

THE PRESENT AGE.

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Reason is a flower of the spirit, its fragrance is liberty and knowledge.

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THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Knelling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly as if it lightened,
An unlooked-for splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord with light effulgent
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lo! he thought, in heaven that reigneth,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?

Who am I, that from the center
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Lo! the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alms, in shine or shadow,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food,
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almsman was he,
Who upon his benediction
Wrapped in silent ecstasy
Saw the Vision and the splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait,
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise;
Like a sacrament divine,
Seemed to them the bread and wine,
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see:
And the inward voice was saying,
"Whoever thing thou doest,
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have trusted adoring
Or have listened with devotion,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling,
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing,
As he left it there before.
When the convent bell appalling
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor,
Through the long hour intervening,
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"

—Atlantic Monthly.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason.

At Home and Abroad.

PROGRESS THE LAW OF THE SOUL.

NO. II.

In our last article we closed with the statement that in the realm of intellect it is universally acknowledged by men of the greatest attainment that the end, the finality of knowledge, no man has ever reached. In art and science, we continually expect more and higher revelations. We are not much surprised at any wonderful announcement because we are continually expecting more and better. There is not a department of science that is not continually unfolding new wonders. The whole world is on the alert and feels that to be rather stale news that does not unfold some new law of motion or of dynamics—that does not tell of some freshly discovered power newly applied. When the electric touch sent from continent to continent the thought of nations, we were none of us so far excited that we were not quite ready to hear on the morrow that the world was clasped with an idea which rushed from Europe to Asia, and from Asia to America to tell us what event last transpired in those nations that but a year ago were divided almost as effectually as if they were on separate globes.

The mind that first applied electricity to the transmission of thought was a finite mind working out the great laws of nature and claiming them as its own.

In the moral world, we are not wont to set so high a reward on the attainment of excellence just because we do not see the result. But when Florence Nightingale, a woman moving in high life, delicately reared, nurtured in affluence and even in grandeur, went to the sick and wounded and carried to them the tenderness of human sympathy and womanly care, was there not an electric thrill reaching from her grand deed into the hearts of the heroic in all countries, and did it not seem more beautiful and natural to do good after that, even though that good were not sounded abroad but only left its benison on humble hearts and its track on humble ways?

The achievement of one noble deed becomes a perpetual blessing to the world and every act of high tone, every grand conception, is a proof of man's progressive nature. If we can only recognize the act, we declare ourselves capable of performing a similar one. If we admire virtue we are capable of becoming virtuous. If we love goodness we declare ourselves aspirants after goodness. The very fact that we conceive of states of being higher than our own, is affirmative of our progressive tendency. There are heights of goodness that we as immortal beings turn to as the destiny of our souls; but those supernal heights beyond our conception must await our capacity. Men believe themselves able to conceive of God, but the glory and perfection of the infinite cannot be conceived by mortals. There are moments when the consciousness of the highest seems entering the soul. This state of exaltation a spiritual teacher of the past denominated being at one with the Father—the indwelling God. When the soul lays aside its fear of God, and enters into the condition of love and trust, this consciousness of divine life fills the soul and the condition of oneness with that life is attained. But this can hardly be termed a conception of God; it is the infinite revealed to the finite.

It is not possible for us to feel the consciousness of our own powers. We know not what we are capable of. If we devote even a few weeks to study, how do our ideas expand, what

new revelations meet us. It is customary to devote a few years to study and then when life is just opening, when the mind is most vigorous, to lay aside mental effort, call the education finished, and spend the rest of life in business or pleasure. But could we feel that every step in this life is just so much toward that perfected state when mind will assert its power and grasp what now seems incomprehensible, should we be satisfied to rest in any present attainment? We know that here and now there is but one law of mental power, and that is progress—gradual but certain progress. There can be no other law in the future. Hence every advance made in any direction is for eternity. It is said of Priestley that when he was an old man, and after trials had pressed upon him that would have crushed many men, he commenced with the ardor of youth the study of Sanscrit. When expostulated with for devoting his time to labor when he had spent seventy years in toil, he replied: "Why should I cease work? When my spirit enters its eternal home I shall find that every advance I have made in mental power is so much help to me, since all I do now I shall not then have to perform." In this sublime faith that noble pioneer of Unitarianism, obliged to leave his native land because of intolerance, twenty-five or thirty years ago, asserted the truth that man is to enter the next life with what he has acquired, and no more.

When Jesus said, lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, he referred undoubtedly to this acquisition of spiritual power, of mental acquirement, of virtue, knowledge and every culture of the soul. These treasures, he said, could not be taken away; they were eternal; moth could not corrupt them, neither thieves steal—they were the soul's own. Now we all know that any temporal good, any acquisition of wealth, any hoarding up of treasures here is subject to the changes of life. There are certain things that cannot enter the soul, and so cannot survive death; but everything which does enter the soul is not subject to death. Hence every affection is eternal. No acquirement of the mind can die. Thus this sublime truth of progress becomes the grand stimulant to every virtue. If men can be made really to believe that there are treasures that are eternal, will they not make greater effort to attain them?

We believe that without virtue all mental power is of little value, because the peace of soul that ensures happiness is wanting. Hence merely intellectual culture we would not exalt, more than we would give supremacy to the affectional nature alone. Man is to grow as a whole, and not as a part. His heart needs expansion; but if he is all heart and has no judgment, he is called a fool. There is not a power open to us but has its appropriate office. "Be ye perfect," was a sublime utterance that came from a soul that felt in its own depths yearnings and strivings after perfection; and who evidently realized that the possibility of perfect development was enshrined within every faculty and attribute of the human soul—the mental powers, the keen instincts of the soul, the affections and the reasoning powers, all demand perfect development. If a man degrades his reason by denying to it the exercise of its legitimate functions, if he stultifies his intellect, if he ignores his affections, he is false to himself and becomes an enemy unto himself. We have no right to neglect any talent given to us, and we may rest assured that every advance we make here is just so much gain on that eternal road which every soul is destined to travel.

AMERICAN MEDIUMS ABROAD.

Miss Katie Fox and Miss Lottie Fowler are in London giving seances that are awakening a great degree of interest. At the house of Mrs. Makkougall Gregory in Grosvenor Square, a seance was recently held with Miss Fox as medium, which was attended with most satisfactory results to the distinguished company present. From the London Medium and Daybreak we make the following extracts:

"In obedience to spirit directions the room was thoroughly darkened, the candles being put out and the fire extinguished. In a short time we perceived a most beautiful light, of a mildly phosphorescent character, playing over the table, occasionally ascending to the ceiling, and then descending toward various persons in the company. To most of us this light appeared of ordinary egg size and shape, but the Countess Paulet and a foreign gentleman saw in it three fingers of a hand. Miss Fox now informed us we should see how the spirits made the 'echoes'—this being the term used to specify the raps; and accordingly the light again appeared, and, descending rapidly on the table, produced the 'echo'; then, ascending again, it once more descended and knocked the usual affirmative three raps, varying this performance in accordance with the wishes of the company, and more especially of the foreign gentleman, for whom this manifestation was more particularly intended, the hand being that of his deceased brother. On learning this through the alphabet, he requested that the hand would touch his lips; it did so, and as he kissed it, the feeling was that of a soft, warm hand, full of life. Now, two circumstances attending this manifestation, are eminently deserving of attention:—the first is, that he not only felt the hand, but also the cuff which clothed it; the second that the hand smelt of exactly the same perfume which the gentleman had previously used about his own hands, thus indicating that the 'spiritual hand' had been psychologized off his own. It is obvious then, that we have here the manifestation of some laws which require far profounder investigation than has been yet accorded to them, and we trust that those of our friends who may enjoy the opportunity will endeavor to discover the mystic and other conditions under which spirit-power is thus enabled to clothe itself with the corporeal semblance of humanity."

And now we come to the point upon which hangs the entire wonder and the whole question, of the reliability of the above occurrence.

"From the moment light was extinguished, the entire company, including Miss Fox, joined hands, thus forming a close circle that left no hand at liberty; so that any supposition based on the phenomena being other than genuine, is altogether untenable; and they therefore remain to be accounted for by the savants of this generation or that which is to follow."

The marvelous phenomena that have been related to the world by Mr. Livermore, as occurring through the mediumship of Miss Fox, stamp her as a medium of very extraordinary power. Robert Dale Owen's new work just out, "The Debateable Land," gives Mr. Livermore's statement of a very remarkable manifestation of the power of spirits to write without the aid of mortal hand. It occurred while he was sitting alone with Miss Fox and, holding both her hands in his. For an hour the writing went on before his eyes. He saw the hand that guided the pencil; saw the characters it traced, and when the communication ceased he retained the cards upon which were traced the messages of love, the beautiful thoughts of the guardian angel that addressed him. The marvels of Miss Fox's mediumship are attested by such men as Dr. Gray, Mr. Livermore, Robert Dale Owen and many others. We sincerely hope that her seances abroad may be conducted under proper test conditions, and result in giving added triumphs to our cause.

Miss Lottie Fowler will be remembered as the young lady who sometime ago created a great sensation in Bridgeport, Conn., by predicting a fire which occurred according to her prediction. An action was brought against her by some of the

foes of Spiritualism under an old law relating to fortune telling, and she was arrested and tried as a fortune teller. But the judge decided that her gifts did not belong in the category of necromancy or fortune telling, and ordered her acquittal.

The affair created intense excitement, and resulted in a grand triumph for Spiritualism in the blue laws state. Miss Fowler is one of our best test mediums. She is a fine seeress, and an excellent clairvoyant. We were gratified to learn that she contemplated a visit to our English friends, and they are receiving from her labors there much satisfaction. We see by the London papers that her seances are largely attended, that her test manifestations are very remarkable, and that she is everywhere received with hearty testimonials of appreciative regard. All of which is very gratifying to us here. She also met a distinguished company at Mrs. Gregory's to whom she gave the fullest satisfaction. She passed into a trance and in that state diagnosed the physical condition of many present, and then proceeded to give accurate descriptions of the spirit friends of persons present, their dress, mode of death, etc. A person writing of this seance says:

"Altogether Miss Fowler struck us as the most impressionable medium we had ever seen. Her mind is a moral camera that reflects the hue and form of every object brought within its range, whether by insight or sympathy, and we should decidedly advise all who are interested, either in psychology or Spiritualism, to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by her presence in London. It is a place of mediumship which, as so exalted a stage of development, has not been previously manifested in the metropolis."

We rejoice that two such remarkable mediums are abroad doing missionary work in our glorious cause. All over the continent of Europe, the field is white unto the harvest, and the cry everywhere is, "send us mediums." During our recent tour, the question was constantly asked: "Why do not you in America send us from your abundance of mediums that we too may be fed from the same fountain of truth?" Our reply was: "Our mediums are poor. Very few of them are able to incur the expense attending a voyage across the Atlantic. Most of them not only depend for their own support upon the exercise of their medium powers, but support their dear ones besides; their aged parents or their half-orphaned children. At home in America, they are fairly paid for their time and services, but here in Europe, you feel that such services should be gratuitously rendered. You seem to ignore the fact that there is justice in all things and that the medium who gives you time and strength is, by so doing, shut off from other means of support." But we are glad to see that a more rational view of this matter, a practical view of it, is beginning to prevail. We recommend to all who have the feeling that these gifts are too sacred to be made the means of obtaining a living by, or exchanged for money, the perusal of the Biblical account of Saul and his servant in search of the lost asses. There they will learn that the seer, the man of God, the holy prophet Samuel, the medium to whom they applied for information concerning the straying animals, received as compensation for his clairvoyant services one fourth of a shekel of silver. And the whole narrative shows conclusively that in those days it was understood that mediums received compensation for their services. We know that many of our best mediums are deterred from going abroad by the knowledge that their services will be so inadequately compensated.

Strongest minds are often those of whom the world hears least.

HENRY WARD BEECHER BELIEVES IN SPIRIT INFLUENCE.

Mr. Beecher preached a sermon touching on spiritualism on last Sunday evening, taking his text from John iii, 8—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof and canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." After speaking of the conversation of Christ with Nicodemus about being born of the spirit Mr. Beecher said:—"I suppose that from the beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits; that other influences come into the world. Such a truth as this is to be infinitely desired. There is a disposition to treat it with scorn and neglect. It is not impossible to believe that there is a spiritual unity or influence which we neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It is taught by the Saviour and the apostles that both divine and demoniac influences did roll in upon the human soul. It is the attitude of most thinkers to repel everything that they cannot prove by the senses and therefore the doctrine of Spiritualism has been in bad repute. There is nothing that we so much need and should so much desire as that there should be wafted into this sphere the influence of the Divine spirit. This doctrine fits and harmonizes with the higher life toward which we are groping our way. We do not know what we are. We go step by step; we are conscious of vague longings and aspirations, and don't know how to locate them. What every thoughtful, rational man should desire is that there should be influence to teach us the divine. Fantastic and false notions have arisen during all ages in connection with spiritual phenomena. This does not interfere with the truth in the minds of the real seekers for truth. Where does our knowledge of the Divine come from? It is no argument, against astronomy that men sought it through astrology, or against chemistry that it was sought through alchemy. Seeking shows a need that it is not a part of God's economy to allow. Our Saviour declares that we cannot understand these things. "If," says he, "I have told you of earthly things, and you believe not, how can ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" It is impossible to interpret a higher sphere to those in a lower. We are not to suppose the spiritual influence a supervision of our faculties. So as far as we can gather from the Word of God it would seem as though this is a process repeating. Its wakes up our dormant powers; it revives, beautifies and fructifies. The periods of growth have been when men believed most in the invisible. This belief has inspired men to activity in the best parts of their nature. We are often influenced by a spirit outside of ourselves. It comes unexpectedly, is uncalled for, and often unwelcome. In one sense this is understandable. There is a way to prepare ourselves for the presence and action of the spirit. Men prepare themselves for friendship, but refuse to put themselves in a state of reception for the spirit. There would be summer if there wasn't a farmer on the continent. There would be flowers if there wasn't a florist in the land. But the farmer prepares his ground, and we can co-operate with the Divine influences that seek to guide us. By this divine help we can, not only grow, but can successfully resist demonic influences. We are not to set up antagonisms to the working of the spirit. How many men have been lovingly won from evil ways by this divine influence. As the sun wakes up the flowers so does the divine mind stir the dormant soul. When the influences come to you that stir the better nature and make you hate evil, believe. If you are given noble conceptions of what you are capable of being, believe. It is the light that comes from above. If there comes a sense of sweet spirit communion, believe that God's great love sends the ministers of His bounty to guide, comfort and instruct you. Is there anything that we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond.—N. Y. Sun.

THE MARCH OF LABOR.

Tired labor walks with weary feet,
Through winter's cold, through summer's heat,
The stony pavements of the street,
Glad that its daily task is done,
Obedient to pipe and gong,
The vast procession sweeps along,
A many-tongued and motley throng,
Returning home at set of sun.

Their pattering feet fall fast as rain,
Down factory stairs, through court and lane;
Scant is their rest, and small their gain:
They pour through alleys, courts and streets,
There is the shop girl, sad and pale!
There is the seamstress, thin and frail!
There is the porter, stout and hale!
There is the book clerk, white as his sheets!

A woman wrapped in a scanty fold,
A child whose face seems scraggy and old,
A toiler whose skin is yellow as gold,
From attic and cellar and den they go,
Armies of stalwart men who snuff
Anvils that ring in the morning light,
The blacksmith bronzed, and the miller white,
As though he came from a storm of snow.

They go to their homes in attics high,
Further from earth and nearer the sky
Than many who think the stars are nigh,
Because they live in a palace tall.
They go to their homes in basements dim,
And yet they can see the rainbow's rim
Of hope, if they put their trust in Him
Who dearly loveth his children all.

March, ye toilers! the day will come
When the lips shall sing that now are dumb,
And the heart shall beat like a happy drum,
The bread shall be sweet and the labor light;
For every day the workers climb,
A golden round in the steps sublime,
Like Jacob's ladder of olden time,
Which leaned against the stairs at night.

—The Plebeian.

For the Present Age.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

BY GEO. WILLIAM WILSON.

A religious revival is going on in this place. An oily-tongued priest, who about as clearly comprehends the religious nature of man as a donkey does a mathematical problem, is exciting the people with highly colored descriptions of the creation, temptation and fall of man, the vicarious atonement, the glories of heaven and the pains of hell. A number have "experienced religion," and been baptized. The "saints" are singing praises to God, and some of the "sinners" are looking serious. We remember that centuries ago, according to the Bible, God had to go from place to place to learn what was going on, and whether he has yet learned of this "religious revival" being in progress, we have no way of ascertaining.

What is accomplished by all this excitement? Simply this: a few, who had no clearly defined views on religious subjects have professed to "experience religion," and have avowed their faith in the infallibility of the Bible. Is the cause of morality thereby advanced? The Bible, fall of man, vicarious atonement, death, the devil, heaven and hell, figure very prominently in the "mad ravings" of the preacher. He knows nothing of the religious history of mankind; does not even dream that this world is controlled by unchanging laws; with him God does everything, miracles take the place of inexorable laws. He assumes the Bible to be "God's holy word,"—a miraculous revelation from God to man—without adducing a particle of testimony to sustain his assertions. Will this preacher, or any of "God's servants" tell us when the Bible was written, and by whom? How many of the books now in the Bible were rejected as "spurious trash" by the Christian Fathers, and how many books received by them as genuine are now rejected as "spurious trash"? Will some preacher tell us who created the devil, and for what purpose he was created? Are we responsible for Adam's sin, committed six thousand years before we were born? How can the death of Christ atone for our sins? If the Bible is God's "infallible word," why was it not written so plain that all could understand it alike? And why is it full of contradictions, and its statements in opposition to the revelations of science? Why should those who have never heard of the Bible be forever damned because they do not believe in the vicarious atonement?

We recently heard the minister in question assert that whoever rejects the Bible story of creation is like a ship at sea without chart or compass, and wrecked on the sandbar of believing that this world came into existence by chance. It was a favorite doctrine with the Christian Church in the early centuries "that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the church might be promoted;" and, judging from the course pursued by the clergy and their blind followers, this pernicious doctrine is still in

high repute with the church. Ministers seem to regard it as an act of virtue to misrepresent those who deny the infallibility of the Bible. Many of the most scientific men of the age reject the Mosaic account of creation, but not one of them believes that the world came into existence by chance. But is it not just as reasonable to believe that this world came into existence by chance, as to believe that God created it out of nothing? Is it possible to create something out of nothing? This world came into existence not by any special act of God, but in obedience to immutable laws. There is no such thing as a miracle in creation. If the Bible had never been written we should know just as much in reference to the creation of the world as we now know. We have to rely upon the facts of the universe, and not the Bible. The facts of geology plainly contradict the story of creation as recorded in Genesis. What scientific man believes that this world was created in six days, or that it has existed in its present form less than six thousand years? Science unmistakably reveals to us that this world has existed for millions of years, and that man has been upon the globe for hundreds of thousands of years.

That cause must indeed be hopeless which requires its advocates to resort to falsehood and misrepresentation to sustain it. Let the people know the facts concerning the earlier history of the Bible and of the church, and those orthodox ministers who now misrepresent and abuse those who will not accept their ridiculous dogmas, would be compelled to earn their living by engaging in some other business. Religious revivals periodically sweep over the country, but are the people made wiser and better, nobler and truer? Have they more enlarged views of human life and its duties, and the immortal destiny of man? Are their hearts filled with sweeter and nobler thoughts, their souls with purer and holier aspirations, and are they brought into more loving and tender sympathy with humanity? Alas! that we are compelled to give a negative answer to each of these questions. A new era is dawning; liberal ideas are being rapidly promulgated. When the natural idea of religion is acknowledged by all men, in the language of Theodore Parker:

"No bigot, ignorant as a beast, shall essay to rebuke thoughtful men when he knows nothing and they know much. No longer shall priests—ill-born to little talent, ill-bred to superstition, ignorance and bad manners—thrust their anointed stupidity in between man and God; no longer shall fanaticism pinch the forehead of the people; no longer shall it mutilate the fair body of man, nor practice yet more odious emasculation on the soul. Religion shall not mildew and rot the fruit of manhood; nor blast the bloom of youth; nor nip the baby bud; but the strongest force in our nature shall warm and electrify the whole plant of humanity, helping the baby bud swell into youthful bloom, and ripen into manly fruit, golden and glorious amid the sheltering leaves of human life. To youth, religion shall give a rosier flush of healthy joy; to maid and man shall it bring strength, more stalwart and lovelier beauty, cheering them through their single or their married toilsome life; and it shall set its kingliest diadem, a crown of heavenly stars, on the experienced brow of age."

When the truths of Spiritualism are received by the people, and made a part of their living faith, there will be no need of such "religious revivals" as now sweep over the country. Then will be ushered in that millennium of peace and good will of which poets have sung and prophets foretold in all ages.

ACBURN, O.

THE GIPSIES.—Every one has, no doubt, some time or other come across a tribe of these wanderers. Their advent in small towns are important events for signing youths and blushing maidens, and also more or less important for the owners of horses and cattle. In order to give our reader an idea of this people we condense the following facts from an article upon the subject:

The Gipsy Parliament, which meets once every seven years, and consists of delegates from all the countries of Europe, is expected to assemble soon near Canstatt, in Germany. The king of this nomadic race is one Joseph Reinhard, who has reached the venerable age of ninety-eight years. He has had seven wives and is the father of forty-five children. Our American idea of the whole Gipsy tribe is rather unfavorable. They are regarded generally as a set of

horse and chicken stealers, as few in numbers, and without organization or government. It is with some surprise, therefore, that we find that there are in Spain about 40,000 of these Gypsies; in England more than 18,000, while Austria has 97,000, and Moldavia and Wallachia are the chosen homes of nearly 200,000 more. Their religion has been the subject of much unsatisfactory discussion. Perhaps the Hindoo saying, "There are seventy-two religions and a half in the world, the half being the religion of the Jhats" (or Gypsies) comes as near to a correct definition as any.

From the Boston Investigator.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

MR. EDITOR:—As long as superstition has advocates, the truth will need defense. In these days of great fires we hear much about special Providence. Sermons are preached about the fire at Chicago, and religious people talk about it, and largely attribute it to the inscrutable will and purpose of the Almighty, designed to forward some wise end in the economy of his Providence. But while the eye of piety sees the overruling hand of infinite love in all this ruin and misery, the eye of common sense sees only the result of natural causes, which admit the possibility of science doing something to prevent the recurrence of such an event. While it is really the will of God that Chicago should be destroyed, science and experience could do nothing to prevent such scenes of ruin and desolation in the future.

But if we assume this to be a special Providence, we must look for the evidence of it, for a mere assumption is worth nothing. But unfortunately for the supernatural theory, the more we search for evidence in its support the more we shall find that God takes advantage of favorable natural conditions, as a long spell of dry weather, high wind, combustible materials, the breaking of kumps, &c.—the identical conditions that men would take to bring about the same result. But if reports are true, he was assisted in the execution of this special Providence of destruction in Chicago, by the vile hands of incendiaries, who were detected in firing buildings which might otherwise have escaped the conflagration.

But, again, it is in the power of science to prevent such catastrophes. Had Chicago been composed of fire proof buildings it would have thwarted this special Providence. True, some fire-proof buildings were built down, but only because the heat outside was so intense as to turn their stone into lime. This is no argument against this kind of buildings. Had the whole city been built of such materials, fire could not have spread far before it would have been extinguished; and the Lord would not have tried his special Providence in that way. But if it be insisted that this fire was caused by the special act of God, see the ridiculous conclusion it leads to.—He caused the dry weather, (which at other times is natural,) he caused the wind to blow, (which is natural,) caused the city to be built of combustible materials, and finally caused a cow to knock a kerosene lamp over! What a line of special causation for such a purpose in infinite love!

But we would naturally inquire what great crime Chicago had committed to merit such signal destruction, more than other large cities; and we shall be told, no doubt, that it was to bring men to the more full exercise of charity. But which would seem most consistent with infinite love and mercy, to have withheld this fiery judgment and all its misery, or to send the calamity in order to need the charity?

But while such a "Providence" brings the necessity of charity, it produces the most atrocious crimes and gives opportunity for theft and plunder, and the exercise of the lowest and basest passions in man's nature. When will the world become regenerated in this way?

It would be far more in keeping with the idea of infinite love, to suppose that God would send us blessings and prosperity instead of dire calamities for his special visitations. We are told that God's love, mercy and justice are infinite; yet here is what Christians call one of his special acts, where the innocent and the guilty all suffer alike—men, women and inoffensive children and animals burnt up in one indiscriminate mass. Surely, if it be by any Providence at all, it must be that of the Devil, for to those who believe in the existence of such a monster, what more appalling horrors are necessary to indicate the work of a demon?

In view of special Providences, after reading the horrible details of this unparalleled disaster in Chicago, we may well be expected to exclaim, "The Devil save us if this be the work of God." But those who believe that God is the author and institutor of eternal Hell, may be excused for their belief in these special judgments on account of their religious education in a cruel doctrine.

But it would seem as if the Lord had become less lenient to his people

than in the time of old. He gave notice of his intention to Nineveh, and Sodom and Gomorrah, but in his modern feats of special Providence he destroys everything indiscriminately—even his own temples, and his worshipers in them, if they cannot get out of the way—without giving the least warning. This must be what they call Divine (?) vengeance.

God must have had special chastisement for the West, for he seems to have availed himself of the dry weather to pour out the "vials of his wrath" in the woods and villages of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, almost equally with Chicago. But we should have better understood it as the work of a supernatural power had it all happened in wet weather, or when the ground was covered with snow, when accident could not have done it, or better yet, if Lake Michigan had been caused to take fire and the water all burned up, like the oil in Chicago. But even then we should have overlooked its unearthly origin in our search for some natural, subterranean or volcanic cause of the phenomenon.—The truth is, we have no right to attribute to Deific interpositions that which can be explained on natural principles. It is derogatory to the honor of God, whatever we call him—Principle, Being, or Essence—to impute to him any interference with natural law, for it implies imperfection and inadequacy in the physical and moral laws of the Universe. Those perfect laws need no acceleration nor modification; they will explain all phenomena when we rightly understand them.

To attribute the accidents and miseries of men and animals to the action of natural agencies, of course makes their sufferings none the less, but it avoids the reverential, yet blasphemous, charge of Providential design. Far be it from me to defame that great infinite Power—I know not what it is—that seems to be the life-principle of the Universe; but I deprecate the Christian practice of imputing to Divine decree the evils that befall the world.

Evil in the abstract is all the same, and if we are to accept the late fire calamities as summary judgments of God, we must accept others by the same rule, and accord the dignity of a special Providence to the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which one sect of Christians butchered over forty thousand people—men, women, and children—of another Christian sect, all worshipers of the same God, through the same Bible!

Verily, in respect for the wise character of God, if not for the good sense of men, let us repudiate this superstitious Pagan doctrine of special Providences. J. W. R.

ETRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE.—We have it from the undoubted authority of a highly respected citizen of Port Deposit, that a negro appeared at Port Deposit a few days ago, who is most singularly constituted in his "make up." He possesses the power of changing the location of his heart, and of doing some other wonderful things with his "internal improvements." Drs. Evans, Broonall, and Shure examined him. He causes his heart to drop down from its place on the left side, then moves it across his stomach, then up the right side and across the chest to its proper place, remarking: "There, she's gone home!" The doctors followed it (the heart) in its singular circuit, marking its pulsations as it progressed. Then the colored brother dropped his ribs! then he put his bowels in motion causing the whole mass to revolve twenty-one times. He then suspended the action of his heart, the doctors not being able to detect the slightest pulsation.

This negro is a short but powerfully built and muscular man. He says he was born in Italy, shows scars where he says he was opened twice by doctors in Europe. Dr. Evans offered him a hundred dollars if he would let him "go for him" again, but he said he believed he wouldn't try that any more! The doctors made him up a sum of money, and he went on his way rejoicing. This is perhaps the most wonderful case on record.—*Baltimore Journal.*

TRUTHFULNESS.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong; it is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich; it is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned; it is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms and hypocrites. Truth is the foundation of instruction; an habitual regard for it is absolutely necessary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the mid-day sun; he who would spurn it goes forth amid clouds and darkness.

An honest country parson, who, in the time of great drought was desired to pray for rain, answered: "I'll willingly do it to oblige you, but it is to no purpose while the wind is in this quarter."

HUMAN TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

HAPPY would it be, if, whenever a spiritual mystery is presented to our thoughts, we did not reject it, because transcending our little knowledge, it happens to be "undreamt of in our philosophy." happy would it be if we did not suffer doubts and suspicions, and the sophistries of a sensualized scepticism, to shut up the avenues of our souls instead of opening the door wide to give the mystery a stranger's welcome!—*Prof. Henry Reed.*

It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this, Mr. Wesley (the founder of Methodism) is of the same mind,—and that they are concerned for the dear fellow-pilgrims whom they have left behind; I cannot but believe they are....Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window, and see the actions of her children in the court underneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you, by which they can converse with our spirits, and, by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communication, or sight of a spirit?

"Walls within walls no more its passage bar
Than unopposing space of liquid air."

Though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family,—the disembodied spirits of the just. If there is joy throughout all the realms above, joy, "more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine which went not astray," how evident it is to an impartial eye that the state, both of the one and the other, must be known there, together with the progress of each individual.... Have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern our soul as we could discern their body when they were in the same state as ourself?... If "he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire, for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together?—*Mrs. Mary Fletcher.*

That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could have made credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears.—*Samuel Johnson.*

I MEANT to say what Johnson said.
That, in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears:
And what is stranger upon this strange head
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.—*Byron.*

As to the power of holding intercourse with spirits emancipated from our present sphere, we see no reason why it should not exist; and do some reason why it should rarely be developed, but none why it should not sometimes. These spirits are, we all believe, existent somehow; and there seems to be no good reason why a person in spiritual nearness to them, whom such intercourse cannot agitate or engross so that he cannot walk steadily in his present path, should not enjoy it when of use to him.—*Margaret Fuller.*

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors,
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
Henry W. Longfellow.

Oh! tell me not that the fathers of this Republic are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invincible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

I CANNOT get over the feeling that the souls of the dead do somehow connect themselves with the places of their former habitations, and that the hush and thrill of spirit which we feel in them may be owing to the overshadowing presence of the invisible. St. Paul says, "We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses;" but how can they be witnesses if they cannot see and be cognizant?—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath, in turn, borne testimony—either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws, which at least suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits.—*Blackstone.*

I THINK a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres, much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact.—*Addison.*

It is a sublime and beautiful doctrine of the early fathers, that there guardian are angels appointed to watch over cities and nations, to take care of good men, and to guard and guide the steps of helpless infancy.—*Washington Irving.*

As the manifestations have spread from house to house, from city to city, from one part of the country to the other, across the Atlantic into Europe, till now the civilized world is compelled to acknowledge their reality, however diverse in accounting for them; as these manifestations continue to increase in variety and power, so that all suspicion of trick or imposture becomes simply absurd and preposterous; and as every attempt to find a solution for them in some physical theory relating to electricity, the odic force, clairvoyance, and the like, has thus far proved abortive—it becomes every intelligent mind to enter into an investigation of them with candor and fairness as opportunity may offer, and to bear such testimony in regard to them as the facts may warrant, no matter what ridicule it may excite on the part of the uninformed or skeptical.

Our conviction is, that they cannot be accounted for on any other theory than that of spiritual agency.—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!—*Tennyson.*

We need not doubt the fact, that angels, whose home is in heaven, visit our earth and bear part in our transactions; and we have good reason to believe, that, if we obtain admission into heaven, we shall still have opportunity, not only to return to earth, but to view the operations of God in distant spheres, and be his ministers in other worlds.—*Rev. Wm. Elery Channing.*

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We have received this handsome volume, and heartily congratulate its publishers on its elegant style. The mechanical portion of the book is beautifully executed. The letter-press cannot be excelled, and we think they may well feel proud of their first offering.

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"THE GOLDEN KEY, OR MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL," is the name of a handsome and substantial volume from the press of the PRESENT AGE Publishing Company, of Chicago. The author, so to speak, is Miss Nettie M. Pease, well known as a lecturer on Spiritualism, and the favorite Corresponding Editor of the PRESENT AGE. She was under spirit control while the recital which this book embodies was made to her by the spirit of a person who once lived on earth. It was given her in the month of June, in last year. It has been reproduced as nearly as possible, in the language of the dictator. It is a story whose evolution is accompanied with a striking and deeply interesting development of character, fresh and pure incidents, and a series of colloquial discussions of spiritual topics, that will attract and hold the attention of readers everywhere. The moral of the tale is not reserved for the last but is woven in with its web, and forms the living beauty and point of the fiction, yet not wholly fiction, for it depicts experiences to which all human souls are subject, and does it with a naturalness and truth which art cannot hope to emulate. We can cordially commend THE GOLDEN KEY to the perusal of all Spiritualist readers, promising them profit and pleasure in its glowing pages. To the story, Miss Pease has appended five of her own characteristic poems.—*Banner of Light.*

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And joyous pore o'er ancient lore
And famed heroic story.

We've sought to trace through endless space
The path of world's bright gleaming;
And hand in hand thy pages scanned
While heavenly truth is beaming.

And now we'll hear thy mandates fair
To all who cluster round us;
And grateful raise glad songs of praise
For blessings that surround us.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER X.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

There are no visible lines of demarcation by which the epochs are divided off, but they imperceptibly shade into each other. Moreover, the life forms of one period, differ but slightly from those that occur at the introduction of the next succeeding age. The species of each respective age are modeled on a distinct type. Each type embraces certain limitations of form, and all the individuals that fall within these limitations are classed in accordance therewith. The middle or culminant members of each type contrast somewhat broadly, but the forms in two contiguous types touch at their margins, where they have strong resemblances. The close of an old epoch or advent of a new age was not often attended with the abrupt extinction of species. Neither has the earth been destitute of life at any time since its earliest introduction. The extermination of the old and advent of the new species, were events of regular and orderly occurrence, subject, however, to occasional local interruptions from igneous movements.

"Nor do we find," says Agassiz, "that there was any gradual increase or decrease of any organic forms at the beginning and close of the successive periods. On the contrary, the opening scenes of every chapter in the world's history have been crowded with life, and its last leaves as full and varied as the first."

Concerning this gradual and continuous progress, Prof. Dana observes ("Manual of Geology," p. 125) that "many persons, in their study of geology, expect to find strongly drawn lines between the ages, or the corresponding subdivisions of the rocks. But geological history is like human history in this respect. Time is one in its course, and all progress one in plan. Some grand strokes there may be,—as in human history there is a beginning in man's creation, and a new starting point in the advent of Christ. But all attempts to divide the course of progress of man's historical development into ages with bold confines, are fruitless. We may trace out the culminant phases of different periods in that progress, and call each culmination the center of a separate period. But the germ of the period was long working onward in preceding time, before it finally came to its full development and stood forth as the characteristic of a new era of progress. It is the same with the history or development of an individual being. There are distinct epochs and periods in the history which all recognize; the period of the embryo, of the youth, of the adult. But no one thinks of marking the hour or day when one ends and another begins, or of pointing to a visible physical line that at any given moment was passed. It is all one progress, while successive phases stand forth in that progress. * * * The reality of an age in history is marked by the culmination of some new idea in progress. The beginning of an age is in the midst of a preceding age; and the marks of the future coming out to view are to be regarded as prophetic of that future. The end of an age may be as ill defined as the beginning, although its culminant point may stand out boldly to view. Thus, the age of coal-plants was preceded by the occurrence of related plants far back in the devonian. The age of mammals was foreshadowed by the appearance of mammals long before, in the course of the reptilian age. The age of reptiles was prophe-

sied in types that lived in the earlier carboniferous age. Such is the system in all history. Nature has no sympathy with the art which runs up walls to divide off her open fields."

SILURIAN AGE.

Reposing on the azoic beds, are a series of sedimentary rocks, consisting of sandstone, limestone, shale and conglomerate, which have received the name of silurian formation. They are developed at the surface over considerable areas on all the continents, and abound with the fossil relics of the earliest life of the globe.

The American continent is divided into three regions with regard to the kind of rock that principally prevails; first, the interior continental region; second, the Alleghany region; and third, the eastern border region. In the Mississippi Valley, or interior continental region, the rocks are in large part limestones, which comprise two-thirds of the series. In the Alleghany region, the limestones contribute but twenty percent, the fragmental rocks, consisting of shales, conglomerates, and sandstones constituting the principal mass. About the Gulf of St. Lawrence, along the eastern border of the continent, the formation is again almost exclusively limestone. The distribution of silurian strata is over a large part of the continent. In the Middle and Southern states they probably exist, but he deeply buried beneath the later devonian and carboniferous rocks, except in particular localities, where, by igneous disturbance, they have broken up through the more recent strata. The hill back of Cincinnati, is an exposure of this rock, while around the base of the hill lie the torn and broken fragments of devonian beds, through which the older formation forced its way. At Iron Mountain in Missouri, and Ozark Mountain in Arkansas, the silurian has also forced its way up through the superincumbent strata, where it lies exposed over limited areas. These rocks also outcrop at Delphi, Richmond, and Madison, Ind. The extreme northern portion of the United States is almost wholly composed of silurian rocks. The major part of New York State, the bed of Lake Erie, Northern Michigan, and nearly the whole of Wisconsin and Minnesota, are areas of their distribution as surface rocks.

The rocks of this age vary in thickness in different localities. They have attained their maximum thickness in the Alleghanies, where, according to Dana they have a total thickness of twenty-two thousand feet. In the Upper Mississippi Valley they are sometimes not more than a few hundred feet thick, while about Lake Huron they accumulated to a thickness of ten thousand feet. In the region of the St. Lawrence they have twice the thickness they have attained in the State of New York. The source whence the sandstones, shales, and conglomerates were derived, was the granitic and metamorphic rocks which had been formed in an earlier age. These were ground up and distributed by the action of oceanic waters, in shallow places, and along the borders of the land, which already existed above the sea.

The limestone, with few exceptions, had an organic origin. They were formed in clear, transparent seas, from the relics of once existing species, on the submerged continent, which, in those earlier times, constituted a submarine plateau, with depths not exceeding a few hundred feet, the area subsiding as rapidly as the materials accumulated, until, in some sections, thousands of feet had been added. The principal mass of limestone is composed of shells, crinoids, and corals. One may observe in the flagstones with which the streets of our large towns are paved, and in the walls of many public buildings, evidence of the abundant life of the primeval seas, as many of these rock fragments consist almost exclusively of shells and crinoids, while other specimens are coral, with the cellular structure well preserved. But there are also limestones over wide regions, which, in forming, have been ground to an impalpable powder, and which contain no fossil re-

lains. These have the same derivative origin as the coarser specimens that contain shells and crinoids, but have been reduced to an impalpable state by the eroding action of the sea.

The organic aspect of many limestones is obliterated by the combined agency of heat and pressure. Prof. Hall subjected common chalk, which is an earthy form of the carbonate of lime, to a pressure equal to a column of water half a mile high, and a temperature of white heat, by which the mass was transmuted into compact marble. An increase of pressure and temperature reduced the mass to a crystalline texture. Some forms of the carbonate of lime, as chalk, have undoubtedly been aggregated from microscopic organisms, as the shells of rhizopods, millions of which have been detected in the silurian beds of Russia.

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

The fact that small animals sometimes "rain down," shows that they must first contrive to go up, somehow. How large a creature, or creature's egg, can be drawn up by evaporation we do not know, but it is evident that there is power enough in "water spouts," or cloud-whirlwinds, to carry far into the air living things of considerable size, and then the attraction of large masses of cloud, and the force of atmospheric currents may keep them suspended and carry them many miles over land.

The phenomenon familiarly known as the "rain of frogs" has been ridiculed and contradicted by certain scientists; nevertheless there is abundant proof to show that it has occurred, and probably will again.

In 1864 the writer, in company with some fifty other travellers, had personal experience of the fact. We were in Arizona, not less than twenty miles from any stream, pond or water. The day was extremely sultry, and we had halted to let the animals graze, and rest for an hour or two. Not a living thing besides ourselves and horses was in sight, and certainly no frogs were hopping over the rich, tufted grama-grass, which covered the ground for miles in every direction.

Suddenly a dense black cloud made its appearance, and it soon began to discharge a copious rain upon our unsheltered heads. The drops were very large, and the water quite warm. Nearly every person wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, which proved a great protection against the rain as well as against the sun.

Our attention was soon arrested by the pelting of something which struck our hats like hail, but which proved to be frogs, and in less than two minutes the grass was fairly alive with these creatures. Several of the party took some from their hat rims.

Our unexpected visitors were all of one size, about a quarter of an inch from nose to rump, very lively, and apparently in the best condition. Their fall had been broken by the springy, resilient nature of the grass. It is not probable that several hundred thousand, perhaps millions, of the frogs had suddenly been hatched into life in the ground by the rain, or, if they had, that in their infantile glee they jumped five feet eleven inches from the earth to the top of our heads, merely to show how the game of leap frog could be played; nor had they any such caudal appendages, as are generally attached to juvenile ranas.

They came from above, in company with the rain, and this fact was made clear by holding out the hand, and seeing them fall upon it, as well as finding them on our hat rims. The eggs from which these reptiles sprung had undoubtedly been drawn up into the atmosphere by the action of a waterspout. This instance is cited to show that other things besides vapor are translated from earth to atmosphere by certain well-known and accredited developments of natural laws.—*Allymer (Canada) Enterprise.*

AGRICULTURE is a part of the sublime order of nature. In thunder, it shakes the stagnant air, which would otherwise exhale miasma and death. And in the immortal thoughts of duty, of humanity, and of liberty, it so rouses the hearts of men that they think themselves inspired by God; and not the mercenary clamor of the market-place, nor the oratories of politicians, clutching at the prizes of ambition, can suppress the utterances that true men believe themselves heaven committed to declare.—*Horace Mann.*

It is intended to hold a grand exhibition of architectural models, plans, appliances, work and materials, at Berlin, in the course of next year. The funds have been subscribed, and the Emperor of Germany will appoint a commission, to carry out the scheme, immediately on his return to the capital.

THE number of species of animals known to be now living is thus given by Mr. Bentham: The number of mammalia is estimated at between two and three thousand species; birds at about ten thousand; reptiles, and amphibians, under two thousand; fishes at about ten thousand; insects at above one hundred and sixty thousand; crustacea and arachnida rather above ten thousand; mollusca about twenty thousand; worms, radiates, and sponges and infusoria, under six thousand; while there are about a hundred thousand species of plants. He thinks a "Genera Plantarum" is still within the capabilities of a single botanist, while such a work on animals would have to be accomplished by a division of labor among zoologists.

PHENOMENAL.

From Correspondence of N. Y. Sun.

SPIRITUAL SEANCES.

THE HAND AND FACE OF A WOMAN, YET NOTHING MORTAL.

I have written you a detailed account of a number of seances held with Dr. Slade, at 210 West Forty-third street. I will state beforehand, however, that I am not a convert to Spiritualism by any means, nor do I pretend to give the cause of these extraordinary occurrences. I only give the facts as I witnessed them, and as any one else may, provided they pay the price, see for themselves.

FIRST INTERVIEW.

Alone with Dr. Slade, daylight, back room, second floor. He sat at end of a plain table, no cover on, and I sat at one side. We joined hands on top of the table. Raps or knocks heard under and against the table. Dr. Slade asked, "Will any of the spirit friends present write on the slate?" Many sharp raps against the table. Slade said that meant yes. He now took an ordinary slate, and placing thereon a piece of pencil half as large as a grain of rice, held the slate under the table, but up against the leaf thereof. In twenty seconds we heard something writing on the slate, and in one minute withdrew it, and four words were written on it, signed by the initials of Slade's deceased wife, so he said. I saw the writing and read it. The pencil was too small to have caused the writing by sliding the slate against the board. This experiment was repeated, and writing always came on the slate, but the signatures were sometimes those of my own deceased relatives. How he got those names I as yet know not. I looked under the table. All was open and fair so far as I yet saw. There were no wires or springs to be seen. My purported spirit friends would generally write such sentences as this:

"DEAR JOHN:—I am so happy to see you investigating this beautiful philosophy. Your grandfather, Jacob."

I think I had seven or eight such communications. Now, I do know the signatures were correct, and I believe that no other person than myself in New York knew any of those deceased persons. The query was now twofold, how was the writing accomplished, and how did Dr. Slade get the names? for not one of the deceased persons ever lived within hundreds of miles of New York. Some of them had been dead for over forty years, and Dr. Slade was an entire stranger to me. Now, while we were talking about these things, a chair standing about five feet from us rose about one foot high, and stood apparently on nothing for two or three seconds, and then dropped to the floor. It was an ordinary cane-bottom chair. I examined, and found no wires or appliances of any kind attached to it or about it. I was careful not to examine too closely, so as to excite suspicion, but inwardly resolved to bide my time and call on a few more occasions.

SECOND INTERVIEW.

No other persons present. Sat at table as before, and the results, such writing on the slate and raps against the table quite similar to the other interview. On this occasion I was permitted to hold one end of the slate, and still the writing appeared, but the side of the slate furthest under the table was pulled downward about four inches during the time the writing was going on. As I was asked by Dr. Slade to sit close up to the table, and did so, it was, of course, impossible for me to see under the table. There might have been, so far as I know, a hole in the floor, and some person may have come up through it and written as described. I made no mention of this suspicion, but signified readily my astonishment at the results. Sometimes Dr. Slade held an accordion under the table, holding by the bellows end, and it was played on. During this time I was asked, as be-

fore to sit close up to the table, placing both of my hands on the center of the table. I asked, kindly as I knew how, whether the spirits would play for me, and I did hold the accordion as he had and it played for me also. I was then sitting so near that I could not look under the table. The power that pulled the accordion seemed like that of some person. I looked under the table afterward but saw nothing, nor had the carpet any appearance of having been disturbed. After this, one spirit, so called, wrote on the slate, "lay it on the floor." Dr. Slade did lay it on the floor, and laid a long slate pencil beside it, not on it. Again we joined hands, and writing was again done on it, and the pencil was found on the slate. Repeated this experiment, and there was written on the slate the word "believe." During these operations I felt something pulling at the bottom of my pants about as strongly as would a child a year old. Repeated all these experiments, and got signatures of many others beside my own deceased relatives. One was a Dr. Rush, of whom I learned that he was Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia. Dr. Slade seems to become somewhat exhausted during these performances, as though a portion of his electric power might be used for the purpose—indeed he says such is the fact. He says quietness on our part improves the manifestations, but that our concentrated thoughts assist none at all. In fact, we were much of the time conversing during the time of the writing. Just before we closed this sitting, the Doctor went into a trance, rose to his feet and approached me as a Master Mason, giving the signs, grips and pass-grips of the order correctly, and proceeded to tell me, on the strength of our brotherhood that all these things were true, and that he (or the spirit in him) was very happy to see me investigating the subject; that my organism was such that they (the spirits) could not yet approach me as they wished, but if I were to sit three times more they could do so. Dr. Slade then came to consciousness, and said the spirits were gone. So I went away, too, to give other folks a chance, at "five dollars a sitting, and busy all the time."

THIRD INTERVIEW.

Time 8 o'clock at night. We were alone. Said I: "Doctor, are you a Master Mason?" "No," said he. "Why do you ask?" "Are you a Freemason?" said I. "No, sir."

I then told him that he had given me signs at the last meeting which made me ask, and he reiterated that he knew nothing whatever of the order. We then sat at the table as before, and Dr. Slade held the slate under the table, when writing began immediately. On this occasion one side of the slate was written over in a plain, legible hand, and signed by a Dr. Davis, who Dr. Slade said was his guiding spirit friend. The purport of the communication was that the spirits were getting together in the room in order to give myself some remarkable demonstrations. I took the liberty on this occasion to examine a small piece of pencil, and I found it was worn off on the sharp corners, as though it had really accomplished the writing. I also watched to ascertain whether any small wire could come down the doctor's sleeve to do the writing, but I was still baffled. After we had read the communication referred to, we sat in silence, and I heard unmistakable rustlings round the room. One ordinary five-foot gas burner was burning, and consequently the room was quite light, though I could see no spirits. While we were thus watching, the lid of the water-pitcher flew open and remained so. It was standing on the marble of the pier-glass, and about ten feet from us. I examined the pitcher; it was about one-third filled with water, and there was no hole through the marble, nor was there any cord or other appliance above it so that an outside person could have raised the lid. While we were talking about this phenomenon the rocking-chair began to rock. It was all alone. The chair rocked hard—that is, the full swing of the chair—for about two minutes, and then slid up to the table where we were and still rocked about half a minute. It slid about four feet. Now, though it might have been rocked by some appliance coming up through the floor, yet it could not have slid so far by any such agency without my finding it out afterward. In fact I was almost despairing of finding a materialistic explanation of these multitudinous wonders. After this the performance was changed. The little unknown was again pulling my pants, and I made bold enough now to sit at the table in such a way that I could see who was putting his hand up through the floor to thus divert me. But, strange to me, the pulling continued a little while, though I could see nothing, even while I looked, and yet the light was sufficient. Something pressed on my

foot about as hard as would a year-old child standing thereon. While this was going on I felt something coming up against my back, as though some person was leaning against me. I said nothing, but sat still. Dr. Slade now remarked that he saw a spiritual body leaning against me. Remember, I felt it first, that is, say half a minute before the doctor saw it, or said he saw it. This was the first evidence I had had that he could see the mysterious power, for his description of its position coincided exactly with how it felt. Now, I take it that when a rocking-chair rocks all alone it is not good evidence for Dr. Slade to say he can see a spiritual body when I cannot see it. But when I feel something pressing heavily against my back, and yet there be no tangible motion present, and Dr. Slade does there and then, without the aid of moving bodies, say he sees a spiritual body, my own feelings are the corroborating witness that he is not laboring altogether under a hallucination.

I turned round to look, but saw no living thing, nor anything whatever that could have pressed against me. The Doctor then took the slate and laid it on my head and again the writing came upon it, signed by my deceased uncle, saying by and by I should see more wonderful things. Immediately after this my chair, with me on it, was turned one-third round. I weigh 240 pounds. I could detect no power whatever doing this. In fact I feared now I never should be able to make materialism account for these phenomena. While I was looking at one part of the room some other part would be in "demonstration," and then again something came and rubbed the back of my head upward. I looked for it, but saw nothing. Finally the Doctor went into another trance and made me another short speech, stating that the spirits were anxious to do all they could in order to convince me of a spiritual existence, and then, after giving the Masonic salutations, bade me good night. When the Doctor awoke he inquired whether he had been saying anything.

FOURTH INTERVIEW.

Under similar conditions; no other person present; writing on the slate as before, save that now the slate did approach so near the edge of the table that I was compelled to admit in my own mind that the Doctor had no accomplice. I now took the liberty of sitting in such manner that I knew no human being could do the writing without my having seen it done. I next held the slate alone, and the same power wrote as before, but not so strongly and plainly. While I was holding my hand under the table, something touched my thumb and back of the hand. It stroked me. It pressed on my knee; it encircled my wrist, as though it were a lady's hand, soft, delicate, and cold; and as I so sat, near the table, a hand, large, white, cloud-like, came up between me and the table. I saw it. It came several times, perhaps for five minutes. This cloud-like hand caught hold of the end of my dangling watch chain, and pulled it clear through the button-hole of my vest. The hand dissolved or melted away into nothing every time I looked at it, say in two or three seconds. My other hand was during this time on the table, and Dr. Slade's hand lay on mine. I next asked the Doctor to sit back, and have no connection with me. He did so. The mysterious hand still stroked my hand under the table, but much lighter and weaker than before. The Doctor then took a seat distant about eight feet, but on this occasion the hand and power failed to touch me. Thus ended the fourth sitting.

FIFTH INTERVIEW.

Alone with the medium. Time, half past eight in the evening. Same room, but we sat in the same position at the table, having previously suspended a black curtain alongside and above the table. A square hole eight by ten inches was cut in the centre of this curtain (by order of spiritual instructions on the slate). Dr. Slade then turned down the light till the room was quite dark. In one minute a face like a person's appeared at the hole in the curtain. Slade became excited and the face dissolved out of sight. Slade then went into a trance and spoke these words to me:

"My friend, tell the medium he must sit still, so that we can control the currents of electric power which we draw from your bodies in order to show ourselves."

Slade then woke up and I told him the orders. Well, we sat still once more, and then a face appeared in full at the aperture. It was such a face that having seen it once, no man can forget it, nor was it such a face as any living mortal could counterfeited. It was the face of a woman about twenty years of age, but of that transparent, phosphorescent character I had previously seen. It looked me square in the face, pleasantly, for about twenty seconds, and then gradually (like a rainbow) dissolved. B.

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THE PRESENT AGE.

A Weekly Journal.

Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reforms,
Poetic Literature and General Intelligence.

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364 Warren Avenue, Chicago."THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM
DEMORALIZING."

Such was the assertion of a gentleman with whom we chanced to fall in company a few days since. We were at the time unknown, and being desirous of learning all that could be said against the cause we have espoused, we asked him to give us some light upon a subject that was creating so great an interest in this country and Europe. His reply was that the Spiritualists did not believe in a God, or a devil, heaven or hell, and were opposed to religion. The answer somewhat amused, if it did not edify us. We however suppressed our smile and kindly asked him, if it was not possible he might be mistaken, or if there was not some misunderstanding as to the use of terms. He instantly replied that he had heard their speakers ridicule the idea of a personal God and a personal devil. Finding our friend willing to explain knotty questions we asked him as to the origin of his satanic majesty. Who made him? Where is he? How does he travel? Does he "crawl" as in Genesis, or does he "walk up and down the earth," according to Job? We received the usual answer about the fall of an angel, etc. If so, we asked, may not other angels fall, and saints from the earth, as well? Were the seven devils cast out of Mary Magdalene "fallen angels"? and further, if the devil is really ruining immortal souls, why does not God, who is omnipotent, destroy him? If God, "foreseeing the end from the beginning," created him, and if he exists by the power of God, is not God responsible for his deeds? Has he the will, but not the power? By such questions as these, we soon found that our friend's knowledge of his satanic majesty was very limited. Neither could he enlighten us, or the crowd who gathered around, as to a personal, individualized or centralized God. He however came very near manifesting his idea of an "angry" God when he found that the majority of the bystanders were not in sympathy with his orthodox idea.

On the subject of hell, our fellow-traveler was terribly in earnest. He believed in a real hell of fire and brimstone. He could not accept of it in the modified form popular in the modern pulpit—no, no! he must have the "smoke of their torment ascending up forever and ever." His voice was harsh and excited when he spoke in connection therewith of the future doom of Spiritualists, infidels, and all unbelievers, but when we referred him to his own children, perhaps the wife of his bosom, his voice modulated, and an expression of anxiety, not unmingled with doubt, was visible upon his countenance. But his surprise was most wonderfully manifest when in answer to a question we informed him that we had been occupied more or less for fifteen years investigating the philosophy of Spiritualism and was now editor of a Spiritualist paper. From this time our traveling companion had but little to say and we defined to him and the bystanders, as best we could, the teachings of Modern Spiritualism. Happening to have with us a Memphis, (Tenn.) paper containing a lecture delivered in that city by J. M. Peebles, we read the following extract:

Thinking, rational men are becoming soul-sick of this popular half-heathenized christianity, with its "fall of man," "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," "angry God," "personal devil," and endless hell tortures—a christianity that slaughtered 2,000,000 during the ten crusades; that for fifteen hundred years persecuted the Israelites, and put to death the heretics of Europe; that burned witches, hung Quakers, and banished Ann Lee; a christianity that incited members of christian churches North and South to fight like maddened devils; a christianity that supports standing armies, constructs arsenals, and appoints chaplains—servants of the "Prince of Peace"—and prays for victories through blood, battle and murder; a christianity that scorns science, inspires bigotry, en-

courages superstition, sneers at Spiritualism, puts on pompous airs, persecutes for opinion's sake, grinds the face of the poor, professes extra piety, drives shrewd bargains, and then sanctimoniously asks for prosperity—all, all "for Christ's sake!" Paris was a christian city, as famous before the Prussian victories for its prostitution as for its enterprise. London is a christian city, and yet last March reported 165,000 paupers. Human life is infinitely less safe to day in Christian New York than Constantinople or heathen Scutari across the Bosphorus.

But while repudiating this arrogant christianity—this fashionable christianity that "reviews" Spiritualism, I believe in God and in Jesus, called by the apostle "our Elder Brother;" believe in the necessity of repentance, purity and holiness of heart; and I believe in spiritual manifestations. Aye, more, I know that the heavens are open and angels hold converse with men. In the year nineteen hundred, Spiritualism will be the religion of the enlightened world! Judge Edmonds, of New York, estimates that there are

MILLIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS in this country. The increase within a few years is marvelous. England, in connection with her societies, lyceums and seances, publishes six journals devoted to Spiritualism, viz: Human Nature, Spiritual Magazine, Medium and Daybreak, London Spiritualist, The Spiritual News, and Christian Spiritualist. Spain prints four Spiritualist periodicals; France three, (or did previous to the war); Italy, one; Sicily one; Hungary, one; Brazil, one; Australia, one—the Harbinger of Light—and Germany several treatises of Spiritualism under the heading of Psychology. Its banner, in some form, floats to-day beneath all skies. It is the angel that John saw "come down from Heaven having great power." This angel is "lighting the earth with his glory and crying mightily with a strong voice: Babylon—that is churchal christendom—is fallen, is fallen!"

Who dare say of Spiritualism thus far and no further, when even now it is kindling a new light in Turkey; shining upon the hills of Hindostan; gladdening the valleys of Anglo-Australians; summing the plains of farther India; quickening consciences in the courts of Europe, and sounding a trumpet alarm in the Islands of the ocean. Unbaring the gates of death, Spiritualism has brought the loved inhabitants of the summer-land into our cities, our homes, our chambers, permitting us to clasp their shining hands and listen to the music of their voices.

Spiritualism has not only foretold future events of vast moment to individuals and nations when adumbrated with the living fires of prophecy, but it has warned the more susceptible of steamer burnings and fearful railway collisions. With the wand of clairvoyance it has scanned ocean beds, described geologic strata, suggested new planets, and measured starry distances, while scientists were laggingly adjusting their instruments of observation. Under the name of psychometry, it has read by aural emanations the unwritten histories of Egyptian pyramids and Assyrian ruins; of Grecian culture and Druidic worship, and can trace the life lines of mortals by the touch of ringlet or garment.

Strengthening the weak, warning the erring, waking the dormant, unveiling the treacherous and startling the sinful, it continues to re-echo the words: "Repent—confess and forsake your sins." Only the "pure in heart" see God. To him that "overcometh" is the promise of access to the tree of life. Kindling in all believing souls the loftiest endeavor, Spiritualism is the sweetest answer to prayer and the inspiring genius of every reform movement of the times. Meaning science and progress, morality and pure religion, it is God's living word to humanity through angels and ministering spirits.

The Bibles of all nations are rich in Spiritualism. The Christian fathers relate their visions in their volumes. Geo. Fox and Wm. Penn were Spiritualists exercising their gifts. Southey's life of the Wesleys relates the "noises" and spiritual manifestations occurring in their houses. Many of the honest sturdy Quakers are outspoken Spiritualists. The Shakers number seventy communities in this country and they are all Spiritualists. And their church, too, is the true pentecostal church, based upon peace, purity and "all things in common."

The poems of Tennyson and Longfellow are full of the silver threadings of Spiritualism. Longfellow on his European tour, attended seances in Naples, and in the palatial mansion of Baron Kirkup at Florence, Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer of France, and Trowbridge, our most distinguished astronomer who "secured the prize" by both Spiritualists. Leon Favre, Consul General of France, said to me in his own residence two years since: "The most learned men of Europe are Spiritualists. Dr. Robert Chambers and Prof. DeMorgan, the great mathematician of London, were both Spiritualists. Prof. Wallace, C. E. Varley, F. R. S., and other of the ablest scientists of England and upon the Continent are Spiritualists." In a word, the brains of the world to-day are either avowed Spiritualists or favorably inclined to its broad and beautiful principles.

MORMON AND INDIAN WAR.

Is it possible, the plan for "cleaning out" the Mormons by persecution, robbery, and murder, may succeed after all! The illegal, unconstitutional proceedings of the court, with McKean as judge, for the purpose of breaking up just such families as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had, just such families as were the ancestors of Jesus, as we are told, are to be supplemented by indictments for murder, and other heinous crimes against the priests and leaders of the Mormons, upon the evidence of a self-confessed scoundrel named Hickman. This, it is hoped by those who are waiting to steal, will drive the Mormons to desperation, when they will either emigrate and leave their wealth, the fruit of stern industry, to just such a crowd as has plundered them twice before, or stung to madness by the outrages they are subjected to in the name of the United States, take up arms against the mockery of law, of which they are made the victims. The Mormons can put ten thousand well armed

men in the field in ten days, and are affiliated with ten thousand Indians, who will fight with them. They would fight literally for their homes, their wives, and children. They would make bloody work, and at first be successful, and thus a long Mormon Indian war would be begun. To be sure scores of fortunes would be made by politicians, by camp followers, and administration parasites, and the virtuous gentiles could take up Mormon lands over the grave of the Mormons. It would be a grand speculation every way, but it would add \$100,000,000 to the public debt, cost 100,000 lives, and desolate immense tracts of country. Polygamy would be stamped out in blood, and the saintly thieves and murderers could come to New York and spend the profits in the chaste brothels no one dreams of closing.

MICHIGAN STATE SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

We have just returned from attendance at the Seventh Annual Meeting of the above association, held at Battle Creek, last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. This number as the eleventh state convention held since the organization of the association, including that meeting which was also held in Battle Creek in August, 1865. We say it not boastfully, but with feelings of gratitude, that it has been our privilege to be present at all these gatherings of the noble workers of that state, excelling any other in the liberal and progressive tendencies of its citizens, and particularly in its organic work among Spiritualists. Massachusetts, perhaps, approximates nearest to it in this respect. Four of the six years of the state organization, we served as its president and endeavored, to the utmost of our ability, to advance its interests. While serving in that capacity we visited nearly all the populated counties, and thus became very generally acquainted with the most prominent Spiritualists. Consequently, we can visit no part of the state without greeting hundreds whom we have before met, and with whom we have formed a more or less intimate acquaintance. To us, therefore, these convocations are genuine feasts, and no devout Jew ever went up to Jerusalem with greater eagerness than do we, to these gatherings of Michigan Spiritualists. These conventions seldom fail to be successful and hence are becoming popular, and this last, convened in the beautiful and enterprising city of Battle Creek, is no exception. No locality in the West is more noted for the number of its Liberalists and Spiritualists than is Calhoun County, and particularly this city and its vicinity, hence there is no better place for the holding of anniversary meetings. On such occasions the inhabitants vie with each other in demonstrations of hospitality, and now, as heretofore, all were freely entertained. We found a quiet home with friend D. Sharpstein and his pleasant family. Mrs. Sharpstein is not a Spiritualist, but is a lady in the broadest sense of that term, and manifested as much happiness in attentions to her guests as though they were of like faith with herself.

The Spiritualist ladies of Battle Creek had tastefully decorated their hall with evergreens, which with the mottoes they had placed upon the walls, imparted a cheerful and inviting aspect greatly in contrast with the appearance of our places of meeting, as we too often find them. We wish we could inspire our good friends with more care and energy in this respect, and we hope all who were in attendance will go home resolved that hereafter the places where we congregate shall be made more inviting.

The meeting was well attended from the near counties, but representatives from different parts of the state were less than usual. We have, however, never witnessed a more harmonious state of feeling and a deeper earnestness, than was manifest on this occasion. The speakers present to whom were assigned the principal work in that direction were Giles B. Stebbins, W. F. Jamieson, Rev. T. H. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind., Mrs. Mossop, of Sturgis, and Mrs. L. E. Drake, of Plainwell. These were listened to attentively and with profit. Mr. Stebbins, whose words are

always gems of thought from a mind of great experience and broad culture, was on Sunday morning more than usually interesting. Immediately after this lecture followed the memorial exercises as reported by the business committee relating to the death of A. B. Whiting. These were of a deeply impressive character, and there were few indeed in that vast assembly who were not affected to tears, while the choir was singing that admirable song entitled, "The Land of the so-called Dead," composed and many times sung, by Mr. Whiting. We shall not further particularize in our notice of the proceedings as we will have an official report for publication from J. P. Averill, secretary of the association, in which we doubt not will be embodied the report of the memorial committee, and the impromptu, eulogistic remarks made upon the occasion, and at least an epitome of some of the lectures delivered before the convention.

We cannot close without a public acknowledgment of the marked favor with which the PRESENT AGE was received by the Spiritualists of Michigan. On Sunday morning Bro. J. P. Averill offered the following resolution. Its introduction was greeted by the audience with applause and subsequently adopted by a unanimous vote.

"Resolved, That we hail with pleasure the reappearance of the PRESENT AGE in the same size and form as before the great fire; that having its birth-place in Michigan, we feel a peculiar interest in its prosperity, we continue it as the organ of our state association, and recommend it to the Spiritualists of Michigan and the whole country as a paper well worthy of their support."

We record these expressions with feelings of gratification and encouragement, coming as they do from a state where the AGE was ushered into life, has the largest circulation, and is best known. We assure the Spiritualists of the Peninsular State, that no effort will be wanting on our part to make their organ worthy of their highest appreciation and of the cause they labor to advance. We ought, before closing, to allude to the admirable address of Mr. Jamieson on Sunday afternoon. The subject, "Victoria C. Woodhull and her Defamers," was one well calculated to enlist his sympathy, believing her, as he does, a noble but much abused woman. The entire audience seemed to be brought into sympathy with the speaker, if we may judge by the outbursts of applause by which he was frequently interrupted. We are of the opinion that if a vote could have been taken after the close of the address, Mrs. Woodhull would have received every vote in the house for President of the United States. All the speakers were successful in the elucidation of the several themes selected. Mrs. Drake spoke ably on "Criminal Reform." Rev. T. H. Stewart commanded the interest of the audience. Sunday evening, preceding Mrs. Mossop, who gave the closing lecture, Dr. Spinney, of East Saginaw, we were informed addressed the convention previous to our arrival. Mrs. Mossop, after her lecture, occupied half an hour in describing spirits clairvoyantly seen by her in the audience. The intense and breathless anxiety with which people on such occasions listen to the words of the seer, indicates their interest in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. By special request the following poem by A. B. Whiting was recited by his sister, Miss Augusta Whiting. We were pleased to notice the desire manifested by many from different parts of the state to greet the sister of one so well-beloved, and to whose eloquent words they had so often listened.

HOPE.

Sweet flower of heaven-land, gem divine,
Hope ever doth fresh charms combine
To lift our thoughts to worlds on high.
To brighter lands beyond the sky.
She ever speaks of brighter joys,
And whispers, as with angel voice,
Of happier homes, of fairer climes,
Where love her golden charm entwines.
She tells of wisdom high, and peace,
Of heavenly joys that ne'er shall cease.
Hope is the love-flower of the soul;
When heavenly spheres their charms unroll.
She whispers softly, "Mortal, see
The gems angels have prepared for thee;
And lo! beyond the present row
To charms the future shall place on thy brow."
In gloomy earth-land when sorrows come,
Hope says: "Weep not; there's a happier home
Where love will twine a garland fair,
And blend the glittering diamonds rare
That those blest spheres above reveal.

The soul to calm, the heart to heal."
Hope is a blooming rose of the soul,
Striving its petals to unfold,
Seeking to catch the dewdrops that come
From the celestial fount 'neath wisdom's dome.
How oft, when dark trials hover around,
And the future looks dreary, hope has found
A gleam of sunlight to inspire the mind
With trust that the future may be more kind.
When mortals o'er earth's sorrows linger,
Hope points above her jeweled finger,
To invoke sweet angels to descend
And heaven's holy love-worlds blend,
To lead their minds to wisdom's mount,
To bathe in beauty's holy fount.
God placed this charm within the soul,
To tell of happiness, to toll
The death-knell of all human sorrow,
To sing: "There is a happier to-morrow
For every soul, for all mankind;
A home where free shall be the mind."
Awake, then, child of earth-land! sing
Of love and truth, and hope shall bring
Pure truth and tell of future joy
That error dark cannot destroy.
Hope lives in every soul; nor dies
Though nature all in ruins lies.
She lives in truth's resplendent light;
She ever moves on wisdom's height;
She dwells in every flower of love
On earth or in the spheres above;
Her voice is heard 'bove earthly strife,
Bright prophet of a happier life.
Nourished by every star that shines,
Her orb each planet interlines;
She sheds a gleam of heavenly light
O'er earthly scenes, o'er error's night.
When storms of anguish round earth shall roll,
And the heavens together move like a scroll,
Hope in beauty bright will twine
A flowery wreath round the soul divine,
And lead it calmly to that shore
Where wisdom reigns forevermore.

AN EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN LIBERALISM.

The Christian Register, of Boston, an exponent of Liberal Christianity, has the following paragraph:

"The last Golden Age contains an appeal for subscribers. We are constrained to say that we hope this appeal will be made in vain. When the AGE was started, we gave it cordial greeting, and hoped to find it as commendable as we knew it would be bright and sharp, but it has forfeited its claim to the friendship of lovers of human welfare. We were glad to hear of its genesis; we shall be gladder to hear of its exodus."

If this be the spirit of Liberal Christianity, heaven save us from it. The Golden Age is edited in the spirit of a fearless independence. Its columns are open to the free discussion, pro and con, of all questions that pertain to the interests of humanity, whether social, political, or religious, and this fact undoubtedly is the secret of the hostility of the Register, which would narrow every thing down to the demands of its own specialism. The Golden Age steadily grows in popular favor, winning golden opinions from every truly liberal mind, and is rapidly being established upon a basis that we trust will postpone its exodus till the noonday brightness of that golden age of universal peace and harmony, whose coming it is striving to hasten, shall be upon us. In the meantime we commend to the careful consideration of the editor of the Christian Register that practical rebuke of the spirit of intolerance given eighteen centuries ago by one to whom he delights to cry "Lord! Lord!" It is just as applicable to Unitarian bigots to-day in Boston, as it was to Jewish bigots ages ago in Palestine. It may be found in the ninth chapter of the Gospel of Mark. The disciples, on a certain occasion, saw a man casting out devils in the name of Jesus, and in the self-sufficiency of their bigoted zeal they rebuked him because he followed not them, and then reported the fact to Jesus, evidently expecting commendation for their zeal. But instead they received a richly merited rebuke for their narrow mindedness.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION'S REBUKE OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

After quoting the above narrow paragraph from the Christian Register which claims to be the exponent of Liberal Christianity, it is refreshing to turn to the columns of the Christian Union, which makes no such claim, and read therein the following merited rebuke to a scientific man who ten years hence will be ashamed of his present attitude toward Spiritualism:

"These scientific chaps, with all their assumption of superior rationality, are not the most logical in the world. A committee of the Dialectic Society in England undertook, the other day, the task of investigating and reporting upon the spiritualistic phenomena. Prof. Huxley was invited to be of the committee, but declined. He had no time, he said, and took no interest in the matter. The intellectual character of such manifestations as have come under his notice prejudices him, he confesses, against them. Nothing to his mind can be more stupid and wearisome. [What the 'intellectual character of manifestations' so largely physical, physiological, and psychological, can have to do with the question of their demand upon the interest and investigation of a philosopher, does not very clearly appear. One would think that a

delusion which for the magnitude of its pretensions, the number of its victims, and the duration of its power to baffle the scrutiny of the shrewdest, is the most extraordinary in the history of humanity, might be deemed worthy of some more serious notice than the contemptuous jest with which Prof. Huxley dismisses it. And this all the more because the boasted exposure by the great English Faraday was really such a pitiable display of learned weakness."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We desire again to call attention to the appeal we made to our friendly readers last week, to devote one day during the first week of January to making an effort to increase our circulation. Take a copy of the AGE and Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly. With the proposition to send both of these large papers one year for the small sum of three dollars, we feel confident no one can fail to obtain new subscribers. We remind our friends thus seasonably that they may take time to prepare for the work. We republish what we said last week:

We appeal earnestly to all who have not paid for the present volume to do so at once and at same time send us new subscribers. All must realize that in purchasing material required for the office we must lay out a large amount of money. And now, friendly readers, a word as to the future. We stand upon our feet resolved to take no backward step, to discharge fully our obligations to our subscribers, and to greet them weekly with a paper, if possible, more acceptable than we have yet published. We do not seek to reopen the fountains of your sympathy, but we do, in confident faith in your generosity, in your manly and womanly approval of pluck and determination in a good cause, most earnestly appeal to you for one day's labor in our behalf. Will you not willingly, gladly give the PRESENT AGE one full day of energetic assistance—a day that shall stand as an era in our life? We will name the first week of the new year as the time when the effort shall be made. We will not designate the day, for circumstances may make it difficult for all to work within a twenty-four hours specified by us.

To attain our full measure of usefulness we must reach ten thousand homes the coming year where we are as yet strangers. Besides we must have those ten thousand more constituents in order that we may come to you in the fullest attainable interest, attractiveness and value. During the week we have named, let every family where our paper is taken select one or more of its most active members, and commission them for the work. Visit every family within reach, and urge upon them to take the PRESENT AGE for one year. If there are families desirous of taking it, but not able to pay for it, pay for them, and let this be your New Year's present, not only to them, but to us and the cause. If this donation should prove too heavy for you, let us know and we will share it as far as possible.

We are glad to hear that Rev. J. Y. Atcheson, one of the respected clergymen of Waukegan, two weeks since made the PRESENT AGE his text-book by selecting his theme from its columns. The subject, as he stated in his introductory remarks, was suggested by reading an article in the PRESENT AGE from our friend, Henry Straub, entitled "After Death comes the Judgment." Had we known that the text was to be selected from our columns we should certainly have been present. As it is, we have only a brief verbal report from a gentleman who was in attendance. According to his understanding of the reverend gentleman's argument, it was an attempt to prove the resurrection of the material body and a specially appointed day of final judgment. We will try to furnish subjects that shall awaken thought among our clerical friends, everywhere, and think if the practice of selecting subjects from our columns, rather than the books of the Old Testament, could be generally adopted, it would be a decided improvement. At the same time, we cordially invite the reverend gentleman in question to use our columns for the advocacy of his own views or in opposition to ours. More than this, we should be glad to have him meet us, or one of our associates, in friendly discussion that may bring in contrast the teachings of Spiritualism and Christianity. If he desires to convince the unbelieving part of his fellow men of their error, and to reach the greater number, he will certainly accept this offer of our columns, for he will thus reach a congregation of many thousands every week instead of a few hundred, and these of his own church. We hope our brother will accept our offer in the same spirit in which it is given, for we mean it in all kindness and for the purpose of eliciting truth.

ANOTHER national convention has been called by those who are advocating the engrafting upon our National Constitution a recognition of God, and the Christian Religion. We have not seen the call but notice the statement that it is signed by one of the judges of the U. S. Supreme Court and by the governors of three states. If the judge and governors referred to have signed this as private citizens, we take no exceptions, but if we are to understand that they have signed officially, or that they are in any way using their official influence to forward this design to subvert the principles of religious freedom upon which our government was established, we do most earnestly protest. And more, if this agitation is to be continued, and presidents, governors, judges, and persons occupying official places are to use their consequently increased influence in this direction, it is time for liberals of all classes and for the moiety of the Christian sects opposed to this revolutionary movement, to carry this question to the polls. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the ballot box is our first place of defense. If that fail us in consequence of political intrigue and religious fanaticism, the result may be as easily foreseen as was the great war for civil rights through which we have just passed. We now say to our friends, be on your guard, look to your nominating conventions. Question the candidates for high official positions, and if they evade the issue, publish the fact to all who would save this government from the withering grasp of religious intolerance. Be not deceived: this mild cry for a recognition of the God of Moses, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the authenticity of the holy scriptures is but the entering wedge to yet greater encroachments upon your sacred rights.

NEW YORK.—The Spiritualists of this city are again using Apollo Hall, cor. of 28th St. and Broadway, for their Sunday services. Mrs. Hardinge-Britten drew large audiences through the month of November. We did not hear her because duties call us away from the city on Sundays, but we learn from a friend who was a delighted listener to nearly all her lectures that she has lost none of her power to present in a most eloquent and logical manner the truths of Spiritualism. Her successor is N. Frank White, who occupies the platform the month of December. Spiritualism in this city, judging from the large attendance at public meetings, and the number of mediums whose time is so fully occupied that it is difficult to get an interview with them must be increasing steadily. Among the well-known mediums present are Slade, Foster, Mrs. Staats, Mrs. Parker, J. V. Mansfield, and many others. We shall hope, from time to time, under the head of "Mediums of New York," to have some interesting matters of experience to present to our readers in relation to the phenomena manifesting themselves through their various channels.

F. L. H. W.

BOSTON.—The first and second Sundays of this month were passed in Boston. We addressed large audiences in Music Hall. For the first time the Spiritualists of Boston have furnished the public with free meetings, and they have proved a triumphant success. They are very largely attended. Often the spacious hall is full to its entire capacity. A fine quartette choir renders admirable music, and we were more than ever convinced that free meetings are the strongest auxiliaries for the progress of Spiritualism we can have.

F. L. H. W.

CHELSEA.—We were surprised to be greeted by so large and fine an audience in this sister city of Boston. Spiritualism here seems to have taken a deep and permanent hold. Meetings are held in Granite Hall, a pleasant, spacious hall, but not very easy of access. In the spring however the society expect to take possession of a fine new hall now in process of erection. They will then have an elegant and attractive place of worship. Here as elsewhere we find most cheerful evidence, of the steady advance our faith is making.

F. L. H. W.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND is accused of parsimony, of general selfishness, of stupidity, of drunkenness, and of insanity. She used to be held up as a model of all the virtues, but then she was younger, her husband was alive, and she was understood to be after the straightest manner of her sect, an orthodox Christian. Now she is an elderly widow, and in a morbidly pathetic manner a Spiritualist. Old folks, widows, and Spiritualists have to ignore much impudence. For Victoria we wish a more healthful development of her Spiritualism than is reported, and to her traducers we would commend the virtue there is in "speaking no evil."

THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has resumed publication in the old form. New type imparts a fresh look to the columns and the matter is the same as ever. The "Search after God" continues with no signs of an end, and the "Frontier Department" retains its itinerant editor. As all the features of the paper are preserved, we hope our cotemporary will be able to make as decided improvements in a literary and spiritual point of view, as the great fire has made unavoidable in the matter of typography.

D. W. NILES, of the Liberal Spiritual and Progressive Bookstore and Circulating Library, 8 Bromfield St., Boston, has conferred a favor upon all readers and thinkers by reprinting Goethe's great socialistic work, "Elective Affinities." The publisher's part is done in a manner worthy the name of the author and the importance of the topic. Greenwell, of Boston, imports the life of John Woolman, the distinguished English Quaker. In a week we shall be able to speak from a reading of these books.

THE GOLDEN AGE, Theodore Tilton's diamond of a paper commences its second volume with the New Year. A better paper hardly seems possible, because a more honest one is inconceivable. Though paying from the first and owned fully by Tilton, more subscribers are wanted preferably among conservative people because they need a free gospel most. Address, Theodore Tilton, P. O. 2848, New York City.

We call attention to the notices of meetings in Calhoun, Oakland and Eaton Counties, Michigan. We purpose attending one, possibly two of these gatherings of our friends. Good speakers are announced and we hope they may be greeted by large audiences. Whether we are present or absent, we feel confident the PRESENT AGE will not be forgotten.

HEAVEN is no pagan paradise of place simply, into which entering we are safe from the avenging angel like the shudder of blood in a city of refuge. No; that avenger stands at the open door of every soul in all worlds—heaven and hell alike.

SALVATION is the child of time.

THE COMMUNISTS of Paris are still imprisoned and untied to the number of 30,000 or more. The Versailles government, the enemy of reform, massacred as many more, some thousands or tens of thousands, in cold blood.

PROCEEDINGS of Michigan State Spiritual Association will appear in our columns next week.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Telegraph draws a lively picture of the social condition of Paris at the present moment, by which it seems that it is not only the external appearance of the city that is being rapidly rejuvenated, but the people also are already assuming the "ante-bellum" gaiety and joviality. Day by day the number of persons who usually live there, and nearly as many more who come from afar off, are flocking to town and settling themselves down as of old; taking to their former occupations; doing business and killing time in that wonderful manner which Parisians have been celebrated time out of mind. According to the correspondent, Paris was never more flourishing than now, and the tradesmen are literally "full of business." The workmen—masons, carpenters, smiths, tinmen, glaziers, painters, printers, tailors, shoemakers and the rest—were never so well off before. What between some 10,000 of their fellow-craftsmen killed at the taking of Paris, 20,000 who are still prisoners, and 40,000 German workmen who left Paris at the commencement of the war and have not yet returned, there are now at least 70,000 fewer pairs of hands in the city than there was last year. The consequence is that workmen here now get whatever wages they choose to ask. Rents have not risen much, and although the price of provisions is

high, more meat and vegetables are consumed than formerly. As a corollary, the populace is contented and orderly, and the police say that beyond a rare wine-shop dispute, or the distraction of having occasionally to hunt up a Communist, they have really nothing to do.

The bogus republic of the Versailles government keeps a staff of first class liars, and does not allow them to remain idle. As if with 10,000 of their number assassinated, and 20,000 in prison, the workmen of Paris were happy and content, because their stomachs were full! Labor reform is not dead with the murdered Communists. In time there will be evidence of its vitality.

PERSONAL.

GILES B. STEBBINS, released from special duties that have for some years occupied his time, is now, greatly to the benefit of our cause, again in the lecture field. He lectured in Albion, Michigan, last Sunday. He will attend the Calhoun County Circle in Marshall, Michigan, January 14th and 15th, and lecture in Sturgis, Michigan, during the month of February.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE addressed a large audience in the Court House, Waukegan, last Sunday. She speaks again in the same place next Sunday in the morning at half past ten o'clock, evening at seven o'clock. Applications to Miss Pease for Sunday or week-day evening lectures should be addressed 264 Warren Ave., Chicago.

Mrs. A. E. MOSSOR is engaged in Richmond, Indiana, during the month of December; Battle Creek, Michigan, for the month of January. We believe she is also engaged for February, but the particular locality we have forgotten.

W. F. JAMIESON is speaking the present month in Battle Creek, Michigan, and is engaged for East Saginaw, Michigan, for the month of January. Address accordingly. Permanent address, Albion, Michigan.

DR. E. C. DUNN.—This earnest worker called at our office a few days since. Very much to our regret we were absent. One of our associates however was pleased to give him welcome and receive from his hand over forty dollars for new subscribers, for which he has our sincere thanks. Our brother was on his way to Bay City, Michigan, where he is to lecture during the present month. Dr. Dunn, whether called upon to cure the ailments of the body, or brush from the mental vision the cobwebs which a false theology has woven, is equally successful and popular.

HUMANITARIAN EPISODES.

The opponents of "prevention of cruelty to dumb animals," are making merry over a story that last week, in Salem, "thirty-seven persons rode at one time in a car drawn by one horse," to attend a concert in aid of the society. This story may be false, or it may be true; which it is difficult to say; if false, its very fabrication is evidence in favor of the society, the formation of which is one of the most tangible arguments extant, in proof of an advancing state of civilization in the community; if true, it proves just what the fall of man high in the church proves,—just what the drinking of a glass of wine "behind the door," by a professed temperance man proves—that man is an erring, inconsistent mortal; and that is all it proves. The principles of religion, of total abstinence, of merciful kindness, are not one whit affected by these fallings from grace, unless the necessity and importance of these same principles are all the more strongly demonstrated thereby. If 37 ninnies went to a concert "in aid of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," and allowed one poor horse to draw them thither, they only furnish another argument in favor of the existence of the organization and the accomplishment of the noble mission in behalf of which it was inaugurated, and has thus far been sustained. So, pass the story along; whether false or true, it can but help forward the good work. —Clinton Courier.

ALPHONSE KARR, the gardener-poet, has offered a *bon mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by everybody, when the president remarked, "Mon-sieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick." —Investigator.

WHILE several little girls were at play near the bank of the river Charles, one of them, named Bessy Dolan, fell in the water and would have been drowned had it not been for the decided action of one of her playmates, Katharine McCartney, who is hardly more than eight years old. This little heroine caught up a long stick lying near and waded in nearly up to her middle, reaching the stick to her companion, who luckily caught it and held on till drawn out. The scene, which hardly occupied two minutes, was anxiously watched by the occupants of a passing horse car, some of whom scrambled down the bank only to find their assistance was not needed. The young Ida Lewis seemed to have no idea that she had done anything extraordinary, but proceeded to wring out her soaked stockings with all the coolness of an old washerwoman in the performance of her regular day's labor. —Boston Herald.

The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are like myself, dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so perhaps am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them away from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there? Are we not still in the same house of the Father, like brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers? —Rowan.

REVIVALS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS MEETING IN BROOKLYN.

The members of the Society of Friends in New York and Brooklyn have been holding, for some days past, in the Friends' Meeting-House at Washington and Lafayette avenues, Brooklyn, a series of revival meetings. This movement, which is called a revival by the Friends themselves, is the outgrowth of a sentiment that has been steadily gaining ground in the denomination for several years. For nearly a century the Society of Friends has held what may be called a neutral ground among the great religious sects, and while other denominations have been spreading far and wide they have remained comparatively inactive, and the work of Christianizing the world has been done by other churches. But for some years there has been a growing feeling among the Friends that they, as a body, should take a more active part in the Evangelical work. In the West, particularly, this sentiment has been very strong, and was there manifested in the form of meetings like those in progress in Brooklyn. These do not materially differ from that class of gatherings known as revivals, and the Friends themselves have every where characterized them by that name. A century ago, in England, and during the time immediately following, the era of George Fox, meetings of this kind were very common among them, and the society was then in its most vigorous days. But since that time, in this country especially, they have seemed to be losing ground, and the society has felt that something should be done to infuse new life into its members. At the same time they deny any purpose of denominational aggrandizement, and claim only that they wish to do their share of evangelical work.

Their meetings in the West, especially in some parts of Indiana, have been very successful and have possessed a peculiar interest from the fact of their being held by a body, hitherto more negative than positive in its character. In these meetings they entirely ignore all distinctions of class or sect, and take their stand upon the broad ground of brotherhood and fellowship which distinguishes the denomination. The movement has been gradually creeping eastward, and at the yearly meeting held in New York and part of Connecticut, it was resolved that a revival should be attempted in this state, and a committee was appointed to take the matter in charge. The Quarterly Conference, held in various parts of the State, took up the subject and appointed committees to conduct the meetings and secure attendance of eminent speakers of the denomination. The first revival, prompted by the movement in the State, held at Farmington, Monroe County, created great interest, and was eminently successful. Not only were the numbers of the society greatly increased, but other churches were equally benefited. Another series of meetings was also held a short time ago at Poughkeepsie, where the Friends' house of worship was not large enough to accommodate the numbers that

attended, and, at the request of one of the leading clergymen of the city, they occupied the large church edifice of his own denomination.

The meetings in Brooklyn have been in progress since the 30th of November. Two of these are held daily, and a constantly increasing interest is manifested. They are largely participated in by the ministers and members of other denominations in the city. Meetings for conference are generally held in the morning, and the afternoon and evening sessions are conducted like the usual style of public worship of the society. One noticeable feature is that while a very great interest is manifested, there is an utter absence of anything like intemperate excitement. This is said to be characteristic of their gatherings wherever they have been held. A number of eminent speakers of the society from different parts of the country are in attendance, including John Henry Douglass, of Indiana; Henry Dickinson, of Brooklyn; David P. Uptegraft, of Ohio; Samuel Reibs, of Vermont; Brother Chase, of Salem, Mass.; Jonathan Devoe, of Glen's Falls, N. Y.; and David Lane, of Chappaqua, N. Y. It is expected that the meetings will continue for some time, no definite period having yet been decided upon for bringing it to a close. At the meeting on Monday afternoon, the committee stated that some persons were distributing the denominational tracts of the society, and they wished to be understood by the public that it was done without their authority and against their wishes. It appears from this that they wish to make the gatherings as unsectarian as possible. It is expected that several of the noted speakers present will remain through the winter.

The doctrine of the incarnation has revolutionized and regenerated the whole realm of modern English poetry. It has brought the singer down from the clouds, into the midst of fellow men; pointed out to him the world of human thought, longing and desire, throbbing all around and dumbly appealing to him for utterance. It has taught him that next to God's truth, humanity's needs furnish the best inspiration. It has revealed to him the noble that underlies the common, and encouraged him to employ his powers and his art in translating into music the ordinary language of man. All must recognize the great change which has taken place in English poetry since the didactic school of Pope and Dryden reigned supreme—a change which manifesting itself in Wordsworth, has gone on, until now the poets we love and prize most are those who best express the longings and aspirations of our own hearts. And this change has naturally affected our religious poetry most—transformed it from a metrical version of confessions of faith, and theological discussions, into an expression of reverence, trust and worship. It has become full of religious reality, the outpouring of the soul, the syllabled praise or prayer of the individual heart. —The Churchman.

The Interior, of Chicago, a religious paper whose establishment was burned out in the fire, asked the Chicago Times for a puff, and here is what it got: "The most noticeable thing about it is that the Interior insists that everybody should recognize the judgment of God in the great conflagration. If it was consistent, and really believed in this dreadful state of things, would it not have been more humble and pious in the Interior not to have resumed publication after God had judged it worthy to be burned out?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRO. FOX.—The late history of the PRESENT AGE reminds me of the story of a gentleman brought low by sickness, and believed to be nigh unto death. His children assembled at the family mansion to receive his dying charge. They being in an adjoining apartment, the father overheard fierce wrangling among them, regarding the supposed will, and the division of the estate. The gentleman sent a request to have them all come to his room. They came, and stood in a circle, with elongated faces and solemn mien, about his bed, expecting to receive the dying charge of the good father. He cast an affectionate look upon his almost bereaved family, and said, in a solemn and energetic tone: "My dear children, you may now go home and attend to your affairs, for I have concluded not to die."

Yours truly, WORTHY PUTNAM.
BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH., Dec. 7th, 1871.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CALHOUN COUNTY CIRCLE.
The next Quarterly Meeting of the Calhoun County Circle will be held in Marshall, Mich., the second Saturday and Sunday, 13th and 14th of January, 1872. Good speakers are engaged and a general attendance from all parts of the country is earnestly requested.
E. C. MANCHESTER, Pres.
CHAS. FISHER, Sec.

EATON COUNTY CIRCLE.

The Quarterly Meeting of Eaton County Circle of Spiritualists will be held in the City of Charlotte, the first Saturday and Sunday, 6th and 7th of January, 1872. J. P. Averill, of Battle Creek, Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Indiana, and Dr. Spinnery, of East Saginaw, have been engaged as speakers. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements have been made to entertain friends from a distance.
JOHN FARLIN, Pres.
A. REED, Sec.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Oakland County Circle of Spiritualists will be held at Farmington Village on the second Saturday and Sunday in January next, beginning at 1 P. M., Saturday. J. P. Averill and Mrs. L. A. Pearsall will address the meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Platform free. Come one and all, who wish to advance with the age in which we live. Homes will be provided for all from a distance.
WILLIAM H. PHILLIPS, Pres.
MISS JULIA MCCLAIN, Sec.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

RECEIVED from Betsy Clark, A. M. Russell, Wm. Hookins, O. Channoy, Peter Newcomer, D. S. Sharpstein, Wm. Mc. Phail, Guy C. Chaffield, \$5 each. A. Burdick, James Barber, R. E. Betts, \$4 each. D. W. Stowell, Robert Nesbitt, Wm. Beaton, Lydia Page, Azuba Mann, Chester Mann, John A. Lloyd, O. Nickerson, A. Allman, Florry Lake, Y. E. McClelland, Wm. A. Nurse, A. Gould, N. H. Ziegler, H. W. Gandy, G. G. Griffin, Jr., H. P. Ogden, M. E. Smith, H. Davis, J. C. Tilton, S. W. Perkins, A. McFarlane, Maria Terrill, A. Hull, C. C. Mather, Dr. N. W. Bruce, G. H. Plympton, A. P. Randall, E. H. Clark, L. C. N. Moon, Mrs. M. Hanson, N. Dickinson, A. S. Rogers, J. Mohr, M. M. Eustis, J. Burrows, Ezra Derby, E. G. Cook, J. W. Walker, Aaron Walton, Henry Rowe, J. Damon, W. Putnam, C. T. Douglass, T. G. Ashby, S. A. Pond, E. Birdsal, Jay E. Fuller, B. A. Latta, Asa Hutchinson, A. M. Griffin, Joseph Polre, Agnes Harvey, Allen Stoddard, Wm. P. Davoll, R. C. Dibble, D. M. Vaughn, Mrs. S. J. Penney, D. Bishop, Chas. Varnalton, Sophronia Talmadge, L. Thompson, Chas. Fisher, H. A. Loomis, Esther Sautell, A. Percy, M. Mather, E. Knowles, Mrs. Beacham, O. Harris, John Harper, E. Preston, Lottie Estelle, Mary J. Wilder, M. P. Colwell, Capt. Logan, E. Chipman, S. M. Burdick, Jno. Farlin, E. Follett, H. M. Shafter, E. Soper, E. W. Dixon, A. P. Coulter, L. S. Burdick, L. E. Drake, Isaac Hull, Sarah Black, A. W. Flowers, C. S. Hutchins, Wm. Laper, J. C. Howe, A. S. Brooks, Jonas Bantam, Darius Leavings, D. C. Fisk, P. W. Randall, Mrs. Stubbs, John Alliston, Ellen Jordan, \$2 each. Mrs. P. Martin, Dr. G. T. Fenn, Clarissa M. Rogers, \$2 each. A. B. Howard, W. P. Cook, M. C. Ellsworth, C. A. Peck, Elizabeth Thomas, Peter Berry, L. B. Rothrick, C. Simond, T. G. Eden, A. Mason, A. B. Williams, \$1.50 each. J. T. Colgrove, M. H. Brown, Giles Cleveland, Isaac B. Crosby, S. W. Rufford, Homer Adams, P. Thompson, Thos. Rogers, \$1 each. Mary M. Snell, M. E. Preston, 50c each.

RAILROADS.

Winter Arrangement.
MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
Depot—Foot of Twenty-second street. Ticket office, 75 Canal Street, corner Madison.

MAIL (via grain and air line).	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
Fast New York Express.	6:13 a.m.	8:07 p.m.
Jackson Accommodation (daily).	8:35 a.m.	7:47 p.m.
At. Ex. (daily) via Air Line.	6:38 a.m.	7:17 a.m.
Night Express (daily).	10:10 p.m.	6:17 a.m.
Saturday excepted. Sunday excepted. Monday excepted.		

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY.
Ticket office—South-east corner of Clark and Lake streets.
Clinton Passenger..... 8:30 a.m. 6:45 p.m.
Pacific fast line..... 10:45 a.m. 3:15 p.m.
Pacific Night Express..... 9:45 p.m. 6:30 a.m.
Fort Dodge and Dubuque Ex. 9:00 p.m. 2:30 p.m.
Sioux City and Dubuque Ex. 9:00 a.m. 7:15 a.m.
Milwaukee mail..... 8:00 a.m. 10:10 a.m.
Milwaukee Express..... 9:45 a.m. 4:40 p.m.
Milwaukee Passenger..... 6:00 p.m. 7:40 p.m.
Milwaukee Passenger (daily) 10:00 p.m. 7:00 a.m.
Green Bay Express..... 10:00 a.m. 7:15 p.m.
Green Bay..... 6:00 p.m. 6:30 a.m.
Sunday excepted. 1st Sat'y do. 1st Mon'y do.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN R. R.
MILWAUKEE DIVISION.
Trains will leave Waukegan, until further notice, as follows:
GOING SOUTH.
Night Passenger Train..... 8:25 a.m.
Waukegan Accommodation..... 6:45 a.m.
Kenosha..... 7:10 a.m.
Through Passenger (Mail Train)..... 8:35 a.m.
Way Freight and Passenger..... 11:25 a.m.
Through Express..... 2:48 p.m.
Through Evening Express..... 6:52 p.m.
GOING NORTH.
Night Passenger and Freight..... 1:45 a.m.
Morning Express (Mail Train)..... 9:45 a.m.
Way Freight..... 10:30 a.m.
Through (Light Express)..... 11:30 a.m.
Kenosha Accommodation..... 5:52 p.m.
Evening Through Express..... 6:28 a.m.
Waukegan Accommodation (arrives)..... 7:05 a.m.
A. Z. BLODGETT, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.
On and after Nov. 12th, 1871, and until further notice, passenger trains will leave and arrive at Depot, foot of Twenty-second-st., as follows:
St. Louis Express..... 9:30 a.m. 8:50 p.m.
St. Louis Fast Line..... 7:30 p.m. 7:10 a.m.
St. Louis Mail..... 8:30 a.m. 8:00 p.m.
Keokuk Express..... 7:10 p.m. 7:04 a.m.
Cairo Passenger..... 7:30 p.m. 7:10 a.m.
Gilmann Passenger..... 5:25 p.m. 9:10 a.m.
Hyde Park and Oak Woods..... 6:25 a.m. 7:35 a.m.
do do..... 12:20 p.m. 9:10 a.m.
do do..... 3:10 p.m. 5:05 p.m.
do do..... 5:25 p.m. 5:05 p.m.
do do..... 6:20 p.m. 7:25 p.m.
Sundays excepted. 1st Saturdays excepted.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD.
Depot, Corner Van Buren and Sherman sts.
Ticket Office, 33 West Madison st.
Pacific Express..... 10:00 a.m. 4:10 p.m.
Peru Accommodation..... 4:30 p.m. 9:45 a.m.
Pacific Express..... 10:00 p.m. 7:00 a.m.
Leavenworth Express..... 10:00 a.m. 4:10 p.m.
An elegant parlor sleeping car is attached to the 10:00 a.m. train running through to Council Bluffs and Omaha.

CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD—CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS THROUGH LINE & LOUISIANA, MO., NEW SHORT ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY.
Union Depot, West Side, near Madison st. Bridge.
St. Louis & Springfield Ex. via Main Line..... 9:15 a.m. 8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisville, Mo. 9:15 a.m. 4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon, Washington Ex. (Western Division)..... 9:15 a.m. 4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation..... 4:10 p.m. 9:40 a.m.
St. Louis & Springfield Night Ex. via Main Line..... 6:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m.
St. Louis & Springfield Express via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisville, Mo. 9:00 p.m. 7:15 a.m.
Except Sunday. 1st on Sunday runs to Springfield only. 2nd Except Saturday. 3rd Daily. 4th Except Monday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Depot.—Corner Polk and Sherman sts.
Ticket Office, southwest cor. Madison and Canal sts.
Mail..... 6:40 a.m. 9:00 p.m.
Special New York Express..... 9:00 a.m. 8:00 p.m.
Atlantic Express (daily)..... 5:15 p.m. 7:30 a.m.
Night Express..... 10:00 p.m. 10:30 a.m.

Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The despotism of custom is on the wane; we are not content to know that things are; we ask whether they ought to be.—John Stuart Mill.

THREE-SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

A poem of rare merit, by a young lady of only seven-and-a-half years, in the Boston High and Normal School. No, don't, my dear friend, move that arm chair for me, I can do it myself, very well, you see.

Ha! Well, you may this time—I am not, you know, Quite as brisk as I was forty years ago.

I once heard them say,—I was in sport that's all,— My mind seemed to fall since the stroke last fall; Come! Tell me 'twas fun! They've oft eased my pain By making me laugh at a joke again!

My mind! Why, my memory's better just now Than it was in the sixties—that you'll allow; And—my friend—when they think I'm asleep at last I'm living years over that are long ago passed.

I can look far back to that beautiful time, One summer of dreams in my youthful prime, And it comes—that fair picture—you'll pardon the tears— It seems but a day, but it must have been years.

My hair was then brown, and it's now pure white, My dim eyes were brighter and better of sight; I've fought my life's battle for years among men, But the picture's as beautiful now as then.

Yes, there's the old fence where the sweet-brair wound, And the short grass and clover that carpet the ground, And she looks as bright as a fair May Queen— Are shadows of fifty years lying between?

The sweet face, encircled by many a curl, Made a poet's ideal of this country girl; Soft eyes laughed merrily into my own— The lips beauty's smile and the brow her throne.

One hand on the rough fence, and one in her hair, Is holding a rose for approval there; I asked it—she promised me not to forget— To be true while I kept it—I have it yet!

O, slowly for me passed the years at sea Until at her side again proud I might be; I came—but they told me that hillside and dells Rang one year before with her wedding bells!

My friend, I believed them; I roamed away, And the spring brought no joy and the sun no day, And hateful the moon and the cold stars grew, For they were unchanging, but she was untrue.

A night with no moonlight or starlight is set In my mind, o'er those years when I learned to forget.

It seems like a sleep, all dreamless and cold, That came in my youth—I awoke and was old! My Father, I pray that thy chastening rod Has made me life purer and nearer to God! I thank Thee, if so, that past grief and untruth I still keep this beautiful dream of my youth.

My friend,—raise me higher—and look—see there! Can't you see, in the window, her golden hair? I am coming—the way has been long, God knows! But Alice, my darling, "I've kept the rose!"

The friend laid him down to his rest, With a smile on his lips, and his hands on his breast, And prayed as might say, when life drew to its close, Like the angel just called—"I have kept the rose!"

The rose of youth's pure heart, unsullied by sin, With dew on its leaves where no blight has gone in, Which, if life's dust parches, the penitent's tears Renew and refresh it—till seventy years!

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

This text embodies one of the grandest principles ever given to the world. Many sermons have been preached from it, yet few have comprehended and made practical the truth it contains. Wendell Phillips has said: "It takes a generation to get an idea into the heads of the masses." Observation and experience attest that it is a long time after a truth has been scientifically and philosophically demonstrated before it is adopted, and incorporated into the institutions of the times. This is claimed to be a Christian nation, and to guard our time-honored institutions with jealous care, some over zealous ones will resort to all justifiable means to retain the Bible in the public schools, and to compel man to recognize "God in the Constitution." We profess to believe that truth and virtue are positive principles, which will subdue vice and overcome evil, yet we retain vindictive laws and sanction legal murder. We preach humanitarian love and Christ-like charity, but practice the law of hate and retaliation. Where is the nation whose independence is not sustained by the power of the sword? or the government that exists without a system of taxation which expediency, policy, or some human law compels the people to submit to? Where is the social circle whose custom sustains its members in becoming the champions and defenders of the unfortunate, the fallen? Where the religious denomination whose members dedicate their wealth, their political and social influence, to make practical this high spiritual truth? If the masses could appreciate the power of good over evil, they would perceive that unjust taxation, and a system of monopoly have become a curse to this country. Injustice to the laboring classes, social inharmoniousness, and religious bigotry, could all be removed by this all potent power. The ballot is the symbol of power. If all good men and women would unite upon the correct principles underlying a true system

of government, how soon the evils of which we have just cause to complain, would be removed. It is our conviction that if this principle was inscribed on the heart of every woman of this nation, it would inspire her with the intrinsic nobility of her nature, and enable her to overcome conditions which place her in the unnatural and humiliating position she now occupies. Poverty, ill health, uncongenial companionship, and lack of proper educational advantages, as well as political and social injustice, are evils which may be overcome by the good dwelling in a warm heart, an active brain, and a determined will.

INJUSTICE.

We learn from an exchange that the woman suffrage movement is fast falling into disrepute. Where the writer learned this we cannot say, certainly not from the three or four large journals devoted to this, the greatest question of the hour, nor from items gathered while attending conventions of the friends of this movement. The ostensible reason for this decline of interest is that "the self constituted leaders of the woman's rights party comprise the boldest of the bold, and the worst of the bad in the ranks of feminine depravity."

The writer seems to judge the leaders by the same spirit of intolerance that charged Socrates with corrupting the youth of Athens, and Christ with casting out devils through the prince of devils. We cannot refrain from contrasting his vindictive language with the spirit of charity that spoke through the lips of him whose conception of moral purity was ages in advance of the present social system. It contents itself by enacting laws to punish one class for what it sanctions in another. It condemns the impure act, while Christ searched the heart for the cause, then said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Even supposing the statement true, the many pure women identified with the movement could not justify themselves in deserting the cause and leaving to the unworthy the decision of questions upon which depend the emancipation and elevation of one half the race—questions that will give shape and coloring to the religious, social, and political institutions of the future. The true and noble women engaged in this cause have fought too many battles and outlived too many slanders to be intimidated by the cry of "free love," or driven from their post of duty by the obloquy cast upon those who have the frankness and honesty to express their highest convictions of right upon all subjects, and moral courage to live true to them. It is clear that the motive of the press in thus misrepresenting is to prejudice the minds of the public, hoping thereby to weaken the cause. Such personal attacks are unmanly, cowardly, and contemptible.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION IN BALTIMORE.—A mass meeting in behalf of woman suffrage was held in Raine's Hall, Baltimore, commencing on the evening of December 6th and holding sessions on the morning, afternoon, and evening of the following day. The convention was under the auspices of the American Association, Lucy Stone in the chair, and among the speakers in attendance were James Freeman Clarke, Julia Ward Howe, H. B. Blackwell, and other scarcely less distinguished leaders for the legal and political rights of woman.

We are glad to notice a fresh accession to our business world in the firm of White & Morrell, two young ladies from New Hampshire, who have recently established themselves as practical photographers at 33 Park Row. Photography is a profession for which women seem peculiarly adapted; and the excellent opportunities now offered them for success in that special department should encourage many to enter it. With energy, and a few months of faithful application, any woman may acquire the art of short-hand writing, and thus secure herself a sure and remunerative dependence. Let young girls who are contemplating a business life bear this in mind, for the field of labor in the photographic department is widening every year.—Woodhall & Claffin's Weekly.

"My daughter Julia," said the editor of the Seymour (Ill.) Times, "becoming disgusted with the roving printers we had to employ, determined to do all the work herself. She set every type in the current issue of the paper, including new advertisements, and had three columns left over for next week; besides which she did a big washing, read about fifty newspapers, and took two days recreation at the county fair."

CONSOLATION FOR THE GIRLS. A lady of intelligence and observation has remarked, "I wish I could impress upon the minds of the girls that the chief end of woman is not to get married young."

If the girls could only be brought to believe that their chances for a happy marriage were better after twenty-five than before, there would be much less misery in the world than there now is. To be sure they might not have so many opportunities to marry after that age as before; but as they do not want to marry a great many at once, one being sufficient, it is necessary that that one be satisfactory in every respect; and as a girl grows older, if she thinks at all, she certainly becomes more capable of judging what she needs and what would make her happy, than when younger.

CONSOLATION FOR THE GIRLS.

How many girls of twenty would think of accepting the man they would gladly have married at sixteen? And at thirty a woman who is somewhat independent and not over anxious to marry, is much harder to please, and more careful in her choice than one of twenty. There is a good reason for this. Her mind has improved with her years, and she now looks below mere appearances in judging of men. She is apt to ask if this man, who is very polite in company, is really a kind-hearted man? Do his polite actions spring from a happy, genial nature? Is his attractive demeanor put on for the occasion, and laid off at home as he lays off his coat?

A very young girl takes it for granted that men are always as she sees them in society, polite, friendly, on their good behavior; and if she marries in early youth the one who happens then to please her fancy, she learns to her sorrow that, in nine cases out of ten, a man in society and a man at home are widely different beings. Five years at that season of life produce a great change in opinions and feelings. We frequently detect at twenty-five what we loved at sixteen. We advance from the taffy-candy and peanut age, to the era of gum-drops and marionettes, and in after years lose our longings for these dainties. So it is with our taste for books. At sixteen, *Godfrey's*, the *Ledger*, and *Mrs. Southworth* are the delight of a girl's heart, and she fairly revels in the love affairs of the most beautiful of women with the most heroic of men, while their hair-breadth escapes thrill her heart and their manifold sorrows bring tears to her eyes. As she grows older, if she develops at all, that style of reading gradually loses its charm, and she finds more satisfaction in something a little more solid, till at length her taste has changed entirely, and useful and entertaining works form the staple of her reading. Of course she continues to read novels, but she reads those of a different and grander class than she perused with such exquisite delight at sixteen.

Similar changes take place in the moral and spiritual nature. Why should we expect to feel the same towards persons in after life, after we have learned to distinguish between the false and true, the bad and the good, and more than we should, expect to like dime novels when we have become acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray and Shakespeare? How few comparatively, are the school-girl friendships that extend into later life? How few of our intimate companions in society do we love as well after twenty years have passed? How few even of our own brothers and sisters do we not see faults in that we could wish eradicated? Considering this, how is it possible for any one to feel surprise when a couple who marry during their teens, grow to love each other less and less as years roll by? When both grow alike, whether it be rapidly or slowly, forward or backward, there is some hope of their ever seeing each other with the same eyes; but when one progresses and the other retrogrades, it ever remains the same, a difference springs up between them; and in time the one looks down upon the other, feeling superior, though perhaps the feeling is unconfessed, while the other, unable to perceive the real cause of the trouble, grows at length to hate what was once loved? And so it happens that those who loved at sixteen are indifferent at twenty-five, and frequently divorced at thirty.

This trouble will never occur if very early marriages are frowned upon; if dispositions, tastes, and circumstances were consulted instead of the mere passing fancy, and if girls were encouraged to wait until their minds were more matured, and they saw life with a clearer vision. If later marriages were more universal it might prevent many from marrying at all; but it would be those whom it were best should never marry. For instance, the slack, thriftless, or the coarse, the gossip, the tergiversant, or the scold. Those who have the elements of unhappiness within them, and who care not to eradicate them, would then be discovered; for such elements, like weeds, if left to grow, will discover themselves in time.

Another great cause of early marriage is the pernicious habit of calling a girl who happens to remain unmarried until twenty-five, an "old maid." This is done by many well-meaning but thoughtless persons, who would be sorry to think any expression or act of theirs had ever caused any one an hour of misery; yet the very dread of being called an old maid has driven more women into marriage and life-long misery than any other one thing, excepting perhaps—poverty. A girl is young, sensitive, unused to the rough ways of the world, and she shrinks from having any stigma cast upon her; and when she first hears herself called an old maid, it is a revelation, and she falls under it as if it were a blow. She feels as if it were an imputation upon her character in some way; and though she may try to laugh it off, the wound is there, and festers and corrodes till the life that was once happy and careless as a bird's, has now a skeleton in its closet—which she thinks can only be removed by marriage. It is a mistaken idea that single life is any less noble than matrimony, especially where the marriage is an unsuitable one, and where the spirit of discord is enabled to inflict its horrors upon a whole family, instead of lying asleep in its trust, forever unawakened.

Let mothers treasure their daughters more; seek to learn their inmost feeling in a kind and sympathetic way; win their love and confidence more, by showing that they themselves have hearts, and not by trying to force the hidden thoughts from a girl's inmost soul by stern commands and harsh cross-questionings, and girls would not be quite so willing to leave the warm shelter of home, to take "the leap in the dark."

For what is it but a leap in the dark, but a species of slavery, to one-half the women who marry? How many of all the married women in our country can truly say "My marriage has been all that I expected, all that I hoped. I have realized the dream of my girlhood, and my heart is entirely satisfied." Probably not one out of one hundred; but on the contrary they would say, "Well, we must not expect too much in this life," and with a little sigh let the question drop.

If it were not for this delusion that seems inseparable from the mind of youth, there would probably be very few marriages comparatively. If they only saw it as it is, with all the glamour of romance brushed away, saw it with rational eyes, saw it in its naked truthfulness, many would be apt to say, "I would be worse off than I am now. It is better to bear my burden alone than to add another to it, or to add to another's."

A very mischievous writer once said, "An offer of marriage is the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." A great many women have learned to their sorrow that it would have been nearer the truth, had the word "compliment" been written "insult." Here is an instance: A young man decides that he has reached the age when it would be well for him to take a wife and settle down. He has just started out in life and has enough to furnish a house plainly but comfortably. He himself, and all his friends, thinks the best thing he can do is to marry. He looks around for the best girl he can find. He sees a beautiful young lady delicately brought up; fashionably educated; amiable, confiding, and beloved by all her friends. He thinks she is the girl he would like to love and marry. And there his reasoning stops. He "makes love" of course, and "compliments" her with the offer of his hand.

But if he would look on the other side for a moment, and ask himself why he wants that beautiful girl, graceful, intelligent, and lovely, he would be found to reply, "I want her to cook, make my beds, clean my house, darn my hose, watch longingly for my return, always put up with my ill-humors, economize in every particular for my benefit, to be the mother of my children, and bring them up properly. And in return for this I will support her, allow her to bear my name, and when she dies I'll give her Christian burial."

Now, had he only looked at this side of the question he would not be likely to feel that he was doing such a complimentary thing, nor go about his work so complacently. And if the young lady saw the realistic side of the question without the gloss and roseate hues of poetry, she would not believe she had been very highly complimented by the offer.

Young ladies who happen to marry late should bear in mind, if they get a good husband at last, they have done well by waiting; and if any get a bad husband, it is proof they did not wait long enough; but if they never marry at all, they may console themselves with the thought that they have escaped a world of trouble, and that there is always some married woman who envies their lot.—*Golden Age.*

THE SUN AND THE ROSE. The following is copied from a manuscript slip written by the late Alice Cary. It has never appeared in print as one of her poems, but it is very characteristic, and has a deep meaning, tenderly expressed:

The Sun, who smiles wherever he goes, Till the flowers all smile again, Fell in love, one day, with a bashful Rose That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft, green hood That covered her modest grace, And kissed her as only a lover could, Till the crimson burned in her face.

But woe for the day when his golden hair Tangled her heart in a net, And woe for the night of dark despair, When her cheek with tears was wet!

For she loved him as only a maiden could, And he left her crushed and weak, Striving in vain with her faded hood To cover her guilty check.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING." Commend us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "she works for a living." In her we are sure to find elements of a true woman—a reality. True we are not prepared to see a mincing step, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a splendid string of nonsense about balls and young men, or the new and next party. But we are prepared to hear the sound words of common sense, language becoming a woman; a neat dress, a mild brow and witness that would not disgrace an angel. You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, haughty girls, and select one of those who work for a living, and never—our word for it—will you regret your choice.

You want a substantial friend and not a help eat—a counselor and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a sewing machine, or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot purchase every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable newspaper. Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and when you choose. We know many a foolish man who instead of selecting an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one of the fashionable stock, and is now repenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame for it? The time was when the ladies went visiting and took their work with them. This is why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stockings? Would not her companion's sneer at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife one from the despised girls "who work for a living."—*N. J. Mechanic.*

ITEMS. TWENTY young ladies are now employed in the registry of deeds office in Portland.

LABORERS are scarce at St. John's, N. F., and women are employed on the wharves to load and unload vessels.

SUSPECT the mercy that is not rooted in justice, and the love that is not based on respect.—*Charles Midway.*

Mrs. M. A. Baines, of London, offers a prize of ten guineas for the best essay on "Domestic Service; its Abuses and Remedies."

A COXCOMB having told a lady that he knew her thoughts by her eyes, "Do you?" said she, "then I am sure you will keep them secret, for they are not to your advantage."

In speaking of "intellectual vagrancy," the *Charlestown* deprecates "a mental dyspepsia that has laid its foundations laid in many of our American girls between the ages of 7 and 14 by the gorging of waxy Sunday-school books."

EVERY woman is not gifted with a genius for overwhelming sudden emergencies of fate, as her education seems to indicate; therefore every woman should be fully prepared by early culture and training to meet whatever destiny awaits her.

The London *Spectator* makes a strong appeal for a woman's university. It says there can be no manner of doubt that on many of the most delicate and difficult questions involved in our modern civilization we greatly need the fine judgment of really educated women, and has no fear that cultivated women will rush into extremes and turn the world upside down.

The best farm in England is kept by a woman, and took the first prize recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of 400 acres, devoted to pasture, grain and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skillful treatment. Only four horses were kept; yet such has been the admirable system of management that they were sufficient for the cultivation necessary for seventy acres of wheat, the same of barley and turnips, besides some oats and beans. The produce sold during the year realized \$15,898.

DADDYISM.—Kate Field tells of an Eastern man who was commending the services of a young Philadelphian to a Chicago merchant. "He comes of a very good family. His grandfather was a very distinguished man," said the Easterner. "Was he?" replied Chicago. "That's of no account with us. There's less daddyism here than in any part of the United States. What's he himself?" Miss Field thinks "daddyism" is an inspiration, and ought to go into the coming dictionary of Americanisms.

The Woman's Club of Washington, which has made such vigorous efforts to check prostitution in that city, at one of their recent meetings unanimously adopted the following:

"WHEREAS at every step of our labors for the prevention and cure of the social evil we find legal, political, judicial and executive obstacles blocking our way; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we believe the chief and radical remedy for the social evil lies in the political enfranchisement and thence personal emancipation of women."

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The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

THE MOTHER'S SONG.

At a recent meeting of Sorosis, among other contributions to the literary feature of the occasion, was the following choice poem by Mrs. ARMY HUTCHINSON PATTON:

In a cozy corner,
Safe, and snug and warm
Lies a little birdling,
Sheltered from the storm.

Not a winged creature,
In full plumage shown,
But a tiny spirit
From the Father's throne.

Little shining forehead,
White, and pure, and fair,
Little wavy tresses,
Of bright silken hair.

Little pearly eyelids,
Shading eyes of blue,
Little smiles and dimples,
Little mouth so true.

Little rosy fingers,
Reaching for the light,
Catching at each shadow
Passing out of sight.

And a mother singing
Soft, and low, and sweet,
Father, keep my darling,
Guide his little feet.

Many steps and weary
In his path may be;
Lead him gently, Father,
To his home and thee.

In a cozy corner,
Safe, and snug, and warm,
Lies a little birdling,
Sheltered from the storm.

And this cozy corner
Is a mother's heart,
Warm, and pure, and holy,
Of God's love a part.

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Here is Charley and here is May," said the children of Mr. Bingham, as the carriage drew up to the house.

"Glad you have returned," said Mrs. Bingham. "We have been looking for you the last two days."

Out of the carriage jumped Charley, shook hands with his friends, and then off he went with Walter, Rob, and Henry to see the horses, cows, sheep, goats, and quails. Perhaps I have told you about the quails before, but if not, you must know that the boys caught some almost every day in very ingenious traps made by themselves, and that they kept them in a very large cage also made by themselves. They had, at this time, seventeen of the pretty, speckled birds. Through the orchard the boys had to go to see the animals, as they were in a very pretty pasture beyond. You may be sure that they helped themselves to the fine peaches and apples that were hanging in abundance from the branches of the trees.

Annie Bingham and dear little Aggie took May into the flower garden in front of the house and there they had a fine time. No where are flowers so beautiful as in this part of California. You must not forget that it does not rain here for months together. Seven or eight months our friends had been in California and they had seen a little rain only twice. Perhaps this is one reason why flowers are so beautiful, for you know how a shower of rain will spoil flowers. Roses here are magnificent; such a great variety, so large, and so fragrant! Then too, they are here from January to December. The three little girls wandered under the large fig trees, after they had filled their hands with flowers, and there they sat down. Fig trees are very beautiful; they spread out their large branches almost down to the ground, and the leaves are so large, one feels while standing under a fig tree, as if under a great green leafy umbrella. The fig trees on Mr. Bingham's place were laden with figs, but they were not ripe. If they had been, the three little girls would have had a feast. Soon the dinner was ready. Charley and May were glad, for they were hungry.

"Dr. Smith," said Charley, "is a vegetarian. We have had no beef at Arrowhead. The doctor does not believe in salt, sugar, milk, cream or butter. I am so glad that you have roast beef for dinner."

"So am I," said May, "I like beef."

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham smiled as they helped the children to a plentiful supply of beef and vegetables.

"I will never be a vegetarian," said Charley; "it is all nonsense."

"I," said his mother, "was a vegetarian for several years and lost the taste for meat altogether. And the

time will certainly come when people will not kill the poor animals and bury them in their bodies."

"When that time comes," replied Charley, "I will not eat meat I suppose, but you see, mother, I have not yet developed so far. I believe in the development theory you and father used to talk so much about." Then he passed his plate to Mr. Bingham, saying, "A little more beef, if you please, sir."

"You are in the beef sphere, today, my boy," said his mother, laughing.

"Yes I am," replied Charley, "and I don't want to rise to a higher sphere to-day."

Only one week were our friends going to visit in San Bernardino, so nearly every day during their stay they were off somewhere. I must tell you about a visit to Mr. Carter's farm, which is situated about a mile and a half from San Bernardino. Charley did not go, but May did, and a fine time she had. Charley was afraid that he would find no horses there and so preferred to remain at Mr. Bingham's. But Mr. Carter had some beautiful horses. Bennie, a handsome colt, only two years of age, would follow his master like an affectionate dog, and if his master called him, Bennie would go to him and lay his head against his face. Then his eyes were so bright and intelligent! In the afternoon, when the friends were all sitting on the porch in front of the house, deeply interested in conversation, who should appear but Bennie, round the corner of the house. He came and walked on to the porch like a perfect gentleman.

"Come to me, Bennie," said Mr. Carter, very gently, and Bennie stepped off the porch as carefully and gracefully as he had walked on.

"I never whip my animals," said Mr. Carter; "love is always better than fear."

Just then May, who had been rambling alone, made her appearance.

"Mamma," she said, "come and see an Indian hanging beef steaks, hundreds of them, on clotheslines to dry."

"Yes, come," said Mr. Carter, "and see how we prepare our beef for winter use."

As they walked down the hill to where the Indian was at work, May exclaimed as she ran on before, "See, see the beef steaks, hanging like clothes on a line!"

"That is so," said Mr. Carter.

"We have killed two animals and yonder Indian has been at work two days cutting it up and drying it."

"See the meadow," said May to her mother, "see the pretty green grass and the stream of water with the beautiful trees here and there! Is it not delightful, mamma?"

"We planted all these trees ourselves," said Mr. Carter. "You probably observed the large trees round the house; they are only two years old. Trees grow rapidly in this country. But here we are. Now you can see the whole process of jerking beef." The Indian looked up, smiled, and moved his head for a greeting, as he spread out his beef steaks on a table, sprinkled a very trifle of salt on each and then laid them in a large basket.

"Now come and see the process," said Mr. Carter, as he led them to the lines filled with beef. "This was hung out yesterday; touch it; is it not hard and dry? To-morrow it will be ready to put away. Here comes the Indian; now you will see him hanging out the beef."

"Hanging out the clothes," said May, as she watched the Indian hang the steaks over the rope.

"Now come to my store-rooms," said Mr. Carter leading the way. "Here is the place where I keep my wine. See the barrels! I don't sell wine; I only make it for our own use. Do you drink wine? I have some seventeen years old, of my own making. I grow abundance of grapes on my place. Here is my beef in all these linen bags. I will open one so that you can see it. There! what do you think of that? Looks like bits of leather, does it, little May? all right; it does not taste like leather. I like it better than fresh meat from the butcher's shop. When we are going to use it we put a little water over

it and let it soak a few hours. It is fine when it is cooked. Well there! you have seen the whole process." And he shut the door of the store-room. "Now, suppose we go down to the meadow. You admired Bennie; I will show you some more beautiful animals."

So down they went, over the creek and through the trees, to the beautiful meadow and there were colts, oh! such pretty colts, of various ages, and beautiful horses, such as one only sees sometimes. Soon they all came gathering round Mr. Carter and his visitors; he patted several on the back and head; laid his face gently against their heads, and talked to them just as if they understood. Well they did understand that he spoke kindly to them, I am sure.

"You need not be afraid of any of them," said Mr. Carter to May, "they are all as gentle as lambs; would not hurt you for the world."

"They are all handsome," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "not a poor looking one among them. How beautifully rounded and carved every part of their bodies!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Carter, "I will have no poor stock on my farm. It costs no more to have fine animals than poor ones. I am proud of my stock and have a strong liking for every one."

Grass, such as grows everywhere in the East, is very seldom seen in this part of California, only on what is called "damp land" does it grow. This land is wet all the time from the moisture that lies below. All the months our friends had been in California they had seen only the bare ground, except when they went down to the River Santa Ana, where the water moistened the ground on both sides, and allowed a little green grass to grow. But in San Bernardino was "damp land," and abundance of grass to grow, hence, beautiful grass and pretty meadows here and there. Of course, then, they enjoyed the sight of those, as only can persons who have been deprived of them through a long, long summer.

THE ACCURATE BOY.—There was a young man once in the house of a Western railroad superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and "it paid well, besides being in a line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while he learned telegraphy. At each step his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did, because he was just right. And it is thus with every occupation. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure that his work is right, or if a cashier must run over his book-keeper's column, he might as well do the work himself as employ another to do it in that way; and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.—President Tuttle.

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life.

Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

A BRIGHT PRINTER in Maine handed this request to the pastor of a Skowhegan church on a recent Sunday: "Mr.—desires prayers for the overseers of the poor; that they obey the laws of the state and furnish him a decent pair of boots or shoes to walk to meeting."

VACCINATION VS. BAPTISM.—A little child, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed, "Now I will not have to be baptized, will I, mamma?"

NETTIE'S CRADLE.

Nettie says, with almost a pout, that she don't believe she ever slept in that cradle. "It's hardly big enough for the kitten," she says, indignantly.

Well, it is rather a small affair; a graceful, fairy-like, sea-shell of a thing, which Nettie could not lie in at all, after she was a year old. In fact, Nettie's largest doll fits it splendidly.

That cradle has a story; Nettie's cradle ought to have a story.

It was seven years ago, and the night on which the worst snow storm of the season raged. We did not feel it much, for the walls of our farmhouse were thick, and we burned old-fashioned logs in an old-fashioned fire-place.

I had been in that pleasant home three years, and had laid one dear little girl under the daisies.

Nettie was not born, then, and I sat sewing before the great hickory fire, while my husband sat at the little round table, near by, and read to me. He was reading, strange to say, about just such a storm. Sometimes the flakes of snow came whirling down the chimney, and the fire caught at them, spitefully, and swallowed them up. It is very delightful to feel well housed in such a temple; very pleasant to know that there is flour in the barrel, and the potato bin is full; and that the wood is piled in great stacks in the shed or door yard.

That was the way I felt, smiling, and sewing, and occasionally, dreamily, rocking, and looking into the fire, when I thought I heard a little baby cry. I put down my work, and listened; papa put down his book and listened.

"The wind, dear," he said.

"Perhaps; but O, so very like the cry of a little child."

Again we heard it.

My husband started up with a sudden exclamation, put on hat, and mittens, and coat, and went out.

Presently he looked in the window; how queer his face seemed in the red firelight!

"Darling there is somebody here," he said; "be at the door."

I hurried to the front door. How freely the cold wind blew! how sharply the snow struck against my face! Presently a little bundle was laid in my arms, a little living child, too cold to cry any longer.

I hurried in with it, chafed its stiff fingers, poured hot drink into its little mouth—such a pretty mouth, it had!

And then in came my husband, bringing a body with him—the body of a young and pretty woman.

Fortunately there was a doctor not very far off, and in the course of the next three hours, the woman was in bed with her child beside her; both were saved.

She was one of the prettiest little bodies I ever saw—and so grateful! It seems she had come to the wrong village, but had not learned her mistake till after the cars had left her at a lonely station, three miles away, and the storm raging fiercely. Not knowing what to do, for the station is a miserable one, near a patch of dreary woods, she sought for a habitation, but, unfortunately, took the wrong direction.

To hear the poor woman tell of her sufferings as she braved the tempest, and no friendly roof appeared; how she made up her mind, more than once, to lie down in the snow, and die, but the least motion from her little one prevented her from doing so; how hope buoyed her up, till, seeing the merry, dancing light through the farm-house windows, she fainted from exhaustion and the sudden joy, would move the stoutest heart.

In a day or two, a tall, handsome young German came after his wife. It seems he had not expected her so soon; and she meant to surprise him, for he had gone to make ready a new home in the wilderness, while she remained with his mother.

Just the week before Nettie was born, came this cradle, made by the grateful German. On it he had painted a graceful picture of that night's work. There was the farmhouse—the snow heaped high outside, and over an inanimate form a man was stooping in pity.

And that is the way Nettie got her beautiful little cradle. It is a perfect gem of art, and was the labor of love.

As the man said,—
"I would not sell that cradle for two hundred dollars; I have been six months making it, after hard days' work, but I give it to you; no, I would not sell it for two hundred," he added, with a grateful smile. So we say, Nettie's cradle is priceless.

An old farmer said to his sons, "Boys, don't you ever specklerate, or wait for summert to turn up. You might jest, as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a meadow, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

Why is the crow a brave bird? Because he never shows a white feather.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The English boy who shut out the Duke of Wellington from his master's field, could afford to boast of his exploit, and the duke was worthy of all praise for commending the lad's obedience to orders, though at his own expense.

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he despatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered, firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said, "I honor the man or boy who can neither be bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French but the world. And, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting, at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do! I've kept out the Duke of Wellington!"

ITEMS.

FRESH cut grass is better than tea leaves for sweeping carpets.

HALF a million sewing machines were made in the United States last year.

In Indiana there are two hundred women working farms on their own account.

THE oleander is a poisonous plant. Eating a few leaves and buds have in some cases nearly caused death.

In Wisconsin there are two thousand women working on the land. Be farmers, girls; here you have equal rights with men.

FIFTEEN thousand young shad have been sent from the Hudson to the upper waters of the Sacramento in California, and are doing well.

In Wisconsin two girls have for six years managed a farm of one hundred acres and supported their father and mother from the proceeds.

It is believed that in the future when this country is fully developed, America will be able to feed four times as many persons as are in the world to-day.

THE French and Austrian governments are raising sponges artificially. The former on the shores of the Mediterranean and the latter, on the coast of Dalmatia.

EARTHQUAKES are numerous in all parts of the world this year and some one suggested that "Mother Earth," instead of being called *terra firma*, is in danger of becoming known as *in-firma*.

A SODA lake has been discovered near the Union Pacific Railroad so large and so well supplied with soda that sixty-five thousand tons of soda can be taken from it yearly.

GLYCERINE has been found very valuable in all eruptions of the scalp, face, ear, and various skin diseases. It must however, be used a long time to effect a thorough cure.

THE "Crescent City" was sunk some months ago at Galla Head on the Irish coast. The valuable cargo is now being recovered by means of diving operations. \$10,032 in specie and sixty bales of cotton, worth \$55 per bale, have been taken from the ship, though it is buried in deep water.

TEMPERANCE.

COLD WATER FOR ME.

Oh, come with me, and sing with glee,
Each Temperance son and daughter,
A happy band, joined hand in hand,
In praise of pure cold water.

Pools may combine to sing of wine,
Of whiskey, gin, or porter;
But we delight with all our might
To sing of pure, cold water.

This Adam's ale does not turn pale,
Nor human victims slaughter;
Sparkling and bright as rays of light
Is pure, life giving water.

Down mountain side behold it glide,
A joy to son and daughter,
From rocky cell in shady dell
Springs forth the pure, cold water.

Distilled on high, down from the sky
It drops in every quarter;
Man makes the wine, but Love divine
Creates the pure cold water.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAILY LIFE.

The *Atlantic Monthly* gives the following graphic sketch of the daily experience of every drunkard: The daily life of one of the steady drunkards is like this: Upon getting up in the morning, after a heavy, restless, drunkard's sleep, he is miserable beyond expression, and almost helpless. In very bad cases he will sit almost double, and his hands will tremble so that he cannot lift to his lips the glass for which he has a desire amounting to mania. Two or three glasses of spirituous liquor will restore him so far that he can control his muscles, and get about without betraying his condition. After being up an hour, and drinking every ten or fifteen minutes, he will usually be able to eat a pretty good breakfast, which, with the aid of coffee, tobacco and a comparatively small quantity of liquor, he will be able to digest. After breakfast, for some hours he will be able to transact routine business, and associate with his fellows without exciting their pity or contempt. As dinner time draws near, he feels the necessity of creating an appetite, which he often accomplishes by drinking some of those infernal compounds which are advertised on the eternal rocks and mountain sides as "bitters," under various names, offered to the public, and displayed behind bars in drinking saloons, some with certificates of physicians attached, which are usually vile compounds of *refuse whiskey*, *condemned cordials*, *wines*, etc., mixed together and flavored to suit the taste with a few herbs, spices and sugar, and sold under the names of Tonics, Restorers, Appetizers, etc. Many persons are induced to take them, believing them to be beneficial, when, if they knew the vile stuff from which they are made, not one out of a thousand would touch them.

It is vain for advocates of temperance to write, speak or labor for reform while this shameful business is carried on, and physicians can be found to recommend them.

It is not surprising that sensible people are becoming disgusted with the name of "bitters," which are nothing but the worst liquors disguised as medicines, and do but lure the tippler on to ruin and destruction.

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?—Every writer on toxicology has classified alcohol as a narcotic or a narcotic acid poison. If a large dose be taken, no antidote is known to its effects. But you may inquire—What is a poison? The most comprehensive definition which has been suggested, is this: A poison is a substance which is capable of destroying life, without acting mechanically on the system. A small quantity of pure alcohol injected into the veins of an animal causes immediate death. The poison having been absorbed, carried to the heart, and propelled to the brain, the nervous centers become paralyzed, and the heart ceases to beat.—*Monro, M. D., F. L. S.*

HOW TO STOP DRUNKENNESS.—If all intoxicating drinks could be done away with, crime would be reduced to a fourth of its present amount. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. In vain every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually destroying the faculties of reason and will. If a statesman would do the utmost possible good to his native land, he should study the means by which this worst of plagues could be stayed.

STATISTICS show that 600,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States; 100,000 men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink; 200,000 children are sent to the poorhouse; 300 murders are committed; 400 suicides; 200,000 orphans are bequeathed to private and public charity. The army of 600,000 drunkards would make a procession of nearly one-half the circumference of the globe.

TOBACCO.—Here are five reasons why you should not use it:

1. It will injure your health.
2. It will injure your mind.
3. It will waste your property.
4. It is a filthy and offensive habit.
5. It is a poison, creating an immoderate thirst, and may lead to drunkenness.

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CONSCIENCE is not a law, nor a law-giver, but a monitor urging the will to put into execution the decisions of the understanding touching all questions of right and wrong. Consequently if the understanding, in given cases, is in error in regard to what is right or wrong, the consciousness will put man up to a course of action wrong in itself, and will make him feel self-approved in view of his pursuit of that course. * *

THERE is no heaven here or anywhere for the man who is unfaithful to his convictions of duty; but to the man who is faithful to conscience, however mistaken his opinions and judgments, there is no hell anywhere.—T. S. L. in *The Golden Age*.

LIFE at the present time is characterized by intensity. Civilization, instead of calming our spirits, stimulates them into greater activity. Business, pleasure, the learned professions, literature, and all the arts of life, bear witness to our hurried earnestness. We bend the bow to the breaking point. Our hearts pant because of the rapidity of the race. This intensity of life has its first and deepest cause in our spiritual wants, in the thirst and hunger of the soul. When evening is come, and the child is tired, he desires this thing, then another, after that some other toy; and having received them all, he weeps for something else. But it is rest and sleep that he wants rather than the toys for which he sheds so many tears. So of men; there is an inquietude in their minds, the cause of which they do not understand. They suppose that if they could possess riches, or command the pleasures of the world, or obtain the knowledge, the office, the social position or the fame for which they long, all would be well with them. But they are in error; for their restlessness has its origin in their spiritual instincts.—Rev. Thomas Jones, *Savannah, Eng.*

SPIRITUALISM is not a mere chaos of phenomena, it has grander uses than the development of merely sympathetic spirit-intercourse; I am glad of sympathy, but *Truth* is better. The favor I ask of spirits is not help in material matters; as far as they are concerned, I shall live until I die but my prayer is for *Light* and *Truth* for myself, and for all the race. The facts of Spiritualism are open to observation, by which we gain knowledge, which develops into science; from science we draw our philosophy, and from science and philosophy, *natural religion* arises in regular order and with mathematical precision. Hence Spiritualism could not be restricted to one fact; it is the basis of a harmonic, universal system, enfolding every department of being resting upon the obvious and material, and reaching upward and out-

ward to the ultimate and infinite.—E. S. WHEELER in *Mass. Asso. Convention*.

SAINT-BEUVE, the great French critic now in spirit life who was throughout life an atheist, was supping one evening at a restaurant, and close by him the great Friar Lacordaire was seated. Perhaps it was malice, or perhaps he did not see the latter, but Saint-Beuve, who was conversing on the subject of religion with a friend, dropped the remark that he could not believe in God because it went beyond his understanding. He had scarcely spoken this when Lacordaire rose up to his full height, and pointing toward heaven, exclaimed: "M. Saint-Beuve, you say you do not believe in God because you cannot understand him. But can you understand why the same fire will melt butter and harden eggs? And nevertheless you are eating your omelette!" Saint-Beuve, struck at this remark, remained silent for a moment, but then he rose likewise, pressed the hand of the ardent Dominican, and they remained warm friends ever afterward.

BEECHERISM—SPIRITUALISM.

Plymouth Church is intensely excited over spiritual revelations made there, and it is stated that at least half the entire congregation—Beecher among the rest—have become firm believers in spiritualism. A prominent Plymouth member thus relates his experience at the church: "There have been some involuntary seances for a few weeks past and the developments have been interesting in the extreme, for the reason that there was not the slightest chance of collusion or deceiving. No sane person could possibly desire to get up an excitement, surrounded by a serious circle of sober Congregationalist deacons and directors. Under Beecher's nose are three reporters' tables standing against Beecher's platform. The middle table, directly in the line with Beecher, is an innocent looking affair of pine, stained to imitate black walnut. Some four or five weeks previous to Beecher's summer vacation I noticed an unusual commotion in a little circle of reporters and as I had been seated by the usher in a chair very near their table, I could not avoid seeing all that was going on. Beecher was in the middle of his long sermon prayer, and as he uttered the words "Let the whole earth learn the power of love such as brought Christ to earth to die for men," the table moved slowly and deliberately towards one of the ladies and was pushed so violently against her arm that she was obliged to move. Then it moved as deliberately to a lady opposite. You should have seen the faces of the reporters. They had evidently seen the table moving before, but were not prepared for a seance in front of the immense congregation of Plymouth church. Their eyes said plainly, what shall we do if this table keeps moving? But keep moving it did, back and forth, with slow, monotonous slide till the prayer was finished and then it gave three emphatic tips by way of Amen. Undoubtedly somebody up stairs endorses Beecher, said I to myself, my eye still on the table. Then the hymn was given out. It was about adverse winds and cares and troubles, but each stanza closed with this line, "As my day, so my strength shall be." When the line was sung the table tipped, so that pencils lying upon it rolled to the floor, and the reporters, who had evidently forgotten the spirits for a moment, in the music, gave a little involuntary start and a look of horror that to a looker-on was irresistibly comic. They controlled themselves perfectly, however, and then took their paper upon hymn books in their laps and began to write. Meanwhile to do their best they all moved back so that they even laid their gloves upon the projecting rim of the platform." Beecher preached one of his most radical sermons that day. He spoke of the power of brotherhood and of the love that hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. He spoke of the cruelty of society in its prisons to all its disciplinary machinery, and deplored that self-sacrificing love alone could regenerate the world. The table seemed alive at the very points where a radical reformer would have wished to applaud. The table would push with great force against one of the reporters and travel to the opposite one as if to say, "that's so, that's the truth." That the table was not touched by even the reporters' raiment during the sermon, I would take my oath before any court in the country.—*New York Sun*.

RISEN OUT OF THE ASHES.—We are pleased to see that the PRESENT AGE, one of the papers that suffered heavily by the Chicago fire is again out in full eight page size and is even more interesting and able than it ever was before. Col. Fox has struggled heroically to establish his paper which certainly is deserving of the most liberal support from all persons who have progressive and reformatory tendencies.—*Louisville Sun*.

SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentlest touch and tenderest care,
And count the years you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

I did not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime;
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine;
Ay, laugh as gayly as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now,
Your soft hand move about my brow;
I shall not slight your light commands,
And draw your tresses through my hands;
I shall be silent and obey—
And you—you will not laugh that day—
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger on these glossy bands;
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adorn their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot,
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured kiss
And leave the rest so silent—
Remember that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

WENDELL PHILLIPS' LECTURE IN NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—Wendell Phillips lectured this evening before a large and respectable audience, in Steinway Hall, on the labor movement. He first expressed his approval of the funeral parade, next Sunday, in honor of the Paris Communists, and predicted that the leaders of the Commune will yet be elevated to the respect of mankind, and then proceeded with his lecture. He did not intend to propose a panacea for poverty or a hope for the millennium where there will be no poor. There would always be shiftless men, and those who lived beyond their means. Labor was not antagonistic to capital, but the trades' unions were right in using the only weapons within their reach. The English trades' unions would be right if they bankrupted half the realm to make capitalists look down and say, "What is the matter?" With their election of officers by ballot, they are educating England for a republic that will arise when the semblance of monarchy falls. But strikes were a waste of capital and labor, and the American artisan is differently situated; for with his vote he can concentrate the thought of 30,000,000 on him and make scholars and newspapers his vassals.

Mr. Phillips condemned the great monopolies, especially in railways, and said that if Tweed had exhausted the patience of New York by his taxes, the shadow of the little finger of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad was heavier on them than Tweed's loins. He recommended a political organization to hold the balance of party, and spoke favorably of the Japanese custom, by which a man's land reverts to the State after his death. He would tax wealth heavily, and when incorporating capital, make labor its partner. He advised battling with moneyed corporations which rivet the chains of labor, and said that if corporations were essential to facility and cheapness of production, and statesmen cannot devise a plan to reconcile them with each other, then it is useless to send men to Congress, when one man can record the edicts of the Pennsylvania Central.—*Exchange*.

A BELLOW THAT BLOWS WELL.

Rev. Dr. Bellows delivered the first of a course of lectures on Rationalism and Christianity, under the auspices of the Unitarian Association, in the Hollick Street Church, Sunday evening October 22nd, before a very large audience. His subject was "The Breaking of Modern Thought with Ancient Faith." He discussed the natural antipathy of the youthful mind to lessons, thoughts and subjects, its levity, thoughtlessness and repugnance to dogmatic, formulaic worship and creeds. People said religious worship was losing ground because a multitude of persons preferred to explore for themselves the realms of truth, with the aid of the vast numbers of books, reviews and newspapers, untrammelled by prejudice or dogma. Preachers must preach with simplicity, Christ did. Culture was not an end, but a means for the attainment of high Christian excellence. He who explored the secrets of nature with profoundest skill bowed more reverently before the God of nature than he who considered science hostile to revelation. Reverence was not a natural growth upon American soil. Old time superstitions and faith in liveried priests and misty creeds were fading away in the light of freer thought and bolder search after truth. There were thousands of Christians who could give no definite form to their faith. The time was coming when real goodness would be considered an equivalent for so-called religion. When people would be content to take Christ's teachings as they are in their simplicity without trying to discover some hidden formula or doctrine to be adopted by all his followers. Men would be left to judge for themselves. The skepticism of the age was a hopeful sign in this regard. Liberal Christianity had in hand the emancipation of the world.

Spiritualists have taught all that for a score of years.

Let the mourner's tears be dried, and bid the orphan smile: death is no longer man's enemy; by the angel of Spiritualism he swears eternal friendship to mankind.

From the National Standard.

DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

486 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Paper, \$1.00. New York: American News Co.

The concurrence of the startling testimony of physicians and philosophic minds, that insanity is on the increase in the country in a greater proportional ratio than the population, should arouse the humanitarian and thoughtful to an earnest investigation of the causes of the malady which is thus blighting and overshadowing society. Among the sympathetic toilers long faithfully engaged in this department of thought must be prominently classed the above well-known writer, whose recent work may justly be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions yet made to the subject. For such a task, Mr. Davis possesses many qualifications. A mind richly endowed and philosophic in character, an organization rarely susceptible to the impress of the higher teachings and meanings of existence, a heart warmly beating for humanity—all these, added to ripe experience and marked faculties of observation, have enabled Mr. Davis to present a work of lasting benefit to the public.

In this volume the author treats in detail of the complex mechanism of the human body, the links intimately connecting it with the mind, the proper food for and treatment of the body, the oppressiveness of circumstances as affecting human beings, the causes of lunacy and mania, the various theories of insanity, the classes of society liable to become its victims, the simple yet effectual remedies therefor, medical ignorance regarding insanity, the proper treatment of patients, criminal abuses in asylums and places of confinement, cure for religious disorders, remedy for the impulse to commit suicide, sources of pain and disease, remedy for concealed grief, inherited diseases, and tendencies for evil, etc. Indeed, a vast storehouse of interesting facts and observations is spread out in the pages of this work, which ranges over the different ages of the world, tracing out its lore and dealing with the recorded experiences of nations for the sake of those mentally or otherwise afflicted.

The writer teaches that the ailments of humanity proceed from the violated laws of being; that "germinally, all crime is insanity, and that, germinally, all insanity is disease." The lesson is impressed that the "destruction of the roots of disease in the human constitution is practically cutting down all the trees of evil, the dire fruits whereof are manifold insanities and crimes." A condition of progress is that "mankind shall build their health-temple upon principles which all men of science and common sense acknowledge to be true, universal and eternal."

Although treating all forms of diseases of the brain and nerves, special pains have been taken by the author to lay down a chart for the guidance of those, men and women alike, whose fast impairing mentality—through too close application to business, or the mad chase of reputation or pleasure—has warned them of the necessity of pausing in their dangerous career, and closely considering the means remaining for bodily and mental preservation. Concerning this growing class in our country, the writer thus forcibly speaks:

"It is the ambition of the modern progressive mind to appropriate too great a variety of positive impressions in too short a period of time. There can be no stronger foundation for mania, delusion or insanity. Because there are limitations to the impressibilities and to the capabilities of the affections, intelligence and volition. Vibrations along the nerves and in the brain may be too many and too rapid in a given number of seconds. The effects are manifested in some by nothing but a headache; in others, *fandulism*; in a third, *epilepsy*; in the next *stupidity*; in the fifth, *personality*; in the sixth, *loss of memory*; in another, mental feebleness, incontinent softening of the brain, or dementia; in others, intellectual confusion of ideas; in the tenth individual, you observe impatience and unreasonable *irascibility*; in the next, an absurd enlargement and magnification of individual importance, *self-esteem*; in the twelfth, you see some overpowering intellectual delusion, manifested in the shape of *acute insanity*. Take twelve individuals, whose affections and intellects are living within as many combinations of the seven temperaments. And they will develop twelve or more different forms of mental perturbations and physical disorders; all from this one popular cause, namely: Attempting to entertain too great a number and too great a variety of positive impressions in a too brief period of time; thus compelling the nerves and brain (i. e. the feelings and thoughts) to experience too many vibrations, imparted with too great rapidity, resulting in disturbances of the blood circulation, and in hurrying headlong from her white throne the harmonious goddess of pure and sweet health."

Again—

"Any infringement of the fixed laws regulating the action of the mind, within the nerves and brain is punished—remedially, and immediately, and unmercifully—by the development of mental maladies which crop out in an army of thirty thousand crazy people constantly in the prisons, jails, almshouses, hospitals, and asylums for the imbecile and insane in the United States alone; not to think of the vast number of dangerous characters, wretched maniacs, suffering suicides, violently insane, and the hopeless and incurable mental monstrosities; inhibiting the pandemoniac institutions which cold charity and colder science have established within the boundaries of a so-called 'Christian civilization,' with the foolish expectation of neutralizing the effects of disturbances and transgressions of the physical, mental, moral, social, and spiritual laws and conditions, by which divine laws men might most harmoniously live and move and multiply in this rudimentary sphere."

Varied in scope and attractive as the previous works of Mr. Davis have been found by the student and thoughtful reader, his audience cannot but be greatly increased by this needed publication, which in its loftiness of purpose, catholicity of spirit, and wealth of research cannot but be regarded as the flowering forth of the life and labors of the gifted writer. Among all classes of sufferers—the overtasked man of wealth or public cares, not realizing, perhaps, the extent of his danger; the thousands overworked and in the depths of despondency, in every walk and calling of life, making their despairing cry for succor; this volume should go as a messenger of healing and great deliverance. Although the thought of any such great service may never have occurred to the writer, well would it be for humanity if Mr. Davis crowning thus a life-time of labor for the elevation of his kind, could be induced to establish—with the loved and noble coadjutor by his side, one of those "homes," so beautifully depicted in his pages, for the proper ministrations and relief of the care-worn and unfortunate. May, at least, the seeds of thought scattered thus abroad through the pages of this vol-

ume, operating upon some philanthropic mind, lead to such blessed results.

A symbolic illustration, representing Mother Nature curing the ills of her children, forms an attractive frontispiece; and a full table of contents, and a glossary of difficult words, add to the value and completeness of the volume. In clearness of type, and in mechanical execution generally, the work leaves nothing to be desired.

W. P. T.

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The *PRESENT AGE* will, in its leading features, continue to be an advocate and exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy in contradistinction to Atheism and Materialism. The Christian Church, to this point is generally in sentiment with us, but we go further and advance the doctrine of the present age, of persons, once inhabitants of this world, to return and commune with those yet in this life. Hence we advocate Modern Spiritualism in its philosophy and phenomena. While doing this boldly and uncompromisingly, we are yet aware that we have but just entered the vestibule of the grand temple of truth. We would therefore only demolish the old and inadequate systems as we are able to advance the new and more adequate ones. We want of humanity. To this end our columns are open to communications from any who may differ from us. One of our mottoes is: "Hear all sides then judge."

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THROUGH THE FIRE.—Among the most welcome weekly visitors is the PRESENT AGE, a large eight page paper published in Chicago. This paper is devoted to the advancement of liberal ideas generally, and particularly in religion. The late fire not only destroyed the entire office with all the material, presses and all but the private residences, and other property of its owner. Since the fire it has been issued much reduced in size, but its proprietors promise to resume the regular size and form as soon as new material can be obtained. Should any of our friends be desirous of occupying that particular field, no better one can be found. Address D. M. Fox, Chicago, Ills.—*Indiana Patriot*.

The Chicago *Present Age* has reappeared from the ashes of Chicago, and appeals to the Spiritualists of the country who it so ably and faithfully represents, for sympathy and aid. The paper, it seems all undaunted by the reverse he has experienced, and expresses his intention to battle on whatever may betide. If his paper had nothing else but this undaunted courage, we commend it, it should receive every encouragement, but it has more, being in every respect worthy of the confidence and regard of the public. We wish the *Age* from the present time all success.—*Port Huron Commercial*.

Among the sufferers by the Chicago fire was the *Present Age*, and its editor, writes us that the publication of the paper is not resumed, and before long, it is hoped, with the same size as before. We regard the *Present Age* as, on the whole, the most liberal of all the Spiritualist papers, and it does not confine itself to the narrow, but devotes a considerable portion of its columns to reform and free thought in general. It would seem no more than just that its friends should rally to its support. Terms \$3.00 a year. Address the editor, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago.—*Indice*.

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