

# THE PRESBYTERIAN AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

WOULDEST THOU LEARN TO DIE NOBLY? LET THY VICES DIE BEFORE THEE.

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II, No. 52.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

WHOLE No. 104.

## Selected Poetry.

### The Parting Hour.

The following beautiful poem, says the Portland Evening Commercial, was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet, on the 5th of January, 1857, and has never before been published. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying, "Take this; you may, perhaps, read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."

There's something in the parting hour!  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part;  
But this I've seen—and many a pang  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier  
Than those who leave behind.

No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep or black frontier,  
To solitude, or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dars  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home,  
With doubts and with tears,  
But does not hope her rainbow spread  
Across her cloudy fears?  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
What comfort can she find,  
But this—the gone is happier  
Than the one she leaves behind!

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?  
An old and valued friend?  
Be sure your term of sweet converse  
At length will have an end!  
And when you part—as part you will—  
O take it not unkind,  
If he who goes is happier  
Than you he leaves behind!

God will it so—and so it be:  
The pilgrims on their way,  
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are  
Than all the rest who stay.  
And when, at last, poor man subdued,  
Lies down to death resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind?

(Copyright secured.)

## IS IT POSSIBLE!

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIGE  
CHAPTER XXV.

Only one week, and lo! a new obstacle arose. The hitherto unprecedented quantity of oil pumped from the well, and the circumstance of its being but six feet from the boundary line, had excited the cupidity of a speculator, who offered the proprietor of the land a large sum of money for the privilege of putting a well down, immediately outside the fence which bounded Gavin's lot; the offer was accepted, a well put down in three days, a fourteen horse power engine at once obtained and immediately put to work. Gavin found that from the time this adjoining well was dug, he would obtain no more oil of any consequence; moreover his engine was only a four horse power, and he deemed it almost useless to attempt pumping his well in competition with the superior force of the other engine, as there was evidently an intimate communication between the two wells.

This discouraged our friends more than anything which had yet occurred; fate seemed to be fighting against them. Gavin walked that day to his home on the "East ridge" with a sadder heart than he had felt since the commencement of his operations in the oil business. The well at Battleton went on, but slowly, averaging about six inches per diem, and he was almost a poor man, having only about two hundred dollars remaining; another failure, he felt that he was ruined. "Poor Jane!" he reflected; "are all her philanthropic schemes to melt into the air?" His journey home was one of agony. That night from the log cabin the golden dreams of Jane began to glide into the distance. The reverse had come upon them so suddenly, at a time when the star of hope shone brighter than ever before.

They were among strangers, their home a log cabin, their money would soon be gone and then what? Aye, it was the darkest, blackest night they had ever seen.

In making experiments on Gavin's well, and in delays resulting from inclement weather and other causes, a large portion of the winter was consumed. Oil was occasionally obtained; but its declining price and the increasing difficulty of effecting cash sales, occasioned partly by the political crisis, and partly by defective transportation arrangements, resulting from bad roads, want of railroads and canals, etc., occasioned Gavin considerable embarrassment.

Though Oscar had declared when he arrived in B—, that he had abandoned school teaching forever, yet, after the death of his mother he resumed his position in Cincinnati. Whether he saw that it would not do to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, or had resolved to make all the money he could so as to enable the oil enterprise to be continued until success crowned their efforts, we cannot tell, though inclining to the latter opinion, as Jane had given him a peep at their purse and its contents; whereas he had opened his eyes in astonishment, saying no more about abandoning school teaching, but returning to school and to duty.

His health, however, began to fail; the

hectic flush came to his face; then a very bad cough with slight hemorrhage of the lungs took up its abode with him; in every letter from Cincinnati Oscar's failing health was a topic. By-and-by they learned that he was unable to attend his school; week after week of anxiety to Jane and Jessie came and went. Their depleted purse would not admit of their going to him, and he was too ill to come to them.

The dark days had come; it was winter with the Allston family, both in a literal and figurative sense.

"Lima, Peru!" "Charles Upland!" said Gavin to himself as he looked successively at the superscription and signature of a letter which Oscar had enclosed to him. For a better understanding he read a few lines, but feeling yet in the dark, he put it in his pocket together with one received from Thomas Martindale for Jane, thinking that she could throw some light upon the subject, as the writer was probably an old friend of the family.

Between the oil diggings and the log cabin the distance in a direct line was not quite three miles; but as it was necessary, either to cross a piece of swamp-land bordering on a large stream (or succession of puddles, according to the weather,) or to make a circuit of about four miles, Gavin usually took the nearer road crossing "Mosquito Creek," about thirty feet in width, on a large rough log, or tree. Now, as he was not used to feats of balancing, and entirely unacquainted with both the theory and practice of tight-rope dancing, or any other form of gymnastic exercise, his only mode of crossing the narrow bridge which intervened between him and his home paradise, was one not contemplated in the Mohammedan creed, relative to the mode of approach to the heaven of the faithful, his only resource being to straddle said unwhewn tree (with or without sundry articles of provisions, etc.) and gradually push his way, by successive leaps, to the further bank.

Sometimes, however, the creek was so swollen by heavy rains that it was necessary to make the circuit. How often Jane would open the door and peer through the darkness to observe his near approach, or walk to the gate to listen for his footsteps. How her heart beat with love and pity for her Gavin, tired, sad and disheartened, whom she knew as his lonely way home. As she leaned against the gate at those times, who may know the sorrowing love of that womanly heart! Every hope that had been here when they had commenced this business was now dying—dying, and a sadness was stealing into her being that threatened to shut out forever all other hope or light. Her husband was brought to poverty, both of purse and of spirit; every morning she watched him depart with a chill at her heart, and yet, for his sake she tried to wear a pleasant face, saying nothing of the heart-ache which was ever present.

On the particular day, however, on which he received the letter from Peru, he decided to leave early so as to arrive home before dark. As it had not rained for several days, he concluded to go straight across the creek, but on arriving at the crossing found the water very high, being within a few inches of the log. What was to be done? To go back and take the carriage road involved an additional walk of three miles or more, through very muddy roads; yet an attempt to cross that narrow log might involve a species of hydropathic treatment not particularly pleasant under the circumstances; moreover he had with him a bag containing groceries. He endeavored to walk—not "the plank" but the log, which, after a few steps, commenced to vibrate to an extent seriously threatening his balance, so he plunged one foot into the water and then the other, and lo, he is again on his wooden horse! But as he needed the use of his hands, the bag must be held between his teeth. Now with some difficulty he has gained the middle of the stream, as he ascertains by looking behind and before him, but in doing this he loses his balance and finds himself going into the water, which movement he arrests by throwing his arms and heels around the log, under which he swings barely above the water, a portion of his coat being partially immersed, while he still holds the bag in his mouth. What shall be done—shall he swim across? that would involve wet clothes and perhaps a severe cold; so he repeatedly attempts to swing himself around the top of the log. Poor Gavin! I wonder if he thinks as he hangs there that this adventure harmonizes well with the fortunes at the oil business, in which he has been trying to get on the top of the log for two years! After repeated struggles and failures he succeeds in reaching—not the top of the log—but the farther bank of the creek wrong side upmost, and with groceries all right; and we hear him exclaim as he stands almost out of breath looking at the log with a little grin on his face, "Cursed poverty!"

However, arrived at home, dry shoes and stockings and supper over, he tells his adventures on the wooden horse, with many a laugh in which Jane and Jessie join; and yet as Jane laughs there is the same aching pain at her heart which is just now intensifying, for she realizes that it is akin to much that has come to them lately. Jessie, however, is almost convulsed with laughter. "O, to think of that wonderful, rich-oil-merchant hanging from that log over a flood of water, a bag filled with groceries hanging from his mouth, and every moment expecting to be engulfed in the dark waters of that terri-

ble Mosquito creek—O, I would have given anything to have come upon thee just then! Would I not have clapped my hands and asked thee how thee felt with thy pockets filled with water instead of gold?"

Not until quite late did Gavin remember that he had received a letter from Oscar, and also one from Thomas Martindale for Jane. As he gave them to Jane he remarked, "Oscar's contains a rather curious document which has escaped the flood; I commenced to read it, but, not understanding, left it for thee to explain. Oscar's was but a line or two, but enclosed was a letter which he had received from Lima, Peru."

"Lima, Peru!" Jane repeated; then she turned to the conclusion of the letter, and as her eyes fell on the signature she blushed and trembled perceptibly.

"What does it mean?" asked Gavin.

"Charles Upland! how strange! Why it is from that gentleman thee heard me speak of, whom I supposed went to California." Jane then read the letter; it was addressed to Oscar as follows:

"Yesterday I met a gentleman direct from Cincinnati, Ohio. In the course of conversation he mentioned your name as one with whom he had talked on some particular points of Geology—Mr. Allston! I caught at the name, when a series of questions—or rather, the answers to them—proved to me that I had found my long lost friend. I wrote to Virginia twice; now I know why no answer came.

"I shall return in the spring to the United States to leave no more. I have wealth, but now I have not love; and now I know when I recall the past—my leaving Jane—that instead of being the most unselfish, as I then supposed, it was really the most selfish act of my life.

"Something tells me Jane is married; but O, if she is not, and can forget all these years, then my life may glide blissfully and sweetly on."

"I had one reason for being anxious for wealth of which I did not speak at the time. I wanted to provide for my aged parents, who are poor. I have bought them a farm in Ohio and built them a house, so that they will henceforth be self-sustaining.

"Through all these years the memory of your sister Jane has been ever present to me and my love for her unshaken. Will Jane write me? Do let me hear from you, at your earliest convenience."

Yours truly,  
CHARLES UPLAND.

As she read it the tears gathered in her eyes, and on finishing its perusal gave it to Gavin, and buried her face in her hands.

"Not very complimentary to me, Jane," he said as he remarked her tears.

"O, Gavin—through all these years how I have wronged him!" Then seeming to realize that her conduct was inexplicable to Gavin, she quietly added, "Gavin, dear Gavin! I was I unmarried this moment, and were you and Charles Upland here, I would choose you. I respect him, but I love you."

Gavin took a chair and drew her to him kissing her tenderly. "I could not help those tears," she said, "because I have so misjudged him; as I read, the intervening years were overlaid and thick and now united. I thought of all my doubts concerning him then, and of the conviction I had that he loved good better than he loved me. Now I know that he was sincere—that he was, or desired to be, unselfish; all these years I doubted him, and all these years he has been cherishing my memory. I am sorry, very sorry for him; he was good and true after all. Had I heard that he was married I should have been satisfied, but that he has been thinking of me all these years grieves me exceedingly."

"I'm afraid," she continued, "thee won't understand me, Gavin; I love thee better than all the world besides; I wish we could read each others thoughts, then we would not so wrongfully misjudge as I have done. When we have only the words and actions of persons by which to form our opinion of them, how easy to make mistakes; could we but read motives, how differently we would think of many with whom we suppose ourselves to be acquainted!"

"I can appreciate all this," said Gavin; "and there is no reason why a woman should either dislike or disrespect a man whom she once thought of marrying, or who desired to marry her, and the least she can do in this matter is to write Mr. Upland a friendly letter. What does thee say to that, my little wife? There is no reason why courtesy and politeness should be disregarded."

"Well, yes; I would like to write; let me tell thee, Gavin, what I would like to say to him: That though etiquette or social customs might disapprove, yet I would not deny the love I had once for him, but that I was now married to a man, in every way better suited to me than he would have been; that this being the case, it was very evident that there lived somewhere a lady better suited for him than I could have been; then I would say, that now I was a mother and had a babe of my own, I realized how much I had loved little Charley, and that there was very little difference between the love I felt for him, and that I now feel for my own. But before all this, I would like to give him a very short sketch of my doings after he left."

"Very good," said Gavin; "then give my kind respects and say we will be happy to see him on his return to the States; why should friendship die?"

"I will, and I would like to see him; but I don't think he would come."

Gavin kissed her, saying: "I wish every man had such a dear little wife as thee; thee is my life; every thing in life is poor compared with thy love." She folded her arms around his neck, and kissed him affectionately, then took a light and climbed the ladder to the garret, where Jessie had made what she termed a "bed-room in one corner," mosquito bars forming the walls. A carpet

had been tacked down so as to take in one window. Some lace curtains of better days she had hung around her bed, thus making, even in that garret with its log walls and open rafters, a little spot of delicate beauty. Jessie was not asleep. "Who is that from?" she asked as her eye fell on the letter in Jane's hand.

"From Charles Upland,"  
"Charles Upland!"  
"Yes."  
Jessie read it. "Well, I'm glad he's rich at last, for his own sake," she said as she folded and returned it to Jane. "I'm glad thee missed him, even if thee should be poor all thy life."

"I'm glad I missed him; but think Jessie, how wrongfully we judged him!"  
"O, well, yes; I'm sorry for that," she replied slowly, as if she had not looked at it from that standpoint; "but then, he was such a simpleton; he was mad for gold, now he has it, and I hope he will enjoy it."

Here she re-opened the letter, which she had taken again; "and now I have not love," she read; "O, well—his love would not have blessed thee, or thine have blessed him; he'll marry, never fear, and all be right."

Then she looked at Jane kneeling at her bedside. "Ah, yes—I see; thee is sorry we so misjudged him; well—I—y—e—s; it is a pity to misjudge any one, and I remember all his kindness to me, and all his suffering when battling between love for thee and prospective gold; but I'm heartily glad thee missed him. I always felt sad when I thought about thee being married to him, but I never felt a shadow of doubt about Gavin."

"Oh, no! I loved Gavin from the first and our love grows more and more, brighter and brighter day by day."

"I know it. A superior power—call it Providence or anything else—brought you together and made you one; I only wish that the same benign power might smile on me some day."

Jane, still at Jessie's bedside, opened and read to Jessie the letter from Thomas Martindale, from which we subjoin a few extracts:

"Do you repent of what you have honestly done for man or woman? You have kept fast your individualities, have been true to your consciences, have always tried to be wise as well as faithful; you have your own self-respect; and are all these so very much inferior to mere money? But these seem to think that those who have the one kind of riches should also have the other; this would be absurd, but seldom is so. He, or human nature, seems seldom to be capable of both. I know you would be contented with a little, but somehow when we have only a little it is always becoming less. Yet it is not out of your power to have enough and to do it honestly. If we would be successful farmers, we go, all of us, where the soil is rich and the crops always large. So in any other department; the route of the many, shows the true road. It is the unusual, the glittering, but the common, the unassuming, that should be chosen. Psychology may have caused delay and losses, but it was worth your while to have put such a faculty to the practical test. But now if Gavin can get employment as a newspaper correspondent you will do well enough yet. I have taken a long time to say to thee, but to notice another thing; I have never observed that wealth had so much power to refine us or to make us happy; fine houses, fine dresses, even fine manners and usages; are not refinement. I do not think they even so much promote it as a more modest life. The poorest Spaniard has all the manners of the nobles, and punks exist as the most disgusting of all pride."

"I have always believed in psychology, but would not like to risk large amounts of labor or money in its application until I know the limits of its power."

"I think you are too much discouraged and too severe on yourselves; don't give up psychology on the one hand, or place an exclusive reliance on it on the other. \* \* \* I hope Jessie will never leave you unless married to some good man, for the world is a cold place. Oscar and I leave to-morrow for New Orleans; keep up heart; I believe he will come home again quite well!"

(To be Continued.)

From the Human Nature.

### Direct Spirit Writing.

I HAVE the pleasure of reporting one of the most interesting seances that I have ever had the privilege of witnessing or seeing recorded. It was at the house of Mr. Everett, 26 Penton Street, Islington, on the evening of Monday, April 18. Mrs. Everett, medium, and ten sat at the table; the medium at one end, myself at the other, with Mr. Everett on my right hand, and Mr. Haase on my left. Three sitters occupied each side of the table, making up the number in harmonious arrangement. After reading, &c., the musical box was placed on the table, which kept time to the music in the most accurate and intelligent manner, varying the movements as the tunes changed, making advances toward one side then toward the other and uniformly stopping with the last note of the "Instruments" by making an emphatic jump, even when, from want of winding up, the music stopped in the middle of a bar. Then the fire was darkened, and the lamp extinguished, and the dark seance commenced. "John Watt," the spirit who speaks in the audible voice at these circles, soon took up the tube and commenced speaking. He then carried it up to the ceiling, on which it was heard to scrape and rub firmly. Mrs. Burns acted as seeing medium, and described a male spirit standing behind Mr. Everett, with the name "Robert" written on his arm. She mentally asked the spirit whether he had any relationship or affinity to Mr. Everett, and immediately in response a white cord was projected from the head of the spirit to the front part of Mr. Everett's brain, who at once recognized the spirit as his brother. Much conversation was carried on with "John Watt," who was very jocular and cutting in his remarks. He endeavored to make the sitters laugh, as he said he got power from the breath and nervous excitement of those present. I felt very dull and drowsy, as I was weary with a hard day's work, and I so expressed myself to "John Watt," who in reply declared that I would have something to wake me up before I went home. After this

the spirit voice ceased speaking, and Mrs. Burns discovered twelve little girls dressed in different colored garments came into the atmosphere of the room, which was quite dark, and scatter flowers on the circle, the delicious perfume arising from which was gratefully experienced by the sitters. This was explained in spirit writing, seen by Mrs. Burns, to be a preparation of the room for further phenomena, and the seer now perceived a white vapor shrouding the room, so as to render objects dimly visible. The seer also read a motto on the wall enclosed in a wreath of flowers, "We come to bless you all," and observed three of the spirit children stand on each side of Mrs. Everett, cross hands over her head, on which they placed a coronet of white flowers, edged with blue, and having silvery leaves. These matters were not perceived by any present except Mrs. Burns, though the spirit lights were seen by nearly all. Mrs. Burns then saw a large star, surrounded by ten smaller ones. A spirit placed one of the small stars on the head of each sitter, while the large star remained in space. Lights of different colors were seen to arise from each star, which were gathered up in a beautiful chord by the spirit. All at once a rat, rattling sound, was heard about as quick as the beating of a watch. Mrs. Everett, who was in her normal state, exclaimed with others, "They are writing again!" as a similar phenomenon had occurred at the week previous. The time during which this rattling sound was heard was carefully computed to be about eight seconds of time. When it stopped the light was struck, and the following passage was found closely written in pencil:

"Jerusalem being improved by David, who drove the Jebusites away, and enriched by Solomon, who added to Mount Zion the Temple and circumambulation; the city was reduced by the division of the Kingdom of David into the Kingdom of Judah and the Kingdom of Israel, and its fall was not far distant. In vain, under Hezekiah did Jerusalem resist the armies of Sennacherib; for it was destroyed soon after by Nebuchadnezzar, its inhabitants were carried away into captivity; sixty years later Cyrus permitted its re-establishment, and a theocratic government took the place of its despotism, owing to divine interposition communicated to him through a dream, as he then thought. From the sovereignty of the Logies after his death, it passed to the Seleucides, whose persecutions gave occasion to one of the brightest periods of its history, the devotion of the Maccabees, who succeeded in delivering their country, and governed it with glory. A quarrel between Hyrcanus II. and Aristobolus II. who disputed the throne, resulted in the Roman armies, under Pompey, and then the Parthians, and then, again, the Romans, under Caesar, from whom Herod by successful intrigue, obtained authority to assume the title of king. Antigonos, the son of Aristobolus, and the last of the Maccabees, was scourged to death by Antony. It was in the reign of Herod the Great that Christ was born and in the reign of Herod Agrippa, the grandson, that those events which were given to Jerusalem its immortal interest among Christians, the life and death of the Saviour, and the appearance of a new era destined to the world."

At the foot was written, "Do not touch it," as handling the paper would disturb the influence in giving more writing.

The light was again extinguished, and the paper placed opposite to Mrs. Everett, and arrangements were made to conduct the inquiry. The light should again occur, as it did in a very short time. I counted to fifty as quickly as I could, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Freeman estimated the time in seconds, and they agreed that fourteen seconds elapsed during the time the sounds continued. The light was again struck, when I read the writings carefully over, the spirits correcting me by affirmative and negative movements of the table; and as "John Watt" foretold, I was quite wide awake then. Here is the matter of the second communication, a fac-simile of which is given in lithography with this number. It was very difficult, however, to imitate the quaint pencil-writing so as to represent the blurs and corrections which the spirits had introduced. The Latin sentence at the foot is of particular interest, and we shall be glad if some of our scholarly readers will investigate the statement made respecting it:

Jerusalem next became apportioned for a time as one of the territories that replaced the unity of government under Herod; but the successive reverses of the Jews brought upon it capture and destruction by Titus, then afterwards by Hadrian, who drove the Jews entirely away from it, gave it the name of Aelia Capitolina, and desecrated the Christian shrines, and even the revered sepulchre of Christ, by introducing the filthy rites of the worst part of Eastern idolatry, and by changing the name of the Holy City of David. The once Holy City preserved its Roman name until the time of Constantine, whose mother, the Empress Helena, was the first to avail herself of her son's conversion to Christianity, and to restore the Christian monuments with a pious care. The subsequent capture by the Persian king, Chasroes, the release of the Holy Shrine by the Crusaders, and the final triumph of the Saracens, with the subsequent history of Palestine, you need no doubt familiar with. Every dynasty has left its stamp upon the city. The site Melchisedec's, and all around speaks of the pastoral days of David, the towers of Herod—the walls and bridges of the Romans—the mosque of Omar and the Turkish—the holy sepulchre, of Constantine—the churches and monuments of the Crusaders—the Valley of the Saviour—the Valley of Jehoshaphat and its tombs, of the prophets and the kings, and of the wretched people who have trampled and trampled the prints made by our Saviour's feet, that was there to be a standing monument of the real existence and identity of the Lord Christ."

"This is another proof—Sewall, 1102 and 1103. Jesus Nazarenum subversorem gentis contemptorem. Cesaris et fatum Messiam in Majorum sanguine comminatum peritum est detestatum esse suppellectile loco in Essi ubi Iudaei regie magistratus in medio duram latronum cruci affigite I Victor expedi crucis."

"You will find this in the Ecclesiastical Books of the Jews."

After supper the room was again darkened, and the attempt was made to elicit from the spirits the means through which the writing was done in so short a space of time, with no one holding the pencil; as Mrs. Everett was entirely passive during the whole of these proceedings, and the pencil and paper were lying in the dark on the table before her, she knew not exactly where. Nor was spirit-writing expected. Even if deception had been attempted, it would have been impracticable, as the second piece of writing was

done on the other side of the paper on which the first was written, and was identified as the same paper after the second writing was produced. "John Watt" explained that the spiritual elements of paper and pencil alone were used by the spirits; that the writing was accomplished in the spirit-world, and the sounds heard were not produced mechanically, but were electrical phenomena resembling the spirit-ray caused by the utilization of the writing into the physical sphere.

Thus we have before us some of the facts connected with a most unusual phenomenon, taking place under circumstances almost incredible, and a careful study of these statements will impress the thoughtful mind with the conviction that the means used in the evolution of these phenomena are in accordance with the invariable laws of Nature, yet laws that we are altogether unacquainted with, and belonging to a branch of science at present far transcending human experience.

The original writing may be seen at the Progressive Library, 3 Bress, London, 22nd April, 1870.

### From the Woman's Advocate.

#### Kansas Women in a Work Dress.

The Kansas women are some of them showing their appreciation of the practical, as well as well as the beautiful, by adopting a convenient dress to work in; and their husbands and brothers have seconded the movement, by uniting in the organization of an Association, which is pledged to support and encourage it. These women of the West have had a thorough schooling in pioneer life, and they have learned to economize their strength in a variety of ways. In the absence of a more convenient dress, they began by cutting off their long dresses, and converting them into short ones. But on seeing the Hygienic Dress, ("Reform Dress," it is usually called,) which dispenses with the petticoat, and substitutes an under suit having drawers, waist and sleeves in one, they said, "This is the thing we want; it is light and convenient; and it covers all parts of the body equally warm." They accordingly adopted it, and Dr. Briggs, of Leavenworth, writes me that she is introducing the dress in other neighborhoods, as a work dress.

But the most important step taken in the matter, is in the work of organizing. In this, the town of Tonganoxie, has taken the lead. It has formed a society, called the "Tonganoxie Dress Reform Association;" among its members are merchants, doctors, legislators, and their wives, together with other persons of influence in the place. The women are pledged to wear the Reform Dress, (as a work dress at least,) for the space of one year, and longer, if they like it; while the husbands, brothers, and sons, pledge their united support. The society meets from time to time, and is presided over by the Rev. Mr. Wood, who is the Congregational minister in the place, a man of genuine integrity, and sterling worth.

If the friends east and west, who are favorable to this reform, would organize in the same way, it would not only be pleasanter for those who are already wearing the dress, but it would encourage others who would like to do so, with such support. Many a woman has said to me, in speaking of the Reform Dress, "I wish all women wore it; I should like to wear it if others did." And while there are thousands of women in the United States, (and I know not how many among the peasantry of Scotland,) who have adopted a short dress to work in, to say nothing of those who wear it altogether, there are twice as many who are deterred from so doing, for lack of co-operative action, and mutual encouragement. Organization is what is needed, in this, as in every other reform. It would give strength, character, and respectability.

S. W. DODDS, M. D.

### Three Cheers for California.

By a late legal decision in California, three small children, who had been killed by their father to his mother, have been restored to their own good, worthy mother.

The ground taken by the court was this: The old law which gave to the husband all the personal property which the wife had at the time of the marriage, all that she could earn after the marriage, the use of all her real estate, and all the children, with the right to will or deed either or all, children and goods alike, was outgrown so far as the claim on the wife's property was concerned, and should be, in regard to the children. The older States would do well to follow the example of California in such cases.

Very recently, two small children were literally taken by force from the neck of their mother in the court-room in the city of Boston, under a decision strictly in accordance with the law.

This JOURNAL called the decision infamous. Privately, an excellent gentleman, a lawyer, gave us a gentle rebuke, for our harsh language. Such was the law. To which we replied: "The law itself is infamous, and every decision under it is infamous."

An attempt was made, last winter, both in Massachusetts and New Jersey, to change this law, so that the mother, equally with the father, may own the children. It failed in each case. As soon as we are in possession of all the facts, we shall give them to our readers, that they may know by what kind of law and logic, the mother, whose very life is one with that of her child, has no legal claim to it.

Some day, the historian will record the "fugitive slave law," which sent the hunted, flying slave back to his master. By its side, its peer in infamy and cruelty, he will write the statute, by which the hands of little children were legally taken from the clinging clasp of the mother, whose heart broke, as the last will of her lost darlings died on her ear. Each will be read with an instinctive shudder.

No one will then wonder, that the hunted negro sometimes turned to his pursuer, and, by a worthy and well dealt blow, left him dead. Nor will it seem strange that a woman, made desperate by the circumstances, said to her husband, who threatened to take their only child from her, "If you do, I will shoot you!" The three, father, mother, and child, live on the same continent to-day. The child walks with her mother, a pistol her only protection.

Nor will the historian fail to record, that the very parties and newspapers which used every influence to give the negro the ballot, that he might protect himself, covered with scorn the not less sacred claim of the mother, to the ballot, that she might protect herself.

L. S.

### From Human Nature.

#### The Year Book of Spiritualism, 1871.

A work of considerable importance is in active preparation under the immediate cooperation of eminent Spiritualists in Europe and America. It is to constitute the first of a series of yearly publications giving an epitome of Spiritualism throughout the world as far as information may be obtainable. A vast supply of material from all parts is already flowing in, and short but pithy articles from leading Spiritualists of all countries and of all shades of opinion. This new annual will not be in any respect a sectarian work. The opinion of contributors will not be "doctored" to a certain tint of theological or philosophical opinion, but each writer will appear in his or her true colors,—all the editing necessary being the condensation of papers that exceed the limits of space at disposal.

This, then, will be a book for all, and a step toward the consolidation of the movement. All Spiritualists all over the planet, Spiritualists everywhere, are respectfully solicited to reply to Mr. Peoble's circular published in last number of Human Nature; but that the work may be done more effectively, a form is issued with this month's number which Spiritualists are cordially invited to fill to the best of their knowledge, and return as soon as convenient. It may be mentioned that no names will be published except by the special permission of the persons bearing them—the sole object of this work being to get some approximate and authentic idea of the status of Spiritualism which may be compared with the results of future years for the encouragement and direction of all Spiritualists.

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.—This important department will be entrusted to Hudson Tuttle, an author, clairvoyant, and Spiritualist, of great attainments, earnestness, and experience.

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN SPIRITUALISM.—By J. M. Peoble, who has made a tour of Europe and the east to ascertain suitable facts.

BRITISH SPIRITUALISM AND LITERATURE is in the hands of J. Burns, whose connection with the movement enables him to give some useful information.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE NORTH-WEST, by Col. D. M. Fox, with articles from Emma Harding, Prof. Denton, Epes Sargent; poems by Lizzie Totten, Emma Tuttle, &c., an original, inspired musical composition—a song by the wonderful Felix Schelling, only eleven years old, and an original Progressive song by J. G. Clark.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, by Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary F. Davis. On "HEALING," by Dr. Newton.

"SERITISM," by Miss Anna Blackwell. A specimen of music after the performance of Jesse B. H. Sheppard, the musical medium, &c., &c.

Added to the above information, will be a complete list of progressive Literature, forming a goodly volume, for which it is hoped not more than 1s. 6d. or 2s. will be charged, but it will be issued at 1s. if possible.

Now, friends of Spiritualism, do your best to make this noble effort successful. Take a few minutes of your precious time, to supply information, and see that every Spiritualist of your acquaintance subscribes for a copy. Orders for the Annual should be sent in at once, that arrangements may be made to print a suitable supply. The publisher for the Eastern Hemisphere, including Australia and New Zealand, is J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W. C. London.

### The Art of Being Happy.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life. The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to the theaters! Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theater, and each noble effort necessary. Take a few minutes of your precious time, to supply information, and see that every Spiritualist of your acquaintance subscribes for a copy. Orders for the Annual should be sent in at once, that arrangements may be made to print a suitable supply. The publisher for the Eastern Hemisphere, including Australia and New Zealand, is J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W. C. London.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life. The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to the theaters! Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theater, and each noble effort necessary. Take a few minutes of your precious time, to supply information, and see that every Spiritualist of your acquaintance subscribes for a copy. Orders for the Annual should be sent in at once, that arrangements may be made to print a suitable supply. The publisher for the Eastern Hemisphere, including Australia and New Zealand, is J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, W. C. London.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things. If we pitch our expectations high; if we are arrogant in our pretensions; if we will not

Once the sun of Orient shone Over me and my dome, As Nadir Emir walked alone...

And he heard the river's flow, Where the waters pulsed below In the Orient's golden glow...

"Can the level that once have flown, Return from Allah's golden throne To the loved their souls have known?"

But his soul-thought upward went, With another being's bliss, And her Allah e'erward sent...

There came a light to Nadir's heart That no sunshine could impart, And a voice that made him start...

"The great Allah's law of life, That from weeping and strife, Soul shall rise with questions rife..."

"All are born, through untold years, To the shining heavenly spheres From this world of pain and tears..."

With orient morning overhead, Since then has Nadir upward sped, To bow's of light by Zilpha led...

The Comtean Philosophy.

We too often fall into the habit of criticizing great men and their labors, because their works do not embrace principles and conclusions which we think essential to human progress...

Prof. Fisk of Harvard University, in his late lectures delivered in the institution last winter, regards Comte with much favor, and acknowledges the indebtedness of this generation to his labors...

Comte's scheme was limited to the objective world and visible phenomena. He recognizes no God, no spirit world, no immortality. The ideal faculties and their objects have no place in his system...

Comte's scheme was limited to the objective world and visible phenomena. He recognizes no God, no spirit world, no immortality. The ideal faculties and their objects have no place in his system...

Comte's scheme was limited to the objective world and visible phenomena. He recognizes no God, no spirit world, no immortality. The ideal faculties and their objects have no place in his system...

Comte's scheme was limited to the objective world and visible phenomena. He recognizes no God, no spirit world, no immortality. The ideal faculties and their objects have no place in his system...

Comte's scheme was limited to the objective world and visible phenomena. He recognizes no God, no spirit world, no immortality. The ideal faculties and their objects have no place in his system...

remain to us only the scientific, the investigation and classification of material facts. The logical faculty will undoubtedly take a leading position in the domain of mind, and those elements which have hitherto had a controlling influence...

Another great generalization wrought out by Comte, is the order in which the sciences have been developed. It is true, he fell into some errors of detail which his critics have taken advantage of, yet the general truth remains unaffected...

Comte did not recognize, perhaps, to a sufficient extent, the mutual dependence of the sciences, and especially the dependence of the simpler science on the later and more complex science...

Comte's scheme of philosophy is in no sense a disproof of the ideal and spiritual. He is simply partial and limited in his Ontology, yet supreme in his peculiar sphere...

With this number we close the volume, and shall next week enter upon our third year. We have for two years devoted ourselves to this work, have conducted the paper to the best of our ability...

Many of our subscribers at the time of this writing have not renewed. We shall send the first number of the new volume to many persons who have not paid...

We have not obtained the number of subscribers necessary to justify a distribution of Premiums at the time designated. We therefore have concluded to postpone the time of distribution to Wednesday, the 20th day of July...

The distribution of premiums to the subscribers of the Detroit Commercial Advertiser took place in Young Men's Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with persons interested in the drawing...

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser took place in Young Men's Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with persons interested in the drawing...

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser took place in Young Men's Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with persons interested in the drawing...

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser took place in Young Men's Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with persons interested in the drawing...

The Detroit Commercial Advertiser took place in Young Men's Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with persons interested in the drawing...

Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 17.

Thus, day by day, with SILVER SPRAY, I moved up and down the earth...

From city to city, in marble palaces, in the cottages of the poor, in hearts that beat beneath satin robes and velvet wrappings...

"Denied, degraded, and suppressed, Had died beneath the heartless jest, With such conditions, there could not be One thought of his divinity!"

Being deceived, individuals have loved unworthily. Then came the awakening, and the bitter waves of agony that must roll back upon the spirit when it awakes from a pleasant dream...

Others, unable to discriminate between the pure principle of love and its inverted action, had looked upon it as the cause of the sin and inharmonious of the world...

"But how give love when the heart is filled with hate? how make man comprehend the glories of the spiritual state, when every thought is absorbed in the material?"

"Spirit can put circumstances beneath its feet," replied my companion. "Conditions shape the course of the undeveloped soul..."

In our next communication we design to show, how the cause of suffering and inharmonious may be removed, so that in time all may have pleasant homes and true love.

"Postponement of time for Distribution of Premiums." We have not obtained the number of subscribers necessary to justify a distribution of Premiums at the time designated...

The beautiful shepherdess of France, in the 15th century, at the age of 20 years, following the direction of voices which she heard from on high, marched at the head of the French armies, drove the English from Orleans, and crowned the king at Rheims...

President—Mrs. M. Adelia Hazlitt, Hillsdale, Michigan. Vice Presidents—Giles B. Stebbins, Michigan; Robert Ingersoll, Illinois; Lizzie Boynton, Indiana; Governor Fairchild, Wisconsin; Mary J. Colburn, Minnesota; Henry O'Connor, Iowa; Miriam M. Cole, Ohio...

The article on our fourth page entitled "When, Where, and How does God reveal Himself?" will be read by every Spiritualist, and its leading ideas responded to by many who have given thought to the subject in this direction...

The article on our fourth page entitled "When, Where, and How does God reveal Himself?" will be read by every Spiritualist, and its leading ideas responded to by many who have given thought to the subject in this direction...

committee to count them, and after reading the certificate of Richmond and Backus that the tickets were all correct, and with the consent of the audience, the tickets were counted by packages of one hundred each...

The Association conferred upon Michigan the honor of holding the presidency, Mrs. Hazlitt, being unanimously elected to that position, which she filled with honor to herself and the cause...

While we would discountenance the idea that this is a movement that is to result solely to the benefit of woman, or intimate that it should be conducted by women exclusively, we do think it eminently proper to elect women to serve as Presidents of National and State organizations...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

Northwestern Woman Suffrage Association.

At a convention held in Chicago last week, called for that purpose, an association was formed to be designated as above. We were in attendance and listened to speeches from Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Hazlitt, Lillie Peckham, Phoebe Cozzen, Lizzie Boynton, Miss Chapin and others...

The Association conferred upon Michigan the honor of holding the presidency, Mrs. Hazlitt, being unanimously elected to that position, which she filled with honor to herself and the cause...

While we would discountenance the idea that this is a movement that is to result solely to the benefit of woman, or intimate that it should be conducted by women exclusively, we do think it eminently proper to elect women to serve as Presidents of National and State organizations...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

When this subject of a N. W. Association was first presented, we were inclined to doubt its expediency, but upon reflection think it is called for, and trust that it may prove a power to concentrate the energies of the Northwest and lead the public mind in the right direction...

Corresponding Editors.

DENVER, MAY 18th, 1870.

BROTHER FOX:—Your readers heard from me last at Council Bluffs, at which time I promised to be more prompt; but I am thinking that they will begin to believe that promises are like pie-crust, made to be broken...

I left Council Bluffs on Monday, April 10th, gave a lecture in Des Moines the same evening, spoke in Prairie City on Wednesday evening, then went to Orea and had a pleasant visit with that staunch Spiritualist and noble woman, Mrs. Adelaide Comstock...

I stopped, the nights of May 9th and 10th, at Brother Child's in Council Bluffs. Found things looking up and the friends feeling encouraged. The blow the week previous had laid the new Congregational church in ruins, and the members were trying to collect funds to re-erect it...

I left Omaha, May 11th., at three o'clock, P.M., and landed in Denver just thirty-six hours afterward, and fifty miles of this by stage. Fifty passengers at seven dollars each, and several hundred pounds of extra baggage at five cents a pound for all over forty pounds, weighing even the hand-satchels...

We had a very pleasant and profitable time at the Convention, perfected a Territorial organization to co-operate with the National Association and all looks bright for the future. I find warm hearts and open hands on every side, and anticipate a glorious summer...

I do not find much sympathy here for the Indians; the people have suffered too much from them. Last week they scalped a party of eleven near Kit Carson, on the Kansas Pacific route, and drove off their cattle; and it is said they have gone north toward the Union Pacific...

It seems to be a settled fact, whether just or unjust, that the race is doomed to extinction. More anon.

LOIS WAINWRIGHT. The Career of the Christ Idea in History. By Hudson Tuttle.

HUDSON TUTTLE is a philosopher in the most comprehensive sense of the word. For creeds and dogmas, miracles and myths, however ancient, he has no veneration. He is thoroughly in sympathy with nature and her unchanging laws...

The volume before us bears unmistakable evidence of deep, critical study and laborious historical research. The impress of a master workman is stamped upon every page; every sentence is pregnant with thought. It is the golden grain with all the chaff winnowed out.

Our author carefully traces the history of the career of the Christ Idea, as exhibited in the mythologies of the heathen nations of old. The Christ Idea had its origin in the wild and rude beliefs of the pagan world, long centuries before Jesus of Nazareth was born.

"It is the fashion to regard the system of Christianity as unique," says Mr. Tuttle, "springing up to golden harvest among the rank weeds of paganism, like a divine light in the surrounding darkness. If this were true, it certainly would be miraculous. It is our task to gather the golden strands of truth that run through the pagan world, and show how they merged in Christianity. We are not the only favored people. Others have had mediators born of virgin mothers. The devotees of Buddha and Vishnu outnumber us two to one, and with stronger faith, are more blindly devout than our most ardent believers..."

believers. The religious fervor of the West is tame and insipid to that of the Ganges."

After a painstaking "survey of the causes of the spread of Christianity," Mr. Tuttle says: "We can see no Divine Providence, but rather the imperfect hand of man. Had an Infinite God revealed himself through Jesus, for the purpose of redeeming the world from sin, he would have needed no assistance from interpreters or priests; for his presence could no more have been doubtful than that of the sun in mid-heavens. He would have given a revelation glowing with truth, and indisputable. We should be called on to receive no bungling record of men; a few great ideas absorbed from orientalism, bedecked with the ceremonial of paganism; translated one way in one age, and another the next; all uncertain, vexatious, obscure."

Miracles "are nothing in their own time; their magnitude increases with the space of time across which they are seen. What are called miracles are effects of higher and unknown laws." We quote as follows on this important subject: "A miracle is not possible. An event may occur by the action of unknown laws, and seem miraculous. It is not, however, a miracle in a transcendental sense of a law of nature by God, to compare with particular ends. If miracles are evidence, then every religious belief ever introduced into the world is true; for all rest on this foundation, and the evidence they bring in proof of their miracles is equally conclusive. Christs performed far more wonderful miracles than Jesus; Pythagoras was a worker of miracles. The Catholic world has always retained this gift, a pillar of strength test to the Protestants by being cast aside. The positive virtues taken of all occurrences at present, banish miracles into the remotest and darkest corners of creation. They have followed witches and Satan; and their mention, as recently occurring, brings a smile to the face of scholars. Fifty years ago, it was an object gravely to discuss and refute their possibility; that necessity is now passed. The belief in the fixity of the laws of nature is now so firmly established, that the mind is suspicious of any event said to transcend them. The miracles of Jesus rest on historical evidence alone. The conclusions of reason are against all miracles. If they prove themselves true, it must be by historical proof. This they by no means produce."

We have selected the following golden sentences from the rich mine of intellectual wealth, which are fair specimens of what is in store for those who peruse this volume: "The house of David was no more sacred to God than that of an immigrant on the Western Prairie, and a son of that house no better than sons of ordinary families. Science knows no such arbitrary Providence. Through our reason only can a revelation from any source reach the understanding. If miracles are in use of one age, they are in another. Poor Judas has swung from the moral gibbet, high in the bleak blast of the world's scorn, simply for doing what was expected of him when accepted as a disciple. What possible use the crucifixion of a man or of a God can be for the salvation of mankind, it is impossible to say. As a sin never can be forgiven, but must be atoned for, there is no possible use for a sacrifice. The whole conception is false from the beginning to its termination. Of what use is God's becoming man through Jesus? Could he thereby take on himself the pain or punishment of others? Did he come to save the lost? There are none lost. Man cannot be lost from God. One man has no more authority from God to teach than another; the only authority is truth. The sayings of Jesus have authority so far as they are true. If he was God, or man, this proposition holds. The right of reason pre-supposes the right of rejection; if this is allowed, there is death to all authority."

The following will convey to the reader the estimation in which Jesus is held by our author: "Jesus is to be estimated by the truth he taught. He is to be judged like other men. He did not atone for the sins of the world by his death any more than Socrates or Plato by theirs. His mission was similar to that of all teachers. He is an example, an ideal, as an all good and great man. If a God-man, he is not an example for us, however good a model he may be for other God-men. If an incarnate divinity, he is entirely beyond our imitation. His example is valueless unless he was a mortal like ourselves. If God was incarnated in Jesus, so he was in Krishna and Buddha. The evidence of each are equally strong. Jesus was fallible like other men, and received the belief of his age. If man never fell, but is progressing from a barbarous state, he needs no mediator between him and an offended God. No being can take the burden from his shoulders. He must work out his own salvation, and be his own redeemer."

We have marked many other passages, equally good as those we have quoted, but the length of this article forbids our giving them to our readers.

The concluding chapter, in which the ultimate of the Christ Idea is presented, is worthy of the high reputation of our distinguished author. It should be read by every free-thinker in the land.

Mr. Tuttle deserves the sincere thanks of every liberalist for writing this book. It will do much to dispel the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition that, for long and weary ages, have bound the human mind in an almost Chimerian darkness, and usher in the millennium of mental and spiritual freedom.

ALBURN, OHIO. OBITUARY. BROCKHURST.—Mrs. Alvira, wife of Romine Buckhout, daughter of Brother Wm. H. Coleman, in Oshkosh, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., March 6th, aged twenty years. She was an affectionate daughter, loving sister, a faithful and devoted wife, and generous friend.

The above we quote from the Western Christian Advocate, which paper usually adds to obituary notices, "believed in Jesus and died happy." Not so in this case, probably for the reason that she did not belong to the church. Can there be a question about the happiness in this life, of such a one as described, and if happy here, certainly happy in the life beyond. "An affectionate daughter!" In view of this remembered love the parents can exclaim:

"She who is lost to outward sense, Has but flung off her robe of clay, And, clothed in heavenly radiance, Attended us on our earthly way."

"A loving sister, a faithful and devoted daughter, wife and generous friend." Oh! how beautiful such a record; and the blessed privilege of continuing this work, ends not with this life. There are mourning hearts left here to be comforted, and we doubt not, that in the life supernatural the great source of happiness will be found to consist in self-reliance and active employments in efforts to ameliorate the conditions of others, even those who yet struggle amid the conflicts of earth-life. The friends of our sister whose death we record, with the revelations and light from beyond the tomb we now have, can say—

"We do not weep and mourn, We do not sigh; Thou art not distant gone, Thou art yet thou art, Nearer to us than art, Angel, above, Closer to each heart Clasp we thy love!"



J. S. LOVELAND, Editor.

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

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods; There is a rapture on the lonely shore; There is society where none intrudes; By the deep sea, and music in its roar; I love not man the less, but Nature more; From these our interviews, in which I deal, From all I may be, or have been before, To mingle with the universe, and feel What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; Man marks the earth with ruin—his control Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain, The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, When for a moment, like a drop of rain, He sinks into thy depths with bubbling grain, Without a grave, unknelled, uncoined and un-known.

Consistency of the Advocates of Woman's Suffrage.

It has always seemed to us that success in anything, was assured most speedily by an even, consistent course on the part of its advocates. We cannot accept the Woman Suffrage movement from this category. We do not now glide to the discussions among those prominently engaged therein, but to certain things which seem to be common to all parts of the country. We will allude to some of those seeming inconsistencies, in the hope that it may cause reflection and such action as shall advance the cause.

It is not at all probable that the suffrage will be won at once. The most sanguine may think it near, but sober minded women and men have no such expectation. In view of this, probable fact to most, and possible to all, it would seem to be a simple dictate of reason to be preparing for the use of the suffrage when secured. That the mass of women are not now fitted for the ballot is self-evident. They have far less comprehension of political questions than men. Family economy, some of them are compelled to study, in the stern school of poverty, but this is poor qualification for judging of the finances of the nation; and especially in the condition of the monetary system of the present day. The questions of internal improvement, the public lands, taxation, tariff, etc., etc., are all involved, and but few women have paid any attention to these questions. It seems to us that some attention paid to these topics, and a capacity to discuss them intelligently by women, are very desirable, and we think it would tend more directly to the acquisition of the ballot than a vast deal of the fiery declamation to which we are compelled to listen. Consistency would indicate such a course.

Again, the suffragists urge, that the false conditions and relations of society render it necessary that woman should have the ballot, in order to right them. We do not dispute this position, but think it would be immensely stronger if the women would change those conditions which are entirely in their power. We will allude to but one fact for illustration. It cannot be pretended that men compel women to wear the horrid and unhealthy styles of dress, which tend so much to their degradation. All sensible women admit that these fashions are largely unhealthy and demoralizing, and yet, scarcely one dare step out from the enslaved condition which custom requires. There is great clamor that women are shut out of so many employments. But there are many, very many employments which are open to them, but they could never enter them with a long dress, to say nothing of hoops. A woman, dressed in the American Costume, would be a most unwelcome guest upon the suffrage platform in most cases; and the introduction of the question in a woman's meeting would be most ungraciously received—it would be deemed a side issue, and not germane to the main topic. Consistency here would tell on the progress of woman in independence, if it did not secure at once the suffrage.

Another oft urged complaint is the lack of employments. We confess to the justice of this assumption to a certain extent. But we confess that it is by no means clear how the mere possession of the ballot will, or can remedy this evil. Do the women propose to turn out all the male clerks, who retail hours and thread, tape and needles, and make it a penal offense for shopkeepers to employ male clerks, especially when nine women in ten will trade with the dapper, little fellows, sooner than with one of their own sex? But the question arises, why do not women employ themselves as men do? There is no law against it. A woman may farm, trade, manufacture, print, bank, or anything else she chooses. Moreover, they can do it and not lose caste with the great mass of people. We have seen women farm, and do many things on the farm, and no one thought less of them on that account. Men certainly did not, and it is a huge mistake for young women to think that incapacity is a recommendation to any man of average common sense. Let women make employments for themselves. Instead of devoting their lives to the sublime occupation (!) of the toilette, dressing several times in the day, let them put on a common-sense garment, which is adapted to their work, and can usually be worn all day, and we assure them, health, wealth and happiness will result. A better preparation for the ballot, or a surer way to gain it we cannot see. A very few women see this, and are acting accordingly. The women Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Printers etc., are evidences on this point. So also the movement in Cambridge, Mass., for co-operation in housework, is a move in the same direction. In no department of life is there more, and we think not so much, isolated exclusiveness as in woman's work in the house. Can it not be improved? Who shall do it but woman? Who continues it but woman?

The plea, put in oftentimes, is that woman is so dependent on man that she cannot act herself. Well, why not assert her independence where she can. It is a custom of long standing for men to take women to theaters, concerts, rides, balls, picnics, etc., and pay the bills, even though he might be much the poorest of the two. We have never heard of a suffrage woman who was not as willing to accept this condition of dependence as any of her sisters, who have all the rights they want. Here is a good chance to assert independence. So long as women smile, and play sweet, when the chains are so politely put on by men, they ought not to complain of them when they wear them. And, if they invite the chains, when forged of gold and silver, let them not wonder that they turn to iron, and in time eat and rust into their very flesh. The advocates of suffrage must do one of two things. Either admit the position of their opponents, that woman is naturally dependent on man; or else they must declare their independence where they can, and not depend on men to pay their bills at all places, where they can induce them to wait upon them. Consistency is a jewel, and we hope to see it worn proudly by those working in this great movement. We assure our sisters that there are many, who wish them great success, yet are fearful, in view of these and similar inconsistencies marring this important work.

The Secret of Pulpit Success in San Francisco.

Among the pulpits celebrities of this city, is the Rev. Dr. Scudder. If our memory serves us right, this is the Divine, who had an encounter with the spirits through Mrs. Faye, and came off second best in the contest. Well, the Dr. is a popular minister of a popular church. He is an orthodox minister of an orthodox church, and of course his sermons and prayers will be of the most improved orthodox stamp. In this same city is another Dr. D., imported from "old brimstone corner," in Boston expressly for his popularity. The latter Dr., is A. L. Stone, who preached a sermon, on the occasion of the great earthquake, declaring it was not a mere natural phenomena, but specially intended by God to arouse the wicked denizens of San Francisco to a sense of his power and their dependence. But we are told that Dr. Stone can't compete with his brother Scudder. Stone can't draw as Scudder does. What is the cause? Scudder is a horseman, and, to use the language of the turf, has got the inside track. To show how this is done, and also how pulpit success is won here, we will tell our readers of Dr. Scudder's last Sunday sermon. His theme was the unruly tongue. In the course of his discourse, which at times elicited, we learn, great merriment, he announced himself as the owner of a horse. He informed his hearers how this horse would tread his way along Montgomery st., (the Wall street of San Francisco;) and then, after giving a very thorough description of the animal, he told them he wished to sell the horse. We have heard, in years ago, of pulpits desecration. We think it used to be thought a desecration of orthodox pulpits, to allow Universalist ministers to officiate therein. We presume it is so now in many places. But, we are certain, that it would be so considered to allow a Spiritualist to speak in Dr. Scudder's pulpit even now. It would be a profanation of which neither he nor his church would consent.

But to advertise his horse for sale, on the "holy Sabbath," seems not to have provoked a comment of reproof. We have no special objection to make. We think it would be much better for the Dr. to turn auctioneer next Sunday, and strike off his nag to the highest bidder, than to preach the abominable doctrines of John Calvin and other great lights of his church. The Dr. has evidently come to that same conclusion, and is successfully exerting himself to please his people. He succeeds, and does it by the same tricks and arts as are practiced in the circus! The piety of San Francisco Christians is altogether too humane to tolerate the roaring ideas of a few years since. It is not quite popular perhaps to go to theaters and similar institutions, and therefore, the grand desideratum is to secure a first class performer in comedy and farce for the pulpit. When this is attained, the church is well filled. But, if not, the poor preacher may get his salary, but not the ears of the people. Dr. Stone must preach to empty pews, while Dr. Scudder performs to tittering and delighted crowds. Behold! the glory of the pulpit in these last days.

The Career of the Christ-Idea in History, by Hudson Tuttle.

Boston: Adams & Co., No. 25 Bloomfield st. This is a companion volume to "The Career of the God-Idea in History," by the same author. Our friend and brother is a very prolific writer, and we almost fear he is making books too fast. Use gives facility in composition, still it requires time to properly arrange and methodize thought and language in the best form. We are not, however, disposed to apply this remark to this volume, except in a single particular. The volume is professedly an exposition of the Christ-Idea in history. In reading the book we find six chapters, only two of which (the first two) are devoted to the elucidation of the historic career of the Idea, while the other fourteen are devoted to Jesus of Nazareth. It seems to us that the appropriate title would have been "A Life of Jesus." To be sure, the evolution and progress of the Christ-Idea are very succinctly set forth in the first and second chapters. But these only form an appropriate introduction to the body of the work, which sets forth the outworking of that Idea in Jesus of Nazareth and the church originating with him. But this matter of the name of a book is perhaps a more criticism of taste, and we therefore pass it without other remark. But, taking the book in the light of a life of Jesus, we have read it with great satisfaction. Though not an exhaustive criticism upon the evangelical narratives as contained in the four gospels, it nevertheless dissects them with the unparing rigor of scientific analysis. The anachronisms of the books

are set forth, in several vital passages, with more force and clearness than we recollect to have seen anywhere else.

Mr. Tuttle is as unparing on the assumed miracles as Renan himself, though he does not use so weak reasons for their rejection. Taken as a whole, it is a most valuable book, and will sustain our brother's well-earned reputation as a student and a thinker.

Our author considers this Christ-Idea as "the culmination of a series of beliefs, growing out of the reception of the doctrine of the inherent finiteness of matter and the purity of spirit." He thus states the formation of the hypothesis:

"1st. God must be perfect, and hence man must have been created perfect.

"2nd. Man is now very imperfect, hence must have fallen.

"3rd. Between man's imperfection and God's perfection, man's finiteness and God's infiniteness, there must be a mediator.

"4th. As man by his fall has committed an infinite sin, only the Infinite can atone for it.

"5th. Hence, the mediator must be the Infinite, incarnated in flesh; must be a God-man partaking of a double nature."

He conceives that in savage man, in his crude feelings and imaginings, we are to find the origin of the Christ-Idea; and that if we attempt to deduce it from the condition of the cultured intellect, we shall most certainly make grave mistakes. The idea of God was first. That of Christ and sacrifice naturally and necessarily followed. The Deity was angry and must be appeased. A middle man, a God-man must stand between the Creator and the created, and reconcile the two by enduring the penalty due from the one to the other. Our author after elaborating the above positions, illustrates them by references to Brahmins, Buddhists, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, Aztecs and more especially, Christians.

As said above, the more abundant illustrations are from the Christian dogmas and history.

VISIONS.

By N. M. STROGG. Visions may rise to outward sight And lead us on life's rolling sea; May seem to tinge each wave with light And wreath our minds in joyous glee; Yet storms may rise and billows roll And dash those airy forms away; May veil in night the laughing soul, And shroud in gloom the sun of day.

But there are visions, true as fact, That rise within the soul's deep founts; No storms of earth can reach them there, Nor mar their pure exalted thought. 'Tis these that make our lives serene, And guide to scenes of heavenly bliss,— That cleave our minds in living green, And yield a joy in every wish.

When sorrow comes and friends depart For that sweet summer-land above; When death, with his unerring dart, Takes home the souls we fondly love, 'Tis then these visions, pure and bright, Gleam softly o'er our darkened way To guide our footsteps through the night, Whence breaks the calm, unclouded day.

What care for golden visions here? For all that fame or power can yield; But give me the vision pure and clear, That rises to life's brighter field; That yields the soul its highest need; And links it to a life eternal, Where opens wide the pearly gate To our home in worlds supernal.

When, Where, and How, does God Reveal Himself?

[Remarks by A. E. Newton at the Conference in Harmonal Hall, Washington, D. C., May 14th, 1870, reported for the PRESENT AGE.]

This question assumes that there is a God; hence any discussion of that proposition may properly be considered out of place.

It is, however, proper, that any one who attempts to answer it should define his idea of God, or state what he means by the term.

The claim of some speakers, that the term should be limited in significance to the narrow, anthropomorphic notions of one class of the community, is unreasonable. There are almost as many different ideas of Deity as there are persons who entertain them, since it is natural—in fact, almost inevitable—that men should create their ideal God in their own image.

Our conceptions of a Deity are necessarily modified and limited by our degree of mental expansion and our culture. We can form no conception of anything, except as it bears some relation to facts of our consciousness or our observation.

The childish mind necessarily conceives of God as a being in the shape and with the attributes of a man, generally somewhat amplified. Perhaps some minds never outgrow this childish conception; but it does not follow that more expanded minds must confine themselves to it, when they use the term.

My definition of God, as viewed in the broadest aspect, includes no less than the ALL OF THINGS, the totality of matter and the forces acting in and upon it, yet viewed in another aspect we may say, God is the SOUL OF THINGS.

To illustrate: I conceive man to be a being consisting of a body and a spirit—a body composed of tangible, visible, ponderable matter, and a spirit composed of invisible, imperceptible forces, which are united to construct and wield that body. This is one aspect of the being, man, viewed as a totality, yet in another aspect he may be considered as distinct from his body, in fact independent of it.

Thus viewed, we say the real man is the spirit, or soul.

In this latter sense it seems proper to say that God is the universal spirit, or life, embodying the totality of all the forces that act in and upon the universe of matter, as distinguished from matter itself. My answer to the question before us, then, must be, that God reveals himself at all times, everywhere, and in endlessly varied ways.

But there are grades or degrees of revelation. There are gradations of life, some manifesting lower or inferior qualities, some higher and grander.

revelations of the qualities of the universal spirit, we must look for them in the proper sphere, or department.

Look again at ourselves. Something of man is revealed even in his bones, his finger nails, and the hairs that grow upon his cuticle: these are products or revelations of the spiritual forces that are combined in his being; but they do not reveal the noblest and best of him. The highest and most characteristic part of man is found in his intellect, and his social and moral impulses or affections.

So we must not look for the highest revelations of God in the mineral world, nor in the vegetable world, nor in animal life; though these may be in some sense a part of him, and are full of revelations of great and wonderful interest.

The highest product of Matter and Force, or of the ALL OF THINGS, which we have the opportunity of inspecting, is man—ourselves. Here, then, in men and women must we look for the highest and noblest revelations of God.

But there are great differences in men and women. Some are gross, selfish, cruel, unlovely. Others are refined, noble, grand in intellect, and moved by an impulse to benefit and bless all around them. The latter we intuitively characterize as the most manly men—the most womanly women—the truest and worthiest types of manhood.

In such, then, and more especially in that inward impulse or force which prompts to love and less mankind, and that wisdom which guides this impulse to the best results, do we find the highest and worthiest revelation of the highest, noblest attributes of God.

It follows that all Bibles or Scriptures in which are recorded man's history and experience, his varying conceptions of God and his struggles and yearnings for the true, the right and the good, are in their degree revelations of God; and these revelations will continue to be made, with greater and greater clearness and fullness, so long as man shall continue to expand in knowledge, capacity, and goodness.

I shall be asked, is your God a being outside of, and distinct from man? or do you mean that all men, considered collectively, constitute God?

I answer I do not and cannot conceive of a God wholly outside of man, for the reason that I can draw no line of distinction between God and the spirit or force in man which prompts to do good.

That force is one and identical, wherever manifested and however modified in manifestation. It may seem to us to be a part of ourselves, yet for aught we know it may spring from a common cause above and beyond us.

But I do not limit man to the human being now living in bodies on this earth. Countless beings have lived and passed to another and in some sense higher sphere of existence, as I have demonstrative evidence; and they now form a great world of spirits, still connected with us by the ties of a common nature, and to a great extent by the closer ties of tender relationships. In these beings, or a vast body of them, surrounding us on every hand, the same universal spirit of God is the constant motive-power of a beneficent activity. It is in them a deathless love, brooding over us and constituting a universal providence, capable, through angelic ministry, of adaptation to every individual of our race, and to the minutest affairs of our life.

More than this, all other worlds throughout the illimitable universe, may reasonably be supposed to be peopled with sentient beings, varying perhaps in external type, but possessed of the same essential nature as ourselves; and each world, by analogy, must have its corresponding spiritual realm, peopled, in some cases, maybe, by beings older in years than our arithmetic can compute, and vaster in intelligence and power than our minds can conceive. Yet the inmost motive power of each and all, so far as born out of self-love, must be that one universal Spirit of God, that all-pervading Love, whose impulses sometimes consciously throve in your bosom and in mine.

The sum total of all such beings, in all worlds, constitute MAN, in the large sense, or the "Grand Man," to use the phrase of Swedenborg. And in so far as the inmost and universal motive-force of Good, or Love can be discriminated from what pertains to the beings as individuals, that force may be called God. Yet in fact the two are so interblended that the distinction is ideal rather than practical.

The ocean is made up of drops. All great things, so far as we know, are made up of small. A universal Spirit, dwelling in and acting through myriads of conscious individualities, in my present view, meets all the exigencies of the case. Whether the Deity existed as a conscious being before the existence of man or other finite intelligences, or whether he "first came to consciousness in man," as some metaphysicians contend, seems to me a barren subject for speculation, since we know of no time when individual intelligences did not exist.

God, then, dwells in man in a higher degree than in the outer world, and is literally "not far from every one of us." If we would receive the revelations of his wisdom and the impulses of his will, we have but to listen reverently to the "still small voice" which whispers in our inmost souls, and follow obediently the promptings of good which well up from the unfathomed depths of our consciousness.

But I reflect that if God reveals himself in me, he reveals himself in others also. To forget this would make me an egotist and a fool. My ability to receive and apprehend the divine revelations is bounded and modified by my limitations. To correct, then, the possible mistakes and supplement the meagerness of my own apprehensions, I would listen teachably to the voice of God through each and all of you—through any and all other souls, especially the best and noblest to whom I can have access, in this or any past time, in this or any other world.

These views will abash the swellings of self-conceit, render us respectful and hospitable to each other's thought, and open our souls to a boundless universe of truth that is waiting to be revealed on every hand.

For the Present Age. Henry Ward Beecher and the Christian Union.

MAY 14th, 1870. VOL. 1, No. 20.

"One thing thou lackest."

This article refers to Mr. Sen, the Hindu convert, who has been shown much attention in England, especially by the Unitarians.

He is commended for some progress. It is alleged that he is a Deist who admires Christ or the "spirit of Christ." Beecher adds: "We hope the day will come when his moral perceptions will be keen enough to see that a Merciful Almighty would not leave a helpless world to struggle in the slough of misery without stretching out the hand of revelation to save it. To expect his countrymen to accept the spirit of Christ without advancing beyond the position of David Hume, is to expect them to reach Heaven, without taking those final steps which bring man actually within the pale of Christianity. For those not far from the kingdom of God, the one thing lacking is the thing all important."

In the foregoing sentences are embodied, expressed, or implied, the following ideas:

1st. That the moral perceptions of the Hindu convert, Sen, are now dull.

2nd. That when they become keen, he will see that this God created world is a slough of misery.

3rd. That the world is helpless.

4th. That God is merciful.

5th. That if he is merciful he would never leave the world to struggle in the slough of misery which he has created for them, without stretching out his hand to lift them out.

6th. That the way he would do it, is by a special revelation.

7th. That "to accept the spirit of Christ" is to do no more than Hume did.

8th. That it is absurd to expect men of such belief to reach Heaven.

9th. That lacking the thing all important, persons with such defective beliefs must expect to be damned.

10th. Logical sequence,—that they ought to be damned.

11th. That they are great criminals in the sight of God.

12th. Logical sequence,—that they ought to be received and treated as such by his saints.

13th. Christian Union does not mean union with such sinners.

Mr. Beecher's meaning may be inferred from what he has omitted as well as from what he has printed. He finds no fault with the life and conduct of Sen. He hints at no error in the life and conduct of Hume. Hume was a Deist, but such Deists, according to Beecher, are lacking in one all-important and essential thing, without which they can never reach Heaven, and that is, the belief which brings them within the pale of Christianity. When they shall have attained this, they are all right, but without this, however honest they may be in their opinions and however pure in their lives, they deserve to be damned,—they will be damned. They can never reach Heaven. They are guilty of a capital offense against God more unpardonable than theft, adultery, or murder.

This is Mr. Beecher's logic; this, his Christian liberty. On this basis is he seeking Christian Union. Poor man! He has had the theological bite; the virus is working in his veins; he can never be cured. He will probably grow more and more rabid until the world will wonder that a man who has been where he was, should be found where he is.

IRA PORTER

Scripture and Woman Suffrage.

A writer asks, in the Waverly (N. Y. Advocate,) in regard to Woman Suffrage and its advocates, the following questions, and accompanies them with not altogether pertinent comments and answers of his own:

What light do the agitators in this movement assume as respects the authority of the Bible in its utterances upon the institutions of marriage and the family? Do they make efforts for the elevation of "woman" to the enjoyment of her "rights" upon the fundamental principles of religion as taught in the Bible?

To which the Advocate replies, and very justly: We do not understand that placing woman upon a perfect equality with man, so far as regards civil and political rights, is the object of those who are in favor of woman's suffrage, except, perhaps, to place those institutions of the more squarely upon the basis of right and nature.

As to the second question, it must depend, of course, on their respective views of what constitutes the fundamental principles of religion as taught in the Bible. If the doctrine of "doing unto others what you would that others should do unto you" is one of those "fundamental principles," then they do. But why the Bible should be brought in to determine the question of woman's civil and political rights we do not understand, for we find nothing in it which is authority upon the point. A government where the people rule—make and execute their own laws—was unknown to that early period of the world's history. All governments, from Nimrod's down, were of the purely monarchical form, under which the people were stratified on the basis of caste, in the lower of which was woman. She was purely the subject of man as man was the subject of the monarch; and it was not until a comparatively recent period that she was emancipated from that slavish condition, and acknowledged to have a known personal existence after marriage, to own and manage property, or to utter the convictions of her mind in public. This was woman's emancipation, like that of slavery emancipation, has always been met with Bible in hand, and the crude and unjust ideas of caste, which had their government, have always been used as precedents against her.

The supporters of slavery had an experience with their Bible argument with results not satisfactory to themselves. The woman question does not rest the Bible to determine its merits and claims, and its friends will not act wisely in forcing it into the arena.

Revolution.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ungenerously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdo her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever crush Truth put to her worst in a free and open encounter.—Milton.

SIMMONS, CLOUGH & CO.'S IMPROVED CABINET ORGANS

AND MELODEONS

Combine all the desirable features sought for in Instruments of this Class, and in every essential particular are equal to THE BEST REED INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD.

WITTH Wood's Patent Modifying Chamber and Perfect Harmonic Swell, NEWLY INVENTED KNEE LEVER.

MANUAL SUB-BASS, AND IMPROVED VOCAL TREMOLO

In Walnut Cases, In Jet cases, Varnish Finish, In Rosewood Cases, Oil Finish, French Polish, In Ebony Cases, Shellac Finish, Piano Polish.

TONE, Pure, Sweet, Deep, Rich, Powerful, ACTION, Prompt, Elastic, Gentle, Sensat, ve, Durable. OPERATION, Easy, Concave, Adjustable. CONSTRUCTION, Simple, Unique, Permanent. WORKMANSHIP, Artistic, Complete, Thorough. DESIGN, Neat, Tasty, Elegant. FINISH, Rich, Beaut, ful, Faultless.

PRICE, as low as First Class Instruments can be offered anywhere. TERMS, so liberal as to place them within the reach of all.

Every Instrument Fully Warranted for Five Years. PRICE LISTS sent free by mail to any address. Liberal inducements offered to desirable Agents.

Manufacture and Warerooms: Nos. 96 and 98 Miami Avenue, near Gratiot Street, DETROIT, MICH.

A. A. SIMMONS, GRANVILLE WOOD, J. E. CLOUGH, F. J. SIMMONS.

Rail Roads.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R. Run by Chicago time, 15 minutes slower than Detroit time.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, DAY EX, DEK AC, EXP, NIGHT EXP. Rows include Detroit, Dep., Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Jackson, Marshall, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, East Lansing, Mich City, Chicago, Ar.

TRAINS EASTWARD.

Table with columns: STATIONS, DEK AC, MAIL, DAY EX, AT'S EXP, NIGHT EXP. Rows include Chicago, Mich City, Ypsilanti, Kalamazoo, Marshall, Jackson, Ann Arbor, East Lansing, Grand Haven.

A. C. Wortley, Kalamazoo.

Wholesale and Retail JEWELRY!

American Waltham and Elgin WATCHES!

STERLING, COIN, ELECTRO-PLATE, HOLLOW & FLAT SILVER-WARE

BRIDAL-GIFTS, CLOCKS, BRONZES, PARIAN, FORKS, JEWELRY, CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS, SPOONS, &c., &c.

Corner Main and Burdick Sts., 49-ly. KALAMAZOO

The Universe.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Religious, Social, and Political Reform.

REMOVED FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK.

The above Weekly, which has attracted much attention throughout the country, for its marked catholicity and fearless presentation of the views of the most radical thinkers, has been removed from Chicago to New York.

At this time, Special Questions, including Marriage and Divorce, are exciting intense interest, and an "irrepressible conflict" is upon us. THE UNIVERSE is the most fearlessly outspoken journal, "upon these subjects, in the world."

Among the more important papers in the first issues for 1870, or soon to appear, are the following:

Polity in regard to Divorce East and West.—by Robert Dale Owen. The Charge Caused by Death; by Eves Sargent. The First and Second Mrs. Wood. A Story by Mrs. Jennie Hazen Lewis. Half the World's Work; Part I. A Story by Mrs. Robert Hazen Lewis. Defence of Albert D. Richardson; by Helen Rushton. The Richardson Murder.—The Principle Involved; by Francis Barry. The Relation That Leads to Maternity; by Henry C. Wright. Fortitude—Its Facts and Philosophy; by Mrs. Dr. Carpenter. Children in the After-Life; by Anna Kimball, M. D. Haunted House in Brooklyn; A Terrible History of my own experience; by Eleanor Kirk. Subscriptions Terms.—\$2.00 per year, in advance. Back numbers supplied, if desired, from Jan 6th, unless renewed by News-Dealers. Address all communications—H. N. P. LEWIS, Editor and Publisher, Cor. Broadway and 22d St., New York, 35-37.

GO TO CARCAMPAL'S MILLINERY ROOMS, Main Street.

Over Cohn's Clothing Store, directly opposite the Burdick House, where you will find every variety of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS!

HATS FOR THREE SHILLINGS! Think of That! 39¢

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE THREE BROTHERS!

From one of Prof. Anderson's latest and finest productions. These beautiful Spirit Portraits will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, 35 cents. Address OFFICE OF THE PRESENT AGE, 47-2a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE!

PHOTOGRAPHS

Pythagoras and Plato, Spirit Guides of Mr. and Mrs. STEWART, for sale by the undersigned.

PRICE: Card Size, 25 Cents; Four-fourths, \$1.25. Liberal discount by the dozen.

Also, "LITTLE VIOLET," Spirit Control of PET ANDERSON. Address ALBERT STEGMAN, ALLEGAN, MICH.

WITHOUT MONEY & WITHOUT PRICE!

J. W. STUART, M. D., Will Cure Diseases and Infirmities of Man, Woman, or Child, FREE OF CHARGE (to all who are unable to pay), from 8 o'clock, a. m. to 10 a. m., every day, at the

AMERICAN HOTEL, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Commencing April 26th, and remaining until further notice.

DIVORCES.—Abolition Divorces legally obtained in New York, Indiana, Illinois and other States, for persons from any State or Country, legal everywhere; destruction of marriage bonds, non-support, etc., sufficient cause; no publicity; no charge until divorce obtained. Advice free. Business established fifteen years.

Address, M. HOUSE, New York City, No 78 Nassau Street, New York City.