

THE PRESENT AGE.

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WE MAKE THE LIGHTS AND SHADES OF OUR LIFE PICTURES BY DEEDS.

IN ADVANCE.

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WHOLE No. 102.

Original Poetry.

For the Present Age.
REST;—"MY CALL."
BY J. L. MANSFIELD.
Rest! rest! O give my spirit rest! Why
Thus the inspired spirit prayed I know not.
It seemed an inspiration, that compelled
The utterance of this simple prayer, as
I wandered from the scenes of busy
Toll, seeking that for which my spirit
Rest, rest. Far back among the hills I passed
Into the forest shade, to hold aware
Converse with our Mother Nature, and ask
Of her, the answer to my brief petition.
Seated beneath the mingling shades,
Of spreading beech and stately hemlock, I
Felt again the inspiration, returning
In wave-like undulations, quieting
The external sense, until a voice I
Heard, speaking to the innermost, which breathed
An answer to the prayer:
"My Brother, rest thou
Shalt find if truly thou dost seek for it.
Divine rest is only found in labor.
No paradox is this I give, 'tis only
Nature's universal answer, coming
Thousand-voiced into the human soul from
All her works. Seek not its genial soothing
Power, apart from the great onward
Sweeping tide of human thought and life.
Seek not rest in solitude; for Nature,
In the leafy masses of the wild; tells
Ever to the ear that truly listens,
The legends of her life of toil. How she
Has fed and reared upon her bosom, the
Lofly children of the forest, when white
Forgetting not to nurse with kindly care
The tiny plants and creeping vines that ask
For life, nor ask in vain. See how she
Builds her monuments of hill and mountain!
How with architectural beauty crowns
Their summits with the waving growth of
Singing pines; or towering higher still,
Caps them with eternal snows that coldly
Mock the summer showers that fill the
Valley streams.
Standing in created dignity,
They bid defiance to the melting rays
That warm and beautify the earth, they rise
So haughtily above, and look upon
As proud unfeeling bigots look upon
A world warmer and better than themselves.
Turn from this vision of these mountain scenes,
And hear the never-tiring streams, echo
The lesson. See how they cut their wild weird
Passes through the rough rocks making their
Pilgrimage onward to their goal,—the ocean.
The friction of eternal toil, is found
Among the particles of water, earth,
And air, working its mystery.
Go where you will,
Nature teaches the lesson that rest is
Only found in labor. The 'bread of life,'
Must needs be kneaded well by our own hands,
To take away its bitter taste, and make
Digestion good. Look now upon the
Ripening fields of human life and thought,
Ready for the harvest of reform.
Truth never veils her face to mortal view;
But mortals oft unwisely draw too close
About their lives, the murky clouds of old
And superstitious error, thus shutting
Out the light divine, that also would greet their
Vision.
We make the lights and shades
Of our life-pictures by our deeds.
We make our heavens and our belts
Then live in them ourselves. Nature ever sings
The cheerful songs of labor, through all the
Myriad forms of change, that mark the
Footsteps of progression's law. The music
Of the breeze that chants its simple lays of
Swelling harmony, through swaying branches
Of the forest trees; the noisy leaping
Streamlet, bubbling its melody, hastens
Along its pebbled channel to blend its
Tributary power, with some fair river,
That aspires to turn the great wheel of a
Mill, or quench a city's thirst. We read the
Self-same lesson, graven on rocky tables,
Down in the deep caverns of the earth where
The great Chemist makes the glittering ore,
And piles the curious trades, that form, from
Primates few, such beautiful numbers, all
Pointing to the end of wisest use.
The silent growth of plants,
The hum of insect life, the song of birds,—
The grateful fragrance of the unfolding flowers,—
The rush of torrents as they hurrahy murmur
Of their power to do,—the sweeping storms
That lash the ocean in their fury, all
Teach eternally the lesson, that labor
Is the method of the Eternal Mind,
Tending to purity and rest.
The million forms of animated life
All join the universal song of joy.
When man shall listen
To the wisdom Nature ever teaches
From her open book, then shall the
Enlightened mind see harmony in all
Things. The strong shall help the weak and
Broader charity shall lift the burden
From the struggling poor, driving the gaunt form
Of hopeless want from every home, and all
Shall share the wealth and plenty, strown by the
Fathers liberal hand; too often hoarded
Now by avaricious minds that clutch the
Earnings of their brother man, by giving
Beauty compensation for the toll, that
Crushes down his spirit with relentless
And unyielding power. When wrong shall
Cease, and universal justice shall be
Wrought into the fabric of our social
Life, then shall the ever-sounding chorus
Of the great labor song, that rises to
The throne of Deity from all his works,
Be echoed back again by his own
Loving voice, calling the weary to their
Rest. That rest is labor done on Nature's
Plan,
Mankind shall know that peace and happiness
Flow forth, pure as crystal streams, when they
Obey the mandates of unchanging law. Then
Up, and labor for the general good.
All are in need of sympathy and love,
To help them grow to nobler man and
Womanhood. None can boast of independence,
For all must seek another's aid in climbing
To the pure celestial heights of truth and
Wisdom. Each spirit forms a link in the
Unbroken chain that reaches from the lowest
Stage to the crowned seraph where shines the
Gleaming light, spreading its beauty like a
Georgous mantle over all.
True rest
Is found in the divinity of labor.
Brother, heed the lesson thy labor waits

For thee. Gofeed the hungry souls with the
True "bread of life,"—Nature's own truths.
The eternal law
Of compensation runs through all things
And answers all true prayer. To labor for
The right, with motives pure and good, will
Bring thee rest, and only canst thou build thy
Heaven, by doing others good.
My teacher's voice was still,
Leaving the troubled spirit calm and
Unruffled as the quiet lake hemmed in
By wooded hills.
I mused on life
And cheerful sought my labor in the fields
Of human thought and strife.
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IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!
WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gavin and his horse tread no more the
weary path; the rope is detached, the block
removed, for at last the pipe is firmly estab-
lished on the rock, one hundred and twenty-
five feet below the surface; after six long
months of hard, monotonous toil! As much
joy was experienced when rock was undoubt-
edly touched, as ever Columbus felt at the
welcome cry of "land ahead!" Crowds of
people flocked to the well to offer their con-
gratulations; for oil discovered in the vicini-
ty would raise the village to a city; and more
persons than Gavin, Jessie and Jane were
building air-castles upon that well.
"Just in time," said Gavin to Jane, fun
looking out of his eyes; "for if this rock had
not been found, whereon to rest my pipe and
my spirit, some morning, perhaps, the in-
habitants would have seen in the B— paper
something about a case of death from ex-
cess of petroleum incubations."

Drillers were now at work boring in the
rock. They had gone eighteen feet, when
gas and oil in small quantities became man-
ifest, the latter being on exhibition for some
time afterwards; faith rose and lands were
leased rapidly, every farm adjacent to the
well being besieged by persons who had taken
the oil fever.
Oscar and Mrs. Allston arrived to share in
all this joy, for it was supposed they were
near the goal of bliss. Oscar, Jane and
Jessie drove around the country for many
miles on oil explorations, places psychomet-
rically declared good, being at once leased.
Every farmer was anxious to lease a portion
of his land to have it tested, for should oil
be found their land would be of untold value.
Oscar was delighted beyond measure; he
wanted to see about buying the house which
Gavin had rented, before oil was reached and
property thereby enhanced in value. What
a rush of people there would be as soon as it
should be noised abroad that oil was found!
how fortunate they had been to get there
first! He had discarded his school for ever;
they would all live now; they would go to
Europe, California and I don't know where
besides; yes, and he would have planned a
trip to the moon, had he known of any means
of conveyance.
Mrs. Allston was very happy, for she and
her children were again together, and she
looked as if her every wish were gratified.
One felt as one looked at her, that she was
like the golden grain, ready for the garner,
yet not because of any appearance of age or
disease. Jane, however, often said to Gavin,
"I feel that mother will not live long." When
not reading, in which she was engaged about
half the day, she was industriously sewing on
soft, delicate garments, an occupation which
seemed to give her great pleasure.
For several weeks Jessie had been busy on
something which she seemed disposed to keep
secret. A few days subsequent to the ar-
rival of her mother, she entered the room in
which Jane and Mrs. Allston were at work.
"Now, what do you say to that?" she ex-
claimed; "is it not pretty?" It was a ba-
by basket lined with blue silk. "How pretty
—O, how beautiful!" said Jane and her
mother. "These made it thyself!"
The tiny hair brush, comb, etc., were each held up
and commented on; then came the pin
cushion on which was inscribed in pins' heads
the word "WELCOME!" Then Jessie dis-
played a robe of exquisite needle work, say-
ing, "O the blessed darling! won't it look
sweet in that!"
Wonderful, beautiful mystery! As ex-
pressed by Mary F. Davis:
"Very near to the Infinite Nature,
"Very near to the heart of God,
"More blessed than the hills of Beulah,
"Which the white feet of angels tread—
"Is the sacred heart of woman,
"The nature by which alone,
"The Divine can become embodied,
"And the spirit reach its home."

Jessie had received several letters from the
young Doctor to whom she was engaged, but
Jane had not read them. When their excla-
mations had subsided, Jessie took from her
pocket a letter which she gave to Jane, say-
ing, "Read it and tell me what these things
of that."
"From the Doctor," Jane remarked; "why,
he writes like a school-boy! what spelling!
what bungling! what!"
"There, don't say any more," said Jessie
with a blushing face; "let me have it;"
then she went to the stove and put it in the
fire.
"Why?"
"I'll never write to him again. Marry an
ignoramus like that! no!"
"His letters have sealed his fate," said
Jane.
"And mine too."

Mrs. Allston gave a long sigh of relief.
"What a weight has been lifted from my
spirit," she said; "I greatly desire to see
thee married to just as good a man as Gav-
in."
"I shall not marry, mother, until I find
some one quite as suitable for me as Gavin is
for Jane. By-the-by, I almost forgot that I
have a letter here for Jane, from friend Mar-
tindale."
"Read it aloud, Jane, please; I do so like
to read his letters, for they are so full of
original thoughts that they will bear reading
more than once."
And so she read—
"I was wondering why I had no letter from thee,
when thy letter came; wondering—not blaming;
for I knew thee was hindered by body or spirit,
and that a letter would come when all was right. As to
loving snow, it is all very well for those that have a
fancy for blue noses, and cold feet; but I like nat-
ure best when she is full of life and singing, and
pleasant, warm smiles; even her glorious face
in winter looks pinched and scowling, and her voice
is husky, not to say that it sounds very much like
scolding. Doubtless, like good children, we must
love our mother, even when she lays on the rod; but
I must honestly say that I like her better when
she pets than when she spans me. In summer I
perfectly adore her, but in winter I fear I am a
contumacious child, and feel more like hitting the
old lady to blow and he—! And this brings
me to thy very charitable opinion of my love for
Nature and my intimacy with her. There is mostly
right about it; but there is so much of the Epicu-
rean in me that my acquaintance with her is more
of a kissing kind than either Platonic or Scen-
ific. I neither know the names nor the nature of
her rocks and flowers and birds; I never could find
bird's nests, and often wondered where they all
lived. If I took up a flower to examine it, it smiled
and blushed so beautifully that I could only love it.
I could not even get so far as, like the painter, to
mark well her stary brightness, or the immortal
glow that decks her bosom, or the golden wonders
of her clouds; I rather floated among these and
away with them than looked at them; and it was
not for the outside beauty either; for it always
seemed as if her own spirit was there, and that all
I wanted was to lie still and be petted by her; what
a lady Turk! And so, I suppose, she is rather out
of patience with such indolent attentions, and won't
leave me anything. But bless her pretty face and
heart! I can see she is really not so very angry
after all; there it is! such a lovely glimmering of
a smile, even when she scolds me, that I think, after
all, she is content that I should only love her in place
of knowing her; but clearly I am not to expect
that she will tell me her secrets or give me knowl-
edge for nothing.
"I agree entirely with you, that though personal
endowments, and genius and knowledge are all both
bright and captivating, their greatness is as nothing
compared to simple goodness. This has long been
my fixed belief, and it is confirmed every day. Let
us give every Oscar his due; we can honor intellect
and beauty too, without admitting that they are the
greatest. But one may be sure he is making good
progress in true life, when he finds that the external
is only good to him, as it indicates internal, and im-
mortal goodness; for to have risen above the mere
senses as to what is soft, tempting, lively, glitter-
ing, and to be guided by the eye of the soul to what
is lovely in its goodness—that truly is progress.
From the flower to the spirit of the flower is a long
and difficult road; it is also the road from the mor-
tal to the immortal."
"What a quaintness," said Jessie, "there
is about his style. I do so like him; I—
mean—"
She blushed and stammered out something
about "only as a friend."
"Well," said Jane, "he loves thee; I have
seen it all the time, but thee did not."
"He! nonsense! he is older than Gavin,
and I am younger than thee. O, it would
be ridiculous!" She laughed incredulously
and ran away.
The baby was arrived. Look at it, dear
reader, as Jessie holds it on her lap. Did
you ever see a sweeter face? "One would
think," said Jessie, who had been looking at
it for a quarter of an hour, "that never a
breath of sorrow had passed over its spirit,
or ever would pass over it; so pure it looks
that I could fancy an angel had brought it to
us from the land where no sorrow or sin can
enter. We ought to have it daguerretyped
just as it looks at this moment, with its blank-
et loosely thrown over it. I don't think
there ever was such a pretty baby; now,
mother, does thee not think so?"
"Yes, it is the sweetest baby I ever saw;
Jane must have felt very happy in its posses-
sion."
The baby was the centre of love and life;
never was an infant more welcome; Jane had,
all her life, wished for a child—a child of her
own; now she had one, and her cup of bliss
was full to overflowing.
Gavin like all men who had not noticed
children—much, yet had a deep latent love for
them—was most extravagant in his admi-
ration of his boy; every smile and look was
wonderful, delightful. "There never was
such a baby before," he said; "no baby ever
did so that, or he would have observed it."
A new world was open to Gavin; a bless-
ing, a happiness had come to them in this ba-
by that no after darkness could shut out.
"Which would thee prefer?" asked Gavin
of Jane one day as she was talking to her ba-
by; "this child of ours, or all the wealth
Oscar and thee have ever dreamed or hoped
for?"
"O my baby!" quickly answered Jane.
"Then he is worth untold wealth," said
Gavin smiling at the child.
"O yes! take all away, but give me my
boy. O, Gavin, I am so happy to think I
have a child of my own! I only think—my own!
I could shout aloud for joy; as it is I—"
She wept for joy; O blessed mother! In
a moment she looked up, smiles and tears
mingling like rain and sunshine.
"What large benevolence he has, Gavin;
look at his head; benevolence rises like a
pyramid; does thee not think that is strange?"
"No, replied Gavin, bending over the

child? "that," said he as he touched the or-
gan on the baby's head, "is the mother's
dream."
"How?"
"The mother's dream actualized in the
child."
"O Gavin! if it should come to pass that
all our hopes should fail—that I could never
do anything for woman, then this child—the
embodiment of my dream, as these say—he
may take up the thread which his mother
could not grasp, and may yet do something
for humanity. But Gavin—O dear Gavin!
I feel that my plans for woman's elevation,
dependent on wealth to carry them out, have
become my life."
"The boy!"
"Yes, first,—these next; but Gavin, thee
is not losing faith, is thee?"
"I think it well to be prepared for what-
ever may come."

They had now drilled one hundred and
twenty-five feet,—two hundred and fifty feet
below the surface. It had cost ten times the
amount anticipated, leaving in their purse
but a few hundred dollars. Gavin knew that
this was almost their last chance, failing in
which they would be nearly ruined; hence
he thought it well, as he said, to be pre-
pared for what might come. At the same
time the prospect was quite encouraging, or
so supposed; gas frequently came up with
great force, and oil was occasionally observed
in small quantities.
At about this period Thomas Martindale
with Wm. and Hannah Tilghman, arrived from
Cincinnati on a visit. The baby was the centre
of attraction. Hannah and her William think-
ing it the sweetest piece of humanity in the
universe, the former exclaiming, O, I tell
thee, Jane, I'd think I was blessed above
measure had I a baby like thee!"
Thomas Martindale watched Jessie talk-
ing to it, holding her curls over its face,
which its little hands would grasp and pull,
when all would laugh and declare it a little
darling. "Do come nearer, friend Martin-
dale," she said on one such occasion; "now
do say thee thinks it a perfect little angel."
As he stood looking at it with a smile on
his demure countenance he replied; "I sup-
pose men folks cannot feel the same pleasure
in children as you women; it is a pretty pic-
ture, full of pleasure to the heart, to see a
mother with a child; I am glad Jane has the
picture, not to look at, but to become herself
the original. I was thinking, however, that
I'd rather have thee, thy curls and smiles,
than that wee baby."
"Thee does not manifest good taste," Jessie
replied, as a blush surprised her counte-
nance. He observed the blush, which for an
instant gave him pleasure, because he be-
lieved that she understood him; but as this
did away came the thought, "O Jessie only
blushed because I startled her, I was so seri-
ous and earnest."

He had been told by Hannah only the day
previous to their leaving Cincinnati that Jessie
had broken off her engagement with Dr.
Dumley. His path, he reflected, was then
clear; but then Jessie had never thought of
him otherwise than as a friend, and why
should he seek the love of her young heart?
Three days more; then they must return
to Cincinnati; let us recall, if we can, their
last evening together—that babe; that moth-
er in her love; those earnest, pleasant friends
and their conversation; Mrs. Allston just as
she always looks, only that the sun has risen
on her soul, never again to set.
"Thee looks so happy," said Hannah.
"Yes, I am happy, for all is well with my
children and I am satisfied. Jessie will not
marry that Dr. Strong, and I now feel at
rest."
"Does thee know," said Hannah, "I am
sure friend Martindale has loved thy Jessie
ever since he saw her first."
I could give her to him as freely as I gave
Jane to Gavin," replied the mother.
That night hovered over the house-hold the
loving angels; for death—the change—was
at hand, and ere another day dawned on earth
there was rejoicing at the birth of a soul in
heaven, ripened and ready for the "better
land."
Twelve o'clock struck and they arose to
retire. Mrs. Allston kissed the baby and
said, "Let us call him Promise."
"Promise—Promise!" said one or two;
"that is a pretty name."
"I like it," said Jane.
"Then," said Gavin, "our boy is named
Promise."
"Promise of happiness, promise of gold
and of oil, I suppose," said Thomas Martin-
dale.
Mrs. Allston was now standing with the
child in her arms. She went into an adjoin-
ing room and put it in bed, and then retired
to her own room upstairs.
In a short time Jessie and Jane, who were
talking alone in the parlor, heard their moth-
er's footsteps. Jessie opened the door, say-
ing, "Why mother, how quickly you came
down stairs! what is the matter?"
Mrs. Allston had now entered the room;
as the light fell on her face, both daughters
exclaimed, "O my poor mother—there is sick!
She was almost black in the face and gasp-
ing for breath. They bathed her face and
head with camphor and in a few moments she
appeared to be recovered.
"I shall not live long, my daughters," she
said as soon as she could speak; "my heart
disease grows worse every day."
Half an hour afterwards those daughters
were tenderly undressing their mother, one
untying her shoes, another unfastening her

dress, Jessie making her mother laugh by
talking about "crazy hearts." When she
was comfortably in bed, they yet lingered at
her side, for their hearts were heavy.
"I'm quite well, my daughters," she said;
"you need not be uneasy about me; go to
bed, it is late." But yet they lingered, Jane
saying that something ought to be done to
check such attacks.
"O, it is coming on again! run Jessie, for
some water!" She gasped for breath; then
she laid her hand on Jane's shoulder, saying,
"O dear, I am dying! it is all over now,"
and expired.
(To be Continued.)

A Spiritual Manifestation.

A MOSS ROSE WRITTEN BY INVISIBLE HANDS.

"The writer of this brief article is personally
cognizant of the fact that the celebrated Jules
Janin has borne the highest testimony to the
astute discrimination, philosophical attain-
ments and general education of a certain Ger-
man lady now residing in this city. "Astute
discrimination" and "philosophical attain-
ments" are emphasized here, or intended to
be so because the story about to be related
is so strange and incredible that it has been
deemed necessary to refer to her clear-
ness of perception and her logical turn of mind
to establish the respectability of her evidence
in the premises.
Before leaving Berlin, her native city,
about eight years ago, she became the inti-
mate friend and companion of a certain Miss
G.,—a very beautiful young girl, who, among
her other accomplishments, was noted for her
music and embroidery. Circumstances so
ordered it that these two ladies traveled to-
gether through the greater part of Germany,
France and Italy with the mother of Alice,
who was a wealthy invalid. While sojourning
in the vicinity of the lake of Como, Alice,
at the instance of her friend, began a piece
of embroidery, intended to represent a basket
of flowers, the central figure of which was to
be a "full blown moss rose, filled with crim-
son," as Alexander Smith has it. Gradually
the canvas became almost odorless, as had
before him seem to open to the sunbeam of her
needle as it glinted through the pink and
pearly dawn of her fingers. Already had
bunches of leaves fallen with careless grace
over the verge of the exquisitely wrought
wick-work, some rich in that brown, intel-
lectual tinge so dear to Wouvermans, and
others bright with all the emerald loveliness
of spring.
During the progress of this delightful bou-
quet, and whenever the fair embroiderer sat
down to it, she invariably began to sing some
portion of that unrivaled cavatina, "Robert
toi que j'aime"—a circumstance to which
her attention had been called frequently, but
which she as constantly treated with a light-
hearted laugh. In this way matters sped
until the whole basket was filled, save a vacant
spot in the midst of the clustering flowers,
yet to be occupied by their flushed queen.
At this juncture the mother of Alice was sud-
denly recalled to Germany; and, both the
ladies accompanying her, the embroidery need-
le was, of course, laid aside for the time being.
"This was a source of some disappointment to
one of the party at least, as the piece of needle-
work was intended as a souvenir for the
lady first mentioned in this little history, and
as she was most desirous of possessing it com-
pleted to the very last touch. Seeing that
some time could not but elapse, however, be-
fore the work could be finished, she took
charge of the canvas, humorously exacting a
promise from Alice that, whether dead or
alive, she should add the central and crown-
ing flower to the group, which promise was
as joyously, but quite as explicitly, given;
and that, too, on the very last day of Decem-
ber, 1860. Through some family complica-
tions, not necessary to explain here the party
broke up on arriving in Paris, Alice and her
friend meeting no more, the latter having
shortly afterward sailed for America, reaching
this city, where, as already intimated, she now
resides.
From the moment of her landing here, and
up to within the last couple of months, she
corresponded regularly with her friend, who,
although no longer a girl, was still unmarried,
notwithstanding the ripeness and fascination
of her beauty. In the letters that passed be-
tween them, occasional mention was made
of the unfinished embroidery; when Alice
always joyously renewed her pledge to finish
the moss rose, whether dead or alive. So
beautiful was the basket of flowers in even its
incomplete condition, it was the practice of
its fair and intellectual custodian to exhibit
it from time to time, to such of her friends as she deemed
judges of such things; while it was her cus-
tom, every New Year's eve before retiring to
rest, to place the embroidery frame before
her, on which the canvas still lay stretched,
for the purpose of communing in spirit with
the loved one beneath whose fingers it first
began to glow.
In this way, time stole steadily on, until
the night of the 31st of December 1869,
when this frame was again brought from its
hiding-place, and shown to a lady and gen-
tleman who happened to drop in on its owner.
After their departure, she who had prized it
so dearly, placed it in a small parlor adjoining
her bedchamber, where, after dwelling
with fearful eyes upon the happy scenes it
awakened, she suddenly formed the resolution
of adding the missing flower herself; and to
this end, as she was an accomplished em-
broiderer, she laid out her colors on the table,
determined to commence the work on the fol-
lowing morning. Full of this resolve, she
sought her bed, when she was soon asleep.
How long she had remained in this state of
unconsciousness she was unable to say; but
when she again became aware of her exist-
ence, she was both surprised and alarmed to
discover that the apartment in which the
embroidery frame stood was filled with a pale
greenish light, and, more inexplicable still,
it was occupied by some one who was humm-
ing an air that was familiar to her. As her
senses became more collected her heart stood
still! There could be no mistaking the
voice! It was that of Alice, and the song
was "Robert toi que j'aime!" Slowly but
surely a great fear overshadowed her, until
she was totally paralyzed. In vain she at-
tempted to cry out. She could neither speak
nor move, so completely was she overpowered;
and had not a merciful unconsciousness again
taken possession of her, she entertains the
idea that her life would have been the for-
feit.

It was long after daylight before the spell
which had seized upon her was broken; and
when, after a hasty toilet, she appeared in
the breakfast room, her pale and agitated
countenance bespoke at once that she was ill
at ease. A foreign letter in a morning en-
velope lay beside her plate! With a trem-
bling hand she broke the seal. Alice G.—
was dead! She hastened up stairs and sat
down at the table where, on the previous
night, she had arranged all her embroidery
materials. It appeared to her as though they
had been slightly disturbed. She glanced
furtively toward the embroidery frame!
The moss rose was added to the basket of
flowers!
It has, without effect, been suggested to
this lady that she had herself, while in some
abnormal condition, finished the embroidery,
and that the arrival of the letter was but a
strange coincidence. To all such arguments
she turns a deaf ear; averring that she was
perfectly conscious of her position while she
was listening to the cavatina from "Robert";
and that, were she to receive the wealth of
India for working a rose like the one in ques-
tion, she should never be able to perform the
task. In this way she shakes the incredula-
tality of those who know her; although some
are not to be convinced that the very singu-
lar affair is incapable of being explained on
natural principles.—New York Evening
Post.

The Origin and Influences of Spiritualism.

On Sunday evening last, a highly intelli-
gent audience filled the Cavendish Rooms, to
hear the discourse by Mr. Peebles, who spoke
from the text, "Who shall roll us away the
stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Hu-
manity, said Mr. Peebles, in its ignorance
and vice, is symbolized by the tomb, against
which lies the stone of spiritual blindness,
preventing the entrance of Divine Truth.
He referred to the evils which afflict mankind,
and asked who would, or what would, roll
away the stone and introduce a better system
of social life, or a higher form of existence
among men? The past ages had produced
leaders and deliverers at various times: Luther,
Calvin, Arminius, Channing, Hosea Ballou,
Parkes, and others. These men shed light
and hope upon humanity by their genius,
inspiration, and earnestness; but their fol-
lowers did not come up to their standard,
but formed creeds which chained and cramped
their minds, and inspiration left them. The
Sectarists always fall below the level of the
genius in whom they pretend to follow,
and thus the masses are filled with spiritual
darkness and doubt. And he said, in his
heart,—"Who shall bring light to these peo-
ple? Who shall roll away the stone?" God
never left the world without a witness of
himself; at all times there have been indi-
viduals of all classes who represent the rela-
tions which exist between the spiritual and
natural worlds,—sybil's geomancers, pro-
phets, seers, etc., whose mission it is to ele-
vate and perfect the race, and in the course
of time Spiritualism becomes a power su-
ceeding and perfecting kindred influences
that had gone before. In 1848, the celebra-
ted rappings at Rochester were first heard,
and some were of opinion that it was the
first form of Spiritualism; but twenty-seven
years before that time, the Shakers' Com-
munity in America, consisting of eighteen soci-
eties, the nearest, most kind-hearted, and
most spiritual-minded people upon the face
of the earth, who imitated Christ as their
Ideal, were the first to be favored with open
communication with the spiritual world. At
that time the spiritual spheres descended
upon these communities with great power,
producing various forms of mediumship; the
trance, speaking with tongues, writing, etc.,
a record of which manifestations was faith-
fully kept, and now forms the sacred roll of
the Bible of the Shaker Communities. This
roll is an accurate report of the trance com-
munications, and moral instructions of all
kinds, which commenced twenty-seven years
before the rapping mediumship of the Fox
Girls appeared. It is recorded, that in the
visions of the Shakers, a prophecy was given,
declaring that the spirit would descend upon
the Gentiles also, that is, upon those outside
the Shaker Community. And just before
the era of Spiritualism came, Andrew Jack-
son Davis, the celebrated clairvoyant, who,
in vision, saw and foretold what has since
taken place, through the influence of Spiritu-
alism. Others, in trance and ecstasy, had
foretold the advent and career of Spiritu-
alism, which, during these last twenty years,
has extended from the frozen north to the
burning south, in the face of the press, popu-
lar ignorance, and prejudice, and the organ-
ized opposition of a sectarian priesthood.
Spiritualism had filled the speaker with in-
disputable evidence, that there is communi-
cation between the inhabitants of the earth
and those gone before into the immortal life.
While he was in the orthodox church he used
to rejoice in the gospel promises; but when
he knew experimentally that the bending souls
around this earth were filled with the souls
of departed loved ones, he shouted for joy,
and hastened to the old reverend clergyman
who ordained him to inform him of the good
news. The aged father received the message
rather coldly, and said the speaker was crazy,
and following the example of the great body
of preachers, flatly objected to the very prin-
ciples which were the highest objects of their
religious belief. Mr. Peebles contended that
Spiritualism was just what the Christian
world wanted, and prayed for. Spiritualism
has come unsought for, and unexpected, and
its greatest triumphs are amongst those whose
open and liberal in their love of truth. Mr.
Peebles hoped that Spiritualists would never
crystallize into a sect; if they did, inspira-
tion would leave them. Freedom, he said,
is the watch-word of nature in all her opera-
tions, and confinement universally breeds
weakness and decay.
Mr. Peebles then glanced at the uses of
Spiritualism. He said, it gives man a posi-
tive knowledge of an immortal life. It teach-
es mankind the true philosophy of prayer,
God, he said, is not affected by our prayers,
but prayer influences ourselves, our compan-
ions, and our spirit-friends. He illustrated
this important subject by supposing the case
of a poor widow with her children starving
for bread; she prays earnestly to God to
send her relief. Her spirit-guides are influ-
enced by her earnest entreaties, and imme-
diately set themselves to work to relieve her
position. They find some susceptible minds
amongst those blessed with the world's pos-
session. The merchant's mind thus impressed,
he thinks of the poor during the day, and
upon arriving home he says to his wife, "I
wonder how those poor people in the cottage

are getting on; they look very wretched."
The lady replies, "I have just been thinking
the same thing myself. Suppose we pack a
few things into the basket, and go over and
see what we can do for them?" Accordingly
they visit the family, and give the widow re-
lief, who returns thanks to God for this in-
terposition in her behalf, and all are elevated
and blessed in the act. Spiritualism, Mr.
Peebles continued, is a comfort to the mourner
and to the afflicted. A poor woman in
California, who had first lost her husband,
and then several children, was heard to de-
clare that her knowledge of the continued ex-
istence and communion with those beloved
ones, was the only thing which kept her re-
ason from losing its seat and leaving her in a
state of derangement and mental despair.
Such is a brief outline of one of the most
interesting and powerful of the discourses
which Mr. Peebles has delivered in these
rooms. We are glad to notice that the inter-
est at these meetings is increasing.

The Medium.

From the Medium and Day Book.

The Day of Judgment.

On Sunday evening, the 10th of April,
"The Day of Judgment" was the subject
discussed by Mr. Peebles at the Cavendish
Rooms. In speaking of the orthodox theo-
ries of a "Day of Judgment" he said they
were immoral, because they put the day of
reckoning far into the distance, whereas men
should feel that judgment follows immedi-
ately upon their actions, and that they are
blessed in the very act of doing good for its
own sake, and suffer in doing evil. Delays,
he said, are dangerous; and evil, allowed to
germinate under the influence of a distant
and uncertain retribution, is likely to increase.
Men, under such circumstances, would be
like boys at school, where the whole of their
punishment was put off till the last day of at-
tendance; and the boys would reason, and
justly, that they might do as much mischief
as they liked, so long as the master did not
see them; whereas they should be taught to
feel that the teacher's eye is constantly upon
them; and, in like manner, men should be
taught that God's eyes, that angel's eyes,
that spirit eyes are ever upon them, each
hour and each minute of their existence. He
said that every law by which the universe is
governed, either with respect to its physical,
mental, moral or spiritual forces, is a judge
of good and evil, and by it, each day, we
stand approved or condemned; and to him it
sometimes seemed strange that the student with
all their experience in, and observation of, the
laws of nature, should persist in transgressing
them, either physically, mentally, or morally.
He said that in the distribution of justice by
these laws there were no mistakes made, and
no man or people could be saved from a self-
inflicted punishment by a special act of Pro-
vidence. In fact there was no special Pro-
vidence. What we call special Providences are
the missionary works and ministrations of
angels and spirits. God cannot break or set
aside his own laws. If a man transgresses
a physical law, he must suffer the necessary
punishment, and there is no possible way of
escape; and Mr. Peebles said he thought
that if men would really set to work in ear-
nest to study their own nature and wants, they
would soon learn that the only way to be hap-
py is to be good. The uses of tribulation or
suffering, Mr. Peebles illustrated in the fol-
lowing manner: "At this moment a scene
flashes across my eyes (my spirit friends fre-
quently in this manner call to my mind some
thought or idea I am nearly forgetting), and,
as I look, I think I see a landscape contain-
ing a field of wheat or corn, all ripening
for the harvest; and I almost seem to hear
the corn exclaim, "Oh! that we could be-
come leaves of bread to bless the tables of the
poor"—a most noble aspiration, and the farm-
er seems to hear the voice of the field,
and reply, "As ye will, it shall be—for
what ye require to see shall reach; and with
one fell swoop he says the whole field low, and
it lies there in the scorching, burning sun,
and by-and-by it is gathered up and borne
to the threshing-floor, where it is threshed and
trud upon. "Oh!" says the wheat, "we
wish to be loaves of bread." "All in good
time," the farmer replies. It is then taken
to the mill, and ground to powder, the wheat
all the while protesting against such harsh
treatment; and so, like many more, it goes
to glory grumbling. But after it is ground
to powder it is taken by the baker, who mixes,
and cuts, and kneads the poor wheat and
finally puts it into an oven of intense heat,
where the wheat is finally baked and almost
burned; and yet all these sufferings are in-
dispensable processes which have to be passed
through before the wheat can become bread,
and feed the hungry. So, again, with flux.
It is pulled up, and left to dry in the rays
of the burning sun. The farmer then takes it,
and breaks it; it is split, and spun, and
passes through the whole of the process,
till by-and-by it becomes a beautiful bleached
and sparkling fabric. The same law exists in human
life. Suffering and trial are means to a
higher development, and the "Judgment"
which commands them is one of love, and not
of retaliation.

INVOCATION.

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. (The following invocation was given inspirationally in Niles, Sunday morning, May 8th, preceding a lecture on the origin of life on this planet from its first cellular manifestation up through the vegetable and animal kingdom to man.)

The Late Discussion.

The discussion which has been pending between O. P. Kellogg, Spiritualist, and Prof. A. N. Craft, Methodist, since last March, came off at Jamestown, Pa., the first week in May. It was our good fortune to be present at the five concluding sessions, (there were eight in all,) and we there saw illustrated for the hundredth time, the hate, trickery and fraud indulged in by the opponents of Spiritualism, and the candid, straight-forward spirit which characterize the leading exponents of our Philosophy.

It is fresh in the memory of many, how Prof. Craft distinguished himself in Farmington, O., little more than a year ago, by his unmanly misrepresentations of Spiritualism. Bro. Wheelock, Kellogg and others, went to Farmington, two years since, where they enlisted a deep interest in Spiritualism, which finally culminated in a determination to erect a hall. Farmington was the stronghold of Methodism. The Methodists have a college there. Prof. Craft was its Principal. He did not want a free hall built in their midst, and so elected himself as a champion in a crusade against Spiritualism and the Spiritualists. He adopted the advice of the early Fathers of the church, which was to "lie and deceive" when the interests of the church could thereby be advanced. He has on several occasions been convicted of lying and misrepresentation. His course has been to read garbled extracts from Spiritual literature, charging that our leading writers sanction lying, hypocrisy, adultery, the abrogation of all moral obligations, &c; and that Spiritualists were free-lovers, traitors to their country, and bad citizens. In March 1869, Prof. Craft engaged in a discussion with A. A. Wheelock, a synoptical report of which appeared soon after. Then followed a correspondence between Prof. C. and Ezekiel Curtis, of Farmington, in which Bro. Curtis convicted him of deliberate falsehood. About this time the atmosphere became too hot for the Prof. at Farmington, and he removed to Erie, Pa., from that point he went out occasionally to adjacent towns, to preach against Spiritualism. At last he went to Jamestown, where he repeated the frauds he had perpetrated at Farmington, and finally stated before he left, that if any lecturer on Spiritualism should go to Jamestown in the future, they stood challenged by him for a discussion. Brother O. P. Kellogg spent a Sunday there in March, and while there, arranged for the discussion, which has recently closed.

Bro. O. P. Kellogg is a slender man, of medium height, angular build, light complexion, blue eyes, a genial, pleasant face, which at times looks comical, and very eccentric in his general deportment. His speech is easy and spontaneous as a mountain rill. He is a perfect master of wit and sarcasm, and hence is regarded the best stump orator in Ohio. So far as natural qualifications are concerned, we have no better debater in our ranks; and yet Bro. Kellogg is but little known beyond a circuit of a hundred miles. The reason for this, Bro. K. loves his home, and the people love him so well, that they have kept him constantly employed during the last ten years, not consenting he should leave his own district.

Prof. Craft is about the same age, apparently thirty-two or thirty-three years, tall and slender, possessing a good voice and is not a bad speaker. But further, we do not think it is the result of prejudice when we say, that the expression of his eye, and his general movements, are indicative of craft, trickery, deception. We think any physiognomist would say as much.

The question discussed was: Resolved,—That the spirits of departed human beings have and do hold communion with mortals, and that Spiritualism is entitled to greater respect than any other religion extant. Bro. Kellogg cited numerous manifestations from the Old and New Testaments, from the histories of various nations, from the early Protestant reformers, from the Wesley family, from Bishop Clark of the Methodist church, &c. Prof. Craft in reply assumed a position which but very few are stupid enough at this time to hold, namely, that all the so-called Spiritual phenomena are the result of trick and deception; and further, that odious force has no existence, and that all recorded cases of clairvoyance must be referred also to trickery. Having committed himself to

these positions at the opening of the debate, he was forced before its conclusion to the admission that spirits do return, at least to dying Christians, by the miraculous intervention of God.

While the Bible argument was pending, the Prof. admitted the return of Spirits in Bible days, but claimed it was miraculous, and asserted that the age of miracles was past, that no such occurrences have transpired in modern times. Then Bro. K. read from Bishop Clark's sermons, some glowing descriptions of death-bed scenes, where dying Christians, before the breath had left the body, exclaimed in rapture, and called by name some departed friend who had come to welcome them home to heaven. Prof. Craft saw he was in a difficult position; he had denied clairvoyance, branded all modern manifestations as the result of trickery; had said the age of miracles was past, and yet he dared not attempt to impeach his own Bishop; so he put on a bold face, and hoping no doubt we would forget what he had already said about the age of miracles being past, said that he believed, and the church believed, and always had believed, that God did send his angels to the death-bed of the dying Christian. He had before made a distinction between angels and human beings, so Bro. K. asked him to explain about the dying Christians professing to see their own spirits, and calling them by name. Then the Prof. admitted the whole thing—that God did permit the relatives of the dying Christian to return, but still held it was miraculous, and permitted on no occasion except at the death of Christians. To which Bro. K. replied, that it did not matter so far as the statement was concerned, or the inference which was legitimate for the audience to make. Prof. Craft had admitted their return, and the thousands of analogous instances recorded in the literature of Spiritualism, where spiritualists and infidels have testified to the same experiences in the dying hour, will be interpreted by an intelligent public in accordance with our claims.

The limits of an editorial will not admit of even a synopsis of the entire argument, but we wish to add an item or two, regarding Prof. Craft's mode of argumentation, and the deliberate fraud in which he was exposed. It is not upon argument and candid discussion the Prof. relies. His whole aim is to entrap his opponent, and to accomplish this purpose he has a set of carefully prepared syllogisms, which he obtained from Thomas Graham, the oldest and roughest debater in the Methodist church. He puts these in the form of questions, and then demands that his opponent shall answer yes or no. If he can succeed in extorting such an answer, then in the eyes of an unscrutinizing crowd, who are not the least versed in logic, he can make his opponent look ridiculous. Before the discussion commenced, Prof. Craft insisted that Bro. Kellogg should answer by yes or no, any direct question put to him. Bro. K. said he would, if by such answer he could express his opinion; otherwise he should qualify his answer. Among the questions asked by Prof. C., were some like the following:

"Mr. Kellogg, is the Bible true or false?" "Some of it is true and some of it is false," replied Kellogg. "I demand yes or no," says Craft. An appeal was made to the moderators. They decided that any question, which, in Mr. Kellogg's opinion could not be answered by yes or no, he should not be required to answer it. Another question, "Mr. Kellogg, if I should fail to account for the physical phenomena, would my failure prove them spiritual in their origin?" "No," says Kellogg.

Here the Prof. took a twist on his syllogism, and insisted that Kellogg had yielded the whole ground, that he had admitted there was no evidence of the Spiritual origin of the manifestations, when he had merely answered that Craft's failure was no evidence. That was the only question of Craft's, which Kellogg answered by yes or no, which annoyed the Prof. exceedingly.

In the sixth session, Prof. Craft read some garbled extracts, for the purpose of showing that the doctrines of Spiritualism are immoral. In two instances he was detected in deliberate fraud. He read from the American constitution of Spiritualists the following:—"8th. To deliver from all bondage to authority, whether invested in creed, book or church, except that of received truth." He stopped at "church," and omitted to read, "except that of received truth," which is the qualifying clause. Then he made a spread-eagle speech, charging Spiritualists with being traitors to their country, anarchists, opposed to the institution of marriage, and clamorous that all social regulations be abrogated.

The next morning, Bro. Kellogg went into the discussion, armed with the proof of Craft's deliberate falsehood, and we never before witnessed such a scathing rebuke as the Prof. was obliged to submit to. Bro. K. commenced by relating a dream he had the night before. He thought he died and went to heaven. On his way there, he fell in with Prof. Craft, who had also died, and so they wended their way together. On arriving at the gate of the heavenly city, they were met by St. Peter, who enquired who they were and where they came from? Peter turned to him and told him to go in, but he was interested to know what disposition would be made of the Prof. He saw a little imp playing a short distance off, who came running up, and turning to Peter said, "don't let the Prof. in there, for I see my mark upon him." The imp then hurried off to the infernal regions and soon returned with the "Old Fellow Himself," who proceeded to convince Peter that his claim on the Prof. was valid. He put his hand in one of the Prof's side pockets, and drew forth a number of *Banner of Light's* which were notched and mutilated; from another pocket the Devil drew forth a *scrap-book*, in which he said the Prof. had a number of garbled extracts and false statements, which he had used against the Spiritualists, &c. After relating his dream, Bro. Kellogg said he had a painful duty which truth and justice required at his hands. He then read the extract above

quoted, and administered a scathing rebuke to Prof. Craft. He said that whatever laurels he may have felt proud to win in that discussion, were all taken from him by the Prof. now, for he had the sad reflection that he was debating with a man who had violated every pledge of honor his good men in their dealings with each other hold as sacred.

The beautiful manner in which Bro. Kellogg closed the discussion, touched all hearts, even the Christian side of the house. With the last sentence, he approached Prof. Craft and took him warmly by the hand, evincing so much soul and sincerity, as to excite the multitude to tears. Even the Methodist minister of Jamestown was compelled to admit that Bro. Kellogg departed himself like a Christian gentleman. After the congregation were dismissed, many came forward to congratulate Bro. Kellogg, and express their good wishes in his behalf; but we witnessed no such demonstrations, or congratulations toward Prof. Craft. His own friends were disappointed. He had displayed a duplicity worthy only a Benedict Arnold, not the sincerity and earnestness of an honest man.

We hope Bro. Kellogg's field of labor will extend in future beyond the boundaries of a few counties. He is angel-commissioned to accomplish a great work by his public ministrations. His address is East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co, Ohio.

Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 15.

It was Sunday morning. We had stationed ourselves near one of the temples dedicated to the worship of God. The hour of service was near, the Sunday School had been dismissed, and, as the children came from the church, my attention was directed to two young girls, who seemed absorbed in conversation. Drawing near I heard one say to the other: "Alice, what is it that troubles you to-day? You do not act like yourself. The day is so beautiful, it has filled me with happiness, but seems to have had an opposite effect upon you."

"I am unhappy" was the reply, "I wish I were a cloud, or something that could go out of existence. I do not see what I was created for; I do no good in this world, and wish I were out of it!" The last speaker was a young girl not exceeding fifteen years of age, with a delicate complexion, large blue eyes, and golden hair. "I do not see why you should have such feelings," replied her companion. "You are sad to-day; come, go home with me and tell me what it is that troubles you. I promise you my sympathy, and confidently believe that you will see the world in a different light before evening."

"I thank you for your offer of sympathy, I need it, and yet, I believe that it is natural for me to distrust every one. Nelly, I have never told you what my life has been, but today you shall know all; and you will not wonder that life is distasteful to me." "Why really, Alice, you talk as though this little shadow passing over you were something serious. I suppose it is some little love affair; I shall be delighted to serve you, and although I am not very aged, I can assure you I am not inexperienced in these things." The proud lip of the pretty Alice curled with scorn, as she added, "Love will do for poets to dream of, I do not believe in its existence."

They had now reached a large and elegant residence which both entered. I desired to follow, but SILVER SPRAY said: "We will go to her home, you will learn more there." Following the direction of my loved companion, I soon found myself in a small room, plainly furnished and occupied by a lady and gentleman with three children. "Why are the children all at home to-day?" was the first expression I heard as I entered. For a very good reason," was the reply of the lady, made without raising her eyes from the novel she was reading. Without particularly noticing the reply, turning to the child he asked: "Jennie, why did you not go?" "Because mother said I must stay at home and take care of brother."

"I should think there was help enough in the house, without keeping the children at home for that purpose." "You should think," retorted his wife, "well, I assure you I have to do something besides thinking, or they would never go to school." The gentleman arose and after sending the children from the room, addressed the wife—who had again returned to her novel-reading,—and asked: "Where is Alice to-day?" "Where is Alice! I am sure I do not know where she is; you seem determined to manage that I shall not have an hour's enjoyment; if you cannot have one thing to find fault about, you will another; for my part I am sick of this way of living." She tossed the book to a distant part of the room saying: "I am sure no other woman in this world has as much trouble as I have. I wish I had remained single, but girls are all fools, and Alice is no exception."

"What of Alice?" enquired the husband. "Oh, nothing new, only she torments the life out of me, she wants to rule the house and me too. This morning she got angry because she could not have her own way, and said if she were not treated more kindly she would leave. I told her to go, the quicker the better, that I intended to be mistress of my own house as long as I lived. At this she became very angry and said she would go."

"Where is she now?" "I am sure I do not know nor care. Gone to some of the neighbors I suppose; she will be glad enough to come home when her temper cools down."

The gentleman made no reply, but taking his hat he left the room, went out and seated himself in an arbor near the house. Dropping his head upon his hand, great tears fell through his clasped fingers. A great storm seemed sweeping over his soul: "Oh God!" he exclaimed, "I have sown this seed and must reap the bitter fruit it brings. I trifled with affections and brought to my home one whose beauty I

believed would ever have the power to charm me. Alas! through all those years she has poisoned my cup of life, and now has driven from the shelter of home my fairest child. Alice! I must seek her and persuade her to return, I—I— a sharp pain darted through his side—the next moment he lay prostrate upon the earth. It was many hours before his condition was known, and not until noon the next day was he fully restored to consciousness. Then he learned that another drop of bitterness had been added to his cup of woe. Alice had not returned, and although they had searched far and wide, they had received no tidings of her. Alas! she had never known what it was to have a home. The jealous disposition and the ungoverned temper of the mother, had ever kept her from her father's heart; and thus a want of love and home had driven her out into the pitiless world, where day after day she sank deeper and deeper into the darkness and crime that surrounded her. Oh! I could fully realize the necessity of a true home, and the presence of the savior, LOVE. N. M. P.

Questions and Answers.

REPENTANCE.

In one of the letters received during the past week from a new subscriber, the question is asked: "Do Spiritualists believe in Repentance?" Our answer is emphatically, Yes, but not as taught by the Orthodox Theologian of today. We think we can more clearly express the view generally entertained by Spiritualists by the following quotation from A. J. Davis, which accords with reason and is a common sense view of the subject.

"Repentance unto life is a resolution taken in the Wisdom faculties, renouncing personal evil habit, before the whole angel-world, whose aid you invoke; a resolution carried out practically in every subsequent act of life."

A CHANGE OF HEART.

Another asks: "Do Spiritualists believe in a change of heart?"

No, we do not accept the doctrine of a supernatural spiritual conception, nor a new, miraculous birth. We think there are very few persons who have not, in their experience at some time, had a realization of something like "a change of heart," so called by the church. And further, we think we should have little difficulty in presenting to above enquirer, reasons to convince him that the sudden "change of heart," insisted upon by most of the Christian Sects, is experimentally nothing more than a psychological effect produced upon the person thus suddenly "converted," who no doubt enjoys a temporary exaltation of the religious faculties. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the converted are under forty years of age, and a large majority mere children. We do in a much higher sense, believe in a "new birth." If men were born right at first, there would be no necessity of a new birth, but so long as children are born in sin and in iniquity, a new birth will be necessary. Man must become harmonious, and he will have been "born again" and have entered the kingdom of heaven. The reply of Jesus to "Mr. Nicodemus" was in these words, "unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." If our enquirer will take this saying of Jesus, in connection with another, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," we think a pretty good idea will be suggested as to the spiritualistic view of the "new birth," and its necessity. We must arise above a materialistic view of this as of all questions relating to the *Spiritual*. The affections of men must be "born again." We cannot do better than to again quote from our most prominent seer.

"There are many 'changes of heart' in one's lifetime, and very many 'new births.' The marriage of the body to the spirit—this is a delightful birth. It is delicious harmony, producing what Epicurus termed 'bodily ease and mental tranquility.' He never could have uttered and enforced the principle unless he had experienced its birth in his mind. Out of that marriage spring attractive and powerful truths; the progeny are exceedingly pure and beautiful! You can begin to count your new births from that time—the birth of good truths; the birth of useful truths; the birth of consistent truths; the birth of beautiful truths; the birth of spiritual truths; the birth of celestial truths; the birth of heavenly truths; the birth of infinite truths; the birth of God in the heart; and in all directions, eternal Progression."

"To commune with God amidst the beauty of earth, in thanksgiving, For life, health, our daily bread, and, by second birth, A home in heaven." It will be readily perceived by our readers, that these questions are asked by persons almost entirely unacquainted with the teachings of Spiritualism. It is this class of our readers, those who begin to doubt the old theories so unsatisfactory to the aspiring soul that we are glad to welcome as enquirers and to whom we shall ever be pleased to reply.

Grove Meetings.

We call attention to the communication of Mr. Stebbins found in another column. We think our friends in every county would do well to arrange for such a meeting, one in connection with their County Circle would perhaps be advisable. More efficient measures ought to be adopted for systematic work in the several counties. These remarks as to the good to be effected by Grove Meetings, apply to all states and localities.

In Michigan our friends have been discussing somewhat the question of holding a State Camp Meeting. Several prominent spiritualists have written us favorably, and none against. Only one locality has been named. A fine grove near a small Lake about one mile from Battle Creek, has been suggested. Those who prefer good hotels to tents or entertainment at private houses, could be amply accommodated in the town. The months of July and August have been named as the best time. Perhaps some arrangement may be made at our Semi-Annual Meeting in Niles. Let us hear from all parts of the state. The Anniversary meeting of the Sturgis Society will also afford opportunity for consultation. We think such a meeting would be productive of good.

Close of the Volume.

Two weeks only remain for our old subscribers to renew their subscriptions in time to save us from making a change in our books. We ask them at the same time to favor us with as many new subscribers as possible. We saw a few days since in a Christian paper, the proceedings of a meeting where they all pledged themselves, to devote one day of the next month to gratuitous labor for the purpose of securing an increased circulation of their sectarian organ, and they appealed to the entire membership of the denomination to do the same. They fully recognize the tremendous power of the press to mould the public mind, and they realize the importance of using it for the defence of their dogmas. Shall spiritualists with their grand philosophy, with their enlarged views of life and its duties be less active in the advancement of a cause, glorious in its promises to humanity? Shall we neglect to use the press, the mighty power now shaping the destinies of the nations of the earth? How grandly true is the sentiment enunciated in the single sentence, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Through the columns of the AGE, we are each week concentrating emanations from the pens of the best known writers upon Modern Spiritualism, Woman Suffrage, Labor reform, and anti-monopoly generally. We confidently appeal to our friends to give as much time for the next two weeks as they can to increase our circulation. We desire to enlarge the AGE at the earliest moment possible, and we promise our readers to do so when we can without hazarding our permanent success. If our friends cannot renew, or obtain new subscribers for one year, do so for six months or three months as may be convenient. We have made our terms liberal so as to enable the poorest spiritualist in the country to have the benefit of our paper. PLEASE TO GIVE IMMEDIATE ATTENTION TO THIS SUBJECT.

McFarland Acquitted.

The long wearisome trial of McFarland for the murder of Albert Richardson in New York last autumn, has at last concluded, and the result will not take many of our readers by surprise who are at all conversant with the history of jury trials in New York city.

PERSONAL.

W. F. JAMIESON will be in Michigan during July and August, and will make engagements for the Sundays of those months. Address, Albion, Mich.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON: Has been speaking during the month of May, in Williamette Conn. Will speak each Sunday of June in Portland Maine. We regret to learn she will not return to the West before Fall.

The Song of the Spring.

Oh! the beautiful Spring! Oh! the beautiful Spring, With its verdure and blossoms, its sunlight and showers, The soft breeze with its perfume, singing birds on the wing, Make the gladness of daytime and the joy of its hours. Oh! the beautiful Spring, oh, the beautiful Spring, Learn the lesson it teaches, the beautiful Spring.

The Winter had claimed Nature's life, and she gave it. And this soul of the Seasons in its Sepulchre laid Till the Spring like the Angel was sent forth to save it. Then it rose from death's bondage, in glory arrayed.

Oh! the beautiful Spring, the mystical Spring! Learn the lesson of beautiful, mystical Spring.

Oh, the beautiful Spring, the risen life in the Spring, This mystery in blossoms and sunlight and showers, God's symbol to teach us when Death lost its sting, The soul put off its Winter, ne'er to die like the flowers.

Debate on the Bible.

We copy the following with above heading from the *Prescott (Wis) Journal*. Brother Jamieson is so well known throughout Michigan and all the North-western states, we shall give as much of the debate, or at least its results, as we can. We are pleased to see the spirit of fairness as manifested by the paper from which we make the extract.

"The discussion between Messrs. Jamieson and Pryse upon *The Divinity of the Bible* was commenced last Monday evening in Dunbar's Hall. The question was divided into two resolutions, to-wit: First, Resolved, That the Bible is of human origin. Jamieson, affirmative; Pryse, negative. Second, Resolved, That the Bible is a special revelation from God to man. Pryse, affirmative; Jamieson, negative.—Four discussions, of two hours each, will be devoted to each resolution. The disputants speak twice, alternately, in the same evening; opening with forty minutes, closing with twenty minutes.

Messrs. Buffon, Bush and Coulter, were appointed moderators of the debate. As the present writing, two sessions have been held in the presence of large audiences. We are unable to give even a synopsis of the arguments advanced by either side during so lengthy a debate. The discussion is taking the widest range—limited only by the knowledge and capacity of the debaters; and to present even an epitome of the debate of sufficient length to be interesting to the reader, would occupy more space than we have at this time. The speakers are yet, as it were, upon the threshold of the question. The history of the Bible, its various versions and translations, its preservation and transmission from antiquity to the present day, its effect upon mankind, &c., have, for the most part occupied the debaters thus far, so that the origin of the book, whether human or divine, has hardly been directly touched upon during these two sessions. The hard and fast blows and keen thrusts are yet to come, and in the remaining six evenings it may be expected the subject will receive a most thorough and exhaustive investigation.

The debate is exciting the deepest interest among our citizens. Persons of all denominations, and every shade of religious belief to be found among us, are represented at the meetings. The disputants are earnest and sincere in their assertions, statements and arguments. Their positions upon the question coincide with their respective beliefs, and hence they are "thrice armed" in the cause they advocate and defend. Thus far everything has gone smoothly, harmoniously. Good order and decorum have distinguished the listeners, and perfect fairness, utmost good feeling, and gentlemanly bearing only, have characterized the speakers. The discussion will be continued each evening (Sunday excepted) until closed; commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock, precisely.

Corresponding Editors.

Incidents in Wisconsin.

REV. WILLIAM GILL AND NOAH'S FLOOD.

In the latter part of April, we received the following:

RIVER FALLS, WIS., April 11th. MR. W. F. JAMIESON—Dear Sir: As to your objection to my suggestion of measurement of the Noachian Deluge: 1st. I do not grant that a miracle is inadmissible where a miracle is necessary to accomplish the end of Deity. But it is unphilosophical to suppose a cause which the results do not demand. A miracle is an effect produced by a direct interposition of God, and which is a manifest violation of the laws of nature, unless we suppose the direct interposition of God. God is above nature and works through nature. 2d. The Deluge was probably not co-extensive with the earth's surface. It would not be requisite to overwhelm more of the earth's surface than was peopled, and the population was probably confined to a small area. The interpretation of Scripture does not necessarily imply a universal deluge—it was probably limited to a portion of Western Asia, while, so far as the human race was concerned, it was universal.—*Hitchcock*, p. 133; *Matthew Poole*, *Bishop Ussher*, *Pye Smith*.

In Western Asia, extending into Russia, there is a large territory, nearly as large as Europe, whose rivers empty into internal seas, the Caspian, Aral, Lake Urmiah, and others. The Caspian is eighty-four feet below the Black Sea, and a portion of the adjacent plains have an average level of thirty feet below the Baltic. The Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. Now, if the barriers were broken up by vast oscillations of the earth, which have been frequent in former geologic ages, this whole region between the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, over two continents, would be a vast, low-lying, level. This theory supposes vast, changes of level, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. There are instances on record of sudden changes of level. In 1819, two thousand square miles of the delta of the Indus were suddenly depressed beneath the sea level, and the water rushed in, covering the area, which is now an inland sea.—In 1821 there was a similar depression of the valley of the Mississippi for a distance of three hundred miles, and the depression filled with water. This overflow was used by General Pope in his attack upon Island No. 10. These changes were accompanied by earthquakes; so that changes of level and eruptions are no impossibilities.

Deluges, similar to the Noachian, have been frequent in geologic history coincident with changes of level, and partial or complete extermination of life. The Ararat upon which the Ark rested was probably in Armenia, and not the modern Ararat. We need not hold that the land sank to the depth of Shinar, even if the water was but a few hundred feet deep. This theory supposes that one great oscillation was followed by another in the opposite direction, causing the waters again to flow off into the ocean and inland seas.

Almost every people upon the face of the earth holds a tradition of the early destruction of the inhabitants by a deluge.

I simply intimate theories that may meet your scientific objections to the Bible. As to myself I do not need these, but scientific objections must be met by natural science. No class of men are pursuing truth in these directions with greater eagerness than philosophers, and with richer and more satisfactory results. The Bible has nothing to fear from science; and scientific objections are only dangerous through the ignorance of science in those to whom they are presented. Your objections, however frank they may be, were all answerable, and nearly all, if not every one, have been answered, and many of them long ago. Yours very cordially,

WM. GILL.

Our reply will come next. W. F. J.

Grove Meeting.

DETROIT, May 15th, 1870. } Sunday afternoon, }

ED. PRESENT AGE.—In the early and humble days of Methodism, when no churches could be had and no halls were in being, Camp Meetings in God's own temple with the blue sky for dome were a necessity. Now, Methodism dwells in celestial palaces, yet the Camp-meeting is a fixed "institution."

It agrees with the social spirit of that denomination, and calls out many who would not otherwise come in reach of their "means of grace." In one respect, at least, Spiritualists and liberal people are Apostolic, for Paul spoke of his "own hired house," and their houses for public meetings are usually hired. Churches of the sects are often closed against them, and thus we are in the Camp-meeting dispensation, or rather, said meeting is revised and improved, as befits those who believe in prayers, for we go out into the leafy temple by day, and go at night to a quiet sleep beneath some friendly roof, and that sleep is more fit for the night hours than worship in prayer—far healthier for spirit and body. So we will call these improved Camp-meetings by the new name of Grove Meetings.

It is said that people behave better at grove meetings than at camp meetings, and I know that in some scores of them, I never saw any police to keep order, and never felt the need of one, which is more than any Methodist can say of the Camp-meetings.

Why is this? Doubtless these good brothers want order and decorum, but they don't get them always, even with the police to keep order. I think they preach so much hell, that it acts as a stimulus for the energetic hearer to get up a small affair of that sort on his own account, and so comes confusion. At the grove meetings too, people come to hear and to think for themselves, and their thinking reaches on and up not down, and so they get above rowdyism. Hundreds of such meetings were held last season and more can be this, all along from this pleasant May-time, to the sweet calm days of ripe October. Sunday is a good day, (so is Monday when you make it so) and can well be used in that way. Many thousands of thoughtful men and women, young and old, should go to these meetings, and give and give some truth that will help in this life and make it easier to fear the gates of the Life Beyond.

Friends and neighbors, far and near, be wise and act in time for the grove meeting in your neighborhood. The Scripture says: "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," so ask the "Orthodox" and the "Heterodox," to come and "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Just coming home to this good state of Michigan, from a winter's stay in the South, this is my Sunday lesson, writing as I sit by a pleasant chamber window, and looking out over green fields and the bloom of orchards and the blue river in the distance. If the lesson is good and true, let us try a little practice thereof. Truly yours, G. B. STEBBINS.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, May 1st, 1870. ED. PRESENT AGE.—My Dear Sir—Some noble and kind hearted friend, "away out west," or somewhere else, took the liberty to please me much by sending a copy of "THE PRESENT AGE" of May 7th. I wish I knew the name and residence of this generous and thoughtful friend of mine, so that I might make an attempt to reciprocate the favor.

THE PRESENT AGE! What a name for a newspaper! It sounds so strange! but then, it is all right I guess, for we read of "many an Age," "Stone Age," "Im-Age," "Golden Age," "Dark Age," "Living Age," and "Old Age." So too of the "Spiritual Age," "Middle Age," "Sea-age," and the "Age to Come," which by the way seems to have got stuck in the mud and mire of the "Past Age," probably in consequence of its "Dotage." And then we have the "Millions" of Congress, which has not only become an Ad-age but a very serious Drain-age, therefore of great Dam-age, even more expensive than the old time "Post-age." Then again, we often have not a little Love age and marriage intermingled with Cabbage, Spinae (?) and other Potage. But sir, the PRESENT AGE finds no Peer-age in all this Verbi-age. So I trust you will not consider this as any Disparagement-for you or the PRESENT AGE.

I have looked over the specimen sent, and like it much. Good strong corps Editorial, who, no doubt will be backed up by a host of writers, who "play second fiddle" to none. So I enclose two dollars with an earnest prayer that you will endeavor to keep me in the PRESENT AGE, at least, so long as the money lasts. And now I cannot close this affectionate letter in a more fitting and sublime manner, than by quoting the soul-stirring words of the Cape Cod post, slightly altered and amended by the S-age:

"Go on, go on, go on, go on, Go on, go on, and I'll engage; Go on, go on, go on, go on, Go on, to read the PRESENT AGE."

Considerably yours, J. C. BOWKER, way down east. P. S. Am I an Age-nt? I feel under an aged influence to-day.

Brevities and Wit.

SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY.—Whatever methods of co-operation the future may have in store for us—and we see no reason to doubt that Sociology, with other sciences, may make great progress in the future, as it certainly has not in the past—of one fact we may rest assured, that, in the world of an old but converted Fourier. "The family is a root against which all the objects not only will lack in rain, but they will fall shivered at the base."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A GIRL of sixteen, near Montreal, recently took arsenic to shorten her complexion. None could question her success as she lay in her coffin the following day.

At a revival in Cincinnati, a young man prayed God to bless two young ladies between whom he had been sitting, "especially the one on the right." He thought from what he had seen she needed it the most.

THE stockholders of the Philadelphia Mercantile Library Association have decided by a majority of 304 votes that the library shall be opened on Sundays. Good!

THE Roman Catholics have established a Foundling Asylum in New York, and hang a basket in the vestibule to receive infants which their parents wish to desert. Each week thirty or forty are received. Of the 302 children found in the basket during less than a year, 105 have died, 38 were in the asylum at the last report, and 168 were out nursing.

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRIPPLES.—A man entering a druggist's shop at Bilston, where lay a petition in favor of arbitration instead of war, was asked by the shopman if he would sign it. "No," was the reply, "I am a Wesleyan, and will not sign it, because it is against the Bible." "Indeed, how do you make that out?" "Why, the Bible says there shall be 'wars and rumors of wars,' and I won't sign it."

THE *Daily Advertiser* says a missionary in India lately preached on the subject of faith, illustrated by the story of Abraham and Isaac, with such magnetic eloquence that one of his native hearers immediately went home and slaughtered his son and offered him to "the big God" as a sacrifice.

THE story goes, that some years since a doctor of divinity, of Boston, a gentleman whose face indicates generous living, while upon an exchange here, and evidently suffering from the effects of hard drinking the night before. The doctor passed on, but strangely enough soon again met the same fellow and passed him, only to encounter him again in another street. At the third meeting, the drouthy fellow, evidently mistaking the object of the doctor's early walk, accosted him with the remark—"I say, old fellow, there isn't a single one open, is there?"

EMBARRASSING.—"Won't you be kind, your little one?" asked a gentleman of the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, who was taking leave of her in the cars. "Wouldn't you rather kiss mother?" was the arch reply.

A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad of it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "and yet I don't know why I should be, he never did me any harm."

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

SWEET RUTH.

We lay the following beautiful poem, from the pen of James G. Clark, before our readers. The song and ballad literature of our country owe more, perhaps, to Mr. Clark than to any other living writer...

The summer will soon be here, Sweet Ruth, For the birds of brighter bowers, Are singing their way from the balmy South...

Monogamic Marriage.

We append below an extract from a correspondent, making certain inquiries upon the above named topic. And as our correspondent is only one of the many who are in the same unsettled condition of opinion...

I understand that you are an advocate of Monogamy. I desire to know what are your reasons for believing that the Monogamic relation is the true relation of the sexes...

Another reason in favor of Monogamy is, that the arguments against it are specious and unsound. We have already shown that the assumption of there being more women than men is unsound, because it is untrue...

Another objection to Monogamy is, that it generates or fosters selfishness. That there is often, what may be appropriately called family selfishness, admits of no doubt...

My second reason is, that the feelings needful to secure the true ends of Marriage cannot exist between more than one man and woman at the same time. The primary end of the Conjugal Union is, the perfect union of two lives in one purpose...

But another end of the Marriage relation is children. They are the product of the dual, life forces of the parents. But, if there exist between the parties—inharmony, the disorder is usually transmitted to the child and curses its life with bitterness...

tion demands it as a great necessity. If it be not rendered, the great unrest and disquiet of her troubled soul marks and mars the disposition of her child. Where there is anything like unity between two persons, they have no time or strength to bestow in intimacies with other men and women...

In the third place, I am in favor of Monogamy, because the reasons urged in favor of variety are fallacious. One reason urged is, that one love cannot satisfy a large souled man or woman. If the question were one purely of appetite, there would be some force therein...

We have also heard it alleged very gravely, that variety is one of the great instrumentalities for the development of a high condition of mediocrity. And this too from persons of standing amongst spiritualists...

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The Needs of the Present Age.

In following up the topic, indicated in our heading, we submit, that a new class of proofs are needed to convince and overthrow the growing skepticism, to which allusion was made in a preceding article. The records of peoples living in the distant past, imperfectly preserved, with no assurance of the honesty of the transcribers and translators, with the tangible proof of their corruption, are not the evidences requisite to convince the materialist of an hereafter...

Though Early Friends Forsake Thee. Though early friends forsake thee, And sorrows dim thy way, Press onward to the conflict, And trust the coming day...

Full well we know misfortune Will cast its gloom o'er all; Then up and ever onward, Be our watchword when we fall...

FAILURE. "The apparent failure of human life," is the heading of an article in the last number of the PRESENT AGE, which while it contains philosophical truth plainly spoken, contains also some sentences which could be by the unstable be wrested to their own destruction...

An eager strife for material gain, cropping out in pecuniary dishonesty, and all forms of robbery must be the marked feature of such an age. This would be the inevitable inference, reasoning a priori; and, the facts in the case abundantly justify the conclusion...

Long before the parents feel as if they could spare the beloved daughter from their fireside to make a permanent home elsewhere, one of the lords of creation in the shape of a not particularly objectionable man has assured the girl that his own happiness for this life and the life to come is dependent upon her favor...

The two are wedded. Before a twelve-month passes over the happy pair, one of the parties is confined within doors by delicate health. Husband regards it as a little disagreeable that wife cannot accompany him to the hall to hear an instructive lecture, but he gets the benefit of the fresh air and the literary feast without her presence...

pet theories and practices. The basic principle of morals must be human instead of Deific. It must be demonstrable to the reason, instead of appealing to the faith. It must show its rewards and punishments to be inevitable—inescapable. To do this, the absolute brotherhood of man must be proved, and the identity of human interests conclusively shown...

This is quite the reverse of the teachings of the church, and of the moralists, who take their cue from the doctrines of the same. When this human doctrine of the brotherhood and relatedness of man to man is fully preached, the moral tone of society, will be entirely changed. It will be seen that society, or the social man, is responsible for the character and conduct of its individual members...

I think it is a mistake to make our own happiness "our being end and aim." If we do right, and discharge our individual duties in a faithful conscientious manner, our "happiness" will take care of itself, or rather it will come to us without our having to go abroad to seek it.

We print the above article which is partly a criticism of an article of ours, because of the plain truths which it contains, although we do not quite see how the deductions of the writer, logically flow from our article, or how it could be tortured into a sanction of the course our correspondent indicates...

Spring Greeting. Spring time so glorious! Mill, yet victorious; Winter hark thou dost beguile, With thy soft breath and radiant smile...

The Result of Dr. Hatfield's Lectures. [Dr. Hatfield, of Chicago, like Rev. Mr. Fulton, goes about the country denouncing Woman Suffrage and its advocates—only he deals more largely in falsehood, is coarser and more vulgar...

Long before the parents feel as if they could spare the beloved daughter from their fireside to make a permanent home elsewhere, one of the lords of creation in the shape of a not particularly objectionable man has assured the girl that his own happiness for this life and the life to come is dependent upon her favor...

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care are divided between her lord and the helpless stranger. Indeed the life of this new comer is dependent upon the mother or as imperatively as was formerly the happiness of the lover and husband. Surely a compound burden is laid upon feeble shoulders, and the bloom and elasticity of former years are leaving the face and frame...

"The same class of faculties constantly employed in the same treadmill round of action, must of necessity tire the user and those with whom he comes in contact." What can you expect of a man so disagreeably situated? He cannot be contented. "Contentment is a result of the appropriate exercise of all our faculties, upon fitting objects..."

I think it is a mistake to make our own happiness "our being end and aim." If we do right, and discharge our individual duties in a faithful conscientious manner, our "happiness" will take care of itself, or rather it will come to us without our having to go abroad to seek it.

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LAKE SHORE & MICH. SOUTHERN. (Kalamazoo Division) GOING NORTH. Leave White Pigeon, 2:10 a. m., 4:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:00 p. m. Leave Three Rivers, 2:40 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 6:40 p. m. Leave Kalamazoo, 4:40 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 8:10 p. m. Leave Allegan, 6:15 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:40 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Leave Grand Rapids, 8:15 a. m., 1:00 p. m., 11:15 p. m., 5:30 p. m. GOING SOUTH. Leave Grand Rapids, 6:04 a. m., 6:15 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 7:40 p. m. Leave Allegan, 7:24 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 4:40 p. m., 9:30 p. m. Leave Kalamazoo, 9:15 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 7:45 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Leave Three Rivers, 12:30 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 6:40 p. m., 11:30 p. m. Leave White Pigeon, 1:10 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 8:00 p. m., 11:30 p. m.

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