

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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THE GOOD MUST MERIT GOD'S PECULIAR CARE, BUT WHO, BUT GOD, CAN TELL US WHO THEY ARE.—Pope.

IN ADVANCE.

VOL. III, No. 4.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

WHOLE No. 108.

## Selected Poetry.

### Voice of a Pebble.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

A pebble in my hand I hold,  
From yonder limpid brook,  
And read its lesson manifold,  
As one might read a book.  
It says, Throughout this wondrous sphere,  
Where'er our thoughts may bound,  
To distant worlds, though far or near,  
No one like me is found.  
I am myself, will ever be,  
And can not be another:  
My sphere is fixed eternally,  
And Nature is my brother.  
While this great truth relates to me,  
A part is only told;  
For every thing in land or sea,  
Is each a different world.  
The pebbles round the ocean deep,  
Which every wave doth keep,  
The shining leaves the ocean keep,  
No two alike are there.  
Of all the grains composing earth,  
And vegetation fair,  
All forms of life of every birth,  
In water, earth, or air,  
The rule holds good, no two are found  
Whose pattern is the same;  
And could we trace creation round,  
We would this truth proclaim.  
The forms of life that meet the eye,  
Wherever we may gaze,  
With varied robes from Nature's dye,  
In every form and phase,  
Are but the outward signs that mark  
Their features to the world,  
Their nature yet is in the dark,  
Their motives not unfurled.  
Some kick, some bite, some lick your hands,  
And some will prance and play,  
Some meekly bow at your commands,  
While others flee away.  
Some climb the trees, some bore the ground,  
Some gnash their teeth and growl;  
Some only through the day are found,  
All night some whoop and howl.  
All must reveal the pent-up fires  
Of animated force,  
Portraying ever God's desires,  
From which there's no divorce.  
The *Elms* leaves their flaming crest,  
And belches fire and smoke;  
Expels the meaning of his breast,  
The obstacles that choke.  
And gains relief and acts his part,  
Like waves that beat the shore;  
Or throbbings in the lion's heart,  
That stimulate his roar.  
A chain of varied links we see  
Wherever God is found;  
If two alike will ever be,  
Infinite is bound.  
In earth, in air, in sea, or space,  
Through worlds and suns that roll,  
A God in endless forms we trace,  
Whose wisdom guides the whole.  
Jehovah speaks in all we see,  
Whose countless tongues rehearse  
Harmonious strains of melody,  
Throughout the universe.  
All have their proper spheres to fill,  
With settled rule in view;  
Each must perform its Maker's will,  
With nothing else to do.  
The waters from the distant hill,  
Or cascade in the lawn,  
The mighty river or the rill,  
All to the ocean borne,  
No more to Nature's path inclined,  
Or follow God's decree,  
No more fulfill His wise design,  
Than every thing we see.  
No hand can injure or deface  
One particle or grain;  
Each occupies and fills the place,  
That wisdom did ordain.  
As well assail the storms that blow,  
Or proud Niagara's roar,  
Or ocean tides that come and go,  
Or waves that lash the shore,  
Or blazing comets in their flight,  
Or worlds that roll on high,  
Or dim the shining orbs of light,  
Or God himself defy;  
For all obey with cheerful zeal  
The mandate God hath given;  
And each alike His laws reveal,  
Throughout the vault of heaven.  
All worlds have their appointed spheres,  
Distinctively their own;  
Their length of days and rolling years;  
Their longitude and zone.  
Could aught suspend these potent laws,  
This equipoise of power,  
And intercept the Great First Cause,  
But for a single hour,  
Should but one star impede its flight,  
Or lose its time and place,  
Or seek another's trail of light,  
Throughout the realms of space,  
Death's dark convulsive waves would lash,  
Creation's boundless shore,  
And worlds with universal crash  
Would sink to rise no more.  
Thus Nature, with united voice,  
Proclaims its Maker's praise;  
Though laws propel, it seems of choice,  
That every thing obeys.

From the Revolution.

### A Sad Story.

Miss Carrie Jones, who has been a pupil at a boarding-school in New Jersey for five years past, attempted to commit suicide at Oak Hill Seminary a few days since, by taking corrosive sublimate; at last accounts she was sinking rapidly and no hopes were entertained of her recovery. The cause of this rash act was a notification from her father, instigated thereby by her step-mother, that he would no longer be responsible for her board, and that he did not wish her to return home, but she must hereafter depend on her own exertions for support. Miss Jones is described as a young girl of about twenty years of age, amiable, intelligent and well educated. This sad story gives serious argument in favor of the reforms which your paper advocates. Had this unfortunate young person belonged to the other sex, neither herself nor others would have felt it to be very cruel for the father to have said, after educating his child to twenty years of age, "Now you must take care of yourself. It is time that I should be relieved of the necessity of supporting you, and in the natural order of things, you should be able, and willing to provide for yourself." The son, in most cases in this country, would have received such an intimation without feeling that he had any right to complain of it,—but alas! we educate our daughters with such dependent natures—we unfit them so sedulously for that battle of life, which Nature and Heaven design for all souls, that such a message to the daughter is like the doom of fate. This unhappy one succumbed and rushed to another existence, to escape the life of this. Will not the time soon come, when stronger training, and better views of woman's rights and duties, shall make tragedies like this impossible? H. C. I.

Washington, June 12, 1870.

## IS IT POSSIBLE!

### A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE BY  
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CENTRIFUGAL.

With all his natural proclivities for air, exercise, and sunshine, Gavin was city bred; he felt out of the world and out of himself when away from railroad, river, bay, or lake; as he approached the depot at Warren his former life revived, and as the stage rolled among the Pennsylvania hills between the railroads, he felt as if awakening from a long nightmare. To him the iron city was welcome in spite of its smut, and he had the good fortune to travel by daylight the magnificent mountain region of Central Pennsylvania. A fortunate misconnection at Harrisburg enabled him to loiter awhile on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna and perambulate the hill-girt capital of the Keystone State. He left at midnight.

At day-break, soldiers were seen guarding the railroad, appropriately clad in grey denoting the transition period from the black midnight of slavery to the blue sky of freedom, whereof the subsequent uniform of the Union army became an appropriate type. Henceforth in unmistakable characters at every step—WAR. In due time he reached Washington, then and now the focus of the political world, for wherever might be the material struggle, the arena of moral and intellectual conflict was—and is—there. In a few days after his arrival Gavin commenced his duties as army correspondent by visiting the encampments in the vicinity of Bladensburg, where he mixed intimately among the rank and file of the army, and became well acquainted with the nature of the private soldier's every day life. Among the privates of the Second New Hampshire Infantry, then stationed there, he found (as he did subsequently among the regiments) men qualified to adorn any society, however refined or intelligent; and—unlike upper ten-dom—to that real refinement was added a sturdy moral sense and a spirit of heroic endurance for the cause of freedom, utterly strange and totally incomprehensible to straddle-the-fence generals who "did not know what the war was about."

In a Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment, then encamped in the vicinity of Tenallytown, on a light of land commanding a magnificent view to the extent of forty miles in one direction, where the Sugar-Loaf Mountain could be seen in the far distance, he unexpectedly met our old friend Timothy Cuff, in the uniform of a cavalry private, busily engaged in cleaning his horse and discoursing on "nature's laws" to an audience of his comrades who appeared much interested in the (to them) novel ideas which he propounded.

"Nature's laws! nature's laws, my friends; there is nothing like nature's laws in war or peace; we are here to avenge their persistent violation by the slave-holders and their allies, northern and southern. Too much fat pork and whisky have so far demoralized the white men of the South, buried their brains in fat and inflamed them with liquid fire, that they rush on like mad bulls to certain destruction."

He was agreeably surprised to recognize Gavin, in answer to whose inquiries he said that he had become satisfied that the scriptural incident of "Jonadab the son of Rechab," embodied a great natural truth, and that living in tents, admitting as it did abundance of un-carbonized air to the lungs, was much more in harmony with nature's laws than un-ventilated or half-ventilated houses; enough so to compensate for a somewhat inferior diet, in which, however, all temptation to excess was removed by the plainness of the food.

He assigned as a special reason for preferring the cavalry service the greater space allowed to man, the wholesomeness of the sphere of the larger animals and the development of the organ of weight resulting from equestrian exercise, as a proof of which Gavin perceived that the organ of weight on one side was much larger than on the other, said phenomenon being afterwards ascertained to have been caused by a recent fall from his horse.

Among the regiments distinguished by the intelligence and urbanity of its members and subsequently by their bravery, was the Fifth Massachusetts, then stationed at Poolesville. The camp of this regiment, being close to head quarters, was frequently resorted to by Gavin, and a day or two before the battle of Ball's Bluff, he unexpectedly encountered Dr. Perley, whilom of the Perley Water Cure, seated on two camp stools, smoking and expectorating as vigorously as in days of yore. It appeared that he now occupied the position of first lieutenant in said regiment. He instantly recognized Gavin as he was passing through the camp, jumped from his seat, shook hands, and exclaimed, "Well what next? I believe I shall see everybody I have ever known if I remain here very long. What are you doing here, and how are the oil diggings and the log cabin?"

"All moved to Washington or under marching orders," was the reply; "I suppose there is scarcely an oil man but is in this war, in one way or another. I saw the old Commodore the other day figuring around

among the camps—don't know what he's about."

"Some mischief or other, no doubt." "But why didn't I see you before?" asked Gavin; "I've had my head quarters here for a week past."

"I've just returned from ten day's picket on the river."

"Why did you not go as surgeon?" "O, I've had enough of that; to me it would be a dog's life, for I don't want to cut off arms and legs but to fight."

"Well, what about your mother and sister? for I must tell Jane and Jessie when I write them that I have seen you."

"Oh! they are in Cincinnati, and I should be happy now, but that I know they, woman-like, feel anxious about me."

"I intend to have my family in Washington very soon."

"Well, let me know when they come, as I intend to see them if possible."

Just then the signal was given for dress parade, and Gavin saw him no more until after the battle, when, as he was making inquiries for Lieutenant Perley he met the driver of the ambulance in which he lay severely wounded, a ball having shattered his leg above the knee, the wound being made worse by reason of the time it had been neglected and the difficulties which, under the circumstances, attended his removal to a place of safety. Gavin offered to telegraph immediately for his mother and sister, but was forbidden, as he did not wish them unnecessarily alarmed; he added: "Come and see me; come and see me whenever you can."

Events now rapidly succeeded each other in the history of our friends, but we will try to record them in chronological order.

First, then, is a visit by Thomas Martindale to Jessie and Jane, but especially, of course, to Jessie, after having been several months in the service.

We might have followed him through those months of soldier life; we might have brought out all his letters to Jessie and read them, also hers to him, or we might have noted all the various emotions of Jessie's soul as she followed the movements of her betrothed; the pride she felt in his battling for his country, and yet the ever-present anxiety for his safety; but we prefer to pass over all these and come at once to his visit.

Jessie had not seen him since the sudden appearance of himself and Oscar at the log cabin after their Texas tour, had not looked into his face since he had told her of his love for her; but now they were going to meet; the stage was momentarily expected, and then she would see him again. It does not seem exactly fitting to tell every particular, especially as Jessie was so nervous about it; even to the extent of requesting Jane, if she had no objections, to be so kind as to leave the room when she saw the stage coming. "I so want you to be alone when we do meet," she said, her poor little heart fluttering as she gave her wish utterance, for it was full of diverse emotions which we need not analyze, as it is enough to know that they all related to, or were centering on, her beloved friend Martindale. Jane, of course, readily acquiesced, and so it was all arranged that when the stage stopped on the top of the hill Jane and her baby would visit the residents in the other portion of the house.

The wheels of many a rumbling wagon were heard, and many a time Jessie went to the window to look for the stage; very silent was she during all these waiting moments. Jane looked at her thoughtful face almost wonderingly; there was the don't-care, laughing, independent Jessie feeling all the reality, responsibility and bliss of a divine relationship—love, the more especially because under these circumstances she was about to behold the object of that love.

At last the stage appeared, and Jane with the child made her exit. Very soon the vehicle stopped in front of the house, when Thomas Martindale alighted; Jessie was watching from one of the front windows; she did not want to meet him in the sight of passengers; should she let him come to the door, she thought, or meet him? In an instant she decided, met him at the gate, shook hands and accompanied him to the house. Thomas Martindale closed the door, and then kissed her tenderly while he said: "Mine, Jessie! mine in my soul of souls! there's a dear little girl! how long, how ardently I have loved thee! No more loneliness, no more winter; the earth will always wear her spring dress; never ceasingly the birds will sing. Come, my Jessie, speak to me!"

She looked up and smiled, but her lips trembled and she burst into tears. He was now silent; he laid her head against his manly chest, smoothed with his hand her glossy hair, letting the curls pass slowly through his fingers and thus waited in silence several minutes.

Then Jessie as she wiped away her tears looked up into his face and said: "I don't know why I should cry, unless it is because I am so happy."

When Jane returned about an hour afterwards, no traces of tears remained on Jessie's face, but she and Thomas Martindale were joyously talking with each other.

"Sister Jane!" he exclaimed.

"I'm very glad to see thee, friend Martindale," she replied, as they shook hands warmly.

"Nay, nay, I demand a new title now, even that of brother Martindale; you mustn't leave me out in the cold any longer."

Thomas soon learned that the next step in the programme of Jessie and Jane was

Washington, for which place they expected to start in two weeks, making it henceforth their home, deserting Mecca, its oil wells and all their golden dreams therewith connected. He found the oil diggings almost deserted, houses taken down and the materials carried off some to Titusville, some to Warren, and others to the various homes of the builders. The glory of Mecca had departed. More money, it was said, had been sunk there in wells, pumps and engines, than had ever been returned in the shape of oil.

Jessie and her dear friend of course took long walks and rides and had many talks together; finally it was decided that they should be married in two weeks, the ceremony to be performed in Philadelphia by their highly esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. Meredith; that Jane should be present on the occasion, and that afterwards they would all go to Washington together. No time would thus be lost, as their previous arrangements being carried with the exception of the slight detour from the direct route caused by going to Washington via Philadelphia.

One evening, while the subject was being discussed, Thomas Martindale said he had brought a present for Jessie; then he opened a small case, took out a gold watch and chain and hung it around her neck; she kissed him as spontaneously as a child would have done, saying it was "beautiful, very beautiful." This spontaneity was the crown of Jessie's character, combined as it was with that mental strength and stability so desirable in a true woman, with unbounded independence, yet an independence which was as freely accorded to others as exercised by herself.

Thomas Martindale had intended to remain a week; but as he and Jessie were so soon to be married, he left her on the third day for Cincinnati, where he informed the family of the course of events. Oscar expressed his happiness at the prospect of his sister becoming the wife of his best friend. Then Hannah related her conversation with Mrs. Allston on the evening of her death: "I could give Jessie to friend Martindale as freely as I gave Jane to Gavin," which seemed to them like a voice from the dead. "Oh! could mother Allston have seen Jessie married!" said Hannah, after a few moments of stillness; "but, then, she has escaped much sorrow; thy sickness, Oscar, and Gavin's failures would have been a heavy cross; it is all well."

Oscar did not speak; he loved his mother as any good, affectionate son, could, and Hannah's remarks had awakened a long train of memories, an attempt at the verbal expression of which would have only revealed the inadequacy of human language to express that which belongs to the inmost of our being. Thomas Martindale, as he slowly paced the floor reflecting on the words of that mother, felt that her blessing had descended on himself and on Jessie, his beloved.

"Can't we go to Philadelphia, William?" asked Hannah, an hour or two afterwards, "and visit our friends there at the same time that friend Martindale and our Jessie are married? then we can be present at the ceremony."

"I was just thinking about the same thing," William replied. "Perhaps we can." "Then we will go, I am sure; now, friend Martindale, do say this is very glad."

"I shall be more than glad," he replied, "I am sure; and so will Jessie; so will we all, if thee and William can be with us."

"And I am delighted at the thought of seeing our Jessie married."

"Not so fast, little woman," interposed sober William; "I am not sure about the visit yet."

"Ah, well! we will go; I can see it in time eyes."

By the next mail, Oscar sent a letter to Jessie, a dear, good letter, full of loving, brotherly words, engaging to meet her and Jane in Philadelphia to act as bridegroom on the occasion, and enclosing one hundred dollars for them.

How busily occupied were the sisters during the time which intervened between friend Martindale's departure for Cincinnati and the day fixed for their own to Philadelphia! The last day and the last evening came; trunks were packed and nearly everything was ready for their journey on the following morning. "Friend Martindale" (as they still persisted in calling him) and Oscar were to meet them in Philadelphia. Hannah and William, as they had learned by letter, would be there two days before them, as they wished to attend Quaker meeting on Sunday.

The wedding dresses having arrived on the day preceding from Warren where they had been made, Jessie now had leisure to examine them. "Suppose, Jane," she said, gaily, "I put on my bridal robes; I wish thee would dress, too, and then we can realize how we shall appear," which was accordingly done.

"Oh! how pretty it is!" exclaimed Jessie as she looked at Jane and then at herself in the glass; "so neat, so beautiful! I'm sure friend Martindale will like this."

At that moment the stage from Warren was heard to pass, but they heeded it not, for the stage henceforth would be nothing to them. In a few moments there was a knock at the door, then the door opened, and lo! friend Martindale! What surprise, what astonishment, what admiration! Jessie, as she exclaimed, "Delightful! Oh! I'm so glad!" was folded in his arms; then he held her at arm's length; "beautiful, very beautiful, my Jessie," he said; "I came just in time."

"And thee is going to accompany us!" said Jessie; "I'm so glad."

"Yes, I wonder I did not think of that

when we made our arrangements; though ladies can travel alone, it is much more convenient to have the services of a gentleman."

Hour after hour those three chatted together; finally their conversation turned to the varied experiences of Gavin, Jane, and Jessie for the past two years; now they were about to leave all behind, all their philatropic hopes, all they had ever dreamed of either for themselves or the world; life must begin again, for all they possessed was gone. By-and-by they fell into silence, which was broken by Jane saying: "Never more will poverty sit at my hearth-stone! this comes to me like a prophecy."

"Whence—how came such impressions?" inquired Jessie quietly.

"These impressions," replied Jane, "like others we have tested, must have a natural origin. There are moments when individuals—or some individuals—can perceive the thread of their own, or perhaps another's, destiny, take up that thread and follow its course, and I am satisfied that this is done by the faculty of intuitiveness."

"How?" asked Thomas Martindale.

"Fortune-telling!" said Jessie; "what delusion next?" at which they all laughed.

"As the oak contains within itself the germ of the oak, so the principal causes for all that will occur in a person's life are within that person; the ball, on which is wound the thread representing in sequence of time all that has come to him, is within himself. Intuitiveness takes up the unwound thread and steps outward to perceive whether it will lead; if there is any truth in fortune telling it must I think be done in this way."

"Suppose," said Jessie jocosely, "that, as all other schemes have failed, we go into the fortune-telling business!"

"Thee and Jessie," said Thomas Martindale, "may never do the one thousandth part of what you have desired, but that you will do something I am quite sure."

"Another prophecy?" asked Jessie archly. "No he replied; 'I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and even impressions do not get through my cranium; but we will see when we arrive in Washington what will come to pass.'"

He had, ever since his engagement to Jessie—and, indeed, for some time previously—been trying to devise some method by which she and her sister might make a beginning in their efforts to help working-women. As may have been supposed, Thomas Martindale had means; for besides about twenty thousand dollars left him by his father, he had accumulated something himself. Without saying a word to any one, he had resolved after his marriage to Jessie to give them a pleasant surprise. "Five thousand dollars they shall have; their plans are good, and they have a faculty for business; they shall if they will, make a trial." As his marriage drew near, and Washington loomed in the distance; an idea had found its way into his cranium, whether by impression or otherwise does not matter; all we know is that it had made its lodgment there, and when he and his friends should arrive in Washington, he intended to act.

(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.

## SECOND EVENING.

MR. JAMIESON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Brother Haddock seems to have been a little nonplussed with my platform of principles. He hesitated whether to have anything to do with them or not. He finally concluded to attack two of the propositions, "spirit communications" and "individualism." In his argument against individualism, he has committed himself squarely against the central idea of the Protestant Reformation. In opposing spirit manifestations he denies his own Bible. This is the last resort. In order to wage a warfare against Spiritualism, the clergy find themselves compelled to impeach their own chief witnesses.

My friend proceeds on the supposition that Spiritualists in some mysterious manner, which he has failed to point out, are obligated to accept the statements of spirits and men without question, just as orthodox people receive the declarations of the writers of the Bible as the word of the Deity himself. He quotes a large number of opinions from different spiritualistic writers, including the communications of spirits. If we accepted those writings and communications as orthodox Christians do the Bible, there would be some reason for quoting them as an index of Spiritualism. As it is, it would be as consistent for me to cite the opinion of every man who calls himself a "Christian" as a definition of Christianity. Would that not be a jargon? Ask Christians to define Christianity? What a Babel of confusion in reply. The opponents of Spiritualism labor under the delusion that, just as soon as people leave this world for spirit-life, their revelations are accepted by Spiritualists as unmixed truth, while the fact is, that they sift them as they do the communications of spirits in the flesh. Let spirits in or out of the flesh express themselves as they will, what of it? Suppose a spirit in the other life says there is no God.

Are you obliged to believe it? The chances are that it was some believer in a personal God, who, after crossing the mystic river, expected to see Deity seated upon a throne, "high and lifted up," but instead of which, he saw a world as natural as this, in which we live, and concluded that there was no God. Let my friend meet the issue; let him attack the fundamental principles of Spiritualism as accepted by the body of Spiritualists; let him show that a belief in one God and no more, an Infinite Spirit, pervading boundless nature, an Infinite Being, that can never be comprehended more than infinite space can be fathomed, called by whatsoever name, let him show if he can, that that teaching is unworthy of the confidence and support of the people. It is self-evident that my friend is inadequate to the task he has undertaken when he complains that I have selected the good principles, here and there, from this and that system, and called them Spiritualism. Well, sir, that principle of "electionism" is one of the cardinal features of Spiritualism. It is an element infusing its life-giving powers throughout the Spiritualistic body. Any Spiritualist guided by its clear light seeks for truth and accepts it from any source, a principle, too, that will in time correct all wrongs and annihilate every species of error. But according to the position of my friend here, it is not worthy of your confidence and support.

He says he will show the bad features of Spiritualism, and I may show the good; and in the next breath declares there is nothing good in Spiritualism, and demands to know what new truth it had given to the world; says it has stolen its principles. Who claims that Spiritualism ever invented a truth? Truth is eternal, there are no new truths. Through Spiritualism our knowledge of truth is greater. If Spiritualism is entitled to those truths only which before its advent were unknown, then I would inquire by what rule you Protestant Christians claim any truth. What have you invented? Mention even one truth which you have given to the world that was not previously known? Speak out! Go back in history and tell us what the founder of your system ever gave to the race which was not taught by Pagans ages before Jesus Christ was born? Take the love to God and man principle, the golden rule, which has elicited the praise of millions, and you find that promulgated by Yao and Chun in China two thousand years before the time of Christ, about five hundred years before the time of Moses. "New truths!" that objection against Spiritualism is too much for you; it falls with crushing weight upon your own system.

[The speaker then passed to notice the evidences in favor of spirit communications; the loss of the Niagara as given by a spirit, and confirmed by news received the following day. Narrated by Hon. N. P. Tallmadge. Gave an account of the conversion of Gen. Bullard, a clergyman, and several others, through the mediumship of a little girl; cited numerous cases of speaking in languages utterly unknown to the mediums; trance speaking, many cases, to one of which, particular reference was made, that of Miss Fannie Davis, who lay motionless and unconscious for forty-five days; called attention to numerous well authenticated instances of seeing spirits; spirit voices having been heard, etc., etc.]

Men of the rarest genius, such as Prof. Hare, Prof. Mapes, Dr. Dods, Prof. A. D. Morgan, a distinguished mathematician—indeed, a very large number of scientific men, and others from all walks and callings in life, after careful investigation, have considered Spiritualism worthy of their confidence and support; although we are free to admit that the mere fact of immense numbers professing any religion, or system of philosophy, is no proof that it is true; neither do we affirm that because great men have adopted a particular theory or system, therefore it is true, but they have shown their confidence in the system, and support of it. However, I am willing that the issue should be made upon the intrinsic merits and demerits of Spiritualism. Is a system worthy of confidence which demonstrates that spirits do communicate? and that such communication is in accordance with natural law, not miracle? Spiritualism is based upon fact, the fact that man has a spirit that survives the death of its earthly body. Take away that basis fact, and what becomes of all the religions of the earth? Spiritualism proves that the spirit communicates after the earthly body dies. Is that of no consequence? Let the hungering souls peering into the mysterious beyond, answer; let the dead, leaden, feeble faith of the mass of Christians, in the reality of another life, speak; let doubt and despair, in view of the possible extinguishment or existence, uttering their wail beside the grave of the body of one near and dear, reply. This system that proves death but an incident of indestructible life, I care not what the evils connected with the system be (and which can be shown to belong not to the system itself but to human nature in its perverted form) notwithstanding its exorcismes, it stands forth to-day the grandest fact of modern times, the revolutionizer of religions.

I will notice some points my friend made in his closing speech last evening. Said Mr. Haddock: Davis saw spirits in the other world that had bodies like monkeys.

Mr. J. Consequently, Spiritualism is not worthy of confidence. How logical! Davis saw ancient spirits.

Mr. H. Davis saw people in Buffalo that had no souls.

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Mr. J. Davis has been misunderstood. Still, if it were the case, it would be nothing against Spiritualism, according to a Christian standard. There are thousands of Christians who believe people have no souls—immortal souls.

Mr. H. Catholicism is one extreme, Spiritualism is the other, and Protestantism is between. Catholicism represents authority, Spiritualism, license, and Protestantism the golden mean, freedom.

Mr. J. Am glad the comparison is instituted. Protestantism is neither authority nor liberty, it is half man, half beast; it is a compromise system being ground between Catholicism and Spiritualism, the upper and nether millstones of God's mills. Catholicism signifying authority faith; Spiritualism reason, knowledge. Come on with your grist, Brother Haddock.

Mr. H. In a communication from the "spirits" they say, "there is no such thing as sin to us, the spirits. Our God is the author of sin." Such is the tendency of the system, to obliterate all distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice.

Mr. J. What spirits say constitutes Spiritualism, does it? Does my friend pretend to affirm that Spiritualists believe all that spirits may say? He knows better. He thinks the spirits that advocated the idea that God is the author of sin were gross, undeveloped. What does he think of this: "I make peace, and create evil: I, the Lord, do all these things."—Isaiah 45: 7. If God is not the author of sin, who is?

Mr. H. They expect us to drink in these communications.

Mr. J. Spiritualists receive messages for their intrinsic value, whatever is reasonable they accept, that which is false, though it may purport to come from the Angel Gabriel, or God Almighty, is rejected.

Mr. H. According to their own leading minds, there is indefiniteness. An evil spirit can come in and personify your friend so that there is no way to establish the identity of spirits.

Mr. J. If that is an argument against the possibility of identification, then Moses never saw the Lord; the disciples did not see Jesus, because you believe the devil can transform himself into an Angel of Light. Spiritualists identify their spirit friends by the same tests they had while on earth; handwriting, narration of incidents known only to the parties themselves, peculiarities of expression, and personal appearance. Almost anything can be counterfeited, but who disbelieves his senses, or ignores his judgment on that account.

Mr. H. I do not permit any brother ministers to decide for me as to what is true.

Mr. J. But you want every Spiritualist to abide by the opinion of every other Spiritualist. After squarely opposing "individualism" you claim the right of exercising it. If you are your own judge of what is right and wrong, why is a Spiritualist a criminal who exercises the same right?

Mr. H. Every man is to use his own judgment, of course, but in accordance with certain well-defined principles.

Mr. J. Who is to define the principles, in accordance with which you must exercise your judgment? Are you going back to the Catholic church?

Mr. H. We accept the Bible as the lawyers do Kent and Blackstone. We are to use our judgment under this standard; I accept the Word of God.

Mr. J. That is, you use your reason to convince your reason that your reason cannot be trusted! The Bible without reason is of no value. Reason without the Bible would distinguish man from the brute, just as it now does.

Mr. H. Spiritualists accept that portion of the Bible which they like.

Mr. J. That is true. You all do the same thing. The difference is, you believe it all to be the Word of God, we believe it to be the words of men. We exercise our reason in respect to it as we do in distinguishing between truth and falsehood in modern spirit communications.

Mr. H. Mediums never saw spirits, Andrew Jackson Davis never saw spirits, E. V. Wilson never saw spirits. Cora Hatch says spirits never have been seen. It is all subjective. The mediums may think they see spirits; but they do not. It is deception. I do not say the mediums deceive; they may be honest, but they are deceived. What is a vision? A subjective impression. Reality. I have been looking over the cases in the Bible, and in every instance that I have found, visions are shown to be subjective impressions, not reality. There may be cases that are different, but I have not found them.

Mr. J. Brother Haddock, if you had studied your Bible, you would not have made such a statement. Although you are not quite sure that the Bible in every instance represents visions as subjective, yet you assume that it does, and forthwith positively declare that Davis and Wilson, and hundreds of others, living witnesses, never saw spirits. Suppose the Bible writers did bear you out in your definition of vision, that it is merely mental impression, not reality; that would be their opinion, which is no better than that of Davis, Wilson, or Lizzie Keyser. But your Bible in this instance, too, is against you—you have my sympathy! "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. Read Luke 24: 23: "And when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels

MR. HADDOCK.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Committee, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I will now proceed to read a number of extracts from spiritist sources showing the general drift of Spiritism. Each one is to be his own judge of right and wrong. Hear what the "spirits" say:

"Within the bosom of every man and woman there is a judgment seat, a throne of God, and before that throne, alone, should men bow down and worship. By that alone they are to be judged. Man is to be judged by himself as a spirit; he is to come before no other tribunal. If by the law of self he is condemned, he must suffer according to the condemnation; if acquitted by self, he is indeed acquitted."

The Educator says:—

"Each man and each woman has a perfect right, under all circumstances, in all conditions, and in whatever locations, to do as he or she pleases. Government is but a temporary arrangement, to be outgrown with the greatest possible speed. The highest possible human government is inferior, and may at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, be safely obeyed."

The Healing of the Nations has the following:

"Thus thy body needs no laws, having been in its creation supplied with all that could be necessary for its government. Thy spirit is above all laws, and above all essences which flow therein. Good men need no laws, and laws will do but no good. If a man be above the law, he should never be governed by it. If he be below, what good will laws do him?"

I now give another class of extracts. The following are spiritist messages, as given in the *Healing of the Nations*:

"God doth not condemn. A God of perfect love and wisdom can never condemn those himself he created, and who are not equally perfect and wise unto himself. Unto God there is no error; all is comparative good and evil. Unto God there is no sin. We say, just as we have said a thousand times before, there is no such thing as sin, no such thing as evil. Spiritually and divinely considered, there is no sin. Full well we know the book which the Bible teaches of sin. Full well we know the whole Christian world recognizes such a condition; but to us there is no sin. All men are equally righteous because all are good. No matter where we find them, or under what condition they exist, they are good. Every thought, word and deed is of God. The religion of the heathen is no less divine than yours. God approves of it as well as yours. It is vain for man to talk about disobeying the law of God; he can at no time disobey it. You may curse the author of your being; do you say? No, you are but coming off the gross in your nature, obeying your carnal nature, and you are in the wrong. The highest good is to know the law of God, and to obey it. What says the self-righteous man? He is controlling the murderer when he lifts his hand against his neighbor? Yes, we answer, he is. Our God is the author of sin as well as of good. If we give him due, we give him this."

It strikes me that their God is the devil, and in ascribing all sin to him, the devil for once gets his due. A. J. Davis, in the 4th volume of his *Great Harmonia*, page 14, says:

"The theological idea is a transgression of the moral laws as given by God to man. Now it is the utmost ignorance that reformers comprehend the error of this idea, and that it is impossible for man to transgress the law of God, impossible to break the minutest principle of nature."

This, as every intelligent reader will see, is a mere quibble and evasion, after the spiritist fashion. The "theological idea" never embraced the setting aside of God's law, or the annihilation of the "minutest principle in nature." But that men disregard the law—refuse to act in harmony with it—is the theological idea; and that men do transgress the law in this sense, is so evident that even Mr. Davis cannot fail to see it. Hence he speaks shortly of "conditions to be changed." Yet on page 20 he says:

I not only deny the existence of positive evil, but also of essential falsehood."

And this on page 23:

"Reformers tend to understand that war is as natural to one stage of development as peace to another. My brother has the spirit of revenge. He will kill him a neighbor? Is not his spirit natural to his condition? War is not evil or wrong, except to the man of peace. Who made the war? Who made the non-resistance? *Depravity* is natural to one stage of development, as change is to the South. The doctrine of blame and of praise is not natural to a philosophical condition of mind. The spirit of the unit, of attraction and repulsion, of the condition of society, is natural; but it is natural to undeveloped minds. It is a profanation of which I would not be guilty."

Ah, what a philosopher? He is wiser than those foolish ones who have denounced and opposed some things as being wrong, and have praised and maintained other things as being right. He blames nothing—praises nothing; for nothing is wrong—nothing is right. Everything is simply "natural," and he is so well developed as not to pass judgment upon anything that is natural in the moral world, any more than he would criticize the "oranges of the South!" Truly, the egotism and impudence of this man is unbounded, and would be surprising were he not a Spiritist. But read farther, "War, slavery, money, will at last come into friendship with universal interests." And then, as if in despair of doing justice to the subject himself, he quotes from another:—

"The divine effort is never relaxed. The carrier in the sun will convert itself into grass and flowers; and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is the way to a nobler and truer life. Things seem to say one thing, and say the reverse. Appearance is immoral, the result is moral. Things seem to tend downward, to justify despondency, to promote rage, to defeat the just; and yet by such as by martyrs, the just cause is carried forward."

In reply to all this stuff, we need only give the words of the Son of God:—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs or thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Truth, Lord! To my mind it seems clear that not until briar bushes bear grapes, and Canada thistles produce figs, will the just cause be carried forward by knaves as by martyrs, and men in brothels and jails, and on gibbets, be on their way to all that is good and true. Once more I quote from this philosopher:—

"We will not go forth to conquer error, to fight death, to conquer death, to conquer death, to conquer death; but instead to do the positive work of life to construct Harmonical temples of thought, and welcome the world hospitably to our happy homes."

What is this but the language of an idle, shallow-pated dreamer, who finds it more agreeable to spend his time in constructing theories that are contradicted by all the experience and common sense of mankind, than to awake from his visions, strip himself for the contest, and enter the battle field of life with strong hand and resolute heart. Why, to conquer error and fight demons is the positive work of life, and combativeness was given us for this very purpose. The construction of Harmonical temples of thought is the work of dreamers and dreamers, who hear not the Master's voice, "Go ye into the vineyard and labor." As for Mr. Davis' reluctance to fighting with demons, that is easily understood. It would not be natural for him to fight with his friends.

In the *R. P. Journal*, Oct. 29, 1859, we have the report of a discussion at a Spiritist Convention, on the following question:—"Are the manifestations of human life that we call evil, or sinful, a necessity of the conditions of the soul's progress?" Said Dr. Child:—

"From the deepest and most sincere convictions of my soul, I answer to the question, that what we call evil and evil in man's actions, is a necessity and therefore lawful and right. As Jesus, the traitor, was as faithful to the conditions of his being, as was St. John, the divine. Each performed the mission assigned to him by the Father truly. Behind the holy deeds of Fenelon, there existed natural causes which produced them; he could not help the manifestations of good. Behind the dark deeds of king Herod, there existed natural causes to produce them; he could not help them. In Fen-

elon there is no merit; in Herod there is no demerit. There are no landings for Fenelon, and no condemnation for Herod. Fenelon is a child of God; Herod is the same—each heirs of eternal life and the blessings of God that await them in the future. Fenelon is no nearer to God than Herod is."

Mr. Newton said:—

"I shall not deny that evils and sins of the description mentioned, are for the most part necessary, in the constitution of things, to growth and progress. Nor I deny that the road through hell, even the lowest hell, may lead eventually to heaven; nor that those who travel that way, and reach the celestial city at last through misery and crimes and agony untold, will have a larger capacity for happiness and usefulness in saving others than the merely innocent, the passively good, whose robes were never stained even by contact with the vile. None of these positions do I deny, for I honestly believe them to be true."

Mr. H. F. Gardener said:—

"Dr. Child has got more philosophy in his ideas of good and evil than most people ever thought of. The world ought to know and feel the necessity, the blessing of sin. Jesus and Judas both had the experience they needed, and neither were made better or worse by the simple acts they were compelled to do by their innate condition."

Miss Lizzie Doten, in a trance state, said:—

Why does Dr. Child present such views? It is because his large heart wants to take all humanity to heaven, the wicked and the suffering, as well as the good and the happy. He would take even the devil himself to heaven, and it may be that the devil will have a seat in heaven—that God will say, "Take, Lucifer, thy place; this day art thou redeemed to archangelic state."

And this same Lizzie said on another occasion, as reported in the *Banner*:—

"Heaven, hell and earth are three indissoluble degrees, contiguous to each other. We must go through hell to reach heaven. We cannot leave earth without going to hell first, for that is the chamber of heaven."

Lizzie's position is the inevitable sequence of the Spiritist doctrine of the seven spheres, enveloping the earth. The lower spheres are filled with vile and ignorant spirits, and constitute hell. Consequently, no spirit can reach the higher spheres without passing through hell; and moreover, all messages from the higher spheres must be transmitted to earth through the mediumship of the inhabitants of hell! O delectable philosophy!

This is from the *Religio Philosophical Journal*, of March 6, 1860:—

"In the inebriate, in the licentious, the essence of the God is love, glorious beauty, though obscured by angel's eyes; and the day is not far distant when its heavenly exterior will be washed away, and its heavenly brilliancy will be visible even to our eyes. Man does not stand in the relation of subject to God; but as a part and parcel of him—owing no allegiance but to the God element of his nature, and worshipping no God except by obeying the promptings within."

We now come to the *CREAM* of Spiritist ethics—a book written by Dr. A. B. Child, entitled, "Whatever is Right." I give several extracts—fair specimens of the entire book.

"God is everything that exists—the whole picture of life. Evil is the shading of the picture—existing only in material life. And so evil in the picture necessarily is good."

"Vice is sand-paper to the earthly covering of the soul. It wears off the material garments that clothe our souls in our earthly existence, and by its agency the soul gets free from earthly matter sooner. Vice and virtue too are beautiful to the eye of the soul. Both are right in the eyes of the soul. 'Truth is developed in the soul by natural growth; so it can never receive a truth by the teachings of another soul.' The soul is above the influence of earthly powers; so that it cannot be advanced or retarded in its progression."

"Public opinion is always right, for it is a lawful effect of a natural cause. Thus every opinion is right."

"What is called evil is good. Nothing is evil in reality, for what appears on the surface to be evil, is only a necessary effect of goodness; it is the effect of wisdom acting over for the best of all. Evil is an ignis fatuus, chased by all humanity, but was never yet grasped."

"Good is everything, for everything is good. Everything that is was produced by infinite wisdom and infinite goodness. Knowledge is good, and ignorance is good; virtue is good, and sin is good. Every human being is good, and every human action is good."

"There is no way in which the soul goes forth in life, that does not lead to heaven. 'Each one goes in the way the soul directs, and every way points to heaven.' The man we call a free moral agent kills another man we call a free moral agent. What is the cause? Nature. What is nature? God. The soul is not material. The soul is not men—whence are they from God direct and immediate. 'The excellencies of a virtuous life, when scanned, are only material. To real Spiritualism they are only the vapors of life. The soul is not material, but a material world, not the spiritual.'"

"The greatest wickedness are not the damps of life, produced by soul growth, and thereby soften and prepare the soul sooner for the development of new truth."

Such are the teachings I find on almost every leaf of a book of two hundred pages. And this work is cordially endorsed by leading spiritists generally. Its author publishes scores of commendatory letters from such persons as A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge, J. S. Loveland, and others (I do not know but Mr. Jameson has endorsed it) besides very many of the lesser lights of Spiritism, and favorable notices from the Spiritist press.

Said I not truly that the teachings of Spiritism are blasphemous, atheistic, and immoral—calculated to rob man of all incentives to virtuous living, and surrender him to the unchecked control of his baser passions? All lies between right and wrong, truth and error, virtue and vice, entirely disappear in Spiritism. There is no standard, no authority. Every one is law and gospel, Bible and God unto himself. Men are not to hold their passions in check, but rather to give them loose rein; for their souls will thereby develop all the sooner and more powerfully.

And these "doctrines of devils"—for such they are, even though the manifestations are not produced by spirits—are received by millions of the people of our country! What wonder that wickedness abounds, that crime of every description is alarmingly prevalent. This is the natural result of the efforts in which the leading Spiritists of our country have been engaged, for the last twenty years, to debase the moral sense of the people, and annihilate all distinctions between good and evil.

And while this awful moral contagion has been sweeping on, like the march of some dreadful pestilence, what has the pulp and the religious press been doing to arrest its steps? Almost nothing. It has been considered beneath ministerial dignity to assail Spiritism. Out upon the dirt dignity which consists of starch and stupidity! God help the people, when the watchmen on the walls fail to sound the alarm, when danger is near; and when moral instructors act upon the fatal policy that evils will die out, if let alone.

A Strange Dream Fulfilled.

Believers in the significance of dreams will be confirmed in their faith by a singular piece of evidence which was given at an inquest at Coleford, in Somerset, on Monday, April 11. The inquiry related to the death of a collier, who was buried by a fall of several tons of rubbish in the Vobster Breach Pit.

Among the witnesses were Richard Edgell, underground bailiff, who said that he had examined the roofing and the timbering twice on the day of the accident, and found everything secure. He made the second examination because four days before he had a dream which left no doubt on his mind that an accident would occur, and he was so impressed that he took extra precaution.—*Liverpool Journal*.

## The Present Age.

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Kalamazoo, Saturday, July 9, 1870.

### Evidences of Spirit-Intercourse.

TESTIMONY OF LIVING WITNESSES.

Spiritualists do not hesitate to meet opponents on philosophic and scientific planes of thought in their advocacy of Spiritualism. They also unhesitatingly appeal to sacred history, so called, as well as to the historic records and traditions of all nations, in proof of intercourse between the inhabitants of the two worlds.

We think, however, we have another and yet more certain kind of proof in the testimony of living witnesses, persons whose evidence would be unquestioned before any court in the land. Instance the testimony of Judge Edmonds before a N. Y. court in the Mummier case. Here we have a man of experience in all that relates to this life, of a general information upon all subjects, perhaps, as can anywhere be found; one who has filled, for many years, a high judicial position, with honor, wisdom, and integrity never questioned. Such a man calmly testifies that he sees and converses with spirits, once the inhabitants of this earth, not spirits who say they were, but persons he has known in life and whom he now recognizes as distinctly as before they laid aside their earthly bodies.

We have been led into this train of thought by an incident which occurred in Niles at the time of our recent State Semi-annual Meeting.

Saturday morning the conference was opened by Mrs. S. A. Horton with an inspirational invocation. After taking her seat on the rostrum, almost the first person who rose to speak was Mr. ———— of ————.

As he commenced speaking, Mrs. H. turned to us and asked in a whisper: "Who is that gentleman?"

We replied, giving his name and residence. She continued: "He has lost a companion, and she stands beside him."

At the time he had made no allusion to it, but before closing, perhaps five minutes after, he announced that he had a companion in the other life, whose presence he often felt, which to him was a great consolation during the wearisome journey of life.

The test was so clear and unquestionable that we could not refrain from arising and announcing it to the audience.

The relation of this brings to our mind another beautiful test to which we were witnesses in 1858.

We attended a Methodist Camp Meeting in Ionia county in this state. We were accompanied among others, by our son Charles, subsequently killed in the war. After our arrival, all went immediately into the congregation except Charles who remained behind to attend to the careful hitching of the horses. Five minutes perhaps passed when he came and took a seat by our side. At this time they were holding a "love feast" so called in the parlance of that sect, and Rev. J. A. Sprague was speaking from the preacher's stand. Charles had not been seated a minute before turning to us he remarked:

"There is a woman standing by Mr. Sprague I feel sure it is his mother."

At the same time he asked if we knew whether his mother was in the other life, of which fact we were not aware until a few moments afterward, when Mr. Sprague, in giving his personal experience, remarked, that years previous, on an occasion like this, his mother led him to the altar of prayer, where he was happily converted, and in the exaltation of the moment Mr. Sprague added:

"That mother has since gone home to glory; I doubt not her spirit is now hovering over me as a ministering angel to guide and bless me in the journey of life."

This circumstance in all its particulars, we subsequently related to Mr. Sprague, and if we mistake not, he expressed the opinion that Charles saw his mother as related. Let our readers mark the particulars of the test. The spirit is described, and the opinion expressed that it was the mother of the speaker, at least five minutes before he states the fact known to the seer, that his mother is in the other life. He declares that he feels her influence, as no doubt he did, thus giving evidence that cannot be doubted by any candid person of the power of spirits to return to friends on earth. Our orthodox friends, in their moments of exaltation as above, will admit that

"With blessings to each earthly home, These messengers of heaven come, Inspiring thoughts of higher life, Free from all sorrow, fear and strife."

At the anniversary meeting of the Sturgis society two weeks since, among the many who testified to spirit presence was Mr. J. A. Fox, a merchant of that place, a man of unquestioned veracity, whose word would, upon any other subject, be proof positive to any man in Sturgis. In the conference meeting of Sunday morning he said:

"I know that I see spirits, just as certainly as I see you, my friends and neighbors, here to-day."

In the evening, while A. B. Whiting was speaking, Miss Pease saw Mrs. Slade accompanied by other spirits. After Mr. Whiting had closed she testified to the fact and described her as she appeared.

It will be recollected that at last year's anniversary Mrs. Slade and Miss Pease were the women speakers engaged. Miss P., being the one left in earth-life and the only woman speaker present, how reasonable to believe that Mrs. S. would if possible, be present and manifest herself to her associate of the previous year. These are but a few of the thousands of instances occurring every week, proving by the most positive testimony to use the language of the good old Methodist hymn that:

"But a narrow vale divides,  
The heavenly land from ours."

The evidence given by thousands of persons of experience, culture, and scientific attainments, in the United States and the most enlightened countries of the old world, ought to assure the most skeptical that oftentimes we may

"With rapturous eyes behold  
The white-robed angel band,  
And drink the flowing landscape in  
The sweet and dewy land."

### Hearts and Homes.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

NO. 21.

The first circle we attended was in the city of ————, in the family of Judge B ————. The circle consisted of six persons, three ladies and three gentlemen. I was told that one of the young ladies, Miss Fannie Brown, also one of the gentlemen present, were mediums. This private circle had met every week for several months. Varied and wonderful were the physical manifestations, received through the mediumship of Alfred Brown, brother of the lady medium. Loud and distinct raps had been heard upon the floor and walls, furniture removed from one part of the room to another, the heavy dining table made to float in mid-air, without visible support.

A guitar, tambourine, and other musical instruments, had been played upon, and at the same time, carried about the room without the apparent aid of any one in the circle. Spirit hands had been materialized, and writing produced by spirit hands without aid from the medium, at least by any physical contact. Names had been called and communications given in a clear and distinct voice, audible to all in the room, and this too without using the medium's organs of speech and without the aid of trumpet or horn. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the members of this circle were deeply interested in these manifestations, but previous to the time of our uniting with the circle, the mediums had not seen spirits nor had they been entranced; yet as these phases of mediumship had been promised, the circle was anxiously looking for their appearance. Poems, with music, produced by the spirits upon instruments, and communications of a more philosophical character than had yet been received, were also expected.

As we drew near the circle, I saw that it was surrounded by some twenty-five spirits, occupying different planes of development. I had learned to decide the true position of spirits by the texture and color of the emanations surrounding them. Some of the spirits belonging to this band were bright and beautiful; but I noticed a disturbance in the electric currents surrounding the circle, and was not long in perceiving the cause. My guide addressed me, saying:

"Do you see that thick-set low-browed spirit, standing by the side of the lady medium? He has become since I left the circle. I fear his object is not good. His presence, his heavy, coarse atmosphere, and positive will has disturbed this hitherto harmonious circle." "What brought him here?" I asked. "Why was he permitted to come here? could he not have been kept away?" "Good is more powerful than evil; if we can bring influence sufficient to overcome his evil designs, he will leave us, otherwise we can have no power over him, it is his strong will that has disturbed the manifestations made by other spirits. As we are to him invisible, we will watch him for a time and ascertain his purpose."

At this moment, the spirit to whom we have alluded, having materialized his hands and vocal organs from the emanations thrown off by the circle, he knelt by the side of the lady medium and sang in a loud clear voice the song known as the "Phantom Ship." This was followed by a love song, in which he seemed to pour forth all the depths of his nature. After he had finished, he laid his hand upon Fannie's, and in a voice that sent the cold chills to the hearts of all who listened, he said:

"Fannie Brown, you won my affections only to trample upon them; you made me worship you, then despised me for it; you made this life unbearable, caused me to enter the other world uncalled and unprepared; now by the Gods you shall suffer for it. I now hate you, as much as I once loved you; I will haunt you day and night; every cup of happiness you raise to your lips shall be dashed to the ground untasted; every flower that blooms along your path shall wither; your days shall be passed in dread and your nights in fear; but you will not stay here long. I have the power to take you to the other world and I will do it. You shall share the unhappiness and darkness you prepared for me." He had proceeded thus far when the spirit guide who had accompanied us beckoned to SILVER SPRAY and me to advance.

The members of the circle were in a state of excitement. Miss Brown had fainted; her brother and other friends were making efforts to restore her. Standing near her chair was the spirit who had caused this disturbance, wearing a look of malicious satisfaction. When he became conscious of the presence of our spirit guide, as he looked upon the shining robes and sweet, saintly face of SILVER SPRAY, he seemed abashed, dropped his eyes, and appeared as though he would like to hide himself from our sight. But soon the look of hatred and defiance came back, and he said:

"Why do you come here? I have control of this circle: that medium is mine and no power on earth or in heaven shall take her from me." Then followed a long conversation between our guide and this poor unfortunately organized spirit. The contrast was great between the dignified composure of the one and the excited and irritable appearance of the other. To the efforts of our spirit guide to induce him to seek happiness upon a higher plane, to leave the little circle to the perception and comprehension of the truths it sought, he replied:

"I do not desire to be any happier than I am; I have no wish to advance, and as for this circle, I don't care for it, but I will have Fannie; as soon as I can control conditions, I'll have her."

"She will live many years and become very useful in the hands of a higher power," replied our guide.

"I swear in the presence of heaven and earth that she shall not live a month," replied the enraged spirit, as he moved away and joined some dark forms that stood at a distance. This scene had completely broken up the circle, while our guide conversed with, and advised those spirits that had been in the habit of attending. SILVER SPRAY and I departed to meet with them again on the following evening.

N. M. P.

## The Work in Michigan.

All over the state we hear of renewed activity in our cause. We hope our friends will favor us with brief accounts of meetings, and particularly of all new organizations. We give below a few items we have gathered.

EAST SAGINAW.

From this locality we hear that the labors of Mrs. Horton have been attended with marked success, that the society is in a condition of prosperity, financially and otherwise. This too may be said of several societies in that part of the state. This is probably more marked in East Saginaw from the fact that a more thorough organization, and with efficient officers, has enabled them to maintain lectures nearly all the time.

PLAINWELL.

In the month of March last, Miss Pease was invited to lecture in Plainwell. The indications were so favorable that it was determined by the friends to organize a society in accordance with the plan recommended by the State Association. A legal organization was immediately effected, efficient and active officers elected, and the result has been, a growing interest and continually increasing strength.

Miss Pease has lectured heretofore on week day evenings, but arrangements have been made for her to lecture the second Sunday of July, morning and evening. Friends in the vicinity have requested us to call attention to the lectures, Sunday July 10th, 10-12 A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M.

LYONS.

We spent last Sunday in Lyons, our old home, where we find the cause fully as prosperous as ever before. Charles Andrus has been lecturing very acceptably for the society. The meetings are well attended and a general interest manifest. We regretted that we did not happen to be there the Sunday of the public lecture, but with the families of Dr. J. Jewett and Hampton, Charles E. Lewis, Simeon Mortimer, Mrs. C. Isham, and some others, we had pleasant interviews, and from them learned of the progress of our cause.

We were informed of one incident of a character well calculated to excite interest, but as we are not sure that the information was given us for publication, we refrain from giving all the particulars, or the names of parties. We should be glad, however, if some one acquainted with the facts, with the consent of the parties interested, would favor the readers of the *Age* with the particulars. We can probably say this much: that it is said that a lady visiting a family in Lyons, was favored by the opening of her spiritual sight and distinctly saw the former occupant, (now in the spirit world,) of the house in which she is visiting; that she has publicly stated the facts, none of the parties referred to (except the spirit) being Spiritualists.

We invite our friends, in this and other states, to notify us of the formation of new societies which we shall be glad to publish. Again, we ask every society in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and all the western states, to forward us the name of every society and its officers. If we have, in any one locality, half a dozen Spiritualists, where no organization yet exists, we urge organization as the most important work to be attended to.

## Sturgis Meeting.

For want of room last week the resolutions passed by a unanimous vote at the Sturgis meeting, were not published. We give them below, and wish we were able to give a full report of the remarks made in their advocacy by the many men and women who spoke earnestly upon the several subjects referred to. We are glad to say of the Spiritualists of Michigan that in all their conventions, questions of a practical character are growing in favor and assuming the preponderance over the too visionary and rhapsodical.

We attribute this favorable change to the efforts made to organize and systematize our cause. As this work progresses, we shall not only gain strength for the practical duties of this life, by obtaining a greater influence, but we shall find that gradually, impostors, fanatical visionaries, and vagrants will slough off. From such, in common with all new religious movements, we have suffered.

Resolved, That the continual and increasing interest and value of our yearly meetings, up to this Eleventh Anniversary of the opening of the Free Church, give cheering evidence of increasing desire for religious liberty, for spiritual life, for wise reforms, and for freedom of thought and speech, and that we pledge ourselves to such efforts as shall make our future meetings of still larger influence and benefit, and also to new efforts for local meetings at our homes.

Resolved, That immortality and supremacy of the spirit should teach us purity of physiological habits, temperance in all good things, total abstinence from all that degrades or defiles, and that obedience to the laws of body and soul, which shall help to a sound mind and a pure spirit, and a pure and sound body, to a long and useful life on earth.

Resolved, That as men and women interested in all reforms and progressive changes, based on justice, and therefore on benefit, we favor suffrage for women equal and impartial as for men, believing that it will help to a higher and better manhood and womanhood, and thus to a truer state and church, and domestic life, wherein manly and womanly influence shall meet to make a more perfect whole.

Mrs. Hardinge Lectures.

Our reporter being obliged to leave Chicago last week, deprives us of the report of last Sunday's lectures. We therefore publish in this number the two lectures delivered in the second Sunday of June, sent us by our own reporter. We hear the most satisfactory accounts of the great success of Mrs. H. in Chicago.

"Not a Good Work."

We have published a very few of the many letters received commending the *PRESENT AGE*. We now have the only one ever received on the other side of the question, and as our columns are free to all, we propose to give the writer the benefit of a hearing.

MR. EDITOR:—I received from you a circular in which you say: "The question is, will you aid us in this good work, and help to send the *Age* as a missionary into the remotest part of the country." I have read the *Age* with considerable attention and care, and also some other tracts and publications emanating from the same fountain during the past year, and I fail to see that the work is a "good work," but it does appear to me to be an evil work, exceedingly pernicious and demoralizing. You will perhaps regard my stupidity and ignorance with wonder and pity, while I cannot but wish that your efforts, your zeal and your abilities were put forth in a different and far better cause.

Entertaining these views and opinions, I cannot aid you in the way you desire. You kindly inform me that my time is not out until the 23d number. That number is received and 'tis plenty long as I want the *AGE*, I shall not renew. Respectfully,

DARIUS MONROE.

BRONX, Mich., June 8th, 1870.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Darius Monroe, but we shall appeal to him in all candor and earnestness, and in fairness ask him not to thus make a general charge of our "doing an evil work" through the *AGE*, and also in "tracts and other publications" issued from this office, without particularizing so as to permit a defense. Now, brother, you say you have read the *AGE*, with "considerable attention;" if so, you can readily indicate to us and the public the "exceedingly pernicious and demoralizing" articles to which you seem to allude. We now offer you a hearing, and further, will make this proposition. You select three men of your own town (neither church members nor Spiritualists) and submit to their examination any article published in the *AGE* during the last year, and if they decide with you that such article is "pernicious and demoralizing," we will purchase for you twenty five dollars worth of any books you may order. If they do not decide with you, you shall purchase such as we select for us to the same amount. Further, we will appear before said committee, and prove to their satisfaction the immoral tendency of three chapters in the Bible for every one you can find in the *PRESENT AGE*, forfeiture same as above. Now, friend Monroe, you have opportunity to satisfy your neighbors of the demoralizing teachings of our paper, and its influence as contrasted with the Bible, claimed by Christians to be the book. If we do not hear from you, we shall come to the conclusion, as will your neighbors, that you have made a charge you cannot substantiate.

## Confucius.

We call attention to the advertisement on the third page of the "Life and Moral Axioms" of the great Chinese Philosopher. We are glad to notice this book as one of the most valuable additions to our spiritualistic literature. The life of Confucius, as we have it correctly published in this pamphlet, is worth its entire cost, but besides this, the axioms are invaluable. We give below a few extracts for the purpose of indicating their general character. We call attention particularly to the last, (number 100) for the reason that the great majority of Christians believe Jesus to have been the author of the



