

THE PRESENT AGE

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

SAY NOT THAT TRUTH IS ESTABLISHED BY YEARS, OR THAT IN A MULTITUDE OF BELIEVERS THERE IS CERTAINTY.

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. III, No. 1.

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WHOLE No. 105.

Selected Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly, April. MY TRIUMPH. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. The autumn-time has come; On the woods that dream of bloom, And over purpling vines, The low sun fainter shines. The aster-dower is falling, The hazel's gold is palling; Yet overhead more near The eternal stars appear. And present gratitude Insures the future's good, And for the things I see I trust the things to be. That in the paths untrod, And the long days of God, My feet shall still be led, My heart be comforted. O living friends, who love me! O dear ones gone above me! Careless of our fame, I leave to you my name. Hide it from illa praises, Save it from evil phrases; Why, when dear lips that speak it, Are dumb, should stranger wake it? Let the thick curtain fall; I better know than all How little I have gained, How vast the unattained. Not by the page word-painted Let life be harnessed or sainted; Deeper than written scroll: The colors of the soul. Sweeter than any sung, My songs that found no tongue; Nobler than any fact My wish that failed of act. Others shall sing the song, Others shall right the wrong— Finish what I begin, And all I fail of win. What matter—I, or they? Mine or other's day? So the right word be said And life the sweeter made? Hail to the coming singers! Hail to the brave light-bringers! Forward I reach, and dare All that they sing and share. The airs of heaven blow o'er me: A glory shines before me: Of what mankind shall be— Pure, generous, brave and free. A dream of man and woman Divine; but still human, Solving the riddle old, Shaping the Age of God. The love of God and neighbor; And equal-handed labor; The richer life, when beauty Walks hand in hand with duty. Ring, bells in unweared steeples, The joy of unborn people! Sound, trumpets far-off blown, Your triumph is my own! Parcel and part of all, I keep the festival, Foreeach the good to be, And share the victory. I feel the earth more sunward, I join the great march onward, And take, by faith, wild living, My freehold of thanksgiving. (Copyright secured.) IS IT POSSIBLE? A STORY FROM REAL LIFE. WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE. CHAPTER XXV. CONTINUED. This letter of course led them to converse on what was now most pressing to them, their pecuniary condition and prospects. The oil well at B— had been given up for an indefinite period, through want of means to carry it on, only small "shows" of oil having been obtained. The depth to which the drill had reached (three hundred and ten feet) clearly proved that Psychometry was not at present available, as a means of indicating vertical distances, the estimate having been originally one hundred and ten feet to the oil. Winter—the forest trees with their naked, outstretched arms, the "wailing winds" and cloudy skies—was closely correspondent to the tone of feeling within, there seeming for them no way of escape. Their brother Oscar, was apparently in a somewhat advanced stage of consumption; hemorrhage of the lungs continued, and his voice was nearly gone, as he could not speak above a whisper; Hannah and William had been very kind to him; but now he was going among strangers, perhaps—indeed probably—to die, but it was the last resource. Well may you weep, Jessie and Jane, for a dark night has closed around you, indeed. They could send Oscar no money, nor could they in any way help him; they saw that by their own speculative operations, resulting from over faith in Psychometry, they had not only closed the avenue to universal philanthropy but even their sick brother must be thrown on the kindness of strangers. At last Jessie said as she brushed away her tears, "I know friend Martindale will take good care of him; he does not say so, but I feel that he is going with him for that purpose. How good he is! I do believe he is the best man I ever saw. His letters are always new—always a treat, no stiffness or stilt; but by his own good, truthful, earnest self. Jane, I know not where or how it comes, but I am decidedly impressed that Oscar will return quite well in health; I won't shed another tear, but rest on this assurance."

"Poor mother!" said Jane; "I'm glad she has escaped all this; for the first time I'm reconciled to her death. This, and our poverty would have caused her such anguish." On the next morning, Gavin borrowed a horse and carriage to take Jessie, Jane and the baby, to the "oil diggings." Scores of rough board shanties had been erected since their first visit, hundreds of wells had been put down, and—as they had supposed from their psychometric examinations—the best wells had been found to the south of Power's Corners. It might be asked by our readers, Why did not Gavin put a well down there? Because, as we have previously stated, the ground had already been leased by the gray-headed "Commodore" and other speculators; moreover the depth to the rock was not known definitely, and there was quicksand to contend with, both of which Gavin's experience in B—, had led him to regard as very serious obstacles, especially to a person with his limited means. Add to this the fact that a bonus of \$50 to \$200 in cash, besides one third to two fifths of the oil, was exacted by the "Commodore" and his confederates and it will readily be conceded that Gavin had more than a sufficiency of reasons for not venturing his limited means in the locations seemingly and intrinsically—though not circumstantially—best adapted to his object. Their case now became desperate; they must meet with some success or be utterly ruined. As the carriage rolled along to the "Digging," Gavin said, "I should not be surprised if you meet with the Timothy Cuff I have heard you talk about,—Jessie's particular friend."

All laughed but Timothy; as he warned with his subject his hands effected a partial escape and were spread out on his knees, he looking at them almost savagely. "He is the greatest swindler out of prison. Why there is not a well here giving four barrels a day, let alone eight; and more than one-half the wells do not give eight barrels a month; every man here, almost, is losing money, except that scoundrel Commodore; he may well look so complacently, as he saunters around the diggings, on the fools who are all working for him!" "But 'Nature's laws,'" said Jane; "what about these in connection with oil?" "Just this:—there are certain fixed laws of nature; hence there are fixed laws of nature governing oil; by obeying these laws all might succeed." "The laws of wealth," remarked Jane, "if obeyed bring wealth; but often our better nature must be prostrated or sacrificed to secure it. What are those laws governing oil? Geology, hydraulics, hydrostatics, or the laws of fluids, I presume?" "Certainly," said Mr. Cuff; "and before going into the oil business these subjects should be studied and the laws pertaining to them obeyed. Nature's laws! there is nothing like nature's laws in every thing. I'm going to sell my engine, vats, etc., etc., and will study them before I put down another well." "I think," said Jane, "that even with geology and hydraulics there will yet be liable to err; for these will not enable thee to see the oil or the crevices, or how, or with what proportion of water, the oil can be pumped in a proposed well."

"Nature's laws! nature's laws! I believe in their superiority and all sufficiency." It was useless to converse with him on that subject, so she changed it by asking what he thought of her baby. He looked at it a moment; "O, well, I don't know; I haven't had time to drink him in yet." How difficult it was for the ladies to keep countenance! Jessie found it necessary to walk to the window to bide her face. Just then Gavin came in and was introduced, soon after which he accompanied Timothy Cuff to look at his (Gavin's) well. "Well baby," said Jessie; "I'm glad that 'Nature's laws' had not time to drink thee in! 'Nature's laws' did not completely furnish his upper story, or he would not talk about drinking babies. He is just like his letter to me,—a compound of sense and nonsense." So Jessie chatted and laughed, the baby crowing and pulling her curls with delight. "Had he lived in the olden time," she continued, "he might have filled to advantage the position of a king's fool; for he is buffoonery personified, and needs neither misanthropic nor intellectual effort to provoke laughter, the man himself, unadorned, will do that." "However oil may have depleted his pocket," observed Jane, "it certainly has benefited him by loosening his tongue, especially in connection with the Commodore; and if Mecca oil can make so rusty a piece of machinery as Cuff's tongue was so freely, it must certainly be an excellent lubricator." Jessie was standing near the window when she suddenly called out. "Thee knows the old proverb, Jane.—'It never rains but it pours';—'come here quicker'; just look at these two gentlemen, one of them is!" "Dr. Perley, of the Perley Water Cure," said Jane laughing; "What has become of his Water Cure and the Crystallizationist Community?" "Take the baby," said Jessie; "I am going to surprise him;" and she ran down the path. "Miss Jessie Allston!" exclaimed Dr. Perley; "why I have been here three weeks, but could only learn that you lived somewhere on the 'East Ridge'; as said Ridge extends several miles, of course I could easily find you! Ha, ha!" The gentleman accompanying him had meanwhile walked away. "That is John Brown, Jr., of Harper's Ferry celebrity," said Dr. Perley; "I want to introduce you." "John—John! here!" called out the Doctor; but John Brown only turned for an instant, smiled and went on his way. "Don't call him," said Jessie; "he must be greatly annoyed here by people seeking introductions; pray don't call him."

"Well," said Dr. Perley as John Brown, Jr., slowly moved on, his head bent a little forward, "the fact is that he has been so honored that he is tired of it; vulgar curiosity has forced hundreds upon his time and attention." Still standing in the path, Jessie said, "I never saw his father; but that tall well-built man, that face in which mildness—even tenderness—blends with indomitable purpose—those eyes, gentle and fathomless, make him a very good representative of his father. There is the same disposition and power to do and dare in a philanthropic direction. I'm sure, from the glimpse I caught of his face, that he has a plan, a purpose—which is to be henceforth his life. What is he doing here?" "In the oil business. He with one or two others lease land, put down wells and then sell out; they have made money in that way." As soon as they were in the parlor, Dr. Perley took the baby, declaring that it was a most beautiful child. "I'm not married yet," he said; "the fact is I'm too poor. Six of us here put our funds together and put down a well here, but it amounts to nothing, scarcely paying expenses. We had to pay a hundred dollars for the right to put down wells on half an acre, but the old 'Commodore,' as he is called, will make one hundred dollars more than we shall." "Thee leased of him?" "Yes; did you ever see him?" "I did not," replied Jessie. "Then come to the road and I'll point him out to you." There was the old white-headed, white-hatted gentleman in immaculate gloves leisurely perambulating to-and-fro. "Now," said Dr. Perley, "that old gent is the voriest swindler in these diggings; he lies to get money out of the people." "You only sing the songs of the man who have been bitten in these oil regions."

"But he lies purposely; he misrepresents and exaggerates to strangers just coming here, that he may lease his land and secure his cash bonus. He knows that he lies when he speaks of a twenty-five barrel well, a fifteen barrel well, or even a ten barrel well; all these are myths existing only in his acquisition." "I want thee to tell me about thy sister Kate and thy mother," said Jane, "and then about the Socialistic institution." "Kate is teaching, she is doing very well; she and her mother of course are together; they board and have a very pleasant room; but," he said, lowering his voice and taking a long breath, "mother is a very proud woman and she is very unhappy. Then somehow I am very unfortunate; I never do well very long together; mother likes to dress well and if I had the means she should dress like a duchess, nothing would be too good for my mother. I'll tell you a secret, Jane: I would have married long ago, but could not provide for a wife yet; is I must think of mother, and cannot provide for her as I should. I believe, however, I shall do well yet, but no more Doctor for me or Socialism either, though I believe in the principle; we could not agree, for each of us had his or her individual peculiarities which sometimes would not harmonize with those of others. My mother begged me to take her anywhere away from the lunatics, as she called them, but they were well-meaning people enough—ha, ha! If I should break out, and I believe it will—I will return to my native state, help to raise a regiment of volunteers and fight for my country and liberty."

"But thy mother, Doctor—these might be killed." "Yes, I know; I am her only son, and better than anything else would I like to provide for her as she needs and desires; yet my country first." Mr. Cuff, on returning from his well with Gavin, was invited to visit them. "Of course I will," he replied. "Jessie is not married yet, is she?" he enquired of Jane. "O, no! I'm not married," answered Jessie; "I intend to obey nature's laws in the choice of a husband." "Very good," said Timothy; "I'm always glad to hear people talk about nature's laws, for nature's laws we must obey." Then Timothy and Dr. Perley, who had of course been introduced to each other, scouted the Commodore of the oil Digging without mercy; "swindler," "white-headed villain," and other epithets more emphatic than elegant stood out prominently in their discourse; it was easily seen that they had been bitten by the biter. "And so thee does not feel attracted to Timothy Cuff?" said Gavin as they drove home, his eyes twinkling a little out of the corners. "I should think not," said Jessie, her whole countenance expressing the utmost contempt; but in an instant it resolved into a laugh that lighted up every feature. "Does thee think I'd marry a man that talks about drinking in babies!" "Drinking babies! how?" asked Gavin. "Yes, that is the question," replied Jessie. Then Jane explained, "O, was that all?" said Gavin, assuming a serious expression of countenance, though the twinkle was still there; "he meant to say, I have not had time to drink in—or take in—his spirit. Thee sees he is disposed to go below the surface and judge of the real, not the seeming, of things; that was the reason he came to love thee, Jessie; he looked into thy soul; and even if he had heard thee laughing at him I don't think he would have altered his opinion of thee, because he would know well that these are only surface manifestations. Depend upon it that if not entirely composites, he has good judgment in some matters, and good taste too, or he would not have thought of our Jessie."

"Tell Jessie," said Jane, "what thee said to me last night." "I don't know whether the time is ripe for that or not," said Gavin, looking gravely. There is the sunshine of a laugh just visible on the edge of a superficially clouded countenance. "What is it?" asked Jessie, looking first at the one and then at the other. Gavin shook his head in silence as he still looked at Jessie; he then said, "Well, I'll put it in the form of a question:—'Did thee ever think, Jessie, that friend Martindale loved thee, or that thee could love him?'" "I shall not enlighten you on that point," said Jessie, a tell-tale blush stealing over her face. (To be Continued.)

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**Kalamazoo, Saturday, June 18, 1870.**

## An Exquisite Ballad.

The very beautiful verses, subjoined, were written by Mr. Joseph Brennan, one of the most gifted young Irishmen that ever plunged into so abortive a revolution as was that of 1848.

### COME TO ME DARLING.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee,  
 Day time and night time I'm dreaming about thee,  
 Night and time and day time in dreams I behold thee,  
 Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee;  
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
 Come in thy beauty to bless and to lighten;  
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
 Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit 'round the desolate ruins,  
 Telling of Spring and joyous renewing;  
 And thoughts of thy love and its promise treasure,  
 Are circling my heart with the promise of pleasure;  
 Oh! spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my blossom,  
 Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom,  
 The waste of my life has a rare rest within it,  
 And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,  
 Features lit up with a reflex of heaven,  
 Eyes like the skies of Erin, our mother,  
 Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other,  
 Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
 And opening their eyes from a heart of a dimple,  
 Oh! I thank to the Savior that even the seeming  
 Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened,  
 Dear, are you sad to hear that I am saddened?  
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
 As octave to octave, or rhyme unto rhyme, love,  
 I cannot smile, but your cheeks will be glowing;  
 You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing;  
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love;  
 And I could not live without you by my side, love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow,  
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,  
 Strong, swift and true as the words which I speak,  
 Love;  
 With a song at your lip, and a smile on your cheek,  
 Love;  
 Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;  
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;  
 Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee;  
 Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

## Our Labors.

Ten years ago we entered involuntarily into a work of the importance and magnitude of which we had but a faint idea. The truths of Modern Spiritualism have blessed our life so abundantly, that we desired that the whole world should know their sublime import, and in our youthful enthusiasm, persuaded ourselves that it only required the presentation of the truth to insure acceptance by the world. A few years of itinerancy, however, dispelled this boyish dream and convinced us that it was no easy task to induce the world to come out of the old ruts and embark on a new route. We found that reform labor was no "child's play", and if performed at all, it must encounter bigotry and prejudice which required a purpose to meet, as present as fate.

Taking an inventory of our mental qualities and proclivities, we concluded that science and history presented a field in which we might labor to some purpose. We remembered that Bro. Davis had once said, that "Geology is the inexorable judge of Theology." So we thought it might not only be made an instrument to pull down the strongholds of conservatism, but that it might also be welded in a constructive capacity and become the corner stone of free religion. We therefore entered upon its study with great enthusiasm, and that enthusiasm has augmented as the years of patient toil have multiplied. But as we possessed but few of this world's goods, we saw the necessity of rendering this science into a popular form, and making it available for material support. And here two difficulties presented themselves: first, we unfortunately belonged to the Infidel school, and so arrayed the church and the priesthood against us; and second, the public at large were too little acquainted with the theme to become immediately enlisted, or interested sufficiently to volunteer pecuniary support. The first of these difficulties has steadily increased, and the second has diminished. But the class who oppose, while they become daily more intense in their hatred of the Darwinian interpretation of science, are decreasing in numbers, and on the other hand, the general public is rapidly developing a demand for scientific themes, discussed from a radical standpoint. The works of Spencer, Buckle and Draper have done their share toward developing this demand. Every person who becomes sufficiently enlightened on the scheme presented by Darwin to accept it, also becomes a Spiritualist. At least there are few exceptions. We find no better preliminary, in breaking ground in a new field for the acceptance of Spiritualism, than a course of geological lectures; and so far as we know, all in the field at the present time who devote most of their time to lectures on this science, are Spiritualists.

It has been our custom to devote about five months during the year (the fall and winter months) to lectures on geology, and the summer months to lectures on Spiritualism, and to study. On referring to our diary, we find the number of lectures noted since we commenced our itinerancy, are fifteen hundred. The number delivered the first year was two hundred and ten, for which we received four hundred dollars; the number given during the year just closed is one hundred and forty, for which our receipts are one thousand dollars—a little less labor and more pay. Of the total number of lectures we have delivered during the last nine years, five hundred and eighty two have been on geology, eight hundred and eighty six on reform, and thirty two on funeral occasions.

The first years of our public labor were not cheered with pecuniary reward, and the library and apparatus necessary to prosecute our studies were procured with many sacrifices; but we had faith and purpose, knowing that the day of fruition would dawn at last. We have never experienced a desire to startle the world with the blaze of a meteor, but during these years of preparation and silent toil, we have been content with obscurity, and of being known in but few localities. Twelve years have rolled away since we projected our work, and entered earnestly upon the task of discipline and preparation. The period has been brief, the discipline meager, compared with the momentous issues with which we would grapple, and for every hour of earnest toil, every deed of self-sacrifice which we may have devoted in the past, we feel especially thankful, for thereby, life is made richer and the soul more beautifully attuned to divine harmonies.

During the past winter, our field of labor has been in Michigan and Ohio. The month of November we spent in the Saginaw valley; the month of December at Marshall and St. Clair, giving courses on geology in each of these localities, except in Marshall, where we occupied three Sundays with spiritual topics. In north-eastern Ohio we have lectured at Auburn, Ravenna, Seville, Kent and Cleveland, giving in each of those places two courses of lectures. In all our experience as a lecturer, we have never known the clergy so fierce, or the people at large so interested in the presentation of our themes, as during the lecturing season just closed.

## Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 18.

"We live embosomed in beauty. If we look back over the dusty highway of life, the words and deeds that caused us pain lose their bitterness and angularity, and we remember only their fairest proportions, their brightest tints. As earth-life recedes from us the unlovely fades from view, and in recalling the past, the scenes of pleasure, loveliness, and beauty occupy the most prominent positions. So in our attempts to penetrate the dim vista of the future; whether we lift the astronomer's tube to read the future of the planets, or with the geologist, read the mystic lines upon the hand of nature, or with the philosopher, with a systematic arrangement of facts, attempt to solve the mysteries of the future, or look with clairvoyant eye into the radiant spheres of soul-life, whether poet, artist, philosopher, or a seeker after those beauties that lie veiled from mortal vision; in whatever direction our eye may turn, the future is all aglow with beauty, interest. From this we learn that beauty, harmony, and love, are inherent in the spirit; hence, the unhappiness of earth-life is but an effect caused from ignorance of the unchanging principles of nature. We cannot find without us, what is not within the spirit. Greece and Rome, Britain and America, music and poetry, art and government, are but expressions of that divine spirit incarnate in every individual. We need not labor so earnestly to obtain from without, what the soul is already in possession of. The power to appreciate truth is proof that the soul is in harmony with truth. Talent, genius, is not confined to the few; a thought that could quicken the pulse and fire the soul of Socrates, Plato, or Jesus, is yours as soon as you open your doors to receive it. All that the spirit can draw to itself, belongs to it by birth-right. Principles are universal; hence, the soul can draw from this inexhaustible store house forever. Yet it cannot take what it does not assimilate to itself. The brightest jewel from the intellectual or moral realm might lie at its feet and yet it could not take it unless, through the law of progression, it had unfolded sufficiently to attract and hold it, making it a part of itself. For instance, the scientist tells his greatest secret to the mechanic; and it is not understood, because his mind is not sufficiently unfolded to comprehend it. So beauty and happiness are the birthright of every spirit. They are the flowers blooming in every path, the sparkling diamonds blazing in every soul; yet because of our ignorance of nature and her laws, because of the sins of our parents, our imperfect phrenological development, false education, and want of culture, we are mere shadows of what we should be. Position, titles, worldly fame, are of greater value in our eyes than soul culture. TRUE HAPPINESS is within our reach, but we are so blinded that we do not perceive it. Happiness and beauty being discussed from a radical standpoint. The works of Spencer, Buckle and Draper have done their share toward developing this demand. Every person who becomes sufficiently enlightened on the scheme presented by Darwin to accept it, also becomes a Spiritualist. At least there are few exceptions. We find no better preliminary, in breaking ground in a new field for the acceptance of Spiritualism, than a course of geological lectures; and so far as we know, all in the field at the present time who devote most of their time to lectures on this science, are Spiritualists.

As he becomes acquainted with nature's laws, and has wisdom to live in harmony with them, unhappiness, sin and crime will disappear, as the noxious weeds and poisonous reptiles that once inhabited this earth, have been removed to give place to higher forms of life. The world is advancing and through the golden gates of the future, comes the promise of a golden era when the principles of justice, love, and beauty will express themselves more perfectly through the advanced spirit. The crime and consequent unhappiness that exist to-day will be lost in the past. And," continued SILVER SPRAY, placing her hand upon my shoulder and looking up with face all aglow and eyes filled with the light of inspiration, "we shall derive our happiness by blending with the hopes of the present hour and sympathizing with the efforts that are being made to bring men to a knowledge of the true principles of correct living, that the earth may know that LOVE is to be Queen, and wisdom King, in the harmonical era that is soon to dawn upon the earth."

I had seen the shadows around so many hearts, had heard the low wail of anguish rising from so many homes, I had pierced the mask of smiles and seen that sadness and sorrow were a part of almost every life, and my heart was saddened, notwithstanding the presence of my beautiful companion. Despondency had swept its dark waves over my soul until I had almost lost trust in the goodness and power of God. But this lesson received from SILVER SPRAY had inspired me with hope. I now realized that love and happiness were the birthright of the spirit, that in time each soul would be crowned with these inestimable blessings. I perceived that the first step necessary to inaugurate the era of harmony, was to convince the soul of the oneness of spirit; that earth's children are one great family; that compliance with the laws of temperamental adaptation will have much to do in removing of disease and mental weakness; that it is better to remove the causes of suffering than forever to deal with effects; broader culture can be obtained when demanded, better laws when the people understand that a true government must be based upon the principle of justice; a more equal and general distribution of wealth when labor is exalted to its true position, and it is considered a disgrace to be a consumer without producing anything to add to the public good. There will be greater freedom when the principle of liberty is more perfectly understood; when the people learn that the freer the individual, the better the man. There will be less religious bigotry when the people understand the value of true religion; when the soul is free it will vindicate itself as a divine creation, plan for itself the best government, the highest system of morality and the truest social relations. That slowly but surely man is advancing to a higher plane than he has occupied in the past, that God, working through angels and arch-angels, spirits and mortals, is accomplishing this great work, when every heart will receive its treasures of happiness, every individual will be favorably organized, harmoniously conditioned, happy hearts and peaceful homes, just laws and pure religion, crown the world with joy unpeakable.

As this beautiful vision of the coming time rose before me the shadows that had clouded my spirit passed away and I saw how love must redeem the world and I appreciated the blessing of being permitted to take a part in this glorious work, but I realized that we could do but little alone. If spirits were to present these practical truths, and also give man a glimpse beyond the veil, we must have concert of action, a system through which this work could be carried on to perfection. I mentioned this to my companion and she suggested that we should again return to the Summer-land, and call together those minds that were interested in this work, in order to see what could be done to carry out our plans. In our next communication we shall give an account of our return to the spirit-land and the first spirit convention we ever attended to perfect a plan of communication between mortals and spirits, and decide upon the best methods to carry forward to a successful termination the objects desired.

## The Discussions in Wisconsin.

W. F. Jamieson has closed his debate with Rev. Haddock of the Methodist church. This discussion occupied nine evenings, and we learn terminated in a complete triumph for Spiritualism. This is a more decided victory for our cause, than the one obtained in the discussion with Mr. Pryse. The cause of this may be attributed to the fact that Mr. Pryse pursued an honorable course in his discussion, treating the subject and his opponent with courtesy, ably defending his own position, but comporting himself as a gentleman should. On the contrary, the Rev. Haddock, from the first, pursued a systematic course of abuse and misrepresentation of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. We are informed by a correspondent, that Brother Jamieson gave him all the rope he wanted in that direction, the first three nights of the discussion, until he disgusted many of his own friends and almost all the outside community. Then Jamieson opened up with his light artillery of ridicule and sarcasm. To those who know Jamieson, it is entirely unnecessary for us to speak of his power in this direction, and we can easily fancy the writhings of poor Haddock. Mr. H— was invited by our corresponding Editor, to write out a synopsis of his argument for the AGE, but he refused to do so; said he, would not aid with his speeches to help on the circulation of the AGE. (Oh, my!) We are glad to say Mr. Pryse has consented to do so. Our readers may therefore expect an installment next week, which we feel sure will interest them, for this debate was a solid one.

## Three Correspondents briefly Answered.

One correspondent desires us to give the particulars of the late Fenian movement; another one asks why we do not give more of the news of the day, and yet another, asks us to give the market reports.

As a brief answer to above, we remark that the PRESENT AGE with its present size was not particularly designed as a news paper in the strict sense of that term. All the secular papers of the country are filled with sensational accounts of the Fenian raid folly, if we may so term it, and with accounts of accidents, elopement, murders, robberies, etc., which would no doubt interest some, but we hope not many of our readers. We hope to favor our subscribers with reading matter that will interest them, and such as can be found in no other journal. We hope, by and by, and the day is not distant, that our patronage will be sufficient to enable us to publish a paper as large as the *New York Independent* and containing as great a variety; but even from such a paper we should exclude accounts of crime in its detail, and many things which we think too demoralizing in tendency to spread before the public. We may soon give our ideas of the use and abuse of journalism.

## Brain Capacity of Races.

Prof. Morton measured several thousand skulls belonging to the various races, with a view of ascertaining whether there are any relative differences in volume. Striking an average between all observations the result is as follows:

The average cranial capacity of the Negro is seventy-five inches; of the N. A. Indian, seventy-nine inches; of the Maylayan, eighty-six inches; of the Mongolian, eighty-six inches; of the Caucasian, eighty-seven inches. The Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon branches of the Caucasian race were found to have ninety-six cubic inches, as the average cranial capacity. This latter addition in volume is almost wholly in the region of the constructive, intellectual and moral faculties. To the original executive faculties in the Western nations is added a class of nervous tissues which enable them to take the initiative in a higher intellectual life.

## The Bible in the Schools.

This question will continue to agitate the public mind until the right shall succeed, until the Bible shall cease to be regarded as authority, and in its history and teachings, like all other books coming to the world through human organisms, be subjected to the test of individual reason. "But," say many, "a true religious education must be provided for." We ask: what is religion? Theoretically, it is a knowledge of the relationship existing between man and God, and the duties arising therefrom.

It is said by those interested that the only way to teach religion is by making the Bible a class-book, with full liberty to expound it. If this be sanctioned, the effect will be, and all ought to know it—that sectarian creeds will be taught, and every sect will be established.

But what is THE BIBLE, that it should be selected? "The inspired Word of God," say they who profess to teach religion. Then if it be the expression of Infinite Intelligence, all its statements will be demonstrably true—self-evident to ALL. If it need an interpreter—a fallible man—then the expression of Infinite Intelligence is the expression of the mind of the interpreter, and the "Infallible Word of God" is nothing more than the opinion of fallible man.

Further every well-read man knows the "Bible" to be simply a selection from the writings of Jews and Jewish reformers, made by various Ecumenical Councils, the decision of the first—the Council of Nice—being reversed many times by other Councils, before the final settlement of the Canon. Thus, again, what is, and what is not the "Word of God" being decided by man's opinion.

Seeing this—expose the imposition; refuse to allow the Bible to be used as a class-book; refuse AUTHORITY to dwarf the expanding intelligence of the young mind, by indoctrinating it with lifeless and soul-degraded creeds. Strip religious teachers (so called) of all POWER. Then, and not till then, will the Divinity within the Soul appear, and the first step be taken towards attaining that social Millennium whose LAW will be—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them," the fulfilment of which is PRACTICAL RELIGION.

## The Sturgis Meeting.

Our friends need not be urged to attend the 11th Anniversary of the Sturgis Society which occurs the present week. This is the oldest society we believe save one, in Michigan. Their Anniversaries have been well sustained and among the best Spiritual meetings we have ever attended. We intend to be present and shall have with us a good supply of progressive books to supply the wants of the liberalists and Spiritualists who may be in attendance.

The following, written by John Southard of Pontiac, Michigan, on his seventy-third birthday, we publish at his request with pleasure. More than forty years ago, ourself a small boy, we knew Deacon John Southard, then an earnest orthodox; now, and for many years past, an equally earnest Spiritualist. May the good deacon be useful in this life many years to come.

## My Seventy-Third Birthday, June 7th. 1870.

Three and seventy years sojourning  
 On this low terequaceous ball!  
 Ever changing and progressing,  
 Obedient to God's sovereign call.  
 I am weary, longing,  
 For the glorious hour to come,  
 When my spirit shall be passing  
 To its everlasting home.  
 I am daily, hourly, wishing,  
 When my spirit shall be free,  
 Joys immortal to be tasting,  
 In my home eternally.  
 With my kindred, father, mother,  
 And my children, gone before;  
 And my sister and my brother,  
 Nature's God we'll adore.  
 I am here a weary pilgrim,  
 Longing for society,  
 Holy truth, and heavenly wisdom  
 Knowledge, love, and purity.  
 I have outgrown much of error,  
 Taught by old theology;  
 Gloomy fears, sectarian terror,  
 Wrong, and strife, and bigotry.  
 Death, kind death, will soon be calling,  
 For my spirit soon to come;  
 Then I gladly will be hastening,  
 To my everlasting home.  
 PONTIAC, June 7th, 1870. JOHN SOUTHARD.

## Corresponding Editors.

RONEY'S RANCH, COL., TERRITORY,  
 May 31st, 1870.

DEAR AGE.—Here I am for a few days' rest, twelve miles from Denver and five from Golden City. I have been in the Territory a little over two weeks, and have given nine lectures to attentive audiences. I find the Banner, the AGE, the *Religio*, and the *Universe*, in this far off Territory; for the people are thinkers. Some persons seem to imagine that western people are ignoramuses; a sort of scum from the pure wine of eastern intelligence; but I can assure such that they are very much mistaken indeed. True, there may be less of *bottled, refined wine*, but there is far more of the real cream of sturdy progressive life; that is, in proportion to numbers. Growth is the watchword; a growth that comports with the sturdy independence of these billowy mountains, billows that tossed high in air by an ocean of fire, have held their upward tendency till now. In this gulch, Iron Spring gulch, it is called, Brother Roney has built his stone house. Green Mountain slopes off toward Denver in tempting undulating swells that I shall try my locomotive powers upon before many days. Just back of the house rises to the height of several hundred feet, what is called Hog's back, and quite a bristly back too, if you choose to call sharp stones and rugged rocks by that name; at least, so I thought, on Saturday last, after mounting to the very ridge of the *Back* and coming down rather the worse for wear. Mrs. Roney is an excellent clairvoyant, and it is delightful to listen to her descriptions of that "other shore," and of the loved ones that she sees there. The spirit of old theology is at work here, and there is quite a struggle as to who shall possess the land; a struggle that I can feel in the spiritual as well as in the external realm. Indeed, there are those on the other side, dark, creed-bound spirits who would take my life if they could. This is comparatively a new feeling to me; still I realize it as a truth, though I fear not, for I am very certain that no real harm can ever befall me—"While I'm blest with such a guide" and not only one, but many. Their number is constantly augmenting, also, as by the enlargement of the sphere of my life, I am enabled to gather their magnetic lines into the radius thereof. And as I feel the onslaught of those mistaken ones, I say—

"Just let them come, we'll pledge our word  
 That we will give them freedom!"

Brother Fox, how much there is to be done, and how little the masses of those who call themselves Spiritualists, realize the dignity of their position! How few are self-centered, a centerpiece controlling surroundings and compelling respect.

Oh! the thousands who know these things to be true, and yet are so weak that they cannot stand alone! When I see them, some that I met, shrinking and dodging lest they should be *disgraced* because some who profess to be Spiritualists, are not what they should be, I think of the story of the country woman who took a seat beside a well-dressed pariah, one of society's outcasts. Some one hastened to tell her what company she was in, when she calmly replied, "Wall, I guess she won't hurt me; 'tain't catchin' in our family."

People who are thus strong in conscious integrity, are not very apt to shrink from avowing their honest convictions, because some one, who has not the same amount of moral strength, believes the same thing. Only those who are afraid it is "catching," will shrink.

I expect to go to Boulder City soon; and thence to Central, Black Hawk, Nevada, and other points, scattering the truths of the kingdom of progress as I go, looking, while, to the angels, both to those in the material form, and those who have gone to the other shore, for my reward. I wish I could be with you in your forthcoming anniversary; but my work for the present is here. God and the angels bless you.

## Grove Meeting.

We have received no notice for publication, but from a private letter learn there is to be a Grove Meeting near Fenns Mills, Allegan Co, Saturday and Sunday, June 18th, and 19th. Speakers E. V. Wilson and Mrs. M. J. Kutz. These are both popular speakers and we have no doubt all who attend will have a good time.

## THE GOLDEN KEY:

OR—  
 MYSTERIOUS BEYOND THE VEIL.

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.

CHAPTER I.  
 THE STRANGE VISITOR.

Dr. Bradwell sat in his well furnished drawing room, the morning paper in his hand, but it received little attention from him, for his head rested upon his hand as though in deep thought. The Dr. was a man a little above the medium height; he had passed the days of youth but his eye still retained its brightness; his brow was not furrowed by lines of care and his fine silken locks remained untouched by the hand of time. He was now on the shady side of forty, but was still in appearance a young and handsome man. The keen observer, however, could not be looking upon him closely, fail to discover that there was beneath the smooth and polished exterior something he could not comprehend. There were pictures upon the walls of memory from which he did not care to remove the veil. There were memories that would not always down at his bidding. Such was the case the morning we introduce him to the reader. A step approaches the door, and the Dr. dropped his hand and made an effort to dispel the expression of sadness that still lingered on his face, and in a clear, musical voice, he greeted his fair young wife as she entered the room.

"A caller," she exclaimed, holding out a card, "I presume it is some one who has come to answer the advertisement."

"Have you seen her?" inquired the Dr.

"No, I preferred to have her come where we could both converse with her. You know we must be very particular as to the one who is to have the charge of our darling; and as I am not an adept in reading human nature, I wish you to decide for me. I never could distrust any one; I believe it would kill me to be suspicious."

"Your perceptions are good" replied the Dr. "You must use them. However," he continued, "as long as I have life and strength you shall not need a protector; I will shield you from every sorrow, preserve you from care and anxiety, and make your life, one bright summer-day. I will see this stranger. Let her come up at once; I have business that demands my attention this morning. His wife touched the bell, which was quickly answered by a servant, who received his orders and soon conducted the visitor into the presence of the Dr. and his wife. Imagine a tall, slender figure, clad in garments of deep mourning, the face concealed by a heavy crepe veil, and you will have before you an exact image of the strange visitor. As she entered, the servant offered her a chair, into which she sank with a quick, nervous movement. "This is Dr. Bradwell I suppose," said the lady in a low tremulous voice. The Dr. bowed making no other reply. "I have come to answer a notice I found in the morning paper," continued the lady. "I come well recommended."

"Oh! I have no doubt of that," said the Dr.'s wife. "You are good and true I know by the sound of your voice; but will you not please put aside that black veil so that we may see your face? excuse me for making this request, but I cannot talk with you as I would while your face is concealed." The veil was partially drawn aside, revealing a face smooth and white as marble. The face of a woman about twenty-five years of age, a face that spoke of strength, and intense suffering but of firm and unyielding will, a will that would enable its possessor to triumph over all difficulties, to wade through seas of blood, or dare the fires of the tartarian pit. The hair was combed low upon the broad brow, and the eyes covered by a pair of green spectacles.

The Dr. appeared deeply agitated from the time the woman first entered the room, but one glance at her face, seemed to reassure him. Having regained his composure, he conversed with her in his easy plain style. The result was that Mrs. Loomis was engaged to take charge of little Daisy, the only child that brightened the Dr.'s home.

"It was her voice," remarked the wife after Mrs. L. had left the room, "that attracted me; so low, sweet, and sad. She is very plain-looking, and not the companion I should have chosen for myself. I believe her to be gentle, kind and affectionate; just the person we want to take charge of little Daisy. I wish she did not wear those green spectacles and comb her hair down over her face in that strange way; and I really thought I saw the frill of a cap; do you believe it possible that she wears caps?"

"I should not be surprised," answered the Dr.

"Well, she comes well recommended, and has the appearance of a lady. After she has been here a little time I shall get dress, spectacles, and cap out of the way, and you will see, husband, what a change it will make in her appearance."

"If she performs well her duty to the child I shall be satisfied. I think she will be a study for you, however. Now I must leave you for the present, taking an affectionate farewell." With this remark the Dr. left the house, leaving his wife during the day to become better acquainted with the governess.

## CHAPTER II.

MIDNIGHT AND SUNSHINE.

"There is a fit representation of midnight and sunshine. I don't see what Mrs. Bradwell was thinking of when she selected such a governess for Daisy. Her personal appearance is enough to make her repulsive to an ordinary child, and little Daisy is so spiritual, so ethereal, and so sensitive, I do not see how she can exist in the heavy atmosphere of sadness that surrounds Mrs. Loomis, as she calls herself. Look at them now as they approach us; Daisy is five years old this summer, the embodiment of beauty and grace. You, I see, admire her profusion of beautiful golden brown curls that fall around her sweet face and snowy shoulders. To me her chief beauty is not in her beautiful hair, her broad

## smooth brow, her sweet mouth, but in those large, clear, wonderful eyes,—eyes that always seem to be looking beyond the veil. Sometimes I have really thought the child could see the angels that I am sure do surround her. She will not be here long; I never see her without saying to myself, 'little Daisy, go home and live with the angels.' She is too good for this earth, and if she were Mrs. Bradwell's child, I am sure she would not have placed her under the influence of such a woman."

"At this moment the governess and child approached the ladies. Mrs. Loomis was still clad in the same black garb, her face entirely concealed by the heavy folds of her veil; her step was slow but firm, showing that her sorrow, whatever it might have been, had not destroyed her will. Mrs. Spaulding, one of the ladies above referred to, extended her hand to Daisy, bidding her good morning and inquiring, "where have you been?"

"Walking in the Park," replied the little one raising her large hazel eyes, filled with light and beauty; and she continued, in a soft, musical voice. "It is so pleasant out there under the trees, mamma says Mrs. Loomis may take me every morning."

"You enjoy your walk then?" questioned the lady.

"Oh, yes! I am lonesome at the house, but out there the birds and the leaves and the flowers all talk to me."

"What do the flowers say to you?"

"Oh! a great many nice things: one little vine, too weak to stand alone, kept putting out its little hands until it caught hold of the bark of a tree, and said it was going to stay there. Just as I put my arms round papa's neck, but I cannot stay with papa all ways for he goes away every day. The leaves whispered to me and said the great tree would not go out of the park, so the little vine can always stay there; one poor little flower that had been crushed, told me its sad story."

"That is very nice," replied the lady, "to have the flowers talk to you. You must come and see me and tell me all they say."

"Yes, Mrs. Loomis will bring me to see you, and you can go to the Park and hear for yourself, all the voices that talk to me. But I must go home now and tell mamma what I have seen and heard."

During this conversation, the governess had stood still as a statue, never for one moment releasing the little hand that was clasped in hers.

"You have truly said that they are midnight and sunshine," said one of the ladies, as the child and governess turned a corner of the street and were lost sight of. "That child has something remarkable about her," remarked one of the ladies, who had to this time, remained silent. "I never saw such eyes before; one can gaze into their clear depths, and yet fail to fathom the mystery that lies buried there. I would like to know what is to be her destiny. I believe you intimated that Mrs. Bradwell was not her mother; I would like to know something of the mother of that child; were you acquainted with her?"

"I never saw her. Come, let us go into the Park; sit down in the shade, and while we rest, I will tell you what I know of her father. Dr. Bradwell's parents were residents of this city; here he received his education, graduating with great honor. Soon after receiving his diploma, his father, who was a man of wealth and position died, leaving his wealth to his only child, the Dr. Having a natural love for change, and a desire to travel, the Dr. soon left the city, saying he was going to see the world, and after remaining abroad three or four years, he would return and stay with his mother the remainder of her life. The first two years he was heard from quite frequently, and often I heard his mother read letters from him, filled with glowing descriptions of the countries through which he passed, and of the magnificent cities he visited. At such times her heart seemed too full for utterance; tears would dim her eyes, and she would say: "my boy is gathering stores of knowledge."

Alas for her bright anticipations! The third year after his departure, she was stricken down by the burning breath of fever, and her frail body soon released its hold upon the spirit. Her son was at that time in Spain. He did not return upon hearing of his mother's death. Year after year passed without the arrival of any reliable information of him. At last came the news that he had married a Spanish lady of great beauty, and he was about to return to his native city. Yet years passed and he came not. At last we heard that his wife was dead, and he, sad and broken in spirit, was about to return. Time again rolled on; still he did not make his appearance. Judge then of our surprise when six months since he suddenly came back, bringing with him a fair young wife, and little Daisy, the child of his first companion. The present Mrs. Bradwell is a sweet, pleasant woman, but I do not think she can love the child as if it were her own. For my part, for the sake of the child, I shall try to have that woman sent adrift. I shall call on Mrs. Bradwell to-day and try to persuade her to take the child from the charge of that horrible creature. I do not suppose she has the least idea who she is. I love Daisy two well to have the sunlight of her young life darkened by such a cloud as that. Yes, I will go, and you must accompany me, my dear young friend. Who knows but that fate has chosen us to brighten or change the destiny of this fair child." Saying this the two ladies left the park, to go on their self-appointed mission.

## (To be Continued.)

LIBERILITY TO BRUTES.—We see it stated that an old bachelor in New York has given his entire property, nearly \$300,000 to the Society for preventing cruelty to Animals. We are glad to see such liberality; but if deserved for such an object, there might well be devoted a hundred million dollars to the cause of Peace as a thousand-fold more important.

Will not some men of large wealth and still larger heart, give a million or more to endow for all coming time an enterprise so vastly important to all the great interests of our world? Such a man would win an immortality far more glorious in the estimation of coming ages than any warrior has ever yet won.



