or blurred appearance. Such is my idea of this wonderful phenomena. I should like to hear from others.

Lois Waisbrooker.

Notes on My Way to the Summer Land.

The greatest, wisest, and I was about to say the worst being of earth is man. He is a compound being, with terrestrial and celestial natures "marvelously mixed." In his earth nature, he is a savage, acquires what his strong arm can obtain, and keeps what that arm can defend. In this view, he approximates to the nature of the brute, and exhibits even a deadlier ferocity. It is a melancholy truth that, in his lower nature, he hates no other being on earth so deeply as his fellow man. There is a maxim derived from the war history of this being, which is that "man's greatest enemy is man."

Mungo Park, when travelling in Africa, stood on the verge of a forest at the setting in of a dreary night, with a village of savages in the valley below him, and the wild beasts howling around him; and concluded to trust himself to the mercy of the beasts for the night, rather than to the tender mercy of his fellow men.

seen, nor heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. * * * For eighteen months, without intermission this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore. And so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son absorb themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies, traversed as they did the carnage for hundreds of miles, in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region."

Halls of Memory.

The ferocious passions of man are a mysterious agency working out the great problem of mundane existence in this department of the ages. He may be humbled, that he is, in one view, but an insignificant speck, only a few feet in length, so small as to disappear to human sight at the distance of three miles, bearing not even the comparison in size, to the stupendous globe he inhabits, that the smallest insect does to the capital building of the United States or to the majestic palace of the Tuileries. Look at him as he comes like a waif on the shore of time, an infant, smiling, artless, ignorant and innocent. . . .

First, I visited the Infant room. Hung full of dainty dresses, toys, paper dolls, childish tears, sunshine and shadows. I see my baby feet go toddling over the oak floor, my mother's constant care—child of her old age," her youngest, her sorrow. O! blessed days of helplessness, innocence, ignorance, how little did you know the wild hurricanes to be encountered on the strong sea, or the weary journey those tiny feet would traverse. But I am directed to the chamber of youth. O! wild, beautiful, dreamy pictures of my girlhood, spring time of my life. I hear the same sweet music in the air, the trees, the very rocks of my native state seem to burst forth in sweet song. The same hum of busy bees, the same sweet odor of sweet flowers with which the air comes laden. Sweet with notes of Bobolink, or Thrush, the music of the sythe sweeping gracefully through the long grass, murmuring brooklet, plow boy whistle, cow bell tinkle at even-tide, or the croak of the cricket. I lay one more beneath the shingled roof and listen to the soft patter of the gentle rain, or transixed with the grandeur of the elements, list me to peal after peal of mystic thunder. Oh! those summer days were filled too full, were all too short for my busy dreamings. But ye are here, painted in all the brilliant colors of those ideal moments. I linger in your halls, bright summer-time of life, there is a sweet dreamy calm comes over me, and I faint would lay my aching head upon some mossy pillow, and rest near the sheltering shadow of a sentimental tree at my father's door, but my guide points to another door leading to the halls dedicated to autumn days.

Another nature has been busy these days, and now unlocks her golden treasures. Men are busy now in garnering the ripened grain. I stand in the open door of the old barn; fill my lungs with the invigorating air, but in hand, wild Fido eyes me the while, his large face fairly shining with anticipation, and we start off for a romp through the orchard bending with its weight of fruits; or away through the forest we scamper in search for nuts, I almost feel them peck me on my head, or hear the Partridge's peculiar drum. I think I will ride to the barn on this load of grain, and then away for another stroll. These breezy days are just the things for brother's kite, or for sailing our little boats upon the pond now covered with the falling leaves. But with all the confidence and power with which my very life-blood seems on fire, there is a hazy, weird sadness, about the very shadows which fall aslant the old barn, as the sun sinks in the west. A sort of mournful, beautiful, prophetic cadence in the whispering breeze, which advises more blankets on the bed, and seems to sigh in its drama costume as if something more would come of it. But I heed it not. I go out from day to day in the great forest, gather up the tinted leaves, wear them on my brow or near my heart; and day by day they grow brown and brown, until nothing greets me but somber brown. And at last I awaken to find the window of my bed room painted with delicate tracings by some unknown hand during the night watches. The sun comes through them in golden glory, creeps across the counterpane and kisses my eyes open. But my guide points to another door, leading into the gallery of winter. Brother stands warmly wrapped to his chin, with sled in hand and coaxingly persuades my mother to take me up the steep hill with him on a coasting expedition, or to engage in the enterprise of a snow man. Or later the bashful lover, hat in hand, mother's injunction "come home early," "wrap up warm," and away we go over the foamy snow to the merry jingle of bells.

Again, I sit by the warm fire on long winter nights, listening to the riddles or tales of youthful imaginings. The wind howls outside, and the warm fire crackles inside, we pop corn, crack nuts, eat apples, make pictures on the wall, or busy ourselves with slate and book with the morrow's problems. Father takes down the huge book, we are taught to fear, and reads therefrom, and then ascends the evening prayer for protection and blessing, to him whom we call God. We then blend our voices in song, "joyfully," and "Sweet Home." Mother kisses each lip and tucks us up in our trundle bed. We lived in the beautiful reality of a glorious dream-life then, and the future was decked in costly habiliments. Time has rusted the golden hinges of the beautiful gate leading into the place of our child building. There are other rooms, dedicated to the paintings of those moments, when none but the angels were present. These pictures are heavily shaded and have many hidden colors the careless eye might not see; they are symbolic pictures and are the true teachers of my life; but to-night we will not enter there. Oh! soul, let us go to our rest with the memory of the sunny and beautiful which fades not—the joys of childhood resting in benediction upon our tired frame.

IRA PORTER.

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wish to practice it. In this co-operation I desire to preserve individual liberty and individual ownership. The association into which I wish to enter has no precedent. It is briefly an association for economical living, and educational purposes, and individualism in every thing else. In the family that I would form, each one looks up his or her occupation in his or her own trade, business or calling, or as an employee, for others precisely as if he or she was not in the family. Each makes and spends his or her money as independently as if living at an ordinary hotel. It is expected that each will be devoted to the educational reform which is the animating and cohesive idea of the family.

Lenawee County Circle.

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THE BETTER LAND. BY EMERALD L. DAVIS. In dreams I've seen a better land— An angel bright with loving hand Has walked with me the peary strand And on the heights of heaven's domain In snow white robes still waiting stand To guide loved ones to that fair land. My child, fervent to cross death's stream For angel of your peaceful dream Stands waiting on the other side. Though dark the waves, and high the tide, The tempest rage, the river wide, A spirit friend is near to guide; And on the shore a bright light gleams, Where angels wait as in your dreams.

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