

THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

TRUE WISDOM IS LESS PRESUMING THAN FOLLY.

THE WISE MAN DOUBTETH OFTEN, AND CHANGETH HIS MIND.—*Sanscrit of the Bramins.*

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

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Selected Poetry.

SUMMER DAYS.

Oh, summer days, dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair,
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests, in loving couples twined,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.
The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white, and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet-mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And undeluged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.
The grandiose sits beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.
I ask him if these summer days are not a rare delight,
They rise so fair, and glide so slow into the golden night.
"Ah me!" he says, "I dream upon the years which used to be:
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me.
I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time when I shall say,
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds will sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear!
I wonder if I too shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes;
While all the hues and symphonies of sea and sky and earth
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles nothing worth?
Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be,
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrows time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.
And though my senses fail with years, and lose their keenest power,
Yet when the sparrow comes and sings at early morning's hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song can never cease to hear—
I know the clear ecstatic voice will pierce my heavy ear;
And I shall see the roses blow, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire flies come;
And though my eyes may have as yet their bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.
The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach-trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists which mournful age may bring to cloud my view
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.
This beautiful world, which every year renews its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build, the morning-glories bloom."
—Florence Percy.

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IS IT POSSIBLE? A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XV.

The summer was gone, the winter too was far spent, the spring at hand. With Jane and her pupils the winter had been a delightful season. The physician had recommended the family to remain in the country for the benefit of the younger children who were not well. Jane's life flowed peacefully and even joyfully along. The cloud that had hung over the past was lifted, and she "entered into rest." From that past, however, there always stood little Charlie, in his dark blue embroidered dress and coat, his black plush hat with black plume as she had seen him on the morning of their final separation; to this memory she clung, though she shut out all beside. Every day Jane and her pupils well wrapped in cloaks and furs defied king frost in his strong hold. What cared they for whistling winds, biting frosts or crisp snow! The snow balls flew and the laugh and the shout of cheery voices rang merrily through the air. The school-room near the river was deserted—Jane preferring her sitting room for that purpose. Diversify teaching and the above open air exercises with reading and writing in a cozy room, occasionally talking and romping with one of the children, and we have a picture of Jane's life from day to day. The interruptions to this life were her visits to Philadelphia. Here, with her friends, experiments on Intuitiveness, visits to Dr. Meredith's, attending his church occasionally and social gatherings similar to that sketched in the preceding chapter, gave completeness to her existence, and made her realize that her lines had fallen in pleasant places. At a Christmas party given by the Forsyth families a sum of money as a Christmas present had been presented to their minister, which, as payment for being their minister, he objected to take. "They knew his principles, he said, on that subject; the gospel

must be without money and without price;" as a present from one friend to another he was willing to receive a token of regard; this money implying payment, he could not conscientiously receive it—and did not receive it. The purse had been made up by half a dozen persons; a private conference took place, the result of which was probably the silver ten set received by him from an unknown source on the following New-Year's day. On the succeeding Sunday nearly every member of the church must call at the minister's for a moment. How warm their greetings—how bright their eyes, as they admired his attractive present.

Mr. Cuff had been so long in manifesting any sign of displeasure that Jane and Hannah were beginning to think that Mrs. Meredith had forgotten her threat to have some talk with him in regard to his mode of living; but it was carried out. One Sunday after meeting when Jane spoke to Mr. Cuff he made no reply, but walked off to the church gates, and there stood as the whole congregation passed out; friends were greeting each other, some standing in groups quite near him, but he spoke to no one. Dr. Meredith's house being, as will be remembered, opposite the church, Jane called the attention of the minister and his wife to Mr. Cuff's movements—or rather, to the absence of movement on his part. "He is angry," said Jane as they stood looking at him. One after another walked away, but Mr. Cuff moved not, so he was soon alone, his head bent, his eyes inclining earthwards, and his stove-pipe hat drawn over his forehead, while his hands hung at his sides.

"He would not speak to me; what is the matter?" said Jane.
"He knows what is the matter," said Mrs. Meredith in her severe style; and the peculiar expression on the minister's countenance as he stood a little distance from the window looking at Timothy Cuff showed that he also understood what was the matter.

"Poor fellow!" said Jane half aloud.
"Poor fellow indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Meredith; "I don't pity him; it will do him good. 'Natures laws' mince pies, pound cake, tarts by the dozen at Germantown two or three days in the week—dry bread, aquaviva, bachelor's hall and bugs the remainder!"

"You spoke to him about his bachelor's hall?" asked Jane.
"Of course I did; not as soon as I wanted, because father then thought we ought to wait awhile."

Mr. Cuff still remained in his position at the church gates while the minister, Jane and Hannah stood at a short distance from the window looking at him.
"I saw him at one of the parties with Elizabeth Forsyth," continued Mrs. Meredith; he has been looking for a deep purse."

"I think," said Hannah, "he does not now visit the young lady I have often seen him with, as I have not seen them together for sometime past."

"O, no! of course not," rejoined Mrs. Meredith; "he wants a woman with money; since he has come among us he has been going with first one, then another. I thought he was hunting out the deepest purse, and so asked him why he did not go and see Elizabeth Forsyth, as they were the wealthiest in our church, and those he was then visiting had nothing. The very next Sunday I saw him with Elizabeth; then at one of the Germantown parties he made me sick—escorting her everywhere! He has been going there ever since—preaching 'Nature's laws' and stuffing himself. He has offered himself I have found, to no less than four of our young girls in the church, he says he discovered that they would not suit him; he should have found that out first; Elizabeth Forsyth won't have him, she is so afraid of being married for her money."

"How sad he looks standing there, poor fellow!" said the minister. Mrs. Meredith, who had sat down, rose from her chair and looked out of the window again. "Well," she said, her voice somewhat softened, "perhaps it will do him good; I only meant his good when I talked to him; we were very kind to him when he came among us; he might have married any one of the girls in the church, for they were all talking about 'Mr. Cuff!' 'Mr. Cuff!' but now not one would look at him."

"He'll get over it by-and-by," she continued a few moments afterwards as he was seen to walk away, his head down as before; "truth sometimes does not hurt, but it also does good; the surgeons' knife and lance are not pleasant to the touch, but have to be used occasionally."

We must linger yet awhile on the doings of our friends during the winter, before we turn to the spring that awaited them.

Winter brought some prospective changes to William and Hannah Tilghman, also to Thomas Martindale. William and Thomas had for sometime been connected in business, the work of which rendered advisable first, the establishment of a branch house in Cincinnati, and then their removal thither. This change, which was to be carried into effect in the coming spring, was deeply regretted on one account, as involving the discontinuance of their Psychometric experiments, more than two hundred of which were duly recorded in their book. This was their entertainment for friends and themselves whenever they met. They discovered that two-thirds of their acquaintances had this

power (varying, of course, in kind and degree), and hence that it was not the exclusive gift of one or two here and there. Jane, having made it an exclusive study, acquired great proficiency. She could now not only give a character with general correctness, but could go into details, showing how and in what direction each organ of the brain operated. She had learned to go even one step farther; to look beneath the outward protuberances of the brain and give the soul's own measurement—the real, internal character as distinct from the outward. Thus she learned as she said in her own words, that "sometimes beneath an inferior organization was a something which I call *soul* vastly superior and far transcending the external man; and, again, that sometimes with a large brain, good intellect and generally excellent phrenological development is a very inferior spirit." This necessarily launched our friends on a sea of speculation, William of course, discarding entirely the idea of soul or spirit as distinct from, or independent of the material organism. The book in which these experiments are recorded lies before us. So interesting are the experiments in themselves, and so clearly do they show her progress step by step, that the record would be well worthy the perusal of the reader; but we do not desire to stop here for that purpose, having now to deal with a different phase of this power.

During the winter they arrived at this point. Jane in several instances had described the personal appearance of the writer of the manuscript psychometrized; now she often described not only the writer but his residence and surroundings; to feeling had supervened sight. Here was a new phase to them; they tested it repeatedly, and invariably with success. At first they were skeptical, Jane herself included; but when demonstrated beyond a doubt, it was really interesting to observe how differently it affected them according to their previous religious ideas. To the minister and his wife it was but the realization of their faith in the Divine origin of man. To William Tilghman it seemed to strengthen his previous views. He read the examination in that connection again and again; his tongue was loosed, and he hesitated no more for words, though he shook his head more than usual as he said:

"Now I know that I'm right. Religionists have written on 'special providences,' believing each expression of Intuitiveness an especial interposition of God. The Quakers, who are highly intuitive, have never looked for a natural solution, but have attributed all the phenomena thence arising to special impressions of the spirit of God, here they rested, thinking the whole universe unfolded. Place intellect on the throne, make it the director, tester, and all these unfounded theories vanish. The Intuitive nature of man has ever tried to speak; but how it has been fenced in by the boundary lines of precraft! the source, the cause assumed to be something out of and beyond *law*, not in themselves; hence absurd religious theories; hence fanaticism."

"Intuitiveness," he continued, "explains all the theories of Divine impressions, Divine providences, ghosts, spirits and every other out of nature, out of laws, out of order imaginings of God and his manner of governing the Universe."

The minister and his wife were present when William gave expression to the preceding sentiments. Dr. Meredith was silent a few moments, and then replied.
"Remove or lay aside pre-possessions against a future life, and these facts would appear quite other than adverse to the idea of immortality. If man in his present state can do something heretofore supposed the exclusive appanage of the Spiritual realm, may it not rather prove that he is approximating thereto than that it does not exist? still rather, that he is himself a part of that realm? And assuming the doctrine of a rational immortality to be true, and that man is now in the Spiritual world as well as in the material, would not just such phenomena as those we have seen result from adequate growth of the Spiritual nature in the earth life? And as in the progress of society the 'kingdoms of this world,' permeated by the law of love, become gradually the 'kingdoms of our Lord and Christ,' does it not prove the non-existence of Christianity, or does it not rather prove its increasing power? Because we in the body are endowed with Spiritual gifts in and of ourselves (speaking after the manner of men, for in philosophical fact all is Deific in its origin)—every good gift and every perfect gift is from above) does it, can it follow that these Spiritual gifts resting on the inner life must pass away, because that life shall dwell in an edifice more appropriate to its manifestation?"

"Verily these suggestions of our skeptical friend are in some respects appropriate, and embody much valuable truth; yet it seems to me that a portion of his conclusions do not rest on a perfectly sound basis. If the facts prove anything, they prove what all seers from St. Paul to Swedenborg allege as within their own knowledge—that within the physical body exists a Spiritual body; and, granting the fact of its existence, can there be reason in supposing that faculties so noble and so beautiful should perish in their blossoming, and that no glorious summer of a hereafter shall ripen into gorgeous flower and luscious fruit, the bright promise of the spring?"

"The reason these phenomena seem so utterly to transcend human experience in the

world of science is that science hath been taught superficially, none of its multifarious developments having hitherto taken a flight beyond the material phase of life, that being the husks wherewith the intellect has been fed. Hence, by reason of this blindness, men with their faces turned down to the earth have said there were no stars and no firmament!

"Wherein then," he continued, "shall we seek an explanation of the Intuitive, but in the Eternal? where of the life, but the spirit? where of the space—defiant but in the undying? where of the power, but in the essence, and where of the essence, but in the perpetuity of that which gives forth its strength? Shall the spirit, which annihilates distance and leaps back through countless ages and measureless geological periods, even to the very gates of chaos, be crowded in time to a generation and in space to a coffin! Verily, nor the flowers that fade and the blossoms that die are less the representatives of the undying and undying than the Intuitive of the perishable form, and fleeting show which falls into atoms by the transfer of the spirit to a more glorious and abiding tenement."

Jane sent to her brother full particulars of all their examinations, often copying them from the record. He commenced a series of experiments with Jessie, the result of which was the development of a power on her part of seeing persons and places from writing or specimens; this phase of Intuitiveness came almost simultaneously to Jane and Jessie, and suggested many curious experiments. Oscar, who had written a friend some particulars on the subject, received from him two specimens of dust, the facts concerning which he was to communicate subsequently to the examination of the specimens by both Jane and Jessie. These specimens were sent by Jane to Oscar for examination, with the following result:

"I see an Indian who is seated on the ground; he is making something with a stone; he is of very inferior appearance; laughs occasionally; seems monkeyish, tricky, mirthful; yet is an Indian I am sure."

On examining the other specimen she said: "An Indian Chief, tall, dignified; feels a chief in his very soul. Oh! he was killed by something piercing the back of his head."

Jessie, who examined them also, reported that the first was an Indian, "very inferior I'm sure," that the second was a "proud, serious Indian chief."

The facts as subsequently communicated by Oscar's friend, were that he had taken the dust from the bodies of two Indians whom he found buried in a mound on his farm, one of whom he knew from some attendant circumstances to be an Indian chief; his skull was almost perfect, and in the back of it was a round hole, which must evidently have caused his death. This was the second of these specimens examined by Jane.

These experiments were followed by a series with various specimens of rock, minerals and metals. From a small piece of silver ore sent by Oscar to Jane she correctly described the cave, from which it had been taken, the direction of the veins, the character of the rocks, the inclination of the various geological strata, etc. The same specimens were examined by Jessie; and though she observed some things not noticed by Jane and entirely omitted others that Jane had perceived, yet they substantially corroborated each other; and thence-forward every specimen was examined by both of them, each thus becoming a test to the other. Oscar carefully recorded every examination made by Jessie, leaving a suitable space on the opposite page for the insertion of Jane's examination of the same specimen when received. Thomas Martindale observed the same method, by which course a double record was kept of all facts thus learned on the subject.

We have seen that Oscar was a dreamer; well, at about this stage of their experiments he began to build air-castles compared with which those he had built concerning the "farm" were but baby houses. He wrote Jane that he firmly believed that Intuitiveness in its present stage could be used in finding metals, copper, lead, silver and gold, and wished they were together that by repeated experiments they might ascertain the laws governing the subject. If she and Jessie could see veins of ore in mines now being worked, why could they not point out the places where there were rich veins of ore that no one else knew anything about. If they could locate a copper mine or gold mine, they would buy the land and go to work, then good-bye poverty, good-bye log cabin, good-bye hoeing corn, good-bye Virginia! how they would travel! They would go to California, travel through the country, resting here and there to look for the rich veins of gold; or they would sometimes walk carefully over the ground; for there were large nuggets and rich deposits, which of course this power would enable them to point out; the Rothschilds, compared with them, would be but paupers; for the treasures hidden in the depths of the earth would be theirs in measureless profusion.

Jane laughed incredulously at her brother's enthusiasm. "What a castle builder!" she thought; but in an instant the outlines of one of her own castles just fitted across her mind; it abode there only for a few moments, being too intangible to remain longer, but thousands of women now drudging for a

shameful pittance profitably engaged at once as laborers and capitalists, "sitting under their own vines and fig-trees," in gardens, orchards, manufactories and stores, in health, in honor, in hope, in happiness—this was the reproduction of the picture she had so enthusiastically presented to Charles Upland, and so carefully cherished in her own soul as a vision of what might be—yes, *must* be—sooner or later as men became better and wiser; and so, when but little hoped for as a present reality to be reached by her, it remained with her as an ideal to be aimed at if not accomplished; it became to her as a purifying, invigorating, harmonizing influence imbuing her with the good she sought for others.

Hannah and William Tilghman wrote so regularly and fully to Gavin Kirtland, that he was almost as familiar with the details of the experiments as the participants. He was also so far interested in Jane as to request Hannah to describe her in one of her letters, which Hannah had done, adding all she knew about Jane and her family. Of this Jane was unaware, although she had, as she supposed, read all his letters, those referring to her having been wisely kept back by Hannah.

Gavin though very anxious to visit his friends in Philadelphia, was unable to leave his business; during the winter he often expressed his wish to be with them when they met to make their experiments. On the approach of spring he requested Hannah to ask Jane if she would correspond with him.

Hannah, of course, gladly delivered the message, to which Jane replied, "O, yes—with pleasure; tell him to write, and I will answer immediately."

As we enter on the spring that brought so many changes to our friends let us glance for a moment at Mr. Cuff, who has recovered his composure though generally avoided by the ladies of the church as rather a dangerous man. Elizabeth Forsyth has dismissed him indignantly, imagining that he loved her purse more than herself. Of late he has called occasionally on Hannah Tilghman, once expressing a desire to see Jane, remarking that she was an excellent young lady whom he very much admired, even going so far, in one case, as to say that had he better understood nature's laws with reference to the affections he would have chosen Jane—all which was duly reported to the subject of his eulogies, a boisterous romping with Ponto, being the natural sequence. "O, Timothy," said Hannah, "has good taste—has he not, Ponto? thee admires it, does thee not Ponto? O, Ponto is wild with admiration! jump again, Ponto! O, wonderful Timothy Cuff!"

What of Jessie? with the spring we naturally turn to her. Here is one of her letters to Jane:

"DEAR JANE.—Behold our horses, cows, farm-house and all melting into thin air! Springs here but where is our farmer? I scarcely know how to begin to tell the developments of a few short weeks. Oscar gave up his school four weeks ago and came home to farm. His shoes were out at the toes and he must have a pair, and mother must have a pair; a barrel of flour and a few groceries procured, and he went to work. Most wonderful to relate he worked at least four hours a day for the first week; when the ground was ready mother and I dropped the corn. He was of course very tired, but he never complained, though his pale face and his hands against his sides every time he stopped to rest, while he looked seriously over the land yet to be dug, told his own story."

"He seemed weak his labor was futile; sometimes he worked four hours and again only two hours. Just fancy he sees him coming towards the cabin with his hoe in his left hand, while he wipes the perspiration from his long face—O dear, dear! I believe I shall have to make money before I can farm! O dear! it is hard work; but if I could buy a farm, I could build a house and employ a hand or two I should gradually become accustomed to the labor. It is a beautiful spot; he added as he looked around on the quiet valley, and the mountains in the background; it could be made a very Eden; but there are no schools this summer; we will starve while the corn grows, and next winter we will be the same old story. I'm so tired! let us go in the house; I'm so tired!"

"For three or four days he was very much given to brown study; poor fellow! I did feel so for him. He wanted to be a farmer, and had so hoped and built on his farm that he had come to love it. At last he told mother that he believed he could take the farm; she said she would pass on to Cincinnati, where he would perhaps obtain a situation as teacher and remit money to pay a farm hand, and that in a very short time he would be able to devote all his time to the farm."

"But when we looked over his wardrobe—O dear! he had nothing fit to wear; his coat was almost worn out; his shoes bought for mud, not for a city; the fifteen dollars he sent me were peppered in, and what he had he would buy a next suit as soon as he arrived in Cincinnati."

"So here we are all alone, he has been gone a week; the warm moist spring is here, but our farm is left desolate, plowing for culture. I'm glad he has decided on this course; but it made me very sad and sorry because it was like taking the last hope of a drowning man from him."

This letter made Jane sad also; for she well knew what a struggle it must have been, how much ennobling it must have cost Oscar to relinquish all his farmer expectations. Anxiously she waited the next letter from Jessie; but five weeks passed before she learned anything of the results of his journey to Cincinnati; then came the following:

"DEAR JANE.—Great changes and adventures since I last wrote. Oscar arrived in Cincinnati, bought his clothes, took board for a week, and then had but one dollar left! I went from place to place to no purpose; the week passed—nothing yet; two days more and he is without money, what is to be done? I go down to the river; see men carrying hides on board a steamer; goes on board; inquires destination; up the river, he is told to Pittsburgh; then he explains that he is out of money, and would be glad to help them with the hides; so now behold our farmer brother as he throws off his coat, takes a bundle of hides on his back and carries them on board! by repeating this operation to a sufficient extent he secured a passage, and arrived home."

For two weeks he was trying again to dig and to plant; sometimes he was almost ready to lie down and die with fatigue and disappointment; then again

hope came, and he talked in glowing tones of this little paradise—what it could be and what he would make it.
"The second remittance came just in time, and he left us again once more, saying he would go farther if he did not succeed there, and would not return until he did, for he saw plainly he could do nothing without money."

"I left off writing to run after a snake which popped its head in at the door. I have killed the gentleman; his rattles I have laid on a piece of paper on the table. I shall keep them as a trophy."

"Three days have passed; yesterday we had a letter from Oscar; he has obtained a situation in Cincinnati as teacher in one of the public schools. There was an examination the day after his arrival, to appear, to fill three vacancies; as they are paid according to capabilities, his salary will equal the highest. He wishes we were altogether; says they could obtain a school if there, and after a short time I could; that all of us had better continue teaching for some years, save all we can, and then either return to this spot or some other, and live in God's beautiful country an independent life."
"Brother is sane at last! We intend to go there in three months, or as soon as he obtains cash. I will see what the prospects are for teaching, and then if good they can come home; and we will be all together again."

(To be Continued.)

"There is a grandeur in the Soul that dares Live out all the life God lit within;
That battles with the passions hand to hand,
And wears no mail and hides behind no shield!
That plucks its joy in the shadow of Death's wing—
That drains with one deep draught the wine of Life,
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eyes,
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,
High o'er the abyss of ruin, and not fall!"

From Washington Evening Star.

The Public Schools.

Meeting of the Trustees—The Bible in the Schools—Is its reading Necessary or Judicious?—How far Religious Instruction should extend in the Schools, &c.

Mr. A. E. Newton called up the report of the Committee on Rules, adverse to certain proposed amendments, and in quite a lengthy address, he urged the adoption of the amendments. After speaking of the necessity of explicit rules as to the Superintendent, he referred to the fact that the committee had reported unfavorably on the proposed new rule requiring attention to the training of pupils in good manners, the culture of their moral perceptions, and the proper development of their religious faculties. He says that he had anticipated that one portion of the rule might meet with serious objections, and it was venturing on disputed and jealously guarded territory. The amendment is predicated upon the undeniable facts that the moral and religious faculties of a child constitute as truly a part of his human nature as do its mental and physical powers, and that the proper development and culture of these faculties are not less important to individual welfare, the good of the community, and the welfare of the State than is the culture of the other powers. "In fact, they are as much entitled to development and proper training in childhood as are any others of our common faculties, and without such culture the character is necessarily defective and un-symmetrical; the child grows up with perhaps a sharp and active intellect, but a dull and stunted sense of moral obligations, and a lack of religious sensibilities—just the material, indeed, from which to develop the sharper, the swindler, the demagogue, or the criminal of any stripe. To properly develop and rightly train all the faculties constitutes true education, and any system which neglects so important a part as those referred to is seriously defective."

Mr. Newton continued, urging that no right minded parents would object to their children being taught politeness or the duties of truthfulness, honesty, industry, temperance, obedience to parents and teachers and to public law, and of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us; and right minded parents would prefer seeing their children models of good deportment, &c., rather than experts in arithmetic, grammar, &c. He says that teachers who are not qualified to impart the simple lessons appropriate to childhood and the school room, to give due attention to the training of these pupils are out of place in the school room. In other cities the duty of giving daily lessons in morals and manners is not found to be too onerous. He quotes from a law of Massachusetts: "It shall be the duty of the professors and tutors of the University at Cambridge and of all preceptors and teachers of academies and all other instructors of youth, to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, and frugality, chastity, moderation, and temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornaments of human society and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded; and it shall be the duty of such instructors to endeavor to lead their pupils as their ages and capacities will admit, into a clear understanding of the tendency of the above mentioned virtues, to preserve and perfect a republican constitution, and to secure the blessings of liberty, as well as to promote their future happiness, and also to point out to them the evil tendency of the opposite vices."

IS THE READING OF THE BIBLE NECESSARY?

No one will contend that the Bible is necessary, or is used by any judicious teacher as a book from which to learn the art of reading, especially in primary schools. If read to any good purpose in such schools, it is for the moral, spiritual, and devotional lessons it contains. But it is well known that the passages which are suitable for such lessons, to be given "without note or comment," are very few in proportion to the bulk of the volume. Much that is read to children, without explanation, might as well be read in the original Greek or Hebrew, so far as giving them any intelligible idea that can be called "a lesson" is concerned. The repetition in their hearing of unintelligible words from the Bible cannot tend to inspire them with a rational respect for the book. It is more likely to have the opposite effect. Much as I venerate the Bible, my reverence is for its spirit rather than its letter—for the truths it contains, rather than the paper and boards, or mere words which makes up the volume. Now, the spirit of its moral and devotional lessons is incorporated into many other books, adapted to the comprehension of children, and even into many of the lessons presented in our common reading-books of all grades. These are, or should be made to be, unexceptionable to all respectable classes who are required to support the public schools. In my judgment, it would be more just, reasonable and useful to require the use of such lessons as means of religious culture, than to prescribe the daily reading, "without note or comment," of passages selected at random from the Bible. Or, if lessons from the Bible are still to be used, it would seem far more sensible that a selection should be made or adopted, by competent authority, of passages suited to the purpose, and of a character not offensive to the consciences of any class. Such lessons could be printed in a small book by themselves, adapted to the different grades of schools, and if the language should be simplified or explained where necessary it would be all the better for the purpose intended. By making provision for religious culture, as suggested in the proposed amendment, and at the same time avoiding infringement upon the rights of conscience of any class, we may not only improve the character of public schools, but remove very serious objections to them which have hitherto existed, and save them from a danger which now menaces the very existence of the public school system.

HOW FAR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION SHOULD EXTEND.

Mr. Newton next considers the second branch of the proposed rule requiring teachers to give attention to the development of the religious faculties of their pupils, which probably, he says, is without precedent in school regulations of other cities. The reasons for such a requirement are that every child has religious faculties which are entitled to development and culture, and without such culture its character is unbalanced and dis-

BEAUTY OF AGE.

It is not given to youth alone Life's choicest gifts to share; Nor does the bloom of early years All of life's fragrance bear.

As, when the flowers of Spring are gone, And Summer glories fled, We hail the brighter Autumn hues That seek our love instead;

So, in the Autumn-tide of life, And, 'mid the frosts of age, Are yielded out, the richest fruits That bless life's pilgrimage.

The heart that aye for others beats In kindness and true love, Cannot grow old, but wears within The elements of youth.

And, as the gorgeous sunset hours Our happiest thoughts engage, So, oft, the brightest flowers of life, Entwine the brow of age.

O Life! and my life, thou art full of sunshine and shadow! Sometimes on some mount of transfiguration communing with angelic guests, and soon brought down to the garden of Gethsemane, talking with the bleeding hearts, lacerated with the jealousy of a blind spirit of intolerance, that must ever attend any progress of mankind, or the advancement of truth.

However, in my life there has been more of joy than of sadness, and never a cloud so dense but at times I could see some glistening dewdrop, made to sparkle by light through the rifted clouds.

This morn I am greeted with a letter from a Hingham, Mass., correspondent, who gives us an account of the intolerant who persecuted the first mediums of modern Spiritualism, which I enclose for the readers of the PRESENT AGE:

"At this time I am investigating a matter, the first mention of which I find in Mrs. Harding's 'History of Spiritualism.' If you have seen the book, and read any of it, you will perhaps remember the published account of some manifestations, and a communication through one 'Mary Jane Leonard,' in the family of 'Dr. Lyman B. Larkin,' Wrentham, Mass., in the year 1845, which was some three years before the Hydeville manifestations, and which were very wonderful in their nature. Wrentham being an Evangelical town in its religious belief, could not countenance such proceedings, consequently some of the godly (or godless) ones commenced a persecution of the said Mary Jane Leonard, and Dr. Larkin. At a trial of the said Mary, for the practice of 'Necromancy and witchcraft,' in the house of said Larkin, held in the town of Wrentham, with five justices on the bench—three from Wrentham and two from Franklin—she was sentenced to sixty days confinement in Dedham jail. This was November 28th, 1845. The principle person engaged in conducting the trial was Rev. Horace James a Baptist minister of said town. The girl was not allowed any defence whatever at the trial, and a Rev. Tyler Thatcher, (orthodox minister in the same town) and wife, who spent a week in said Larkin's house for investigating the matter, was denied a hearing in her behalf, because they each became in part, if not in full, convinced of the innocency of the girl of all conscious agency in the matter; but, on the contrary, it being of a spiritual origin, so then, without witnesses, defence or voice at all in the case, she was sentenced and confined in Dedham jail. So much for Massachusetts' boasted liberty of speech and conscience no longer ago than 1845!

The history of many of the persecutions in this particular case is very interesting. Two persons, always in the dark, but prime movers behind the scenes, were Rev. H. James and Tyler Thatcher. The one has lost several promising children, the other four wives. Thatcher has just died in California in great poverty; he buried three children, all (as we say) untimely. Rev. H. James moved from Wrentham to Worcester, where he buried his whole family. His wife became quite a trial for some time following, the details of which I have not become familiar with, but expect to at an early day. The Baptist Church, of which Dr. Larkin was a member, spent thirteen consecutive afternoons in hearing testimony regarding manifestations at his house, and arranging a confession for the Doctor before they would fellowship him again. But peace did not follow. A constant persecution was kept up until 1850, when the Doctor was excommunicated; and afterwards an effort was made to get him placed in the insane asylum at Worcester, which project he informs me was defeated through the instrumentality of his spirit wife—she passing from earth in the year 1850.

The Doctor becoming weary and tired of persecution and the people of Wrentham, soon after the last effort moved away from there, and to date has not revisited the town. Of the seven church members who made up the committee of investigation, four of whom were deacons, five are now dead. From the above you will get a very faint and imperfect glimpse of the early persecution of mediums, and those associated with it in good old Massachusetts, from the year 1845 to 1851, full and particular accounts of which I think have never been published, and I presume many of the Spiritualists are entirely ignorant of the facts. I am anxious to gather all the particulars in this case and have it published in the papers. Dr. Larkin suggests the examination of the church records at Wrentham and get a full copy of the same, together with all the letters that passed between him and said church. He thinks it would require some four days to examine and make the requisite copy; but then we should have the same to fall back on and sustain the charge when we should wish to present it to the public. I believe the Rev. Horace James is at this time a resident of Lowell, Massachusetts. E. WILDER.

I am aware there is an increased amount of persecution to-day over that of five years ago, thus evincing the fact that our philosophy is gaining ground, and going down into the hearts of the people. Demands are increasing for lectures and tests, and truly the harvest is great—the laborers few in proportion to the demand.

Why this scarcity? is the frequent inquiry. My answer is, very few are willing to sacrifice to bring truth to light; few are willing to have all manner of evil said of them, as it ever has been and ever must be of those who advocate an unpopular idea. And many of these noble reformers who would dare to speak boldly for the right, are like Theodore Parker, brought down to the grave prematurely in consequence of the miasmatic influence, coming from the foul breath of slander, so destructive to physical health and human happiness. Few are iron-clad, or impregnable to these vituperations of the ignorant, though their better natures will ever say, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Were all of life dark and dreary we could not live it; but many times the clouds part, the warm, genial sun of friendship, love and truth come in to warm our frozen souls, and send us more light. An unexpected word of encouragement

or cheer, sometimes makes us forget all the dark, winding pathways through which we were led nearer the sublime heights of purer enjoyments, "Kind words can never die though they fade."

A note from our worthy sister R., from B. Cridge; says, "As the PRESENT AGE comes to me week after week with its inspiring articles, they do me good. I feel I'm a better woman, for I am learning how to lead a true life by reading that clean sheet. I look for it from week to week as I would for some dear friend that was to bring me glad tidings from my loved ones; for I do see so many things from the pens of those I love, and I only wish I was capable of adding my mite to this great fountain of truth and goodness. The yearning cry goes out from my very soul for more knowledge, culture and goodness, that will make me more charitable and a truer woman."

To all such I would quote the words of our teacher, Jesus: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled!"

Evermore in this vineyard let me labor for truth and humanity. S. A. H. EAST SAGINAW, March 10, 1870.

Let Us Return Thanks.

Words are of little value; only as they serve to express thoughts and ideas, and not infrequently we find ourselves unable to so frame them that they accomplish the end desired. We feel deeply sensible of this fact at our present writing, and equally conscious that we should be wanting in that courtesy that acknowledges appreciation of benefits received and privileges enjoyed; did we not in the most available way express our gratitude to the Spiritualists of Michigan for their kindness and hospitality during our sojourn among them.

Coming among you for our own personal benefit we had not anticipated spending any portion of the time in lecturing. We found, however, a field so inviting that we could not resist the calls from both sides of the river, to "cry aloud and spare not." And now as we look back over the five months past, every Sunday with a single exception, (and then prevented by sickness) we have addressed intelligent, appreciative and for the most part large audiences, in such parts of the State as we could reach most conveniently from the University. In each place we have visited, Niles, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Marshall, Albion and Farmington we have found a deep and active interest in the essential truths of our philosophy, and what is better still, noble generous men and women to whom we shall never cease to be grateful for hospitality so broad that it rises above the narrow limits of fashionable etiquette and baptizes the soul of the receiver with a halo of its own brightness. We forbear mentioning names in this connection as they would extend this article beyond proper limits.

The State Convention was the largest and most harmonious we have attended. No petty schisms to gratify personal ambition; no ridiculous exhibition of unengaged lunatics; no vehement fanatics clamoring for individuality at the expense of all order and decorum; no broken down hobbies saddled for the occasion, but an earnest thoughtful convocation of men and women, who feeling that "in union there is strength" abandoned "windy speeches," and set about the work of organization in a business like and orderly manner. We feel assured that its influence will be largely felt during the coming year.

Our connections at the University have been of the most pleasant and agreeable nature. The professors and students with whom we have been associated have treated us with the utmost courtesy and good will, and we can affirm from experience that the high reputation the University sustains is well earned reputation, and its privileges are over estimated. And what is better still, its doors are wide open to both sexes, extending to all equal opportunities and encouragement.

To the several lecturers in the State, we are especially grateful for having extended to us the right hand of fellowship, and contributing in no small degree to make our stay both pleasant and profitable. To Brothers Whiting, Whipple, Loveland and Fishback, as well as Sisters Horton, Martin and Fowler, we can only say God bless you! and the great work in which you are engaged. We realize your trials, and shall rejoice in your triumphs. Your "day is not yet," but the morrow cometh, and when its golden beams shall chase away the dark night of intolerance, and Young Progress lifts on high the white banner of our new religion; then shall a world redeemed from priestly arrogance and superstition do you and many who are working with you honor. Nor can I in this connection forget the editor of the PRESENT AGE, whose open doors and kindly welcome will not soon be forgotten.

Our lectures have at best been but the inspiration of hours we have stolen from the press of other cares, and to know they have been received so favorably only evinces the deep interest you feel in our philosophy, and we return to our home, better, wiser and happier for the few months we have spent among you. A. B. F.

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET—The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Cambell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff 1000 feet above the sea: The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north, the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfathers' parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up directly on his beam, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood's one sonnet after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.—News.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Mrs. ANNIE D. CRIDGE, - - Editor. All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at No 16 Philadelphia Row, 11th St., East, Washington, D. C.

"ENFOLED IN THE IMPERISHABLE AND THE 'IMAGE' OF AN UPRIGHT AND PERFECT BEING."

MY DARLING'S SHOES.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray. For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away; I sometimes take one in my hand, forgetting till I see It is a little half-worn shoe, not half large enough for me; And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain, As sharp as when, two years ago, I cut my heart in twain.

O, little feet, that weary not, I wait for them no more. For I am drifting on the tide, and they have reached the shore; And while the blinding tear-drops wet these little shoes so cold, And then I try them down again, but always turn to say, God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see The little form beside me, just as it used to be; The little face uplifted with its soft and tender eyes— Ah me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise. I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air, For there is nothing of my darling but the shoes he used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away, Until I meet my darling where his feet can never stray; When I too more am drifted on the surging tide, But with him safely landed upon the river side, His patient heart 'till waiting to see the shining way, For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray.

WILLIE AND JESSIE.

CHAPTER VII.

"I'm going for my goat to-day, Jessie," said Willie, as he opened his eyes one morning; "I'm going for my goat, Jessie; I am going to take a rope and tie around its neck to bring it home; but I won't have it tied when it is once here; oh, no! that would be rather cruel, I think. I have all ready for the goat a large goods case turned up under the shed, and the straw is all ready for its bed. Oh, won't it be nice, Jessie, when it is trained to pull my wagon?"

"I don't want a doll," said Jessie, who had been sitting up in bed, listening to Willie's talk and looking earnestly at him; but as she said this she bent her head, and her long, dark hair fell over her face and hid her beautiful eyes. "I don't want a doll," she said again; "I won't buy a doll with my money."

"What do you want to buy?" "I want little girls' rights?" "You want little girls' rights?" said Willie, stepping out of his bed and going to Jessie's bed; "what do you mean, Jessie?"

"I mean," said Jessie, "that I want a goat too; girls can have goats."

"So they can," said Willie; "and would you really rather have a goat than a doll?"

"Yes, I would like a goat; then we would have two goats to pull the wagon, and one would be my own—my very own goat, would it not Willie?" And all the time she was playing with the collar of his nightgown, her little fingers pretending to place it just so, as if she was dressing him for a walk, while her eyes sparkled and danced as they have seen the snow sparkle and dance sometimes on a clear lake of water.

"And we will have harness, Willie; can you make harness, Willie?"

"Perhaps mamma can make it," said Willie, as he listened to her chatter. "And we will feed our goats with hay and apple parings; and oh, won't it be nice, Willie—you a goat, and I a goat!"

"Well," said Willie, "we will ask papa and mamma about it. Come, I will help you to dress briskly, and we will go down stairs. I think it will be quite right for you to have a goat. I am going to have one, and you must have one, I think. But how much money have you, Jessie?"

"My bank is half full," said Jessie; "it is on the dining room mantel-piece. I think I have enough."

In half an hour they were all in the dining room, and their papa and mamma were astonished at the new presentation of the goat question.

"A goat for Jessie!" "Girls' rights!" and her father pretended to be full of wonder. "Ha, ha! this brings the matter of woman's right to one's own fireside, Jessie, a goat, hey! Down with the bank!" he said, taking it from the mantel piece and trying to un-screw it with the point of his breakfast-knife; "we must look into this matter of girls' rights. I am afraid, Jessie, you are going to be cheated out of your rights."

All this time the bank was being undone, while their father's face was all smiles, and every one looked on greatly pleased.

"Hurrah for the pennies!" he said, as the bank suddenly fell open and the pennies were tumbling to the floor. Away went Jessie, Willie and their father, too, after the pennies, and very soon they were counted. There were seventy-five cents.

"Jessie! you have seventy-five cents. You know Prof. Greeley gave you one dollar, and how much more does she need to buy a goat," asked her father, as they sat down to breakfast.

"Willie thought while and said 'seventy-five cents.'"

Well, said their father, taking out his pocket-book. I must give seventy-five cents to the cause of girls' rights—here it is, Jessie."

"Oh, how Jessie smiled. Don't you children who read this story just think you see her happy face! and don't you just think you see her and Willie, after breakfast putting on their warm coats and hats and thick gloves to go for their goats. See them put the money in their pockets. See Jessie as she puts her hands in to be sure that it is there, again and again. Oh, Jessie was a happy little girl! Listen and you will hear her say:

"Willie, I will soon be as large as you, won't I?"

"So you will, little daughter," said her mother,—"You feel large to-day, because you have Girls' Rights."

"Yes," said Jessie, "I like girls' rights." Away they go across the green. "See how they run to make their own bargain," said their father, who stood at the door. "Mrs. Martin they are very early learning to do business."

"Yes," said their mother, "but it is all

right; it will give them confidence in themselves."

What a time there was when the goats arrived! Such a bleating! Why their cries sounded like the screams of two cross children. Mr. and Mrs. Martin laughed heartily; Jessie could hardly hold her goat, it rushed around so actively; and when at last they were let loose in the street such a time as they were making them to eat hay, potatoes, coarse grass and I know what else! Jessie's hands were full of business.

By-and-by she took time to look at her father and mother, ran towards them and said clapping her hands, "oh, oh! I'm glad! I have GIRLS' RIGHTS!"

Yes you have girls' rights Jessie, and you are blessed to-day.

Voices of the People.

Salisbury, Bay Co, Mich. March, 11th, 1870.

DEAR AGE: It is encouraging to be able to note progress. The Bay City people being disappointed because circumstances prevented Mrs. Horton, from giving them a lecture under the auspices of our Bangor Society when she visited us last month, engaged her themselves for the evening of the 3d inst. The Court-house was secured, and this afforded the largest audience room in the vicinity, (in the first building of its kind in the entire State, if we take the judgment of the members of the Legislature when on their visit to this place about a year ago). Every available seat was occupied and many chairs were brought in to accommodate the throng, which was composed of the most prominent citizens, as well as the best minds among us. As at her former lecture, we were favored with appropriate music from the "Harp" by a fine quartette, which pleased the speaker and listeners in agreeable rapport. The subject was "Inspiration," and it was treated in a most thorough manner for one hour—warrant attention being given throughout. A committee which the audience had selected from among themselves for the purpose, pronounced "The wonders and magnitude of the Pacific Railroad," as a subject for an impromptu poem. This was certainly a novel topic, but it was no more novel than was the admiration poetical and unique. It challenged the approval of all while it captivated with its delight.

On the following evening she lectured before our society in Babo Hall, Wrenoma, a full house, the subject of the lecture being, "The Good Spiritualism has done." The subject of the poem as named by a committee was "The sewing machine." Both lecture and poem were of the most finished and interesting character; while the music which we were favored, placed all in sweet harmony to absorb the blessings of the whole occasion. The people are eager for Mrs. Horton's coming again, for they are captivated by her powers and the logical clearness which she exhibits on the rostrum.

The intense throbbing which this mighty impulse, Spiritualism has started, is being felt all through this community. Our meetings are piled by guests long in the day and late in the night, till they are sometimes nearly worn out. Our Sunday meetings in Babo Hall were well attended, and the speaking which thus far has been given mostly through myself, seems to be well received. The assistance which you afford is appreciated, and as heretofore, so heretofore we will endeavor to extend your usefulness. You may be sure the copies which do come here are circulated till thoroughly read and worn.

M. A. R. O. March 12th, 1870.

Cot. D. M. Fox: Many thanks for your kind notice of my coming into the State. I am engaged for April, but then a month's rest will do me no harm. During May I speak in Salem, Mass., and in Lowell, in June. Shall attend the next National Convention, and then I hope to be able to remain West for some time. The PRESENT AGE has a host of friends here. All affirm that its contents are not only of a high literary order, but also of a Spiritualist character which certain other Journals would not wish to emulate.

The last Sunday in January, Mr. A. J. Fishback concluded a fifteen months' engagement with the Spiritual Society, worshipping in the Free Church. Cultured and highly inspirational Mr. F. has been a blessing to our people wherever called. He has made his mark in Sturgis. Not only as a ripe scholar, a deep and progressive thinker, but an enthusiastic and practical preacher, has won the support of the people; and aided by that all important adjunct a genial, sympathetic and manly nature, he has drawn around him in private life, a large circle of faithful friends, and been favored with an increasing auditory Sabbath after Sabbath. The blessings of his late congregation rest upon him, and their earnest prayers, that he may continue to grow in intellectual power, and remain year after year, an efficient worker in the cause of progressive religion. In company with the most estimable lady, Brother F. is on his way to Victoria Station, Iron Mountain R. R., where all letters should be addressed.

Senior Wait, B. O. Duck Esq., Fox, Gage, Gardner and others too numerous to mention, still remains outspoken workers on the side of Radicalism and Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism is being subjected to the closest scrutiny. We welcome it. The good, the right, the truth will triumph. We want nothing else.

The June meeting at this place, it is expected will be a grand success. The managers are now negotiating with some of the most prominent spiritual philosophers and speakers in the land, with a view of conducting them at that occasion. The finest physical manifestations I have ever seen has taken place at the house of the Murray brothers, their little girls the Mediums all in the light. I must tell you one incident. One of the girls was standing by the table asking questions, and receiving answer by the table, a little boy was sitting near by. They asked the spirits if they would raise the chair with the boy, they said yes; they placed their hands on the chair, [mother and daughter.] the chair and boy raised in the air, and floated out into another room, through the outside door on to the piazza, then back to the place of starting, their fingers touching the bed of the chair as high up as they could reach, this was done full in daylight.

The weather was unfavorable for our meeting, but we had a very interesting time. Some of the finest physical manifestations I have ever seen has taken place at the house of the Murray brothers, their little girls the Mediums all in the light. I must tell you one incident. One of the girls was standing by the table asking questions, and receiving answer by the table, a little boy was sitting near by. They asked the spirits if they would raise the chair with the boy, they said yes; they placed their hands on the chair, [mother and daughter.] the chair and boy raised in the air, and floated out into another room, through the outside door on to the piazza, then back to the place of starting, their fingers touching the bed of the chair as high up as they could reach, this was done full in daylight.

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New Books.

FROM

LOIS WAISBROOKER'S

— LAST WORK —

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW!

— LAST WORK —

GET READY

TO BUY IT

EVERYBODY!

— AND SOON! —

EXTRACT FROM CHAPTER I.

"And have you no pity for the ruined life of the girl that you confess you love?" asked Reid, speaking seriously for the first time.

"I have will; but that which cannot stand the test must fall: that's my doctrine."

"Hope you will be able to abide by it, then," said a steady voice close by his side.

"My God, Helen! you here?" exclaimed Granger, starting to his feet.

"I am here, sir—here to thank you for the lesson you taught me. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, and if a woman who can be flattered by one man before marriage, can be flattered by another after marriage, a man who will flatter and die to one woman before marriage, will lie to her and flatter others after marriage, and I want a husband that I can trust."

It would have taken a skillful artist to have portrayed the expression of Granger's countenance as Helen thus addressed him; while Reid was simply astonished.

"You pity my ruined condition, but those who cannot stand must fall," she continued, fixing her clear gray eyes upon his with a gaze that held them. "I want one of your pity, sir, and hear me, Edward Granger, there is no one man that can drag me down. Had you married me while I trusted you, you might possibly have led me to do what my own soul condemned; but I am awake now: my eyes are open, and it can't be done."

"No, sir, I am not ruined: no woman is ruined unless she thinks so; and I here swear, in the presence of high heaven, that I will not sink,—that even with the additional burden you have laid upon me, I will rise higher than you can ever hope to rise; and my child will take a higher position than any child born of an unloving, heartless woman, with you for its father, can possibly reach;" and turning from him she walked away with the air of a queen in her own right, instead of taking the position Granger had assigned her: that of a wronged woman seeking justice, recognition through marriage with her betrayer.

"But still the spirit that you see Undaunted by your wiles, Dreads from its own omnibombity Its high-born aniles."

murmured Reid, as she passed out of sight.

FROM CHAPTER XIX

WOMAN'S PROTECTORS.

One day she heard Sam the darkey saying to the Captain, "Mity fine woman, dat, mas'r Cap'n, if she do hab a boy, an' no man."

"What do you mean, Sam?" asked the Captain.

"I mean's, mas'r Cap'n, dat mas'r Harlow, who went away just afore you cum, he her boy?"

"What! Miss Harlow's?"

"He call her mudder, enyhow."

"Thank you Sam; here's some money for you."

"Gosh!" said Sam, as he caught the shining coin, "your good."

After this Captain Gilbert was particularly attentive. Not rude, but continually manifesting that kind of interest which is so annoying to a sensitive woman. Helen bore it for awhile without seeming to notice it. But one day, when he had been persistent than usual, she said to him:

"Captain, when you was a boy, did you ever go skating?"

He seemed somewhat surprised at the address of such a question in mid-summer, but replied, "Often, often, my dear Miss Harlow; it was a favorite sport of mine."

"Did you ever see a great rude boy purposely trip up a little girl because she was not used to the ice, and he could do so just as well as not?"

"I do not recollect, now, that I ever did; but I am very certain, if I had witnessed such a thing, I should have thrashed the villain within an inch of his life; or if not, it would have been because I wasn't able."

Helen smiled. "But suppose, Mr. Gilbert, that every other boy upon the ice had taken it into their heads that they had a perfect right to do the same thing, because the first one had?"

The Captain hesitated; "I cannot see the purport of your question, Miss Harlow, but I do not think that such a company of boys could be found," he said at length.

"Still, if the girl chances to be sixteen, instead of seven, and the big boy twenty-three or four, and he succeeds in tripping her upon the slippery steps of passion, the others will not permit her to rise at all if they can prevent it, but look upon her, from henceforth, as their lawful prey."

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We call special attention to the following inspirational poem, written for the Present Age, through the organism of Mr. J. L. Mansfield, a worker of rare promise, who has recently entered the field as a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred reforms. His talents as a writer and speaker have already won for him the favorable estimation of many cultivated minds. We predict for him a successful literary career. We regard this as one of the most beautiful poetic expressions that has ever appeared in our columns.—Ed.

THE UNFAITHFUL SOUL.

The soul unfaithful, To the sacred trust of love Is poor indeed. It leaves the peaceful paths That led through richest landscapes, Perennial with unfolding beauty.— Through bowers, beautiful as summer sun set, And fragrant with the sweetest flowers, For barren wastes scorched by the fire of passion. It casts away Life's choicest jewels with a reckless hand, Or barter them for tinsel ornaments. That tinsel with the touch of error melts, Leaving the soul a desolate waste. With breaking human hearts, as though they fell, not—snapping under the chords of Tenderest love with wanton cruelty. It makes its entry to the gardens of The soul, or stalks with rude and awkward gait, Across the ornamental grounds of Love, Picking up selfish hands the fairest flowers, To throw them in the red and glaring fire Of its unhallored lust, that burn their way Deep into the trusting spirit of many A human life.

Shuddering we mark its Pathway, as we do when burning lava Speeds its way downward from the cratered Summit of the mountain, hissing like a Fire serpent, transforming scenes of beauty To a blackened waste of ruined hopes. Ah! there is a Changeless law of compensation, that meets The faithless soul with an acceding veto, At every angle in the path of life, Holding aloft the flaming mirror memory, Reflecting truthfully the startling record, Of its disloyal life. See how The unfaithful spirit shrinks from itself, And with a keen remorse, calls for oblivion Sleep to close the book of sin and sorrow, The visions of its own wrongs, or pray, That Earth may open wide her bosom, And with the sable curtain of the grave, Hide the sad scene and quench the seething fire, That burns into the very life, Changing its pleasures and its sweets to pain And bitterness.

In the agony of unrest, It seeks the lofty mountains bare and calls aloud To over-hanging rocks, and shivering rocks, To fall upon, and hide from the eyes Of him who holds his crime in every Human soul, and sits, white-throated in judgment There, the broad chronicle of every act, Noting on the sacred margin of life's page The deeds—good or evil—of each action Energy and power, for good or ill, For weal or woe. The conscious, living, thinking self Lamentation seeks in vain. Through in part, content within the soul, It ever found the perfect likeness of the Eternal Mind. So has the mighty, moving Spirit, long hid from human ken within The values of matters vast unmeasured realm Outstretch'd. It's will to present By slow progressive steps moves outward From its inward source of power. To External ultimate in forms of wisest use, The particles of matter clothed with life, That in the finite show his wisdom, in beauty And perfection,—cause entering the effect,— And sin, a prophecy of words to be, The little atom—germ, of starward oak,— The grain of golden harvest yet to come.

By the same law, The rose unfolds its petals to the light, The air is laden with the perfume of its breath. By the same law, each Individual soul has wrought its way From seeming chaos into present Plane of life, and when the genial breeze Of harmonious thought, blending with reason's Light, shall yield the needed culture to the mortal flower, it then will meet in Changeless love its counterpart, in holy And eternal union, the ultimate Or all false forms of earthly love, seeking Its glorious crown of happiness In the joy and peace, they bring to their Aspirations, with the Central Inspiration Of all life, echoing the universal lesson, That "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Existence once began can never end. The unfaithful soul that dashes down the Vase that holds the fragrant dower of trust and And unfolds love, defers the hour Of its own happiness, and takes upon The spirit's bestowment of the immortal Light, that long shall dwell in its growth, And mar the natural harmony that flows Like ceaseless melody from a true life. O, suffering soul! Retrace thy wayward steps, and be beautiful Again the temple of thy being, lighting Its windows evermore with lamps of pure Unselfed love. So nicely balanced Is the plan of life, that if we truly live, On every need shall be supplied, and yet No trespass make upon another's right. There is a pure divinity in every soul, That if we yield unto its Sovereign power, Will ever point, unerring as the needle To the pole, "the straight and narrow path." That leads to shining moments of happiness, Where wisdom's crystal fountains overflow With sparkling streams of truth, to quench The Spirits thirst, and with a grateful knowledge, Yield the language of the immortal Soul. The self poised mind, that contemplates the Only Heaven it can ever know, With all its loves attuned to harmony, It dwells above the world's dreary jargon of Contentions strife, and calmly walks above The storm-clouds of wrath, while the benighted Marks the zig-zag lightning path of human Passion's knowing meanwhile that all will reach The goal of glorious destiny, though Long they struggle ere the drops of ignorance Be barred away, leaving in the archlike Of life, the pure bright glow of knowledge Rich set with sparkling diamonds, exhaled From the deep river-beds, where streams Of earthly passion, so wildly sweep along The shores of conscious being, bringing down From mountain range the finest particles Of gold, and polishing the jewels that Are wrought into a crown, that lightly rests Upon the wearers brow, the only falseless Wealth that holds the treasures we shall prize In yonder Summer Land, when we, with all Our labor done, shall cross the shining river, Whose waters break in ceaseless melody Upon the shores of our Celestial Home.

MAN'S DESTINY.

Synopsis of a Lecture delivered by HENRY C. WRIGHT, at South Newry, Ohio. Reported by Geo. Wm. Wilson for THE PRESENT AGE.

RELIGION pertains to the relations between man and man. God made manifest in men, women and children, and not in Sabbaths, Bibles, Priests and Church, is the essential element of true religion. Both Protestants and Catholics hold that religion is something between God and man. It is the burden of popular religion to hold up the relations of man to an outside God. This is the universal idea of Christians and Pagans. The relations between man and man are called morality, but they are the only true religion—all else is a waste of time and thought.

What are the qualifications for an entrance into the kingdom of heaven? Is it believing in the Bible, vicarious atonement, baptism, or being born again? Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, giving drink to the thirsty, caring for the poor, needy, suffering ones of earth will secure us admission into the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world. What we do to poor, needy human beings we do to God. It matters not about our believing in the Bible, church, or

priest. I am astounded at the monstrous perversion of the teachings of Jesus by the priests.

As we feel and act toward living human beings, so will be our heaven or hell; by which I mean, happiness or unhappiness—simply a state of mind. This view is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus. He taught the grand idea that religion is something between man and man. Our destiny must turn, not on how others feel and act toward us, but how we feel and act toward them. We can have heaven in our hearts, no matter how others act toward us. When young children are playing together their happiness depends on how they feel and act towards each other, for they know nothing of God or Christ. Let one child become cross and the harmony of the circle is destroyed—they are all miserable. When they govern themselves they are pleasant and harmonious in their relations—all is happiness. It is so in every relation of life.

We carry with us what we find. It cannot go away from ourselves. If we have heaven in our hearts, we shall find it wherever we go. I am sick of the twaddle about an abstract idea of heaven away off somewhere outside of man.

We carry with us both our physical and moral conditions. A vast amount of misery is caused by the ignorance of fathers and mothers. Parents are responsible for the deaths of their children when they die from inherited disease, or the diseases caused by over feeding and violation of the laws of life.

Every person should form pure, wholesome, pleasant, correct habits that he is not ashamed to have men see him practice. Such habits will bless us. Parents should teach their children to form correct habits that will make them a blessing and pleasure to the world, not an unmitigated curse. That Parent is a dreadful enemy to the happiness of his child, who desires to bring it up to get a living without enjoying an honest labor. No man has a right to grow rich by making others poor. People should earn their own living by honest labor. A man can worship God more acceptably, and in a higher and more useful sense, by plowing the soil, than by kneeling down and telling God what he thinks of Him and of himself, and what he wants Him to do.

Our heaven or hell is exactly in accordance with our feelings and actions towards our fellow-beings. It is a wise law to those who feel and act rightly towards their associates have heaven in them; hell can find no place in their hearts. It matters little what we think of Moses, Luther, Calvin, John, Paul, Aaron or Joshua, but it is of infinite consequence what we think of ourselves. We should bring our appetites and passions into subjection to our reason and judgment.

Christendom is everlastingly talking of saving men and women by what was done eighteen centuries ago—that what one man said and did, is to save the world. His actions and deeds saved him, but cannot save us. Our destiny does not depend on how Christ lived and died. Instead of turning your thoughts to God and Christ, turn them to your own hearts. Christ came not to save us, but to teach us how to save ourselves. He did not come to save us, but to save himself—that is could not deny his principles; he could endure the agony of a death on the cross easier than be a traitor to his convictions.

The united orthodox denominations regard the death of the body as the most terrible event of life. The priest, taking advantage of this natural event, dwells on the horrors of the future life for the purpose of gaining dominion over the minds of the people. Does the popular view of the future life tend to make us wiser and better? It is the universal teaching of Christendom that it would be a most terrible calamity to abolish hell and the devil, for we are told that hell keeps men in subjection. Men and women instinctively and intuitively shrink from the idea of everlasting punishment. If a person really believed that he must forever dwell in hell, he could never again sleep or eat. Men create hell for those whom they hate—not for their loved ones; they never believe in hell for themselves or their friends.

The immortality of the soul has been the absorbing question with man in all ages. Cicero asks the question, is death evil or good? and says the answer depends on what comes after it. Ancient philosophers taught the immortality of the human soul. My consciousness tells me that I exist, but I cannot prove it. I know that God exists. The temple of the living God is in the human heart. Intuition tells me that I am to live forever. I love the power to apprehend the conditions of the future life. Did nature or God create in me a desire for that which does not exist? In all the vast universe God has not created a longing or demand for that which does not exist. I have had communion with the spirits of dear friends, but this did not convince me of their immortality, for I knew it before. Beliefs where knowledge begins. As I love to commune with earth friends, and learn of their experience in the rugged journey of life, so I love to hold communion with the "loved ones gone before." The only rational idea of the future life is that entertained by Spiritualists. The popular idea of heaven brings no satisfaction to the soul.

Our bodies must die; this fact we cannot ignore, no matter what our religious belief is. When the loved ones die, we ask, "Where is my wife? Where is my child?" Spiritualism answers those questions, and demonstrates the immortality of the soul. Never mock at the truths of Spiritualism unless you believe that the death of the body is the death of the soul.

The grand idea of life is to find out what our destiny is. Our daily experience is our destiny. If you carry heaven with you when you leave the body, you will find it when you reach the Summer Land. Precisely there as here, we find what we carry with us. Learn to control yourselves here, and you will take heaven with you when your spirit departs from its tenement of clay. We shall exist in the future life as men

and women. The distinction of sex is in the soul. We shall be dependent on each other here as here. The time is coming when the relation of men and women to each other will be a source of untold happiness. When the sexes learn their true mission to each other this earth will be all the heaven we shall ever want. We shall exist there as social beings. The same love of social life will exist there as here. One of the fixed laws of our social nature is that we cannot make ourselves happy by making others unhappy. We cannot be happy by returning evil for evil. There is no true happiness in calling you a villain because you call me one. The law of good for evil is the only source of happiness in the body and out of it. Good for evil should be the watchword of life, as it is the only law by which people can live together in social harmony. Love is man's only saviour. If you are ever happy you must have love in your souls.

In the future life we must work for a living, and to supply our wants just as we do here. For instance, you will want knowledge, but you must study to learn. There are gems of beauty and splendor in this earth that we dream not of. We shall study all the sciences. The center of our life is this earth; it is my mother; in her bosom I was developed.

We shall live naturally; we shall exist there as here, only we shall have better opportunities to grow in knowledge and goodness.

When I lay aside my mortal body what will be my relations to this planet? What relation will I bear to the loved ones left behind; Will my present relations cease? The death of the body severs no ties of the soul. The husband will love his wife, and hold the same relations to her spiritually as before death. Do not go to the graveyard to find the husband or wife, but you will find them with the loved ones left behind. Will the mother who has left a child dearer to her than life, go searching through eternity after Christ? Learn to feel that your loved ones are with you, the same as before they passed beyond the river. Do not associate them with the graveyard, but with your daily lives and duties. I know from facts and experience that our spirit friends come and visit us.

There are here, good for evil is the principle that will save and bless men and women, while evil for evil will curse them. Keep your hearts bright and clean, and everything will look beautiful—you will hear the music of the angel choir.

Reflections on Life and Education.

By MARY A. STRAUB.

We may wish much propriety repeat at the present day the following significant declaration, uttered in the early days of our national prosperity. We must educate, we must educate, or we perish by our own prosperity.

While it is gratifying to witness the increasing interest in matters of education; it is painful to realize that it is but partial and confined chiefly to the intellect. That system of education, which, though based upon the principles of human nature, does not aim at the cultivation and improvement of the entire individual is imperfect, and alone, can never correct and purify the morals of community, or elevate the standard of spiritual excellence among mankind.

Would we realize the wishes of every true, wakeful heart, we must have a system of education that is thorough, converting both soul and body into the beautiful creature so happily defined by the genius of the human spirit, to be chiseled out by the hand of devotion and perseverance. True we have aimed high, but not having employed the proper missile, have failed to reach the object. It is impossible to bring about great and good results without proper and adequate means. Would we rear a structure that should be a monument of genius, we would certainly strive to make it substantial as well as ornamental, by the use of proper material, and planting it upon a firm basis. So with the plan of human education and development. What would we wish, what would we be, certainly we would be happy, and we would wish that every soul was quickened by noble and generous impulses; striving to give the highest form of expression to every attribute of the human character. The true and successful Horticulturalist loves his avocation, and prides himself in presenting to the eyes of the observer, as the fruits of his labor, and the result of his genius a systematic and beautiful garden as well as the choicest fruits of the land. In order to do this, it is necessary for him to be a scientific man, that he be familiar with those sciences which his business necessarily involves, not merely theoretically, but practically. And thus with the individual who realizes fully the purpose of life. Glancing with an comprehensive view at the plan of creation, he beholds it is all good; but reflecting upon himself he can but contemplate with astonished admiration, the wonderful mechanism of the human organization, the body and the mind, its various, continually unfolding capacities, and power to conceive and accomplish; and above all that rational self-consciousness which is the distinguishing feature of mankind; embracing humanity in its fraternal sympathies, and holding intelligent converse with the universe.

Is there ought too great and good for man's achievement? And is there aught in the world of mind or matter, too insignificant for his attention or regard? Surely we often "look too high for things close by." We are too apt to seek outside of ourselves for that which can only be found within us. The principle by which the problem of life must be solved, is a lofty aspiration, a yearning for the good, the true and the beautiful. With this view of the nature of man; we are prepared to consider a proper course of study for his benefit. Every man and woman should respect the dignity of the human character, sufficiently to make it the chief object in life to cultivate and improve it. And should teach the young by example as well as precept, that pretty is, who pretty does. And that wealth and display are not vehicles to

convey the individual into circles of respectability, and do not constitute real worth; but that industry, self-reliance, intelligence, moral, integrity and virtuous habits are the only guarantees to a prosperous and happy life, and the only qualifications which invite true respect and honor; whether they be found in the humblest cottage or in mansions of wealth and splendor. All methods for real advancement in life must be based upon law established in the principles of nature. In order then to advance and elevate the human family a knowledge of individual structure and requirements, both physiologically and phrenologically is necessary. Human Anatomy and Physiology, instinctive with innumerable cells, by means of which the process of life is carried on, reveals, in itself a volume of wisdom and is both beautiful as well as interesting to contemplate. But when we consider and investigate the structure and function of the nervous system, the mind, the relations existing between the mind and the body, the true merits of the subject become apparent, and the importance of a knowledge of the same, as connected with all reform imperative. To purify and adorn the temple of the soul is certainly a laudable enterprise. And the way must be prepared for the coming man and woman. Surely many of us realize sadly the misfortune of an imperfect early education. We should have schools where the principles of life and health should be taught as well those of chemistry and mathematics, where physical and mental culture should be a characteristic feature. Let us be wise today; surely, at the present rate of living, it is madness to defer.

For the Present Age. Spiritualism in Minnesota. BY W. E. JAMIESON. We have been holding a Spiritual revival in Lake City. Night after night the people have attended in great crowds, until we became so popular, Brother Fox, that the doors of the Congregational church were thrown wide open for the seventeenth lecture of this "Infidel." I have given sixteen lectures in Concert Hall on Spiritualism, Theology, the Bible, Biography and History. This evening I addressed a large audience, the church being densely packed, many being obliged to remain standing during my hour-and-a-half's discourse on the inexhaustible subject of Temperance. It is generally my "luck" to be on the unpopular side of questions. Even among reformers I have been accused of going further in violation of good sense than most men on this very subject of Temperance, and the proper mode to treat the evil of Intemperance. I was somewhat surprised, therefore, when I stood before my large audience, to-night, composed principally of conservatives, in and out of the church. Conservatives, I supposed they were; but the hearty hand-shaking, and endorsement of my views, received from both ladies and gentlemen, total strangers to me; most of them, I suppose, church-members, convinced me, that however much they may be "conservative" on religious questions, they are even less timid and more radical on some of the practical questions of the day, than many Spiritualists. I am happy to say for Minnesota, and especially for Lake City, that I have not met a timid Spiritualist since I entered the State. Just think! I advanced the idea that the reason why the efforts of the friends of Temperance had met thus far with ignominious failure is because they have been tender of the traffic of intoxicating liquors as Northern people were of slavery during the Rebellion. They have protected it, lopped the branches of this deadly nightshade of Intemperance. The consequences we see; an increase of the evil; thousands of the best lives sacrificed; Temperance societies disbanded; grog-shops multiplied and flourishing; four-fifths of the young men rapidly relapsing into early graves. All of these terrible results must follow so long as the traffic is legalized; so long as druggists are allowed to sell it (on the mistaken supposition that alcohol is a medicine); so long as it is recommended by physicians. The use of intoxicating liquors must be banished from the sick-room, their last lurking-place. I then advanced the atrocious idea that if in a case of sickness we could be morally certain that a life could be saved by administering a few drops of intoxicating liquor, and the choice could be permitted to banish it forever, my vote would be given for its banishment. If people cannot live without alcoholic drinks let them die! Success for the cause of Temperance will be found, I said, in these few words: TOTAL ABOLITION OF THE SALE AND MANUFACTURE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS!! It was for the expression of that sentence that my good friend, Judge H., came near calling me a fool in a Chicago Convention two years ago. He was a Spiritualist; yet this audience, composed largely of church-members, greeted the declaration with a hearty round of applause.

I advised that while we should be unsparring in our denunciations of the rum traffic, we should treat the rum-seller kindly. Too many Temperance advocates had overlooked the remedy for the traffic, and berated the trafficker. I ventured the remark that men are seldom abused into reformation. Ballots in the hands of women will make the manufacture of liquor as great a crime (greater) as counterfeiting money. When women vote the balance of power will be in the hands of the friends of Temperance. Lake City, Minn., Feb. 15th, 1870.

For the Present Age. The Power of Education to Mould Human Character. Education is omnipotent for this purpose. To it nothing is impossible—it can produce every phase of nationality—every shade of civilization. It is the scepter. Under its forming hand every variety of character may be produced—the most attractive and the most repulsive; the most symmetrical and the most deformed. Or, it can combine in the same nationality, much that exalts with as much that degrades humanity. Education can make a nation honest, like the Turks, and at the same time bigoted like the Turks. Education can make a nation both honest and liberal.

There is no superstition so monstrous, no political sentiment so mischievous, no usages or customs so intolerable, but entire nationalities can be made to accept and welcome them through the influence of a persistent course of education. A conviction of this fact ought to be so engraven upon the public mind as never to be forgotten. It should pervade the thought of legislators, of religious teachers, of parents, and especially of all who are seeking to promote the progress and reform of the world. It is true that long periods of time are demanded to produce such wonderful results. Ideas and habits start with one generation, become stronger in the next, and still stronger in the next, until they form intrinsic elements of character, and are transmitted from parents to children. It is this national measure and habits, characteristics in physical and mental conformations, are established. Let those who seek the improvement of the world seize hold of this idea, cling to it, act upon it never lose sight of it, and it will guide them to the attainment of results in the improvement of the world, in the acceleration of the "good time coming," which the "eye hath not seen, the ear heard, nor yet the heart of man conceived."

The first step to be taken in this grand reform is to make a wise estimate of the kind of character which is needed to make a component part of a society relatively perfect. When this estimate is made, and the ideal man and woman are clearly delineated, then the next step is to invent and put into operation such educational machinery as is adapted to the production of such characters.

Common Sense and experience teach us that to subsist in this world we must have money, and some means of procuring it, and when the world and society pay the homage and respect, which is due, to those whose ways and means of subsistence are known; when labor is honorable and well rewarded there will be less striving to avoid it; consequently fewer brows bearing the brand, Outcast, Prostitute. Fewer of God's images wearing chains in our jails and prisons. Lima, March 1870. RENA L. MINNER.

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DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE RAILROAD. TRAINS WESTWARD. STATIONS: Detroit, Mich. dep. 8:20 A.M., 9:00 A.M., 8:40 P.M., 9:00 P.M. Pontiac 8:40 A.M., 11:40 A.M., 8:10 P.M., 12:20 A.M. Owosso 9:52 A.M., 2:20 P.M., 11:25 P.M., 3:25 A.M. Marquette 11:00 A.M., 11:00 A.M., 11:25 P.M., 3:25 A.M. St. Johns 11:55 A.M., 11:55 A.M., 12:30 A.M. Owosso 1:05 P.M., 1:05 P.M., 1:37 P.M., 1:37 P.M. Pontiac 11:05 A.M., 3:40 P.M., 8:50 P.M., 4:50 P.M. Detroit 12:30 P.M., 6:15 P.M., 2:35 A.M. Detroit, Dec., 1869. TIGOS, REEL, Gen'l Supt.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN R. R. (Kalamazoo Division). GOING NORTH. Leave White Pigeon, 2:10 A.M., 6:00 P.M., 4:45 P.M., 9:00 A.M., 9:00 A.M. Arrive Three Rivers, 2:40 A.M., 6:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 10:40 A.M. Arrive Allegan, 4:35 A.M., 8:10 P.M., 7:24 P.M., 1:25 P.M. Arrive at Allegan, 6:15 A.M., 9:35 P.M., 10:24 P.M., 4:40 P.M. Arrive Grand Rapids, 8:15 A.M., 11:15 P.M., 1:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M. GOING SOUTH. Leave Grand Rapids, 6:15 A.M., 6:40 P.M., 7:45 P.M., 1:45 P.M., 6:00 A.M. Arrive at Allegan, 7:25 A.M., 10:25 A.M., 8:35 P.M., 4:40 P.M. Arrive at Three Rivers, 10:40 A.M., 12:30 A.M., 10:00 P.M., 1:45 P.M. Arrive White Pigeon, 11:20 A.M., 1:10 P.M., 11:00 P.M., 7:00 P.M.

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