

# THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

ENDEAVOR TO BE FIRST IN THY CALLING, WHATEVER IT BE; NEITHER LET ANY ONE GO BEFORE THEE IN WELL-DOING.—*Brahmin Sanscrit.* IN ADVANCE.

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WHOLE No. 100.

## BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SPOURNEY.

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,  
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?  
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—  
A poison of evil, or innocent Thyme—  
A spirit of evil, flashing down  
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—  
Or gliding up with a shining trail,  
Like the morning-star that no'er looks back.  
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,  
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,  
Friend of the butterflies, birds, and flowers,  
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,  
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam.  
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine  
Worshiped by Love in a mortal shrine?  
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet years  
With rainbow-hued, happy mists of tears—  
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile,  
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, to thy look is given  
A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven.  
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,  
Wouldst thou couldst ever be so young.  
Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird,  
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.  
How often in the garden nooks thou'rt found  
With flowers thy curly head around!  
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,  
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be  
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.  
A fallen star thou mayst leave my side,  
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—  
Shivering, quivering through the cold street—  
With a curse behind and before thy feet—  
Ashamed to live, and afraid to die;  
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky.  
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild,  
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,  
A warbling cherub of joy and love,  
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,  
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—  
Floating, dowering overme  
In the blessed light of the golden shore;  
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom  
And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloom—  
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,  
And His love protect my beautiful child.

[*Harper's Magazine for April.*]

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## IS IT POSSIBLE?

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.  
CHAPTER XXI.

Some months of travel enabled Gavin to adjust his business relations, when with Jane he returned to Cincinnati. When the time arrived for commencing their projected operations in the Illinois lead region, the oil excitement had commenced in the vicinity of Titusville, Pa.

"I propose," said Oscar, "a visit to the oil region before commencing the lead business."

"What will be the advantages," said Gavin, "of oil over lead?"

"Less expense and a constant income; besides, now, before the excitement increases, is the time to secure the requisite leases of oil lands; a good oil well would bring in money all the time, and the proceeds could be expended on other and larger enterprises."

"It matters but little which we undertake first," replied Gavin, "as we shall have both mines and oil wells in the future."

While the subject was under consideration a letter arrived from an old friend resident near Titusville, Pa., urging Gavin to visit them. This decided the matter, whereupon Oscar, Jessie, Gavin and Jane set out for the El Dorado of grease, and in due time arrived at their friend's residence, a secluded farm among the hills; on the next day they accompanied him to Titusville, seven miles distant, over a rough, wild, beautiful country of hills crowned with pine forests and rapid spring-swollen streams on which heretofore only the lumberer wended his toilsome way on rafts, but soon to be freighted with more oil in a few months than comes in many years from far Antarctic seas.

On the way he described to them his brothers' well, which he said, averaged thirty-five barrels of oil daily. His brother had given him a piece of land near the village on which he was himself boring a well. Then he interested them by a detailed account of the manner in which his brother commenced operations. In order to see what the oil was like he obtained, at a high price, a small quantity of the first oil found by drilling, and, remarking to his wife that there was a fortune in that oil, immediately leased some bottom land where he said he knew the oil could be found, on which land were numerous pits supposed to have been dug by Indians in search of the article. He then sold out his business for cash and put down the well before alluded to.

"There's my brother," he said, when they had nearly arrived at the house, at the same time calling to him to stop. "My friend Mr. Gavin Kirtland, his wife and her brother and sister have come, and I have brought them down to see your oil well."

"You'll see wonders—something you never saw before," said Mr. Henry Burnham, the gentleman to whom they were thus introduced; "come in the house, and I'll tell you all about it."

While they were taking dinner he gave them a detailed account of all the oil wonders that had burst so suddenly upon them. Several strangers were present who had come to see the well. "This gentleman," he said, indicating one at the table, "has bought out one-eighth of my well for \$20,000. I am go-

ing to do some good with my money, am I not, wife?"

"I don't know," she replied; "if you are not careful we may be poorer than ever we have been."

"Pooh! pooh! those women are so simple! my well will bring me in three hundred dollars a day, and I'm going to put down half a dozen more."

"Yes," she replied, and you'll put your money down there too, if you don't mind."

"Yes, and money will be pumped out in the shape of oil; I am going to make a great change in this dark region. No one ever knew there was such a place as Titusville before, but I tell you, the whole world will know it before long. I am going to build here a large college; I'm going to have attached to it a very large library of the best books, and I will have the best professors and teachers there, that can be got, and never mind the expense. I will take care that every poor person in Titusville has a good house to live in, and if they don't have light it won't be my fault; I have ordered 500 copies of the *Universal Progress* to be distributed among the people."

Here his little girl observed:

"Pa, Mr. Smith said when I took the last book you sent there that he didn't want any more of your trashy books and papers."

"Never mind we'll send him some more; I am going to pay every lecturer that comes here; can you lecture, Mr. Allston?"

At last they had seen a man equally as enthusiastic as Oscar—in fact a little more so.

Their visit to the well an hour afterwards, where an immense vat was filled with oil, made Oscar as enthusiastic, as happy and positive of success as if he had at that moment one hundred wells in his possession. They took in a bottle to Mr. Burnham's a small quantity of the oil which Jane and Jessie psychometrized; in their examinations they correctly specified the depths of the well and of the various points at which were obtained what are termed "shows of oil," or places where the drill had passed through small veins or crevices in which oil flowed.

"Come and I will show you my Reformer's Well," said Mr. Henry Burnham.

"What do you mean by that Mr. Burnham?" asked Jessie.

"Come and see it, and then I will tell you about it," he replied.

A walk of a quarter of a mile brought them to the spot. Within the space of about six rods were erected three "derrick"; this term is applied to a steeple-shaped scaffolding (geometrically, nearly a frustrum of a square pyramid) built for the purpose of attaching the requisite apparatus for "drilling" or boring the rock. At one of these the men were at work and had penetrated to the depth of thirty feet. From the contents of the "sand-pump" brought up from that depth—powdered rock—Gavin obtained a small quantity as a specimen.

"Now tell us, Mr. Burnham," said Jessie, "what do you mean by Reformer's Well?"

"Just this," he replied; "that every cent made out of that well will be devoted to what I was talking about at dinner—my college, my library and the salvation of the people from nonsensical prejudices and causeless fears. You see that derrick in the corner? (pointing to another of the derricks,) that I have given to three of my friends—real, good men who are poor, and I am going to lend them the money to put it down; if the well pays they must pay back the money, but if not I will forgive them the debt."

"Is it true Mr. Burnham," said a man who had been listening, "that when you struck oil you told all who owed you money that they need not pay you, as you were a rich man?"

"O, they have said all sorts of things about me," he laughingly replied; "I didn't tell every person so; I did tell John Baker, who has a large family and is a very poor, that he need not pay me that \$250, as I didn't need it now I had struck oil; and to Jones the shoemaker and one or two others I told about the same thing; but I didn't forgive everybody their debts, I assure you; those who can I expect to pay me."

"An hour afterwards the specimen from the 'Reformer's Well' was examined.

"You find no oil there," said Jessie to Mr. Burnham at the conclusion; "you have—just missed—or rather will just miss—a large vein of oil, and will not find any more at a less depth than five or six hundred feet."

Some months afterwards that boring was given up, no oil having been found at the usual depth.

Similar experiments were tried on other wells, present and prospective, and the depths at which oil was struck correctly designated, as also the depth of the "shows" of oil; while in other boring which had been unsuccessful the fact was stated accordingly. In presenting the specimens for examination care was taken that not only the examiner but other persons present were unacquainted with the facts, which on being subsequently ascertained, were found to correspond exactly with psychometric observations.

"Can we wonder if after all these carefully conducted experiments, all of them were drawn into the Maelstrom? Success seemed beyond the shadow of a doubt; they had but to find the favored localities, lease the land and commence operations. They did not consider that there was a great difference between what was capable of being physically measured because opened out and that which, at the time, it was physically impossible to fathom—between the story that could be told

by a stone near the surface, and that which might be ascertained from powdered rock thirty to two hundred feet nearer that which they hoped to obtain. Gavin, however, mentioned these difficulties, but they were driven out of sight by Oscar's enthusiasm only to re-appear in a more convincing and less convenient form in an advanced stage of their operations.

"I propose, Gavin, that we take a house here," said Oscar, when they had been there about three or four days; "let us take a house, and go into the business thoroughly. When we have about twenty or thirty good paying wells we will employ good business men to manage them for us while we go into metals."

"Well," said Gavin laughingly, "shall we put down the twenty or thirty all at once, or begin with one?"

"I suppose one would be enough for the size of our pockets," said Jessie.

"In the first place," remarked Gavin, "it would be well to ascertain the amount of available funds and the probable expenses of a well before oil could be obtained, also the cost of an engine, vats, barrels, etc."

"Poor me—I have nothing," said Jessie.

"And I have, I suppose, two hundred dollars," said Oscar.

"You are a remarkably wealthy mining company," remarked Jane.

"Well, I have enough," said Gavin, to enable us to put down two or three wells and live for a year."

"Well, Oscar and I will go back to our schools," said Jessie.

"Go back to my school!" exclaimed Oscar; "why a well can be put down in a few weeks; do you think I am going to teach again when we can make millions of money? Jessie is needed here to make examinations, and I shall be for business purposes."

"But should there be a failure," urged Jessie, "it is just as well to be on the safe side, and as soon as the spot is located for the first well it would be advisable for us to return and secure our schools."

"Failure! after all the proof we have had! I am just as sure we shall succeed as I am that we exist; but I suppose mother will feel happier if we return, so it shall be as Jessie advises."

"I propose," said Gavin, "that we draw up a partnership agreement to the effect that we four form an oil company, sharing equally the profits."

This was accordingly done. A week was spent in exploring among the hills, valleys and streams in that region, and at last a suitable spot was selected, the borer paid and all other preliminaries settled. At about half a mile from the proposed well a small dwelling was secured at which Gavin and Jane commenced housekeeping.

Each day as the work progressed Gavin brought home specimens obtained from the "sand pump" for Jane to examine. The strata passed through and position relative thereto of the veins of oil touched were given with invariable accuracy, but the distance yet to be gone before another vein of oil was reached, or "show of oil" obtained, was not correct, being usually several feet under the mark, the error increasing with the depth. Here was the first obstacle; for when the well, or boring, was commenced Jane and Jessie both expected that oil would be struck in large quantities at a depth of about seventy-five feet.

Day after day passed away, and now some weeks had passed; the rock became harder, and drilling progressed but slowly; they had gone to the depth of ninety feet, but the promised oil failed to appear.

"O, well," said Gavin to Jane, "a mistake of a few feet looking downwards is easily made; the oil is there, that you have seen; and even a practiced builder, much more a person entirely unaccustomed to estimate depths, might make a mistake of even fifty feet; the well must go on; I will put it down one hundred and fifty feet if necessary."

Five weeks more they were drilling—five weeks of careful watching, hoping and believing by Jane and Gavin; everything at last indicated that they were nearing their goal; shows of oil were frequent. Gavin as usual, went down to the well in the morning, where they found the men in consternation. "Something is wrong," said Gavin to Jane as they neared the derrick. "Well," said he to the drillers, "what is the matter? have you struck oil?" "No, the bit is fast in the rock." All expedients then known for its extraction were resorted to, the services of several experienced drillers being obtained from different parts of the oil region, but all their ingenuity was powerless to extract the few pounds of iron and steel that thus intervened between Gavin and his fortune.

"We won't be discouraged," he said to Jane; "we must not expect to go through by daylight without stopping; but no more three hundred dollars bonus and one-third of the oil; we need not submit to such extortion; if psychometry can denote the best place for oil-wells in this vicinity, it can also find oil where it is not at present known to exist. This place is too far from railroads, canals, and transportation facilities generally, thus adding to the expense of the operation and at the same time decreasing the value of the product when obtained. I believe oil might be found near Fredonia and Gasport N. Y., the former place being lighted with gas, probably an emanation from the oil."

At about this time a friend who had been made acquainted by Gavin with Jane's psychometric power, wrote them from a small town in Western Pennsylvania, favorably situated in regard to transportation facilities, that he believed there was oil in that locality, as surface oil had been gathered there by some of the old inhabitants; that he owned land there, and if they would visit him and should find that oil existed there, he would give them all the oil they would obtain on any five acres of his land.

While this offer was being considered by Gavin and Jane, a letter was received from Jessie that her health was failing, whereupon Gavin urged her to give up teaching school, and meet them in Battletown to make a psychometric examination of the vicinity, to which proposal Jessie readily acceded.

Several days were spent in wandering over their friends' farm, and at last Jane and Jessie became of the opinion that oil was quite as abundant in that locality as at Titusville. A suitable residence in the village having been obtained, Jane returned no more to Titusville, their goods were removed to B. and Jessie made her permanent home with them, Gavin being of the opinion that it was well they should be together to make examinations as the drilling progressed in the well (prospective) which they had decided to put down.

"How many feet to the rock? This it was very desirable to ascertain; would psychometry do anything here? In this connection Jane remembered their Titusville experience as to depths. However, they could dig down a foot or two in the ground and obtain a specimen for examination. "I see what seems to be a rock," said Jane; "it is light sand-stone and probably twenty-five feet from the surface." Jessie described the same kind of sand-stone, but thought the distance to the oil at about one hundred and ten feet.

After many consultations it was decided to drive pipe to the rock, the distance might be a few feet more than the estimate. The pipe was made of thick iron in hollow cylinders six to nine feet in length, and about four inches in outside diameter, and driven by means of a tree hewn in a square form acting as a sledge-hammer and running in a sort of groove over the pipe, which, after a few feet of digging, is inserted immediately above the fountain of oil that Jane fondly dreams, will give not only material but mental illumination. Let us leave her to enjoy her visions of land whereof thousands of acres, previously untenanted but by wild animals and a few wilder men, are gradually changed into fruit farms, where pear, plum and peach trees are laden with luscious fruit carrying health and plenty to innumerable city homes, and giving lucrative employment to thousands of women, menning them for the winter market. No sickly, sad or poverty-stricken women people the land, for all share fairly in the results and health blooms in every countenance. The sewing women of cities living in garrets, with their pale faces and sunken eyes, toiling for a pittance are removed to these magic lands, and transformed by the "oil that maketh the face to shine." In connection with all this, are springing into existence work-shops and manufactures, in which many more happy women are both the workers and the reapers, being their own capitalists. Half the stores in that dream-land are owned by women, too. Ah! gripping poverty gives place to genuine wealth; squalid women and children are changed into blooming matrons and rosy-cheeked lads and lasses, not in a moment nor in the twinkling of an eye, but gradually through sure means of oil. "It will take years, many years, to bring about this," Jane would soliloquize, "but it can be done."

"Little simple enthusiast!" I hear some one exclaim; "she ought to have been more practical; such schemes never could succeed; the whole social structure is not thus to be changed; the protective element in man, which when intensified is called selfishness, must necessarily be the motive power of all trade, commerce and manufactures; we cannot have the millennium in a day."

Well, let us keep quiet, dear reader; let us be less decided in our condemnation of Jane's dreams; she was learning her first lessons—perhaps bitter ones—in an experience that somewhat cooled down enthusiasm; and, I believe she admired practically just as much as you or I. Indeed, if we observe closely the main-spring of these hopes and intentions of hers, we shall find that her practical tendencies originated and kept them in existence. "People build up beautiful theories," she often said to Gavin; "they talk and lecture and preach about them from month to month and year to year; I might lecture from city to city, and show what might be done industrially for women; I might convince hundreds and thousands in every place of the truth and utility of my ideas; but to what, after all, would this amount? It needs to be practically demonstrated; I am tired of theorizing for mere theories are not going to save women; but they must in their own lives prove that they are capable for remunerative industries. Now, how and where are they to commence? but few women have means within their own control, neither, as a class, are they acquainted with business details; they need a helping hand—a starting force. The world is full of philanthropic theories and speculative benevolence of that 'faith' which 'without works is dead'; what we need is that living, active

practical benevolence that will bring about living, active practical results."

Gavin was a faithful guide to Jane in this direction; he did not seek to discourage her; he did not call her a dreamer or a little simple enthusiast, yet, saw the obstacles that would intervene in the case of any tangible effort for women being made, and pointed them out, not because he wished to discourage her, but because he was a decided, practical man that looked with a clear eye through the whole structure of society, and had for many years given a close attention to social evils, their causes, results and the means whereby beneficial changes might be effected at least cost.

"Women in general" said Gavin to Jane, "are physically weak, live constantly under the shadow of Mrs. Grundy, dislike originality; and shun self-reliance; almost incapable of taking a business line, practical view of things, they take but little account of reason or common sense and are swayed mainly by approbation and the affections. I speak, of course, of the mass; but whenever a woman does strike out from the said shadow into sunshine and show independent characteristics, nearly all the other women are down on her as if she had committed felony; the greatest enemy to woman is woman. I believe however, that these objectionable features of woman's character are not inherent but are the result of bad training, and I should, therefore, recommend an indispensable appendage to the scheme you advocate, some kind of a *life school* for both girls and boys, and that your settlement should embrace such provisions as would enable both sexes and all ages to associate. I don't believe in monasteries or nunneries, either in the form implied by these words, or (what is substantially the same in principles only less faithfully carried out) 'female' colleges, and large cities wherein men are much in the majority, and the family circle rendered a luxury attainable only by the rich. At the same time a settlement constituted on the principle of *equal rights* for both sexes, and where women could be furnished with suitable, healthy and remunerative employment, would do much to eradicate those features of character to which I have alluded. Should we obtain the wealth we expect, I would purchase a quantity of good fruit land at low rates, engage any laborers that could be found to prepare it for cultivation, plant fruit trees, build houses furnished with suitable laboring conveniences, such as stoves and sheds, gradually bring there the overworked, underpaid, half-starved residents of cities, giving the preference to intelligent and cultivated persons. Having estimated the cost of the land and expenses incurred in preparing it for cultivation, I would give each occupant ample time to pay his or her share of such cost from the proceeds of faithful and pleasant labor, investing the funds thus returned in similar experiments elsewhere.

"Thus, practically proved advantageous to the worker and no wise detrimental to the honest capitalist, there would result a universal desire for settlements of a similar character. Agitation would then be brought to bear on Legislative bodies to prevent any *land from being owned which is not used*, to which no one has any natural right, and the keeping of which from settlement and cultivation, is a moral wrong and a social crime. Some of the greatest jurists maintain and prove that no inherent right of property in land does or can exist apart from the art of settlement and cost of reducing it to cultivation; it is also maintained by them that law has binding force on the conscience only as an exposition of natural justice, and cannot be adduced to support obvious and inevitable injustice. The application of these common sense principles, would render it unnecessary for people to scatter sparsely over thousands of miles of territory, when they could do better on one-tenth of the area; to which concentration of population, and consequently of facilities for intercourse, education and thought. The extensive culture of fruit would powerfully contribute, incidentally, to extending the practice of Vegetarianism, by placing varied and luscious fruits within the reach of hundreds of thousands to which they have hitherto been sealed in more senses than one.

"Then wealthy loafers would be extinguished, the ax laid to the root of the tree of aristocracy, and not only every man but every woman and child might sit under their own vine and fig-tree, and none to make them afraid."

(To be Continued.)

## HOPE.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

Men never tire to talk and dream  
Of better days in store;  
The happy, golden time to come  
They follow evermore.

The world grows old and young again,  
And still they sing the eager strain.

Hope leads us brightly into life,  
The gay boy feels its fire;  
Its magic light allures the youth,  
It does not with the sire.

The grave his weary race may end,  
But from it Hope its flowers doth send.

It is no flattering vain deceit,  
Born in the brain of fools;  
The hearts high longings are its source,  
The palace where it rules.

That inner voice cannot deceive,  
The hoping soul may all believe.

For the Present Age.

## An Art to be Studied.

The most important of all arts is the art of Supplying every rational want by the products of our own labor without overworking ourselves.

Who has studied this art? Where is its professors and where is the school to teach it? Our rational wants are many and a large portion of them are not well supplied to the largest part, if to any of our race. A supply for natural wants is as important to one human being as to another, consequently the effort of each one should be applied to the supply of his own wants. Any one who does not labor enough to do that is, to the extent of his failure, a drone in the public hive—a dead-head and as such will be "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

There are thousands of the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose wants are so extravagant that it would take the constant toil of a score of hard workers to supply them and yet they do nothing for any one. The Christian churches are mostly built and largely supported by this class of persons. Their ministry have no rebuke for them, but generally are on more intimate terms with them than any other members of their flock. If this wrong is ever to be righted, the work must be done by infidel laborers. The church and ministry will never undertake it. Readers of the *Age* which of you will study, learn, practice and teach the divine art above referred to.

IRA PORTER.

## THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,  
Ever so little the hand,  
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,  
And develop its nature, weed, flower, or tree;  
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free  
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope  
Of the harvest it will yield;  
We wait and watch for its springing up,  
Admire its growth and count on the crop,  
That will come from the little seeds we drop  
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide  
Seeds we may happen to find,  
We care not for culture or what may befall,  
We sow here and there on the highway side;  
Whether they've lived or whether they've died,  
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap  
Fruit from the seed he has sown.  
How carefully, then, it becomes us to keep  
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek  
To know what kind of seed we sow  
To receive our own!

FROM HUMAN NATURE.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

### "Light in the Valley."

Dear Sir,—You would probably gratify a number of your readers were you to allude to a page occasionally for a record of such death-bed incidents as help to illustrate the philosophy of Spiritualism. In the outline which I sent you of the seance with Mr. D. D. Home (March number of *Human Nature*), three classes of phenomena are mentioned, which the following cases will illustrate:—

The first is one of those in which the dying person seems a great light, which is not perceptible to the friends in attendance, although they may be fully impressed with the reality of it, and may have an intelligent understanding of its import.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 11th March, 1857, my mother exhibited symptoms of great prostration; she had been weakly for two days, but nothing indicated early dissolution. A friend was called, in whose countenance was soon read expectation of an approaching change. Within a few minutes thereafter, my mother completely lost her sight, but retained speech and consciousness. Rapidly her strength failed; her head hung listlessly on my arm. It was the first time I had stood in the immediate presence of the great change. With calmer feelings I might have remembered only the fragrant aroma of my mother's life; but though the fossilized dogmas of Calvinism had never bound me, the light of Spiritualism had not reached me. With anxiety I asked, "Are you prepared to die?" She gave no heed. I was about to press the question when my friend restrained me—she knew the question was unnecessary, and saw what I did not. Inwardly I cried for a token—oh! how earnestly, for the smallest sign—and the prayer was answered. With deepest gratitude, and most joyful assurance I accepted the token—and so do still—as a direct answer to my spirit's agonizing cry. Leaning forward with renewed vigor, gazing upward, wrapt in wonder, she asked, "What light is that?" and after a pause remarked, calmly, "See Andrew, it is shining yet." Not then knowing it to be an objective reality, I whispered, "It is in your mind—it is Jesus." She ceased to speak.

I placed my ear to her lips; the only sounds audible were, "Jesus" King.

"Jesus." A moment more and all was still.

"Weep not for her—She is an angel now, And treads the sapphire floors of paradise. Alas! wretched wretch, banished from her eyes, Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes, Victorious over death, to her appear The vista d' joys of heaven's eternal year: Weep not for her."

Weep not for her—there is no cause for we, But rather nerve the spirit that it walk Unshrinker on the thorny paths below, And from earth's low defilements keep thee back. So when a few fleet severing years have flown She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on.

Weep not for her."

The second case is one of those in which one or more of the persons in attendance also see the light. Euphemia Scott, a pious girl of sixteen years of age, who lived in London Street, Glasgow, passed away to the spirit land, on the 9th April, 1855. Her mother was truly "a mother in Israel." Though quiet, unobtrusive, and of the humble ranks of society, the universal esteem accorded her by the Baptist church of which she was a member, may be guessed from the fact, that on

the Sabbath after her funeral, her pastor preached a special sermon to improve the occasion. Her family sometimes spoke of the beautiful hymns she sung during her sleep, and on these occasions she would relate to them in the morning the names of departed friends whom she seemed to have been worshipping with. At one time, when she slept at my house, I had the pleasure of hearing her, though she was seventy years old, the melody flowed sweetly through all the house. It was a most delightful experience. She was probably an inspired medium. Her daughter, Euphemia, died at night. The recess in which the bed was placed was suddenly filled with light—a light so brilliant that the mother had not only to close her eyes, but to place her hand over her eyelids. When she removed them the light was gone, and also her daughter.

"At midnight to a maiden's bed The morning angel came,  
And crowned with light her beauteous head,  
And clothed her form with flame,  
Her kindled hair in shining state,  
And led her by the hand,  
After a golden golden gate,  
Into the sunrise land."

The third case is that named and illustrated by Mr. Home's spirit friend, viz., spirit music. On the Sabbath evening previous to the seance, I was credibly informed of the following case by a person who knew the parties. A good woman, whom adversity had made homeless, called for assistance at the house of a friend in Greenock. Food and shelter were both given; she became unwell, and, in a few days after, music was heard in the humble apartment where she lay. The melodious sounds—such as might be produced by several instruments—were wafted across the kitchen in front of the bed. The poor woman remarked, "You will not be troubled with me any longer, they have come for me," and so she passed away to the summer land, where want of gold will not deprive her of a suitable habitation.

When visiting, eight years ago at a house in which there had been a recent bereavement, the sister of the deceased described to her pastor, the late Rev. G. O. Moffat, how she had witnessed, at the moment of death, something like a point of light slowly ascend from her sister's body. I mentioned to him one of the preceding cases; he replied that he could tell me of many such which had come under his own observation. If I mistake not, his own death furnished an illustration of the truth that—

"The chamber where a good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk,  
Of virtuous life quite on the verge of heaven."

As his ailment was fever (resulting from contagion got in the discharge of duty) few would view his statements otherwise than as the result of disease; but he had lucid intervals previous to his change, and it was during one of these he spoke of the light he saw at the foot of the bed, and asked his sister, "Jessie, don't you see it?" Besides the spiritual aura, he seemed to see those who were in it, the radiance of whose forms are inseparable to the body's eyes. "Mother," he said, "are you here?" "Ah! what more natural, what more likely as an outflow from the Divine benevolence than that she should be there to welcome her son? She had not long to wait. 'Let me go,' said he 'to my Lord in glory.' And he went—went to serve in a higher sphere Him whom he loved—not leaving his Lord less, because he still found the pure enjoyment of a mother's love, but adoring Him more, because of the continued existence and opportunity for exercise of that holy affection.

Allow me to add a case which comes under the head of pre-mortifications. In Port Glasgow there lived a lovely little child of twenty months old. Her mother had gone to the spirit-land six months before the occurrence I am about to mention. But the little one did not know—did not experience the greatness of her loss, as do most children who are similarly circumstanced. Amongst the anxieties of the mother's position, there had fallen to her lot constant attendance on a business which took her away every day from home duties and home pleasures. In her absence her child was carefully attended by a young woman, who loved the little child greatly. The love was mutual, and basking in the sunshine of that love the child soon forgot the separation which death had effected for a time. The lapse of six months had served to seal a new in her imagination the relationship of mother in the person of the nurse. One day, while playing in the kitchen, apparently in her usual good health, she turned away from her nurse and her aunt, and ran forward with open outstretched arms and joyful countenance, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma!" Her aunt wept, she was deeply impressed, and is still, with the mysterious character of the scene. "Bless me," she said, "does the child see something?" Yes, the child did see something—something more than "the baseless fabric of an airy vision." Both aunt and nurse sought to remove the impression from the mind of the child. Alas! how often is it thus? We ask for light, and when God gives it we close our eyes; we ask for bread, and when God gives it we prefer a stone. By the education of our surroundings and our carnality, we get so engrossed with material things, that we vainly imagine these are the solid realities, instead of but the shadows of greater realities towards which we should ascend. They sought to remove the impression, but it would not go to their bidding; the spiritual perception of the child was more fully developed than theirs; no word, no whisper of her mother's name had given scope to fancy, she smiled the smile of loving recognition, and directed the attention of aunt and nurse, as if she wanted them to join with her in welcoming the one whom she again named endearingly, "mamma, mamma." Though then apparently in good health, she became suddenly unwell, her throat became affected, and within twenty-four hours she went to her mamma.

The narration of such incidents from time to time would interest some, and help to clear away the mists in which many theologians have enveloped the conception of our future life; speaking of a "naked human spirit" as unfit to enjoy the felicity of heaven, and unable to realize the torment of hell, until the period when—as the Westminster Confession puts it—"all the dead shall be raised up with their self same bodies and none other."

And some



# THE PRESENT AGE

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ANNIE D. CRIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, May 14, 1870.

## The New Religion.

All great movements which profoundly influence the intellectual life and actions of a people, depend upon some adequate inspiring force. Unless there be a conviction that old beliefs and habits and usages are wanting in some needed feature, and that there is a future good to crown laudable endeavor, men could not be incited to abandon the old, and explore untrodden fields in quest of some promised good. As long as the individual and the race remain in slavery to error, as long as man comes short of complete adjustment to the divine ideal, so long will humanity crave change, exhibit restlessness; so long will revolutions be pending. The course of history displays unmistakable tendencies. The human soul will compass its destiny sooner or later. The race has its orbit as clearly defined as the planets in celestial spaces, and the will of man cannot change or divert the path in which it moves. The chains of slavery are being broken, one by one. Human nature is asserting its lawful supremacy over this lower world; is looking up from its prostrate condition, and aspires to stand erect on its feet.

The present attitude of the Anglo Saxon, prognosticates the most revolutionary changes in the near future, changes which will inaugurate a New Religion and a new social code. Man has arisen to a new faith—faith in himself, and is undertaking on his own account, that which has hitherto been left to the gods. He is making the conquest of nature and putting all enemies under his feet. The causes have been in operation, and man has been struggling toward this grand fulfillment since the sixteenth century. A crisis is reached at last, the light of a better day comes streaming over the mountains, and angel voices which awaken memories of friends gone before, bid us assert our manhood and work toward a noble aim.

How does this new religion differ from the form it proposes to supersede? In many important respects. The old religion is a religion of authority over opinion; the new is a religion of freedom wherein opinion has the widest range. The old prescribes obedience to outward law; the new prescribes voluntary obedience to inward law. The old religion demands faith in Jesus Christ; the new asks for faith in human nature. The old religion demands self-humiliation; the new asks for self-respect. The old religion left lordships Believers and anathematized Infidels; the new recognizes the brotherhood of man without respect to race, religion, creed or opinion. The old religion builds houses for God and devours widow's houses; the new builds colleges for men and women, to the end that God's image on earth may become a true reflection of Himself. The old religion despises the science and philosophies of men; the new is fraternal in its attitude toward all accessories of human advancement and elevation. The old religion seeks salvation through Christ; the new seeks man's elevation through the evolution and expansion of himself. The old religion contemplates human nature as corrupt at its source; the new regards man as a germ of divine possibilities which in the fulfillment of time will develop a golden fruitage. The old religion finds its criterion in a Book, which it calls divine; the new consults the human soul as the best exponent of God's will concerning man.

In proportion as man has reverence for authority is he opposed to free inquiry, inclined to look with disdain upon all new discoveries, array himself in opposition to all innovations which threaten the permanence of established customs. The love of freedom and reverence for authority are eternally antagonistic principles. As the one increases the other must decline.

Man having once obtained this sublime faith in the possibilities of his own nature, he is inspired with nobler aims and higher activities. He no longer endeavors to suppress human nature but strives to enlarge it. School houses are provided to meet the educational demands of every child. The spirit of worthy enterprise takes possession of men and women.

The soul is superposed on the body and depends upon its health and integrity for sustenance. It has the same dependence on the body which the higher industries have upon agriculture. To better the spiritual condition we must first better the physical condition. The body must be provided with a comfortable home, appropriate raiment, exemption from extreme toil, before it can become attuned to divinest offices. Hence the practical good sense of the nineteenth century, inspired with the faith that a complete conquest of nature can be achieved, has set to work in earnest, providing the auxiliaries to a higher intellectual and moral growth. The labor saving machines and utilitarian improvements of this century, are heralds of a higher form of art, poetry, science, philosophy in the next. Twenty-two years ago the New Religion of a New Age was announced at Hidesville, near Rochester. How that announcement has thrilled the people of America and of the world! What noble reforms have responded to its echoes! What life and hope and energy and enterprise, it has infused in the heads and hearts of toiling millions? Woman is rising from the relentless tread of centuries and looking with

hope towards the future. The chains of the slave are broken. The world is marching to new conquests. The fullness of time is at hand.

## The Question of the hour.

Unlike theology, the New Dispensation deals with all the practical questions of life. Fearlessly it investigates every subject relating to the interests of humanity, social, political or religious. It traces effects to their legitimate causes, removes inharmonies, disease and crime, by destroying the causes that produce them, and denounces the deception and injustice that has been practiced upon the people in the name of religion. As spiritualists believing in the Fatherhood of God, the Brother-hood of Man, the communion of Spirits, the principle of progression, having taken Reason as a guide, Knowledge as a teacher, Wisdom as a savior, Love as a guardian angel, and pledged ourselves to labor for humanity—for the triumph of the individual over institutional authorities; we ask ourselves how we can most effectually accomplish the work we have to do, and bridge the seemingly impossible gulf separating the human family. If our religion be not practical it is of little value. Talking of the brotherhood of man avails little so long as we practically ignore it, and by our silence and inactivity sanction unjust laws, estimating the individual, not by his intellectual or moral power, but by his material wealth, thus giving to capital the purple robe and reins of power, crushing beneath the iron wheel of its chariot the aspiration of the soul.

The laborer, the real capitalist, is thus deprived of opportunities for intellectual and social culture, converting his life into gold to add to the wealth of his oppressor, thereby increasing his power to perpetuate laws for the protection of capital instead of labor. As members of one family whose origin and destiny is the same, it follows that all have the same needs. If one child needs an education all need it, if one man needs a home, a just government, good social conditions, and a religion that shall meet the demands of his higher nature, then all men and women need the same. If we have accumulated material wealth the law of justice requires that every dollar not necessary to supply our needs belongs to humanity. A proper use of the vast amount of wealth now useless in the hands of the few, would provide every individual with a home, and educate every child. Then the cultured and refined would mingle with those who had been less fortunately circumstanced and while they would lose nothing, the masses would be greatly benefitted. How many beautiful thoughts and truths lie buried beneath the superficial life we have been compelled to live. Humanity is continually calling upon us to give from the treasures that have been placed in our intellectual or spiritual store house, and were it not for the influence of a false education we should realize that we have no right to monopolize the material intellectual or spiritual gifts that may have been entrusted to our keeping.

The inspired men and women of to-day, have recognized this law of justice and are giving to the world these treasures. Poets are waiting us heavenward in the golden chariots in which they seem to ride; Artists are making the canvass glow with the beautiful visions that unseen fingers have traced in the soul. This is well, but it is not enough. The new dispensation calls upon all true reformers to give their influence to aid in deciding the questions of the hour. Will theological education add to the happiness of any child? are you willing that the fetters just removed from your soul should be transferred to your sons and daughters? if not all should aid in preserving our common schools from being perverted to sectarian dogmas and theological instruction.

Are you willing that the intellectual and cultured women of this nation should be compelled to remain in the false position to which the injustice of the past has assigned them? Are they to have no voice in the government and be controlled by laws made by ignorant Chinamen and those who have just emerged from the dark cloud of Slavery? Must your College doors and every avenue of trade and remunerative employments be closed against us, and we be compelled to toil.

Without proper compensation, Until the prayers and groans that rise Draw curses on your nation?

if you would have it otherwise, aid us to obtain the Franchise. Are you willing that the constitution of this government should be robbed of its brightest jewel, and religious freedom trampled in the dust by those who have ever opposed every form of progress that did not co-incide with their pre-conceived opinions? if not you must sympathize with and take an active interest in deciding the great questions of the hour.

The questions briefly presented are: Shall the girls have the same opportunity for a thorough education as the boys, and women equal rights with men? Shall Labor be exalted to its true position? Shall the Constitution be preserved from the contaminating touch of priestcraft, political demagogues, and religious fanatics? If you would accomplish all this and much more, we would say with Anna Dickinson, "To THE RESCUE."

## The McFarland Trial.

We made our readers long since acquainted with the leading facts in this case, which has attracted for the last few months so much of the public attention. The trial has now continued several weeks, without eliciting any new or important facts. The plea of *Insanity* is the principal point apparently relied upon by the defense. That this is at least partially true we have no doubt. That the excitement in consequence of intemperance, and domestic difficulties should cause the defendant to become at least in degree insane cannot be questioned; but that he should in consequence be acquitted as he no doubt will be, is quite another thing. Were it not for the terrible *Death penalty* which yet prevails in that state we think he would be condemned for the proper protection and safety of society and placed where he could not repeat his crime.

There have been some most disgraceful proceedings during the trial on the part of attorneys and which could have occurred nowhere in this country out of New York City, but as the secular papers are filled with the details, we shall not give them. A very important communication from Horace Greeley relating to the subject has appeared this week. For its kindly sentiments as a genuine manifestation of regard for an unfortunate friend, we do not recollect of ever having seen anything more touchingly beautiful, and because of some facts contained in it, bearing on the case we give it to our readers.

## A Card.

Certain Journals have seen fit to censure the employment of what they term "private counsel" in the prosecution of the McFarland case, and to connect my name therewith, I feel impelled to state the facts as they are, which I am forbidden to do upon the witness stand. Daniel McFarland is not the murderer of Albert D. Richardson. His defense is insanity, the only defense possible in view of the conceded facts. Of the merits of that defense I was not called to pronounce as a witness, and I have nothing to say in any other capacity. I trust the jury impaneled will render a true verdict thereon in the light of all the evidence that may be adduced. I have not the faintest wish that they should regard it with levity or unfavorable prejudice. Esteeming the hanging of sane men a mistake, I should contemplate the hanging of one insane with horror; and whether his loss of reason was impelled by truth or falsehood makes no difference in the eye of the law. My interest in this case centers not in the living, but the dead. Albert D. Richardson was my friend. I have traveled and camped with him when we were almost alone upon the vast solitude of the plains, and knew him as brave, generous, and noble. I never heard any one breathe a whisper to his discredit until this trouble arose. That he could be guilty of seducing a wife from her husband is contrary to all I ever knew or believed of him. That he could deliberately resolve to install a woman, known to him as lewd and wanton, as the mother of his children, is to me utterly incredible. I am sure that the truth which underlies this tragedy has not yet been told, at all events, is not generally understood. Richardson is dead. He cannot speak for himself. His memory must be vindicated by the efforts of his suffering friends, or not at all, and those efforts must be put forth under great disadvantages. The other story has possession of the public ear. Powerful influences and interests are enlisted in its support. Every second who looks upon woman merely as an instrument of his lust, and who never aided one in distress except with the intent to make her his prey, rushes instinctively to the conclusion that Richardson was a seducer. He wants no evidence of this but as he finds in his own breast; and every one accustomed to look on a wife merely as a species of property, whereof the little cannot be alienated by abuse any more than if she were a horse or a dog, naturally inclines to the same verdict.

Anxious only that the whole truth in the premises should be developed, and that my deceased friend's memory should be vindicated from unjust aspersions, I called on the district attorney a few days before that appointed for the commencement of the trial, to ask him if he desired any aid in performing this duty assigned him by the law. I had not before seen Mr. Garvin, since we were fellow members of the constitutional convention, and had not communicated with him in any manner. In answer to my inquiry, he said he preferred to have an able counsel associated with him in the prosecution, and named Mr. Edward Pierpont as such counsel. I called on Mr. Pierpont accordingly, but he was obliged to try important cases for the government throughout April, and could not assign that public duty to another. I reported that decision to Mr. Garvin, who soon afterward sent me word that he wished Judge Noah Davis as his associate. I was waiting for us to be introduced, but, indeed, any other. I then called at Judge Davis' office, and not finding him, stated the district attorney's wishes to his partner, Judge Henry E. Davis, who assured me that if possible Mr. Garvin's request should be obeyed. Such is the history of my agency in this matter. I acted in behalf of Mr. Richardson's friends, and at the suggestion of one of them residing in his native state. I am sure he would have gladly done as much and more for me had it been my fate to have been first assassinated and then unjustly covered with obloquy and his to survive. If my efforts shall have contributed, as I now feel confident they will have done, to vindicate his memory from some part of the wrong which has been done to it, I shall rejoice, whatever may be the fate of his destroyer.

HORACE GREELEY.

## Niles Society of Spiritualists.

We think no society in this state has moved forward with more marked success than has this society, organized only a few months since. Their success shows that a few earnest men and women can do. The first speaker employed by them was Miss Nettie M. Pease, under whose auspices the society was organized. Their next movement was to secure a place for meetings. To their wise course in this respect we attribute much of their success. Instead of getting as is too often the practice of our friends, a cheap Hall in the third story of some obscure building, they obtained Peak Hall on the second floor of a fine building centrally located, large, pleasant, well lighted and well ventilated. The next judicious movement was to secure speakers so as not to have a Sunday, pass without a public lecture. We believe they have only failed twice or three times, caused by the sickness of their speaker. Since the organization their speakers have been Prof. E. Whiffle, A. B. French, Mrs. S. A. Horton, and Mrs. E. M. Martin. All have given general satisfaction. They now have Miss Nettie M. Pease, formerly with them two months, now employed for six months. This young society as will be seen by a call in another column for the Semi-Annual meeting of our state association, have kindly offered a place for the meeting free of expense. They will extend a welcome to all who attend, and will entertain to the extent of their ability.

Last Sunday we met with our Niles friends and listened to an instructive and interesting lecture by Miss Pease on the COSMOGONY OF THE UNIVERSE, which was preceded by the following Inspirational Invocation.

Spirit power we come as thy children, To learn of the world in which we live; To read the sacred book of nature, And receive the truths its pages give. From present scenes of light and beauty, To the voiceless past we go; From the life and joy that's round us, To the burning lake below. From the sands, the buds and mosses, To the rocks from whence they sprang, When this earth like a fiery comet, In the vaulted heavens swung. When the atmosphere was heavy, With its treasures yet untold; When within the clouds and vapors, Rested, silver, lead, and gold. There we recognize thy presence, Guiding that eternal law, That formed this universe of beauty, Perfect in power, without a flaw. Spirit power! with thou aid.

As we study stones and brooks, To gain a knowledge of formation, That we cannot gain from books.

This lecture we understand was the first of a series upon this and kindred subjects as explained by the Spiritual philosophy, which will be found to accord with the revelations of science, and in harmony with reason. Next Sunday, the subject will have an intimate relation to the above, being a consideration of the ORIGIN OF LIFE on this planet, from its first cellular manifestation up through the vegetable and animal kingdom's to Man.

The following stanzas were subsequently given as connected with the morning subject on creation or as more correctly expressed by the speaker, *formation*, alluding to the incomprehensible time that has elapsed even since the solidification of the earth's surface on which we dwell.

Go back, go back to the wondrous time Before Adam was created, And shout with joy as you perceive How all things are related.

Back, back to Greece and Rome, Or Chinese wondrous annals, Or wander to the "Holy Land" And trace Egyptian channels.

Back, back to the mighty past To ages warmly glowing, Catch a gleam of the golden light That they are backward throwing.

See atoms as they coalesce, See light and order flowing, And the principles of life and light Within each atom glowing.

See those orbs as they move along And take their destined places; See nature toil from age to age, To brighten up their faces.

And shall this glorious Spirit power, Toil in the world of matter, And through the diamond realm of mind, No golden sunlight scatter?

Nay! through progression its moving on, Toward what we call perfection, Till between this earth and yonder sphere There'll be no dis-connection.

## Close of the Volume.

Four more papers will bring us to the close of Volume II. This makes as our subscribers will notice on the first page the one hundredth number of the PRESENT AGE. For one hundred consecutive weeks, we have had uninterrupted converse with our readers. With hundreds of them we have become personally acquainted, attachments have been formed, which we trust may be more lasting than the present life. Thousands of our readers we have never met in person, yet to all to whom we send our thoughts each week, we feel that a fraternal response comes back to us on those invisible magnetic wires, connecting all who labor together in a common cause—in united effort for freedom from error, and the elevation of our common humanity. We think none of our papers can give a history thus even in course, with a continued growth in numbers and apparent interest. We have had our conflicts, oppositions and annoyances; but above all, with a steadfast aim and purpose, and with our eye upon the star placed as our guide, we have confidently labored; and as the winds and storms that sway the young oak, cause it naturally to send its roots wider and deeper for necessary support, so have the oppositions we have met, but made us more determined in purpose, and we doubt not that we have been made stronger thereby.

We would not here forget to give due credit where it properly belongs: First to those friends beyond the mystic veil, to us invisible, but whose gentle influence we often feel; who have from the first helped us in this noble work. Without them we could not have succeeded. At times we have thought failure was sure, and just then they have sent us material aid; in two instances under circumstances of a remarkable character. Not only materially have we thus been helped but from Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Watson, Miss Pease, Hudson and Emma Tuttle, A. J. Davis and others, we have received inspirational utterances, cheering the weary traveler in life's journey, consoling the mourner, revealing to others the light and the beauties of this life, before unrealized; and giving assurance of life un-ending.

We shall in four weeks enter upon our third volume. We have to the utmost of our ability, endeavored to make the PRESENT AGE a welcome weekly visitor in your homes. We expect with more experience in this work to be able to do better in the future. Our enterprise has been heretofore sustained by the sacrifice of time and money, by those who desire to sustain such an organ as we are publishing. We now appeal to our friends, to make it a special work to devote a part of their time for the next four weeks to our aid in getting new subscribers. Will our readers please to regard this as a personal appeal to each, to thus help us. Please look at the fact that with the same amount of money you have to pay for other papers, you get the AGE AND A PREMIUM of greater or less value, certainly of no less value than twenty-five cents and may be worth \$250.

We think, however, there are many who are willing to aid us even without reference to the Premiums offered. Our plan seems to give satisfaction. Yesterday we received from four different subscribers \$5 each, which pays for the paper one year and gives them three premiums. Let it be remembered that old subscribers in renewing, can avail themselves of this offer, and also those who had previously subscribed may send another dollar and have their names entered in the Premium list. We hope our subscribers will not defer their renewals until the last week, or until we have to erase their names from our mail book. Under our new rules we shall be compelled to stop all papers when not prepaid. With our liberal terms allowing a renewal for three months, there are very few indeed, even these hard times who cannot send fifty cents. We are getting a large number of new, and desire to retain all our old subscribers.

## Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 13.

Morning found us once again upon one of those musical rivers flowing between this earth and our spirit home. Rapidly we passed from the atmosphere of earth. Our journey was short, but oh! so delightful. All places seemed beautiful where SILVER SPRAY was, and never had she appeared more radiantly beautiful than upon that morning when we arose above the purple mist of the dawn-ing day, and started out on our voyage to a portion of the spirit-world that I had never visited. I enjoyed the journey, but not until we had reached our destination, did I dream of the beautiful lesson that I was to read from the great book of spirit-life. I have said that our journey was short, so it seemed to me, for in hours of happiness time flies. Having taken no note of time, I could not realize that we had traveled thousands of miles, until assured of that fact by my companion.

We had now arrived at the point for which we started. It is useless for me to attempt a description of that glorious plane of spirit-life. Strange that I had remained so long in the spirit world and not known of its existence. It was the home of little children, or where they are conveyed immediately upon their departure from earth. I do not wish you to understand that there are no children in other spheres of spirit-life, but that this is what we may term the reception room, where dwell many loving gentle spirits, whose duty and pleasure it is to receive and care for those fair and beautiful buds, that have been taken from the cold atmosphere of earth-life, and are now safely housed and well cared for in temples appropriately prepared for them in that beautiful land. I found that this sphere far exceeded in beauty the one in which I had my home. Gorgeous flowers, clinging vines, trees whose long drooping branches swayed gracefully to and fro, beautiful birds of every hue, streams, whose beauty no earthly language can describe, their every murmur was a note of music, which blending with the perfumed breath of the flowers, the whisperings of the leaves, and the lute like music of the breeze; made it the home of beauty, harmony and love.

Two spirits came to meet and bid us welcome. They asked my companion, if she had brought another spirit to aid them in their work of love. When informed that we were visitors, we were conducted to the great buildings, which had been prepared for the reception of visitors from other spheres. Many of these temples were composed of a substance, somewhat resembling white and polished marble. Others were composed of variously colored material, and others of a substance appearing like crystal. Some portions of the walls of this building were richly inlaid with images and designs, formed of rubies, emeralds and other precious stones. The beauty of these Halls or Temples when lighted up by the golden emanations of that radiant elime, I shall not attempt to describe. In those halls we found thousands of little children, watched and guarded more tenderly than they could have been on earth.

It seemed to be a delight for those who had them in charge to administer to their wants. I was told that many of these children were taken back to earth, to live and grow strong in the atmosphere of a mother's love. Others were taken to earth to satisfy the deep yearnings of those who still remained there. I learned that although these little ones lived by absorbing from the atmosphere, still they need the care and attention of loving spirits. No one was permitted to remain there who was not attached to that plane by their love of little children. I was also told by my companion, that there were many in whom this love was never developed on earth. Here self-love had broadened, and in this beautiful elime, many a sad heart found the little treasure that rightly belonged to it. I desire to say that here many who had walked alone on earth found their children.

Children that had been unloved, and who had never found a place in the affections of their natural parents, here find in the warm hearts of some loving angel, the true love that should have been theirs on earth. Oh! friends of earth mourn not when your little ones are taken from you, they are borne in the arms of angels, to that beautiful land of which we have been speaking. Every advantage is afforded for their harmonious unfoldment, for their education and culture. There is instruction is not to wall in, but to unfold and bring out the innate powers of the spirit.

We tarried long in this beautiful elime, until my lesson was fully understood; and as we took our departure for earth SILVER SPRAY remarked, the time is not far distant when you and I will return to this sphere, not as visitors, but in constant companionship with those little ones, to learn what we cannot in any other way. Our next communication will be another scene in earth life.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The society of Spiritualists in this city have secured a hall in the building recently built, No. 8 Grand River street, in which they design to hold meetings regularly. This hall will be formally opened on Thursday evening next, when the President of the Society, S. D. McCracken, Esq., will deliver an address upon "The Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity, and the Political Aspect of the Times."

We clip the above from the *Detroit Daily Post*, by which we are glad to hear our friends in Detroit are moving in the right direction. The two subjects Mr. McCracken has selected for the occasion possess a deep interest and from the well known ability of the speaker we have no doubt will be ably discussed. We shall hope to lay at least some portions of the address before our readers.

## Personal.

PROF. E. WHIFFLE, speaks in Ravenna Ohio the 8th inst. Thompson 15th inst, and Ashabula 22d inst. Our associate will probably remain in Ohio most of the summer. Address South Newberry, Geauga Co., Ohio.

## Travels in Wisconsin.

RIVER FALLS.

This is a small but pretty village, possessed of an extensive water power, on the Kinnickinnick river, which runs through the town. There are five grist and flouring mills, several saw mills and a woolen factory within half-a-mile.

Clambering up to the top of a steep bluff two hundred feet, obtained a fine view of the village which seemed to rest in a hollow made on purpose for it. We next paid the Falls a visit. The Kinnickinnick and its branch have both gone into the "Falls" business just before uniting. The branch Falls are thirty feet high, and as beautiful a sheet of water as we ever saw. At the foot is a beautiful grove of elms. Skirting the river for a short distance are some refreshing looking pines. The Falls of the main river are more extensive than the branch, having a Niagara dash on a small scale.

There are number of Free Thinkers here. Senator C. B. Cox, and his brother, S. L. Cox, are with us, so far as this life is concerned. There are two or three families of Spiritualists in the vicinity.

During our course of lectures there were one or two incidents transpired that may be worth relating. At the close of our third lecture Mr. A. Morse, editor of the *River Falls Local*, a fine appearing man, made a little attack upon us personally and Spiritualism in general. He characterized our lecture (which was upon the subject of "Spiritualism: Is it the truth of God; or the work of the Devil?") as a most *devilish* discourse. Probably his statement was true. He came down upon us with the vengeance of an eagle upon its prey. Then, again, so violent was his language, as he walked to and fro in the aisle, that he reminded one of a lion roaring into anger, ready to spring upon innocent prey (that means us!) The audience seemed to enjoy the castigation we were getting, manifesting applause at some good hits that the gentleman made at our expense. We thought if the audience, that but a few minutes before were evidently enjoying themselves listening to our effort to white-wash "the gentleman in black," chose now to desert us it would be another instance of the uncertainty of public opinion. Nothing was left us but to sit quiet, and try to be resigned to the dispensation of providence. Hotter and hotter came the denunciations from our opponent. Spiritualism, he said, was nothing new, and our talk was an incomprehensible nothing." As the gentleman was fearfully and wonderfully in earnest we began to imagine we did not know much, anyway; and what we did know was just sufficient to make our own ignorance palpable. As he rattled on, heaping upon us epithets like "Alps upon Alps," verily monarch of all he surveyed, we had an opportunity to reflect upon the "shifting hues of life," remembered a portion of the "Lord's Prayer":—"Now I lay me down to sleep," clutched convulsively after Davis' "Magic Staff," and—wonderful is the power of the association of ideas—thought of the "magic" lantern through which we once exhibited "Scenes of Summer Land," painted by Rogers. We were calm. Frequently, during our public career of eleven years lecturing, have we been publicly abused, until now nothing is more enjoyable in public life than to have an opponent undertake to furiously extinguish us. But we never experienced anything quite so *hurricanically* as on this occasion.

A change came over the audience; signs of uneasiness were plainly manifested by them; soon it took a definite shape; they began to stamp and hiss their disapprobation. At this juncture we arose and begged them to allow the gentleman to finish his remarks without interruption; for we assured them, we felt highly entertained. He soon ceased speaking. With the words of the Zenda Vesta in our mind, "Reply to thy enemy with gentleness," we made a few comments, and the audience dispersed in the best of order, but expressed considerable indignation against Mr. Morse, which we endeavored to assuage as much as possible.

Everywhere in our travels we find anxious inquirers for the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy. The priesthood has comparatively feeble influence with the masses of the Western people. The clergy are kindling a flame on the "Bible in School" question, "Sabbath law enforcement," "God in the Constitution," etc., etc., that will utterly consume their theological fabric. All hail! the glorious day!

W. F. J. RIVER FALLS, April 3d.

After the attack upon us, alluded to in our last, the least mention we made of Mr. Morse, called forth a round of applause. A Spiritualist lecturer, with the glorious gospel of the Angels to sustain him, is able to "put ten thousand to flight," if he is self-poised, can rule his own spirit. Every lecturer should be prepared to become foul for ridicule; and, if he understands himself, woe unto him by whom the ridicule cometh.

Just before leaving River Falls, we were made the recipient of the following note from the editor, Mr. Morse:

RIVER FALLS, March 30th, 1870. MR. JAMISON.—Dear Sir:—I owe you an apology for my unkind and equally ungentlemanly attack upon you a few evenings since. I should have sought an earlier opportunity to have made it, but for the fact that I was the aggressor, and was entirely willing that you should have all the advantages accruing from my mistake. But now, that you are about to leave, I fully and frankly confess my fault, and ask you to view the episode in as favorable a light as you can consistently.

"I confess that I have, for over twenty years been a firm believer in Spiritualism, but for the last fifteen years—every since I came to this country—I have smothered every rising aspiration to proclaim the fact, and thus a gathering storm of passion and prejudice has been pent up within me, which seemed to be ready to burst against any one who might avow the doctrine.

"This was no excuse for me, nor do I offer it as such. I mention it only to show that it may not unfrequently be the case that conviction against will seems to be the source of an uneasiness or restlessness which may sometimes drive a man to desperation. I have made every effort to beat down, or drive away every generous thought or favorable im-

pression upon the subject, and set my face as steel against it. I have been indignant at myself, and consequently to others, for believing it, and have been ready to persecute any one who would proclaim it. But I am conquered and can never more oppose it.

"I confess that this strange feeling of passion and indignation, cultivated against conviction, is a sort of mental or moral philosophy which I cannot comprehend, but I believe it has existed in many others as well as myself."

Respectfully yours,

A. MORSE.

We confess that the perusal of that letter did us good. The experience strengthened our confidence in the magic power of kindness, and the innate goodness of human nature as manifested in the writer.

Mr. Morse says, "I have smothered every rising aspiration to proclaim the fact," (that he is a firm believer in Spiritualism.) Are there not thousands in precisely the same situation?

The "uneasiness or restlessness," of which he speaks, we believe must always attend those who are not loyal to their own highest convictions. Better, infinitely better, that one should lose the good will of every earthly friend rather than be false to principle.

What a noble confession is this letter from Mr. Morse. There is manhood there, asserting itself in spite of surrounding circumstances, frank enough and brave enough to own a fault. Though he says he is conquered, yet he has achieved a victory over himself, so that he may truly say, "I am conqueror!" A man of his public spirit, and influence, must be of great service to the cause of unpopular truth.

In our reply, which is not of sufficient importance for publication, we stated that we felt in honor bound to keep his communication a secret unless authorized by him to make use of it in making up our notes for an eastern paper, (*THE PRESENT AGE*), to which we received the following response:

"You have my permission to use my letter as you requested."

The last paragraph omitted and indicated by stars, relates to editorial matters of a private character.

It does seem as if the people throughout the West are fully prepared for the acceptance of our Philosophy. We are rejoiced, after so many years labor, that the prospects of Spiritualism are continually brightening, notwithstanding the excrescences, the impositions, the inharmonies, that have passed current for Spiritualism the people are disposed to retain the gold and reject the dross. The *PRESENT AGE* is well liked. Many express the opinion that it is the Spiritual paper of the West. It ought to be published in the "Center of the Universe"—Chicago.

In our next we will relate our experience with a Congregational clergyman at River Falls.

W. F. J. PRESCOTT, Wis. April 7th.

## Letter from J. H. Powell.

NEW BOSTON, ILL. A sight of your paper at brother Roberts', at whose excellent house I am staying for a brief period, gives me as much pleasure as looking upon an old beloved face which had been lost in the maze of faces, "in the world's broad field of battle."

I have been travelling in places where I presume the *PRESENT AGE*, is wholly unknown, but I am glad to look at it again, and to realize the fact that you still live, and intend to do so despite all envious prophecies to the contrary. I lecture here this evening, and intend reaching Monmouth, where I had hoped to meet brother Loveland, but he is in California, when I get there,—should it be my lot—he may be there some thousands of miles in another direction. It is rarely that speakers who regard it a privilege and pleasure to meet can do so. But there is nothing for us but to "work and wait."

Spiritualism is alive in many places I visit, although some of the former active workers have seemed to grow weary a little. I do not wonder at this. As yet the Spiritualists have not yet finished the hard work of breaking up the ground, to prepare it for the seeds of Immortal Truth, which are being scattered at random and which spring up at times in forgotten and unlooked for places. No wonder a few have grown weary in well doing, when they do not see the profit of their labor, and are lacking in continuity.

The world, according to the Bible, was not made in a day, we may therefore take heart if Spiritualism does not convert all the "Heathen" in and out of Christendom in a score of years. One thing we know, that is all who travel and observe; the old landmarks of theology are not relied upon as formerly.

People go to church, not so much from a sense of duty as the fear of offending somebody and losing caste and custom. Spiritualism is the Leocostel of modern days, and is making terrible havoc with the images of Theology and the idols of Materialism. We learn that soul growth is the need of the hour. Nothing but Spiritualism could teach us this. When the world shall comprehend the right mission of life, and its relations to the Spiritual, there will be an end to every species of tyranny.

New Boston is a pretty town on the Mississippi. It stands higher than some of the others, and has escaped the progress of the late flood, which has done damage enough for one season. How is it that New Boston, which claims more liberals, Spiritualists and Materialists, in proportion to the orthodox than most towns, should be so favored? Here is a plain fact, Piety does not save the property of the "saints."

"Infidels" have the advantage here. I hope to talk to a good number of them tonight, and have little fear at any rate of a "Religious Riot."

Brother Roberts keeps the "Robert's House," a fact for Spiritualists who may come this way. I have designed a long time to visit Michigan, but the opportunity has not opened. My present address is box 424 Hannibal, Mo.

If I receive any calls, I shall gladly cross into your State. Fraternally as ever.

J. H. POWELL.



## 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.

"PREPARE THY CHILD EARLY WITH INSTRUCTION, AND SEASON HIS MIND WITH THE MAXIMS OF TRUTH."—Ancient Brahmin Sanscrit.

### THE CHILD ANGEL.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter,  
Little feet that patter, patter  
With a ceaseless motion all the day;  
Little eyes that softly lighten,  
Little cheeks that flush and brighten,  
Little voices singing at their play,

In my memory awaken  
Thoughts of one who has been taken,  
Of a little heart that beats no more;  
Of a little voice that's ringing,  
Mid the angels sweetly singing  
Songs of gladness on a distant shore.

Chamber's Journal.

### WILLIE AND JESSIE.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Willie and Jessie went with their father and mother to the Observatory again. Willie wanted to take another peep at the moon; but above all he wanted to look at a star through the telescope; for Professor Greenleaf had told him that every star that twinkled was a sun, and that if he would come up to the Observatory, he would show him the difference between a star that is a sun and a star that is a planet.

As Willie and Jessie walked round the top of the Observatory, while Professor Greenleaf moved the telescope a little and got all ready for his visitors, they were looking up at the stars.

"Do you see any stars that do not twinkle?" asked Willie.

"No, Willie; I think every star twinkles." "So do I," said Willie; "I cannot find one star that does not twinkle."

"I will show you a star that does not twinkle," said Professor Greenleaf, as he lifted Jessie as high as his head and then put her on her two feet again; "look over there in the west; do you see yonder red star?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Willie; I see the red star; I wonder why it is so red; there is not another star so red anywhere in the sky; and, Professor Greenleaf, it does not twinkle, does it?"

"You are right, my boy; it does not twinkle, because it is a planet—a world—like our world; but come, let us go and have a peep through the telescope at this planet."

"What is the planet's name, Professor Greenleaf?" asked Willie.

"That planet's name is Mars. You can remember the name of the red star—Mars. There was a time long ago when people used to say their prayers to the planet Mars; for they believed it was a God. Now then; into your high chair you go, Jessie why you look just like a little queen on your high seat. Now look through here—through this place? what do you see, Jessie?"

"Oh!" said Jessie, "a large, red ball I see hanging in the sky;" and then she was quiet a minute; "Professor Greenleaf, is it Mars?"

"Yes, Miss Jessie."

"Why, how large!" said Jessie; "it is just as large as the Capital."

"My good Jessie," said Professor Greenleaf; "let me lift you down. Now my friend Willie, up into the Observatory chair you go. There you are, all right. Very good; you know where to put your eyes. Do you see the Mars, the red ball as large as the Capital?"

"Yes, I see Mars," Willie replied, "and it looks like a large red balloon."

"And that is a world!" added Willie!

"Yes," Professor Greenleaf replied, "Mars is a world, about the same as this world, only it is a smaller world. With a good telescope about twelve o'clock at night we can sometimes see the snow round the poles of Mars and the water and land."

"Is Mars farther from the sun than our earth?" asked Willie.

"Yes," replied Professor Greenleaf; "Mars only receives about half the light and heat from the sun that we do. Yet, they have no more cold, it is thought, than we have."

"And how long is one day in Mars?" asked Willie.

About forty minutes longer than one of our days; but their years are much longer; this earth has twelve months in a year, but Mars has twenty-two months in one year."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Willie; "Why, Professor Greenleaf, how young we would all be, if we lived on Mars."

"I want to ask you something, Professor Greenleaf," said Jessie as that world, Mars, any moon?"

"No, little Jessie, not one moon. The people of Mars never saw a moonlight night."

"I would like to know," said Willie, "how this world of ours looks to the people of Mars?"

"I will tell you," replied Professor Greenleaf. "Suppose you and Jessie were living on the planet Mars, suppose your father and mother were living there; very well; sometimes you would see this earth of ours in the evening, and at other times early in the morning. Sometimes it would be your evening star, and sometimes it would your morning star, but it would however, generally appear much larger than Mars does to us. But come out of your chair, my boy Willie; I am going to have the telescope moved round a little; then I will show you a star that twinkles."

Then Willie's father and the Professor moved the large, heavy chair away, then moved the telescope, and when all was ready Willie and Jessie were called.

Into the chair again, Willie was helped; for a minute or two Willie was silent. "Oh, mamma! oh, papa!" he then said, "I am astonished; this star blazes just like the sun all round it!"

"Because that star is a sun," Professor Greenleaf replied.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Willie; "there is no round ball about that star; twinkle twinkle very large star; how I wonder what

you are! You are a sun; I know now."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed every one and then Willie left his chair.

"Here comes Jessie," said Professor Greenleaf, as he lifted her up into the high seat; you shall see a star that twinkles, Jessie put your eyes to this round plate, Jessie; all right; do you see a star?" "no," replied Jessie.

"Do you not see something large; blazing out like lights all around it?"

"Yes! I see now," replied Jessie it is not like the star Mars."

"No, Jessie, no; because the star you are looking at now is a sun."

After all of them had looked at the star, then Professor Greenleaf walked with them on the top of the building; and Willie and Jessie thought it very fine to be so high up with nothing over their heads but the beautiful stars.

"Just to think, Professor," said Willie, "that all these twinkling stars are suns! oh, how many suns! I cannot count them, there are so many; and then they are so far—so very far away! I suppose if we could go as fast as the wind it would take a hundred years to reach some of them."

"Yes, my boy," said Professor Greenleaf; at twenty-five miles an hour it would take about three millions of years to reach the nearest star."

"When I go to the spirit world," said Willie, "I am going to visit the world Mars, and the moon and I will go to some of the stars."

"Very good, Willie," the Professor replied, "you and I will visit them together; for I intend to visit Mars and Jupiter with his four moons, and Saturn with her seven moons. Oh! we will have such pleasure travelling and learning; and then there will be no class teachers or school mistresses; and we will not sit on benches and study books there! But we will travel, and see for ourselves and have good times."

"So we will," said Willie, such a smile on his face. Then down stairs from the Observatory—down, down they went. "Good night good night!" said every one. "Good night said Professor Greenleaf; "you must come again some clear night, and we will have another pleasant time together."

"We have had no story," said Jessie, "to-night about Rob and Bessie."

"Never mind replied Willie; we have had a star story to-night. Now we know what we never did before, that the stars that twinkle are suns, and that the stars that do not twinkle are planets. This world, you know, is a planet Jessie; and the people who live in Mars can see our world; it looks like a star to them, but they never see it twinkle, because our world is a planet."

"I know," replied Jessie, but I would like mamma to tell a chapter about Rob and Bessie."

"Never mind, Jessie," said her mother, "You shall have Rob and Bessie to-morrow evening; it is too late to tell stories to-night in a few minutes we shall reach the street; cars; and just as soon as we reach home, we shall want to go to bed and sleep."

"I know what ended the last chapter," said Willie.

"So do I," said Jessie as she went tripping along on the side-walk—one hundred gold pieces of money."

"Yes," said Willie, "one hundred gold sovereigns."

From the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, Woman's Department.

### Anna Dickinson.

We have had several letters, asking why we have not made report or mention of the recent lecture of Anna Dickinson at the Academy of Music. One correspondent says:

"Have you not a word of approval for one who, whatever may be her personal peculiarities, is still one of the most remarkable women of our day?"

Another asks:

"Do you not think—taking into consideration the antecedents of Miss Dickinson's diamonds, pearls, and a train, are ridiculous and out of place?"

Still another says:

"I admire Anna Dickinson greatly as an orator; but when I remember how persistently she has ignored the influences which have made her what she is, I feel for her—as a woman—a great contempt. I, with many others, remember when she first made her appearance in this city as a spiritual medium, and how she was entranced and how she spoke under what she claimed to be the inspiration of Colonel Baker. I also remember to have seen a poem written by her during one of the lectures of Mrs. Harding, which she (Miss Dickinson) claimed to have been impressed by spirits to write. These spiritual friends of hers, who helped her to get up her first public lecture, have been altogether ignored by her since her elevation to her present position. I am glad that she has attained the topmost round of the ladder of Fame but I regret to find that in her ascent she has thought it necessary to adopt the round which helped her to her present dizzy elevation."

"And how long is one day in Mars?" asked Willie.

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We have seldom if ever published a more beautiful poem than the following. We cannot conceive of anything more touchingly beautiful than this to the memory of a Mother. We have several poems on hand with which we are favored by the same Author, with whom we enjoyed a pleasant visit a few days since at our own home and had the pleasure of listening for hours to this almost unequalled ballad singer. Wherever he goes Spiritualists and reformers should give him a cordial welcome. We have encouragement from him that he will attend our June meeting at Niles.—Ed.

### ART THOU LIVING YET.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Is there no grand, immortal sphere  
Beyond this realm of broken ties,  
To fill the wants that mock us here,  
And dry the tears from weeping eyes;  
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,  
And June stands near with deathless flowers,  
Where we may hear the dear ones sing  
Who loved us in this world of ours?  
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet  
With tears for one I cannot see,  
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,  
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,  
Thou unseen angel of my life;  
I hear thy hymns around me trill  
An undertone to care and strife;  
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,  
As from a being glorified;

Till I am gone and thou art mine,  
And I forget that thou hast died.  
I almost lose each vain regret  
In visions of a life to be;  
But, mother, art thou living yet,  
And dost thou still remember me?

The Springtime bloom, the Summers fade,  
The Winters blow along my way;  
Thou memory light and shade  
Thy memory lives by night and day.  
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,  
Like some sweet song that cannot die,  
And, like the murmur of the main,  
Grows deeper when the storm is high.

I know the brightest stars that set  
Return to bless the yearning sea;  
But, mother, art thou living yet,  
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back  
From o'er the dark and silent stream,  
Where last we watched thy shining track  
To those green hills of which we dream;  
Thy loving arms around me twine,  
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath.

Till thou art mine, and I am thine,  
Without a thought of pain or death;  
And yet, at times, mine eyes are wet  
With tears for her I cannot see,  
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,  
And dost thou still remember me?

### Learn a Trade.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"A friend from Philadelphia writes: 'As one of the visitors at the Eastern State Penitentiary, I have ascertained that, out of 600 prisoners, only six ever learned a trade: namely, two shoemakers, one blacksmith, one cabinet-maker, one tinsmith, one stone-cutter. Several began to learn trades, but ran away, after a short time.'"

Here is a text! One cannot but remember the lines of Dr. Watts:

"And Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

There are good reasons for learning a whole trade, aside from the direct question of good morals. Even if one is placed beyond the need of manual labor for his own support, a mechanical trade will afford amusement. A shop in the house, with all mechanical tools, would give exercise to scholars, professional men and gentleman retired upon a competence from business. We have known men who made the most of the repairs on their property; who took care of their own clocks; who could manufacture very excellent pieces of furniture; and found pleasure and exercise in doing so.

But a trade will always be a resource on which to fall back in case of pecuniary misfortune. And it is in this view, especially, that we consider it important that boys who are expectant heirs of property, young men who are to enter upon commercial pursuits, and literary and professional men, should learn how to work with their hands to enable them, in case of reverses, to earn their bread. We never heard more bitter curses than those which a young man once poured upon the head of his father. He was the child of a very rich father. He was sent to school all his youth long, but was taught to do absolutely nothing. He could not harness a horse, milk a cow, hold a plough, manage a spade, use a tool of any kind. He had never been taught to provide for himself a single article.

He was as ignorant how to get along in the world as a baby. And when he was about of age, his father utterly failed, and his son was launched upon the world to seek livelihood, with no ideas of money except how profusely to spend it, and with no tact at business of any kind, and with a disposition which had been educated to expect men to look up to him. With sensitive pride, with little knowledge of men, with faculties decidedly above the average, he managed to get along in a poor way, forever in debt, perpetually changing his occupation, and always with the result of leaving him, if possible, a little worse off than before. He never spoke of his father without rage. "What business had he to leave my whole life open to misery by neglecting his duty to me? If he had cut off my hands and my feet, he would not have been more cruel than to have left me as helpless as I am."

Every child has a right to be taught how to work with his hands. Every boy should be taught not only all common work on a farm or in a garden, but should be taught some simple elements of mechanical trades. It would be especially well that the young should learn minor trades. The manufacture of boxes, baskets and the hundred little conveniences of daily life, not only tend to create an occupation of amusement, but should fortune be reversed, it will enable one to gather up a slender support.

It ought not to be supposed that a trade will preserve a man's integrity and honor. There are many rogues who follow trades. There are, in New York and elsewhere, many men who make their trade a cloak under which they carry on knaveries. But it is still true, that an honest trade will deliver a man from many of those temptations under which weak men fall into ruin; that it will save him from suffering and disgraceful mendacity. Every man should have a trade, even if he does not expect to live by it. No man can tell what will happen to him. A trade may not be your amusement, but by and by it may be your support. The Jews had a proverb in old times: "He that does not learn a trade, teaches him to steal."

The letter with which we began is the best laid out in the field which she has chosen as her own.

N. Y. Ledger

### Woman as a Supplement.

To the Editor of the LEADER.

Father Hecker has lately informed a benighted pupil, through the columns of the New York Express that "woman's inferiority to man is proved by the fact that God first made Adam." When I read the Father's effort, I mentally said, "What next?" I was answered by an editorial in the Chicago Advance, (7) in which the writer advanced the same doctrine and really out-Hecker Hecker by styling woman a "supplement."

If I attempt to reason with Father Hecker and his contemporary, that preserver of "sound doctrine" which was designed to "fill the place of the Independent," (peace to the ashes of the latter,) and ask them what they really know concerning the ceremony of introducing the "early settlers" to Mother Nature, they will suggest that I shut my eyes and ears and open my mouth, and permit them to gag me with an extract from the Book of Genesis, or be damned.

It is a sacrament upon our confidence in tradition that human reason out-grows a bad doctrine or practice the last refuge, and a hiding place of that doctrine or practice is somewhere in the Bible. It is there, on the shady side of the Old Testament, that guerrilla warfare continues long after the "cogruilla" have fired the last shot. It is there that the serpent's "tail still lives" and wiggles when the head and body have turned to ashes in the fires of a healthy public opinion.

I do not address myself now to Father Hecker and his numerous followers, but to many very good, intelligent, and perhaps liberal people, who read the Chicago Advance, and who admit the premises but reject the conclusions of their organ on Woman's Rights.

With it, they profess to believe that woman was not, originally, a natural and indispensable half of the race, but simple a supplement, that man was already finished, and though evidently adapted to female society, was able to get along with life and its various contingencies and "manifest destinies," independent of an addition to the family in the person of woman.

Oh! Ah! Yes! Of course. Did my readers ever observe how completely and self-sufficiently a single blade of a pair of shears performs the duties devolving upon both blades? If so, let them imagine the usefulness and significance embodied in this "finished gentleman" all of the olden time; as he wandered silently through the Garden of Eden. It is true he might have indulged in useless speculation concerning the "object and end of life," but if he resembled most of his male descendants he doubtless fell back upon the serene conviction that his humanity was complete from base to summit, without the remotest chance for improvement.

Now I must say, that with all possible veneration for our authority on the subject I cannot conceive of a more absurd superstition than this "patch-work" theory of the origin of our race. If it were simply absurd, it would not be laughable. But unfortunately it is more than this, it is a *perpetration of truth*, which has been the natural "father of lies" for thousands of years. It has ever been one of woman's chief swindlers, and has up to the present time, aided in stamping her as an amendment, or in other words, as an *appendage* to the great all sufficient "Lords of creation."

To day it is the hitching post of every oppressor of the sex, every devotee of "widow's houses," and every grave, hard-shelled scoldier at "woman's rights." It is true the doctrine is gradually losing its powerful influence, but this is owing to the irresistible pressure of justice and wisdom as opposed to injustice ignorance and tradition.

Let us be common-sensible though the "heavens fall." "Let God be true and every man, (prophet and saint), a liar." Certainly, if God was true to His own sense of fitness, he could not have first made birds, fishes and brutes male and female, and endowed his creation with a solitary human bachelor, subject to an amendment in the event of his becoming tired of single life.

None of us are crazy enough to suppose that male elephants, lions, horses, &c., were created in advance of their mates. No; we are rational and practical in our conceptions of the lower orders of life, and only become lunatics in our study of man. This is because our views of the former are usually the result of calm, scientific research; of impartial demonstration both in the past and present; while our ideas of the latter are warped and deformed by some fable of the dark ages.

The foolish superstition that God created the male before creating, or designing the female half of our race—that he intended woman for man any more or less than He did man for woman—is dishonoring God, for it implies a lack of fore-thought in design that would reflect discredit on an ordinary human mechanic. Like all puerile or distorted conceptions of Deity it performs two missions; first, weakening our faith in the wisdom of the Creator; then reflecting back in the form of a curse upon the creature. In this instance the curse has been a double one, perpetuating the spirit of tyranny in men, and that of reconciliation to unjust servitude in women.

Some of my readers may think that I attach too much importance to an error in the ancient record. Others may accuse me of being "wise above what is written." But "let us reason together," and judge of things by results. Let us not forget that this monstrous doctrine has marked every age and institution of time as the small pox marks and scars the face of its human victim; that its poison pervades the world's literature, more or less, all the way from the first chapter of the Bible to the "last dime novel." St. Paul, the intellectual genius of dawnning Christianity, came to the same conclusion, and suggested that the Great Master always created humanity as a unit, thundered the theory of masculine rule and female subordination in his letters to the early Christians, and theologians and politicians have been re-echoing his words ever since until church and state are filled with silent women, who feel, without talking or acting, and with noisy men who talk and act without feeling and frequently without thinking.

Teachers are yet blind to the truth that mankind cannot be "redeemed" except it be reformed, and that it can not be reformed until it works with both hands. JAMES G. CLARK.

### Correspondence.

SAGATUCK, Mich., April 24th 1870.

BROTHER FOX.—As the time approaches for the expiration of my last subscription, I feel that I ought to begin to anticipate in its absence the loss I should sustain, and nothing could induce me to discontinue it. I am at present able to remit but \$2, which I hope soon to make more. I consider the AGR worthy of patronage in the highest sense. No one who has read it can fail to appreciate its noble columns. Yours for truth and advancement.

MRS. E. MORRISON.

Editor of the PRESENT AGE—I wish to say through your valuable columns, that in the midst of darkness in our little village, Light has sprung up. Those who had never heard anything aside from the old story in matters of Religion, have had the privilege of listening to Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson of Cleveland, who, by invitation has given two courses of lectures in this place within a few months past, and notwithstanding our orthodox brethren denied us the use of their house for the occasion, we procured a large hall, and she spoke to a full house on subjects proposed by her audience after she entered the desk, to the delight of all who heard her. Poems

were improvised on all subjects presented, with the greatest readiness and care. Her texts were generally satisfactory, and some of them quite remarkable; especially, to those, who had never witnessed the like before, such as describing friends, who had long since passed to spirit life; their habits peculiarities and their names; the diseases or accidents by which they left the form &c. These tests and lectures, have produced an impression upon the minds of our community, which will not be easily eradicated. Believers in spiritualism in this place are few and feeble. The doors of churches are closed against us, and every possible obstacle thrown in the way to retard our progress. Yet we are resolved to brave the storm, believing, that in due time we shall reap if we wait not.

O. B. BIRD.

Richmond, Meadco, Co, April 20th, 1870.

### BREVITIES.

Grace Greenwood is seen nearly every day in the Senate gallery, at Washington, looking quietly on. She is a brunette, with large dark eyes, rather sharp featured, a high brow, and just a suspicion of silver in her hair.

A Newburgh clergyman suddenly stopped in the midst of the sermon and sat down. This aroused the sleepers, and he then arose and said he did not propose to preach to persons who were sleeping under his sermon, and had taken this course to secure a wide awake audience. He had it.

RULING PASSION.—Laura (who has persuaded her wicked brother to go to church)—I do hope dear Mr. Howl will preach to-day; he will do so much good.

George—Um, lay you five to one there is a collection.

"Doctor," said an old lady, "I had a buzzing in my head this morning, and for half an hour didn't seem to know anything."

"Oh, that's nothing, madame; many people don't seem to know anything all their lives."

A few days ago a little girl in Ithaca, just before she died, exclaimed; "Papa, take hold of my hand and help me cross." Her father died two months before.

A fat woman's ball came off in the Bowery, New York, on Saturday night last. Two women present weighed respectively 311 and 331 pounds.

He must rise early, yes, not go to bed at all, who will have every one's good word.

Some people seem so utterly stupid that one feels relieved even to hear them say that they have "half a mind."

It may be that thou art entered into a cloud which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrow.

Live selfishly for yourself, and you will sit down at the end of life dissatisfied with human existence.

"If men, when wrong beats down the right, would strike together and restore it; If right made might in every fight, The world would be the better for it."

The worst sold man in the country is said to live in Moravia.—For seventeen years he has been regularly winding his clock every night before retiring, and to his utter astonishment, he discovered, last week, that it was an eight-day clock.

An Indiana paper tells of a lawyer who charged a client \$10 for collecting \$9, but said he would not press him to pay the other dollar for a few days if it would be more convenient to let it stand.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

Among the students at the New York Medical College for Women is a young colored woman, twenty-three years of age, who has just completed her course, and is about to graduate with honor.

In Chicago, Miss Adelia Blim, M. D., and Mrs. Amelia A. Johnson have opened a drug store under the best auspices, and with the confidence they have already inspired, in their care, attention, judgment, and accuracy, are certain of success.

Miss Lizzie J. Barlow and Miss Della Chapman set type in the office of the Bridgeport (Ct.) Standard. There are six or seven men in the same office. Miss Barlow equals, and Miss Chapman exceeds any of the male compositors, earning from fourteen to sixteen dollars per week, receiving pay at the same rate as the men. Miss Chapman's weekly wages exceed those of any men who set type in the office.

THE WEAKER SEX.—Mrs. Barnum, speaking of crossing the Plains, mentions the fact of strong, muscular men becoming exhausted, and delicate women driving the teams to the end of the journey.

AN ACCOMPLISHED PRINTER.—The most beautiful and accomplished girl in Oroville, Cal., is a printer, and she works every day at the case.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Michigan State Association of Spiritualists. Semi-Annual Meeting.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of this Association for 1870, will be held in the city of Niles, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 10th, 11th and 12th. The meetings will be held in a grove on the Fair Grounds during the day, and in PEAK HALL Saturday and Sunday evenings. As it is presumed that those who assemble from different parts of the state, will desire to become acquainted with each other, and with the people of Niles, it has been thought best to have a social in the Hall Friday evening. Good music will be provided.

The first meeting will be on the Fair Ground Friday afternoon at two o'clock. We expect eminent speakers from abroad, whose names will be announced in due time. All speakers in Michigan are particularly invited to attend, and we shall be glad to see speakers and others from adjacent states. We expect to have a good time.

Each society in the state is entitled to three delegates. County Circles to as many as they have Representatives in the State Legislature. Officers of societies have power to appoint Delegates where no meeting can be held before the time appointed for state meeting. We hope to see hundreds of Spiritualists present from places where no societies have been organized. We want every County Circle and Local society represented.



## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

J. S. LOVELAND. Editor.

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

### NON-CONFORMITY.

BY JOEL BENTON.

The timid man, to ward offense,  
Accepts the world's procreant sense—  
Forgets his youth's immortal dream,  
And fails to be, content to seem.

Not so the sturdy protestant  
Who feels the heart's o'ermastering want;  
Truths summons call him from afar,  
His life rhymes with the northern star.

If Pope or bigot coldly frown,  
He lives their laden edicts down;  
Or, bolstered by a noble cause,  
Can spurn the choir world's applause.

Superior to time or chance,  
Or life's bewildering circumstance,  
The searching light of Truth remains  
To bless the fader for his pains.

He is the hero, then, who dares  
Look further than the badge he wears;  
Who breaks the bond which conscience bars,  
To plant his standard midst the stars.

## The All-Sidedness of Spiritualism, and the One-Sidedness of Spiritualists.

Whatever systems of religion have been adopted by mankind heretofore, or whatever systems of philosophy may have been propounded, have all been defective. They have not embraced the entire scope of human faculties in their programme of action, and consequently fail to make their devotees entirely happy. Though they may give liberty of action in certain directions, yet as a whole they are systems of repression, and consequently of oppression. The various religions all regard man as being, in his essential nature, more or less depraved—of possessing elements which must be eliminated before he can fully enjoy the favor of the Deity and the happiness of a future heaven. Such, however, is the elasticity of human nature that it can bear to be bent much and long, without being entirely crushed. Therefore, man has borne up under seemingly intolerable burdens with a noble heroism. To be sure, he has chafed under the imposition somewhat, and has been ready, with more or less alacrity to change his religion in hopes of a larger liberty. So restless have men been under these impositions, that the various forms of religion have appealed for acceptance on the ground of the greater liberty which they grant to their disciples. And they excuse their oppressions, on the ground of their necessity in order to some form of freedom.

But the thinker will see at a glance; that for any system to meet fully all the demands of humanity, it must be as broad and all-sided as man in his almost infinite possibilities. According to our measurement, this is done by Spiritualism. Not that we pretend, or suppose that it has as yet elaborated truth in all its phases, for this will require all the endless ages of the future; but we predicate our assertion on the fact that genuine Spiritualism opens the way, and indicates the methods, by which all the multitudinous aspects of truth may be grasped by man. Its categories are universal, not special, and hence, it has no restrictions to impose upon the searching energies of man. It has neither mapped out, nor bounded truths vast domain; nor does it assume to define the absolute limitations of human capacity. It pre-supposes that great discoveries are yet to be made; and that, with additional means and opportunities, the human soul may perform deeds so mighty as to make all past deeds, comparatively insignificant. It has no perfect revelation from some perfect Deity, embodied in dogmas which cannot change, but its God is revealed in the progressive unfoldings of the universe. Each of these unfoldings, is a new phase of the infinite whole, imaged on the soul of expanding man. A growing man, and a growing universe, are complementary of each other. A philosophical system, which eliminates the narrow specialisms of the past, which rises above the crudities of a contracted limitarianism, and some valid claims to be considered all-sided. And when it is considered, still farther, that the spiritual philosophy recognizes the vast chain of relationship, which the spirit of man sustains to all the multifarious forms of matter and force,—also to all the institutions and customs of humanity, can we affirm anything less of it than universality? Regarding, as it does, all history as a panoramic view of human growth, its great work is simple in adjusting the several scenes to each other, and deducing the true philosophy of progress therefrom. Nothing is useless, unimportant, or false, in the large sense in which it weighs the revolutions of human conditions. In this statement, we have not limited ourselves to the narrow definitions, which would make spiritualism a bare aggregation of uncomprehended, or unexplained phenomena, but as a system of philosophic principles, based upon the immutable postulate of the spirituality of life. A system, if system it may be called, which rests upon unexplained phenomena, which submits no principles, offers no rationale of its facts, is deserving only of contempt. Of course, we would deprecate a dogmatic assumption, which is at the utmost remove from a true science, or a genuine philosophy. All past systems are guilty of this grave offense. Christianity, Judaism and Islamism, all assume a solution of alleged facts necessitating the special interposition, and aid of Deity in addition to, or violation of, natural law.

All of the religions of the world demand our faith at the expense of our reason. Spiritualism cannot repeat this outrage upon man's supreme attribute, for its limitation is, that it can do nothing against the truth. But, while Spiritualism stands before our mental eye as all-sided as an image of grand and glorious beauty, we are sorry that Spiritualists seem to be so far from harmony with the new principles enunciated in their philosophy, and exhibiting a most repugnant one-sidedness of opinion and spirit. One-sidedness of idea is, of itself, exceedingly disagreeable; but

when to narrowness or shallowness of thought is added littleness of spirit it becomes almost unbearable, and especially when tinged with bitterness. Instead of being as round and all-sided as our divine philosophy, we are in many respects nearly as one-sided as those who oppose us. Instead of that large catholicity, which does, and ever must, characterize our philosophy, we relapse into the antagonistic attitude and spirit belonging to the partialism which we profess to have renounced. Our philosophy declares that all so-called falsities of opinion or doctrine, are only partial or distorted views of harmonic truth. That, the province of the truth lover, is not to exaggerate the imperfections, but to glorify humanity, by showing, how, even under the most disadvantageous conditions, it has evolved so much that is good and true and beautiful. When we, in bitter words, denounce all the past, and all the present, save our own narrow sphere, as being false and wrong, we demonstrate that we are still in, and of, the past, and more than that, are in the darkest portion of that past. Again, when we hedge ourselves in, so that earnest men and women are debarred from working with us, because of our sectarian exclusiveness in rejecting the co-operation of liberals, who cannot as yet quite see the evidence of spirit manifestations, we are excessively one-sided. It also crops out when we taboo the discussion of any special topic, on the plea of its being a side issue, and therefore, not a proper theme for the spiritual platform; for if spiritualism be a universal, then, it includes directly, or relatedly all topics,—in a word, the interests of all men. We also conceive, that the antipathy evinced by very many toward all forms of organization is an indication of one-sidedness. There is no manifestation, in any of these particulars, of that all-comprehending broadness which characterizes our philosophy. Nor, when we assail our fellow-workers with vituperative abuse, can we perceive the evidence of either mental or moral growth beyond sectarian selfishness.

### Patient Waiting.

One of the most difficult things for man is to wait. There is no difficulty in inciting him to any conceivable deed of daring or adventure. He rushes upon the blazing battery—the gleaming steel, or dares the snows and ice of northern seas—risks the heats and death of Africa's deserts, or the beasts of Asia's tangled jungles. No risk is too great—no danger too appalling, so long as action is before him. But compel him to sit down and wait, with no chance to do aught for himself and he fails, if he fails ever. Floating in mid ocean on a plank, or in a fragile boat, is terrible, because the chance for hope is so uncertain. In such a condition, man is compelled to wait, and the strain upon the nervous system is more fearful than facing showers of shot and shell on the field of battle. So also the doomed prisoner for life, in his cell, waits for death, through the weary march of years. He may hope for escape sometime, but the dim uncertainty is a dark pall over his life, making it one fearful night of lonely waiting. So the wife of the drunkard waits through the dreary years, hoping for reformation, or waits through the dark hours of night, the coming of the loved and dreaded. As said, in these cases, there is for a time a degree of hope, which supports under the burden imposed.

But, perhaps no class of persons more fully stand in need of patience, that they may endure the sorrow of hope deferred, than those who are toiling for the enfranchisement of man from ignorance of his false conditions. Reformers, so-called, are enthusiastic and hopeful. They do not at first see why men will not accept at once a proffered good. Much less do they imagine that they will seek to destroy those who seek to do them good. But experience soon teaches them that men are not so easily convinced of their false notions; nor are they readily persuaded to adopt new methods of action, even when immensely better than those they are pursuing. Moreover, they ascertain to their sorrow that men instead of rewarding those who seek their welfare are prone to not only neglect and slight their counsel but to positively injure them. Some run well for a time in the field of effort and then grow tired and give up in despair.

This renders it still more disheartening to those who persist in their endeavors to bless their fellows. They lose faith in man. They see so much indifference on the part of friends, so much opposition from enemies, and so many impediments of various kinds in the way; and the time of success receding farther and farther seemingly, instead of approaching nearer, that they can hardly retain, even hope enough to push on the work impending in the present moment. And when it becomes evident, as it often does, that the lifetime of the original workers will not suffice for success, that perhaps many generations must pass ere the final victory is won, patient waiting becomes an absolute necessity. Those who would have their lives tell on the side of truth and progress, must be content to work and wait till future ages reveal the result. In this position are all those who first embrace a new religion. The Spiritualists of to-day are compelled to wait for the realization of their principles. Coming, as they do, in contact with the old notions and customs, they win their way very slowly. Even among those who profess to be spiritualists, there are so few who fully comprehend and appreciate them,—among those who oppose there is such stupidity in comprehension, and such bitterness of opposition; and to add the greatest discouragement. So inevitable is ignorance, that generations must pass before those principles will dominate the mass of mankind. Whoever works in this field, must be content to find their satisfaction in the assurance that they are in the right, and that future time will make revelation of results. To work with strength demands patience, but that is impossible unless the deep philosophy of human influence is, in a measure, understood. Those, who cannot see that no right work can fail of its appropriate effects, will find it difficult to work and wait. To do it, we must bear in mind, that in all great revolutions of mind, a

long continued series of causes always operate. The outburst may seem sudden, but long years of preparation have paved the way. A mine may be exploded in a moment, while weeks of toil have been spent in getting it ready.

Our conclusion is, that it will pay to wait, provided, we at the same time work. The working waiter is the patient one. The idle waiter must be restless, and can have no reward in the day of triumph.

### DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming  
With rays of rosy light;  
And lovely eyes are gleaming,  
As fall the shades of night;  
And while the steps are leaving  
The circle pure and bright,  
A tender voice, half grieving,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world in which thou movest  
Is busy, brave, and wide;  
The world of her thou lovest  
Is on the single side.  
She waits for thy warm greeting;  
Thy smile is her delight;  
Her gentle voice entreating,  
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."

The world is cold, inhuman,  
Will spurn thee in thy fall;  
The love of one pure woman  
Outlasts and shames them all.  
Thy children will cling round thee  
Lest late be dark or bright;  
At home no shaft will wound thee,  
Then, "Don't stay late to-night."

### Spiritualism in San Francisco.

Judging from all information, at present accessible to us, we should think that no place of its population, contains a larger proportion of Spiritualists than this City. And so far as we have become acquainted, there is less disposition to pretend attachment to the church here than in the East. But notwithstanding this we have never found a place where there seemed so much of a dispersion—such disintegration as here. Mark, we do not say division, for we have seen very little indication of wrangling or strife. The condition is, just as we stated above—dispersion. The causes for this condition are various. Some of them inhere in the nature of the general social change going on in the total of modern society. It is becoming disintegrated. Some of them are due to personal influences in the past; while a still more powerful cause, is to be found in the very imperfect comprehension of the spiritual philosophy on the part of those who profess it. We found, on our arrival, that Prof. W. Holmes had been speaking Sunday mornings in Dashaway Hall. We attended, and found an audience of about fifty persons. Dr. Holmes declared the spirits had sent him here to form a spiritual organization. No progress however, seemed to be made in that direction until the Anniversary Celebration, when a meeting was called for the next morning. Quite a company met and discussed the desirableness of an organization. Some opposition was expressed, but the great majority were in favor of proceeding at once. A committee was appointed, who the following Sunday, reported two methods, and another committee was then and there directed to prepare a constitution, which has been done, and last Sunday thirty two names were given in, and the prospect, we think, is fair to swell the list to a hundred and more in a short time. The writer is lecturing, Sunday Evenings in the Mechanics Institute Building, to very intelligent audiences. There is a stirring up of thought, which argues well for the future. The Rev. Mr. Ames, who has been lecturing here for some months to large audiences, composed, we are told, largely of Spiritualists, discontinues his lectures after next Sunday night (April 24th.) It is said that the congregation of Dr. Stebbins, (Unitarian) is largely made up of believers in Spiritualism. In fact, if we may believe one half we hear, spiritualists here expend vastly more money in support of ministers of liberal faith than would be needed to keep in operation a well sustained spiritual meeting. It is somewhat singular, to see with what ease professed spiritualist will pay out their hundreds to sustain priests, and yet make such wry faces over an occasional ten to sustain their own religion. But there is one aspect wherein San Francisco is certainly on a par, if not ahead of any city in the Union. We refer to the number and standing of its mediums. We have here almost all varieties of mediumship from the original rapping, to the most refined mental type. We think there are some as good rapping mediums as we have ever seen. From the number of mediums, and the fact that all seem to be well patronized, we infer that the subject of spirit manifestations has a strong hold upon the people of the golden city. Sober minded people estimate that there are, at least, 5000 avowed spiritualists in this city alone. If so, we ought to do much more than we are doing for the furtherance of our own cause. A strong feeling exists at the present time, among a large number of the spiritualists, respecting co-operation. There are more persons out of employment in this state, in proportion to its population, apparently than anywhere else. With the most beautiful soil and climate, in many respects, that the sun shines on in its orbit; with a population of not more than three-fourths of a million, occupying a territory as large as the New England and Middle States together, and with all our gold, quicksilver and other mines, we have scores of thousands of able bodied men with nothing to do. Shall minded men have their idle fantasies, as to the cause of this lamentable condition. Some are clear sighted enough to discern that the real cause lies deep embedded in the very structure of our civilization, and that no raid on China-men, or spasmodic patchwork of any kind, will cure the evil. The hope, and the only one, for speedy help is seen to be in co-operation among those who are enlightened to some extent, as to a true course of life on this planet. I am impressed with the belief, that California will be the place where the first great success will be achieved in such an enterprise. It is fitting that Spiritualists should lead, and there are certain advantages possessed here, which do not exist elsewhere. Those we may mention hereafter, and also the progress of our cause on this coast.

For the Present Age.

## The Work we have to do.

BY J. L. MANFIELD.

Mankind have no need so great, no demand so imperative, but that the need will be met, the demand ultimately gratified. This age with its revolutions has broken the ice of conservatism, and thrown back upon their haunches the head-strong fiery steeds of despotism, held in timely check by the strong arm of justice, who ever rides upon the institutions of arbitrary power, converting them into vehicles of use, thus guiding the passions and ambitions of mankind to wise and beneficent ends. It has been the error of the past that each new form of religion, each new form of political economy, has claimed to be the final culmination of all that was great or good held in store for mankind. Even progressive minds, when reaching some grand result, have, like Luther, rested there, and straightway at the top of their voices cried "Eureka," henceforth to become conservative, and at the anvil of intolerance commence to forge the fetters that in their judgment would bind all to their creeds, or to their forms and constitutions of government. They saw not, that all the varied institutions of the past were the out-growth from germs native to the human soul. Fractional or partial development could not give more than it possessed; consequently all institutions are only fractional manifestations of a perfect whole, that constantly seeks and secures a more and more perfect expression as the ages roll us on towards the manhood of the race. Each system has been put forward by its originators and defenders as a panacea for the evils of society. Are the wrongs redressed? Are the despots in church and state annihilated? Are the streams of social discord purified? The voice of truth as she calls up the experiences of humanity answers no. The revelations of the past are summoned to the judgment seat of the present, and justice has written the verdict, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

The religious heart of humanity responds Amen. We look out upon the broad ripening fields of reformatory labor, and we see that society still groans under the wrongs and the burdens imposed by arbitrary systems and false conceptions of what constitutes a true life. We are forced to acknowledge that the great problems of social happiness and human destiny are yet unsolved, and demand our careful thought and earnest work, to the end that better conditions may be secured.

Reason will do for mankind what the arbitrary revelations of the mythologic past have utterly failed to accomplish. We are entering the vestibule of a new Dispensation, we are crossing the threshold of a new Era, that shall blend the material and the spiritual, the ideal and the actual. It will carry on its rolling, rising waves of thought, the science and philosophy of the ages, culling the flowers of inspiration that have been profusely scattered by the divine hand along the pathway of humanity. The dreams of the poet and the visions of the idealist will be outwrought through the broader brain of the present, and actualized by the practical hands of skilled industry. The avaricious spirit that hoards up its millions, shall how to the majesty of principle, and justice shall turn these millions into the channels of practical use and human advancement. Thus shall the great law of ultimate compensation make restoration of all that avarice has hoarded of the world's earnings. The poverty that ever offers its veiled excuse and apology for crime, can only be reached and eradicated from the abodes of wretchedness, by the strong arm of wealth put forth to save, by the promptings of practical love, that shall wisely adjust the relations of capital and labor, making the interests and labor of each individual, tributary to the interests and happiness of all. Then the squalid homes of our brothers and sisters, where the grim spectres of want and misery stalk boldly in across the threshold, shall grow fewer and fewer, their occupants having taken refuge in the "Harmonious Homes" that shall spring up at the call of Reform all over the land. The last decade of years has demonstrated that innovations may be practical and safe.

While conservatives in political, religious and social reform deplore the changes, and talk of chaos and ruin, the progress of the people goes forward with increasing energy. The fact is becoming patent that mankind have the same right to amend, revise or destroy, if need be the creeds charters or constitutions which they have originated. The cumbersome luggages of antiquated forms no longer shall impede the progress of free minds, and they are trampling under foot those symbols of ancient error.

The spirit of reform gathering new strength from its recent achievements, is not slow to perceive its vantage ground, and is already gathering and augmenting its forces and putting its weapons of warfare in order, for still greater and grander triumphs. The free rostrum, and the free press, are its battle ground, and the voice and pen, prompted by the best thoughts of this best of all the ages, are its effective weapons. Other shackles are to be stricken off, other bonds are to be broken and gathered beside the forge where the justice transforms them for nobler uses. The unceasing agitation of thought, and the unparalleled facilities for the spread of new ideas and the transmission of intelligence, united with the rapid increase of the army of active and untiring reformers, will make the conflict for female suffrage short and decisive. Old conservatism stands awe stricken and paralyzed by their recent defeats and by the audacity of those who are making the entire enfranchisement of woman their special work.

When the smoke of battle clears away from these successive conflicts for the right, it is ever found that another step in progress has been taken, and that another field has been won. Verily, the signs of the times are heralding the dawning of "the Golden Age of man's Harmonical life on earth." Stern justice, that sits in judgment over the institutions of mankind and shapes their destiny, now demand that new means shall be

sought out and applied that shall guarantee a just reward to the millions of half paid hands that are doing the world's work. Heaven's holiest inspirations are coming to those who seek to know the truth and do it. The prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," can only be answered through the earnest work of the true Reformers of earth. "The truth shall make you free," must be felt in the practical life, as well as taught in theory. It is useless to talk of Spiritual salvation to those who are living in abject poverty. Spiritual growth and unfolding must have its sure foundation in the improved physical life of the masses. We need not fear the innovations of this transition period in human history. They are prophecies of good to mankind. They proclaim that labor shall have its just reward. They leave the theory of Paul in the background, and say to woman, "You are man's equal and co-worker." They declare that organized combinations of earnest working men and women shall assail and destroy the monopolies of wealth, and the privileges of caste; that truth shall be embodied in the institutions of mankind to the end that poverty and consequent crime and misery may be banished from the abodes of earth. The re-organization of society upon the basis of co-operative labor, is one of the questions now demanding the attention of the reformers and philanthropists of our time. Earnest men and women are taking hold of the work, and nothing can permanently check this great movement, till the result shall be reached. As we approach "the manhood of the race," truth finds a more perfect embodiment in human institutions, and the enfranchised spirit of the individual more truly reflects the divine light. Viewed from whatever standpoint, co-operative labor is eminently practical as compared with isolated life. Such labor justly rewarded, and arming itself with the mechanical inventions that are only benefiting the capitalists, will become vastly more productive than now. It is the prayer of the oppressed and toiling millions of earth, that they may themselves enjoy the full fruits of their own labor, they ask no more. Life will then be a welcome possession and the pursuit of happiness a success. The prayers of the oppressed and sorrowing, the aspirations of the noblest minds of earth are bringing to our aid the inspirations of a higher life, and the universal prayer of humanity for happiness and peace shall have its answer. SEVILLE, Ohio, April 22nd, 1870.

### ANGEL FRIENDS.

Floating on the breath of evening,  
Breathing in the morning prayer,  
Hear I oft the tender voices  
That once made my world so fair;  
I forgot, while listening to them,  
All the sorrow I have known,  
And upon the troubles present,  
Faith's pure shining light is thrown;

## What is the Aim of the Woman Movement?

We answer *freedom for woman*. Not a struggle for supremacy, not a vulgar tournament for office-holding, not merely an effort to obtain the ballot *as an end*. But it is a movement to give to woman possession of herself, with the unrestricted use of all her faculties, and the power of deciding for herself what she can do and cannot do in the world—that is and what is not her sphere.

In the past, man has designated woman's sphere for her—has legislated for her, according to his estimate of her, which is, that she is an inferior and subject being, intended only as an appendage to himself—has marked out her path in life, and if she has dared choose any other, has made it very uncomfortable for her. What she now demands is perfect freedom to develop as a woman, without any legislative or social tyranny on his part to restrain her, to choose her path in life according to her taste and capacity. To this end, she asks the abrogation of all legislation against her, with a chance to legislate for herself, the opening of every field of effort, the unlocking of every means of culture.

It has never yet appeared what the capabilities of woman are, nor what is the peculiar labor work of the world to which she is fitted. For man has chosen to force all womanhood into one avenue of human existence, and then has proclaimed that she is fit for no other. Hampered, hindered, limited, denied only a partial and very incomplete and insufficient education, kept for ages in the dependence and minority of childhood, legislated against, denied rights of property, right to her own children, right to herself, compelled to the drudgery and menial service of the world, without any pay, or at best, half pay, or else accepted as a doll or toy, or a pampered plaything, criticized, judged and condemned as a rational and human being, and yet denied the status, rights and freedom of one—such has been woman's state in the past.

But she has felt the general quickening of the age, and has grown with the growth of the civilized world. She has risen to the height of asking complete possession of herself, with freedom to work out her own future, and to decide for herself her place in the world of work. Freedom, education, opportunity, justice—the same as men have—these are her demands to-day. She asks the ballot, as that is the method, in this country, of expressing and getting hold of public opinion. Are these demands unreasonable? Not at all. They are woman's heritage, her birth-right, and man in withholding them has greatly wronged her. And in the incompleteness of his own development, in the social disorders and distresses of the age, in the very frivolity, incompetence and weakness of women, of which man makes loud complaint, in the ill success which has necessarily attended his experiment of running the world with half the wisdom and power God gave for its management—in these penal results the wrong of man's mistake stands confessed.

Is there anything in the woman movement which ought to awaken the hostility of good, wise and just men? Should it not rather commend their co-operation?—*Woman's Journal*.

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### TRAINS WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail	Day Exp.	Loc. Ex.	Ex. Exp.	Loc. Exp.
Detroit, dep.	7:00	11:00	12:15	7:08	11:13
Ypsilanti	9:15	12:15	12:15	7:40	11:35
Ann Arbor	9:40	12:20	6:40	7:40	11:35
Jackson	11:05	1:15	6:40	9:15	AM
Marshall	PM 12:50	3:25	.....	10:40	2:10
Battle Creek	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Pawmaw	2:45	4:55	AM 5:50	AM 12:22	2:35
Kalamazoo	4:40	PM 10:10	7:45	2:35	6:10
Niles	6:25	7:45	8:05	6:45	8:45
Mich City	8:00	9:10	12:00	6:30	9:00

### TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Exp. Loc.	Mail	Day Exp.	A's Exp.	Ng's Exp.
Chicago	4:00	5:00	8:00	4:15	7:10
Mich City	8:22	7:25	10:12	7:00	11:50
Niles	9:50	8:00	11:25	8:55	AM 12:40
Kalamazoo	10:00 PM	11:00	1:03	10:25	2:25
Battle Creek	.....	11:55	1:45	11:12	2:35
Marshall	.....	12:40	2:35	12:48	2:50
Jackson	.....	2:15	3:45	AM 1:00	6:15
Ann Arbor	AM 7:45	4:25	5:15	2:35	7:10
Ypsilanti	8:10	4:25	5:15	2:35	7:10
Detroit	8:25	5:00	6:20	3:40	8:20

## DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.

### TRAINS WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	Express.	MAIL.	Accom.	Night Mixed	Sleep'g Car.
Detroit	8:20 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	3:40 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	.....
Pontiac	9:50	10:00	5:00	10:10	8:40
Holly	10:40	11:40	6:10	12:10 A.M.	.....
Owosso	.....	1:20 P.M.	.....	2:05	.....
St. Johns	.....	2:50	.....	3:25	.....
Pawmaw	.....	3:10	.....	4:05	.....
Mar	.....	3:25	.....	4:25	.....
Grand Rapids	.....	6:05	.....	6:40	.....
Grand Haven	.....	6:30	.....	7:05	.....

### TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Accom.	MAIL.	Express	Night Mixed	Sleep'g Car.
Grand Haven	.....	8:00 A.M.	.....	6:40 P.M.	.....
Nunica	.....	8:25	.....	7:00	.....
St. Johns	.....	9:00	.....	7:40	.....
Mar	.....	10:45	.....	11:05	.....
St. Johns	.....	11:15	.....	11:45	.....
Holly	.....	11:55	.....	12:50	.....
Owosso	.....	1:05	.....	1:30	.....
Holly	10:00 A.M.	2:35	4:15 P.M.	3:20	.....
Detroit	11:00	2:40	5:00	8:20	.....
Detroit	12:50	5:15	6:15	8:55	.....

## 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., 10:40 P.M.	.....
Arrive Three Rivers, 2:40 A.M., 6:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 10:40 P.M.	.....
Arrive at Kalamazoo, 4:35 A.M., 8:10 P.M., 7:45 P.M., 1:35 A.M.	.....
Arrive at Allegan, 6:15 A.M., 9:35 P.M., 10:20 A.M., 4:40 P.M.	.....
Arrive at Grand Rapids, 8:15 A.M., 11:15 P.M., 1:50 P.M., 8:00 P.M.	.....

### GOING SOUTH.

# **GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY** **April 1st** Trains leave Windsor at 10 P. R. time, which is twenty minutes faster than Detroit time, as follows: Atlantic Express..... 7:30 A. M. Accommodation for London..... 7:30 A. M. (Daily, Sundays excepted). Day Express..... 8:20 A. M. (Daily, Sundays excepted). Night Express..... 7:30 P. M. (Daily, Sundays excepted).

The Railway Ferry leaves Detroit (Detroit time) from foot of Third street at A. M., foot of Branch street at 8:10 A. M. and 6:40 P. M. of Third street at 8:40 A. M. and 6:40 P. M.

Trains arrive at Windsor at A. M., 10:50 A. M., 5:15 P. M. and 8:40 P. M.

Company's Ticket Office, corner Jefferson Avenue and Griswold street.

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 Detroit, March, 1870.