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Selected Poetry.

THE ALL IN ALL.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

Man feeleth blindly after God,
Though earth for aye His presence keeps;
His essence halloweth all he sees,
His being fills his awful deeps;
Her mountain darts His glories,
And yet we grope with "old" eyes.

I hold that Nature cannot err,
That she evolutes "haughty" angels;
Since God, the One, embraces all,
And all her atoms live in His;
However great, however small,
His Unity enaunteth all.

I looked upon the summer world,
I heard the gladness of her rills,
I saw her sunset banners furl
Upon the shoulders of the hills;
And looking—in my country's heart
I said,—"O God dwelleth not apart."

"If in the ancient days," his feet
Tressed fragrance from his garden walk,
From morn till eve I patient wrought,
To make my garden faithful fair;
The common flower I did not deem,
And crushed it with a careless foot.

And then from morn till eve I sought
From shrub and blossom rich and rare;
From morn till eve I patient wrought,
To make my garden faithful fair;
The common flower I did not deem,
And crushed it with a careless foot.

And soon it grew a wondrous place,
Of strange and supreme loveliness;
Where fringes trees with airy grace
Shook in their cloudy vapor dress;
And the magnolia's waxen bloom,
Through glossy thicket breathed perfume;

And by the fountain's ribbon line,
The rich rose spread her leaves apart,
And dropt her beauteous amber wine,
Into the lily's open heart;
And the azalea's pink and glow,
Gave the green light a sunset glow.

But all in vain the blooming shade,
The fount, and groves of bleaching flame;
For he whose presence I essayed
With yearnings deep,—He never came;
In vain I walked the perfect way,
For if He came, I knew it not.

Then in a frantic ecstasy,
That would not be o'erborne, I cried,
"I cannot win the Heavens to me,
Though all perfection here abide!
And since I cannot reach so high,
I'll will my own heart satisfy."

The little wild flower shall find grace
Within my sight,—I will not pass
The meadow blossom, but will give place
To common bloom of common grass;
I cannot read the Lord above,
I'll make a place for human love."

And in the gladness of the thought,
I sought the azure-violet,
And buttercups and daisies brought,
And in my garden bed set;
The crocuses and the gentian too,
And forest hare-bells softly blue.

And from a sudden glow fell away
Upon my little Eden spot,
And one small voice I knew full well,
"Thou art, and grove, and shady grove!
O heart forevermore rejoice!
I heard and knew the Father's voice."

And from my vision fled away
The darkening shadows, and I saw
The rose-tree and the hollyhock
Exulting in their law;
Divine life and essence ran
From stem to dust, to conscious Man.

Each trembling leaf, and pendant bloom,
Were portions of one vestment bright;
One breath swayed all the emerald glow,
One smile of love filled Earth with light;
The dew-drops on the grasses sweet,
Were pearls that drop from sacred feet.

One perfect image everywhere,
In sturdy sphere and blossom seed;
A changeless blessing stirred the air,
With sweetest song, and I could read
Eternal Scripture on the stone,
And I no longer walked alone.

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IS IT POSSIBLE?
A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

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A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XI.

"The governess is coming! the governess is coming! come, come, mamma," shouted a child as she bounded on the portico of a large and handsome house situated on the Delaware river, and pointed to a carriage just entering the avenue of trees which formed the boundary of the grounds on the South. "See; mamma—just beside the green gate! there—there it comes!"

As she said this a lady stepped on the portico, took the hand of the child and looked in the direction indicated. She was rather tall; conscious dignity seemed enthroned in that handsome face; it might be called haughty; and yet in that maternal smile as she takes the hand of her child there is so much sweetness and goodness; her benevolence was large, seeming like a pyramid among the smaller organs. When the carriage drew up in front of the portico and she extended her hand to the governess, saying, "I am glad you have come, Miss Allston, are you quite well?" then to the child whom she still held by the hand, "My little daughter Minnie, your governess, Miss Allston"—her voice was so good, so sweet, that it at once found its way to Jane's heart.

Wine and cake were brought into the parlor by the waiter to whom Mrs. Hatherwood said, "Tell Dorothy to bring down the children." Minnie stood beside Jane, sometimes returning a kind smile given her as she looked wonderingly, inquiringly in her face. "I am six years of age," Minnie said, "and when I am seven mamma is going to give me a party."

The nurse, Dorothy, has brought in Matilda, a precious darling of two and a half years who has come, Miss Allston, are you quite well?" then to the child whom she still held by the hand, "My little daughter Minnie, your governess, Miss Allston"—her voice was so good, so sweet, that it at once found its way to Jane's heart.

years of age; "Katy says she is not going to come, mamma," Mrs. Hatherwood held out her hand to the child, who with a bound grasped it eagerly and was introduced; but here Miss Kate walked into the middle of the room, gave herself a toss first on one side, then on the other, and stood looking at Mrs. Hatherwood defiantly. "My daughter Katy," Mrs. Hatherwood merely said, and took no farther notice of her.

Here were her pupils; Jane scanned their brains and measured them at a glance. Minnie was a bounding jovial child with a smooth round head, frontal lobe slightly predominating; conscientious, benevolent, somewhat hasty, quick to comprehend and a natural love of freedom, hating bonds, rules and laws; her long black hair was looped in broad plait and fastened behind her ears with blue ribbon; her complexion was exceedingly fair and ruddy, and her long black eye-lashes fell like a veil of beauty over her large expressive blue eyes.

Eleanor had light curly hair, blue eyes and an active countenance. Perhaps we ought not to describe Miss Kate as she stands there in the middle of the room—a very picture of willfulness and stubbornness; she is about five years of age, her black and somewhat curly hair falls over her face as she stands there, only permitting an occasional glimpse of her round black eyes.

"Sunshine and storm," remarked Jane referring to Eleanor and Miss Kate. "Exactly so," replied Mrs. Hatherwood rising; "let me show you to your room, Miss Allston; come children." As they passed Miss Kate caught her mothers dress, looked up with a smile and said, "mamma!" The mother took her hand saying, "Little daughter!" Katy seemed anxious to atone for after kissing her mamma, she turned to Jane with open arms and kissed her.

"Your sitting-room, Miss Allston," said Mrs. Hatherwood as they entered a neatly furnished room covered with tapestry, in which was a lounge a few pictures, a center table and a baby house belonging to Minnie. "I have just had the baby house placed here, because Minnie will use your special chamber, Minnie, you are to be Miss Allston's little girl. Katy is like a wild animal, I can do nothing with her; punish and reward all of them in accordance with your own judgment; I leave them to you entirely, only don't keep them more than an hour and a half at a time in school; the body is as important as the mind, and I want them to play in the open air as much as possible; so say an hour and a half in the morning and an hour in the afternoon." She then went to the window and continued: "Your sitting-room is small, but very pleasant; through those trees yonder in the East you can catch a glimpse of the river, is it not beautiful? That building covered with ivy—you can only just see it, there are so many trees behind it—is the billiard room; the upper room shall be your school-room; there is a terrace all around the upper part and windows on every side, it will make a charming school-room. "But come—your bed room I must show you; then you can take a bath if you like, and rest awhile; our dinner hour is three; it is now eleven."

Jane was now alone; she looked around her room with great satisfaction, for it was large, airy and well furnished. She walked to the West window and looked out on the scene; "beautiful—very beautiful!" she soliloquized; then to the East window where from across the lawn, dotted here and there with shrubs and flowers, through the thick foliage, the Delaware greeted her delighted recognition.

"Rat-tat-tat!" It was Minnie; as Jane washed and dressed, the child leaned on her dressing-table and looked sadly in her face, occasionally hearing a sigh. "Why do you sigh, Minnie?" asked Jane; "are you sad?" "Because I don't think I shall ever love you."

Jane smiled and asked, "Why do you think you won't love me, darling?" "Because you are so ugly-looking." This was said so plaintively, that Jane was combing her hair, and as she looked in the glass at her face, and somewhat swollen from her journey and the heat, she thought, "I don't wonder at the child feelings about my appearance, I don't feel attracted to that face," but she replied kindly, "Perhaps after these become acquainted with me, Minnie they will love me; when we love a person we generally forget their ugly looks! and think them pretty; and I think I shall love thee darling, very much." Minnie was almost crying, and the tears trembled on her long eye-lashes as she said, "No I don't think I can ever love you."

Jane had never thought herself pretty, not even good-looking; when a child she had sometimes heard people remark on her sickly face. As she approached womanhood, acquired physical strength and began to understand the outlines of beauty, she knew that she was not, as she had supposed, homely in appearance; and yet the clothing would often come back with such force, that she would not look in the glass for days. Oscar had said to her only a few days before he left for Virginia, "I do positively believe that she thinks thy face homely, for the looks in the mirror as if afraid of itself; believe me, Jane, there is better looking than ninety-nine of every hundred females I meet; I'd like just such a wife in every respect, looks included." Jane as she looked in the glass, thought of her brothers words, shook her head in doubt, sat down in the easy chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Are you angry with me?" asked Minnie when Jane had sat awhile. "No, no, darling; I was thinking of home—of sister, a brother and mother." "You have a sister? what is she like?" "She has curly hair, blue eyes and is very merry, funny and good." "I would like to see her; are you going to teach us to-day?" "Not to-day, we will commence to-morrow; I will rest for an hour or two; then I would like you all to walk with me in the afternoon and show me the grounds; would these like to go?"

"Yes, O yes! I would, would you like to see our baby-house, a real house on the lawn? we have a table, chairs, dishes and everything to play house with; we have a boat too, we can sail on the river; and a bath-house; do you like to bathe? I do, only I am afraid of water-snakes." So Minnie chattered on; but by-and-by Jane was alone, when she took from her basket and re-read a letter from Jessie, which she had received at Philadelphia just as she was about to start.

DEAR JANE:—Mother says I must write. We have just had here one of the strange inhabitants of this region to borrow flour; said inhabitant was a little girl without shoes or stockings; indeed, she had nothing on her but a frock minus buttons or like strappings, about which deficiency she was greatly perplexed, especially when leaving, as she had to hold her frock together while she carried the flour—a feat as laughable to us as serious to her. "What an original race they are here! I could fancy I had been transported to the mountains of the moon. I have heard of the 'great unwashed' of cities; but the unwashed and unclothed of this region, so out of harmony with the beautiful, this grand scenery and prolific country—constitutes a paradox which I cannot reconcile."

"From the region round about, comprising a section of country about six miles in diameter, they have come us to borrow flour, coffee sugar, tea, salt, etc., etc., always remaining two or three hours before they tell their business. Growing tired of lending, mother thought she would see how they liked to lend. Accordingly we motioned them to a neighbor's two miles off to borrow pork; they were very kind, indeed, evidently pleased to lend. Mrs. Jackson compelled us to take far more than we could use, and she had a rich farmer who owns thirty niggers; he lives fourteen miles distant; when the young man asked her father for her she was told they could not spare her; so he left her to us and her father at which she is so much that her father was fain to take his horse and ride after him to bring him back. I learned this latter from Susie, who has been here several times to see me; she is a nice little thing; she talks to me about her love so naturally; she says she would be married very soon to George; she says she could not part with him, he is so good and kind; she does not see how her father is going to get her wedding clothes, for he has no money; she said, "George shall not get me any thing; she wishes her family could live differently, and seems to have a spirit, she is industrious and thoughtful; she is now trying to get some money; and women from which to make her brother's and sister's winter clothes. Forethought is a quality not understood in this region; they live on the fat of the land—corn, pork and coffee in the summer, and in winter, I am told, are half starved; her folks never saw a candle in their lives; they burn pine knots which one of the girls holds, while the rest of the family eat."

"They never, however, think of said pine-knot still supper is on the table; (it being quite dark) the mother calls out, "Now Virginia or Susan, run to the candle for a pine-knot; and when she has several times, but never tried to find a pine-knot; they have to feel on the ground with their hands to find them; and I was too much afraid of being found to make to do; from Susie's home they say to cross a deep brook without a bridge, but get their knits. Sugar maples are very abundant; these people make no sugar, only boiling a little of the sap for present use."

"Oscar has brought home some chickens and a horse; are we not farmers? But listen!—it is an old blind horse and only cost five dollars! O dear! it is such a desideratum, is it not however? It was engaged to a young lady some several times, but never tried to find a pine-knot; they have to feel on the ground with their hands to find them; and I was too much afraid of being found to make to do; from Susie's home they say to cross a deep brook without a bridge, but get their knits. Sugar maples are very abundant; these people make no sugar, only boiling a little of the sap for present use."

asserted its rightful supremacy, "as in behalf of its heir the Future." "Were you ever married, Miss Allston?" asked Mrs. Hatherwood after she had been there some weeks. "No Madam." "I thought you had been from your manner; you always look so happy, so peaceful, and yet chastened. I thought you a 'young widow' to whom that peace had come which always does come after a great sorrow." Jane did not explain.

Two months after her arrival she wrote Hannah Tilghman. Since her mother and sister left for Virginia, Jane visited neither Hannah Tilghman nor the minister. Sad and anxious as she was about pecuniary matters while in Gloucester and at Mrs. Allen's, she never thought of those friends with reference to obtaining employment; her views on the subject being limited to obtaining business in a business manner. Not until located in "Estremadura" (the name of Mr. Hatherwood's country seat) did her heart yearn towards those friends.

On receipt of Jane's letter Hannah immediately replied, urging her to visit them at least once a month, and to make her house her home during those visits. The distance from "Estremadura" to Philadelphia was eighteen miles; after three months rest and respite from care and anxiety, Jane gladly accepted Hannah Tilghman's invitation. Her pupils accompanied her to the cars chattering and laughing affectionately, Minnie saying as she lifted her veil and kissed her again and again, "O, you dear, dear, beautiful Miss Allston! how I do love you! What a naughty child I was ever to say you were ugly-looking—very are so sweet and beautiful; was it not very naughty, Miss Allston?"

"O darling, you did not say it rudely, but because you had thought that your governess would be pretty." "And you are pretty—you are beautiful." "Thee thinks so now, because thee loves me." "And because I know you are beautiful," added Minnie.

"Don't stay too long," they all said as she hastened on board; even the headstrong Katie loved her, for the tears stood in her eyes as the train moved off. "Blessed darlings!" Jane breathed to herself as she watched them from the car window. The love of those children, her care for them and her freedom from pecuniary anxiety, made her very happy.

"What a naughty girl they are," said Hannah Tilghman, to keep from us so long a time! I have so wanted to see thee, so has Ponto; poor Ponto, glad to see Jane, is then not here? Followed a number of affectionate leaps by the dog, Hannah merrily laughing and snapping her fingers. "There—that will do, Ponto, he downs," she quickly added. "I want to talk to Jane, my William and friend Martindale will be here by and by; it is not quite supper time, and this evening Doctor said Mrs. Meredith is coming."

"Mrs. Meredith is a nice quaker?" "I'm a Hicksite, thee knows." "Governed by thy own judgment?" "Certainly; but what business has thee to use the plain language; there is not born quaker, or a quaker at all," replied Jane, "when talking with thee; 'you' would seem very old and formal."

"Well then, I must tell thee what Caleb Carman remarked the last time he was here: 'I believe Jane will be a quaker preacher some day.'" Both smiled. "Now, does thee feel impressed, as we say?" "I think not."

Just then William and friend Martindale (whose first name was Thomas) came in, the latter shaking Jane's hand and holding it while he said, "Why Jane, thee is growing quite handsome; I never saw thee look so well." "Thee better change the style of thy collar, I think," said Hannah laughing. "Why so?"

"If thee talks to ladies so complimentary; I think it is against quaker discipline." Thomas took his seat, giving the dog a pat on the head, and an indignity which Ponto suitably resented by rolling his eyes and growling in an undertone. "Let my dog alone, Thomas, will thee! I won't have my dog insulted," said Hannah in her comical way.

"I should think love for dogs, romping and playing with them, against quaker discipline," replied Thomas Balch, as Hannah often jestingly called him. "It might become thy duty to report her at quarterly meeting," remarked quiet precise William, from whom fun sounded so strangely out of place, for that reason exciting the more laughter.

Doctor and Mrs. Meredith, as also Isaac Carman, arrived soon after supper. Many inquiries were made about Jessie, how Oscar liked a farmer's life, and what he was doing, killing rattlesnakes and gathering Geographical specimens; and in her opinion it would be quite as easy to make an indignity of a monkey as a farmer of Oscar.

"Just like Jessie!" said the Doctor and Hannah, the latter adding, "I think she is about right in that estimate." "Thee prefers to remain in this vicinity, I suppose?" said Isaac. "I do for the present," replied Jane; "I think Oscar was never calculated for a farmer, and I intend to remain here until he either perceives his mistake or, by his success, demonstrates mine."

"I brought a book with me," said Dr. Meredith, "that I want you to see; it has just been published by Dr. Buchanan, President of the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical College." As he took the book from the table he added, "It is entitled 'Buchanan's Journal of Man.' The Doctor says that about nine years ago in conversation with a Bishop of the Episcopal church, the latter informed him that his (the Bishop's) sense of feeling was so keen that if he accidentally touched a piece of brass, even in the dark, he immediately felt its influence through his system, recognizing the offensive metallic taste. This induced Dr. Buchanan to commence a series of experiments with metals. He put into the hands of sensitive persons, whose eyes were either closed or bandaged, metals of various kinds, and thus discovered that many could discriminate one metal from another by the distinctive influences or feelings which they gave. But let me read you a few paragraphs from his book."

Here in his own dear and emphatic manner he read extracts from the book, detailing numerous experiments which Dr. Buchanan had made to follow up the idea suggested by the experience of his Episcopal friend; that sugar, salt, pepper, acids and other sub-

stances of a decided taste were recognized and named by the touch alone, after being enclosed in paper and carefully removed from the cognizance of the other senses, in some instances no person present knowing the nature of the article experimented upon at the time of the trial; that of one hundred students in his College fifty-three signed a declaration to the effect that when various medicines then unknown to them had been enclosed in paper and held in their hands separately from five to twenty minutes, the effects produced by the medicine so held were precisely similar to the respective action of such medicines taken in the ordinary manner; and that when an emetic was being tested the person whom the experiment was being conducted could only avoid the usual effects by discontinuing the experiment; that certain inexpressible persons by placing the hand on various portions of the head and body of others, could produce the peculiar vital effects corresponding to the peculiar vital functions of the parts; nor was the contact absolutely necessary, highly sensitive persons coming into the presence of diseased individuals recognizing the disease and being able at once to locate it," that he found individuals so sensitive that the influence communicated by the writer to a letter could be recognized by them with closed eyes when the letter was placed on the forehead, in some cases the character and habits of the writer being described with remarkable accuracy.

"I have heard," remarked Jane, "of persons who can give character from seeing the hand writing, but that was entirely by inspecting the style." "Yes, the writing indicates something of the writer," said Hannah, "we look with interest at the hand writing of a person whom we have never seen, and it impresses us favorably or unfavorably if nothing more; 'business person, says one as he looks at a letter; 'energetic' says another, as he looks at the decided, mastery strokes of the pen; 'not much character,' says a third; we have often heard such remarks as this on hand writing; but this is quite different, I really cannot understand it, for the eyes of a person being closed he does not see the writing, and only judges by the feeling it produces on his mind, as I suppose, though it does not say how the character is recognized, does it, Mr. Meredith?"

"I think not." "May it not be," said Jane, who had been very quiet and thoughtful, "that there lie slumbering in the soul capabilities and possibilities, or faculties unknown, or at present unrecognized, but which will in the future be developed?"

"I can only judge of the future correctly by what we know of the past," Dr. Meredith replied; this, I think, would not lead us to suppose that new faculties will ever be developed. The race, it is true, is vastly superior in the present as compared with the past; from the childhood of the race we have attained some degree of mental stature, and our future capabilities may as yet be folded in the bud; the opening flower may be far more glorious than our most glowing conception; but yet if we look closely it will be seen that our progress has not been marked by the sudden acquisition of new faculties, but by the cultivation of those already existing and acting, though it may be in a minor degree. For instance: though at one period, and even at the present day among savage nations, rough implements of warfare a rough canoe were the best productions of the Organs of constructiveness and intellect, yet none will deny that our cannons, our other inventions are the results of the same faculties; but progress—the uplifting, improving, perfecting soul of all nature—has given strength, ability, comprehensiveness, not to faculties new or wholly dominant, but to those in a minor degree existing and acting."

"I withdraw the word faculties from my proposition, Doctor," said Jane, "and substitute development, for I am convinced so far, yet the every day actualities of the present were not even imagined in the past infancy of the race. May there not, however, be faculties of which the existence is recognized only by a few, their development having been kept back by unfavorable circumstances."

"For instance," said Hannah, as if continuing from the point of which Jane had stopped, "it has been proved that the mind of a person under mesmeric influence can describe diseases of individuals, visit places they have never seen and give the contents of books put in their hands, which they have not read, the latter being identical in character with Dr. Buchanan's experiments, the mind under mesmeric influence, William and I, and I presume all of us—have known no mesmeric subject to give the names of substances placed in their hands which they neither see nor felt, as the substances tested were either wrapped in paper or tied up in a handkerchief. The cause of these results and of those obtained by Dr. Buchanan's experiments must be identical."

"No supernatural explanation or theory will do," said the skeptical William; "there must be a substratum of naturalness having its foundation in the very constitution of man." "I don't know much about Mesmerism," said the Doctor; "but I think that you will find that subjects under mesmeric influence never give anything more than mere recollection of the operator's mind."

Nor when they give the contents of books never read either by the subject or the operator, and names of substances not seen and about which they know nothing at the time, replied Hannah.

"If the mind has such a faculty," said the Doctor, "then it must have universality of expression; it may be feeble and flickering like the first faint indications of day, but it can surely be perceived. Impression of the spirit's Divine influence, or any other theory out of the course of nature and applied independently of fixed general laws, would prove nothing to William there, who must have something comprehensive and universal in the nature of proof."

"I would like to put a question, friends," said Isaac Carman, "just here for our consideration; it is this: If, as we all believe, and know, a mesmeric subject can give the reflections from the operators mind—which means his opinions and knowledge—by the exercise of what faculty do you suppose this is accomplished?"

"There is the puzzle," said the Doctor, smiling; but perhaps as the mesmeric subject is in rapport only with the operator's mind, all outside of which is to such subject

a blank, it may be that the concentration of thought thus induced, can use as its vehicle only that which is open to it, and becomes a mouth-piece of the controlling mind; yet on reconsideration, this explanation can only apply to a portion of the facts, and will not cover those given by Hannah in which the whole perceptive faculties seem to be in some way intensified."

"In some way!" said Hannah in quite an animated manner; "yes, there is the knot we would like thee to untie, Doctor." "Jane," said the Doctor, tell us what you think about this knot? perhaps you can untie it; woman's fingers are far more expert than man's, I know, in unravelling a tangle or untying a knot."

"But not knotty questions," replied Jane, and a merry laugh went round. "Woman," continued Jane, "it is said, has more intuitiveness than man; now what is intuitiveness? Is it a faculty of the mind? A few passes of the hand cannot create a faculty; they can only induce the manifestation of one previously in existence. I should call the power by which a mesmeric subject is enabled to give the opinions or reflections of the operator's mind Intuitiveness. This gives a natural basis, and here we may find the universality, the every day expression, the day dawning which the Doctor says must have, if a natural faculty."

"If this faculty could only be expressed through the agency of mesmerism, I should not like it. One person is thus placed in the power of another—will, independence, self-control, and responsibility being laid down at the feet of the mesmeric operator; for this reason I should not care to devote much attention to that subject."

"But it appears from what the Doctor has read to us that this is not all; for independent of the control of another mind (or mesmerism) it would appear that in the normal condition persons can intuitively recognize the nature of substances and the characters of individuals; and this I think is just as natural a function of the organ of intuitiveness as for the organ of Tune to manifest itself in music, or that of Philoprogenitiveness in love for children."

"I have to announce the knot untied," said Hannah; "come here, Ponto, good fellow! he knows there is something all right; see how he wags his tail!" This unexpected interlude put a smile on their thoughtful faces.

William leaned forward his head shaking as it always did when expressing himself earnestly; he was seated a little out of the group, his eyes seeming only to rest on the ideas, for he looked at no one: "I think Jane is right; a faculty of intuitiveness gives it a natural basis, which it must have. Let us look at this faculty in its elementary phases: We are introduced to one or more persons; they leave, and we inquire, How do you like Mr. A. or Mrs. B? We may not have conversed with them—may not have been one minute in their company; yet we are of course expected to have formed an opinion, however slight, which we do whenever we are brought into contact with others; we even come to conclusions frequently, respecting persons we meet casually in the street; by what process do we arrive at such conclusions? not by anything we know of the individuals; not by the reasoning faculties; not by any comparisons or deductions, but by a power far more subtle which we may name Intuitiveness. We may by understanding phrenology or physiognomy and combining one or both of these with this universal power, be enabled to give the character of a stranger more in detail. I have met with those who disbelieved in phrenology, but who said that their first impressions of a person were always correct. Who does not know that such first impressions are more to be relied upon than subsequent and deliberate study of individual peculiarities! How often we endeavor to crush back and silence those earliest intuitions the truth of which years afterwards we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge! This faculty seems searching and subtle in its nature, and the very core and essence of the soul, and quick electricity takes in its quality, and calibre. How common are such remarks as the following: 'I like M's society very much, yet I all the time feel that there is something wrong about him; or I don't like that man and I don't think I ought to go into business with him.' Yet this intuitive monition was crushed back as a superstitious fancy, unreliable, because nothing regarded as definite was known against the man at the time; but afterwards, when disappointment, pecuniary loss, even robbery follow from the connection thus formed against intuition, but in accordance apparently with other senses of information we hear: 'Had I but followed my impressions of the man I would never have gone into business with him.' So when misfortune and disappointment follow as the result of a certain course of action, we frequently hear, 'I have felt all the time that this would come.'"

"These are trifling examples," he continued, "but are they not universal and universally recognized; they may be laughed at and denied by many; yet there lives not a soul who has not been individually cognizant of such or similar intuitions, either in himself or in persons of his acquaintance. These, I claim, constitute the A B C or foundation of the more developed facts given by Buchanan in his 'Journal of Man.'"

"Sister Jessie and I have often thought that we could never be surprised by company," said Jane; "for we feel 'impressed' (emphasizing that Quaker word and smiling) when we are going to have visitors."

"And I always know when I'm going to have a letter," said Hannah. Here a general confession followed of the same character.

"Father," said Mrs. Meredith, referring to the minister; "often says, 'I believe there is a letter in the post-office for me, so I'll take a walk and see.'"

"I wonder whether I'm the A B or C of this faculty," said Dr. Meredith. "I claim," said William, "that all spring from the same source—intuitiveness. Now who believes that these 'impressions' are Divine? Who believes that the Great Father sends his spirit here, there, and everywhere to impress people that visitors are coming, or that a letter lies in the post-office for them? We all believe that the source—the cause—lies within ourselves; 'fancy,' some may term it, but the universality of these impressions evidently springs from intuitiveness. We cannot believe that these are supernatural, divine, or even in any sense supermundane in their origin; they are too common, too every day in expression, entering as they do into all the ramifications of life, to be of

Divine origin in any direct or especial sense. This faculty has been laughed at and denied for centuries; has been crushed back as superstitious (with which it has sometimes been mingled), classed with witchcraft and old wives' fables; yet it lives and speaks, for it is a part of ourselves, and as Dr. Buchanan has demonstrated, susceptible of cultivation."

"Having passed through the alphabet," said Thomas Martindale, "suppose we commence spelling, and peradventure we will ere long be able to read this wonderful volume so singularly placed in our hands; if so large a proportion of students in the Cincinnati Eclectic College were found to possess the gift may not at least one of us be able not only to discriminate substances, but by careful and systematic culture realize yet nearer the dominion of the intuitive over the imaginative; perhaps Jane or Hannah may be the fortunate seer in whom adheres this once mystic power."

"O, good! Ponto," said Hannah; "here, dog! here Ponto! let me put a gold dollar in thy nose; there—what is it? O, see its effects! see its effects! how he jingles! We'll send him by express to Dr. Buchanan!"

While all smiled at Hannah's fun, William Tilghman rejoined: "Yes, friend Martindale, I propose that we test this among ourselves; I like the theory, for it shows a natural basis for all phenomena; it sweeps away very much rubbish called 'mystery' which is, in truth, 'the mother of all abominations'; impressions, presentiments, &c. often puzzle my brain, for I can accept no out-of-the-flesh theory."

"We may, or the race may," said the minister rising to go, for it was late, "approach nearer the line of division which separates, or marks a supposed separation between, heaven and earth; and yet which can be but a mathematical rather than a tangible division inasmuch as the nature of things indicates a blending—a point at which discrimination between them becomes impossible, as by the law of correspondence it must be. Between and among all creation lies no arbitrary dividing line, like prison bars, which cannot be passed; and the glorious future will witness the realization of Jacob's vision when the sav angels and men descending and ascending the ladder between heaven and earth."

"But," continued the minister, let us to dream-land; by-the-by, I wonder if this organ of intuitiveness does not wander there very often and gather us posies of prophecy?" (To be Continued.)

COMPOUND INTEREST.
BY MARY V. VICTOR.
Benjamin had a golden coin, one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him, it lay,
Until the doubled coin it pleased to see;
And these two, four, so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adams is!" and bowed the head.

Benjamin had a golden coin, that day,
Which to a stranger sacking slaves he gave,
Who went, rejoicing, on his unknown way;
Benjamin did to poor to own a grave;
Dust, when he's seal reached heaven, angels with pride,
Shook him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

For the Present Age.
Women in Convention-Dress.
Having a day of indisposition, when not quite well enough to take up the active duties of life, yet hardly sick enough to lay them entirely aside; I had turned with annual from one object to another and my thoughts wandered wearily from subject to subject, when my eye resting upon a late number of the PRESENT AGE, I read with increasing interest, until my whole soul drank in, in its fullest grand ideas of PROGRESSION. Article after article was read, digested and approved, until the heading "Woman's Suffrage Convention," met my eye. Here, thought I is the climax reached, and I silently asked in my soul "Watchman what of the night?"

Is the morning really breaking over the hills, and does the sunlight truly appear? I read, "The Convention was called to order by Mrs. E. C. Stanton, President of the National Suffrage Convention, who was attired in a silk skirt. To her right were seated Miss Paulina W. Davis, dressed in blue silk and black velvet jacket, etc. My heart sank back within me as I thought, morning must come but not yet in the fullness of its glory. Woman stands too far behind, or vanity would never be thrust foremost in her face at every turn."

Why is it that women, when they meet in Convention, full of thought for woman's good, must ever have dress and fashion kept in such prominence before them, what matters it whether her dress be black or blue, long or short, if her shoe button, or lace, I cried for shame—for shame that it must be so.

Woman has been too long a butterfly of fashion, and now, when the times call for her to be an equal—not a toy, when the call comes that they take their place in the ranks beside fathers, husbands and brothers, let them lay—in Convention—at least—this folly aside. In fancy I read of a Republican Convention where Senator S, in a long blue coat and brilliant gilt buttons responded, nobly, followed by Mr. N, in his usual happy manner attired in standing collar, with exquisite high heeled boots and spurs. The dress adds but little to the occasion, and in proportion to its prominence detracts from the respect due to intellect, which should rise above it. So with woman, while dress is placed on equality or paramount to good common sense so long will it remain a barrier to her social and intellectual progression; not but that the love of the beautiful is so deeply implanted in her soul that she will dress becomingly and attractively, yet it should never be with the sacrifice and subjection of the better part as it has been too long in the past.

EMMA CHURCH.
STURGIS, Feb., 6th, 1870.

Rev. A. C. Cox estimates that there are from 16,000 to 18,000 lost women in New York, and that of these, 6000 will die before the close of 1870. Is Christianity doing its duty by them? Of 2000 examined on Blackwell's Island 101 were daughters of clergymen, bankers, and professional men; 37 of merchants, and 440 of farmers. The number of lost men not given.

STURGIS, Feb., 6th, 1870.

PROF. E. WHIFFLE, Associate Editor. J. MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, Associate Editor. J. S. LOVELAND, Editor Philosophical Dept. Mrs. E. L. WATSON, Mrs. S. A. HORTON, A. B. FAXON, Corresponding Editors. DR. F. L. WILLIS, Editors New York Department. Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS, Editors New York Department.

All communications for this Department should be addressed, No. 16 West 24th St., New York City.

ANNIE D. CHIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, Feb'y. 26, 1870.

For the Present Age.

THE IDEAL NOT REAL.

O days, dear days, which were cruel to me! Why need I think of you ever again? You tarnished a dream which was sanctity in a process of sleep, and I grieve since then; I leave, one year, on a sunlit height, Apollo, or somewhat as grand as he All mantled in billows of frosty light And shaking the air with his melody.

I folded my eyelids and harkened long; Then I said, my soul, is a god who singeth? Wondrous if thou wilt, thou canst do no wrong For they who are gods do not sinful things. So reverent, prayerful, my praise went up, And floods of sweetness came rolling back— I thought "true-leaves couldst thou give me, cup, For this dream will sweeten so much!"—Alack.

How promptly I said when the world looked dark, And people were slipping and falling down "Behold the beauty of him I mark, How regally splendid from feet to crown! 'Tis sweet to know he can never sink! In the southern whirl of a wicked world; To have completeness, wherewith to think When sin crowds heavy and eyes are pained."

Now hear me I are in the Autumn time I silently looked to the dear god's shrine, I drank his music, I breathed his rhyme, The soul of the singer was reading mine; When, quick from the billows of frosty light, He hastened to me, and kissed my cheek; His lips were sweet, and my soul was white, But suddenly I was false and weak.

And kissing the fingers which made me so, And crying for pity, and truth, and strength I laid my head in the dust!—so low! Was I for the love of a god, at length? He kissed me, and over and over again, His white hands stroving my robes with dust, And vanished my lips were all white with pain, My dream was dead in the arms of Fate.

Vain Boasting.

We have never been able to see the advantage to our cause, or any benefit to be gained by boasting of our "eleven millions of Spiritualists" in the United States, even were the claim based on reliable statistics. If it were true the greater would be our disgrace, the deeper our humiliation, for having accomplished so little. Think of it, eleven millions of Spiritualists, and not a University, a College, or an educational institution of any kind! Not an Asylum for any of the wretched suffering ones of earth; not even an institution, humble though it might be, to which our worn out mediums, whose sensitive organisms have early yielded beneath the conflicts and antagonisms of an opposing, frowning world! No public libraries even in our largest cities, where can be found collected five hundred volumes of liberal or scientific works? Not a Temple consecrated to Humanity, where the people can assemble and listen to the gospel of angel ministrations, and the grand promises to the human soul, and its possibilities as proclaimed by the heralds of the new religion, nature's divine revelations! No, none of these! What have we? A few hundred weary, suffering, way-faring mediums, women and men; suffering because only half paid for services actually rendered; these are invited to untidy public halls rented for the purpose; and in most of the larger cities an admittance fee demanded at the door, to raise the few dollars that are doled out to the speakers as remuneration; and this too in places where Spiritualists, at least claiming to be such, can be pointed out worth hundreds of thousands, and in some instances millions of dollars! Besides this we can boast of four or five Spiritual papers, not more than one or two of the number self-sustaining, being kept alive by the self-sacrificing efforts of half a dozen individuals.

This is our present condition, humiliating as it may be to thus appear before the world; nevertheless facts are stubborn things and we cannot gainsay them. Let no one cherish the hope that in this brief allusion to our true status before the world we have exaggerated, for be it known that we could make the picture yet more undesirable to look upon, should we refer to the dissensions and oppositions within our own ranks to every proposed measure to remedy this existing state of things.

We have heard so much of this vain boasting of "eleven millions," that self respect in view of the little we have accomplished, and the facts, demand that the statement so often made, sometimes even by our speakers, should be questioned, and we think for our credit denied. If those making the assertion, refer to all who believe in a spiritual existence after the death of the body, which would include all of the christian church, Protestant and Catholic as well as Spiritualists proper, in contradistinction to materialists of all classes, Atheists, Adventists etc., the estimate probably could be accepted. This however is not the statement, which is, that the number of Spiritualists, i. e. those who believe not only in a continued individualized existence, but in an open intercourse with the spirit world, and in the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, number eleven millions!

This is the statement which we not only question, but believe to be a most egregious exaggeration, and at least ten times our actual numbers.

We think no one will question the correctness of our statement, that Michigan, in proportion to its population, numbers as many Spiritualists as any state in the Union. We have had probably a better opportunity than any other person, from our intimate connection for a number of years with the organic work in this state, to ascertain something near our actual number. We have had this question before us, and as we desired to obtain a correct answer, have made our estimates by towns and counties, and if we have erred either way it has been towards the greatest numbers. From these memorandums we estimate ten of the most popular counties like Wayne, Oakland, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Len-

awee, etc., to average one thousand each, twenty counties to average five hundred each, and twenty of the most sparsely settled two hundred and fifty each, which will aggregate twenty-five thousand. This we believe to be an over estimate, but taking this number to be correct, and estimating our population at one million, and the United States at forty millions, which in both cases will be found by the next census, to be very nearly correct would give us one million as the number of Spiritualists in the United States. We presume that any close investigator would detect a great error in this estimate, for it is based upon the idea that there are as many Spiritualists in South Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia and all the southern states as in Michigan, which is obviously erroneous. Probably of not more than three or four states, would this estimate hold good. We may therefore come to the conclusion that making the most liberal estimate, we cannot justly claim more than seven hundred and fifty thousand Spiritualists in the United States. Our estimate would be five hundred thousand.

We doubt not this estimate will be treated with contempt by some sanguine Spiritualists, who love to estimate their strength according to their numbers, by the way, a very unsafe rule to adopt. We believe this self gratulation has been productive of no good, but has led not only to vain boasting as to numbers, causing us to appear ridiculous in the view of others, and over confident in our own strength.

We would not by any means underrate the great work accomplished by the wonderful manifestations of spirit power, through the various media by which the world has been favored during the last twenty years. We know that the strong holds of a super-natural religion have been taken, the advocates of partialism are retreating before the grand army of progress, and those who have assumed to be the chosen of heaven to guide the people spiritually, are fleeing, vainly trying to hide themselves and the hideousness of their theological views from the illuminating rays of the sunlight of the New Dispensation. Of all this we are aware, and we rejoice in view of what has been accomplished, and look for yet greater manifestations of Spirit power. But we realize that the great battle is yet to be fought. The whole christian world, Catholic and Protestant are soon to be united, against the army of Liberalists of which the Spiritualists compose the Advance Guard. The conflict will be a severe one, and we believe the victory will be glorious; but our earthly forces must be properly directed, and the time has fully come for a greater devotedness and willingness to sacrifice money, time and talent, in fact a full consecration of our all to the great conflict between the opposing armies. Let us realize that the strength of an army consists not in numbers, but in the intelligence and love of its individual soldiers and their consecration to the cause for which they fight. Thus armed we can with fortitude advance, sure of victory on the side of Humanity.

"We rise in glory, as we sink in pride; Where boasting ends, there dignity begins."

Reforms and Reform.

This is emphatically an age of transition. The expectant millions are turning their gaze with absorbing interest toward the future. Old schemes are being abandoned and new projects undertaken. Former usages are becoming obsolete, and new codes are being instituted. The very fabric of Society seems threatened with the universal spirit of innovation.

The elements of change are abroad in the air, revolutionary upheavals are impending, and we welcome them. But we behold in these disturbances only an announcement! The entire scope and full meaning of this movement, its more involved connection with the details of social life, we can at best but faintly discern. The unsatisfactory experiments of the past, the elements of unrest that surge through society, and the needs of the soul which a better system of mental science familiarizes us with, are the only data we have from which to estimate the ends foreshadowed by the present agitation of thought. While the torch of the incendiary is being applied to the crumbling edifices which contain the precious relics of a waning civilization, we naturally enough enquire about the materials which it is "proposed to embrace in the new structure. It is not surprising that many should pause on the threshold of the grandest revolution in history, uncertain whether to move forward, and in the midst of the din of contending factions, reflect if it were not better to turn back and accept the precedents of their fathers which have served the race so long, rather than hazard the experiment of theories which the vaunted wisdom of the ages has pronounced destructive to the permanency of society. But again we reflect, that each forward step taken to improve the institutions of men, has been attended with this hazard. Had it not been for the bold spirit of innovation, Greece would never have instituted the ode of monogamy, and Polygamy would have remained unquestioned.

It will readily be conceded that the present state of society is not all which the philanthropist could wish. Intemperance and poverty are the inheritance of the masses. Woman is dependent; children are unwelcome in the majority of earthly homes; festering sores are on the body politic, and Christian precedents furnish no adequate remedy for most of these ills. Hence the existing state of unrest, the violent radicalisms in certain quarters, the social disruptions which distract Society. These are symptoms of a wide spread disease which has taken deep root in the social mass, and it will remain there, however much we strive to hide the symptoms, until the proper remedy is found and applied.

It is not our purpose here to suggest any Utopian schemes, or urge the adoption of any impossible social codes. We aim to be practical. We take account of the incidents which attach to society as it is, and would counsel the avoidance of a crisis of revolution, while peaceable means are competent to secure the changes needed. We do not expect the race

will compass at a single bound the distance which separates the present from the ideal future. We are all participating in a common movement. Those who are on the mountain tops catch the first glimpse of the new morning, and for heralding the tidings to an unwelcome world, they are denounced as deceivers and impostors. To whom is first vouchsafed this higher privilege is also directed the reproach of cotemporaries. We continue to build monuments to the martyred dead and "stone the living prophets." Those who consecrate their lives to the future good, must consent to be misunderstood in their own generation.

As long as men need restraint, arbitrary restrictions must exist, and as the ties which unite good men with the aggregate humanity cannot be severed, they must share the inconvenience arising from these restrictions, and suffer from the misjudgments of those who never experience emotions above the plane of brutish instincts. A life, such as Jesus declared the angels live, if attempted to be realized at present on earth, would be so far out of all relation with existing public sentiment as to jeopardize all peace and harmony, and convert the community which should hazard such an experiment into a social hell. The best change which it is possible to effect in any single period, is a compromise between the ideal future and the actual present.

It would seem therefore, that the true social reformer who is governed by wisdom, will not insist on the immediate adoption of anything more than provisional social arrangements. It was by the adoption of provisional explanations in astronomy, that the passage from the old astronomy to the new was effected, and the true explanations at last found. So in geology and chemistry; the adoption of hypothetical elements and properties bridged the chasm between the unknown and the known. It is not because we would dodge the grave issues of the century that we talk thus. We conceive this to be nature's method of growth. This generation is not the first link nor the last in the race-line, but one in the midst of a vast series, which stretches indefinitely backward in the past, and prospectively forward into the future. As each successive link became objectively manifest in a natural order in all past time, so must a similar order be observed through all future time.

Amid the conflicts which now convulse the social world, there is at least one question which is assuming daily importance, and in regard to which public sentiment is assuming unmistakable character—the Suffrage of Woman. The most thoughtful minds see grave consequences incident to her elevation. Suffrage and education are the highway to woman's independence. Her independence once secured, woman will exercise her prerogative over the province of maternity, by placing that check upon the excessive increase of population, which nature has hitherto imposed in the form of pestilence and war. And other results which will follow woman's independence, are the conditions under which she will accept marriage. In the present state of society, she has three alternatives; marriage, prostitution, or starvation. Her independence will place her above these alternatives, and she will be able to become a voluntary party to the terms which shall be honorable to her womanhood. With woman's elevation and independence, slavery will die, and the yoke of tyranny will be broken, men will be redeemed from their lust, children welcomed in our households. This is the reform on which others hinge, and if this generation effects no other, the nineteenth century will have performed its mission.

W.

Words from a bereaved Mother.

Recently while in attendance at the Children Progressive Lyceum in Kalamazoo, we noticed a stranger present a beautiful little girl of eight years full of life and animation apparently deeply interested in the Lyceum exercises. We enquired and found the visitor to be the daughter of our friends Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Merriman, of Jackson. A few days after the news came that "Darling Birdie" had gone to dwell with the Angels! Oh how sad to the sorrowing parents, and yet it is beautiful to go thus in all the innocence of childhood.

"O' such, is the Kingdom of heaven." We deeply sympathize with our good brother and sister. We can do so, for we have passed through those waters deep. But Birdie is not lost, only gone before, and

"He who plants within our hearts All this deep affection Giving, when the form departs, Fateless recollection, Will but clasp th' unborn chain Closer when we meet again."

To day we received from the Mother the account of Birdie's departure, and the out-gushings of the Mother heart in the beautiful stanzas that follow:

Passed from earth-life, Feb. 6th, with diphtheria, "Birdie" daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi G. Merriman, aged eight years and seven months.

It was midnight, when the last breath fluttered through the pale lips, and left the little form before us, cold and pulseless. None save those who heavenward look for children gone, can measure half our agony. Can we live on and "Birdie" gone? O! Heaven, if this were all, then might we answer, No. The clouds hang heavy, and low, but we, trusting in the light beyond strain our weak vision for one glimpse of day. Assured our loved one can, and will return. Darling Birdie,

Let not our falling tears, bring any grief to you Trying to your eyes unbidden, like Nature's gathered dew You have only gone before us, to join the Angel band, And we know we'll surely meet you, in the bright summer land.

We miss you every moment, we miss you every where, For with your sweet, and gentle way, you brightened every care, The days are long without you, we are very lonely dear, And only your loved presence, we feel our hearts can cheer

Then come to us our birdling, back to the parent nest, And tell us you are happy there, and that you have found rest; So often you have sung to us of "that bright shining shore" We know you now have reached it, but do return once more.

But little time has passed away, since from the Earth you flew, The road that backward leads to us, right easily you'll know, Then won't you spread your angel wings, some mild and quiet even, And hasten back to tell us, of your happy home in Heaven.

Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

We were glad to absent ourselves from our sanctum one day two weeks since, for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the above named order in Michigan. The men and women assembled on that occasion, were indeed noble representatives of an order instituted for the accomplishment of one of the noblest objects, viz, the salvation of our race from the appalling effects of intemperance. We have no space to devote this week to a consideration of the claims of this order, upon the sympathy and active support of every philanthropist and patriot, or of the terrible results of the rum traffic, the cause of four-fifths of "all our woe." But we do desire ever to be understood, in our private and public capacity, to stand pledged to oppose this monster vice in all its hideous forms. We are glad to be able to co-operate with the order of Good Templars, and with every other association, having the same object in view, however widely we may otherwise differ. This session of the Grand Lodge was favored by the presence of Right Worthy Grand Templar, J. H. Orne of Mass., who was formally introduced, and presided over its deliberations. The following named persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

G. W. C. T.—Rev. John Russell, of Jackson; G. W. C.—E. C. Manchester, of Battle Creek. G. W. V. T.—Hattie Faxon, of Ada. G. W. S.—John Evans, of Bellevue. G. W. T.—B. A. Harlan, of Grand Rapids.

Representatives elected to the Grand Lodge to be held in St. Louis in May next; Rev. John Russell, Col. D. M. Fox, John Evans, B. A. Harlan

ALTERNATES.—Mrs. Blodgett, E. C. Manchester, T. A. Granger, Mrs. S. G. Knight.

We cannot refrain from giving one reason why we think the Order of Good Templars, should receive the favorable consideration and sympathy of the friends of Woman Suffrage, and that is it has always admitted women to all its privileges. As untiring workers, as wise counselors, as almoners of charity, as efficient officers, women do as good service to the order as men can. The order, in addition to its usefulness in promoting the cause of total abstinence, has been bearing testimony in favor of granting to women equal privileges with men, and has been educating women for the responsibilities of the franchise. Many men and women in the order are heartily in sympathy with the movement to extend the right of suffrage to women. We notice a Lodge in the East recently passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That we believe that our order should use its whole influence in the direction of giving woman the ballot, so that she may aid us by her vote, as well as by her noble work in other ways, in crushing the "Rum Rebellion."

Would it not be well for all the friends of temperance to consider the help that women might bring, if they could vote, to men who are wellighly overpowered by the friends of Rum and Rain?

How gladly good women, not only among those who do not suffer directly from intemperance, but also from the drunkard's and the rum-seller's homes, would vote for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors! Will the temperance party be victorious at the ballot box, while women cannot vote against the remorseless enemies of home and every righteous institution? We believe this question can be answered only in the negative.

W.

Real Life in the Spirit Land.

Mrs. Maria M. King's new Book, which has been advertised in our columns, is worthy the perusal of all who are interested in the Spiritual Philosophy; it being a portrayal of some of the most important principles of our faith. It calls attention to the future life, and to the means in the power of mortals to use to fit themselves for life's duties here and hereafter. It is of practical value to any who are anxious to study the theories of Spiritualists and Mediums, for the purpose of deducing a consistent system of faith concerning the future, its rewards and punishments, &c.; as it establishes a basis in reason for its propositions, and asks no blind acceptance of statements, but enjoins the strictest analysis of them. The book is written in a style that commends it to readers who desire a plain statement of important truths. The public should understand the merits of this work, and its low price will enable all who desire to place in their libraries a work so eminently calculated to interest and instruct. It is well adapted to Lyceums, being suited to old and young. For sale at this office at \$1.00, and postage 14c.

The father of a child in Waterford, Ct., who is a Catholic, has brought suit against a school teacher for whipping his child for refusing to read a Protestant Bible.—Exchange.

We have no doubt cases of this kind will multiply under the effect of the decision of the Ohio Judges as reported. It is said they have decided (one of the three dissenting) that School Boards have no right to prohibit the reading of the Christian Bible in the common schools; virtually deciding this to be a Christian nation, thus giving us a State religion.

We await for a correct report of the court's opinion, majority and minority before extended comments. We apprehend, however, that this decision of two Judges, (one Methodist, the other Episcopalian, the dissenting member a liberal Unitarian) will have no more effect upon the agitation of this question, than did the "Dred Scott" case upon the public mind in relation to the slavery question. It will intensify the interest and probably embolden the sects in their demands, as did the decision referred to, the slaveholders, and the result will be to unite all the friends of our common schools in an effort to preserve them from all religious instruction as the only safety and hope for a universal secular education, without which our republican government must fall. We shall cherish the hope that the sects may forbear and not exemplify as in the case of the slaveholders, the adage "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Kalamazoo County Circle.

The Annual meeting was held last Sunday. Rev. J. H. Averill, our State Agent was with us for the first time, and delivered two deeply interesting and instructive lectures. It was the unanimous expression of all who listened that the State Association has this time been fortunate in getting the "right man in the right place." Brother Averill is a man of culture and of experience, a gentleman of refinement and of social qualifications that recommend him in private as well as public. As a speaker he will rank with our first, and better than all his soul is in the work. Our friends in different parts of the State need have no hesitancy in asking the State Agent to visit them, fearful that he will manifest a greater interest for his pay, than to impart spiritual truth.

At a business meeting in the afternoon, Samuel Langdon, Wm Mc Carthy and Mrs. Capt Logan were elected Trustees. At a subsequent meeting of Trustees, Dr. Wm Weyburn was elected President. Capt Logan Sec. and John Hogeboom Treas. of the association to serve as such the ensuing year.

An important advance movement was made which promises a better condition of things financially, by amending the Constitution so as to require the payment of at least the sum of fifty cents annually to constitute membership, and providing for the appointment of one financial Agent in each town, who will be furnished with the Constitution and proper blanks for obtaining signatures and funds, by which the association hope to be able to obtain a speaker whose entire time shall be devoted to work in the County.

Thus the work moves on; the spiritualist everywhere having become satisfied that we cannot hope to succeed without some systematic financial basis upon which to work. We see a gradual growth from a chaotic condition to one of order and hence of harmony. We earnestly recommend to all our County Circles a full consideration of the subject.

We look upon the plan for the appointment of an agent in each town as an important movement. This agent can be provided with two blanks one for membership in the County Circle, and the other an annual subscription with the provision that all amounts pledged shall be expended in payment for speakers in the town where subscribed.

Hudson Tuttle's "Career of the Christ-Idea in History."

This volume which is a companion of the "Career of the God-Idea" recently noticed in the PRESENT AGE, is in press, and will be ready for delivery as soon as it can pass through the hands of the binders. It deals with its subject in the same manner that the "God-Idea" is treated in the first. That volume has met with as unequalled praise from the liberal press, and as little criticism from the religious, as has fallen to the lot of any recent publication. Hudson Tuttle is not only radical, he is absolutely fearless, and the only thing that excites a shadow of reverence in him, is what he considers truth.

We learn that this volume is to be quickly followed by a third "Career of Religious Ideas, their ultimate the Religion of Science," and that his publishers already have placed in the printer's hands his "Arcana of Spiritualism, a Manual of spiritual Science and Philosophy," which is the fruit of fifteen years' mediumship and research. The friends of the Harmonical Philosophy, the world over, especially all who desire a higher standard of Spiritual Literature, will rejoice that this already eminent author is devoting more of his time than heretofore to this work, and will look with interest for the forthcoming volumes as herein announced.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1870.

EDITOR "PRESENT AGE." Your journal comes to me and calls up thoughts of valued friends in our "Pennisular State," where are men and women seeking to use the Present that the Future may be richer and wiser. For the generous kindness, the thoughtful intelligence, and the liberal views, of the better sort of its people I prize Michigan, and am glad it is to be home. Further back my mind turns to the beautiful valley of the Connecticut in the heart of the Old Bay State, and there is ever a warm place in my heart for that dear home of my childhood. Well and nobly does Whittier say of New England:

Land of the forest and the rock, Of dark blue lake and flowing river, Of mountains reared aloft to meet The storm's career, the lightning's shock, Mine own green land forever! The nursery of noble men, Whose deeds have linked with every glen, And every hill, and every stream, The romance of some glorious dream! Oh! never may a son of thine, Where'er his wandering steps incline, Forget the sky that bended o'er him, His childhood like a dream of love."

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Yesterday, passing through the great Rotunda, under the central dome of the Capitol, I looked up, above pictures and pillars, and delicate carving of solid stone, to the wondrous symmetry and beauty of the lofty ceiling and the rich colors of the fresco painting, near two hundred feet above my head. I saw in the room of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate a score of large photographs—framed and hung in good light on the walls—views of the Yosemite valley; water falls 800 feet high, walls of massive granite shoot up 3,000 feet, battlements and towers of nature's building; solid rocks reared by some mighty upheaval of subtle yet resistless forces, all reproduced with vivid faithfulness. The great dome, the Rotunda, the Capitol, dwarfed beside these revelations of the primeval forces.

As the outside world moves, so this little world in Washington is moved (let the people note that, and if they would move Congress and all else here, move themselves in organic force by petition &c., for all good things), and the "coming event" of woman's suffrage "casts its shadow before" in the way of some talk and more respect than of old. All well—for the house must be set in due order, that woman may enter.

But I hardly know what this letter is about, for I began it in a spare hour, amidst a pressure of many affairs, not knowing what it would be—something in the mood in which Burns wrote one of his poetical epistles to a friend, when he said:

"Perhaps it may turn out a song, Perhaps turn out a sermon!" At any rate it conveys a word of remembrance to many whom I hope again to see.

THE PRESENT AGE grows; the Philosophical Department is a good thought, ably realized, and must be of benefit. If the AGE grows, of course its subscribers should grow, for each must keep pace with the work; and with the suggestion that this is worth remembering, I may well end.

Truly yours, G. B. STUBBINS.

Movements of State Agent.

Brother Averill will speak next week as follows: At Whitakers' Corners, seven miles from Ypsilanti, Wednesday evening, March 2d; at Oakville, Thursday evening, 3rd inst., Sunday March 6th, at Raisinville, and will labor at places as the friends may arrange in Monroe county, until March 15th.

One important matter we wish to urge upon the Spiritualists wherever Brother Averill goes, and that is, the Board of Trustees have put him into the field without a dollar in their hands to promise as compensation; and we cannot too strongly impress upon those to whom our agent may render service, the necessity of paying him. Brother A. has a family to support and should be paid, but if our friends wait for him to urge his own claims upon them he will get no pay. Will our Spiritualists and Liberalists for once be, not merely generous, but just pay for what they get. Our Agent goes to you with Spiritual truths; does not justly demand that you pay? Our brother has not gone into the work for the sake of the pay. No man or woman within our knowledge is simple enough to enter the ranks of Spiritualism now, in any department of labor expecting compensation in dollars and cents; the well known inefficiency of Spiritualists in this direction gives no hope to any one expecting even a reasonable compensation for services actually rendered.

Besides paying brother A. for his services, we hope he may be successful in securing Memberships to our State Association; the money thus raised being used to pay for past missionary labor in this State at the same time the Membership of our State Association is thereby increased.

One Hundred and Five.

We use the above words as a heading, because we write for the benefit of others who are at work for us, and to indicate what one man can do. Dr. J. V. Spencer, of Battle Creek, while pursuing his ordinary business, has obtained, including those sent this week (fourteen), one hundred and five new subscribers to the PRESENT AGE in less than two months. Battle Creek is now the banner town as to numbers. We send to that office weekly, one hundred and forty-two papers to paying subscribers. We expect to see the number increase to two hundred, with the help of other friends who are working there. Many of Dr. Spencer's subscribers receive their papers at other offices.

We thank our friends in other places, who are working for us. Number of subscribers received during the past week, eighty-two.

Practical Work.

It must be apparent to every thinking Spiritualist that we are approaching a crisis in our history, which, while it may in no way affect the perpetuity of the essential truths of our philosophy, must to a great extent determine the fate of spiritualists.

The phenomena are already on the decline. The chain of the circle is in a measure broken, and the demands of a thinking and progressive age cannot longer be met by the bare repetition of the wonder. We have seen and others are witnessing wonderful deeds. True as these facts are and have been, they cannot alone meet the exigencies of the times. They do not solve the mysteries of life, nor can they work out for us the great problem of destiny. It requires earnest practical work to revolutionize society and uproot the world's prejudices and passions. They excite thought, but do not alone direct it. They stimulate to action, but it is reserved for us to make such action so wise and practical as shall serve to enlarge the soul and minister to its innate requirements. To fold our hands in inglorious ease, and wait for our friends on the other side to work out for us the development of those powers bequeathed to us by the Infinite, only reduces us to mere automatons, destitute of that self-sacrificing and heroic action that makes human life divine. Hence they who wait for the spirit world to do their work occupy the same position, as the Christian who calls on God to do the work his own head and hands require for their growth and unfoldment.

As yet we have wholly failed to do our part. We have waited already quite too long—so long that our repose has become tiresome; and our natures rebel against our inactivity. The disquietude of indolence rather than the weariness of noble, generous toil pervades our ranks. With folded hands we stand gazing at the "crumbling walls and falling towers" of hoary systems, forgetting our hands must help to build the Eternal Temple of progress. Many of us have exhibited a chronic disgust for all systematic and constructive effort, and have impugned the motives of those who have attempted to inaugurate such methods with an uncharitable spirit. The want of unity has proved our own weakness. Our danger is from within, not from without. We have rendered ourselves ridiculous before the world—then censured it for smiling. It is high time we awoke and confronted our destiny.

The National College as yet only exists in the hopes of its friends, while we are liberally supporting sectarian institutions and have means in abundance to build it. Our state associations are perishing for the dollars that spiritualists are paying to churches with which they have no sympathy. Many of our local societies are wrestling with grim penury, while their members have fine homes, broad acres and fruitful fields. There is scarcely a state in the north and west but has spiritualists enough to liberally support a paper of its own, yet many have started and only existed long enough to yield their lives as a sad memento to the indifference of spiritualists. Others are still beating against the tide with a heroism worthy a better fate. One by one our lecturers leave the glory-crowned summit of inspiration, and join the multitudes in the valleys that environ it. Who shall blame them? While their brows were fanned by the breath of the angels,

YEARNINGS.

There is a time in all men's lives, when hope seems into promise budding. But trusting in a siren voice, too many a down the stream are floating; There is a time when passions rife, within each human bosom swelling; Despite all noble efforts made, they still will amoult and keep burning; There is a life unsatisfied, unanalyzed, still brighter glowing; Upon the altar of the Soul, for which each heart the while is yearning.

There is a fountain ever full, from whence all blessings are outflowing; And to that source each thirsty soul, will sometime find its footsteps wending; There is a joy that ne'er takes form; nor word can give a true expression; That fills the soul with hope and trust; 'tis when we strive to do good's bidding; There is a light that dims the sun; in its pure effluence glowing; But few there are who dare to gaze, for there are angel faces shining.

There are some clouds beneath whose frown; our timid souls in sorrow bowing, Are like the fancies of early morn, when part reveal a silver lining; There are some scenes in humble life, that stir the souls of those believing; In recompense for suffering here, and victories won over not complaining; There is a hope inborn in all, that life shall end not with the giving of bidding; And hopes thus formed are Gods own voice, and none need fear for his unchanging.

HARRIS BURRO.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1870.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No. 15 Philadelphia Row, 11th St., East Washington, D. C.

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

LULA.

BY LUTELIA CLARK.

Just four years old today, For a winter flower was she, And never a child or fay And father could ever be.

Brow white as the snowy drift, Eyes blue as the midday sky, Lips bright as the opening rose's rift, Where June's red splendore lie.

Hands blue from morning light, And feet they are never still, Sweetest speech of twirling with laughter and light, And a wild and wayward will.

Sweet Lula! just four to-day And never a thought of care; Ah! would that the swift-winged years might stay And keep her ever so fair.

Deal gently, O Time, with my sprite, Kiss lightly her fair, white brow, And her heart of faith, and her eyes of light, O, leave to the Fates of now.

Willie and Jessie.

CHAP. IV.

"Please mamma," said my little boy after he had read the last PRESENT AGE, "please mamma tell more about Willie and Jessie. I like continued stories."

"Very well, darling, then I will write a continued story and I will tell you all I know about Willie and Jessie; that is a good idea - so I will sit down at once and commence Chapter Fourth, will that do?"

"Yes, do mamma, do!"

"So I will," I replied; "then go and play for an hour or two, and when you return I will read you the fourth chapter."

He is gone, and while I write I can see him in the distance running after a young goat. Ah! now he has caught it! But I must write my chapter.

Willie and Jessie Martyn had a very dear friend, Professor Greenleaf, who used to visit their home sometimes. He was an astronomer, and every time he came Willie would ask many questions about the moon and stars. Professor Greenleaf loved to answer all his questions as Willie sat on his lap; for though he was larger than Jessie, good Mr. Greenleaf loved to take him on his lap and talk with him.

"You must come up to my Observatory," he said to Willie. "Come with your father and mother, and bring little dark-eyed Jessie, and I will show you the mountains of the moon, and a world with four moons."

"A world with four moons!" said Willie; "why, Mr. Greenleaf, what is the name of the world with four moons?"

"Its name is Jupiter, and it is the large star you can see with the naked eye."

Friend Greenleaf was a tall, thin man, with a pleasant face, and a very pleasant voice, and he loved Willie Martyn and his sister Jessie greatly. He often said to Mrs. Martyn, as Willie stood near him, "Oh, Mrs. Martyn, this is one of the best boys in the country. I am sure he is going to be a good man, and a wise man. I love little Jessie, of course; but Willie is my favorite."

One time after friend Greenleaf had left, Willie said to his mamma, "Don't you think it is strange that Professor Greenleaf loves me so? You know he said I was his favorite. I wonder at that, because Jessie is the favorite with everybody almost."

"No, I don't think it strange. Probably every person is a favorite with some one," said his mamma.

Every evening when Mr. Martyn returned home from the office, Jessie would meet her papa in the hall, saying "papa's girl! papa's girl!" and every evening papa would lift her into his arms and say, "Yes, papa's girl! papa's own little Jessie!"

Well, soon after the snow frock had been bought, and Jessie had met her papa, as usual, the hall and they had finished their tea, Mr. Martyn said:

"Well, children, what think you of going to the Observatory to-night? How would you like to see the mountains of the moon?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes!" said Willie; "then we will see our dear friend Greenleaf, and I do want to see the mountains of the moon."

"I want to see mountains, too; are mountains up in the sky?" asked Jessie.

"Well," replied her papa with a pleasant smile on his face, "the moon is in the sky, Jessie, and as there are mountains in the moon, I suppose there are mountains in the sky."

"I am afraid they will tumble on my head," said Jessie, as she put both hands to her head.

"Ha, ha! laughed Willie, "I will tell you how it is, little Jessie: the moon is a large world, and it goes round and round this world, but it cannot fall down; it will always stay in the sky."

"Yes, Willie," said Jessie, "I know, and we are going with papa and mamma to see the mountains."

"I know, and I will tell you, Jessie, what an observatory is," said Willie. "It is a large building with a large telescope on the top of it, and every night Professor Greenleaf (you know Professor Greenleaf, Jessie, he is our friend) - well, every night when the sky is clear Professor Greenleaf goes to the Observatory to look at the stars."

In half an hour they were all on their way to the street cars. Could you, my readers, have heard how Jessie and Willie chatted and talked as they walked along with their papa and mamma in the beautiful moon-light, you would have been amused. Jessie talked of visiting the moon, and said she was going to the moon some day on the Railway cars, and would bring home her apron full of stars. Then Willie laughed right merrily, "An apron full of stars! Ha, ha, ha! an apron full of stars! You don't know much, Jessie, you will have to know better than that if you are going to be President of the United States."

"Look up at the moon, papa," said Jessie. "See how bright it is, and see how it rides

along the pretty sky. Where is the moon going?"

"Yes, the face of the moon is very bright to-night," said her papa, "and she is going round our world."

"It sails," said Jessie, "like a little boat on a large water, I know how it is."

"But," said Willie, "the moon goes quicker than any boat - and, papa and mamma, I want to tell you something. If our world goes round the sun (and Professor Greenleaf says it does) then the moon must go round the sun, too."

"You are right, my boy," said his mamma, "the moon moves round our world and both together move round the sun."

"It is like this," said Willie, "the moon dances round us while we dance round the sun, so they keep each other company."

"Here are the cars," said Jessie, and soon they were on board, and on they went to the Observatory where they were met by their friend Professor Greenleaf.

"Here you are," he said, "here you are little folks!" then he shook hands with Willie and Jessie, and told them how glad he was to see them. "So you have come to see the moon through the telescope, have you?"

Then he took Jessie in his arms and walked up the long, broad stairs to the top of the Observatory.

"There! what think you of this, Jessie?" he said as he put her down.

"This is very high up," said Jessie. "Are we going up to the moon?"

"Oh, no!" said friend Greenleaf, "we cannot go to the moon, Jessie, but you shall see the hills and mountains in the moon through that large telescope. Come here, Willie, my dear boy," said friend Greenleaf, "we will let you look at the moon first, and you can tell us what you see."

So Willie was mounted into a sort of high chair; and in a moment was looking at the moon; and he was very still.

"Well," said friend Greenleaf, "what do you see, my boy?"

"I suppose," replied Willie, "that those places which are so bright are the mountains."

"Just so," friend Greenleaf replied, "you see that the sun is shining on the tops of the mountains."

"Yes, I see, and the dark places below are the valleys. Oh, that is very beautiful! Professor Greenleaf, how large is the moon?" asked Willie.

"Why, it is forty-nine times less than the earth."

"Why, it is very small; how many miles is it round the moon?"

"About six thousand eight hundred miles - about as far from New York to California and back. With fast Railroad cars we could travel round the moon in about eight or nine days."

"Now," said Willie, "I know indeed that the moon is a world; for I can see the high mountains and deep valleys."

As Professor Greenleaf lifted him down, he said, "Then you had a little doubt about the moon being a world, had you?"

"Well, you know I had not seen it," said Willie.

"You believed it then, but now you know, because you have seen. Now for Jessie, up you go into the high chair. Look through here, Jessie, can you see anything, Jessie?"

Jessie was standing upon the chair and peeping through the telescope.

"Yes, I see," said Jessie.

"Well, what do you see?"

"I see something covered with bright light."

"All right, Jessie, now you see the mountains of the moon," said Professor Greenleaf.

"What makes the bright light?" asked Jessie.

"The sunshine, Jessie; the sun is shining there."

"I want to come down," said Jessie. So down she came, and while their papa and mamma looked through the telescope, Willie and Jessie walked around the Observatory, looking at the stars.

By-and-by friend Greenleaf carried Jessie down the broad, long stairs, and bade them all good-by, saying, "You must come again, and I will show you Jupiter, a very large world with four moons. I know Willie wants to ask a great many questions, but I am coming over to see your papa and mamma one evening this week; then I will answer all the questions you may like to ask."

"Thank you, I hope you will come soon," said Willie.

"I will, my dear boy, good-night."

"What a good time we have had," said Willie as they walked away, "and how good and nice Professor Greenleaf is; he loves me, papa, and I love him very much. Please tell me something about the moon, papa."

"Well," said his papa, "one day in the moon is about as long as two of our weeks."

"What!" said Willie, "is it two weeks light and two weeks dark?"

"Yes, how would you like that?"

"I wonder if the people sleep two weeks at a time, Willie."

"It is doubtful whether there are any people in the moon."

"A world without people! that is curious," said Willie.

So they chattered about the moon until they reached home, and in a very short time our little friends were in bed, sound asleep and dreaming.

To Conductors, and other Friends of the Childrens Progressive Lyceum.

Believing in improvements, and that the time has come when a new Lyceum Manual is absolutely needed, and demanded by a progressive public, we have ventured, in agreement with the earnest wishes of many friends, to arrange a systematic book for the use of Lyceums, to be entitled "THE LYCEUM GUIDE." While we have made no change in the Lyceum system as such, its outline and construction being the same as projected by its inspired founder, A. J. Davis, we have sought greater simplicity and variety, and a more educational process in the art of leading the youth to a natural and happy life. In this respect it is fresh and new. It embodies the choicest thoughts of this age, together

with gleanings from the wisdom of the past, and is, withal, the spiritual philosophy, with its moral beauties expressed in broad, comprehensive to children, yet language, deep, and equally fascinating to more experienced minds.

The color department is scientific, being arranged by a talented artist of Philadelphia.

The calisthenic department, designed to nurture graceful and healthful motion, and carriage of person, is peculiarly beautiful and is illustrated by explanatory cuts.

The Golden Chain, Recitations and marches are all of the most inspirational order.

The Musical Department is under the editorial management of James G. Clark, who has won a national reputation and popularity, both as a lyrical poet and musical composer, and will contain all his best composition.

Our long and ardently cherished task will soon be offered to the public, under the smiling approval of the angels who have moved us to action.

Before our work goes to press, we respectfully solicit Conductors, and other Lyceum friends to favor us for publication, with brief statements of their opinions upon important matters, here indicated. Such notes will be of incalculable value. To give definiteness to our request we submit a series of questions, hoping for an immediate answer from all our Lyceums.

1. In what moral estimate do you reckon the Lyceum system as superior to the church Sunday School?

2. What facts, or incidents, can you relate of your society, demonstrative of such superiority?

3. Has your Lyceum been instrumental in developing the mediumistic powers of the youth?

4. What methods have you found most successful in securing habits of punctuality in your Lyceum?

5. What are the best means of obtaining the co-operation of parents and guardians, and their frequent attendance upon the sessions of the Lyceums?

6. What is your opinion of making our Lyceums more dramatic?

7. What are the best methods for procuring finances for the support of the Lyceums?

8. Do you favor the one lecture system, that more time may be devoted to Lyceum interests.

9. Will you please state what otherwise you regard as advantageous to the improvement, and progress of our work of love?

J. M. PEBBLES, EMMA TUTTLE, J. O. BARRETT, Address Emma Tuttle, Berlin Heights Ohio.

California Correspondence.

SAN DIEGO, COUNTY, CAL.

BRO. FOX:—Let me give your readers A FEW FRAGMENTS OF HISTORY.

On the 20th of November, 1602, Sebastian Viscayo, a Spanish navigator, sailed into San Diego bay. He reported to the king of Spain a forest of tall oaks and healthy plants. The climate, he said, was mild, the soil rich, the inhabitants docile Indians, who were marked and besmeared with red paint.

A few years later, California was put down on the maps as an island, and called *Islas Carolinas*. Some years after the place was called a peninsula; at length it was known as California.

More than a hundred years ago the Catholics established a mission in San Diego. The object was to elevate and civilize the Indians. How well they succeeded is not known. But report has it that the poor Indian was caught like a beast and treated like one. He was set to work for the missionaries and unmercifully beaten, when he refused to obey orders. But the Fathers, and their flocks, have passed away. About the only things that remain to the world of their works are the old adobe (red clay) buildings, which are in a tumble down condition, the olive orchards and a few beautiful palm trees. It was out there, the other day, gathered olives from trees of the Fathers' planting, looked into the old church, which was dedicated July 16th, 1769, a century ago.

The upper story is wood, for drying olives; the lower story for a stable and olive press. San Diego county is the oldest county in the State, and has the best harbor, and finest climate, but for some reason it has been sadly neglected. The old inhabitants are Spanish Indians, a compound of all nations, and a few Anglo-Saxons. The land has not been cultivated, in fact, the people were too indolent to try the experiment of growing fruit or grain. The principal business was stock-raising. Some ranches contained from twenty to forty thousand acres, with a single house, and that without doors or windows. On these ranches cattle were raised, their hides and tallow sold, the meat thrown away as useless. A few years ago some enterprising Yankee came this way. They found the land covered with chaparral, sweet clover, a great variety of flowers, and the cactus - Bears, wolves, the fox, hares, the rattle-snake and coati, seemed quiet at home, and no one seemed disposed to question their claim to the soil. One man, of spirit and enterprise, measured the clover and found it from four to six feet high, and the cactus from four to fourteen feet, he concluded such soil would grow corn and potatoes. But the natives said, "no, we grow stock and depend upon the northern countries for bread." This Yankee met a rich German who had some knowledge of the country; he said to the man, "You go back to San Diego; you plant, you sow, you wait; and if you get no crops you come pack to me and me pays you for your time and moneys." The man came back, put in some wheat, and measured fifty-six bushels to the acre. There is no rain here from May to December; but Nature knows her business, and takes the best of care of her children - the fruits and flowers. Since the sure prospects that two railroads will come to San Diego bay, people are looking in this direction for homes. To live here the soil must be tilled, so the men of mind and muscle have set about

seeing what can be done. A man on the Cajon Rancho, a few miles from the bay, has fifteen hundred acres sown to wheat; others have from one to one thousand acres under cultivation. Potatoes are looking out of the ground, pears are in bloom, in fact, this lower county will, in a few years, be able to feed half the world.

RAILROADS.

Col. Sedgwick is here with his engineer corps, surveying the Memphis and El Paso Railroad. It is the long-looked for 32d parallel road. Gen. Fremont, the general agent of the company, has returned from France, where, it is said, he has obtained funds sufficient to build the road. If this be so, the only needed thing now, is for Congress to grant the right of way, which, of course, will be done without delay. The other projected road is the Los Angeles and San Diego road. When that is built San Diego will no longer be out in the cold. She will be connected by rail with all the Southern, Eastern and Northern States, and by sea with all nations.

Kimball Brothers, of this city, have given the El Paso and Memphis Railroad Company land on the water front, in this city, for work shops, depots and car factories. San Diego has opened wide her gates to welcome the iron charger.

H. F. M. BROWN, National City, Jan. 26.

Field Notes.

A visit to Hastings shows how railroads tend to growth, activity, and hence refinement. The place is growing in size and business enterprise, and so far as I could discover, the inhabitants are becoming aristocratic, sectarian and clanish - being too proud to care for truth - too exclusive to eat with capitalists and sinners - and too refined to dig in the earth and rocks, nor climb up to the stars in search of something new, higher, and more elevating. Yet there, as at other places, are found persons of one idea prominent in their minds. An idea that may be scientifically or philosophically true - one that may be practical and useful to them, but at the same time, appear to others with less force and to be of less importance. These persons become so attached to the one idea, that it becomes to them the all in all. They can see nothing else - look at nothing else - work for nothing else. To them it may seem strange all do not see their great idea, and embrace it with equal zeal with themselves.

I apprehend there is a lesson for spiritualists yet to learn - a lesson of forbearance and mutual concession. No two perhaps occupying different positions in the scale of development, see precisely alike. That which comes home to one mind as a great and important truth, is not reached by another, or by another still, outgrown. A disposition to be less persistent in enforcing our own peculiar ideas with a greater willingness to accept aid in the upbuilding and spread of other, and more generally received lessons of the age, with a disposition to work with all true reforms, can alone make spiritualism a power in the land, and so lead to harmony.

M. R. Wright, of Middleville, Michigan, is a man of remarkable experience as an instrument or medium through which the spirits manifest themselves has been developed, and rigidly disciplined by the immortals for an important work, and will yet be heard from as a worker in the reforms of the age. The scientific and critical philosophers will yet be called upon to consider new ideas, new words, and combinations, if not a new phase of mediumship. He has already written down the words spoken by his spiritual hearing until he has sufficient manuscripts for a large volume which he intends to soon have published. In the same way he is transcribing to paper a series of lectures which he designs to read to the people upon the science of Psychology and Mental Philosophy, and at the close of each lecture demonstrate the great truth of spiritual intercourse by answering mental questions, as spoken to his hearing by departed spirits.

He seems to differ from writing, rapping and impressional mediums. The words are spoken to him as plainly, he affirms, as the words of wife or friend, distinct in enunciation and pronunciation; words new and old and full of significance. This phase of mediumship is not new - Jesus is said to have talked with Moses and Elias upon the rugged mountain, and John with the old departed prophet upon the lonely isle of Patmos, and why should not the departed talk in words of clarity and the spiritual world?

I. P. A.

Correspondence.

LIMA, Indiana, Feb. 3rd, 1870.

BROTHER FOX:—Since my last letter to you paper, written sometime since, I have been making some progress in matters spiritual. We finally, through continuous effort, overcame the opposition sufficiently to secure the use of the Union School Hall for a lecture. Whereupon Brother Fishback, of Sturgis, was invited to deliver the first lecture, which was not only well but enthusiastically received, coming as it did to overlook and combat with an all-embracing and humanitarian religion the ideas and feelings of the people who had just been shocked and repulsed in their vain search after truth as embodied in creeds, by the open and vindictive warfare waged between the Methodist and Baptist denominations of this place through an attempt at revival.

The Baptist Christians proposed to the Methodist brethren that they should join for a union prayer-meeting, which proposition was assented to, in consideration that they should, at the end of the time specified for prayer, partake together of the Lord's Supper.

Of course, the last proposition was indignantly declined by the close communists, and called out much bitterness and personal abuse, pro and con, all of which resulted in the gathering in of the lost sheep to listen to the call of our philosophy, *Come up higher*, through the lips of our gifted brother F., and we can but feel that we have now a foothold, and that the leaves is at work which will, ere long, bring the "tidings of great joy" to many anxious hearts.

I would also speak of the labor of Bro. Harding of Sturgis, just entering the lecturing field again, through the instigation of his spirit guides. He is organizing circles, developing mediums, healing the sick, thus exemplifying by practice, the teachings of Jesus. We had the pleasure of listening to an inspirational discourse delivered through his organism last Sabbath, and for depth of thought, earnest and concise manner of utterance, have seldom, if ever, heard it surpassed by any speaker.

Bro. Harding was formerly a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and since his conversion to the cause of Spiritualism has been instrumental in establishing several spiritual organizations, and in many other ways making himself actively useful.

Being naturally retiring, and extremely sensitive, we would bespeak for him the sympathy and encouragement of all friends, and would request that they call into use the gifts which the angels have conferred upon him, feeling confident that they will be abundantly rewarded in so doing.

The subject of a Discussion between Spiritualism and Orthodoxy is now much agitated and, we are in hopes, can be brought about. With best wishes for the Aca., remain,

Fraternally, Mrs. R. L. MINER.

Van Buren County Circle.

Mr. Editor:—The quarterly meeting of the Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists met in the Congregational Church at Keeler Center, on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th of the present month. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, at a business meeting Saturday afternoon, as follows: President, J. H. Tuttle; Vice President, Mrs. Lide Brown, Secretary, E. L. Warner; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Knowles. In the absence of the former Secretary, the writer was elected *pro tem*. A committee on resolutions was appointed who reported as follows: "To the officers and members of the Van Buren County Circle: Your Committee would respectfully recommend that an annual fee of not less than fifty cents be required to constitute membership of the Association, in addition to signing the Constitution. [Signed] Frank R. Knowles, E. L. Warner, S. J. Sikes."

REMARKS: This two days' meeting was a happy reunion of the friends of the Progressive Religion in Van Buren county. The speakers employed on the occasion were A. B. Whiting and Mrs. Frank Knowles. Mr. Whiting's main appeal in his three discourses was to the proofs unnumbered in nature and revelation of the nearness and interest of departed spirits to those of earth. The host of witnesses that he summoned in olden and later times proved beyond peradventure the care and guardianship of angels over the loved on the side of the river. What reasonable being could object to this and who has not, at times, felt the strong arms of love lifting them up above the cares and troubles of this life? It will pay attention to Mrs. Knowles delivered one discourse and three poems on subjects chosen by members of the congregation, who were strangers—"Origin of Sin," "Redemption" and "Woman's Mission." Thirty new members were added to the Association. The congregations were large and attentive. On Sabbath evening, at least five hundred persons were present. All strangers from a distance found pleasant and genial homes with the large-hearted people of Keeler. Their latch-strings were on the outside everywhere. Many thanks are due the Congregationalists for their courtesy in opening the church. May God and the good angels bless them.

Respectfully, ELOISE MILES ABBOTT.

Col. D. M. Fox, Dear Sir:—The Branch County Circle of Spiritualists, held their Annual Convention Saturday and Sunday, the 12th and 13th ult., at which meeting proper officers were elected, and any good man in the county for the ensuing year. The services of the Convention were conducted by A. B. Whiting, assisted by Mrs. Frank Reed Knowles, and with song of Brother Whiting's own composition, with song of Brother Whiting's own composition. His Sabbath evening discourse, was a masterly effort. The subject, "The Religion of Science, and the Science of Religion," he listened to by an attentive and appreciative audience. After his discourse, a committee was chosen to select a subject for the poem from Mrs. Knowles. A few moments of mature deliberation succeeded in bringing forth Lazarus, a ragged subject and full of sores, but a good poem was given. Spiritually the Convention was a success, if it was not financially. It would be a repetition of the old story, that we Spiritualists are liberal in all things except our pockets. When will the day come that Spiritualists will recognize the fact that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that "the Gods help those who help themselves." We must not expect the Angel world to do everything, but should be willing to put our hands in our pockets, and take them out again, not empty hands. JOHN S. YOUNG, Coldwater, Feb. 15th, 1870.

BOOKS.

Those wishing to purchase will notice that we can supply them at same price as at New York or Boston. Besides the works of A. J. Davis, we keep "Three Voices," "Gates Ajar," "Lizzie Deans," "Powells" and other "Poems," "Real Life in the Spirit Land," by Mrs. King, "Triumphs of Criticism," "Woman's Suffrage," by Lois Waisbrooker, (price 25 cents,) also "Alice Vale," by same author, and other reformatory works. Also, Ten Tracts on Spiritualism, by Lois Waisbrooker, entitled No. 1, "What is Spiritualism?" No. 2, "God's Image," No. 3, "The Second Birth," No. 4, "The Laws of Inspiration," No. 5, "The Manifestations Undignified," No. 6, "Don't Want to Know," No. 7, "Oh there not a Cause," No. 8, "Hail," No. 9, "Their Fruits," No. 10, "The Law of Mediumship" will be sent, postage paid, for 15c. We now have the STARLING PROGRESSIVE PAPERS bound in pamphlet form. The subjects are as follows: DIVINE UNFOLDMENT, SOLICITATION, SPIRIT OF PROGRESS, THE NAZARINE, WHAT IS MAN? REGENERATION, CHEERFULNESS, SELEPHOOD, SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT SPHERES, THE SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little ones. HARNES WORDS TO MOTHERS, Angels, what are they? Transformations. A private Seance—all in one volume for 25 cents. Address: PRESENT AGE, Kalamazoo.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the summer land from Milford, Michigan, Feb. 3rd, 1870, after a brief illness of a few hours, of congestion of the heart, and lungs, Pliny Phillips, in the 60th year of his age.

For many years a resident of Milford, and respected by all who knew him for the past half score years of his life, as an earnest advocate of the cause of Spiritualism, and living in the meantime consistent with his belief, an upright moral life. A few days before his departure from earth-life he remarked to a friend, with whom he was conversing: "I feel confident that the belief and principles, that I have advocated for so many years are right, and I long to cast aside the shackles of clay, that I may be enabled to work in a more enlarged sphere, for our great and good cause." Soon were the longings of the spirit destined to be realized, a brief struggle lasting but a few hours, and the soul passed from its material confiner, free at last, soared aloft, not to join in an "endless song of praise and thanksgiving," but to work in the sphere allotted to the spirit, by the Divine Spirit that breathed the soul-life into the material body.

Weep not, O, sorrowing mourner. God sees that blessed light. From the "Land of the Immortals" To cheer thy soul's dark night. A parent's spirit ceaseth not; When the spirit leaves the clay, But smiles o'er the loved ones still, In the realms of endless day.

Or a living husband's care; Or a good and faithful wife, But still renewed with pure zeal; In the Land of Spirit Life. JULIA M.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ROCKFORD, Feb. 10th, 1870.

The Spiritualists of Rockford, Kent county, Michigan, will hold their quarterly meeting at the school-house in Rockford, the second Saturday and Sunday in March, commencing Saturday, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Mrs. Lydia A. Pennall and other speakers will be in attendance. Come one, come all. Those from a distance will be provided for.

ALEX. KROCH, President.

WM. HICKS, Clerk.

The Universe, A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Religious, Social, and Political Reform.

REMOVED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK.

The above Weekly, which has attracted much attention throughout the country, for its marked catholicity and fearless exposure of the vices of the most favored States, has been removed from Chicago to New York. At this time, Social Questions, including Marriage and Divorce, are exciting intense interest, and a "great conflict" is upon us. THE UNIVERSE is the most fearlessly outspoken journal, upon these subjects, in the world.

Among the more important papers in the first issues for 1870, or soon to appear, are the following: PAIN IN RHEUMATISM, by Robert Dale Owen. The Change Caused by Death; by E. Sargent. The First and Second Mrs. Wood. A Story by Mrs. Jennie Hazen Lewis. SCANDALOUS TALK, Part I. A Story by Mrs. Robert Owen. Defence of Albert D. Richardson; by Helen Rushton. The Richardson Murder—The Principle Involved; by Francis Barry. The Religion That Leads to Maternity; by Henry O. Wright. Fests-days—Its Facts and Philosophy; by Mrs. D. Carpenter. THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY; by J. S. Dyer. A Haunted House in Brooklyn. A Veritable History of my own experience; by Eleanor Kirk. SCANDALOUS TALK, Part II. In advance.

Back numbers Supplied, if desired, from Jan. 6th, 1870, and received by News-Dealers. Address: H. F. LEWIS, Editor and Publisher, No. 222 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.—An agent wanted in every county to take an interest in a new article just patented, that sells on sight to every household. It is a small portable furnace, weighing only six pounds, that fits in the holes any common stove or range, into which you can place a handful of any kind of fuel, by lighting it

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at Battle Creek, Mich.

THE HOMES OF THE POOR

Oh! the homes we give the poor! In the alleys damp and grim, Where all noxious vapors swim, In the cell-ways that drink Poison from the sewer and sink, Are the homes we give...

The Reconciliation—Sin Or Evil.

No Idea is more common among the various peoples of the Earth than that man is a sinner—a wrong doer, and that his status, as a wrong doer, is consequent upon some lapse, or fall on the part of primitive man. And whether this lapse be explained by the Christian tradition of a first sin by the first pair, or whether it be predicated upon the souls descent into a body of matter, is of small account.

More knowledge is demanded, but more, much more, sorrow must afflict man before he will fully learn the way of life and peace. The common notions, which the majority entertain respecting the nature of sin, prevent them from learning its true nature, or becoming free therefrom.

But the evolution or birth of the Spiritual consciousness, at once produces a total change in man's internal States. He realizes himself to be an entirely different being from before.

The Influence of Philosophical Systems upon Religious Opinions.

We have already in these articles, noticed that the Ideal Philosophy commenced with the Consciousness, or as it is sometimes phrased, with the ego—the I. Its logical processes, it begins at the top and works down, or at the center and works out, it is deductive in method, rather than inductive; in a word it is philosophic instead of scientific.

Reason, he assumes. Is it sure? Far from it. He perpetually mistakes. He is restlessly impelled to seek happiness, but he meets with repeated failure through his ignorance.

What does history teach as to his past history? Has he been more knowing in the past than the present? No, but instead, the farther back we trace him, the more ignorant we find him. There must have been a period when he possessed comparatively no reason—when he was a creature of pure instinct.

The impulse to learn was irresistible. The Serpent succeeded—they began to live by intelligence. They had been naked and yet not ashamed—the condition of instinctive innocence. Their birth into conscious knowledge like all births was with pain and sorrow.

But as we have no right to force on persons inferences which they reject, and think they see a way to avoid, we simply say, that the logical result of Idealism is pantheism, and that history shows it to have practically led to that result.

But the evolution or birth of the Spiritual consciousness, at once produces a total change in man's internal States. He realizes himself to be an entirely different being from before.

But relief is vainly sought in such ways. As we have seen, it is only by the slow accumulations of knowledge, that the great salvation can be wrought out for man. Through that alone can our philosophy, here stated, be comprehended, and its teachings heeded.

IDEALISM.

We have already in these articles, noticed that the Ideal Philosophy commenced with the Consciousness, or as it is sometimes phrased, with the ego—the I. Its logical processes, it begins at the top and works down, or at the center and works out, it is deductive in method, rather than inductive; in a word it is philosophic instead of scientific.

approximate towards accuracy of outline. Spirit is the sphere of causation. In the center of consciousness is enthroned the Will—the essence and crown of Personality—the source of all notions of cause or power.

With this brief view, we see at a glance, that the first and greatest influence of this philosophy upon religious notions will be the position and character it assigns to man. He is made the measure, and the measurer of all things. All that can be known of God, is what is deduced from the attributes of the I.

What Is Woman's Sphere?

Old fogies have preached from our earliest childhood, "Love God and keep his commandments." "Take care of the babies;" do the making and baking, patch-work and mopping. "Obey us, your husbands, and stay at home, for you are women."

All men are not barbers, tailors, cooks or butlers. But it is generally supposed that all women are to be dress-makers, cooks, laundresses, nursery maids, house-keepers, hostesses, and "a lady." We do not presume to say that many women can do justice to any one or two of these positions, but we do say that any woman, to fill a position where all these varied duties devolve upon her, must do it at the expense of all intellectual culture.

THE EXPRESSIVENESS OF SILENCE.

What touches the most deeply a man's heart, Ay, and a lover's?—"The silent proof,"—Not the loud-spoken words,—that testify A true heart's beautiful and faithful love; The dead,—their lips are silent,—yet they speak With a loud voice! Their eyes are shut and sealed, And yet behold us! merrily smiles their face,—And we, we weep to look upon that smile, Which a dead loved one leaves us as a proof How gladly she would still have lived for us!

Conversations of A. Bronson Alcott.

At this present writing, Feb. 12th, Mr. Alcott is in our city, and has already given several conversations. But lest our readers, some of them at least, should be ignorant of Mr. Alcott, we will explain. He is the friend and townsman of Emerson, and belongs to the old town of Concord, Mass. where the war of the Revolution began.

From the Revolution. The Moral Aspect. BY MATILDA JOSLYN GADE.

To one who will look below the surface, much more is in the reforms of the day than at first appears. Around us is the cry of materialism. "The world is coming to naught." "Crime is on the increase." "Selfishness is the one impulse of action."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANCE.

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EVERY YOUNG MAN

Or old man, if smart, can get a Forty Dollar, Coin Silver Elgin watch, for \$10.00 a day, cash!

WANTED

Slavery forced for itself a hearing at the cannon's mouth, and only when its grasp was on the nation's life did the world at large see it was not a question of dollars and cents thus presented before them, but one of justice and morality.

A. C. Wortley, Kalamazoo.

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DR. H. SLADE, CLAIRVOYANT. We do not "make bold" to say that my irregular "History" can be found, because they don't come novelists, but we do claim that had shaped letters, bad punctuation, bad grammar and worse spelling, are not common on work done at our shop; and we pronounce the marble agent's story that we have "gone out of the business," and out "wagon will not be seen around any more," maliciously false.

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