

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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TO BEAR ADVERSITY WELL, IS DIFFICULT; BUT TO BE TEMPERATE IN PROSPERITY, IS THE

IN ADVANCE.

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WHOLE No. 107.

## Original Poetry.

For the Present Age.  
The Noontide Lesson.  
BY MAY S. KNAUGS.

I sit by the open window  
And look on the busy street,  
And my spirit asks a question  
From its mystical retreat.

Has every one a mission  
In this world of care and strife?  
Has everything a meaning,  
Both the great and small of life?

Up from the clover-blossoms  
There steals a sweet perfume,  
All burdened with the music  
Of the busy bees' low tune.

And borne upon the breezes  
Comes the glad trill of a bird;  
Overflowing of a full heart,  
Knowing not its song is heard.

But the perfume and the music  
Steal upon my sense like balm,  
Breathing o'er the tired spirit  
All its need, a gentle calm.

And they whisper to my query,  
"Why not the truth of this?"  
Every atom has a mission,  
And there nothing useless is.

Bends the little clover-blossom  
'Neath the weight of rain and dew  
And alike the heavy burden  
And the tempest come to you.

But the rain-drops feed the fountain  
Whence its rare perfumes are drawn;  
And the night that clouds your heavens  
Only fairer makes the dawn.

Drop by drop the honey cometh  
For the toiling of the bee,  
Still a glad tune she hummeth,  
Work combined with melody.

And your progress, as you gather  
Truths to lift your soul to heaven,  
Seems full slow, but ever surely,  
Drop by drop, the truth is given.

Oh! I despair not, worn and weary,  
Still endure and still toil on,  
And despond not if thy pathway  
In seeming lead thee down.

Nature tells thee, tells thee truly,  
In her myriad voices tossed  
On the breeze that daily fans thee,  
In her realm there's nothing lost.

Work and wait; and though you scatter  
Only dew-drops as you pass,  
Know the dew-drops nurse the blossoms  
Strewn upon the springing grass.

And the blossoms gladden other  
Hearts to grief and sorrow given,  
So at last your time may come  
Some darkened spirit up to heaven.

All have meaning and a mission,  
True to God, to nature true,  
Patiently fulfil the mission  
Heaven's love has given you.

BAY CITY, MICH.

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## IS IT POSSIBLE!

## A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

On the next day, Sunday, as we return to the cabin we observe what we had previously overlooked in our joy at seeing the brother return in health to his family. The cabin is literally covered with vines, while here and there among the grass in front of the house are rose bushes with numerous buds and full blown roses. What a little beauty spot, we exclaim. There is a little bent seated near the open door; it is a little bent seated looking at his child as he leaps up and down in his baby-jumper, (an *improviser* contrivance of Jane's.) How changed the whole man since we critically observed him last—how pale, haggard and careworn! Jane and Jessie are preparing for a walk; presently the baby is in his wagon and Jessie is running with it along the road that passes the house, much to the delight of the child.

"How pleasant it is," said Jane to Gavin as they slowly followed, "to walk out without dressing so particularly as one would in a city; a shaker bonnet, a pair of gloves, and we are ready."

"Y—e—s" Gavin said, but his thoughts were evidently elsewhere; after a few moments of silence he remarked, "I was just wondering where we shall be next year at this time."

"Not here I'm sure."

"But I don't see how we are going to get away. We have no money; the oil scarcely yields enough to pay current expenses; I have lost all hope of doing anything here or elsewhere. I have not lost faith in Psychometry; but there are such serious obstacles in connection with its practical application, especially in not being able to give depths correctly; that I now see how foolish we were to risk our all as we have done."

"There are so many obstacles," Jane said—O, so sadly!—"that I shall never hope anything again from Psychometry, though I believe in it as firmly as I do in our existence. Places which I have visited psychometrically, are more real to me than the memory of places I have visited bodily. We have given years to its study, but it would require many more to master all the difficulties and learn thoroughly the conditions pertaining to its practical application."

"I know it, Jane, and I know we can do nothing now. Yet, if in comfortable circumstances again—this weight of pecuniary diffi-

culty removed—these could resume thy experiments, especially as applied to metals. What we are suffering now is the less the result of psychometric failures, than of our expecting from Psychometry that which we had no right to assume could be done by its means. But however that may be," added Gavin with an effort at cheerfulness, "the question for our present consideration is this: What is to be did?"

"Try to obtain a position as correspondent of an eastern paper."

Gavin only shook his head; he had no expectations from any quarter. The war had commenced in deadly earnest, and business in consequence, was almost at a standstill; the disappointed oil-diggers, the drillers, the engineers had enlisted, and of the hundreds of wells clustered from Power's Corners for two miles southward, with several scattering in other directions, but a dozen or two continued at work, and many of these as to produce were growing "small by degrees," though by no means in the estimation of those concerned "beautifully less." The price of oil had still further depreciated, five dollars a barrel (including the barrel itself, which cost \$1.50 to \$1.75) being the highest price paid, and that not in cash, Gavin "trading" most of his at a store belonging to the patriarch, occasionally selling a barrel or two to a chance cash buyer at even a lower figure, and by various shifts and contrivances eking out a bare subsistence for himself and family. The cold, the rain, mud and snow of the past winter, the long walks, the little oil, the less money, had cooled the last spark of enthusiasm in Gavin. He may not have suffered more, mentally, than Jane, but his visible effect was different. His days were all nights. "Only you, my Jane," he would say; "I care for nothing in life but you." Jane suffered because Gavin did; she watched him depart every morning with a wailing at her heart, though she smiled for his sake. She was saddened because her plan for woman's industrial redemption was dashed into a thousand fragments. In a letter she wrote about this time to Thomas Martindale she said:

"For myself I care nothing, for I was so busy with my speculations for woman, that I had not yet arrived so far as to plan for myself. Now the dream is gone, and I rejoice that I had not; but the very foundations of my being seem broken up, and my motive in life washed away; I see it drifting on far from my grasp. There will always be a dark spot in my heart where the sun will never shine again. We are too, ruined—if I may say the word—pecuniarily. Gavin is so discouraged that he thinks he never can again rally; they may suppose the anguish this is to me. To see a man in despair, and that man my husband, is more terrible than words can paint; I really fear that he can make no effort to obtain a situation, though as correspondent of one of the New York papers he would be well fitted; there must be a demand for just such men at this time, and if this struggle continues and assumes larger proportions (as it will) that demand must increase."

This extract shows the difference of their feelings; the one apparently utterly despairing of success in any effort at extrication—paralyzed, the other equally saddened but casting about in her mind for some means of deliverance.

But *revenge is no moutons*—let us return to our friends as they take their Sunday walk.

Jessie, on arrival at the woods where she wished to walk, awaited the arrival of Gavin and Jane for the wagon to be lifted over the fence. "Ways-and-means committee!" she said laughingly, as Jane and Gavin approached; "what long faces! you might as well laugh as cry; here, take this baby, Jane, while Gavin lifts the baby-wagon over the fence; 'I'll climb over and then take the baby.'"

"Now, are they not beautiful woods?" she asked as they walked slowly; the underbrush is all cleared; O those woods! I love them! Jane, does it not remind thee of the parks in England?"

"Now, Mr. Gavin," said Jessie, when they had all seated themselves under one of the trees which she called her favorite tree, "I'll tell thee what to do. I had a letter, these knows, yesterday from friend Martindale; he suggests that as correspondent for a paper thee is well suited; suppose these writes to the editor of the New York —?"

Jane and Jessie had talked this over just before they had commenced their walk and declared it just the thing, but Gavin replied:

"It is no use proposing anything; we are here; we are out of money and almost out of clothes, and must stay here, I suppose."

"But there has written for one New York paper, and a first class one too. Jane showed me a letter thee received from the editor while thee and Jane were traveling, saying that they would like more material of the same kind."

"Come Gavin," urged Jane; "do say thee will write to him; if thee obtains a position as correspondent, we are all right."

"I cannot write as I did years ago; the fire is dead, the ability gone."

"Let me," said Jane, "read to thee and Jessie friend Martindale's letter—or a part of it."

"Very good," replied Gavin, "and then I would like Jessie to read hers."

"Not so," exclaimed Jessie, merrily; "I don't make a public exhibition of private communications."

Then Jane read from friend Martindale's letter:

"It does seem against our nature to leave this world without having done anything to make it better; to have been in that house so full of tears and sorrows, of tyrants and oppressed, and to have done nothing! to leave the slave under the lash; the

poor, the vicious, untaught; the widow and orphan preyed upon; every wrong and evil just as when we first saw it! What excuse can we offer? what pleasure, what heaven could ever give us a good conscience? what tongue could ever make us believe that there was ever one spark of noble fire in us? What could ever be in us but disgust at ourselves? Let us be glad that it is not by what we have done but what we have tried to do that we must judge ourselves. If we have labored and suffered; if we have not counted honor, or riches, or ease, as anything to us compared with doing what we could to heal this miserable mass, then in that hour when we judge ourselves, how dim and worthless will all glory and gold seem in comparison with those sufferings! \* \* \* What difference does it make to us whether an orthodox judgment day ever meets us or not? We know that when the glitter and tinsel of this world shine no more, when its music and laughter no longer drown groans and thought, that our spirits must and will call themselves to account. O soul of mine!—untrammelled then by forms, every falsehood vanished—what a stern, unyielding judge art thou! what can we see more awful? \* \* \*

"Therefore I like your plans for woman, and can only say that I believe you will yet have the means to do some, if not all, that you desire. Let people call you crazy or applaud you; their voices are not the sweet voices you want, but the voice within, sweeter than music, the very life of all life. Still, we should never make a needless sacrifice of money or comfort; that is fanaticism, as if a man should drown himself when no one was in the water to be rescued. There is a certain course in reforms which cannot be much hurried by individual effort; there is no use in exhausting ourselves with pushing at a rock which single strength can never move; we can only point it out and call on others, and so treat them; by-and-by we or some other, will get it done. It is not a consuming, heart-wearing war to which we are called, but to a long, steady labor according to our strength; so let us see that we are neither idle, nor undertaking an overtasking effort, either being equally wrong. So, my friends, when you wish for money that you might do good at once, do you not think you are setting too high an estimate on success, and perhaps forgetting that it will need all the world to move a world? Are not argument and persuasion still the most useful means?"

That night, just to please Jane, as he said, Gavin wrote to the editor of the New York —, to which he received a prompt answer saying that they would be glad of his services, should circumstances require them to secure additional correspondents, and meantime desired that he should hold himself in readiness.

He had no faith in that, he said; but Jane and Jessie showed their faith by going briskly to work to make shirts for him, having obtained the requisite material at the patriarch's store in exchange for oil.

As their nimble fingers plied the needle, how often and how much those sisters chatted about their friend Martindale. We would like well to read his first letter to Jessie; but even Jane has not seen that, nor any of the weekly letters that regularly reach Jessie from the same source, she carrying each in her pocket until the arrival of the next. How she prized them! Every one, she once said to Jane, merited setting in a frame of gold. "I would let thee read them, Jane, but I feel that I must have a sanctum sanctorum where even thee must not enter; no one else if not thee, Jane; but somehow I must have an exclusive shrine where I only must worship."

"I appreciate that feeling," Jane replied; "it is right."

Jessie's love blessed her exceedingly, each day seeming to add to her beauty and to make her, were it possible, more in unison with all the beauties in nature. She had always loved birds and flowers, always loved to ramble in the woods. "Life is real," she would say, "when I'm alone in the country." How she came home, in those days laden with wild flowers, her face radiant with beauty and health! Well may it be said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Jane never grew tired of admiring her; she used to look up from her sewing or reading at Jessie, then at the baby, and feel that she was greatly blessed by their beautiful faces, even a feeling of praise and thanksgiving arising at such times from her soul: for grateful as the dew to the flowers was the sweetness of those two countenances to Jane.

Was it wrong? No! would that we had more beauty in the world—more of its refining, sanctifying influence. Jane only recognized, though unconsciously, the Source and Giver of all beauty, and its relation to purity, goodness and immortality.

"Through what strange paths," Jessie remarked on one occasion to Jane, "are we brought to our destiny; how strange that I did not sooner recognize friend Martindale in that relation! (leaving Jane to infer what she meant by "that relation.") Yet now I look back from Philadelphia and Cincinnati, I wonder I could have been so blind. It is well, however, that he did not tell me his love earlier, for I knew not myself or what I wanted; and yet how highly I have respected him through all these years. I remember once telling him about Timothy Cuff's letter to me, and again telling him how I felt about the young doctor—that I was afraid I did not love him as a woman should to marry. How well I remember his answer now: 'When thee is five years older thee will better understand whether he will suit thee or not; wait five years before thee marries any one.' O Jane! what a mistake I should have made! Does thee know I believe more than ever in an over-ruling providence that will, if we are true to our own souls, ultimately guide us to the right one. If women were not in such haste to marry, if they were less afraid of the epithet 'old maid,' formed no false relations, took no step that would make them a living lie, did they resolve to live single until love, genuine love, came, they would thus keep their own integrity and their intuitiveness unblunted, so that they could distinguish the true from the false, the genuine from the counterfeit; for I believe that in God's own time he would bring the counterparts together. How William Tighman would 'tut-tut' at this! 'Inherent law of our being,' he would say. O well, it is God still, whether he operates directly or by fixed laws, for he is the GREAT FIRST CAUSE."

July, and the first battle of Bull Run, came, followed by a call for more troops, and then a letter from Thomas Martindale to say that he was raising a company of which he would be captain, adding:

"A man who dies without fighting, in such exigencies, hardly know what it is to live. In spite of all the misery that springs out of war it would seem, in some respects, to be the natural state of man, his highest endeavor, his most rapid development. A man's heart, as he marches up the hill of a rolling music to get at the enemy, is in its highest life. I say this in my self-praise, though I am in for it; not for the praise of us who wear the pants, for perhaps it is no praise at all; and yet it is true."

Jessie read this extract aloud to Jane and Gavin, and as she concluded said: "Were I a man I'd be a soldier too; but think of a fighting Quaker—how odd! What would William Penn or George Fox say, were they now living? Suppose I offer to go as a drummer boy," she said laughing; then added seriously, "If ever a war was right this is, for it is a battle between absolute right and absolute wrong; I'm proud of friend Martindale. God speed the right!"

In a few days more came a letter from the editor of the "New York —" engaging Gavin as one of their correspondents, and directing him to leave for Washington forthwith, where further arrangements would be made. On the receipt of this communication he hastened to his cot on the ridge, the haggard care-worn look gone; he had crawled out of his shell alive and ready for action; "he was the old Gavin again," Jane said, though he objected to the word "old" in such a funny manner as to make them laugh, and declared himself young again.

His wardrobe was soon packed, his oily suit, "stogy" boots and slouched hat discarded, Jane, however, declaring her intention to keep them as a memento of the oil diggings and their oil adventures—while a civilized suit of clothes replaced them; and now we behold Gavin Kirtland clothed and again in his right mind—again himself.

On Oscar learning that Gavin had applied for a situation as correspondent, he had, by return mail sent him fifty dollars (which Thomas Martindale had lent him) to be ready in case of need.

It was not considered safe for Jane and Jessie to remain in the solitary log-cabin after Gavin left; so arrangements were made to move into the village, where a friend had agreed to rent them a front room in case Gavin should be called away. In two days beheld a wagon opposite the log-cabin laden with household goods and our friends leaving the vine-covered cot and nice little garden with many regrets.

"I believe I'll come here and live," said the old gentleman who owned the log house; "for you have made it so fine, papering the walls and training vines over the house; everybody says it is the prettiest place around here."

On the next morning Gavin left for Washington, and while he was on his way, rushing over hills and mountains, Jane and Jessie were busy arranging the furniture in their new room and making their new home comfortable.

(To be Continued.)

## SYNOPSIS REPORT

OF A  
Discussion on Spiritualism between Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, Methodist of Appleton, Wisconsin, and W. F. Jamieson, (Spiritualist) of Chicago, Ill., at Prescott, Wisconsin, on the evenings of May 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, June 1, 2, and 3, 1870.

[NOTE.—It would have afforded me great pleasure to have had Rev. Mr. Haddock prepare and revise his part of the discussion just closed. I proposed to give him an equal share of room in the PRESENT AGE, for the publication of his side of the debate. He replied that he would take the matter into consideration. On the following evening, the last of the debate, he seemed to feel reticent, and declared he would not "join hands with Spiritualists in anything." "He was not going to aid, he said, in increasing the circulation of any Spiritualist publication by his speeches." The publishers of the AGE may think he was joking, but he was in dead earnest. As Mr. Haddock, and his friends, boasted of his victories over Spiritualists in former debates, I have in my possession sufficient matter from his side to show the groundwork of the boast. He was sent for by the Prescott Methodist minister to demolish Spiritualism; but Mr. Haddock is unwilling to spread before the people a record of just how he did it! I bore Methodist arrogance and vulgarity for the first three evenings with jolly patience, bringing forward facts and arguments by which to sustain my position. I then felt that the audience would indulge me in a free use of the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule; and an effort, which was easy enough, to show that Spiritualism is worthy of the especial confidence and support of our Methodist brethren. While I will always, in the future as in the past, endeavor to treat my opponents in debate with that courtesy that should exist between gentlemen; yet I determined, years since, to submit to no insults from the clergy, and especially Methodist ministers. While performing such a duty as meeting Jesus with ridicule, and abuse with proper rebuke, I desire ever to treat all, personally with kindness. And now, toward Mr. Haddock I have none other than the feelings of a brother, and frankly say to him that when he thinks that God called him to oppose Spiritualism, he is "hallucinated." Brother Haddock, when shall we have another debate? W. F. JAMIESON.

QUESTION.—Is Modern Spiritualism worthy of the confidence and support of the people? Mr. W. F. Jamieson, affirmative. Rev. George C. Haddock, negative.

MODERATORS.—Mr. M. W. Barb, chosen by Mr. Jamieson.

Rev. J. D. Searls, chosen by Mr. Haddock.

PRESIDENT.—Rev. J. M. Pryse. Mr. Jamieson's Opening Speech. Mr. President, Gentlemen Moderators, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my respected opponent:

We have met here to discuss the great and interesting question of modern Spiritualism, and I trust the debate may be as pleasant and profitable to hearers and speakers as the one just concluded between Mr. Pryse and your speaker. That debate the people are free to express was a model one, for while there was great earnestness there was equal kindness on both sides. Nothing is so valuable in the discovery of truth and free discussion.

Mr. Haddock sent me the proposition which has been read in your hearing. It is a question that I am always ready to appear before the public and advocate; and although I am expected to affirm the proposition, yet such is its character that you will perceive that my opponent proposes to show, if possible, that it is unworthy the confidence and support of the people; so that, in reality, I am called upon to defend my religion from attack.

Mr. President, a man who is on trial for his life is entitled to every possible argument, and the widest range, to prove himself innocent. My religion is more to me than life.

There is nothing between me and Atheism but Spiritualism, and this is, no doubt, the case with thousands. With Spiritualists it is Spiritualism or nothing. Mere faith is insufficient: we want knowledge. Thousands, aye, tens of thousands have it. And let me here say that any argument that will prove Spiritualism unworthy of the confidence and support of the people, will sweep away the foundations of all other systems of religion ever known.

When my friend proposed the question, he forgot to mention a standard, so that I am at liberty to compare Spiritualism with all other systems deemed worthy. Then I will show what it is that Spiritualists consider the highest standard.

Nearly all opponents to Spiritualism, that I have met in debate, endeavor to maintain that Spiritualism is not worthy of our confidence and support, because Spiritualists, and even spirits, advocate immoral doctrines. It is urged that every statement of every Spiritualist must be taken as a definition of Spiritualism;—hence, any person who sees fit to call himself a Spiritualist, though the day before the individual may have been a Catholic or Mahomedan, all the peculiarities of the person are charged upon Spiritualism. Such opponents have failed to discriminate between a person and a principle.

Another class of opponents take a less extensive range, and argue that whatever its leading writers, Davis, Edmonds, Tuttle, Hare, Britton, Harris, Colby, Fox, Peebles, Lewis, Doten, Spencer, Hull, Loveland, Wadsworth, Whipple, Owen, Sargent, Wheeler, Wheelock, Hammond, Barret, Kent—well, I will take breath!—and a host of other writers and speakers, "too numerous to mention," whatever they may say, should be considered *Spiritualism*. This is a great mistake. Spiritualism has no Pope; there is no man which it recognizes as infallible authority. The Spiritualist is at liberty to use all authors as *helps* in the discovery and elucidation of truth—not one of them as *master*. In this peculiarity Spiritualism among all the religions of the earth stands alone. Therefore, it is broad, logical Protestantism; or, pure Catholicity: uniting the two halves of the entire circle of universal truth. The highest tribunal for the trial of all propositions, is the human soul; the highest, most sacred convictions of each individual as to what is right and wrong, false and true, is the only standard from which there can be no appeal. The highest revelation God ever gave to man is the revelation in the soul. A book or church, cannot therefore, be of supreme authority to that which makes the book or church.

While it is the aim of nearly all, if not all religions, except Spiritualism, to enforce uniformity of sentiments and conformity to belief, it is the chief glory of Spiritualism that it recognizes the sovereignty of the individual, his inalienable right to freedom of expression in accordance with his highest intuitions. It encourages among its believers diversity of thought and expression, practicalizing Thomas Jefferson's maxim that "error of opinion may be safely tolerated when truth is left free to combat it." Yet this grand feature of the system has been made use of to condemn it. Because Spiritualists do not think in a particular mold, and express themselves after a stereotyped form, we are told, forsooth, that the system is very self-contradictory! It is admitted that Spiritualists do differ in many minor, and perhaps a few important points; but, as a body, they are a unit in fundamental or essential principles.

1st. Spiritualism teaches, and as a body Spiritualists believe, that there is but one God, incomprehensible, undefinable, but apprehended to be omnipresent, omnipotent omniscient, "whose body nature is."

2d. Spiritualism teaches that the human soul is immortal.

Are those teachings unworthy of the confidence and support of the people?

3d. Spiritualism teaches the doctrine of eternal progress, not only for man but for all nature.

4th. Spiritualism teaches that as childhood precedes manhood, and is preparatory to it, so this life is a primary school of that beyond.

5th. Spiritualism teaches that according to the preparation here so will be the life—the heaven or hell—in the future world.

6th. Spiritualism teaches that the spirit world is composed of innumerable spheres—hells, mansions, or heavens.

7th. Spiritualism teaches that at the decease of the body the spirit is welcomed to its own place by kindred spirits—often by those friends "gone before."

8th. Spiritualism teaches, and Spiritualists generally believe, that heaven is a condition of happiness, here and hereafter, and that hell is misery here and hereafter.

9th. Spiritualism teaches that man must save himself from sin and its consequences.

10th. Spiritualism teaches that that religion which is in harmony with nature is best adapted to man.

11th. Spiritualism teaches that there are valuable truths in all religions, and all so-called divine revelations in the form of man-made books; but no such religion or book, is unmixed truth.

12th. Spiritualism teaches that there is no death; that what is termed death is a chemical change, merely.

13th. Spiritualism teaches that future existence for man is a positively demonstrated fact through spirit manifestation and communication.

14th. Spiritualism teaches that the Bible of God is one that cannot be counterfeited or corrupted, but is such as no man can devise or imitate—the volume of nature. Spiritualism is the religion of nature.

15th. Spiritualism teaches that practical religion and sound morality are inseparable, and are calculated to make men wiser, better, more joyous and natural.

16th. Spiritualism teaches the principle of eclecticism—the acceptance of truth from any source.

Negatively, Spiritualism teaches that there is no personal God with human passions; that Deity is not local, and cannot be limited; that there is no malignant fiend, a personal devil, an adversary of God and souls; that there is no endless hell, or place of torment; no Total Depravity; no Vicious Atonement; no future life, or destiny, dependent upon the frame of mind in which an individual dies; no physical resurrection from the dead; no miracles in the sense of a violation of natural law; no special revelation from God to man; no special providence.

I claim the right to define my own system of religion, and, now, the principles I have laid down are those of Spiritualists as a body. There is the widest range given to individual expression. My sixteenth proposition is one of the grandest elements in the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and will completely annihilate every vestige of sectarianism in any system. It makes man his own ruler, his own dictator, his own sovereign. Spiritualism is in harmony with the genius of America, or self-government.

We are told, however, that there are many bad features in Spiritualism, and that because of them our religion is unworthy of the confidence and support of the people. Is a system responsible for its abuses? or should it be judged by its abuses? If so, tell me what religion has ever been free from them? Whatever the excrecences of Spiritualism may be, the divine principle of eclecticism makes the Spiritual Philosophy self-regulating. The humblest individual, if guided by it, ignores all popes, books, councils and churches as the standard for him. He tries all questions at the bar of the High Court of his own soul, and no matter how lofty the pretensions of moral or spirit, he accepts that only which accords with his highest convictions of truth and duty. Spiritualists, then, dare encourage the free discussion of all questions.

In a report of the Boston Spiritual Conference, held April 2nd, 1862, Mr. Bacon said:

"The world certainly attributes manifold evils to Spiritualism, to what to us is a beautiful system of philosophy. Are these evils the legitimate results of Spiritualism? I do not believe they are."

During the discussion in that Conference, Dr. Bowker said:

"I believe there are many evils that grow out of Spiritualism. The three most prominent are: Atheism; a giving up of one's self to the control of spirits; and the advocacy of false and dangerous doctrines."

Queer Atheism that is.

"One of the most fatal evils of Spiritualism is Atheism. This grows out of Spiritualism. But so far as Spiritualism goes into Atheism it must decline; for the religion that has no God in it must die. Spiritualism is used to propagate schemes of almighty nonsense. Involuntary affection is claimed to be above control, whereby the institution of marriage has been trodden on and abused."

This gentleman, however, in the same speech, admitted that

"Spiritualism, when under the influence of consistency and morality, may be a means of making men stronger and better."

Rev. Mr. Thayer said, in reply to Mr. Bowker:

"We lose our time when we talk of the evils of Spiritualism, for Spiritualism has no evils. It is said that some Spiritualists are Atheists, but I have never seen a true Spiritualist that did not believe in a God. There is no Atheism to be found in Spiritualism, but when an Atheist comes into Spiritualism his Atheism goes out. Spiritualism is diametrically opposed to Atheism."

Miss Harwood said:

"I have been a Spiritualist eight years, and I have never yet discovered anything unholy or wicked in Spiritualism; but I have witnessed a great deal that is unholy and wicked that has been attributed to it."

Now, what have our opponents generally done? Why, collected the expressions of contrariety of opinion among Spiritualists—quoting from our own writers and speakers as they do—and saying, "there is a true definition of Spiritualism." Supposing the question were Christianity, and the discussion in Hindostan, between a Christian missionary and a Brahmin, and the Brahmin should quote the various views of the conflicting sects of Christendom? Would there not be a melody? This is about the course that is pursued in regard to Spiritualism by all the opponents that I have ever met. While the missionary would reserve the right to interpret and give his own definition of Christianity, the Spiritualist must not exercise the same right of reason and private judgment in defining Spiritualism, so say our opponents.

REV. GEO. C. HADDOCK'S OPENING SPEECH.

[NOTE.—As Mr. Haddock refused to "join hands" in the publication of our debate I succeeded in accomplishing a "flank movement" by the purchase of second-hand copies of his printed tracts, from which he quoted largely during the entire debate. I will give copious extracts as indicating the general range of the author's heavy gun. The tracts and my notes will to my reverend friend justice. When ever Brother Haddock is ready to accept the challenge I gave him, to debate the same question, anywhere in Wisconsin, or Minnesota, I shall be happy to meet him. W. F. JAMIESON.]

Mr. Haddock commenced by relating a story, which was in very bad taste, to say the least, before an audience of strangers; and from the effects of which he did not recover during the debate. He said Mr. Jamieson's platform of principles reminded him of the boy who put a hundred goose eggs under a goose, and the "old man" inquired why he did it. "Why, father," replied the urchin, "I wanted to see the old goose spread herself!" So with my friend here, he has got together all the good principles that have been, and are, and that will be, to make up his "goose" platform, and I certainly think he has spread himself.

[This was intended to be funny, but the audience did not see it.—REPORTER.]

Nobody has any authority to speak for Spiritualism, no one has any right to speak for it except W. F. Jamieson, all that W. F. Jamieson says is to be accepted as law and gospel. This is Individualism. One lawyer says, I do not accept Blackstone nor Kent. What would be thought of a lawyer that would rule out all law but what he is pleased to accept? Every Spiritualist is his own standard, is responsible to no one but himself, he is responsible for his conduct—to himself. They have as many different standards as there are individuals. They cannot turn any body out; but the church is responsible for the conduct of its members. True, to a certain extent, error may be safely tolerated. Spiritualism is a system of license. It is a diabolical system of Materialism. There is no supernaturalism about it.

The advent of Spiritism has been accompanied with the loftiest claims and pretensions that ever attended the introduction of any system since the world began. It was to accomplish for the human race what Christianity had undertaken and failed to do. It was to purify and elevate the nations, by means of the utterances of disembodied spirits, and the teachings of men inspired by them. The gospel of Spiritism was to take the place of the gospel of Christ, and A. J. Davis and his associate seers were to do more for man than the Bible has been able to do. Spiritism has PROMISED MORE than did ever any other religion, and it needs but a glance at its literature and its results, to be convinced that it has ACCOMPLISHED LESS—so far as the purification and elevation of the people is concerned.

The literature of Spiritism is atheistic, blasphemous, and immoral to the last degree. There is no God but that of the ancient Pantheist. There is no rule of right but individual desire. Man is responsible to no one but himself—is to be judged by no one but himself. He is under the direction of an uncontrollable DESTINY which, let him do what he may, or what he will, is to carry him forward to a high and glorious consummation. It is a system of FATALISM, more stern and relentless than any ever before invented; and is calculated to remove from the mind of man all incentives to holy living, and give him over to the control of the basest passions.

To substantiate these charges, I present the following from Spiritist books and papers. These constitute but a fraction of the material in my possession. I only give them as a sample of Spiritist theology and morality. In a lecture delivered by Mrs. N. L. Bronson, in Boston, and printed in the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 28, 1868, the speaker said:—

"Each one must possess a deity within himself. There is no God to the worshiper save the one in his own soul. The individual down in the depths of sin is just as true to his conceptions of deity within, as the highest intelligence is to his."

The following are professed spirit communications, published in the *Banner of Light*, and other papers:

"Every one of you are gods manifest in the flesh. The divine existence is one grand universal man. Man is God's embodiment; his highest, divinest, outer-elaboration. God then is man and man is God—I've got folks in Montpellier. And I want to get my sister where I can talk to her straight, as I talk to you, and I'll knock her God and Bible all to nothing—God is man and man is God. Tell us of God! They might as well say

# The Present Age.

DORUS M. FOX, : : : Editor.

PROV. E. WHIPPLE, Associate Editors.  
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.

MRS. S. A. HORTON, Corresponding Editors.  
DR. F. L. WAINWORTH,  
LOIS WATSBROOKER,  
J. F. JAMIESON.

W. S. LOVELAND, : : : Editor Pacific Department.

ANNIE D. CRIDGE, : : : Editor Children's Department.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, July 2, 1870.

## Anniversary at Sturgis.

With the hundreds who came up from Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, we had the pleasure of going up, not to Jerusalem, as was the custom of the Jews, but to Sturgis to participate in this annual feast. We doubt whether the most devout Jew was ever happier on the occasion referred to, or felt a deeper earnestness in his religion than do those who year after year meet with the whole-souled Spiritualists of Sturgis in their three day meetings. The one we have just attended was the eleventh anniversary of this prosperous society, and the third time we have successively been unanimously called upon to preside over their deliberations, which duty was never more cheerfully performed by us than upon these occasions. Miss Hettie Bishop was elected and faithfully discharged the duties of Secretary. We were not present at the opening session on Friday morning, but were informed that the time was profitably passed in listening to brief remarks from Senator Wait and others. In the afternoon and evening, the meeting was ably addressed by Moses Hull. Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, was held one of the most deeply interesting conference meetings we ever attended, which was followed by an address from Dr. Barnard. Saturday afternoon a lecture was delivered by Miss Nettie M. Pease; the subject being a consideration of the question: Is Modern Spiritualism a religion that will meet the demands of the age, and the ever growing aspirations of the soul? She was followed by Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit. In the evening the great audience assembled were addressed by A. B. Whiting. Sunday morning, bright and beautiful, at 9 o'clock the church was filled to its utmost capacity, many being unable to gain admittance. The conference was one of unusual interest, at the close of which several of the Lyceum scholars of Sturgis were introduced, and favored the convention with some fine recitations. The names of those who participated in this interesting exercise were May Graham, Frank Wait, Flora and Etta Shepherdson, Julia Peck, and Ella Landis. We hope our friends everywhere will encourage the Lyceum movement, and thereby strengthen our cause by bringing its members on to the rostrum, for to this source must we look for our speakers in the future. In the Lyceums are to be found those who are to be the teachers of the new religion and the workers in the great humanitarian movements but just inaugurated. One of the interesting incidents of the morning conference was occasioned by the calling of the president upon all Spiritualists present, who had formerly been connected with the Christian church, to manifest the same by rising. More than half of the large audience arose. This was followed by asking for a similar manifestation by those who had been connected with the several sects. First the Methodists arose in response, we think, near one hundred. Next in number the Baptists stood the highest, about fifty, next were those who had been Infidels or Atheists. When this class was called upon, about forty, mostly aged men and women, arose, giving testimony that the teachings and demonstrations of Spiritualism had converted them from the darkness of Atheism to the light and knowledge of an immortal life. Presbyterians were only ten in number. Universalists were more numerous, but less than the Methodists, Baptists, and Materialists. We shall have some remarks to make in connection with this subject hereafter.

The conference meeting delayed the exercises more particularly designed for the public, until after eleven o'clock. After an invocation by Miss Nettie M. Pease, A. B. Whiting addressed the large congregation assembled, eloquently maintaining the right of man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," spiritually as well as materially. In the afternoon and evening, G. B. Stebbins, Dr. Johnson, Miss Nettie M. Pease, and others, addressed the meeting, the interest of which was greatly enhanced by the presence of Mr. Blackmer, of the Lyceum Banner, whose voice in song enlivened and made all present harmonious and happy. This has been one of the most successful of the many meetings to which our Sturgis friends so often invite us, providing amply for the wants of all, as none were allowed to go to a hotel for accommodations. We were unable, on account of sudden illness, to be present Sunday evening, but we hope to live in the material form long enough to enjoy one more meeting with the good people who come up to this annual gathering. If, however, before the next anniversary we should lay off the physical, we confidently believe it would be our privilege to be present in spirit.

## MARRIED.

In Girard, Pa., June 18th, by James E. Pettibone Esq., Prof. E. WHIPPLE, of Clyde, Ohio, to Miss A. Hope Austin, of Belmont, N. Y.

It will be seen by the above, that one of our associates has taken unto himself a companion and we trust one that may indeed be such in the highest sense of that term. We have met the lady to whom our brother has been united and our readers were favored last year with one or two articles from her pen. We believe Mrs. Whipple has been for some time past preparing to enter the lecture field. We wish our associate and his amiable companion happiness in earth-life, and when it is over may it be said of them,

"From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss They lived together long without debate; Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies, Could shake the self assurance of their states."

## Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

No. 20.

I was surprised and delighted at the appearance of the highly unfolded spirits who had descended from the higher planes of spirit-life, and whose perfection of form, harmonious unfoldment, and calm, serene, beautiful appearance reminded me of the splendor of the cloudless sky. Their perfect composure was to me most wonderful. I learned that these spirits had just returned from their mission to earth, and great was my surprise to learn that they not only returned to earth, but communicated with those who yet remained in the earth sphere. I was told that in ages whose echoing footsteps no longer sounded on the shores of time, spirits had descended the shining pathway of the spheres and made their presence known to those who then inhabited the earth, and that they had continued their manifestation to the present hour. That in some stages of earth's history, people had worshiped the celestial messengers as gods, and had received their communications as: "Thus saith the Lord." That upon this belief was erected false theories of religion: there came an edict prohibiting man from holding communion with the so-called dead. This did not have its designed effect, for individuals still sought to unravel the mysteries of the past and to peer into the unknown future by information received from angels, demons, and gods. But as time rolled on, mythological theology became so powerful and its persecutions so terrible, that the spirits had thought best to withhold for a time these general manifestations, until science and reason had prepared the inhabitants of earth for their reception. Theology, based upon the sayings of ambitions but unwise spirits, had gained a powerful influence over the mind of the masses. Knowledge was in part crushed out; philosophers and scientists were not permitted to live. In many instances spirits having more zeal than wisdom, insisted upon making their presence known, the result of which was persecution and, often death to the medium. I learned that in this way the fact of the existence of a law by and through which spirits could communicate, had been kept alive in the hearts of the people; and although the ignorant and superstitious had exaggerated, and the cultured concealed those manifestations, there was sufficient interest to make the people desirous to know the truth in regard to spirit existence. I learned of the efforts that had been made in different spheres of spirit life, whereby concert of action could be obtained in order to give to the people of earth a knowledge of spirit existence, of which they had been so long deprived.

I was greatly surprised to learn of the work that had been accomplished by these celestial spirits. While my spirit had been bound by the narrow walls of self-interest, while I had been bemoaning my unhappy condition, these God-like minds had floated out upon the broad sea of fraternal love. Forgetful of self, they had left the glory of their celestial homes to administer to the needs of those who were yet in the shadows of earth-life. I learned further of the efforts they had made to overcome the great obstacles that lay in their way; first, to open a more general communication with the inhabitants of earth; and second, to prepare individuals for the reception of the principles they designed to present; and again, the difficulty of finding mediums adapted to the first or lowest form of manifestations, and the arduousness of controlling the undeveloped spirits by whom these manifestations could be given.

SILVER SPRAY had not made known to me the fact of the open communication existing between the two worlds. It was evident that she designed to show me the necessity of, and interest me in the work to be done, before permitting me to know what had already been accomplished in that direction. Now I learned that a band of Indian spirits, and those who still remained near the earth, whose magnetism would the more readily blend with those in earth life, were sent forth under the guidance of those of more advanced mind, for the purpose of giving physical manifestations, when a medium could be found whose organization could be used for that purpose.

The raps, moving of physical substances, ringing of bells and playing upon musical instruments, were for the purpose of attracting attention and soliciting investigation, which should result in manifestations of a higher order. Other spirits went forth to take special charge of those who were to become prominent workers in the new dispensation about to be inaugurated.

As the spirits gave to the convention the report of what had been accomplished on their several planes of action, I was more and more surprised at the great and good work being accomplished. I forgot my wish once expressed to remain forever in the bowers of beauty, making life one golden dream of ease and inaction. Now, inspired by the advanced minds that surrounded me, I thought only of what I could do for others. Accordingly I joined a band of eight spirits who were to return to earth the following day, our mission being to seek out and develop trance mediums and prepare them for the control of more progressed minds.

In the communications to follow, I shall give some of my experiences in spirit circles, so-called by you, and the development of mediums.

## Statistics

During the year 1869, 300,000 people in the United States, forgot to prepay postage on letters, 70,000 omitted some portion of address on letters, as post-office or state, 2500 letters were dropped without any address at all. These numbers are of nearly regular recurrence from year to year. Criminal indictments in France between the years 1826-30, averaged 5326; from 1846 to 1850 they averaged 5159—a decrease of four per cent. Suicides in London are at the rate of 247 annually.

These and other facts which might be adduced, suggest a law of uniformity presiding over human actions, as invariable as the movements of the tides or the swing of a planet.

## This Number.

Our readers will appreciate as among the best we have ever issued. The press of matter from our contributors has, however, necessarily crowded out several editorials, and also our usual correspondence. We call special attention to the very able argument of W. F. Jamieson in his discussion with Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, and the sixteen propositions, embracing a very clear and concise statement of the teachings of Spiritualism. This, the opening speech of Mr. Jamieson, is as marked for its strength as is his opponent's for weakness. We are sure none of our readers will dissent from this view of the discussion at the close of the first session. We shall hereafter, nearly every week, favor our readers with reports of lectures from our best speakers, and in all ways strive to make the PRESENT AGE a paper that our friends can recommend to those who seek not only an organ that shall be a true exponent of our religion, but an entertaining literary journal. We have received several letters thanking us for the beautiful original poems appearing each week in our columns. In this number will be found two that cannot fail to interest all. We have now received nine chapters of the story of the "Golden Key, or Mysteries beyond the Veil," in which our readers as they continue to peruse, will find themselves more and more interested.

We once more ask all to aid in the increase of our circulation, and trust those of our old subscribers who have failed to renew, will do so at the earliest moment. We are yet publishing the AGE at a heavy pecuniary loss, and urge all who would see us sustained, to consider the absolute necessity of more earnest work in our behalf. We have to pay our reporters and many of our writers, paper manufacturers, printers, folders &c. All costs money and we cannot sustain our enterprise without it. We are willing to work earnestly for our cause, but the burdens necessary to be borne to disseminate a knowledge of our philosophy are at present, very unequally shared.

## The Universe.

We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of Mr. Lewis, found on our fourth page, announcing a change of the *Universe* from a weekly quarto to a monthly magazine to bear the same name. We think the most earnest friends of the *Universe* will be glad of this change; and if it be designed to make it more distinctly a spiritualistic journal, Spiritualists too will hail it with pleasure, for a demand has long been felt for a monthly magazine, devoted to our cause. From the well-known ability of Mr. Lewis as a publisher, we look with confidence for a first class monthly, whose contributors will keep step with all the progressive movements of the age. The July number will probably be on our table before our next issue. As soon as received, we shall favor our readers with a notice of its appearance and contents.

We have arranged with Mr. Lewis to supply new subscribers for one year with both the *Universe* and PRESENT AGE for \$3.50. These terms are very liberal, and will afford our friends an opportunity to obtain a large amount of reading for a small amount of money. We heartily wish the *Universe* success in its new form of life.

## Corresponding Editors.

GOLDEN CITY, June 7th, 1870.

DEAR AGE:—When I read your announcements of meetings, how I wish I could be there to take friendly hands and look into friendly eyes. More especially would I like to be at your semi-annual meeting at Niles. But each has a work to do which another cannot perform, and while I hope much from the wisdom of your deliberations at that time, I shall be leaving foot-prints in this far western territory.

I am afraid after all, that the term is a misnomer; the mountains are no longer the far West, for the giant of the age, steam, has brought them almost to the door of the East. Ere another month is numbered with the past, the shriek of the engine will resound in Denver, and Golden will not be far behind; while the rival track, the Kansas Pacific, will soon give the hardy sons of progress, who have pioneered the way, the second string to their bow, as their hopes and their glances contemplate an eastern trip. But the great want of this country is rain. When will there be enough of the wisdom of God manifest in the flesh to control the elements in this respect? Echo answers: "When." Still, I believe that it will yet be realized. Scientific religion is the need of the age, and yet we have not a single school, not one. Our people are paying money to orthodox establishments, by the thousands, and our prospect for a college, where is it?

Still there is hope. The people are beginning to look, to think for themselves. A Methodist Evangelist by the name of Potter has lately attempted to take this territory; but failed and left in disgust. He is a very strong man physically, a powerful magnetizer, and has hitherto had great success. He was heralded beforehand in a way to give the people an idea that somebody wonderful was coming. Prayer meetings were held to warm the church members into assistant magnets, and a committee sent around to learn who desired the prayers of the church, and, upon his arrival, the people turned out in crowds but,—well the effort failed to the very evident chagrin of its supporters. Elder Vincent gave the Spiritualists a tremendous seething, soon after their territorial organization, but I haven't heard of any killed or even wounded.

I have no desire, however, to speak lightly of the motive which prompts to such efforts. Believing as they do, how can they help feeling saddened at the evidences of their waning power. If honesty of purpose could enslave people against the consequences of mistake, what a different state of things we should have. But while the fear of the Lord, to wit, the desire to do the right is the beginning of wisdom, it is very far from the ALL of God. God must be manifest in the flesh through the race, instead of one man—thus he becomes manifest in wisdom; for

the knowledge that shows how to avoid the evil, is just as necessary to the salvation of the race from present hells, as is the LOVE which desires the good, even to the laying down of life for its advancement. And this leads me to speak of the "Coming Conflict." "You don't think it possible that people in this enlightened age are going to resort to arms upon religious questions?"

Why not? Have we not just had such a war? Cover and disguise it as we will, the war that extinguished chattel slavery was in spirit a religious war; religious motives were the strongest ones urged in the agitation which brought the inevitable result. There is, there can be, no question but that thousands of the southern people believed that they had a moral, a religious right to their slaves, a right guaranteed to them by Bible authority. This was what divided the churches, and finally tried to divide the states. The anti-slavery agitation was a religious one; the advance wing of liberalism, declaring in favor of self-ownership of the black man.

This agitation so intensified the minds of the South, that when all other efforts, all other hopes failed, they took the sword in defense of what they most firmly believed to be religious rights, politically guaranteed to them, the right to hold slaves, and civilize, christianize them through the holding. Humanity is true faith God. We worship what we actualize and actualize what we worship. In other words, we worship the ideal ideally, and the actual, actually. God is manifest in the flesh, in power more fully than in any other form, and mankind worship power more than they worship aught else. Truth, justice, and the wisdom which must make them actual, are, as yet, but insubstantial thoughts beneath the brooding wings of the ages.

Slavery was a power, and this power, this form of God manifested here, could not be crucified to bring about resurrection in a higher form, without rending the veil of the temple. There are other crucifixions necessary; other evils to be parted in twain, before the pure temple of axiomatic truth can shine in full radiance upon the people.

This may seem like a strained application of analogy, but I most fully endorse the idea that every form of religious belief is but the shadow of an underlying principle which needs to be discovered, but cannot be ignored; and people will cling to the shadow till the substance is found. The power of slavery passed away in a great convulsion, but the spirit which wielded that power still lives, and combining with the conservative portion of that which now rules, sustains the same relation to liberalism in religion, as did the pro-slavery to the anti-slavery element, in the religious political struggle of the past.

The anti-slavery leaders were the infidels then. The Spiritualists are the infidels now. The churches divided upon that question then, the more liberal going with the "Infidel," and claiming the credit of what had been done, while the pro-slavery party repudiated both, claiming for their institution guarantees which should place it upon a certain basis to indefinite extension. The same thing is being done now; the liberal portion, adopting our idea and repudiating us, or so recognizing us as to take the glory to themselves, while the conservative element is combining and claiming similar recognition from government.

They of the past failed, and then attempted to overthrow the government which they could not rule: will in the future carry out the analogy? Their threats were counted as idle, were laughed at, and just so are too many Spiritualists doing to-day. They appealed to the rulers of the old world, and received all the help that dare be given secretly. In the "Coming Conflict," the religious powers of the old world will be invoked, and if open help is not given and in such shape as will make the conflict terrible, then "coming events cast shadows" when they are not coming.

Then look at their resources. Those who are acting in the popular channels, to give suffrage to woman, will not recognize Spiritualists, because this question must have Bible sanction to live, and the church must have the credit; and an attempt will be made to use woman to support their waning power, by voting for Jesus. The black man will be manipulated for the same purpose.

The priest can use magnetism, calling it the power of God, and the politician, hoping for the aid that the priest can give, can use whiskey for the same purpose, to secure the votes of the ignorant. And when you count the masses that can be poured into this boasted land of liberty at almost a moment's warning, and then realize how tremendous must be the expiring throes of that power, the trinitarian power which has ruled the civilized world for more than fifteen hundred years, we may begin to get some idea of the significance of the coming struggle. I have hardly touched the subject, much less exhausted it, but I must close for the present. I go to Boulder City on Saturday, June 11th, and to Central and other points in the mountains in July and August, and though I can do but little, the thought of that little will not deter me from doing what I can. Yours in the hands of progress.

LOIS WATSBROOKER.

Grains of Truth dropped by the Angels for Humanity.

BY MRS. M. A. JEWETT. MEDIUM.

The reformers of this age are the apostles of the coming era. All reformers are Christs, wearing the seal of divinity upon their brows.

God's laws are written upon the dial plate of time, more enduring than Moses' tablets of stone.

Science is the angel that rolls away the stone from the sepulcher of ignorance and superstition. Geology is the earthquake, demolishing the fabled Garden of Eden.

Why the bigot denies a truth, is that the light is too strong for his understanding.

Tears dropped by mortals for suffering humanity, are pearls picked up by the angels to bear into paradise.

O mortals! why will ye speak of life as a burden? Ye cannot lose it; every inch gained in stature is a greater advancement for the soul's inheritance.

## THE GOLDEN KEY:

—OR—

MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL.

BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.

CHAPTER V.

THE LIVING STATUE.

It was a warm and sultry morning, in the month of July, 18—. Dr. Bigelow, proprietor of a flourishing hydropathic establishment, situated in a lovely village of one of the Eastern states, was sitting in his library looking over letters received that morning. The Dr. was a large portly man, with a genial countenance, clear blue eyes, and self-satisfied air which seemed to say: "I am at peace with all the world." Near the open window on the opposite side of the room was a tall, thin, dark complexioned woman, the Dr.'s wife. After a cursory glance at the letters, they were handed to her for more careful reading. She looked over them notwithstanding in a sort of mechanical way, often casting her eyes upon the open novel beside her.

"Ah! here is something of interest, just what I wanted! I believe fate is favoring us," said the Doctor.

"What is it?" questioned the wife, arousing from her state of indifference.

"Well you know how anxious I have been to secure the services of an intelligent and refined lady to see that my orders are strictly conformed to in the bath room, to see that the patients have the care and attention that ignorant servants do not give."

"Well, what has that to do with the letter?" asked the wife.

"Simply this; here is a young lady, some twenty years of age, (and here the Dr. glanced at the letter) who desires to come and make her home with us and devote her time to the study of medicine. She is not blessed with this world's goods, and so wishes to assist in taking care of the invalids, thus paying her board and at the same time, gaining a knowledge of diseases which she could not in any other way. Her letter is short and business like. I am sure she is just the person we want, and coming as she does from the wilds of Iowa, she will have no friends or acquaintances to claim her attention and divert her mind from the object in view. I like the letter; I wish there were more such women in the world. Place that letter by itself; I will answer it this morning."

"Maggie Wild!" said the wife, glancing at the name neatly written at the bottom of the sheet; "I don't like the name, I don't like the looks of the letter; I do not see why you want any more help; all that you receive would be paid to lazy servants. I think it would be much better to make the idle house-keeper spend a part of her time in the bath room! such management as we have here would ruin any establishment; and another thing, these women who are always wanting to get out of their proper sphere, never amount to much, as you will find out some of these days. Maggie Wild! study medicine! As I understand it, she is too indolent to work and earn an honest living." Looking up at this moment, she perceived the Dr. deeply engaged with his letters. "It is of no use," she muttered, "he will have his own way and go to destruction." Again taking up her book, she was ere long weeping over some imaginary personage's fictitious sorrows.

The Doctor was as good as his word: that very day he wrote to Maggie Wild. After sealing the letter he reclined back in his easy chair and, for a time, seemed absorbed in thought. "I knew it would come," he said aloud, "I have felt that I should not all ways walk in the shadows. How different my life would have been, could I have persuaded her—my wife—to have gone with me step by step in this undertaking; but no; all my efforts to interest her in my life-work have proved fruitless. Every effort that I have made to accomplish something in life, has failed to secure her sympathy, and to this do I attribute my non-success. I have walked alone; the inspiration and affection I have longed for, have never been mine in those higher walks of life where they are most essential. I had hoped that she would show some little interest in this enterprise, but find that it cannot be, and to day I feel that I am more than ever alone. Yes, more than alone, for every new move that I suggest to her is received with the doubtful words, 'it will be a failure, you can never succeed.' Oh! the horror and wretchedness of my life; and yet the world calls me a happy man. Well, let it continue thus to believe; it has not seen the inner life; but," continued the Doctor rising from his chair and taking the letter in to his hand, "I have a presentiment that my life is to change, is to grow brighter. Little Maggie Wild will be a sunbeam in this cold house, and what a pleasure it will be to feed the fires of her clear intellect and unfold for her the sciences of anatomy and physiology, and teach her hand to administer to the sick. Oh! that my wife could have taken this position, but as that cannot be, Maggie shall be my child; I will guard her as tenderly, instruct her as carefully as though she were my own daughter." Saying this, the Doctor taking hat and cane, hurried into the street.

Two weeks from this time, the stage running from the city of N— stopped in front of this well known Water Cure establishment, and a young lady of medium height, draped in a light traveling suit, stepped out of the vehicle and was conducted into the reception room. While she is waiting the appearance of the Doctor, we will describe her person. Maggie Wild had a face that once seen could never be forgotten. She was not handsome, not even pretty, but there was an indescribable expression about her face that must be seen to be appreciated. The forehead broad and low, features small but well defined, the gray eyes large and deep, lips a bright scarlet and the face perfectly colorless; the fine silky hair cut short and hanging in shining ringlets around her finely shaped head. The face lacked animation; it was almost as expressionless as a piece of marble, but with a close reading of the clear eyes you could but feel that there was depth of thought and wealth of soul beneath that exterior.

It seemed that her spirit had screened itself from the gaze of mortal.

Imagine the Doctor's disappointment as he entered the room, with the vision of a rosy-cheeked bright-eyed, sprightly little creature in his mind, and saw before him instead the cold, statue-like Maggie Wild. His disappointment was apparent in his manners, although he greeted her as cordially as he could, chilled as he was by the sudden vanishing of his pleasant vision. After a short conversation he begged to be excused, saying she must be much fatigued with her long journey, and he would send a servant to conduct her to her room, where she could rest until tea-time.

"I will never trust impressions again," was his mental ejaculation as he left the room. "A pretty sunbeam she is; her very presence chills me like a northern glacier. Think I shall not adopt her as a daughter very soon! however time will tell. If she performs the work she has undertaken, and takes an interest in her studies, why should I not be satisfied?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPIRIT MOTHER.

Two months have elapsed since Mrs. Loomis entered the Doctor's family to take charge of little Daisy. During this time she grew in the love of the affectionate child, and the respect of the parents. She was ever quiet and reserved, shrinking from the society of strangers, performing her duties, and gliding through the house noiseless as a phantom, seeming to dwell under the shadow of a great fear. Usually she appeared calm and composed, but at times she would start, and become pale as death. She avoided the Doctor, he being the only one to whom she manifested an aversion. She would shrink from his gaze, and if he came into her presence, would grow nervous and restless, and, as soon as opportunity offered, would retreat from the room.

The Doctor's wife attributed this sensitiveness to some disappointment, or secret sorrow, weighing upon her mind, and with a delicacy natural to one of her organization, she had avoided asking Mrs. Loomis any questions as to her past life; but to-day as Mrs. L. closed the volume of poems from which she had been reading, Mrs. Bradwell, who had been watching the changes of expression in her countenance as the reader proceeded, said:

"Mrs. Loomis, pardon me for the question I am about to ask of you, and believe me it is not an idle curiosity but an interest in your welfare that prompts it. I know that your past life has been darkened by some great sorrow, will you not give me your confidence and permit me to sympathize with you; it may be that I can make the burden lighter and the darkness less intense." Mrs. Loomis dropped her head and shook as with the palsy. For some moments she was silent apparently trying to suppress the emotion that stirred her being to its very depth. Then in a cold, metallic tone she said:

"I thank you for your kindness; sympathy is not for me, I do not need, do not want it. If you can restore the innocence of youth to one steeped in crime, the warmth and light of love to one whose heart is colder than the northern icebergs, peace and quiet to one whom fate has destined to go down and fro upon the earth like the Wandering Jew, if you can conquer the king of terrors and bid the grave yield up its dead, if you can remove a curse handed down from generation to generation, until it rests upon my head in the full strength of its withering power, you may then talk of sympathy."

With these last bitter words, she sprang to her feet and commenced walking the room with a rapid pace. Presently growing calmer, she folded her arms upon her heart, and in her peculiar low, musical voice said: "Pardon me; I see I have frightened you; you are gentle, loving and good. I did wrong to give you even a glimpse of the dark and fearful scenes through which I have passed, and which have made me dark, fierce, and hard as themselves. Do not seek to look into the recesses of a soul forever shadowed. I will serve you well, and your child is the angel that will be the means of casting the only ray of light across my life's pathway that it will ever know."

"Make no apology," replied Mrs. Bradwell, "I was to blame for calling up unhappy memories. What your past life may have been I know not, but I hope to make the present and future pleasant for you. I am glad that the sunlight of Daisy's presence is felt by you. You speak of Daisy as my child. I supposed you were aware that I am a second wife. Daisy's mother died when she was an infant. She sleeps in a foreign land."

As Mrs. Loomis made no reply to this, Mrs. Bradwell thinking she was absorbed in her own dark thoughts, and wishing to divert her attention, arose, and opening a drawer took from it a small locket inlaid with gems. Handing it to Mrs. Loomis she said: "You have taken such an interest in little Daisy, that I suppose you would like to see the picture of her mother."

Mrs. Loomis extended her icy-cold hand, took the locket, held it tightly for a moment, then touched the spring and gazed upon the beautiful pictured face within. As she looked, every vestige of color faded from her cheek and her features assumed that rigid expression seen only on the face of the dead. At this moment Daisy entered the room. A strange and bewildered expression came into her eyes, as she looked from her mother to Mrs. Loomis then, with a sudden bound, she sprang past Mrs. Bradwell, flung her arms around Mrs. Loomis, and laid her head upon her shoulder. Mrs. Loomis seemed all absorbed in the picture before her, not until little Daisy extended her hand to take the locket, saying:

"That is my mamma. She died ever so long ago; she is a pretty mamma, isn't she Mrs. Loomis? but not so pretty as the other mamma with the great blue eyes and golden curls."

Mrs. Bradwell's eyes were brown and her hair always combed smoothly back from her brow, hence, the words of Daisy concerning the "other mamma," greatly astonished Mrs.

Bradwell and caused Mrs. Loomis to drop the locket, as she folded the little one closer to her heart and murmured, "My God! I have mercy!"

"What are you talking about, Daisy, you frighten Mrs. Loomis? What do you mean by saying, 'the mamma with golden curls'?"

"Why the beautiful lady that comes at night; sometimes she sings to me until I go to sleep, and sometimes I see her out in the park. She has a pretty white dress, all shining, not like yours mamma, and last night she told me she was my mamma, that my name was not Daisy, and that she lived away over the mountains. She said sometime I would see her home. She would take me there. I wanted her to stay with me, but she said, 'No.' Oh! I wish she had come and talked with you, her voice is like music and her breath is like the flowers. I wonder how she got here from so far away, and why did she call me her little girl?"

"Daisy, you have been dreaming," said Mrs. Bradwell, "and a very pretty dream it must have been. But it seems strange for little Daisy to have three mamas. Which one do you love the best, little one?"

The child raised her large, beautiful eyes as she replied: "Oh! the one I have been telling you about; she is white as snow, her cheeks are like roses, and her eyes are blue as pansies."

"Well, don't dream too much about that pretty mamma, or I shall be jealous of her."

Mrs. Loomis did not treat the matter thus lightly. She looked very serious and in a trembling voice said:

"Daisy, what else did you dream?"

"Oh! it was not a dream, Mrs. Loomis. I was wide awake."

"I guess you forgot to shut the door and the lady came in."

"No it was not a dream, but why is it that I am cold as ice?"

At this moment the door bell sounded; the child continued to shiver as though chilled. A servant entered and announced that Mrs. Spaulding and her young friend were in waiting. Mrs. Bradwell tried to persuade Daisy to accompany her to see the visitors, but she refused to go, clinging to Mrs. Loomis for protection.

"I am cold, cold, let me stay here; there is a shadow down stairs, if I go there I shall freeze."

"Daisy has taken cold, Mrs. Loomis; will you see that she is cared for?" said Mrs. Bradwell as she left the room. A few moments later little Daisy was asleep in the arms of her governess.

(To be Continued.)

An abstract of a morning Lecture delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, in Crosby's Music Hall, Chicago, June 19th., 1870.

## PROPHESIES AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

What is God's spirit? How far has humanity by will the power to change it or apprehend it? Must man bow humbly, imperiously before it? Divine necessity as taught has destroyed the human. With all the boasted rights of the civilization of the nineteenth century, we cannot say that the mystery of the spirit has been solved; but by the light of Spiritualism we have the clue to explain it. Up to this period the various forms of belief included under the form of free agency, have exercised an influence for good or evil greater than we are willing to admit. The Christian world affirms the doctrine of free agency, free will; that man from the first commenced to exercise this free will; by it he fell: but through God it was repaired, by special providences, by miracle. That by free will man has lived at war with his Creator, and that man is to work out his own salvation by a kind of intellectual belief. That God has instituted a vicarious atonement, and as he believes this, so he can be saved, or as he disbelieves it, he will sink into perdition. There is not a single altar dedicated to the God of the Christians, but there, this day are offered up prayers rather in the shape of dictations, commands, instead of supplications, and I do not exaggerate this statement. Free agency is the universal belief of Christendom with exception of one sect, Calvinism. Calvinism says that all which exists, was fore-ordained. Election and predestination is their system of God's grace, which is no grace at all. The Christian supplicates his God to change his scheme. Calvinism justifies murder, every wrong and crime, by the doctrine of absolute necessity.

Unless we can find a central doctrine that will define man's duties, we are better without religion than with it. Man is not better than his God. We are but mere waiters on God, according to a system of principles prepared for us. Spiritualism has revealed the bold, broad principles of divine revelation, and not the least is prophecy.

We shall gaze at the various arguments and conclusions which either side presents, from which you may draw your own conclusions.

We have the direct affirmation of the whole Christian world of answers to prayers,—that the purpose of the Infinite can be changed. Did not the founder of Christianity himself say, that if ye have faith, ye shall be enabled to move mountains? But the Christian church has not manifested this faith, and persecutes those who do manifest the signs, perpetually putting forth the doctrine of free agency, and founding on it, its systems of rewards and punishments. It is insisted that the world's criminals are responsible for what they are, that the unfortunates born in the gutter, brought up at the foot of the gallows, with a vicious phrenological development, can be other than what they are. The whole system of civil law is founded upon the assumption that man is a free agent. All the logic ever offered to prove free agency, is founded upon belief. They have been told so: it is laid down in this



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