

# THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

FOR MODES OF FAITH LET GRACELESS ZEALOTS FIGHT, HIS CAN'T BE WRONG, WHOSE LIFE IS IN THE RIGHT.—POPE.

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE HILLS.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Come; for the mists are rising from the vale  
Like clouds of incense from a shrine of prayer;  
There sound the sheep-bells like a fairy chime  
Is blowing freshly there.

There blooms the purple heather in its prime,  
There hangs the wild-rose in its happy light;  
There sound the sheep-bells like a fairy chime  
Is blowing freshly there.

There float the light clouds above, and the blue  
Of the eternal dome above is night;  
There are no leafy boughs to screen from view  
That arch of sapphire sky.

Come, for the wild free solitude is sweet,  
And far below shall lie the world of care;  
No sound of strife, no tramp of restless feet  
Can ever reach thee there.

Come, when thy soul within thee is oppress'd  
With vague musing and with musings sad,  
For in the sense of freedom there is rest—  
The hills shall make thee glad.

Come, for each breath inspires some lofty thought  
When the pure mountain air thy spirit fills;  
The lessons that the ancient sages taught  
Were learned among the hills.

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## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Through the long streets of Cincinnati, reader, let us circuitously wend our way towards Walnut Hills. Yes, it is up-hill work, it makes one breathe quickly; but never mind, the walk will do us good. Up again! yonder is the house to which we are going. How will we get there, you ask? O, by-and-by as we make a circuit around the hill, we shall see a road, though the house appears as if placed on a pinnacle.

Here let us pause a moment; before going farther, let us turn and look at the city. How curious it does seem to stand here, far above the city, and literally look down on it. How like a huge basin, of which the encircling hills form the sides! how grand their silence, as they seem to look wonderingly on all the din, black smoke and bustle of busy life below! In the distance is the Ohio river—a line of light beyond which the darkness of slavery could never pass. Beyond the river are the Kentucky hills.

Having gained the summit, let us walk around the grounds. "Beautiful residence," you exclaim. Those shade trees—how pleasant! What a quantity of fruit trees! Then the kitchen garden—how large and how well cultivated. Yes, some one has been here a sufficient time to plant seeds, for their results are above ground.

Is not this a delightful situation for a house? There it stands in the centre of about four acres of table land, from which the hills slope on all sides but one, where it is joined by a narrow isthmus to the high land in the rear. It is indeed a charming spot for a residence.

But here comes a buggy, and out jump two gentlemen whom we have seen before. Simultaneously the hall door opens, and out bounds a dog, then three ladies step on the porch; away goes one of them after the dog, her curls flying in the wind; the buggy gained, she asks a question: "Any letters, William? I'm glad you have both come—we have been expecting you. Any letters? do answer! there is so provoking, William! is he not, Thomas Martindale?" she added, with a smile.

William replied, "I'll tell thee when I come into the house."

"O, there is too bad."

The reader will have discovered that this is our good little friend Jessie, and perhaps may as readily divine that the two ladies who followed Jessie slowly towards the buggy, their arms around each other, and in earnest conversation, are Hannah and Jane. So we have found our friends, and found them all together.

How has all this come to pass, you ask. To answer this question, it will be necessary to go back a little.

When William Tillman and Thomas Martindale were making their final arrangements prior to removal to Cincinnati, they heard of this residence being for rent. They looked at it in company with Oscar, whom they had of course seen. "Ten rooms," William had said to Oscar, "the house is large enough for thy family and mine. This intends to remove thy friends here sometime, so why not send for them at once, and let us live here all together."

When Hannah received the letter containing the proposition, Jane was at her house making one of her regular visits, and feeling very sad at the idea of being separated from those dear friends. When Hannah arrived at the part of the letter referring to the house in Cincinnati, she exclaimed, "just the thing, Ponto—here Ponto! Yes, we'll take Jane with us! Ponto—jump! we'll have Jessie, too, and mother Allston—won't we, Ponto? jump Ponto, again—good Ponto! Bravo!"

"What now?" enquired Jane; "what do all these demonstrations mean?"

Then as demurely as her drab dress looked, Hannah read the letter to Jane. The consultation between those friends was of course brief; nothing could be more desirable than that they should be together. But before her answer arrived in Cincinnati, it was all arranged; the house was taken, and William had lent money to Oscar to enable him to remove Mrs. Allston and Jessie thither from

their Virginia residence. Events now rapidly succeeded each other. In ten days, Hannah Tillman was on her way to Cincinnati, where she was joined a few days afterwards by Mrs. Allston and Jessie. In three weeks, a vacancy occurring in one of the schools, Jane was sent for by Oscar. Let us pass over the tears shed at parting from her pupils, especially Minnie, on whom she had lavished much of that love so rudely flung back on her by Charles Upland, when he took from her the child Charley. Yet mother, Oscar, Jessie, home—these had greater attractions. To be all together once more, and then to be near those dear friends she so esteemed—here were concentrated the blessings she had most ardently desired ever since the removal of her friends had been in prospect.

And now we find that this has come to pass. They are all together, and all here on this beautiful hill, where from nearly every window of the house the eye can reach for miles. Mrs. Allston, in her neat Quakerish cap, brown dress, and white handkerchief or spun silk folded over her bosom in Quaker style, is seated near the bay window of a sitting room from which she can see Hannah and her daughter, who are now nearing the house in conversation with William and Thomas. How pleased her countenance! Contentment sits on her brow; her family is re-united; the sun shines again; the billows which have rolled over her family since her husband's death are left behind, and they are on the hill both in figure and fact.

Mrs. Allston has on her lap a book which she has been reading, occasionally looking out, as she was expecting her son Oscar home from school. Here he comes; and now the three ladies and three gentlemen enter the room in which Mrs. Allston is seated. As they came in she withdrew her spectacles, and looking up, greeted them with a smile.

"Why is thee so solicitous about letters for Jane?" William was saying to Jessie.

"Because I am particularly interested on the subject of one expected."

"I have been proposing to thy daughter Jane," William said to Mrs. Allston, as he took a seat near her, "that she answer a few questions I would like to ask her before I say whether I have a letter for her or not; does thee not think this proper?"

How happy they all appeared! The three ladies were standing near William, a smile on every countenance.

"Well, put the questions," said Hannah, "Mother Allston won't say what she thinks; these will answer any proper questions, won't thee, Jane?"

"Of course I will," she replied.

"In the first place, would thee like to be married?" said William so quakerishly and yet so fondly.

"We protest against that," exclaimed Hannah; "it is out of order."

"Then I'll put it in another form (a comical smile on his Quaker face): If a young man—not too young—say about thirty years of age, of good physical health, good moral development, and excellent intellectual ability; good looking—for instance, blue eyes dark brown hair, full beard, broad high forehead, and good, regular, manly features, countenance expressive of health, candor and goodness, that made one feel as one looked at him that he was a man, not a sham."

Here Hannah whispered something to Jane that sounded like "Gavin Kirtland."

"Not very tall," continued William, "square build, rather; a man that loved thee, and whom thee could love;" after a pause, "to put it in a nutshell, if thy beautiful were to send thee a letter and ask thee to be his wife, would thee be glad, and would thee marry him?"

"Of course I would," said Jane, holding out her hand, the color gathering on her face as William replied, "Then I have a letter for thee," and slowly drew from his pocket one which, from its size, was evidently equal to two."

"It is from Gavin," exclaimed Hannah, as she took a peep at the address; "I'm so glad; make haste and read it," she added, as Jane was leaving the room; "I want to know why he did not write before, where he is now, and when we will see him." Then turning to William, she added, "Thee did that very well, dry stick! I hardly thought thee had half as much fun in thy composition, did thee, Jessie?"

"O, I always thought his soul was not quite of the same school as his Quakerism. I realized that he appreciated fun, or he would not tolerate thee and Ponto."

"Now thee is hit," said William, two or three voices concurring.

"I don't care for hits. Ponto, Ponto!" here Ponto bounded into the room; "they are abusing us, Ponto! but we don't care, do we, Ponto? come, Ponto, let us leave them; hurry, Jessie, let us after him;" and away they went, Jessie and Hannah, on the grass in front of the house, laughing, shouting, throwing down Ponto on the green, and in their turn thrown down themselves by the dog, which bounded hither and thither in delight.

"We have two romping little girls now," said William to Thomas Martindale, as they stood a short distance from the window looking at them.

"Yes we have," he replied, "there goes Jessie in the grass; Ponto bounded along intending that, but yet he does it so as to seem accidental."

While this was going on Jane was in her room reading the letter from Gavin Kirtland. What a long letter! eight pages, finely and closely written, giving his views briefly and

correctly on nearly every important subject. Let Jane wander through them alone, it being enough for our purpose to note a few passages which occur in the seventh page:

"Mystery, Babylon, the mother of all abominations," is written on the front of nearly all our institutions, social, political and religious; by it are shielded wrong and error in all their multifarious forms; but in no respect has it proved a greater curse, and in no respect is it more constantly and intensely applied than in the formation of the marriage relation—that which is to determine for a lifetime the best or worst of present and future generations. Let the veil be torn assunder, and let the most important transaction of life be conducted on reasonable and straightforward principles. Why should deceit and fraud be considered as especially and rightfully pertaining to the subject of courtship, while regarded as disreputable, and even as criminal in the most every day, common place transactions? Why should woman be expected to assume an appearance of indifference concerning that which is to her by far the most important relation of life for if to man marriage may be of transcendent importance, to woman it is—no includes—the ALL of life. Why should a woman previous to marriage be obliged by social prejudices to pretend that she is indifferent to a man who wishes to marry her, and whom she intends to marry? Why should a woman seeking the acquaintance of a young lady, personally or by correspondence, pretend that she is only from motives of friendship, when she well knows that marriage is his object? Why, when short, should she be so guarded in her expressions, and so guarded in her views on all else? Is it not time that rational men and women should act on rational principles, and not only cease deception themselves, but cease to countenance it indirectly in others by upholding forms, frivolities and fashions essentially false and widely injurious?"

"Let us awake and arise from the dead—past—the corpse to which our living bodies have been fettered by customs the out growths of barbarism—and let us live and act as becomes the inheritors of that glorious future which hath arisen upon us."

"Holding these views, believing that we can and do know of ourselves the thing that is right, I wish to state, in all candor and in all earnestness, that I am faint and weary for want of a congenial spirit of the opposite sex; my peculiar views on many subjects prevent my forming a suitable marriage with such female acquaintance as I can find; and I have ever since my friend Hannah about eighteen months since wrote to me concerning the little vegetarian girl, my thoughts, when on this subject have instinctively turned to you, and I have been waiting for an opportunity to write to you concerning you. Moreover as I learned more concerning you, the intellect has confirmed what instinct—or was it intuition? suggested."

"My object in corresponding with you is that we may become more fully and directly acquainted with each other, and that should we prove mutually suitable, should I find in you my ideal, and the consequent feeling be reciprocated, we may become to each other life companions."

What thought Jane of all this? how did she feel as she read it? First astonishment; then admiration for his candor. She agreed with him relative to courtship; and not believing that woman should take the first step, (as nature evidently intended that advances should be made by the male sex), she could see no reason after a man had told his love, why the woman who reciprocated it should pretend a coldness foreign to her heart. She was glad he had told her why he wished a correspondence, as she could now write to him freely—could be herself. As she folded the letter and put in her pocket, what a thoughtful, happy expression was on her countenance. To be so kindly thought of and by such a good man, was a gratification, and by such a good man, was a gratification. "I respect him," she soliloquized; "I shall by correspondence come to know him intellectually—yes, and morally, too."

By-and-by she joined Hannah and Jessie, holding in her hand a specimen of lava, which Gavin Kirtland had enclosed for her to examine, and which he had received from a friend of his just returned from Iceland. The circumstances, however, were not made known to her by him; he had wrapped it in paper, sealed it with mullage, and in desiring her to examine it, informed her that for the present she must be satisfied to know nothing about it, except what she might learn from Psychometry. "It is no larger than a small white bean," said Jane, turning it over and over in her fingers. Hannah took it in her hand, exclaiming, "I believe it is a bean, it feels just like one." "Oh, no!" said Jane, "he would not send anything of the kind; it is probably a specimen of metal he has obtained somewhere in his travels."

"We can decide this matter very soon," said Oscar, "by a psychometric examination. Suppose thee examines it at once, Jane, then Jessie can try it when thee is finished." Jessie was accordingly done with the following result:

"I am on a large island; it is far north; it is there broad day light, though here nearly night. How strange everything looks! I don't know how to describe it; I could fancy that a thousand volcanoes had been in active operation at the same time; lava is tossed hither and thither in reckless confusion; it has cooled in most fantastic shapes; for miles in extent, I see nothing but lava; here and there are chasms; now I am looking down on it; there is water; it is hot—hot enough to cook food, I am sure; I see no traces of inhabitants in the vicinity; but if there were any, it would be very convenient, as I see neither timber nor coal. For miles—many miles—the country is covered with the wonders of volcanic action. I feel awe as I stand here alone in the midst of all these huge hills, mountains, chasms, and lava veins; for the very foundations of the earth seem to have been vomited out here. There are inhabitants on the island, I am sure; I know it is an island, because I see water all around it."

Not one of them thought of ICAHLAND, however; and they must wait until they heard from Gavin before they could learn whether or no the examination was correct. Oscar was now Secretary of the "Psychometric Society," as they playfully styled themselves. Jessie was then sent for, and Jane left the room.

"Now, Jessie," said Oscar, "take this in thy hand, and tell us all thee can about it." Jessie took the specimen, laughing and saying as she received it, "There is something so absurd and ridiculous about all this! If strangers could look in they would think we had taken leave of our senses."

"That proves nothing," said William; "many subjects appear foolish until we have

become acquainted with them; there is not a received science but has been laughed at and ridiculed at the outset, and it need not be expected that Psychometry will, in this respect, prove an exception to the rule; but we want to see what truth there is in it, and to what practical purpose (if any) it can be applied."

"I realize this," said Jessie, "and at the same time see the ridiculous picture we would make to those not initiated."

All was now quiet; Jessie took the specimen in her hands, bent her head a little in a listening attitude, her curls falling over her face. Had her position been taken, it would have been quite attractive instead of—as she supposed—ridiculous.

Jessie commenced: "All around me for miles in extent, are the most wonderful scenes I ever imagined—hills, mountains, valleys, sudden uprisings, rivers of lava—pause—lava! Why, all around me, I see—I see lava. Now I stand on a very high point of lava going to say I feel, but it is lava too. I see the ocean in front of me and behind me; I believe this is an island; the lava around me is all cooled. I could fancy the heathen gods, especially including Hercules, playing at pitch-ball with the lava thrown from ten thousand volcanoes—so strange, so grand, so fantastic, so broken and terrible is all before and around me. They must have been trying what they could do to puzzle and mystify the inhabitants of the earth."

"What a comical little girl is our Jessie!" said William, patting her in the head; "everything she says and does is Jessie-like. They both so well agree in the main features that there must be some truth in it; I wish Gavin was here so that we might know whence the specimen came."

Jane was now sent for.

"I want to try an experiment of another kind," said Oscar; "just but thy eyes, so that thee will not see the specimen."

Oscar went behind her, drew from his pocket a piece of bone from a shark's jaw and laid it on the floor.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "take it away! I feel like a huge monster; my very jaws seem lengthened to those of a shark."

How they laughed.

"Does thee feel like snapping at us?" asked Hannah. "What is it?" was repeatedly asked as the bone was passed around. When told the laugh was louder than ever. "So thee felt like a shark!" said Hannah; "suppose thee had kept it on longer, we might have been in danger; we don't want to be metamorphosed into sharks by this wizard Oscar; I tell thee Oscar, if thee had lived in the time of the Puritans thee would have been burned for having dealings with the devil."

Here Oscar read a letter which he had that day received from a gentleman residing in the Illinois lead region, who, at Oscar's request, had sent him a specimen of lead for Jane and Jessie to examine. In this letter it was stated that the said examination was correct, a large mass of lead having been struck, as described in the southwest, just when (as the owner of the mine and those concerned in it supposed) the part they had been working had run out; that, as stated, the mass or ore continued deeper and became thicker as they descended. "What do you think of that skeptics?" said Oscar, half in fun, half in earnest, as he finished; "ah! you are doubters, every one of you; but come now and own that you are convinced that this Psychometry can be made of practical value."

"I have been thinking," said William about half an hour afterwards, "that Biology might explain some of these experiments; thee knew, for instance, that the bone was from a shark, and might not that knowledge have produced the result we have seen. A good biologist can make his subjects fancy they see snakes, reptiles or anything else they choose."

Oscar replied, "But I had no idea of her feeling so accurately the nature of the animal; I suppose she might, if successful, see a shark, but expected nothing more. Besides, in my earlier experiments I frequently tried to influence Jessie, thinking it might be in some way connected with Biology; but not succeeding in doing so I soon found that theory untenable. Jessie and Jane have examined characters from writing when no persons present knew who or what the writer was, and they were correct; they have examined Geological specimens of which they knew nothing until afterwards, and these were correct."

"Again: each without the knowledge of the other, located an organ not noted on pneuological charts, viz: the organ of Intuitiveness, between Veneration and Firmness. We have proved this to be correct by repeated experiments; for persons in whom this organ is phenomenally prominent are good psychometers, are good judges of character, perceive and appreciate spiritual truths—those pertaining to the soul; or, as Jane expresses it, 'the windows of the soul seem opened, and the outer, the material, is no longer a sepulcher of clay, wherein is buried the immortal for three score years and ten.' Biology will not explain any of these examinations."

"How often," continued Oscar, "in my rambles among the rocks I have wished they could tell their history. Think if the history of one of those boulders could be given, what marvels and mysteries it would unfold! What tales of gigantic mammoths and subterranean outpourings; of immense floods and moving ice—continents rushing hither and thither in whirlwinds of the ocean; of Behemoths up-

rooting trees of enormous size and unwonted forms in their destructive paths; of tropic tornadoes and polar hurricanes; of the extremes of carbonic growth and inconceivable frigid barrenness? Who knows but that the history of the world may yet be accurately given by psychometry!"

"To come down to later periods of Geological history, the fauna and flora of the Cretaceous period is but little known; what do we know of the trees, reptiles, or beasts that lived on the land when the chalk-beds of Europe were deposited? scarcely anything. The Ornithological history of this period is equally defective, a few specimens here and there being all obtained, or probably obtainable. Will those pages of history ever remain unread, those gaps in Geology never be filled? If a stalaetite can lead a psychometer to a cave and enable her to describe it; if by taking a piece of lead in the hand the mine from which it came can be accurately explored, then from a fossil specimen could be given the condition of the earth at the time of its formation. I therefore propose that we leave the personal part of Psychometry entirely, and give exclusive attention to the Geological. I believe we could make our fortunes by directing it in this channel."

"Fortunes! who said anything about fortunes?" said Jessie who had just entered the room; "I want to make a fortune; I wish I had a million of dollars." Then she tapped on the window to Hannah and Jane who were having a confidential chat, to come in. "Would not you, too, like to make a fortune?" she continued as they entered the room. "Our dreamer, Oscar, has a proposition relative to making a fortune by this new science; O, won't we have good times! then I'll travel through Mexico; I'll go to California; I'll have a horse that can go like the wind; I'll never stay long in one place; O, no! I won't live a hum-drum life in a city; I'll camp on the grand, wild, free prairie; O, such a feeling of boundless freedom as there must be on the ocean of land! I'd like to go on an exploring expedition—say, for instance, to find the North-west Passage, only I might get frozen in, so that won't do; but I would like a ride with an Esquimaux in his dog sled."

"Thee has rattled on long enough," said William; "thee ought to be called 'rattle-cap.'"

"Let her alone," said Hannah in playful earnestness; "I admire her disposal of a fortune; thee is right, Jessie; I'd like to go with thee some times."

Jane, who had only smiled appreciatingly at their fun, now stepped to Oscar and asked:

"I am in earnest, no repetition, I mean your fun, Jessie and Hannah, (they were carrying out Jessie's ideas a little farther), and listen to me; did you hear what I said? I propose that we leave the personal part of Psychometry, and direct our experiments exclusively to the Geological part; I believe that if we do we can make our fortunes. If from a piece of coal Jane can see the mine whence it came; if from a piece of lead ore she can describe the mine, and see how the masses of lead ore are placed, why cannot she locate mines? For instance: suppose we were to go to the Lake Superior copper region; could she not from a specimen taken from a known locality, see whether there was much or little copper in that place? Now a good mine found would of itself be a fortune; but if one mine could be thus located, so could scores; then gold mines could be found in the same way. Think of the wealth buried in the earth, Geology, the only lantern to make the darkness visible! How many mines are opened that never pay; but with this power developed, we have an unerring guide that can lead us to all the mineral wealth of the world that is within man's reach. I do not believe we have reached its limits. Nature has no treasures that cannot be unlocked by man; we HAVE THE KEY. You may laugh as much as you like, but one day you will say that I am right."

"Ah, my boy!" said Mrs. Allston, who had been listening attentively all this time, "thee always was a dreamer. When thee comes to apply Psychometry practically, thee will probably find difficulties thee never expected; no science was ever fully comprehended at once; no great principle was ever so completely understood in its early stages, as thee seems to suppose this psychometry is by you. Should thee succeed as thee has painted thy glorious picture just now, it would be the first time in the history of the world wherein, without unexpected difficulties, a theory of principles was ever carried into successful practice."

"But, mother, it is just as plain to me as that two and two make four. If Jessie and Jane can correctly describe an existing mine they have never seen, tell how the veins run, and where the richest veins can be found, why cannot they tell where there is a rich mine that has never been opened?"

"She has a piece of lead," said Mrs. Allston, "which is a part of that mine; but from the undeveloped mine—what?"

"A piece of rock as near it as we can go. We have demonstrated that she can describe the strata even below a specimen for miles around by a description of the color and character of them; this I know from Geology."

"In the case of describing strata and veins from an existing mine," remarked Thomas Martindale, "the process is of the nature of analysis or induction; while in the case of locating a mine, its reliability would be based

on deduction, or synthesis. In the former, one conclusion is drawn from numerous facts; in the latter, that conclusion, or principle, is ramified into numerous applications. Scientific men usually regard deductive inferences as rather suggestive than strictly reliable; while inventors have extensively failed from placing too much faith in them. Scientific chemists well know the vast difference between analyzing a substance and thus ascertaining its constituent parts and their properties, and taking those same parts and proportions, and re-combining them to constitute the original substance—a result but seldom successfully attained. Analysis is one thing, and synthesis quite another; they cannot, like addition and subtraction, always be made each to prove the correctness of the other. In our experiments hitherto, we have made a few cautious inferences from a number of carefully ascertained facts, on the Inductive, or Baconian principle, thus making good every inch of ground we have passed over. But in employing the deductive method, we can less easily verify our conclusions at every step. We should be reasoning, after the Aristotelian style, from cause to effect; a species of logic, which, employed otherwise than as merely suggestive and subordinate, as often results in fallacies as truth."

"Only be careful," said the mother, kindly; "but there was a feeling of dread in her heart; 'I know my boy's enthusiastic and imaginative nature,' she added, after a pause. 'And my scientific nature, mother?'"

"O, yes! but—"

"Now, mother! but what?" Oscar said, half complainingly, yet very affectionately.

"Well, I was going to say, don't let enthusiasm and imagination mix with science."

After a brief silence, Oscar remarked, "Mother is right, and so far as I can understand friend Martindale's positions, I partially agree with him; we must carefully guard against speculative errors, and need them, fear no practical failures; we must test the matter thoroughly, so as to understand the laws which govern it; Jane and Jessie must learn to measure distances accurately, and they should study geology so that they would know the names of strata at sight; though conversant with metals, they know but little of other minerals psychometrically; they have to learn to give psychometrically from specimen any where near the surface the geological, chemical and mineral wealth below and around. These difficulties overcome, what can hinder our success? I tell you, we can be as rich as the Rothschilds! yes, their wealth will be but a drop in the bucket as compared with ours."

At this point Mrs. Allston shook her head, while the ladies "made merry," but Oscar continued:

Direct by tangible results, you will not find me in the dingy school, mother, among those urchins. I'll give up my school, and turn my attention to this subject. What interesting books can be written on it; then think how we can change the destinies of the world by so much wealth; why, we could change the character of the present selfish, grabbing arrangements, and turn the wealth of the world into its true channel—labor."

Here he had touched Jane's dream of philanthropy; her pale face and clasped hands as she stepped to one of the windows, told the secret of her thoughts. Meanwhile he continued:

"I'd have scientific institutions in every town and city of the United States: people should be taught science without charge; I would have libraries of the best works everywhere. I'd grease the world's axles at last," he said, laughing. "Now, mother, that is the second edition of the Arabian Nights, I suppose thee thinks. Ha! ha! ha! Never mind; your 'dreamer' will make the world wag to the tune of right—not might, one of these days."

As Oscar concluded his remarks, Thomas Martindale, who had been an attentive listener, rose from his chair and was about to leave the room, when William stopped him, remarking that he would like to understand the practical drift of the principles he (Thomas) had propounded some time previously concerning this subject.

"It may be," the latter began slowly, "that Oscar's theories will be in part realized; but, as in many other scientific theories, unexpected obstacles may intervene in practice. If even in reference to mere mechanical forces so many causes exist that in practice modify the effects anticipated by inventors from a priori reasoning; if the probabilities of failure in such inventions are so much increased when chemical inorganic—still more when chemical organic forces are brought into play, it would seem that when a still more delicate element—one appertaining to the spiritual part of our nature—constitutes the main element of action, that the greatest caution and accuracy are requisite to avoid or neutralize elements of disturbance, and draw correct conclusions. We are traversing an almost unexplored sea of apparently fathomless depth; of its currents and tides we know almost nothing, and only actual experience can indicate what, if any, shore we may reach. To drop figures, we have gathered a few facts here and there, but they have not been reduced to a system; we have knowledge, demonstration and principles, all belonging to one department of nature, or mind, which we term collectively, PSYCHOMETRY; and though these may constitute nuclei for a science, they are, as a printer would say, in *pi*; they have not been systematized and arranged, farther researches and experiments being necessary to give them form and character."

These remarks were well received and appreciated, serving to offset Oscar's enthusiasm.

"Evenings at home!"—oh, how blessed they were to our friends! No sewing or knitting, but reading, conversation, study, singing and Psychometric experiments made up the evening enjoyments. Oscar's collegiate training enabled him to greatly assist his sisters in their studies, and he was always ready to explain or help them over a difficult place.

During the day William and Thomas were at their places of business. Jessie attended high school while Jane and Oscar taught, so that only Mrs. Allston and Hannah were at home. Hannah was much attached to Mrs. Allston, called her "mother," and often said that she was the anchor of the household. "We could not do without mother Allston," she often said; "we should be wild sometimes, if she was not here with her calm, earnest, solid looks and words."

At the close of the first school quarter, several pieces of furniture were added to their room, including a new bedstead, the mother's room, and one for the parlor. With what pleasure Jane and Jessie tackled them to the floor! how they chatted of all they would yet obtain to beautify their home! How pleasant the first evening in their newly carpeted parlor! How the carpet was admired, Jessie patting it with her feet as she looked proudly around the room, saying, "O, it looks so nice, mother! I'm so glad—O, so glad! let me tell thee what I am going to buy when I teach school: a lounge covered with green, and the coziest easy-chair for thee that thee can imagine; and then a foot-stool for thee, green, too; I must have all green, just like the nice green moss I used to gather in Virginia."

"One or two more school quarters," said Jane, her eyes sparkling with happiness, "then home will be home once more; mother's old age will be a happy one."

"You have been a great blessing to me, children," Mrs. Allston said—O, so tenderly and affectionately; "you have been a great blessing to me."

How this was remembered years afterwards, when that dear mother had gone to join her husband in the great hereafter!

(To be Continued.)

From the National Baptist.

## Righteousness by Law.

There is very wide distinction of principle between Religious Toleration and Religious Liberty. This ought to be recognized as a truism, and yet it seems to be constantly forgotten. The civil government which assumes to tolerate all forms of religious belief thereby claims a certain authority in the premises, and affirms its own right to say whether or not ed. On the other hand, the religious liberty which proclaims full religious freedom simply says that it has nothing whatever to do in the matter; that every citizen must settle the question of religion for himself, and that the government will protect him in his belief. That is, a government which maintains religious liberty will secure to every man perfect freedom of conscience—the right to worship God as he pleases, or not to worship him at all, without forfeiture or infringement of his civil privileges and prerogatives. And this is the precise position of our own government in this respect. It is not the upholder of religious toleration; it is the pledged maintainer of religious freedom.

The Christian gentlemen who assembled in Pittsburgh last week in furtherance of an effort "to secure a recognition of God" in our national constitution, are doubtless actuated by noble motives, but they are making a very serious mistake. The harmlessness of their movement is found only in the improbability of its success. They wish some change in the wording of the constitution of the United States, whereby the existence of God, the sovereignty of Christ, and the divine authority of the Bible, may be clearly expressed in our fundamental and organic national law. Our hearty belief of all these doctrines cannot blind us to the wrong and mischief which would attach to their incorporation in our civil constitution. In such an instrument they furnish the motives and means for religious persecution, and could have no real influence to any other end.

Congress is required so to legislate that the provisions of the constitution shall be made efficient, and the Executive is required to see that all such legislation is faithfully carried out. If, then, the constitution proclaims the sovereignty of Christ and the authority of the Scriptures, Congress must enact laws to order the belief of these religious articles, and the President must enforce the legislation. This is the practical union of Church and State with all its possibilities of domination. Or, from another point of view, this is just the doctrine of the Romish Church, and she would only want the power furnished her by such a modified constitution to find room and reason for all the machinery of the Inquisition.

The truth is, the State has no concern whatever with these things, except intelligently to let them alone. Her duty is limited to the maintenance of order, and the protection of the persons and interests of her citizens. She has no more right to prescribe that they shall accept the fundamental points of the Christian religion than she has to prescribe the forms and ceremonies of their worship. Civil government is ordained of God, but it was never designed to be the agent of spiritual despotism.

But, it is







## 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.

"ENFOLDING IN THE HUMAN INFANT IS THE 'IMAGE' OF AN IMPERISHABLE AND PERFECT BEING."

### LITTLE FEET.

In castle halls, or cottage homes  
Wherever gentle feet from slippers come,  
Is there nothing half so sweet  
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,  
The purling rill, the organ's power,  
All stir the soul, but none so deep  
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,  
To meet the world and brave its scorn,  
Adown the garden walk so neat,  
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,  
With aching limbs and brow of care,  
The voices ring out clear and sweet—  
Then comes the tread of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,  
The tools are spilled away,  
And when we go the last to seek,  
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death hath come  
And called the gentle child to home,  
Oppressive silence reigns complete;  
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,  
No doors go slamming all the day;  
But O, 'twould give us pleasure sweet,  
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep,  
Yes, all but me. I vigil keep.  
Hush! hush! my heart, and casket best,  
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread  
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,  
And often in your sweetest sleep,  
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And you approach that blissful shore,  
The first to run your soul to greet,  
Will be your darling's little feet.

### WILLIE AND JESSIE.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Come and see my goat, Professor Greenleaf! come and see Willie's goat!" said Jessie, as she opened the front door one evening. Friend Greenleaf smiled, and followed Jessie into the yard. "So you have two goats, eh? What has become of the doll?" "I have no dolls, but I have girls' rights; I have a goat."

"That is the doll, is it? I see, I see! you thought that you ought to have a goat as well as your brother Willie?" "Yes; I carried the money in my pocket for my goat, and Willie carried his money in his pocket for his goat. Are they not pretty goats?" and then she stooped down and put her arms around the neck of one and then of the other. "They know me, Professor Greenleaf; don't you think they do?" "Certainly they do."

"They are funny little nanny-goats. When we are eating breakfast, my nannie comes and sits on one of the window-sills outside; and Willie's nannie goat takes her seat on the other window-sill; and they turn round and look in and cry out 'ba-a-a-a!' sometimes, and that makes us all laugh; and something else I want to tell you, Professor Greenleaf: one day the table was set for dinner—all the dishes on the table, and my nannie ran through the kitchen and jumped on the table; what do you think of that? and she did not break or upset one dish."

"Why, she is a wonderful goat; but you must teach her good manners, Jessie. Ah! here comes Willie."

"I am glad you have come," said Willie; "We wanted you to see our goats. Oh, they are such funny animals. Our dog did not know what to think about them at first; he ran after them and barked; and they would lift up their front legs and come down so funny, with their heads bent; oh, it would have made you laugh to see them!" "And what do your dog and cat say about the goats now?"

"Oh, they all like each other; they all together in the large goats' case turned up there; Jessie and I call it the barn; there they lie every night so snugly among the straw! But it is so funny when we feed them. When the goat's dish, with his breakfast or dinner is put down, the dog will run and put his nose to the apple peedings and corn meal, or bits of crusts; then look at the goats in astonishment to think they will eat such stuff as that! Sometimes we take all the pieces from a meal and put in one dish. The goats will eat all but the pieces of meat; then I know our dog thinks the goats are very kind to leave him all the best that was in the dish!"

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"You are all right, my dear boy; you are going to use your reason, I see. You are not going to believe that the earth stands on pillars, or is flat as a pancake, if fifty bibles say so."

"And what do your dog and cat say about the goats now?"

"Oh, they all like each other; they all together in the large goats' case turned up there; Jessie and I call it the barn; there they lie every night so snugly among the straw! But it is so funny when we feed them. When the goat's dish, with his breakfast or dinner is put down, the dog will run and put his nose to the apple peedings and corn meal, or bits of crusts; then look at the goats in astonishment to think they will eat such stuff as that! Sometimes we take all the pieces from a meal and put in one dish. The goats will eat all but the pieces of meat; then I know our dog thinks the goats are very kind to leave him all the best that was in the dish!"

"I see," said Professor Greenleaf, with a smile; "so the nannie-goats get credit for being better than they are."

"Yes; and each one thinks the other very polite and very kind; for the goats will not eat the dog's meat, and he will not eat their hay, or corn meal, or apple peeling, or potato peeling."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Professor; "and it is just so with people; we often get credit for being better than we are. But let us go into the house, and I will tell you a story about two goats that fought a duel and did not take improper advantage of each other."

As they walked hand in hand to the house, they were met by Mrs. Martyn, and after talking a while in the parlor, Professor Greenleaf told his goat story thus:

"Once upon a time I was walking through the city of New Orleans, when all at once I saw two goats fighting. One goat would go forward, bend down on his forward legs as if he was going to say his prayers, lower his head, and then the other goat, who was standing at a distance, would run forward and butt his head against the other's head—bump! Up would rise the kneeling goat and stand perfectly still while the other goat went to his place, knelt down and bowed his head, as the first had done; and then would go the first goat and butt his head against the other—bump! This went on a long time, first one kneeling down and bowing his head, and then the other, neither taking any advantage of the other."

"While this was going on," continued Professor Greenleaf, "two other goats stood at a distance looking on, as if to see fair

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# PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

J. S. LOVELAND, Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at 350 Jessie St. San Francisco, Cal.

(The following (says Drew's Rural Intelligence) was handed us by a lady who gives the following account of it. Some weeks ago the lady, who was sick at the time, reached its destination. Her mother is a "medium," and whilst in the "state," and whilst conversing with the other world in common discourse, was at the same time in communion with the spirit of her deceased daughter, who guided her arm and obliged her, unconsciously to herself, to write the following answer to Mrs. Hersey.)

I am on my heavenly journey,  
Gone from home and mother's care,  
Passed away with Autumn breezes,  
To a land more bright and fair,  
Where the cold, cold blasts of winter  
Never more can chill me there.

Sights and sounds on earth so pleasant  
To my eye, and ear and breast,  
Are not lost—the past and present  
Brightly blend like hues of Autumn—  
Tints of gold and green, and purple,  
Gems of my fond heart.

Oh! my soul was fitted truly  
With perceptions to enjoy,  
Or I could not be so happy  
Even amid the sweetest melody  
Of angelic voices and wonders,  
Filling all my soul with joy.

Who can paint the golden visions  
Rising to my spirit eye?  
Who can give the angel glimpses  
Of the homes which I desire—  
Lighted by pure love and friendship,  
Which can never, never die.

Now I see the love and wisdom  
Of my father and my God!  
In translating to His kingdom  
Souls unfit for earth abode—  
Glad that long I did not wander—  
In the dark and thorny road.

He has crowned my life with goodness;  
Help me praise Him without end!  
Now another angel enters  
On your footsteps, will attend,  
Till you pass this life of trial—  
Meet me, dear but absent friend.

## A LECTURE, On the Necessity of Scientific and Philosophic Culture for the progress of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is a universal eclecticism. No narrow creed of mere specialities can meet the broad demands of its comprehensive, all-embracing principles. No superficial selfishness can compass the ends of human culture which it proposes. Wide in its scope as the possibilities of humanity, it does not forget the particular, in enunciating the universal; nor blindly ignore the means, by declamatory ecstasies over the glorious beauties of the end. Such infatuation belongs not to that Movement, which has enthroned reason as the supreme arbiter of truth. I said Spiritualism was a universal eclecticism. It extracts the nectar from all the flowering ages of the past. Most emphatically can it declare:

"No pent up Utopia confines our powers;  
For the whole boundless universe is ours."

It is the great alchemy of the flowing generations of time, wherein are fused the ideas of gone by days with those of this Dispensation, making a New Philosophy and a New Religion; thus conserving all the good and true of the old without persecuting the new. It is thus grandly Catholic. It most devoutly believes in the "Holy Catholic Church," for it shows that, in the truest sense, "the Church" is the spiritual life of humanity, therefore, as universal as man, and as holy as the Divine can be. These statements will be accepted, in the main, by most professed Spiritualists; but this, or a much clearer and exhaustive statement of the ideal outline of our Dispensation, is not enough to secure its acceptance or triumph. Its principles must not only sparkle as the jewels of a coronet, in the discourses of its advocates, but also in the common understanding of the people; and, like the flowering spices of "Araby the blest," send forth the fragrance of a benevolence as comprehensive in its scope as the vast field of human necessities.

To secure results so grand—to shun the threatening dangers, which impend, like wrathful storm-clouds, over our pathway—to meet the eager hopes of awakened thousands, to convert the bright sun-burst of our day into a steady and glorious light, is, in part, the god-like work which heaven and destiny have given us to do.

In indicating the mode of its performance, and to particularize more fully its nature and necessity, I submit the following proposition, as embodying the theme of our discourse:

PROPOSITION.—The safety and progress of genuine Spiritualism can be secured only by a thorough scientific and philosophic culture of the masses of the people.

I say safety and progress, because there is no safety but in progress. That Movement, which does not progress, which ceases to be aggressive, has begun to die. It may battle for a time in self-defence, but its doom is sealed and there is no reprieve.

We have shown heretofore that ignorance is the great danger; and, therefore, the opposite of ignorance must be the only way of safety. Such, however, is the transcendent importance attaching to this question, that we cannot pass it over with the mere enunciation of an inference, though never so clearly drawn, but must carefully and earnestly look at some of the many aspects of this subject, which at present demand the attention of all lovers of human well-being. Though but little more than a score of years have passed over our Movement, we have reached a period where the solemn and inexorable warnings of history must be considered, or we are fearfully wrecked. We must advance in order to live. Stagnation is death. The world must continue so be converted to Spiritualism, or else Spiritualism as a Movement and a Power will die.

We have affirmed, and still do so, that Spiritualism is natural. That its phenomena are within, not above, or beyond the domain of law. In this phase it falls into the realm of science, and is bound to furnish positive demonstration. Suppositions or opinions may be the precursors and attendants of scientific research, but they do not belong in the category of positive scientific conclusion. Facts, phenomena, are the children of invisible potencies or principles. The perception, co-ordination and application of those principles to the growth and beautification of humanity is philosophizing. Science and Philosophy are the dual components of Spiritualism. Form,

Power, and their consequent change, make up the universe. To comprehend the phenomena of Spiritualism demands the culture of science, and to see the scope of its principles is impossible without the philosophic insight. Any considerable deficiency in either direction will be fatal to our success. Manifestations the most startling may arouse and appall the sensuous world, but unless the culture of science shall classify them in the categories of nature, they will only render more dense the darkness of superstitious ignorance. Seers and philosophers may abound, but they, too, must be balanced by science, or we shall be lost in the vagaries of mere metaphysical speculation.

On the other hand, mere science, without philosophy, will conduct us to the arid regions of frigid materialism. They must complement each other. Being different, they are often, through ignorance, forced to appear as opposites, though both are nature's methods, and both true. Philosophy is deductive; science is inductive. The first reasons from principles; the second to them. The one from universals descends to particulars—from principles to phenomena; the other ascends from phenomena to principle or cause. All Movements, which include the idea of revelation from the invisible, naturally tend toward the extreme of philosophy. The devotees are usually, if not invariably, disciples of the deductive method. So far as method is concerned, they follow Aristotle instead of Bacon. Principles, "Eternal Principles," are to them the beginning and the end of reasoning. Spiritualism, claiming, as its adherents do for it, entire freedom from all taint of supernaturalism, ought to be in no danger from the exclusive philosophic method. Such, however, is not the fact, as we shall see in our discussion. It might seem that exclusive devotion to one or the other of these would result in greater perfection, but it is not so. The unscientific philosopher becomes a dreaming visionary, while the unphilosophic scientist becomes an atheistic materialist. The people, therefore, need culture in both directions. They are analogous to the arterial and venous circulation of the blood. Both must be in perfect equilibrium in order to perfect health. Deeming, as I do, that our danger lies in the direction of extreme philosophizing, for ignorance is always prone to pursue that road, I shall more especially insist upon scientific culture, as constituting our only safety. We are all agreed that the basic fact of our Movement is spirit manifestation, as their naturalness constitutes the fundamental idea. No man can be in harmony who rejects one, or the other. Accepting the first without the second makes him a fanatic; rejecting the first, makes him a mere carping skeptic.

We have already seen that we must conquer or be conquered; the world must be converted to Spiritualism, or Spiritualism must cease to be. This conversion must be wrought by demonstration. To make that demonstration, it is absolutely necessary that the masses should be thoroughly cultivated in science, as well as philosophy. We, as Spiritualists, must be scientific, in order to make the demonstration, so must the world be to comprehend it. Now, has the demonstration been made? I think not, and it seems to me very bad taste for us to complain of scientific men and associations for not making a thorough and exhaustive investigation of the subject, when we have allowed over twenty years to pass without doing it ourselves. We have men of thorough scientific culture, we have numerous kinds of mediums, and any amount of wealth, and yet, so far as the public presentation of the subject is concerned, it comes before the people in the dress of jugglery and imposition; and will continue so to do till individual selfishness shall be subjugated by wisdom to the common weal. Such exhibitions as have been given throughout the country, no matter how genuine they were, appeal to the popular mind as the tricks of impostors. And so they ever must, so long as such lamentable ignorance exists respecting the powers and methods of unaided humanity. To accomplish this work, and so settle the question as to silence forever the carping doubts of atheistic unbelief, and banish the pious sneer of church intolerance, demands such investigation as I have hinted. There are also not a few embarrassing questions which need to be answered. Among them may be reckoned such as these: How are we to account for the fact that the productions of trance speakers, no matter who the spirit may be who assumes to speak, always bear the unmistakable impress of the medium's mentality, culture, and even idiosyncrasies? The same verbal and grammatical errors occur whether Daniel Webster or Lorenzo Dow controls. What is the nature and extent of that "control"? Why should Theodore Parker speak poetry through Cora Daniels and logic through some one else? S. J. Finney, entranced fifteen years ago, or to-day inspired, or in his own normal selfhood, presents the same essential, mental profile, changed only as study and culture have developed and polished him. It is perfectly easy to give an answer to the difficulties involved in these and similar questions, which satisfies the superficial; but is it one which closes the mouths of thinking men? If the trance medium is "controlled," if the organs of speech are possessed by a spirit, and the spirit of the medium is absent from his or her body, what business have their petty habits and weaknesses of thought and phraseology to appear in the discourses of the illustrious ones of former days? This whole subject of Mediumship needs not to be re-examined, but to be investigated for the first time, by competent persons, in accord with the rigid demands of Science. The various phases of Mediumship should be gathered before a jury of earnest, honest, competent scientists. They should carefully note all the special physiological changes, so as to be able to settle absolutely the extent and nature of the change in condition in the medium. In the circulation—the vital heat—breathing—the nerves—the mental powers—the affections, in fine, everything pertaining to our normal, life condition. Then, of course, the character of the manifestations, as affecting, or being affected by the peculiarity of tempera-

ment, health, etc., of the medium should all be observed and noted. Tests of all conceivable kinds, not inconsistent with humanity, should be applied and varied till nothing more can be asked. Granting our assumption of the reality of spirit manifestation, we should have the co-operation of such men as Dr. Franklin, Dr. Hare, Prof. Mapes, and other able scientists who are now among the immortals. Is it to be supposed that such men would not be able to suggest such methods as would immensely facilitate the labors of investigators, and convince them of the spiritual origin of the manifestations? With heaven and earth conjoined, what may we not anticipate for the elucidation and triumph of the truth? But we have had no such trial as this. Individuals may have tested satisfactorily for themselves, but the times require something which shall settle the question in the public mind. When we can point to the mass of facts developed by such an ordeal, the mouth of unbelief must be closed. It would not be the testimony of one man, or one circle, it would be the voice of science speaking through its own devotees; hence, it would be the language of authority. It would also settle the vexed question of "conditions," which not only furnishes a ready loop-hole of escape for all impostors, but a specious reason for satire and ridicule from the world, and is a source of annoyance and disappointment to earnest investigators. Is it not necessary that all these things should be done? Are not multitudes demanding them? If this work was done, and the verdict of such a commission sent forth to the world, should we not witness such a march of Spiritualism in the path of victory as has never been witnessed before? Of course we should. Well, is not this an end worthy of the effort? Why, then, is it not done? The answer is found in the deficiency of general scientific culture, on the part of the people; and from the fact that our Movement is very largely ignoring the scientific. Induction is almost scouted, and deduction eulogized. If we critically scan the literature we have, and the general drift of our lecturers, especially of the most eloquent and influential, we shall find abundant confirmation of this position. Davis, as we have already intimated, is no disciple of Bacon. His works are not constructed upon the model of science. They are, as they profess, revelations, the utterances of the seer. It is right they should be as they are. Still, they represent and appeal to only one department of our being. Revelation from the clairvoyant and the medium are wondrous helps in the progress of the race, but unless they are complemented by the demonstrations of science we are thrown back upon the old method of the church. All the utterances of seers and mediums come in the form of dogmatic, or authoritative declarations. We only quote Swedenborg, Davis, or the Spirits, instead of Isaiah and Paul. All the religions of the world pursue this method. They reveal principles, and reason from them to particulars. This is the opposite of the Baconian or scientific method, which reasons from particulars, facts, phenomena, to the principles, power, or cause producing, or inhering in them. It is one of the natural consequences of an imperfect culture, to adhere most tenaciously to the deductive or religious method, for it is so very easy to assume premises, or to take them from the sayings of some seer, or inspired person, as the mass adopt the method, and many cultured minds pursue it. The result is, an endless war of logic—a distraction of the general attention from the sober reality of fact, and an absorption in mere hypotheses and abstractions. Milton well describes this condition, when he places the mighty intellects of hell apart from the rest, reasoning of

"Fate, fixed fate, fore-knowledge, \* \* \*  
In endless mazes lost."

And fabled hell is not alone in such speculations; nor is it confined exclusively to the old Church, in its ceaseless wrangle respecting so-called principles; for book-keepers printed, lectures given, to show us how many statute miles it is from the earth to the second, third, even to the seventh sphere of the Spirit-World! One book comes to us from the "Top of the Seventh Sphere." And Spiritualists, not a few, busy themselves with such worthless assumptions and speculations, for assumptions they are. When we come to the reality of the subject, of what special consequence is it whether the Spirit-World is some fifty thousand miles away, or beyond the milky-way? The fact that these, and other equally unsupported assumptions, are made the bases of no small part of our printed and oral literature, proves my statement that we are to a large extent involved in the vices of the deductive method.

The general course of the Spirit-World has been in the true direction, for it has abounded in phenomena and has been comparatively reticent in philosophizing. There is purpose and wisdom in this. It is a tribute to science—a placing in the foremost rank of what ought to have the precedence. The wisdom of Heaven thus joins harmonious hands with the tendency of an advancing civilization, and our safety and progress can be ensured only by following these infallible indices of the highest wisdom. When, therefore, we find a seemingly tacit ignoring of a thorough culture in science, and an adoption of the old, false method of theology, it is time to loudly indicate the road to success. I do not wish to be understood as hinting that we can have too much of sound philosophy, but to strongly insist that the exigencies of our Movement at the present needs, not so much the labors of the deductive philosopher, as it demands the tireless labors of the scientist, and the general culture of the masses. That which has been the bane of the past, cannot be the health of the present. The exclusive adherence of the church to the deductive method, is the secret of all its hideous falsities of dogma. Can it be the conservator of truth to the new dispensation? If we adopt and cherish it, will it not land us in the slough where the churches are floundering, without possibility of escape? Nay, as the deductive method necessarily in-

volves the idea of authority based on faith in the utterances of the seer or prophet, can we escape the fate of subjugation which has always followed that method?

We may fancy that there is no danger, because we have failed to read its portents, and may find ourselves fast bound, before we have suspected our peril. Indeed, do we not see a constant effort to force the old exploded standards and canons of church morality upon the new-born children of the Spiritual Dispensation? Many writers seem to think that the old notions of moralism are as true and sacred as the sublimest revelations from the unseen world. Such also is the fact with not a few professed Spiritualists. The result is that the honest convictions of thousands are fiercely denounced as immoral, and we have in our midst scandal excited almost in a science, and personal denunciation and criticism holds a high position in our cherished practices. Is there any sense, any consistency in this? Where is the law or standard infallibly defining right and wrong? Who possesses, or who has revealed it? The church points to the Will of God, revealed, as it affirms, in the Bible as the only standard. Spiritualists refuse to abide by that rule. But if that is rejected, what else have you, but the individual judgment and conscience of each person, that is, so far as their personal conduct is concerned? This latter is the practical standard which most adopt. Why, then, do we so vehemently denounce our brethren? What right have we to dictate another's conscience, or denounce his conduct, unless we know him to act contrary to his own convictions? We start out on the broad assumption of the most absolute personal freedom and independence, we oppose with desperate earnestness all forms of organic action, ignore with the most edifying self-complacency the sacred canons of the world's morality, and then turn round and outdo the church itself in the opprobrium of mutual denunciation. We settle questions of individual and social morality with the dash of a pen, as though every principle was clearly defined, universally understood and admitted. Our social, domestic and political institutions and customs are all outgrowths of the church. We affirm with unhesitating positiveness that the church is rotten and false, that institutions are the great curse of humanity, and yet if any one calls in question the divinity of Marriage as it is, Banking the System of Trade, etc., etc., there is a howl of rage uttered at once, and the unfortunate victim is denounced as Free-lover, Communist, or some other name of contempt.

These, and numerous cognate facts, too plainly prove our lack of culture in science—our ignorance of the scientific method; and as clearly demonstrates our subjection to the old religious, deductive, dogmatic method of the Church. We assume certain principles, either from impression, the spirits, some medium, or from the prevalent notions of the world, and without waiting to test them by experiment we proceed to construct systems, and insist that people shall conform thereto under penalty of all the disgrace we can heap upon them. Nothing can be more certain than that the whole moralism of the world must be recast in the human consciousness. That there is a principle of absolute justice is disputed by few, but what it is, the true method of its application to personal conduct, is still in dispute. We can never settle it by dogmatic assertion of principles and deductive reasoning therefrom. Safety and progress are only possible through the rigid method of experimental science, going hand in hand with the philosophic one; in other words, by complementing deduction with induction. We cannot look at this aspect of the question too carefully. Having the great basic fact of a New Dispensation absolutely demonstrated, it is worse than folly, it is madness, not to see the consequent facts, and give them due weight. The great basic idea of Spiritualism, revealed and demonstrated in, and by, its manifold phenomena, is pregnant with annihilating power to all the old forms of ideal thought. If all spiritual phenomena are strictly natural, the entire structure of present religion and authoritative morality is swept away, as with the besom of destruction. "Old things are passed away, and all things are made new." All the ideas of the human soul are depolarized and repolarized—it becomes a new man. Consequently, there must be found new standards, new canons and formulas for the enunciation of spiritual and moral teachings. With the overthrow of the false idea of the supernatural, disappears all the gods, goddesses, and devils of the olden time. The pantheon of superstitions, ignorant faith is cleansed at once of its idols, and men and women alone are seen to be its inhabitants. Think as we may, this is a tremendous change. It necessitates a change in the entire literature and thought of the world. To suppose this can be done without herculean labor is fanaticism; while to attempt it in the one-sided method of deductive theology is to commit suicide.

Should any ultra-idealistic object and say that this course is too outward and sensuous, this is my answer: The inner can never be developed without the outer—the soul without the body. If souls could be personalized without the body, no bodies could be formed. If the intuitive, spiritual nature could reach the altitude of self-conscious realization, and thereby cognize the vast realm of relationship, materiality would never be its garment even for a time. But that is impossible. Sense is the great laboratory where the soul's demonstrations are made, and where alone the crucial test can be applied. Shall we ignore this, and launch away into the land of dream and reverie, chasing the fitting forms of fancy, and refusing to submit them to the ordeal of analysis? If so, we leave the only road of safety.

I have already instanced the necessity existing in reference to mediumship and the manifestations, which cover all that mystic realm lying between the spiritual and the material. This certainly is of acknowledged importance. The world cannot be convinced without demonstration. We owe it to the world needing it, and also to the world waiting to receive it, as we furnish the requisite instrumentalities. That these manifestations

may have their due effect, renders a tolerable comprehension of the esoteric science of human magnetism, as well as of the common facts of electricity and electro-magnetism, an absolute necessity.

But, not only is there a necessity in this direction, but in many others. Perhaps no subject is more thoroughly involved in mystery, to the general mind, than the history of the various forms of religion. It is the interest of the ruler, aristocracy therein—the clergy—to keep the masses of the people in profound ignorance on this point, for, in this way alone can they palm off their shallow falsehoods upon their credulity. They have long controlled, nay, I may say, made the literature of the ages, that the grossest perversions of history and falsifications of the world's chronology are honored as truths, and pass unchallenged by the multitude. To expose these falsehoods, and strip off the concealing mask of priestly hypocrisy, requires large and varied scholarship on the part of writers; and to comprehend fully, and intelligently appreciate the work when done, requires culture on the part of the masses. And to command the sources of known information will tax to some extent our pecuniary acquisitions. The knowledge, thus within reach, must be given to the world in order to the progress of spiritualism. The church will never give it. We must do the work, or it will remain undone. The present culture and educational appliances are mostly under clerical control, and we must create a new system of education or the preliminary work already done by Spiritualism will, in a measure, be lost.

Those who educate a nation's children, shape its destiny. No class are more thoroughly awake to this fact than the clergy, and hence the untiring assiduity with which they labor to keep the educational appliances in their own hands. We ought to be able to see as clearly as they do, and work as zealously for the true as they toil for the false. In every city, village and town we ought to form ourselves into schools or lyceums, not of the children only, but of all, old and young. Libraries should be collected, scientific apparatus procured, and a course of study at once entered upon. Lectures of instruction would be given, and we should very soon find ourselves in the full tide of successful experiment, with the great world following hard after us.

When the acquisition of knowledge is made a pleasure, as our philosophy teaches that it should be, instead of being an onerous task, then will the rapid progress of the race be ensured. But such a marvel can never happen under the old regime. Life is duty—it motions a task—its necessity for labor is its fearful course. Can we look for a change on the part of those whose interest lies in the direction of such grim and gloomy views? Of course not. Our Dispensation lifts "the veil of the covering cast over all people," and shows us the "Sunny Side" of man in the clear sunshine of truth. Life is more than duty, it is one grand song of jubilee—a triumph march of soul through the fields and forests of Materialism to the shining land of immortal beauty and love. There is no curse or deity mantling the universe with a thunder-cloud of woe and wrath, nor concealed secrets reserved from the prying curiosity of man under fearful pains and penalties; but the whole boundless world is one vast flowery field, where man may freely gather from all its nectar, sweets without fear; and the more he discovers, the more he seizes, the better God is pleased. This most important teaching we must give the world, for, to a great extent, the nightmare of ages holds it still in its fearful spell. We must break that spell and set the people free. It is our safety, as the opposite is our deduction. If we are truly in the new, it is not only our safety but it is our happiness. We cannot avoid doing this work, for "it is life, and health, and peace."

Discovering, as we have, that the world's enlightenment in the truths of Spiritualism, constitutes the living spring of deathless joy, we can but drink largely therefrom by giving ourselves most heartily to the glorious work. Thus are we most perfectly tested. If our pretensions are genuine, our affirmation will be given in the effective, practical work performed, while if we are only lip-deep Spiritualists we shall make a great ado by words, while real effort will not appear. We shall stand with the sneering query, "what good has it done?" mantling us with merited shame and contempt.

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good, account;  
He must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.  
Lo! before us gleam her camps,  
We cannot mutely stand;  
Launch our May Flower and steer boldly  
Through the desperate wintry sea,  
Nor attempt the future's portal  
With the past's blood-rusted key."

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