

THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

WOE UNTO HIM THAT HEAPETH UP WEALTH IN ABUNDANCE, AND REJOICETH ALONE IN POSSESSION THEREOF.—Brahmin Sanscrit.

IN ADVANCE.

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WHOLE No. 101.

Selected Poetry.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth—where virtue hath birth—
Where bosoms with mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?

Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door—
O! search the wide world wherever you can,
There's no open door for the moneyless man.

Go look in your Hall, where the chandeliers light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold—
Where the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—
Go there in your patches and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go look to your Church, of cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin—
Go down the long aisle! see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate!
Walk down in your patches and find if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go look to your Judge, in his dark-dropping gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
And he frowns on the weak and he smiles on the strong,
And he punishes right whilst he justifies wrong!
Where Juries, their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there in the Court-room and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go look in the Banks, where mammon has hold
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold—
Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies piled upon pile of the glittering ore—
Walk up to your counters, and there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the Banks not one of the clan
Has money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hotel! No roven has fed
The wife, who has suffered too long for her bread—
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel, your poverty lost—
Then turn in your agony, upward to God,
And bless, while it smiles you the chastening rod,
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above, e'en for a moneyless man!

IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY ANNE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.
When Jane was about to leave home for the oil region, Thomas Martindale had said to her and Gavin as they were alone one day, "I like a good talk with a friend, and Jane and I must not stop talking, even if she is taken away by Gavin. There must write to me Jane. How sick I do get of books sometimes; I want a simple talk with a simple heart—something clear, true, unstudied, unambitious; how little of that is to be found in the world, at least among those who make any pretence to thinking, or even reading. I often think that one of the most captivating things to those who meet to drink away their senses must be this dispersion of the factitious, this looking at things without their Sunday dress, this handling them without mittens."

"I'll write, friend Martindale," she replied; "and they shall have it fresh, bubbling from the well, unstudied and without Sunday dress; I'll tell thee all our doings and all about my beauty here," meaning her Gavin, to whom as she said this she gave a look of unutterable love.

And now, reader, when we return to Cincinnati and once more enter the house on the hill, we find in the very room where we met our friends on our first visit, Thomas Martindale writing a letter to Jane; let us by-and-by look over his shoulder and read it, for the writer may become a very important personage in our narrative. First, however, let us learn of the family; Jessie has left, as we have seen, and all feel that so much sunshine has gone from the household. It is evening; all but friend Martindale are together in the parlor; letter has just been received from Gavin which Oscar has read to them.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Allston, that Gavin will put all his money into oil wells and bring himself to poverty.

"O, no!" said Hannah, "there must not be discouraged; I suppose, Oscar, they will yet get 'goud in goupins, won't thee, Oscar?" Mrs. Allston laughed, yet there was a shadow of sadness just visible.

"We have in our hands the tallman; fear why mother, they will live to see us far wealthier than the Rothschilds; their wealth is but a mite to what ours will be before many years. William there, cautious soul that he is, will either go into oil or metal operations, or both."

"I don't know," said William pleasantly, his head shaking as usual; "I think it will be a long time first; I believe in Psychometry, but I think none should venture in it more than they can afford to lose; there is no ocean without storms and no speculation without risk."

"Had thee as much faith as I have," rejoined Oscar, "thee would venture all thee has in it, for it must succeed; think of all the proofs we have had of its truth."

"I'll tell thee what I will do," said sober William; "if Gavin strikes oil in this well he is putting down, then I will put one down at my own expense, if Jane and Jessie locate it, for doing which I will give them one-fourth of the oil."

rily laughing; "I wish my dog Ponto was here; wouldn't he jump! Never mind, Oscar; they will all be converted to oil yet; I'm going to stand by thy Oscar, mother Allston; you are all so dry and prosy! I like the only fresh life of the place; I like enthusiastic folks with a solid cranium, like Oscar and our Jessie. O, I do wish Jessie was here! wouldn't we have a romp with Ponto!"

Now for friend Martindale's letter to Jane: I glad to hear from thee again. I really did not know or imagine that my letters deserve the character they give them; on the contrary when I keep one of them on hand a day or two, if I read it, it almost always goes into the fire, so that if they want to continue to like them; never read any of them more than once. I always dread sitting down to write, but once I have begun it is pleasant enough; yet, somehow when the spirit has gone off and the mind has cooled down, the product seems wild and tame, extravagant and flat. Does thee feel so too? These remembrances how much was written in prose and verse some years ago on Duality? I am sure of myself that there are at least two of me and sometimes more. I am not speaking of the old Adam, and the new one, but two old Adams and two new in everybody [that is orthodox]. But in all our thinking the mind is never in one part only; however the air may stand out, there is, when we listen, always heard the sound, far or near, of more than one other part, so that there is a mystery to us in our own hearts—who are they, and how many that live there? and what are they to us, ourselves or twin spirits of ours? are they those that live, or those that do not? is it all an echo around the heart's walls of our own voice, or is the real speech of many other selves within us? or how are we to account for the many-chorded harmony and the not uncommon dissonance within?

And now with reference to a subject somewhat branching out from the above; I want to advise thee and Gavin to have nothing further to do with seeking oil, gold or anything else by Psychometry, because it can, as I think, only lead to loss. I don't mean to say anything against that which we have repeatedly proved true in itself; I have no doubt you and Jessie see accurately all you describe; and yet it is not like reading the description of a disease in a medical book. The description is clear, full of plain marks and striking signs; and yet when we meet the disease we cannot tell whether it is this or that. You see the oil or gold by clairvoyance, but it still remains to identify its place in the vision with its place in the world. Here is the difficulty, and with the best Psychometry one may spend a lifetime and find nothing; for to turn over many feet in depth, even an acre is no short business. Unless there is something which I have never heard of to obviate this difficulty, surely the less you have to do with such plans the better. Think well of it, and don't let brother Gavin lose his money on anything doubtful. Now do excuse me for speaking out so freely; I have no apology except our friendship. Doubtless the visions connected with so much gold filling the house are beautiful, and perhaps not without a certain ennobling influence; but the lowest vision are those of truth, and the highest state of mind is attained when we glitter to be gone, and give a manly welcome to severe Reality. Imagination is the noblest power we possess, and yet, the most damaging of any to the whole spirit, when misapplied. Its legitimate business is to give a spiritual form, light and color to fact, dimly seen truth, and not to deck out the earthly. Ah, this certainly condemns myself; but friend Jane, we both have imagination more than many others, and we both use it, perhaps on many occasions, below its heavenly nature; and the natural punishment for that is that we believe in the reality of what we have dressed up by its power."

While here we might as well look into the Perley Water Cure, the patients of which are all gone, but a number of persons of both sexes are gathered around the dining table, whereon is being served a sumptuous meal. What a medley of dishes! soup, fish, oysters, roast-beef, boiled beef, beef-steak pie, apple pudding, rice pudding, pies, jams, pickles, nuts, fruits, tea and coffee. Dr. Perley's face is flushed, probably with eating and talking.

"A little more beef? pudding then? It is the only basis of a true society," he observed to a lady on his right.

Now Dr. Perley did not mean that either beef or pudding was the only basis of true society, though the value of those articles in the animal economy seemed fully appreciated by all at the table, who had embraced the idea of communism with a view to its practice; to this it was that Dr. Perley referred.

"You propose Mr. Branscombe," continued the Dr. "to have the Unitary dwelling on the rise of ground near the creek, I believe?"

Mr. Branscombe was a wealthy farmer who, with those around Dr. Perley's table, had become what was termed by thousands a "Crystallization."

"We are but the nucleus yet," replied Mr. Branscombe; "we number but nineteen in all, including you, your mother and sister Kate. Yes, I propose to put up on the knoll of which you speak, a building large enough for two hundred people to live in comfortably."

"Meantime we must do as we can," said the Doctor; "We'll join you in a month; I'll be your physician and business manager; I'm just the man needed; you don't exactly approve of Water Cure, but then we'll arrange all that satisfactory; there is more or less good in all systems of medicines; we are all but scholars, and hope to learn as long as we live."

This idea seemed to give general satisfaction being greeted by exclamations of "that's so!" "I hope so," etc., etc.

So Dr. Perley, of the Perley Water Cure has, "in the very nick of time," as he graphically expressed it, become a convert to Communism! Mrs. Perley, however, for the first time in our acquaintance is perfectly silent, not a remark passing her lips. It is the last hope, the last straw to the drowning man. In her heart she despised the whole scheme and every individual connected with it. Equality!—the very word was an abomination to her. "Ignorant farmers! crazy fanatics!" she thought; "if I had but a thousand dollars I would not look at them for a moment."

"But what can we do?" urged Dr. Perley, when alone with his mother; "for every bite eaten to day we went in debt; we are living on credit every day of our lives; I can't pay the rent, and can do nothing else than join them."

"Such low bred people!" "You are mistaken mother. One would scarcely think you an American, or living under a Republican form of government; equality is the very element of the Nation. "Low bred." Ha, ha! I would not like them to hear you. However, they are good, which can't be said of all the world. Mr. Branscombe is a very intelligent man; I know he is a plain farmer, but he is rich and unselfish (an unusual combination,) and wishes to share all he possesses (which is considerable) with us and with those friends of his. I believe in Socialism; what could I do without it, just now? They are going to build a Water Cure, they say, though they want more than water as a curative agent; they shall have it—ha, ha! Capital idea my superb mother! you shall be mistress of the Water Cure establishment. Come, don't be so savage about those lunatics, as you call them; we shall be all right, only have patience for a while. They may not be equal to my superb mother—ha, ha! but they are some of the salt of the earth, nevertheless. I am really converted, mother, to Communism."

While we have been visiting the house on the hill, Dr. Perley and the Perley Water Cure, the pipe in the Battlement oil well has been driven into the ground thirty-five feet! What has become of the light sandstone seen by Jessie and Jane? Why, it has turned out to be light sand, minus the stone! Now what of Psychometry? Why Jane and Gavin are convinced it cannot recognize rock. The well, however, must go on, for the rock is somewhere below, and the lake of oil also; hence another length of pipe is added. Hand power, however, is too slow now, and the work too hard for human sinew; for as the depth increases, so does the difficulty of driving the pipe, a stroke which at ten feet deep would drive it an inch, now sending it down more than one-eighth of an inch. Accordingly a horse and suitable tackle is obtained, the rope fastened to the "whippeteer," being so arranged that by driving the horse seventy or eighty yards, the heavy block is raised about thirty feet and suddenly let fall on the pipe.

Soon they came to quicksand where it took sixteen to thirty, and in one place even sixty strokes to the inch; moreover, the half fluid character of that singular substance caused it to rush up into the pipe, thereby much increasing the labor of "sand pumping," in which operation Gavin became quite expert. He also constituted himself driver, following the horse and to day after day, sometimes gaining but five inches from sun-rise to sun-down. After passing several feet through the quicksand, they came to a stratum of a different character, and the joyful news would suddenly be called out by one of the men in the derrick, that the last stroke had sent down the pipe half an inch! "That is good," Gavin would say; and the low marshy ground around him suddenly became interesting, and the dull monotony of "toting," to-and-fro after the horse received a pleasant stimulus.

Jane and Jessie at the commencement daily visited the scene of operations, but for some time past have been satisfied to learn the result on Gavin's return home at night; but since the pipe was past the quicksand visit the well three times a week. A greasy appearance somewhat resembling a "show of oil" is occasionally manifested in the products of the sand-pump, much to the edification of gentlemen attached to canal boats who, attracted by the appearance of the derrick, and impelled by a natural interest to know what church that steep-like structure might denote, occasionally visited the derrick as their weary horses tugged along on the adjacent tow path.

"That must be an exceedingly interesting occupation," Jessie remarked from her seat on a log near the well-beaten path so often travelled by Gavin and the horse (or, rather the horse and Gavin); "how are the mighty fallen! look at his bald sun-burned head, no hat, grizzled beard, uncut since the well was commenced! 'Ha, ha! look at the mud! why he is verily baptized with it! What a wonderful oil merchant!'"

"I shall not allow young ladies," replied Gavin, "to come here to depreciate my honorable occupation; the mud will brush off, my beard can be trimmed, and when this bottom land is suddenly inundated with oil, it will be my turn to laugh."

"How deep is the pipe now?" asked Jessie. "We have gone eighteen inches to-day, so we are down sixty-one feet," replied Gavin.

Just then one of the men came out of the derrick and said that it had only moved one inch for seventy strokes.

"Why it must have struck rock," all exclaimed at once.

Now hope began to make their hearts palpitate; the driving was suspended and all gathered around the pipe. On the sand-pumps being brought into requisition the result indicated what they supposed to be hardpan.

"Probably touched a small boulder," said Gavin at last; "let us go to work again." The remainder of that day only enabled them to go an inch deeper.

Rock was supposed to be very near, "hardpan" being always next to rock, and seldom

more than a foot or two in thickness. Hardpan is said to be intermediate between rock and not rock. So that night a very hopeful letter was written home giving the "well" news. They laughed, talked and built castles as large and grand as any ever created by Oscar. The earnest, sage Gavin entered into the spirit of the occasion, and greater variety or more diversified shades, oil never made on any sunny waters than played on their mental visions that night.

"If it should be necessary," said Gavin as their merriment subsided, "we will put the pipe down one hundred feet. It is very expensive, but if as much oil is there as you say, it would pay to put down a well five hundred feet. We have gone into the oil business, and we will not give it up until it has been thoroughly tried, or until our funds have given out."

Six weeks passed away—no rock yet! The pipe is now eighty-five feet below the surface; but a quiet steady faith in the oil lying below, kept their hearts warm and their faces bright. They have not realized as soon as they expected, several months having worn away without any definite promise of a tangible result; their money, too, has dwindled considerably, but they are by no means doubters; no! they feel as confident of ultimate success, provided the pipe is as safely landed on the rock, as they are that the sun shines. Jane and Jessie often laugh at the early expectations and at the idea of their securing millions all cut and dried without any difficulties.

Their house in the village was a beautiful place. A large flower garden was on one side, roses in profusion climbing over the front and side porches; on the other was a lawn adorned with shrubs and sprinkled with flowers, a kitchen garden being at the rear. This house they intended to buy when they struck oil, because it would make such a delightful country home. Of course they would travel very extensively, and what a charming place this would be to return to as a place of rest! "Mother would like it exceedingly," said Jessie; let us send for her.

"Wait until we strike oil," replied Gavin; "then we will; I am afraid she would be too anxious if with us now."

"I think so too," said Jane; "but when oil is reached mother must come to rejoice with us."

During this period of suspense Jane's dream of philanthropy was ever present to her. She looked calmly at the obstacles pointed out by Gavin, many of which she had herself thought of; but none of them discouraged her, believing, as she did, that being anticipated they could be over come or avoided by suitable measures being taken at the outset. She would, she thought, begin with a fruit-farm and a few families including ladies married and single; the children could be readily trained to a beautiful, healthy and remunerative occupation; one or two experienced gardeners could be employed to teach and superintend; cottages should be built for the accommodation of those engaged; she would keep it in operation, paying weekly for labor, until their surplus earnings on liberal wages would enable the undertaking to become self-supporting and independent. Fruit put up in glass jars was in great and increasing demand, and it was comparatively immaterial whether the land was near a city market or not, as such fruit would bear carriage well, both in reference to time and expense, so that though it might be raised in Kansas, it would find remunerative sale, even in sea-board cities, should it be requisite to send it that distance for ready disposal. Idle and mean persons of course would creep in, but not finding a congenial atmosphere would not be likely to remain long enough to do much harm; ridicule and denunciation she expected, and was therefore prepared to neutralize by living down. It may further be added that in all these thoughts and plans, as in everything else, Jessie was her sister and companion.

"We will work together," Jessie said; "I can attend to one part of the business, thee another. I have never had what is commonly called a 'hobby,' but have been wishing for one all my life, and now here it is, and just the thing, for this is something we can both do, and together." Jane realized that this union was strength, for Jessie suggested so many good ideas in the details of their preliminary operations, that Jane, with her small self-esteem felt how incomplete, how weak she would be without Jessie.

"I would have a school," said Jessie, "in connection with a fruit farm, where children might be trained aught from the commencement, physical culture being made quite as much a part of their education as the study of arithmetic, geography, or grammar. With such material as would thus be rendered available for its support, the institution would be built on a foundation so firm that not all the blasts from dwarfed bodies, and consequently dwarfed intellects with their sickly, effeminate ideas could ever destroy it."

We cannot follow those sisters through all their talks and suggestions; we cannot follow them in their country wanderings and listen to their voices, nor can we sit beside them on their rose-shaded porches and catch their silent, musings aspirations on their spoken projects, desires and hopes for humanity; but if ever a spark of the benign, loving spirit of our great Father was reflected in his children it was manifested in those two sisters.

Week after week passed away at the derrick in the same dull round; two or three

large blocks had been worn out, by constantly thumping and successively replaced by new ones. Gavin was tired of that old horse track, of which he knew nearly every inch, and sometimes felt cast down; for he was unused to monotonous physical toil, "around and around like a horse in a mill," which, though it had a beginning, seemed equally remote from either a middle or an end.

In one of these moods he was found by Jane and Jessie one afternoon, the latter having a letter in her hand. As she sat down on the accustomed log she said, "Do let that poor old horse rest while I read part of this letter to thee, Gavin; Jane received it today from friend Martindale."

"Well, I'll listen," said Gavin.

"I hope your well will be a good one, and that the oil will come in such streams that barrels enough cannot be got to hold it, nor boats enough to take it away; and that all the coopers in the country will give up in despair. Many a dialogue I have had in anticipation with you both; many a time, too, have I seen fit to imagine Jessie's bright hair; what a contrast to my beard which it pleases her to extol! Yes, I think her a beauty too, and quite a queen in her ways; very gracious, arbitrary—then friendly quite like the rest of us, and then again she likes to stoop down not a few miles to talk to us. O friend Jessie, how does thee manage all this? Then friend Gavin is driving the horse, and is tired of it really! I do not wonder at that, for it is not enough to keep him awake and too much to let him sleep. No matter—serves him right for not going to meeting on Sunday, and taking his share of it with the rest of his suffering brethren, who can sympathize a little more with those of us who hear sermons about as smart as his horse's performances. O, if I was only there to see him! it would be funnier by far than John Gilpin. O, to see that bushy beard and big head, that mass of innovation and philosophy, solemnly studying the horse's heels all day long! do you give him some lager beer? * * * What plans have you in your heads, if the oil does not come to your satisfaction? I am glad that you take me into account if it does succeed, and that I am to visit you."

"If I can come I will, even should water turn out more plentiful than oil, for I will neither think less of you for being poor, nor for failing in the practical application of psychometry; surely neither money, nor psychometric power, nor intellectual greatness make any basis for friendship. But I suppose you mean that you will have a plenty of money and nothing to do, and that you will make me eat everything good, with a horse and buggy ad libitum for digestive purposes?"

How Gavin did laugh at this sketch of himself! "Solemnly studying the horse's heels! ha, ha!" On wanting the horse and Gavin in their monotonous duties, one of the ladies occasionally asking, which heel he was studying at that particular moment.

"I am studying friend Martindale," replied Gavin; "I rather think I discover a pre-disposition about him to * * * (here he looked with pretended serious importance to Jessie.)

"To what?" asked Jessie.

"Why I think I perceive a growing tendency to * * * O, well! perhaps it would not be prudent to say farther."

"Thee shall say it, do."

"Well then, I think he is in love with our Jessie."

"Oh, oh! ridiculous!—the old bach in love with me! I should think thee had been studying horse's heels, and nothing else."

NATURAL RELIGION.

BY REV. HERMAN ESPER.

A Sermon Delivered at Pines Opera House, Minneapolis, Minn., March 27, 1870.

I have announced to speak to-night on the subject of Natural Religion. In Europe and America at the present time, there is a very large body of men and women who hold that religion is natural, and that all there is connected therewith that claims to be supernatural is either deception or delusion. I do not propose to-night to give reasons for believing in Natural Religion, but only to indicate what we mean by Natural Religion.

I may define Natural Religion in these words: It is the effort which man makes to perfect himself. Not the effort that God makes to perfect him, but the effort to perfect himself by such means as nature has provided.

The Christian scheme as held and taught, is unsatisfactory to thousands of hearts. Though there are infinite variations of minor points, there is one general scheme of religion common to all who build on the Bible as an infallible book. That scheme is this: God created the world. He made all things perfect. He made man and woman upright. The serpent tempted, and the man and woman both fell from their perfect state. As Adam and Eve were the father and mother of the human family, all mankind fell with them. Then God pronounced a curse upon all creatures of his hand. But in process of time he determined to save a portion of the race. In order to succeed he must die himself, as no one but an Infinite Being could atone for an infinite sin. Therefore God came down from heaven, took the form of a man, lived and preached in Palestine, and was crucified on the cross. By this death of Deity the atonement was made, and it became possible for man to be saved on condition that they would believe on the name of Jesus.

This scheme of salvation leads one to suppose that God was defeated in his original purpose. He intended man to be upright here on the earth, but the serpent defeated the intention. We cannot suppose that God was ever defeated. And if God desired to remedy the evil, it seems unaccountable that he should not adopt a more speedy and efficient course. Why allow Adam and Eve to live and bring forth other beings doomed by the curse of God? Why allow millions and millions to be born, only to become miserable forever? Why not even go back of that and crush the serpent's head before he entered the garden? If God did not desire the fall of man and the curse of the world, why did he not prevent it in the first place? Why the flood to destroy mankind, keeping a few to re-people the earth with just such beings as were destroyed? And when, in process of time, he thought it wise to make a revelation of his will, why did he not make it so that it would be distinctly understood? Why not make it to all? If God is no respecter of persons, why choose the Jews and deal with them more kindly than with others? And how could the death of Deity atone for a crime against Deity? The crucifixion of Jesus is said to have been the greatest crime of the world; and yet by that crime the justice of Deity was satisfied. By the death of Deity, Deity became again compassionate. The whole scheme is so foreign to what we would expect of a perfect and merciful God that many minds have found it impossible to accept. No persons on earth reject the simple teachings of Jesus. They reject this complicated and unnatural scheme which men preach in his name.

I do not know whether it is generally understood—I presume it is to this audience—that this same propitiatory scheme is taught in all countries of the world. The Mohammedan scheme is essentially the same as this, only in that, Mohammed must be received as the Prophet of God, and the means to propitiate Deity are slightly different. The Hindu system is the same. The Zoroastrian system is the same in principle. There is no country on earth where the same general system is not adopted. In all countries it is thought necessary to propitiate Deity, as though Deity were offended and could be appeased by sacrifice or penance. The Jewish system said that God would be appeased with the sacrifice of animals. Human beings are sometimes offered in sacrifice in India. The old Druids offered human sacrifices. There seems to have been similar ideas in the time of Abraham. The old patriarch himself understood God to command the sacrifice of his son. In the Christian system the offering was greater than in the others—not animals, not men, but God. In the old heathen mythology the same idea prevailed as in the Christian. Prometheus was regarded as both God and man. He came down from heaven and became incarnate for men. He was put to death; he descended into hell; he rose again and ascended into heaven. The play of "Prometheus Bound" was acted in the theatre at Athens five hundred years before Christ. Prometheus was a divine sufferer; the savior of men; a man of sorrows. In the dying moment he felt that he was forsaken; only a chorus of faithful women remained to witness his dying agonies. At his death the frame of nature became convulsed; earth shook; rocks were rent; graves opened;—the same as reported at the death of Jesus.

In the Hindu religion, which is one thousand years older than Christianity, and which holds to-day one-third the human family, there is a Trinity of Gods—Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the restorer; and Siva, the destroyer. Many times is Vishnu said to have descended to earth; become incarnate in human form; worked stupendous miracles for the good of man; and then returned to his father, Brahma.

Now, on this received hypothesis, religion is a super-natural effort by Deity to save men after they had become corrupt by nature. It is an effort expedient of Deity.

Our view is that there has never been a fall; that man was made a religious being in the first place; that religion is not an expedient to save fallen men, but a natural provision to secure their elevation, purity and happiness. The claim which we make for religion is, that it is as natural to man as music, or invention, or science, or any other thing for which he is distinguished, or to which he has attained. Natural Religion differs from the supernatural in regard to the present condition of man in the end to be accomplished, and the means to accomplish that end. The present condition of man is not that of total depravity, but that of a finite, imperfect being, capable of

endless growth and improvement. The end to be accomplished is the perfect and harmonious development of the human soul. Heaven will be found in proportion as improvement is made. The means to accomplish this are knowledge of and obedience to the laws of God. The motives are the penalties and rewards of nature.

When we look at a child we neither look upon a being totally depraved nor perfectly pure. In that child is the germ of perfection. Under the laws which God has ordained for its growth, it is sure to attain the perfect end of its being. It is sure to make mistakes—sure to sin; but it is equally sure to be cured of both. God's time is long enough—God's laws are perfect enough.

A man believing in the common theory of religion looks upon a little child as utterly depraved. To save that child, it must be brought out of its nature. The man believing in Natural Religion looks upon that little child as the child of God, brought into existence for happiness in this life and that which is to come. That happiness is to be secured by learning and obeying the laws of the Heavenly Parent.

To the question, Where did present religious ideas originate, if not in heaven? We answer they originated with man. As man has sought for truth in everything else, he has sought for truth in religion; and as he has been mistaken in everything else, he has been mistaken in religion. His idea of Deity has been drawn from his knowledge of man. Was a king offended? He required the imprisonment, the banishment, or the death of the offender. He would be satisfied for some offenses with a small punishment; with others nothing less than blood would satisfy. From this knowledge of man was drawn the idea of God. He would be satisfied with penance and banishment or blood. And, as human nature is the same the world over, these ideas are found the world over. Men of the same degree of culture and temperament have, in substance, the same religion the world over.

This reaching after the infinite among the finite has brought the present supernatural system. Just as all people believed, at first, that the earth was flat, and the stars near at hand, and the earth the only important object in the universe; just as they made imperfect implements, they made imperfect religions. If we found mistake in all things beside—growth in all struggles, attempts and failures, and found religion an exception, we would have greater reason to think that it came down from heaven; or, at any rate, came from somewhere beside from human nature. But we find the same imperfection, the same growth, the same diversity of opinion in religion as upon all other subjects; and all this leads us to conclude that it comes from the same source; not heaven, but human souls struggling for light, and good, and truth.

It is, I know, a very general opinion that Christianity is just what it always was; the same yesterday, to-day and forever; the same in every country under the sun. Dr. Barnes says: "Christianity had no growth. It was perfect as it came from its founder. It became fixed at once, and it has not changed. It has no doctrines now which it had not eighteen hundred years ago, and it had none then which it has not now, for it has lost none by the way. It is a fixed religion, not susceptible of change." I suppose this to be a common opinion concerning the Christian religion.

If a man were to be brought blindfolded from the heart of Asia to this city to learn Christianity, what would he learn? Does Christianity teach the doctrine of the Trinity? Some say yes; some no. Does it teach endless punishment? Some say yes; some no. Is conversion necessary? All are agreed. Are there elect men, or is the door open to all? Is private interpretation of the Bible admissible? Is baptism necessary? The Universalist Church claims to be a Christian church. The Catholic also claims to be a Christian church. If Christianity of one is as unlike the Christianity of the other as Mohammedanism is unlike Judaism. The Christianity of Calvin was as unlike that of Channing as the Philosophy of Plato was unlike the Paganism of Julian. You may find a man in China, who never heard the name of Jesus, more like a Christian in the Methodist church than two Christians of the same society will be like one another. If Christianity is fixed and rigid, not capable of alteration, then no two persons have got it. Christianity is one thing in one country; something else in another; one thing in one denomination; something else in another. It is not the same thing in any considerable number of individuals. It is true there is something which is common to all Christians. They all say: Obey the golden rule; do right; love God and one another. But this, which is common to all Christians, is also common to all men. This is no more Christianity than it is Judaism, or Brahminism, or any other "ism" in the wide world.

People sometimes are troubled to know how false systems of religion can make so much progress if human nature is good. The reason is that there are no systems false to the core. There is no religion in it, and this genuine religion is what gives vitality to all these systems. The morality, the justice, the reverence taught in all are sufficient to save. All religions are imperfect, but none are wholly false.

We look at a little child in its cradle. We say there is in that child the germ of music. The child's knowledge and enjoyment of music will depend on development. Nature has provided for this. There is in that child the germ of scholarship. The success to be attained will depend on the effort which the child shall make. Nature has made provision for this. We say there is in the child a germ of art, of invention, of taste, of all things to which men can attain. We ought also to say there is in that child the germ of religion. Nature has made provision for its religious supply. Its religion will not depend on miracle more than its education in science. Its religion will depend upon fidelity to religious wants. The child needs nothing save what can be obtained by obeying laws of nature; it will get nothing more. The struggles of the ages after religious light is like the struggle of ages after light on other subjects.

Natural Religion is the belief that God made all things right in the first place, and has never deviated from his plan. He has never had a contest with nobody. No person or power has prevented nor retarded his work. We learn of God by learning of na-

ture. The claim which we make for religion is, that it is as natural to man as music, or invention, or science, or any other thing for which he is distinguished, or to which he has attained. Natural Religion differs from the supernatural in regard to the present condition of man in the end to be accomplished, and the means to accomplish that end. The present condition of man is not that of total depravity, but that of a finite, imperfect being, capable of

endless growth and improvement. The end to be accomplished is the perfect and harmonious development of the human soul. Heaven will be found in proportion as improvement is made. The means to accomplish this are knowledge of and obedience to the laws of God. The motives are the penalties and rewards of nature.

DR. LIBBER.

ture, and are true to God by being true to nature. All nature is moving on with the blessing of God, and not the curse. Religion has its roots in the soil—not in the clouds. It grows, like other earthly trees, up, and not down. The present religion of the world is the result of past centuries of toil, and search, and endeavor as certainly and exclusively as the present art or science is so.

There are many men who can see more evidence of the existence of God in a river or a night of stars than in a book. Men might have made the one; they could not have made the other. There are men who will stand by a range of mountains, look at the lofty peaks, the jagged rocks, the upheaved sides, and see evidence of God which they cannot find in book or church. Nearly all who become familiar with nature—who trace her methods, how perfectly she adapts means to ends—find therein the fullest evidence of omnipotent wisdom. In contemplating the harmony of worlds, the order and variety in tiny plants, the beauty of flowers, there rises the thought, "The hand that made them is divine." In a storm there is a sense of omnipotent power. Nature in this way has provided that there shall be more faith as there is more information.

All the laws of nature tend to correct vice and encourage virtue. If a man sins, he cannot escape the punishment. He may fly from the law of his native land, from friends from society; but he cannot fly from himself. And if he does not do right, the reward is as certain as the sun to rise. He may be shut up in prison; he may be persecuted; he may be defamed; but let a man do right, and there are no powers in earth or hell to deprive him of the reward. Nature has enacted that in righteousness there is peace—in sin there is pain. These laws are never suspended. And so, by pain and pleasure, God leads people to virtue. Those who think they will find pleasure in vice are deceived; those who think they may fail to find joy in virtue are also deceived. Nature carries a whip in one hand, a crown in the other—both used to bring the practice of virtue. In time enough will come to an understanding of this; the law will forsake his list; the cruel man his cruelty; the covetous man his envy; and there will be virtue in the great congregation of the children of God.

In Natural Religion there is a work for all. There are no nunneries and no nuns; no monasteries and no monks;—all that belongs with a false idea of the true service to be rendered to God. Neither is there millions of money expended in tracts for the souls of heathen, while the bodies of the poor rot in our cellars and tenement houses. To educate to employ, to teach habits of economy, industry, temperance and fidelity, is the best work for heathen at home or abroad.

No praise which man can offer will affect the peace of God. He is infinitely happy, and cares nothing for song or prayer. He is not offended when we sin. If we can endure the natural consequence of sin, there is no farther result. No man need think he is disturbing the peace of Deity by his crimes. He is disturbing his own peace; All the laws of nature are framed to affect the creature, not the Creator.

No sacrifices, and no prayers will purchase forgiveness of God. He is always forgiving, as much on one day as another. He needs no propitiatory sacrifices or rites. God is not a man, to have moods and passions, to pray, and rites, and sacrifices are useful so far as they affect ourselves favorably—not beyond. Nature has no interest in rites and ceremonies, only so far as they help the individual. If it is for better for the individual not to eat meat on Fridays, the custom is wise; it has no effect upon God.

In Natural Religion, all men are brothers. There is no chosen people of God—no chosen man of God. The laws that reach to one reach to all. They will not be modified by the prayers of one. More than by the prayers of another. A priest will drown in water as soon as a pirate. Poison will kill a Christian as soon as a heretic. The difference that there is in the conditions of men is all owing to more or less knowledge of and obedience to nature's laws by present or past generations. The Patagonian is brother to the Briton. One Mother and Father have they all. Rain and sun go to both alike. There is no room for bigotry in Natural Religion.

It is sometimes said that there is no reverence in Natural Religion! I know not where a heart can bow in such deep reverence as before God in his works. The heart which can find no reverence on the ocean, or a mountain's top, or standing by Niagara, cannot surely find it before any human priest or altar.

There is no miracle in Natural Religion. There is power enough for miracle, but no occasion. God has made everything correctly, and no expedient is necessary. A few years ago a man fell in the streets of Augusta, Maine, in a fainting fit. A priest who was present took a tumbler of water, blessed it, and no expedient is necessary. A few years ago a man fell in the streets of Augusta, Maine, in a fainting fit. A priest who was present took a tumbler of water, blessed it, and no expedient is necessary.

Why should we keep the Sabbath? Because God commanded it? The Mohammedans keep Friday; the Jews, Saturday; the Christians, Sunday; all days in the week are kept holy by some religious sect. There is not a word in the Bible to indicate that we are to rest on the first day of the week! There is a positive command to keep the seventh; yet we refuse to keep the seventh, and do keep the first. All days are alike here. We keep only in seven only because nature requires rest and recuperation. The motive to keep Sunday is not in the command of God; there exists no such command; the motive is in the welfare of society.

A great many people fear that if we break away from the super-natural, we break away from religion. No; we only break away from superstition. Among believers of all revealed religions, there are some base, some noble, some religious, some irreligious. As an eminent author has justly remarked, the shortness of time has furnished as many arguments to the debauchee as to the devotee. The scheme of a man says as to the devotee that he must be saved, says also that one may repent at any time—on a sick bed and in old age; and that in repentance all sins will be washed away. On this theory, therefore, many people conclude to take their fill of sin in their healthy years, hoping to find time to repent in old age or on the bed of death. Not one-fourth accepting the doctrines taught in churches, comply with the conditions which the church requires. No scheme of religion has been devised which would prevent iniquity. A belief in Natural Religion will do more to prevent iniquity than any other, because nature cannot be improved. Her penalties are sure; they are sufficient, and only sufficient. Exact justice, which cannot be escaped, nature metes to all. When people believe this, they will be careful not to violate nature's laws. If there is a base element which discards the super-natural, that is not Natural Religion. It is rather a rebound from the extreme doctrines so long advocated in churches. Natural irreligion is only the failure of the mind to understand its religious wants. We say of some minds, they are without taste in art or music. We mean simply that nature has done less for them in that direction than for others; and that there has not been proper cultivation of what nature has done. So we say in religion. Those who have no interest in religion, we say they do not understand the welfare of their souls. They possess little of the religious element, and do not cultivate what they do possess. That God will care for us without the prayer. We

shall not care so much for Him without the prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name"—that is the prayer of a human soul. Hallowed for the unspeakable glories of everlasting realms, made for the happiness of breathing millions!

Nature never loses anything. The tree, burned to ashes, is not lost. Mr. Higginson correctly said, God cannot afford to lose such atoms as you and I. No child of God will be lost. God has not made an endless hell of fire to torment his children in forever. God is too good to do that. Nature is inexorable, but always beneficent. Her sympathies unite the world. She whips but only to save.

It is not inconsistent with Natural Religion that there should be a revelation: it is impossible that there should be an infallible revelation. We learn from those next above us, or from those high above us who will stoop to our capacity. One cannot learn from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains; he must take every step in the intervening space. Emerson cannot reveal himself to a child at once; he must take the child step by step to his height. God cannot reveal himself to us at once. We must take each step in its place across the infinite expanse.

It is customary to talk of higher and lower nature, as though one were to be obeyed, the other strangled. We speak of savages as in a state of nature, as if Christians were not. We speak of a forest as being in a state of nature, as though a wheat-field were not. This is a custom of speech. There is no faculty of soul that is not good. Some faculties may be for higher use than others: that is what is meant. Savages are no more in a state of nature than angels. Both, and all degrees of man, are in a state of nature. There is nature in a field of living green, as well as in a forest. By changing a prairie to a forest, you do not put it back in a state of nature. We use many terms loosely for convenience. The whole soul—every faculty and power—is good. Nothing is to be suppressed. All faculties are to serve the uses for which they were trained. In harmony and beauty, they are to be trained up into the perfect. When any one is out of proportion, there is no longer harmony. The higher faculties, as they are called, may lead a man to err as well as the lower. One may be too benevolent as well as too avaricious. The problem consists, not in destroying any, but in bringing them all to full and harmonious action. Bring this condition, and you bring the religious soul.

The better we understand nature, the better we love her, and the more clearly we see her to be beneficent. In rude ages men have looked at some aspects of nature and shrunk back in dread. An earthquake was interpreted as a malicious heaving for the purpose of destruction. Not being capable to appreciate her positive glories—not understanding the perfection of her laws—nature was cursed. But the more men learn of nature, the more deeply do they stand in awe. As they learn the truth, they learn that the earthquake is not malicious, but kind. It is a part of that great plan of everlasting progress toward the perfect. It shakes the earth to relieve, not to destroy. All the greatest and best minds become charmed with nature. All those who study her secrets find that all things are good. Those artists are most successful who seek nearest to the models of nature. All the household ornaments are most pleasing which assume a form of nature. There is found most health in body and soul by obeying the laws of nature. Nature is great and blessed. He who made this universe was a master workman. Silently and orderly the stars keep their appointed stations; softly and sweetly the flowers blossom; grandly comes the storm; a magnificent sweep there is into the immensity of space, among worlds and stars. Every animal is adapted to its element; every shrub, and root, and leaf. The sea has its purpose; the tides, the winds, the seasons; the lower as well as higher forms of life: all is good. In seeking the natural, and studying nature, and obeying nature, comes the good. Only thus can we climb to the highest heavens; listen to the sweetest music; feel the sublimest joy. Those who have taught distrust of nature have unwisely taught. No religion can be of service that is not natural: none that is natural can fail to redeem.

But some say there are no motives in Natural Religion—no commands of God to be obeyed with gain, or disobeyed with loss. No man has talked with God—God has talked with no man. But the symbols are there, written on the constitution and in the order of things: written on the body, and the soul, and the earth, and the heavens. There is no motive to abstain from drunkenness but the command of God in the Bible? Drunkenness will bring sickness, poverty, disgrace, sorrow to friends, delirium tremens, premature death, debasement of soul. Are not these sufficient motives? This which is true of drunkenness, is true of everything in the world.

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as well say that there are men who are anti-musical as to say that there are men who are anti-religious. There are no men who are against music that goes by the name of religion, but none against real religion. And some of the most truly religious men that we have are against such that is called religion.

These men earn the name of infidels from the lips of bigots. Gerritt Smith is truly religious, yet church people would call him anti-religious. As there are no men opposed to music, so there are no men opposed to religion. There are many men who cannot appreciate music, who take little interest in consequence, but none opposed. And a party of men might organize and perform very bad music. Of course the higher musicians would decline to listen to such sounds. These players who executed the bad music, would say that these higher musicians were opposed to music. Because their music was unsatisfactory they would call the higher musicians anti-musicians. That is the way in the church. They have got a very bad religion in some of the churches. There are those who cannot enjoy it. Of course these church people say that because they will not have their religion, they are anti-religious. They know of no religion but their own. That is necessarily the claim with all believing in supernatural religions. They say, therefore, the men who do not accept our religion are opposed to religion.

That is what they all say of those who believe in Natural Religion. But we can see that this position is false. We can see from what it proceeds. Now, in Religion there are degrees as in music. On some general principles all are agreed, and all mathematicians are agreed that two and two make four. But beyond that there are degrees of attainment. We do not always hold the same conceptions; are not always charmed by the same words in religion than in science. What some men enjoy others will not, because not educated up to it. Now, Natural Religion respects the order of nature in this regard as in others. We might as well expect all men to be equal in taste as in religion. Taste is a power to be increased or diminished, refined or debased; so is religion. We take people into schools, societies, and expect no two to have the same taste; so we need expect no two to have the same religion. Religion is to be acquired and developed as much as taste. It will be acquired more rapidly by some than others. It will take on peculiarities of organization devotional in some, sentimental in some, logical in some, hopeful in some. Nature has cast her children in different moulds. All this we recognize, and all this will account for the fear that there is that Natural Religion is no religion. It is the all-embracing religion. It recognizes peculiarities and stages of growth, thereby becoming tolerant and hopeful to all. It recognizes the religion of the Atheist and Infidel, as well as of the Brahmin and Muslim; and opens the door to the true expansion of the hand of the hardened sinner. It says the same God hath made us all, and hath made us to differ in religion as in all other things. Natural Religion is the effort of each individually, and all collectively for the true and the perfect. There must be sects in Natural Religion, as there are grades in schools and as there are congenial circles in society. We feel attracted to some; we find genial feelings and pursuits. In like manner congeniality will draw circles for the pursuit of religion. But there can be no bigotry; there can be no persecution. There must be the fullest sympathy. Hand in hand we climb the road of eternal life.

In Natural Religion there is no such thing as faith without evidence. The cry of faith is the cry of impostors. By teaching faith, the Catholics have learned to believe in miracles, to take the hand of the hardened sinner, and to say the same God hath made us all, and hath made us to differ in religion as in all other things. Natural Religion is the effort of each individually, and all collectively for the true and the perfect. There must be sects in Natural Religion, as there are grades in schools and as there are congenial circles in society. We feel attracted to some; we find genial feelings and pursuits. In like manner congeniality will draw circles for the pursuit of religion. But there can be no bigotry; there can be no persecution. There must be the fullest sympathy. Hand in hand we climb the road of eternal life.

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affection. I am not willing, but anxious, that all who believe in supernaturalism should worship in accordance with their belief, and be respected in their worship. I ask to be respected in my faith and worship as I respect others in theirs. To me there is more evidence of God in a flower than in Solomon's Song; more beauty in a landscape than any descriptions of prophets; more real worship in the presence of God's starry worlds, and tempests and summer mornings, than in any ritual service. For each to serve God in the way he best can, is the requirement of Natural Religion. It is unkind, it is unjust, it is wicked, for religious people to so falsely misrepresent and damage the peace and influence of others, who go to the same kingdom by another road.

I do not conclude my sermon by asking the young people whom I can reach to unite with a church. That may be a means to help you; it may not. I say no word against it. But I say emphatically, as my best words, make friends with nature. Take good care of the body, keep it healthy and strong. Be true to conscience; never, for any consideration, violate it. Whatever gain you may expect from its violation will prove a delusion. It is the natural provision against vice. Study to learn what the laws of nature require, and then implicitly obey them. You will find health, happiness, religion and heaven, just in proportion as you learn and obey the laws of nature.

Every law of God is a law of love. We are all brothers and sisters; we have got a good world, and blessed are we, if we enjoy and gain all that is possible. Yonder is the height of God! Here we are, brothers all. Let us join hands, and sing and climb to the sweet and eternal heavens?

THE BEAUTIFUL.
Walk with the beautiful and with the grand,
Let nothing on earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;
Walk with the beautiful.

TRAVELS IN WISCONSIN.
A Reverend gentleman, Mr. Gill, pastor of the Congregational Church at River Falls, announced, at the close of our ninth lecture that he would review our discourse on "Geology and Genesis: or, Science against Tradition." He thought, he said, that he could reconcile them. We announced our intention to remain over, and become a listener.

He admitted the Nebular theory; admitted that the world was not made in six diurnal days of twenty-four hours each; admitted that the anti-deluvian people could not have been drowned if there had been but twenty-seven and a half feet of water in the valleys, because they could have fled to the mountains; claimed that the sun and moon were made before the fourth day, but their light was not seen until the fourth day, on account of the vapors; although the "book" says that the manufacturing of the Sun and moon was the fourth day's work, and that there was light from the first day, three days before there was Sun to "divide the light from the darkness."

At the close, when Mr. Gill asked for questions, (imitating our example in this respect) after a long pause we asked him to be kind enough to explain, if the word day in the account of creation does not mean a diurnal day, the meaning of the passage. "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day?"

The gentleman answered it as well as it can be, for it is unanswerable. We stated to the audience that it would afford us great pleasure to debate the question; but it would not be courteous in us to review Mr. Gill's lecture, as the appointment was for him and as they had listened patiently to us for more than a week, we felt that common politeness required us to listen. The Spirit of kindness, the gentlemanly bearing of Mr. Gill, we commended.

Next morning we addressed a few lines to him as follows:

REV. MR. GILL.—Dear Sir: I would have asked many questions last night, but felt that the hour was yours, not mine. In giving lectures upon Geology and Genesis I have sometimes taken up the theory you advanced, that the measure is from the tops of the mountains, and not from the general surface of the globe. If so, the measurement must have been from the top of the highest peak of the highest mountain; or within fifteen cubits, if the high hills and mountains were barely covered. The theory you adhere to is that the highest peak was covered with fifteen cubits of water. Now it is well known that there are mountains more than five miles above the present ocean; so if your theory is correct, the waters were more than five miles deep all over the globe! With the exception of the highest mountains, where it was but twenty-seven and a half feet. I am inclined to think if that had been the case our old earth would have "slopped over." Science proves that it and its surrounding atmosphere could not hold water enough for such a flood. There must have been eight times more water than the earth and its atmosphere could have held! You depended upon reason in your lecture to harmonize Genesis and Geology; so that "miracle," a suspension of natural law, is inadmissible; and if this globe was ever covered with water to the depth of five miles above the present ocean, then we had a miracle as large as the flood itself! I do not find any date for assuming that the measurement began from the mountain tops. Either way Noah's flood was an impossibility. It was impossible for the high hills and the mountains to be covered by twenty-seven and a half feet of water, if the measurement was made from the general surface of the globe. Equally impossible, according to the demonstrations of Science, for the earth to have been covered with water five miles above the present ocean.

"I am glad to find a clergyman recommending, as you do, the study of Science. The outcome of such a course will be more intelligence and less bigotry among the people."

In your allusion to my lecture on Thomas Paine you make a candid acknowledgment of his greatness and his patriotism. I expect to hear many of your fellow-ministers do justice to the memory of that noble-hearted friend of humanity. You truly remarked that many have been misled by false reports concerning him.

"You fear, however, that my lecture may have a tendency to lessen the love of the people for the Bible. No doubt they will cause the people to worship the book less, and they will give of Nature more. The truths of the Bible will be more worthy of respect than; but its errors are no more worthy of respect than the errors of any other book. My lectures do undermine peoples confidence in the Bible as an infallible inspired revelation from God to man."

The Present Age.

DORUS M. FOX, Editor.

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W. F. JAMESON, Corresponding Editors.

J. S. LOVELL, Editor Pacific Department.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE, Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, May 21, 1870.

America the old World.

The continent which at this moment bears on its bosom the incipient civilization of the future, has often been styled the New World, but an acquaintance with its geological history will convince us that it is emphatically the Old World, for it contains the oldest land on the globe. It has been the theater of mighty revolutions for millions of ages. Almost an eternity in the past its main features were marked out. Varied as are its aspects—its lofty mountains, its extensive plains, its magnificent prairies, its interminable forests, its mighty lakes, yet these details have been determined by a unitary cause, namely, refrigeration.

The earth was once in igneous fusion. It had no more distinction of parts than a germ. A thin solid crust was slowly consolidated at the surface, until, as it augmented in thickness, shrunk by cooling, and was thereby corrugated in such a manner as to cause a regular system of uplifts and depressions. This folding, or corrugation of the crust, was attended in certain places with extreme tension, and in other places with lateral compression from which resulted extensive lines of fracture. The direction of these lines was determined by the prevalence of a particular mineral. The predominant mineral in the granitic frame work of the globe, is feldspar. By slow cooling the crystals of this mineral took a parallel position in the granite, and determined its directions of easiest fracture. All minerals when crystallized, have certain cleavage lines, the directions of which differ in different minerals. Feldspar determines the cleavage structure of the earth's crust, which is in two transverse directions, the north westerly and the north easterly. The Pacific and Atlantic oceans have thereby their positions and forms, the islands their systematic groupings, the continents their triangular outlines, and the general aspect and accordance with comprehensive law. The North Atlantic follows one of the cleavage courses, the Pacific follows another; North America is bounded by the two, which determines its triangular form.

The earliest nucleus of North America was lifted out of the sea during the Azoeic age, long before any life existed on our globe. It was at first a low rocky island, narrow from north to south, extensive in the direction from east to west. At a later time the Alleghenies were elevated which disposed the continent in the form of a V, an open triangle toward the west, as there were no Rocky Mountains yet. Lastly the Rocky Mountain axis was elevated, still preserving the triangular form of the continent.

This geological progress in North America was an evolution depending on a powerful force acting in two localities—the subsiding Atlantic and Pacific basins. The Alleghenies were a reaction against the subsiding Atlantic basin; the double mountain crest a thousand miles broad toward the western border, and more wide spread subsiding Pacific basin. That portion of the original Azoeic nucleus which extends from Lake Superior to the Arctic, was the result of the Pacific force; and that portion which extends from Lake Superior to Labrador, of the Atlantic force. Thus the growth of the original nucleus went onward, through the oscillating energies of the ocean to the south-east and south-west, preserving in the finished continent the leading features of this earliest Azoeic upheaval. The broader and deeper Pacific ocean disposed the principal mountain axis away from the center, toward the western border. The point where these forces meet and cross each other, is also determined by the relative magnitude of the oceanic subsiding areas—about 500 miles from the Atlantic, 2000 miles from the Pacific.

As we contemplate this grand process of evolution, we have suggested a long list of consequences which resulted from one unitary cause acting in the crust of the globe. The peculiar configuration of the continent, the distribution of its mountains, the direction and extent of its rivers, the amount of moisture, the geographical limit of its organic tenants, are all resultants of the constitution of the original rocky crust, and the laws of its cooling. Each successive stage of this grand evolution has left enduring memorials of its progress. Violent proxymal up-lifts and down-throws were among the events of this continental history; but these were exceptions to the slow, secular movements of elevation, which went on uninterrupted through-out geologic time.

No important events have escaped the notice of the recording angel. In unmistakable characters the fishes, birds and beasts of the ancient world were inscribed on "tables of stone." Carlyle says that: "On the hardest adamant some footprint of an 's' stamped in; the last rear of the best will read traces of the earliest 'w.'" Emerson remarks in his "Representative men," that "All things are engaged in writing their history. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent." We may add, the earth is one vast library, on whose pages are written every event which ever transpired on this planet. We may not be able to trace the whole in detail, but we feel assured the time will come when acuter senses than ours, will resurrect from the slumber of ages the secrets which have awaited the arrival of an intelligence which shall be able to decipher them.

Scenes of turbulence and strife preceded the more quiet and harmonious movements which characterize the ordinary events of a comparatively finished world. Volcanoes rent the crust and poured out lakes of lava, carrying destruction in their path; earthquakes have shaken the solid continents and shivered the granite hills; mountains have lifted their lordly crests above the clouds, and there they stand, century worn sentinels of antiquity, silent and grand, types of the Infinite greatness; oceans have rolled into tumbling hills, grinding to finest sediment the shores that beget their glaciens, have moved over the continental surfaces, more terrible than the tread of armies, ploughing valleys and scooping lakes in their irresistible progress.

"The depths have more! what wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness lies,
They have the starry gems the burning gold,
Won from a thousand royal argosies.
Yet more—the depths have more;
Their waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by—
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'er grown the halls of revelry."

Huffy People.

We have learned by an experience of over half a century, the truth of the adage: "It takes all sorts of people to make a world." Among the many "sorts" with whom we are brought in contact, by none are we more sorely tried than by that class indicated by the heading of our article.

One of the oddest things to witness, if not one of the most disagreeable to encounter, is the facility which some people have of taking offense where no offense is meant—"taking a huff," as the phrase goes, with reason or without—and making themselves and every one else uncomfortable, for nothing deeper than a mood or more solid than a fancy. Huffy people are to be met with of all ages and in every station, neither years or conditions bring necessary wisdom and unspicioussness; but we are bound to say that the larger proportion will be found among those who are of an uncertain social position, or who are in unhappy circumstances—not to speak of their tempers. Huffyness, which seems to be a self-assertion in what may be called the negative form and which the possessors thereof classify as high spirits or sensitiveness, according as they are passionate or sullen, is in reality essentially the product of self distrust. The person who has self-reliance, has nothing to fear, who is of an assured social status, and of happy private condition, is never apt to take offense.

Many and great are the dangers of action of huffy people, and you are apt to founder into the bog with them while you are innocently thinking you are walking on the solid-est esplanade.

Recently we were made familiar with a marked instance of this character. A person for whom a friend of ours entertained the highest respect, and for whom he would have sacrificed almost everything but self-respect, took umbrage at a supposed slight, which we happen to know was a thing undreamed of, and of which our friend was not informed until days thereafter. The moment he heard of the brother's state of mind, he at once wrote him a letter, in the most positive manner disavowing the least intention of giving offence, and even went so far as to say, if anything he had said or did, had that appearance he begged to be forgiven. But all of no avail, the "huffed" friend did not even answer the letter, and probably cannot be made to believe to his dying day that he was not intentionally slighted, and will always think his friend guilty.

But this is not the most to be dreaded effect of coming in contact with some huffy people; for they not only refuse to be comforted, but straight-way go to work with apparent vindictiveness to injure and malign, the individual who has unfortunately offended. They may be laboring in the same cause, and by the course adopted, the unpleasantness extends, and the cause however high, noble and good, must be made to suffer to gratify individual resentment. An excuse is often made for such persons, "Oh, they are so sensitive!" If such people would be more sensible "the world would be the better for it."

We do desire to exercise charity, and cherish toward such persons a spirit of love, but when we see such "sensitives" for weeks and months afterwards, going about the country publishing their supposed grievances, and exhibiting a spirit of malignity; we can but feel that such are not working as Reformers and Progressives should work. Let us all as far as possible practically exemplify in our lives the teachings of our Philosophy. Spiritualists above all others, should exercise charity and manifest a spirit of kindness to all. Such are the teachings of our religion, and we should not give our opponents reason to say:

"'Mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call
The first-born of religion; and I wonder,
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,
There's no virtue can be sooner missed,
Or later woe'd; it begins the rest,
And sets them all in order."

Semi-Annual Meeting.

In another column will be found the call for the Semi-Annual meeting of State Association, to be held at Niles. The only possible objection to the locality, was the fact that it was too near the west boundary line of the state, but as the last Semi-Annual meeting was held at Adrian, pretty well east, and the Annual at Battle Creek, quite central, it was thought to be as well this time to accommodate the west. We hope to see a large attendance from all parts of the state. There has never been a time since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, when questions of such importance were before the public mind for consideration as now.

These questions concern us, not only as Spiritualists, but as citizens of this Government. We deprecate any political agitation or action upon subjects of a religious character, and yet we are evidently drifting in that direction. Not, however, by the choice of those who believe in keeping this government

as it ever has been, not only free to all peoples of all religions, but that it shall not be changed to favor, even in the most indirect way, any particular religion, Christian, Jew, Pagan, or Mohammedan. That Christian sectarians are working in more ways than one, to make this a Christian government, we need not to inform the readers of the AOR. Christian conventions of Ministers and Laymen, are forcing this issue upon us in the form of proposed Constitutional Amendment: Insisting upon the use of the Christian Bible in our common schools, or else dividing among christian sects, the money raised for the education of the children. As Spiritualists, it becomes us to occupy not only the van of the army of progress, but to stand firm against the threatened assaults of religious christian zealots. The questions then to be considered at our coming Convention will not by any means be confined to subjects relating to the

PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

J. S. LOVELAND, Editor.

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

BIRTHDAYS AND THEIR MOMENTS.

By Rev. John T. Sargent.

Oh! how do passing years impersonate Experience! Our birthdays come and go like hurrying phantoms, opening wide the gate for Time to pass! How fast the onward flow of each days dreams and doings! How august the course of ages! How the hastening hosts Opportunity forewarn us that we must be true to life!

The approaching Contest, and the Parties participating therein.

The contest between Faith and Reason, which Mosheim asserts commenced in the christian church during the III Century, has been renewed and waged with greater force during the last 300 years than ever before.

But this strife has reached its logical culmination, and the issue is fairly presented, and conduct must soon correspond thereto.

This is doing at the present. If the contest was to be decided by the zeal and activity of the parties in the contest, the lovers of truth and freedom might well despair, and especially when the professed friends of freedom are seen dis-united, and contending with each other instead of presenting a solid front to the foe.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life, What was I born for? "For somebody's wife," I am told by mother. Well, that being true, "Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view!

The reason for this reaction, this apparent going-back—this return of "the dog to his vomit"—are numerous. Only a few can be indicated in this article.

They cannot. Protestantism is the theological bottle in which the experiment has been tried, and often after a most violent shaking on the part of the priests, so that a temporary mechanical mixing has been attained, the shout of exultation over fancied success has been raised; but, in a short time, "the irrepressible" oil floats on the surface, clear as ever.

Rest of Soul.

It is one of the beautiful features of the old religions, that they propose to their disciples a soul rest. And it is not exclusively in the far-off heaven where alone rest is found, for they proclaim it as the birthright—the privilege of each real child of God, here on the earth.

But it is not our purpose to write an eulogy on christianity, or its most active and successful workers, but to inquire if there remains to us a rest of soul, calm and strong, which can, not only equal, but transcend that of christianity; for, unless we can, unless we have such rest to profier, it must be confessed that we have made no advance, but rather have retrograded in that respect.

Again, as the life, which was once evinced grows weak, the glitter and tinsel of form and display assume its place. To this condition has our protestantism come. It is fast apeing the pagantry of Catholicism, which it once repudiated.

But when the body is rent into contending factions, their mutual strifes and jealousies serve as a protection to more infidel dissenters. The great protestant heresy compelled such a deference to reason as has acted as a shield for all forms of rationalism, which, not without assailing superstition from without, has walked boldly into the pale of the church, and from pulpit, altar and pew proclaims the supremacy of Reason over book, creed and tradition.

Notwithstanding the needs of humanity are essentially the same in all ages and times, yet each age has its own special wants, which differ in form and kind from those of all other periods. Food, clothing and shelter are the common wants of all men, but even they are not the same in all ages, and they vary in the degree of their necessities.

But the purpose of this article, is to direct attention to those wants, which are peculiar, or special to our own age—those which distinguish it from all that have preceded it. So far as the mere physical necessities are concerned, there is an abundant supply. The many labor saving appliances in machinery and agricultural implements have so greatly increased the power of production that there is no lack of anything needed by man.

must find a basis deeper than spirits. We must find the law of spiritual development—the inhering potency, which underlies the evolution of worlds and destinies. No doubt exists, in any mind, as to the existence of such principle. The discrepancy in men's notions has been as to the character of that power. Unless we have ascertained and can demonstrate that absolute good must be the ultimate out-come of the working of this principle, we can have no basis for soul rest.

The Power of Love.

If this world had more of love, And less of bitterness and gall; With a share of charity, For our failings, each and all; If each angry word that's spoken, Was responded to in love, Hearts would not so oft be broken, Nor this life a burden prove.

Love will cure the greatest ills, Change the sinner into saint; Brighten all that's dark and gloomy; Gilding with its magic paint All unsightly things that grieve us; Rounding angularities; Takes poison from the sting of hate, And softens down asperities.

A Christian estimate of Morality. Below we give an extract from a religious paper, containing the church estimate of morality. Read it carefully.

"A Christian is one who is positive. A moral man is a vine that does not bear fruit. But then it bears everything else—good leaves, a good strong stem, a healthy root,—everything that is good and nice in it, except the fruit. A Christian man is one that develops goodness into positivity. He sets out of himself and upon others. A moral man is like an empty bottle, well corked so that no defilement can get into it—so that it may be kept pure within. Pure? And what is the use of a bottle that is pure, if it is empty and corked up? A moral man, I repeat, is a negative. He does not swear, he does not drink, and he does not murder, and he does not get drunk, and his whole life is not. His language is "Thou shalt not," and "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt not." He is not positive."

Morality is here declared negative, and the little word not is used with the emphasis of unconcealed contempt. We marvel at this, when we call to mind the fact that the entire decalogue, with one exception, hinges entirely upon that same world "Thou shalt not," is its burden. It is, hence, by this writers showing, a negative document, and his God is thus proved a negationist.

WANTED—HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.—An agent wanted in every county to take an interest in a new article just patented, that sells on sight to every housekeeper. It is a small portable furnace, weighing only six pounds, that will cook any kind of food, and will save you from the expense of buying a new stove, and will save you from the expense of buying a new stove, and will save you from the expense of buying a new stove.

ened the spiritual powers while it has correspondingly strengthened those of the intellect. The old religious systems fail to satisfy man. Their pretensions are subjected to the criticism of his quickened faculties, and he finds them unsupported by any sufficient evidence. They have been ample for ages, which lived largely in the emotions, but are utterly unable to meet the wants of the critical intellect. The incessant parading of unproved assumptions may convince and satisfy the child, but they disgust the man. The multitudinous contradictions, which the unthinking fail to see, are eyesores to the critical mind. And then, the progress made in the various sciences, reduce to worse than childish nonsense the fundamental stories, on which the religious systems rest all their claims.

Intimately associated with religion has ever been the question of morals. To the will and teaching of some Deity, we have always been referred as the source of moral feeling and for precepts to guide in its exercise. Without religion, it has been again and again asserted, there is, there can be no genuine morality. The skepticism which has undermined the religious faith, has also sapped the fundamentals of morality.

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