

# THE PRESENT AGE.

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He is a free man whom the truth makes free.

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## THE DROWNED BELLS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Over the water from Tintagel,  
 An ivy-grown church and quaint,  
 A tenderly pealing bell  
 Summon the sinner or saint,  
 The good folks heard when the wind  
 Was fair  
 Tintagel chimes on the evening air,  
 And wished for their church some chim-  
 ing bells,  
 As tenderly sweet as were Tintagel's.

Bells they were cast in a distant land,  
 And the vessel that brought them home,  
 Halloest breezes was daily fanned  
 Till over the white sea foam  
 Tintagel chimes came low and clear—  
 Answer to prayer—to the pilot's ear,  
 The reverent said, in his glad delight,  
 "Thank God we shall sleep on the shore  
 To-night!"

"Thank God on the shore, then," the Cap-  
 tain said,  
 "Here thank but the good strong ship;"  
 The pilot piously shook his head  
 At the words from the Captain's lips.  
 "May, may, we should thank God every-  
 where,  
 To maketh the winds and the waters  
 Fair;  
 "Thou fool!" he was angrily then re-  
 plied,  
 "Thank but thyself and a favoring tide!"

The Tintagel chimes scarce died away,  
 The sun went out of the sky,  
 The wind with the waters began to  
 play  
 And the waves rolled mountain high;  
 A thick black cloud shut the heavens  
 out.  
 Over the ship came an awful doubt,  
 While the Captain's features were blanch-  
 ed with fear,  
 The pitiless cliffs came threatening  
 near.

There within sight of the quaint old  
 church  
 The good ship grappled her fate,  
 Then another—a final lurch—  
 She sank with her precious freight;  
 Only the pilot went home to tell  
 The sorrowing people at Tintagel,  
 "Over the waters they ne'er should  
 hear,  
 The peal of the bells that cost so dear!  
 Never since then have the buried bells  
 Chimed on with a mournful tone—  
 Sadder and sweeter than Tintagel's,  
 To come with the waves low moan;  
 Of they who stand now on the neighbor-  
 ing shore,  
 Hear all the pitiless ocean's roar  
 Can hear, like an echo of Tintagel's,  
 The sad chime of the buried  
 bells!

THE UNION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.  
 BY JOHN E. GUILD.

Different truths have a common  
 point of departure. Diverging rivers  
 flow from the same foun-  
 tain, and precipitate themselves  
 in oceans whence they rise  
 vapory clouds, and on op-  
 posing winds may be borne back  
 to meet again over their old moun-  
 tain home, and descend to renew  
 their circuit. So all truths have  
 their harmonies, notwithstanding  
 their apparent opposition.

Science and religion are two grand  
 methods of presenting the principles  
 of nature. They interpret and ex-  
 plain each other when their respec-  
 tive provinces are correctly under-  
 stood. Hence the importance of de-  
 termining the common ground, the unit-  
 ing point of science and religion.  
 The old theological idea represents  
 nature as a knowledge of the mate-  
 rial works of God, and religion as a  
 knowledge of the spiritual word of God  
 in certain books. As the  
 power of the church has been greater  
 than that of the schools, whatever  
 was affirmed by experimental  
 science that contradicted the popular  
 tradition of revelation,  
 was condemned as heresy, and its  
 author was remanded to the father of  
 lies.

The new materialistic idea rep-  
 resents science as a knowledge of  
 nature, and religion as a mass of  
 traditions about things concern-  
 ing which nothing is or can  
 be known. It ignores everything

that is not presented directly to the organs of sense, and cannot be examined and analyzed by the microscope and crucible.

But there are those who seek earnestly the point of union of science and religion. They desire to show the harmonious relation of the two, that science may make religion more effective, that religion may make science more glorious. The theories that vainly try to reconcile the apparent hostilities are legion. The failure results from a misapprehension of what science and religion really are.

Among the recent peace makers in this controversy is Herbert Spencer. An article upon his philosophy, in the *Christian Union*, represents him as attempting to predicate the brotherhood of science and religion upon the parentage of ignorance. He explains that atheism, polytheism, pantheism, and theism are essentially the same—futile attempts to comprehend the incomprehensible, or to define the origin of cause. Theology may affirm a creator; but to have the question returned, who made him? Science may affirm eternal matter and spontaneous life; but to have the question returned, can a thing make itself? The hypothesis of a creator, and that of existence uncreated run into each other, and are alike unthinkable. Hence, the inference is drawn that a system of theology may be founded upon the doctrine of an unknown God, and a system of philosophy upon the doctrine of an unknown universe, without conflicting with each other. To come to this grand generalization, he has, by the last sublimation of knowledge, transmitted it to ignorance, and proceeded by a process of logic whose syllogisms are equivalent to the evolution of the geometrical powers of zero, to establish the point that because man is a fool he has no help but to let men fool him!

The Spencerian philosophy looks very profound till it is understood, then it is as one beating the air. It is a wonderful game of shuttlecock for metaphysicians who have not learned that life is real. But for the great earnest every-day world, such learned lucubrations are as worthless as the moonbeams that glance upon the crested waves, glitter for a moment and are gone.

Can the worlds of truth and of love be alone united upon the bond of ignorance? Shall we trust to both our guides because they alike are blind? Shall man, thinking himself to be wise, perpetually become a fool? Is the ultimate use of the height of wisdom to measure the depth of folly?

O, star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,  
To bring us back the message of despair?

No. The truth is man's as he is an entity struck from the Infinite. Science and religion, as relating to man, have their origin in man. I think, therefore I know I am; I feel, therefore I have sensibilities. Demonstrations and revelations can be based only on the faithfulness of our faculties. By these we acquaint ourselves with science, or the relation and operation of things around ourselves. By these we experience religion, or understand and control the operation of what is within ourselves. Science is the lever, and religion the power, whereby man lifts himself above himself, to realize the fulness of life.

"Know thyself, then; presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man."

GIVE battle to the leagued world, if thou'rt worthy, truly brave,  
Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave.  
—Alexander Smith.

## CHURCH AND STATE IN AMERICA.

Installation sermon by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D.

Upon what principle, except that of an essential and permanent divorce of Church and State, could a political union be established and maintained in a country like ours? What form of Christianity could have been established by law as the national faith or church, under the special protection and management of the civil power, either at the origin or at any later period of the Federal Union? What terrible complications and antagonisms would have vexed our politics, if questions of religious faith and ecclesiastical polity had been allowed to enter into the Constitution, and become subjects of political regulation? There is not a country on the globe that could so ill bear union between Church and State as this. In the oldest States of Europe, dating back to periods when the people had no share either in the government of State or Church, the union between them, most natural and most necessary in imperial or aristocratic eras of history, has yet caused at all times trouble, and at some times ruin, and is now one of the chief sources of anxiety in every highly civilized monarchial country. England is cautiously unbuckling one by one the straps that harness the Church and State together. France is dissolving under the despotism which this union had alone rendered possible, and Church and State are engulfed in the whirlpool which is finally produced everywhere when national ideas and national institutions are found in conscious or unconscious conflict. Italy has just entered Rome—Rome, so many times and in so many different spheres mistress of the world—in imperial power, in military sway, in jurisprudence, in arts, in religion—entered it to dis-crown the Pope as a temporal ruler, and dismiss him as a political sovereign from her capital, by the will of Roman Catholics themselves, while he stays the unmolested and beloved spiritual head of the vast church of which he has so long been the pure and revered pontiff.

Government, it must be remembered, is such a profound necessity of society and especially of national society, that practically it has and can have no fixed conditions and no unchanging forms. Every form of government has at some time been justified by necessity. The tyrants of Athens and Rome ruled by divine right, and when Athens and Rome, in a state of military anarchy, deserved and admitted no better governors.

There is a science of politics, and happy is the nation where the purest theory of the State can be incarnated in public law and custom. But nations are not the birth of theories, but of circumstances and providential necessities. Statesmanship, or the art of politics, must not be confounded with the science of politics. Statesmen who make or change constitutions are bound to make or change them to suit the wants and possibilities of the people for whom they exist. They cannot wisely or profitably force upon a nation a government which on scientific principles may be better or best; they must take that form of government which the nation can bear or support. Doubtless political science would always divorce the Church and the State; but living history has not in the past forbidden the bans, nor will statesmanship yet justify the separation in all cases. It is impossible to doubt that for long ages the union of Church and State was absolutely necessary and beneficial, and the averter of more evils than it caused. Very likely holy Russia finds ample justification in the union she so jealously maintains between the Church and the State; but the fact is a curious commentary on the peculiar sympathy which politicians assume to exist between two nations, America and Russia, which in respect of autocratic and democratic rule, popular superstition and popular enlightenment, are at opposite poles.

Happily our founders were compelled, and by a blessed necessity, to introduce at the very beginning a truly scientific principle into the foundations of the national law and life. They declared a complete and perpetual divorce between the Church and the State. They were learned statesmen and wise and careful students of history. They recalled all

the fearful religious wars of Germany, France and England, and knew how the succession wars in England, and the struggles of Huguenot and Catholic princes in France and the Netherlands had deluged both lands in blood, and kept the crown swimming in gore. They most wisely, most blessedly, and with a wisdom even greater than they knew, determined that religion and politics in this country should have no other connection than in the private hearts of the people. The State should know no Church. It should respect and honor religion, and protect the rights and worship of all religionists; but should support, it should favor, no branch of Christian faith, as against others; nor Christianity as against other religions.

In some other countries this might be, nay would be a perilous experiment. Religion is a great public interest. The well-being, the order, and security of the nation depends upon its support and nourishment. It must not be, it cannot be suffered to fall into neglect. If our founders had said or thought that the State derived no necessary support from the religion of the people, and that it was a matter of no consequence to statesmen whether public worship and religious teaching were maintained or not, they would have shown themselves blind leaders of the blind. No! They saw and felt that in our country the people were intelligent and thoughtful enough to maintain religion in ways suited to their own convictions and wants by voluntary or local support; that the Church did not need, nay, would not endure, connection with or support from the State; nor the State interference or directions from the Church. They felt in advance, just what experience has fully shown, that religion would flourish best in America in perfect freedom, and that its influence upon the public weal—economically, morally, politically—would be vastly greater in its indirect or informal character, than through any direct or established union, which in any one, or any ten forms, it might have with the State. And so, providentially and benignantly the State and the Church were separated in America. It is still a subject of curious interest and inquiry among the noblest thinkers and observers in England by what impulses and methods the voluntary system in religion works in America. No amount of written or second hand testimony to its success ever seems quite to satisfy them. The experience is so novel and contrary to all their past usage and present custom that it baffles their imagination. We, on the contrary, have become so used to it that we do not even appreciate its difficulties elsewhere, its blessings at home, or the necessity of watching against any encroachments upon it in our own land.

The very words "Church and State" have an un-American meaning, and correspond only in a figurative way to what we really mean when we speak, as Americans, of the civil and religious interests of the nation.

When Louis XIV said, "The State—it is I," he simply epitomized the long-prevailing, and, perhaps, long-needed opinion existing among European and Asiatic peoples, that nations live in their rulers—an idea which is only a little enlarged when nations are supposed to live in their governments. Still, to a greater or less degree in older nations, the national life, honor and liberty, are looked for as existing in and as secured and protected mainly by the national government. We do not receive this idea in America. The Government, in certain respects only, represents the nation; does certain things for the nation; speaks for it with foreign powers; makes war and peace; forms treaties; imposes taxes; and regulates coins and currency.

We are, indeed, greatly concerned for its purity, honor, energy, and wisdom. But we deliberately confine its sphere to the fewest possible things, and we admit its interference with nothing that can exist without its aid. It is a machine, necessarily running on human hearts and wills, but a machine after all. It represents but is not the nation. It often does things for which we are legally responsible—for which we are not morally responsible. If our business agent steals we must pay, but we need not own ourselves thieves. Because the Government has no religion

as a government, it does not follow that the Nation has no religion, much less that that the governors, in their private character, have none. The nation has so much religion that it will not allow its political agent or servant, the Government, to charge itself with its religious affairs. It attends to its religion in other ways, and simply instructs its Government to leave faith and worship to the people to manage it after their own several fashions.

Historically considered, and as a matter of fact, there can be no question of two things; that the United States of America is, 1. A Christian Nation; and, 2. A Protestant Nation; that is to say, the overwhelming faith of the people is both Christian and Protestant. But the Government, as a Government, is neither Christian nor Protestant, except by an unconscious and inevitable influence of custom, and usage, and feeling, indirectly brought to bear upon it; and this simply because the government is not a religious agent or representative.

Nor is the Constitution intended to be, nor is it, a full expression of the national life. It is properly confined to what concerns the political principles and interests of the nation. We found, in our recent war, how much greater and stronger the national life was than the Constitution. Excepting that all constitutions profess justice, truth and honor, there is neither an avowedly moral nor a purposely religious character to the Constitution. The moral sense of the nation, ever improving and increasing, cannot be shut up in a fixed document; the religious faith of the nation, continually changing and heightening, cannot be stereotyped in a national creed. The Constitution confines itself to guaranteeing religion, liberty and the equality of all religious confessions before the law. It makes no declaration of faith theistic or otherwise; it denies no creed, Christian or non-Christian; and this not from indifference to Christianity in the nation, but from respect to the moral and religious feelings and rights of the nation. Religion is, and always has been, too deep and general an interest in America, too earnestly disputed, too zealously investigated, too variously because too thoughtfully considered, to allow of any interference with it from the State. Were the chief interest in religion resident in the governing class, in politicians or public officers, or were religion valued in this country as it has been in many others, chiefly as an instrument of political power and management of the masses, its appearance in the Constitution might be justified. Its non-appearance there is the greatest testimony any nation ever offered to its existence where it belongs, in the minds and hearts and lives of the people; in the national heart, and not in the government head or the political mouth.

## Baltimore Correspondence.

BY MISS ELLEN M. HARRIS.

### THE BALTIMORE PRESS AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Among the facts most significant of the growing weight and importance of the woman movement, is the respect which it is beginning to command from even the conservative press of a conservative section. The recent suffrage meeting, like that of February last, received from the leading papers of the city, not only notice, but a respectful, and in one case (*The American*) a lengthy notice. Moreover, it elicited from some quarter the following letter, addressed to and published in *The American*, which we subjoin entire, as significant of the earnest thought which is being aroused upon a question, met, but a few years back, only with contemptuous indifference or ridicule:

#### THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Being prevented by circumstances from attending any one of the Woman's Rights Conventions, I am indebted to the press alone for data on which to found opinion concerning them. Sarcasm is not argument, and when I take up a paper which deals in this mistaken logic I quietly lay it down again. It seems to me the reporters of such papers treat their patrons as Junius

said a once celebrated Lord treated the English jurymen of his day: "Gentlemen, you are to bring in a verdict of guilty or not guilty; but whether the defendant be guilty or innocent is no matter for your consideration." The faith built on arbitrary assumption is becoming more and more unfashionable, and the church or paper which assumes its patrons to be possessed of reasoning faculties commands the most enlightened followers.

Relying mainly on the even-handed journalism of *The American*, I have come to the conclusion that a "Woman's Rights Association" is not altogether uncalled for. Woman's wrongs have been used by poets, novelists, and sometimes theologians "to point a moral or adorn a tale," for many, very many years. Sentiments of sympathy were excited, and tears forgotten so soon as shed were not withheld; but notwithstanding the humanitarian influences constantly at work to better the condition of suffering humanity, no one appeared to possess ingenuity sufficient to aid woman, as woman, and in consequence her condition remained in *abito quo*.

I perfectly agree with Mrs. Lockwood, "that law is or ought to be the truth; that it is the creature of the people, and when found to be wrong and oppressive it should be altered and amended by the people."

But before the people are prepared to take the initiative in this or other reform movements they must be educated. I do not mean educated to command the "concores" of a fashionable audience, but educated to think, to reason, to trace effects to causes; to judge of the merits or defects of the various reform movements on the principles of truth and justice, and to take sides accordingly.

I am not prepared to accept the teaching of Spiritualists, nor do I think the ballot box the most available alternative to cure or relieve the heart-sickness of women, but I do think that the advocates of the latter so far as I am posted, appear to be better acquainted with human nature, and as an unmistakable result use but a fair argument than their opponents.

Some of these opponents appear to adopt the selfish motto of the citizen king, "*Moi et ma famille*," and in their earnestness on the one side ignore on the other the difficulty, nay impossibility, for one educated at the same school, perhaps graduated at the same commencement, to consent to be placed under the arbitrary control of a former classmate or companion. It is true that the advocates of this side of the question advise the employer to treat the employees with more respect than at present obtains in wealthy circles; but when they make up their minds to do so the Fifth monarchy men will have no further occasion to say, "O Lord, how long!"

The theological dogmas maintained by some members of the Woman's Rights Association are objectionable, and their attempts to overthrow institutions held sacred for ages are utterly unjustifiable, but so far as they throw the agis of protection around those who have no other friends besides, I cordially wish them success.

## BALTIMORE ITEMS.

The anniversary meeting of the Baltimore branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, under control of the Methodist denomination, was held here recently. The work of said association, puts one strongly in mind of Mrs. Jellaby's African mission for the civilization of the kingdom of Borrioboola-Gha, so graphically set forth by Dickens, especially in its urging the speedy "evangelization of the heathen in India and China," and in one statement of its business report, where some praiseworthy and exemplary member receives mention as having "contributed eighty dollars to educate two girls in Foo Chow, China"—religiously and orthodoxly, of course.

Notwithstanding this, the existence of this society is one of the signs of the progress of the times, as it is officered and controlled entirely by women, with vigor and perseverance, and is evidently regarded as an important auxiliary by the church which empowers its action. Christianity, feeling the pulse of the age, finds that it is no longer consistent with her own safety to continue to treat with contempt the importance of woman's full co-operation. Even the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Presbytery, the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Presbytery, which is still so ignorant of the fact which is still so ignorant of the fact

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



For the Present Age. USE YOUR TREASURE FOR THE LIVING

BY MARY A. DE WOLF.

When I lay me down to slumber For the last time here on earth, Wake, for me, no mournful number To beset my spirit birth.

When from earth I go forever To the holy Angel sphere, And return, as mortal, never - Safe with loved ones gone before,

Many ready ones in earth life Hunger for a crust of bread, Save your money for the dead, Waste it not upon the dead,

Help to educate the children With the money you would give To adorn my lifeless body, That they may begin to live

Buy for me no costly marble To adorn my humble grave, Save the price for nobler purpose, For the living work and save; Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,

HOW DOES GOD REVEAL HIMSELF TO MAN?

Synopsis of Lecture delivered by LIGMAN C. HOWE at Washburn, Ill. Reported for the PRESENT AGE.

According to popular theology the question of God's existence and revelation is decided upon the authority of a book. If the Bible be the word of God, God is revealed; if not, he cannot reveal himself at all. But as a living age requires a living revelation, we cannot be satisfied with dwelling in the shadow of the authority of eighteen hundred years ago without proof of its verity. We assert that God reveals himself to man. But you say he reveals himself through the Bible, through the records of geology, of astronomy, of chemistry, of mathematics, through the beauties of the earth and sky. To all this we assent; yet no floral revelation, no geologic revelation, no material revelation, can be made save through the recognition of man. Without it, all these would strike upon creation's breast without a meaning. God, revealing himself through nature, must have an interpreter—the spirit of man. You say, therefore he cannot so reveal himself, for that is not revelation which does not declare its meaning without interpretation. But this applies as well to the so-called sacred books of revelation. The Infinite cannot be measured by the finite except through the laws and limits of that finite. The records of Scripture are in conflict with each other, with science, and often with morality. Had they been directly inspired by infinite perfection, these antagonisms would not have been.

But God, speaking through Moses, must conform to the organism of Moses, and according to the measure and quality of Moses' characteristics. So, speaking through the earthquake and the whirlwind, God must speak in the language of the earthquake and whirlwind. Hence to assume that because Moses and Jesus are antagonistic, therefore God could not have spoken through both, is inconsistent to the law of nature. God can only give expression of Himself as is consistent with the nature of his medium, whether that medium be a man or a rock. God then reveals himself through all material existences and through every human soul. That soul-mirror may have a more or less polished surface, may have a larger or a smaller surface. The same heavens may shine upon it, the same mountains reflect their gigantic forms, their lights, and their shadows from its surface; yet according to the degree of its smoothness or roughness, its brilliancy or dullness, how differently will these same objects appear. Again; you direct your telescope upon the moon; you behold her fair and beautiful, the mild guardian of night. But let a shadow pass before

your glass, and though she ride upon the clouds serene as before, yet you, gazing through that intervening shadow, scarcely distinguish her face. And if the surface of your glass be corrugated, you gaze and behold upon her surface, unchanged in reality, the apparent commotion of a terrific storm. Or suppose the air clear, your glass perfect, the moon still beautiful as ever, but your own mind and brain confused and disordered, the discord therein conveyed to the sympathetic vision—and the scene has lost its charm. Should the nerve of the eye be paralyzed the brain takes no cognizance of the object that still presents itself within the range of its notice. However perfect nature may be, however clear-speaking science may be, however divine God may be, yet if the mind to which these make their appeal, be full of the corrugations of imperfection and discord, it will reflect only a distorted image.

God then reveals himself in measure and quality according to the limitation of the mind or object through which he speaks. When Moses enunciated the moral law, "Thou shalt not kill," God spoke through the great lawgiver's humanitarian brain in benevolence and justice. But in the next hour Moses discovers that the children of Israel have strayed from the worship of the deity of his conception, and have set up instead the golden image fashioned in the likeness of a calf, and looking upon the act through the eyes of his superstition, his anger is kindled; his combativeness, but just now in subjection to benevolence, starts into prominent activity, and now God speaks to him only through the organ of destructiveness in a voice of turbulent wrath, drowning the pleadings of love and good-will to man: "Go out with the sword and kill every man his neighbor, brother, and companion." And is that too God's revelation? It is. God is the author of all things. The Bible itself, the Christian authority, makes him say: "I create evil." Nature, our broader authority, declares the same, but does not make the Great Center of life directly responsible. Evil is chargeable to a state, not to a definite design on the part of Infinite Goodness. If God is the inspirer of the humane utterances emanating from the higher organism, we must conclude that he is no less the inspirer of the wrathful and discordant that emanate from the lower. Do not confound these sentiments and say we charge God directly and individually with murder. God has, as man, powers voluntary and involuntary; one the product of definite purpose, the other having an eternity of purpose, in the heart of all things. To the Christian, who reconciles himself to the thought of the unending agony of an erring fellow creature in the tortures of the fabled hell of orthodoxy—to such a man God reveals himself through the selfish and brutish propensities, just as he reveals himself through the tiger.

Infinite love, goodness, and wisdom is omnipresent, but can only get a hearing through such as have reached the plane of his own glory. To a Newton God speaks in the language of the stars and reveals secrets of the boundless heavens. To a Swedenborg he speaks with the voice of the higher spiritual faculties.

Then God reveals himself, first and last, to man, by man, and through man. But what is man? The epitome of nature. Is there then no revelation of God in the sacred books of the past? Yes, because these are the utterances of past intellects, the results of past experiences and conditions of life. But no single utterance of the Great Whole, in his infinitude, was ever yet put into words. Should he speak to-night, who could listen? Let him speak through the earthquake, the whirlwind, and human nature trembles at the sound. Yet this is but a syllable from the infinite voice. God has never, through written book or objective nature, given to man an infinite and perfect revelation to which nothing thereafter can be added. He may speak through the milky way, the burning sun, through the mathematics of the heavens, through the reciprocal emotions of the heart, through the beautiful world of physical nature; but he must speak in a voice that man can

hear and in a language that man can understand, therefore always limitedly, oftentimes antagonistically—which antagonisms always radiate towards eternal harmony.

For the Present Age. GOD. BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

I wonder if it will be considered a sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is no redemption, if a woman should say something through the columns of a newspaper about God? It undoubtedly will if that something is averse to popular ideas. However, I shall run the risk, have my say, and take the consequences.

Brother Jamieson says, "God is dead." By this we understand him to mean that God who made the world and all therein, the sun, moon and stars in six days, out of nothing; who made woman out of a rib taken from the side of man; who talked with Moses face to face; who was the father of a son of flesh and blood, bone and sinew, and born of woman. Such is the God of the Bible.

The gods of the ancients have long been held in contempt by the Christian world, and the great philosophers of past ages held up to scorn, and denounced as heathens, pagans and idol worshippers from every pulpit in the land. Therefore their God has long since been considered dead, or false, and the God of the Bible the only true God. Now there is such a God, or there is not; if not, the being is dead, and the word obsolete.

In the last Age Brother Whipple says, "I share the common sentiment of mankind which professes a belief in God." He gives a synopsis of his views in which he says:

I believe the visible universe is resolvable into one invisible substance, which is spirit; and that that spirit is a thinking, self-determining substance. I call this the Absolute, the all in all. This Absolute is self-existent, immutable, unprogressive, being absolute perfection. From this Deific Fountain I believe each world is projected into form, and back to it each returns.

My brother, if this Deific Fountain, the great all in all, is not progressive but absolute perfection, and the source from whence all worlds come, how is it that the worlds are so gross and imperfect? Can impure waters come from a pure fountain? And will not all matter finally become absolute perfection and progression cease? He further says:

I conclude, therefore, that all forms of existence are resolvable into pure thought; that primitive substance is thinking; that the universe is instinct with intelligence, which may be but imperfectly expressed by the symbol—"God."

If I understand this correctly it signifies that God is but a symbol scientific men use to imperfectly express their ideas. The Hindoo learned from the Vedas thousands of years ago, "There is in truth but one Deity, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the universe, whose work is the universe." "The God above all Gods who created the earth, the heavens and the waters." "God is one because he is all." "The clay as well as the potter; the material as well as the cause." He also learned that there is a spirit existing everywhere of the same nature as the soul of man, though differing in degree, and visible nature is inseparably connected with this all pervading spirit; and, as in man the body is continually decaying and being renewed, sensations come into existence and pass away; that all material objects are emanations from God, being kept in a manifest state by his energy, undergoing unceasing transformations. "Every thing being in a transitory condition"—forms are constantly changing, and even our earth, as well as all planetary systems and worlds, can have but one moment of time in one given phase.

Through this unceasing transition all material things are urged, passing on to inevitable destruction, disintegration and final absorption in that great all pervading spirit, Brahma; the source from whence it came, and, after due process of time, must again come forth in material form, pass its successive cycles, and again return to Brahma—God.

Gotama, the founder of Buddhism, believed Force to be the Supreme law; that matter is eternal, possesses a property of inherent organization,

and is endowed with intelligence and consciousness; that visible nature is but the product of irresistible law. "Through the universe should perish these qualities would again restore it, and carry it on to new generations and new decay." "Through orderly series of transmutations, creations and extinctions take place according to a primordial law."

O, ye who claim a belief in God, who of you can say these ancient people did not worship the true God? I very much doubt that modern scientists with all their wisdom can portray to the world a philosophy more grand and beautiful, or a God more perfect and enduring. I care not whether the word used to express the fundamental principle be Brahma, Science, God or Nature. But the word God has so long been used in a limited sense by the Christian world it seems more like the name of an earthly monarch than a word to express our ideas of that self-existent matter, force and life, of which all visible nature is but the irresistible and legitimate production.

The human family being the highest expression of those natural productions, it is a self-evident truth that Brahma, God, (or whatever word is used,) gives the highest material expression of himself in the human family. Therefore our best and noblest works should be for the benefit and happiness of our brothers and sisters in all conditions of life, feeling sure that by helping humanity we "worship Him in spirit and in truth." PLAINWELL, MICH., April 30, 1872.

For the Present Age. "GONE TO THE SPIRIT LAND."

BY AUNT KATE.

Beautiful little Ira, with his curly locks, and eyes that told the wealth of love that dwelt in his tiny heart! What a joy was he to the band of loving hearts that claimed him as their own. The patter of his feet was always welcome to brother and sister, father looked in pride on his precocious child, grandpa said, "See what a noble specimen of coming manhood!" but to mother he was "My angel boy." When she clasped him to her bosom, deep down in her spiritual being she saw the angels hovering near, ready to bear her child away to join them in the beautiful land of sunshine; she saw their presence reflected on her darling boy and blended with every childish act; she saw the cloud gathering over their earthly home which would break with glory on the head of her "baby boy," when he should leave the lovely casket of material being, and go forth to join the angel bands that were waiting for him.

Dearer to her heart with every expectant hour, patiently, yet sadly, she waited for the summons to give up her darling. It came in the gentle spring time when the modest violet had come on its annual visit to gladden the earth, and birds were singing of the winter past, the summer that would blossom by and by.

Hushed were the voices of the children as they came softly to look upon the face of the sufferer. "Would he die?" The mother's heart answered "yes," but she would not crush the father's hope by saying "He must go, I knew it long ago." A few more hours of suffering, and then, resting on his pillow, he raised his hand and pointing upward said, "Oh, Ma! see the birds and flowers!" and soon passed away. Who can say he did not have a view of the beautiful home to which he was going? His mother often feels the pressure of the little hands as she sits alone in the soft twilight, and to her he is not lost, but is still "her angel boy."

Each spring, until six had come and gone, "Lucy" gathered the lovely violets, and carrying them to her room, placed them in a vase to preserve in memorial of her little brother's advent into spirit life. Then her languid eye and faltering step said plainer than words, "She, too, is going." The father could not believe that she, his petted daughter could die. But the same messenger that before brought the warning said now to the sorrowing mother, "It must be so, this one too must come with us. She is too pure for the contaminating influence of earth. We will guide her to the land of pure delights

where she will meet the one gone before, and dwell with him in that land of spiritual life." "Oh, how could she give her up?" was the thought that pierced her heart afresh. Then came the soft influence of sympathy and comfort from the unseen world. She could almost feel the warm breath of her angel boy as he whispered, "Let Lucy come! the birds and flowers are beautiful in my new home, and she will be happy here." The tumult of grief was hushed in the mother's heart and she said, "It is well. Our home will be sad and lonely without our youngest daughter around whom so many hopes have clustered, yet we shall have two precious ones that have escaped the sorrows of earth and will be reveling in the untold happiness beyond the dark river."

She too left us in the early spring-time, when earth was dressed in her garb of budding flowers and tender green. Flowers bloom over her resting place, as each succeeding spring and summer with their warm breath again bring forth these beautiful tributes of Nature. Although the home circle is again broken, and loving hearts mourn her absence, with one she is often present, and as the mother sees her children wandering hand in hand through the flowery fields of the bright Elysian she takes courage, knowing that by and by hers will be an unbroken family circle when the last one has passed through the veil, and with unimpaired vision views the realities of the spirit land.

TIME, SPIRITUALISM AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Many investigators of Spiritualism complain that they have attended from one to fifty seances, yet fail to obtain decisive evidence of spirit agency. They seem to think that failing to find what they seek by a few hours expenditure of time, the whole theory of spirit agency falls to the ground. There are very few sciences in which any large proportion of the facts lie on the surface; and had not our physicists, astronomers and other men of science a thousand times the patience and perseverance exhibited by the generality of skeptics in the investigation of Spiritualism, there would have been very little progress in any science.

These observations are suggested by an article in the *English Mechanic and World of Science*, No. 397, on "Lunar Meteorology," from which it appears that about six observers in the course of two years made (each) one hundred and thirty-three observations on one spot on the moon, whereby it was ascertained that the color of this spot was "immediately dependent upon the altitude of the sun above its (the moon's) horizon, and also that these changes of color bear (with regard to the moon) the same relation to solar influences as the expansion of mercury in our thermometers does on the earth."

The only result of the preceding laborious observations is the ascertaining of a fact which may have a bearing "on the vexed question of a lunar atmosphere."

Mædler was occupied the greater part of his life in studying Mars and the moon; Huber devoted himself exclusively to the study of bees. Many men of science thus spend their whole lives in carefully accumulating facts bearing on one particular subdivision, and intelligent persons wisely consider such lives well spent. So of researches into the literature, languages and history of the past. But when it is proposed to investigate a subject which directly concerns and affects the lives and welfare of every human being on this and on all other planets, people are impatient because spending a few hours now and then does not at once secure a demonstration not only of the fact of a future life, but of its details in relation to the present.

Another correspondent of this periodical is struck with the tendency of scientists to "dwell on minutiae rather than on broad facts." "What pages have been written, what paper war wages as to *Eozoon canadense*! What hours have been spent over infinitesimal differences in the markings on the *Diatomaceæ*, or the specks on a tadpole's tail!"

Yet the men engaged in such investigations, have spent in the aggregate an hour or two in a sitting with a medium, report that they have no time to throw away on such an unimportant subject as that of future existence!

"Blind guides" that "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!" "These be the gods, O Israel!"

ALFRED CHIDDER. MRS. WOODHULL'S LETTER.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—The following article sent to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for publication was refused. Knowing that you publish communications upon both sides of the question herein discussed, I send it to you. Your motto is, "Know all sides, then judge."

Yours in the cause of truth, SARA BULLY.

WATERMAN, ILL., May 4th, 1872.

BROTHER JONES.—With deep pain I take my pen to write a few thoughts in regard to your reply to Mrs. Woodhull, published in the *Journal* dated April 18th.

Do you know that Mrs. Woodhull is what you there affirm her to be? Suppose the future proves to you and the world that she is pure and true in soul and motive; that when you look over the files of your *Journal* will you not cry out in the bitterness of remorse that you ever penned such cruel, sweeping assertions of a brazen sister-woman—and wish it were in your power to blot them out forever? How kind, how reasonable was her sister's letter to you! If you could not conscientiously give her a more courteous reply, why did you not answer in a private letter, and not disgrace your *Journal* with such unjust accusations? If your conscience can allow you to write such a cruel, vindictive epistle, I would suppose you would at least use more policy than to mistake what she says in her letter. You persist in saying that she desires the union of Church and State, when she there uses the word Church for the word justice! Do you not also desire justice in government?

I deny that Mrs. Woodhull advocates promiscuity in sexual relations. Read her address published soon after her election to the presidency of the American Association of Spiritualists. There she speaks of the sacredness of the pure monogamic marriage. As my whole being loves purity and virtue so does my soul urge you to recall those slurs upon one who, as I trust and hope, is pure and true, and one for whom crushed and suffering womanhood has so long prayed that she might be roused up. "To break the bonds of the oppressor," to prove to us that

"She will not behold unending Life's helioid feelings crushed, While woman's heart is bleeding, Her voice will not be hushed."

You say that "spirit communion has nothing to do with Woman's Rights or the freedom of sexual relations." It may not as a mere fact; but I must confess that my spirit communion has much to do with these things. While my whole being shrinks from men who are so sensual as not to accord to woman the sacred rights that belong to her body and soul, so do the spirits with whom I communicate recognize these divine rights. From my earliest years I have been interested in all reforms; and since I have labored in the Spiritualistic faith I have often regretted that so few Spiritualists are practical reformers. I have prayed for a prophesied to incite Spiritualists to labor for reform upon all subjects; especially upon the subject of woman's equality. We know that many Spiritualists persecute "the women who dare," and no word can describe the sadness of our disappointment if Victoria proves unequal to our trust. I left orthodoxy because it was not humanitarian, and ascended to the higher religion of Spiritualism. If Spiritualism is not humanitarian, I am ready to leave it for a higher one, so broad and deep as to include all reforms; all that is useful and tends to the elevation of humanity. But Spiritualism, or the Harmonical Philosophy, as I understand it, is thus all-embracing. This is precisely the view that I believe Mrs. Woodhull takes of Spiritualism, and for this reason is she striving to have Spiritualists meet with all other reformers in a grand combination convention.

The way in which you speak of Victoria C. Woodhull is "shocking to the highest sense of propriety." You accuse her of desiring to inaugurate a rebellion, while in the last paragraph of her letter she entreats you and all lovers of humanity to unite in averting the terrible strife. Be assured that while we may enjoy the blessings of spirit communion every hour, yet if we misjudge in our most secret thoughts, feelings, and actions—if we fail to manifest in our every day lives the loving principles of a pure and true manhood and womanhood; yea, if the people of this nation fail to practice the principles of justice and truth, then sooner or later will the poison carcass of disease come to the surface, and reveal the deadly corruption rankling in the bosom of thousands—the fearful consequences of disobedience to God and nature's laws!

Yours in the cause of truth, SARA BULLY.

There are two reasons why some people never mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the second is that they have no mind.



Scientific.

On the highest advantage some foot-print of us is stamped in the last year of the host will read traces of the current year.—CARLYLE.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XXX.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

It was a fortunate circumstance to science when a Siberian fisherman... On the highest advantage some foot-print of us is stamped in the last year of the host will read traces of the current year.—CARLYLE.

The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hair; the balls of the eyes were distinguishable; the brain still occupied the cranium, but was dried up; the top of the neck was furnished with a flowing mane; the skin was covered with tufts of black hair and reddish wool.

Most of the ivory of commerce is obtained from the tusks of these extinct monsters; twenty thousand pounds having been sold in St. Petersburg in a single year. Admiral Wrangel relates, that the remains of these animals are so abundant in Siberia that he and his men climbed over ridges and mounds consisting entirely of their bones.

Siberia was the most congenial home of the mammoth, yet it had a wide geographical range, wandering in herds over England and most of the continent. In America its remains are abundant; its range extending over most of the United States and Mexico.

The mastodon was another huge pachyderm, allied to the elephant tribe, and roamed over most of the United States. Marshes and morasses in New Jersey and New York State, have yielded almost entire skeletons. I have met with molar teeth of the mastodon on the shore of Lake Michigan, and a skeleton almost entire, in a marsh in Jay county, Indiana.

Cave Beasts. The caves scattered through England, Belgium, and Germany, seem to have been especially the home of gigantic bears, hyenas, and wolves, the species of which are all extinct. The hyenas evidently had possession of the caves, as the bones of the other animals are much scattered, and even make a consid-

erable proportion of the excrement of the hyenas. On the continent, in Belgium and Germany, the magnums among the cave beasts were a species of bear, which was more formidable than the grizzly of the Rocky Mountains.

The Irish elk is another Post-tertiary specimen, found in marl beds beneath the peat swamps in Ireland and England. They were twice the size of modern elks, and from their heads depended enormous antlers, spreading ten feet between their tips, which were also raised eleven feet above the ground. Says Prof. Owen:

Two horned rhinoceroses of at least two species, forced their way through the ancient forests, or wallowed in the swamps. The lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotamuses as bulky and with as formidable tusks as those of Africa. Three kinds of wild oxen, two of which were of colossal strength, found sustenance in the plains. There were also deer of gigantic dimensions, wild horses and bears, a wild cat, leopard, a British tiger larger than that of Bengal; and various smaller animals, down to moles, rats and mice.

In South America, over a hundred species of extinct Post-tertiary quadrupeds have been brought to light. Their bones are scattered over the pampas of La Platte, and abound in the caverns of Brazil. These South American Post-tertiary fossils, like those of North America and Europe, are characterized by their massiveness, especially as compared with their modern congeners. Among the most remarkable are the remains of the megatherium, (great beast,) an edentate of the sloth tribe. The bones of this beast are the most massive of any yet discovered that belongs to a land animal. The restored skeleton, now in the British Museum, from which many casts have been taken, is seven feet high and eighteen feet long. The pelvis is five feet in diameter. The limbs are like huge columns, the femur bone being three times as massive as the elephant's tail, which was short and several feet in diameter, served the purpose of balancing the body while elevated on the hind feet, and also partially sustaining its weight. The feet were a yard long, terminating in huge claws. This singular structure suggests corresponding habits. The movements of this animal must have been exceedingly slow, and though it was provided with claws, it could not pursue other animals with sufficient fleetness to capture them.

Neither could it nip the grass and small herbage of the pampas, for it was without front teeth, but its structure was admirably adapted to secure the branches of trees, upon which it must have subsisted. Poised upon its ponderous hind legs, and supported by its enormous tail, by using its fore-arms and enormous claws, it would be able to lay hold of the limbs of trees and bring them within reach of its massive jaws, that might with propriety be called a crushing-mill, which converted this coarse material into available nutriment.

It was during the Post-tertiary period that the animal kingdom attained its most complete development, not only in massiveness of structure, but also in perfection of organization. They were far superior to their modern allied representatives.

The earth was not constructed alone for the development of animal existence. It has a greater ultimate mission to accomplish; the animal kingdom is simply a means to its attainment. As there was an age of fishes, an age of reptiles, and an age of mammals; so the age of man, the era of mind, succeeded as the fruition of all that had preceded. The globe, like an individual, has its phases of life, and during each of these phases discharge peculiar functions. It once subsisted reptiles better than it could men. Later, the quadrupeds found a more congenial home. With the advent of each new age, the objective embodiments of life assume a higher grade. Man came with the culmination of animal development. The spiritual superstructure is reared upon this basis. Henceforth development is for man, to whom the whole earth shall minister. The animal kingdom has been stationary since Post-tertiary times, and many of its noblest types gone into extinction. The ancient elephants, oxen, bears and lions, were

more noble than their modern descendants. The earth is most generous toward her latest guests, and neglects those upon whom she once bestowed her chief regards. She makes them servants to the objects of her preference. Knowing this, we should feel especially thankful that man is nature's youngest and most idolized child.

A WORD ABOUT THE DARWINIAN CONTROVERSY

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune: Sir: The Darwinian theory is no new one, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Lamarck, were the pioneers. They were more theorists than explorers. Phenomena must support a theory to make it immortal. Darwin has brought into the field a great supply of facts. Hence the new philosophy is called Darwinian. In the popular acceptance of the term is included everything opposed to Special Creation. The human mind has been impregnated with the idea of a miraculous creation, or a Minerva-like leap from nothing to something. The idea had stamped itself upon religion, and entered into the translation of the Bible. Theology has exalted God's infinite power above His eternity. It has supposed that, like Aladdin with his lamp, the Almighty has caused the earth to arise in a night decked with tokens of His power and goodness. The creation of Genesis has been supposed to be an absolute origination, without pre-existing material, a supernatural act. Physical science is contending that material phenomena are produced by natural laws. The law of Nature is the mode in which the Divine Mind chooses to act. Nature does not proceed by jumps. "Nil ex nihilo fit." Here are the principles of the philosophy of Evolution. Hence the La Place theory of the unrolling of the vapors of the sun to form planets, is followed by the Spontaneous Generation of Bastian, the Evolution of Herbert Spencer, and the Natural Selection of Darwin. If we acknowledge the working of laws that have produced certain results in an incommensurable length of time in the one case, we must do the same in the other. The two must rise or fall together. None but a few, who see in polarized light, remain to contest the Nebular Hypothesis, and the Geological Time-Worlds of Buffon; and the only remnant of the old aboriginal theory, is the present contest with Evolution. The objections are such as, "It cannot prove everything it attempts;" "It is degradation to man to have descended from animals;" "It is contrary to the teaching of the Bible," &c. Dr. McCosh, the ablest theologian now living, declares that "There is nothing irreligious in the idea of Development." There is nothing in the word "create" or "make" in Genesis, that can be narrowed down to a miraculous creation. The great trouble is, that, not satisfied with the Bible as a revelation of the moral duties of man, we would like to have had several volumes of Astronomy, Geology, and Biology, handed down, so that, instead of having a book "the sailor-boy kept next his heart," we should have had a minute account of the creation of worlds from stardust, and a history of life from the infusori to man. The Almighty did not put all His jewels into one casket, but put in what was past finding out, and left the attainable for man to reach after. It is generally acknowledged by the most liberal theologians that their stand must be one of reconciliation, not antagonism,—many yielding to the new theory as applicable to the body, but not the spirit. The vanity of man had become great, ignorant as he has been, until lately, of the Mammoth and Cave-Bear epoch of his history. Few see the animal nature of man among the Fuegians. It is more glorious to ascend than descend. Morality, Letters, Art, Language, Race, are a development, not being innate in the Boreby skull, or extensive among the inhabitants of the lacustrine villages. We doubt whether Moses or David would occupy a high position in modern society. Science will no longer admit the truth of the idea that the van of our race was a glorious triumph of spirit in matter.

A word now about the proof. None deny the creation of varieties by the Darwinian theory, or the modification produced by domestication, climate, use and disuse. In the great struggle for existence, the "survival of the fittest" seems an axiom. Darwin acknowledges the insufficiency of his theory to account for the first appearance of Spirit in matter, and of many other biological facts. Many pervasions are made use of by preachers and writers, who have not thoroughly studied his books, to prejudice the popular mind on this point. Yet it is a poor argument for the advocates of Special Creation to advance against the Darwinian school the want of proof,—for no one ever saw a Special Creation. We accept, yet we cannot prove, the infinite di-

vision of matter, or the axiom that two parallel straight lines can never meet. The idea has become unthinkable that the moss-rose shot forth and bloomed when the first shaft of sunlight fell upon Cosmos. How the many genera of animal life have been produced from the few pairs that sought refuge in Noah's Ark, we know not, except by the new philosophy. We deny a miraculous process in the budding of yeast into vegetable life. Why the battle ground of Lunden burst forth into a scarlet field of poppies, we know not, unless by the persistence and correlation of life forces. The mutual conversion of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, as modes of motion, is not supernatural. What can form a greater contrast than the peach and the almond? It does not detract from the glory of God or man that we have a derivative creation from the Foraminifer or the Lily Eucrite. We think the omnipotence of God is more wonderfully displayed in the tiny insect, thousands of which could dance on the point of a needle, than in the planet.

Physical Science has always been subject to the reproach of being materialistic, and the same attack is renewed against the new theory. All Spiritualisms are "spirit run into the ground." Spirit cannot be parted from matter. Bartol says, "We worship God as 'Spirit, but we cannot conceive Him out of Nature.'" All matter is eternal; yet we do not commit the error of Pantheists, and say hence it is God. There may be two eternal things, although Spinoza said it was inconceivable. Science reveals the fact that, in the knowable regions of space, matter is omnipresent. Mental philosophy can as little account for or explain Spirit, as Science. Let us not be devoured by the Sphinx. "To know God, man must be a God."

Man is the highest incarnation of Spirit in matter; but the flower is also its germ. A plurality of forces is acknowledged when "God said, Let Us make." It may be truly said that Christianity is to blame for mediocrity; yet Voltaire and the theologians stand on the same ground in regard to the "Sports of Nature." He who knows nothing but his Bible does not know that. All forms of religious belief are undergoing constant change. In a century some of the slams in our creeds will be ridiculed more than we ridicule the Crusades, the Flagellants, or Chaumette's religion. No living Scientist has gathered around him such a chorus of masters in science as Darwin, each more or less acquiescing in his views. His theory has become the basis of research in Germany and Switzerland, and is considered established in principle. Most men live and think by habit. Such cry out that there will be a strife between science and religion. Socrates drank the hemlock; Galileo recanted; yet Jupiter and Vulcan are not Gods, neither does the sun go round the earth.

Philosophy and science have always led the van of religion. In their union there is strength. D.

THEODORE PARKER'S STUDY.

His study is kept just as it was in his life-time. His arm-chair stands as he left it, turned partly round as though its occupant had just risen from it. His letters were arranged alphabetically, and put in boxes around the room, close to the ceiling, like a border. The study-table is where he placed it, and the books on it as he went to have them. Here is the Bible given to Martin Luther by the Queen of England, with its two large iron clasps and coarse leather binding, covered with green flannel much worn and somewhat faded. He used to write on a book to raise the paper a little above the desk nearer to his eyes; and the book remains on the desk, with the last quire of paper he wrote from, before going on his long journey, lying upon it as placed by his orderly fingers. There are flowers, as he loved to have them, fresh every morning, his favorites enlaid with daintiest care. Mrs. Parker keeps the room herself, allowing no other to sweep or dust its sacred precincts.

The study-table abounds in indications of his taste and reminders of his presence. There is a photograph of a little Presbyterian Church that he enjoyed attending when he was a boy; there are numerous keepsakes, such as pen-wipers, pin-cushions, and the like given him by young lady friends, some of them when he was young, and all preserved with choicest care; and he loved to look at the heart-treasures, and tell of the friends whose remembrance they kept bright. In one drawer is a box of lead pencils sharpened at both ends, as he left them ready for use; and a box of quill pens prepared for writing. In another drawer is a box of pencil-cases, too short for use, labeled with the date when last used and laid away. One large drawer contains toys of all descriptions. He was excessively fond of children, and frequently had a party of them at his house; and one specially interesting

feature of the entertainment to the young folks was the visit to his study, where each found some appropriate gift, and the noise of whistles, trumpets, barking dogs, crying dolls, and other things, sounded like anything rather than a preacher's study. When walking in the city he used to keep his eyes open for nice toys, labeling each when purchased with the name of the little fortunate for whom it was intended.

He was particularly fond of bears. The live animal interested him. There was something about honest, homely, awkward Bruin that touched his heart. On his study walls a large painting of a bear's head hangs opposite a beautiful engraving of a bear and her cubs. His friends knew his weakness in this respect and indulged it to excess. A bear is wrought into the tidi on his arm-chair. His inkstand is a bear, whose raised paws hold pencil and pen. His red pen-wiper carries a black bear upon it; his paper-weight is surmounted with another; and a bear stands guard upon the mantel.—Golden Age.

HEAR BOTH SIDES, THEN JUDGE. EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—I admire the liberality of the PRESENT AGE in permitting both sides of all subjects agitated a place in its columns. I have enjoyed the amiable discussion between yourself and corresponding editor, and the spirit in which it is conducted. No two persons are required to think or believe exactly alike any more than to look alike. No one gets angry with his brother and uses offensive language because his hair or his eyes differ in color or expression from his own; yet one may be as blameworthy as the other. Some persons never know their own belief on a given subject until called on to express it for the understanding of others. Thus the able corresponding editor finds it easier to tell what somebody else has said about God than to present him to the reader from his own personal knowledge and experience. "Who by searching can find out God?" I doubt if any two persons in Christendom entertain the self-same views of this august personage. But then, Brother Jamieson, admitting that you are correct in your conclusions, do you not perceive how inconvenient it would be to do without Him? What term can you substitute that will be as explicit and expressive? You say you could not be "free." Are you then at present free? What constitutes unlimited freedom? You make arrangements to go to New York. Are there no powers or circumstances beyond your control to prevent it? Are none of your best laid plans frustrated? Do you acknowledge no intelligent power outside of or above man? Since it is impossible to know the beginning or the ending—the "from everlasting to everlasting"—what general expression will include more than the phrase "we came from God and go to God?" In this our world of effects we are inclined to look up for the answering cause; and whatever is above our comprehension or understanding, we may as correctly ascribe to God as any thing else. We know there is a governing power which we cannot command. We make plans which we are powerless to execute. If "what is to be will be," how is the denying or accepting a belief in God to change matters? The seasons roll round with their accompanying seed-time and harvests, earthquakes, tornadoes and so on, all the same.

Some persons express their ideas of the governing power as a "beautiful necessity." But this expression comprehends all we may understand by the term God. A necessity is as surely tyrannical as an "efficient cause," or an "absolute monarch." In the meaning centers in the definition of terms.

Another objection to giving up God is the convenience of making comparisons and contrasts. Whatever term will give you which will embody all our ideas of wisdom and goodness? Witness the following in reference to Mr. Gladstone's reply to Charles Dilke in the House of Commons recently: "It was a style that would have been offensive in Almighty God addressing a black beetle."

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ARRESTS DISEASE AND PREVENTS DISEASE. The disorders that corrupt the secretions, corrupt the mucous surfaces, and finally destroy the tissues, readily yield to its surprising virtues.

THEODORE PARKER'S STUDY. His study is kept just as it was in his life-time. His arm-chair stands as he left it, turned partly round as though its occupant had just risen from it.

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(Continued from First Page.) that the world is moving as to persist in barring its pulpits against women, will ere long learn wisdom through much tribulation.

The woman suffrage cause is slowly but surely gaining a foothold in Maryland. In February last, Mrs. Mercy Clark, of this city, set the ball rolling in the town of Havre de Grace, by a lecture upon the subject, during which she received the close and respectful attention of a numerous and respectable audience. Early in April her footsteps were followed by Mrs. Lockwood, of Washington, whose lecture was received with positive enthusiasm, her audience, at its close, twice successively soliciting and obtaining a continuance of her remarks. This speaks hopefully for a state that has so long refused to hear the call that is echoing all over our broad land. But progress will make her way at last through the densest phalanx of opposition.

J. M. Peebles delivered on the 2nd inst., before the Society of Spiritualists at Lyceum Hall, a most interesting lecture in relation to the progress of Spiritualism in Europe, as observed during his recent visit to the Old World. He paid a high compliment to the English scientists for the candor, fairness, and breadth of mind manifested by them in their systematic investigation, through the Dialectical Society, of the Spiritualistic phenomena, and severely rebuked the scientists of America who, as a body, had persistently ignored that duty. Mr. Peebles has been lecturing in Washington, and is now filling a two months engagement in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Rachel Wolcott has, for two months past, been addressing interested audiences of Spiritualists at Lyceum Hall. This lady is a new worker in the field of public lecturing, but we predict that her powers of usefulness in this sphere will ere long be widely known and acknowledged. It was in this city that our dear friend, Alcinda Wilhelm (late Mrs. Slade), first developed the capacity which later won tributes of esteem and gratitude from every true Spiritualist who hearkened to her inspirational utterances. We venture to prophesy that, in Mrs. Wolcott, Baltimore will shortly send forth into the world of human ignorance another teacher, whose talent and fervent devotion to truth will ensure a no less successful career of labor and a no less wide appreciation.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has been lecturing every Wednesday evening at Lyric Hall, for the First Society of Spiritualists.

For the Present Age. STATE RELIGION.

Here is another exemplification of the manner in which this Government, owing mainly to the apathy of Spiritualists and free-thinkers, is run in the interest of orthodoxy. It is taken from a campaign tract entitled "The Republican Party the Standard-bearer of Civilization and National Progress."

The present Indian Commissioner, Gen. Francis A. Walker, is a high-toned Christian gentleman. \* \* \* The Indians have been placed upon smaller and more easily accessible reservations, devoted (orthodox) missionaries have been actively at work, &c.

In other words, the proceeds of the national taxes, of which Spiritualists, free-thinkers, free-religionists, Unitarians and Universalists probably pay more than half are used to disseminate doctrines which they all believe to be false, and extremely detrimental. The uniform results of christianizing savage or semi-barbarian nations or tribes has been demoralization, and finally, extermination. And Spiritualists choose to be fleeced in this way, and to be robbed of their money to propagate mischievous falsehoods by voting for orthodox candidates unpledged to a contrary course, and under no engagement or obligation to desecularize our government.

VANGUARD. WASHINGTON, April 24th, 1872.

Infinity is the attribute of the universe, which, though variable in every part, is immutable in its mode or natural order.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal. Devoted to Religious, Political and Social Reform, Police Literature and General Intelligence.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - EDITOR.

Associate Editors: DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, E. S. WHEELER.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

All Communications pertaining to the Editorial and Business Department, should be addressed to COL. D. M. FOX, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago.

MRS. DRAKE'S CRITICISM.

[As the writer occupies the editorial sanctum during the temporary absence of the Editor-in-Chief, it is deemed proper to insert the following reply to Mrs. Drake's criticism in the editorial column.—E. WIMPLE.]

My sister: In your communication on "God," published in another column, you offer a friendly criticism upon our letter to brother Jamieson, in the Age of April 27th, to which we offer a brief reply.

You ask, "If the Deific Fountain from which worlds are evolved is absolute perfection, why are worlds so gross and imperfect? Can impure waters come from a pure fountain? and will not all matter finally become absolute perfection?" In this interrogatory you confound the primitive substance with its phenomena; you confound the transitory phases of material objects with their subjective basis; the forms of substance with substance itself. In a word, I think you fail to distinguish between the mutable and the immutable. Moreover, I do not share your evident inference from the statement that worlds are "gross and imperfect." As well say the germ is gross and imperfect because it holds potentially the oak or stalk of corn; or that the bud is gross and impure because the flower has not yet bloomed. When we observe a stage of evolution antecedent to a more complete stage, it is hardly correct to apply the epithet "gross and impure." The child is not necessarily gross because the state of manhood is not yet reached.

Iron serves more uses than fine gold. Basement walls are as necessary as the brackets and ornaments which decorate the edifice. Old earth's granite floor, upon which oceans and mountains slumber, is no more testimony to divine impurity than the rills that murmur, the flowers that bloom, or the birds that sing their matin hymns.

We are impressed, sister, that you have busied yourself with the mutations of the objective world so exclusively, that you have failed to rise above the details of phenomena to a recognition of those invariable laws to which phenomena conform. The laws of nature never change; and what are the laws of nature but the methods of the absolute substance expressed in phenomena? The gist of your quotations from the Hindoo and Chinese religions is of the same tenor—that the basis of phenomena is indestructible and unchangeable.

In the present stage of science we are not warranted in the assumption that progress in any particular direction is absolutely unlimited. The analogies of nature point in a different direction. All the changes we are cognizant of are included under two aspects—Evolution and Dissolution. The individual, the nation, and the world are alike compelled to complete the cycle in which both of these changes have an equal share. It may be thought this fact is charged with consequences relating to the human destiny not gratifying to contemplate. When objections of this character are raised, we do not think an answer will be difficult.

The probabilities are that the "ultimate atoms" of the chemist, as carbon, oxygen, &c., are forms of matter precipitated from a simple unitary substance, to which may properly be applied the term spirit; and our notion is that that underlying substance is the intelligent, thinking, indestructible reality from which forms and objects are evolved. But whether the atoms of the chemist are ultimate or proximate, if you will give a single example where oxygen, hydrogen, or any other element has "progressed," we will concede you

have broken some important ground preliminary to an argument for the progression of God.

We are aware that elements frequently undergo isometric and allotropic changes, but in such instances the changes are always dependent upon aggregation under the action of incident forces; so that all the progress you are entitled to assume here, is predicable of the forms of matter, while the matter in itself has participated in no essential changes. We cannot see, therefore, that the cycles of change exhibited by material objects compromise the perfection or stability of that absolute existence we call God.

END OF THE MORMON PERSECUTION.

The Supreme Court has unanimously decided that the attempt of a man named McKean, from Saratoga County, acting under strong mental excitement from promises of fame and eternal happiness offered him by a clergyman named Newman, to destroy Mormonism by illegal process of law, is contrary to the securities of right and trial by jury.

The process was about this: The Judge selected the Grand Jury, after finding from personal inspection that they were O. K. Then he ordered them to find indictments, and his detective spotted the offender. Nothing easier! Then he refused bail to anybody indicated, but permitted them to turn their houses into jails, so that the officials of the Court might make an honest penny.

Next, this Chief Justice of Utah selected his Petit Jury, seeing beforehand that every man on it was O. K. He then ordered them to convict, and addressed his chargings and the words of his sentences to the people of the United States, over the heads of the prisoners.

The president was two or three times advised by Attorney General Williams, Assistant Attorney General Hill, and Solicitor General Bristow, that Mr. McKean had no authority for the manner in which he was doing things; but the Reverend Newman always told the President that these law officers of the Government were Mormon sympathizers.

So the inquisition went on. The Chicago lawyer, Bates, who had been made United States District Attorney of Utah, advised the President that he would get into a humiliating mess directly; but Judge McKean got the Reverend Newman to have Bates turned out of his place, and one Baskins substituted for him. Finally after breaking all law in Court nearly as many times as the Mormons had broken it out of Court, McKean was sent for to come to Washington; for, said the Reverend Newman, "Although I have prayed diligently nine times a day with my face toward the East, the common law of England and our particular wishes seem to non-concur; I daren't let go of Grant to spit on my hands; so suppose you come here and take hold while I canvass the Supreme Bench."

Newman raged around the Supreme Court, amongst the grave old Judges, who looked through and through him off to azure landscapes. He sat down again at the President's feet, and gnashed his teeth, and said that, since Solomon, all great Judges had been Mormon-sympathizers. The Supreme Court rolled on, came at last to this decision, upset McKean's rulings, and rolled on placidly to the next case, like the Car of Juggernaut over two owls. Congress must decree the end of polygamy by legislation, making the Governor's Council of Utah non-elective, but to be appointed at Washington. Let this Council make the Territorial laws, and the Courts carry them out. Prosecutions will then be in order and effective, and the common law need not be perverted. This is the opinion of the Adjutant General's office.

I went to Utah last year to advise this Court in the premises. I wished to spare it the present humiliation. But the Judge's name was Balaam, and he took me for the long-eared animal, and drubbed me, figuratively, with his umbrella. Now he is underneath, with his tail firmly imbedded between his legs, eating of the bitter thistles. I forbear to hit him with the same umbrella. On the contrary, I open it over his head like a tabernacle, and say, in those plaintive tones which I derive from sitting for many years under an old-fashioned sounding-board: "You ain't much of a Judge, but you meant right, and you will do very well if kept dry, and not exposed to the air!"—Chicago Tribune.

Even since the infamous proposition of Congressman Collom several sessions ago, we have personally fought an unpopular fight against the operations of the ring now so nicely broken up. In the columns of the American Spiritualist; from the platform at Washington; before the Peace Society in Philadelphia, as

well as at length in the ever open columns of the Banner of Light, in our letters from the Capitol, we started the criticism which has revolutionized public sentiment. We found it hard work to convince our friends of the depth of rascality and complex scoundrelism, involved. The Present Age from an early date before our relation with it opposed the persecution with good effect; our review of the President's message was in point, and our friends of the Banner of Light have struck giant blows at the mischievous effort.

Such is the end of the villainous persecution set on foot for mercenary, sectarian, and demagogue purposes. Mormons, had as their system may be, would not leave their property at the bluster of a few pettifoggers, as they fled from the mob at Nauvoo and in Missouri. The Present Age, Banner of Light, and other progressive journals, though of course containing Mormonism, exposed the iniquity of the scheme to open the way to religious persecution. The people became disgusted. There was no money sent from the treasury to fee and feed "the honorable Court," and the Supreme bench has put an end to the shameful proceedings. Jurisprudence is disgraced, the administration shamed and the Mormons better known and less despised than ever before.

For the Present Age. AD ASTRA.

TO E. S. WHEELER.

A ruffle of waves on a sandy shore, A roar of waves to a leaden sky, In rough winds sweeping the shadowed floor We lost an illusion, you and I, And gained from the heights where spirits blend, That royalist word of souls—my friend.

Weird as the shapes of a wizard's glass You possible fleets of fancies sail— Towering out of the cloudy mass A giant winning his triple mail; Mark how the changing phantoms blend; List if I read you true, my friend.

Weakness touching the springs of power; Swiftly passionate, broad and free, Held by the spirit that, hour by hour, Rises in watchful mastery, Ruling the many shall not transcend The one sweet face in your heart, my friend.

Eye that is quick to note the wrong, Heart that stirs at the needless blame, Hand as quick in its impulse strong That cleaveth with pen and sword the same; Who fights the portionless to defend, Covers a world of faults, my friend.

Loving God in your brother, man, Tonching Him through the God within, Hating every accursed ban That brands Humanity's brow with sin; Striving to compass life's great end, Master the grand To-day, my friend.

And this is what I have learned of you In dull days veering from snow to sun, Learned you have wrought with purpose true The world's work out of the dusk begun, Known that your future years may lend Footsteps unto the stars, my friend.

ANNA HERBERT.

A SPIRIT PICTURE.

We have a beautiful photograph of the three spirit children of R. C. Trowbridge of Tully, N. Y., which we will mail postage paid to any one sending us 25c. The photograph of these three brothers is one of the most beautiful we ever looked upon. Please read what the father of these children says about the picture, from which this photograph was taken.

LETTER FROM THE FATHER OF THE "THREE BROTHERS."

Prof. Anderson and lady were with us a few weeks, last fall, and took these beautiful pictures for us; we have no doubt of their being correct likenesses as they now are in spirit life.

The boy in the centre of the group is 17 years of age, spirit life and all, was dark complexion, black eyes, full, round and plump features, taking more after myself and my father's kind of people, strong and hardy, well calculated for his position in the centre of the group, as a strong prop for the others to lean on, being the oldest one of the group.

The one at the right hand is 16 years of age, spirit life and all, was light complexion, longer, slimmer features, more delicate than the other, very quick of apprehension, little of the animal, with much of the spiritual in his organization, like his mother; he seems well calculated to be the leader of the group.

The one on the left is between 10 and 11 years of age, spirit life and all. He seems to be something more of a mixture of both parents, however, we know but little of him, as he left us when about 3 weeks of age. He seems to be clinging to the elder brother for support, the elder brother, in turn draws them both as near him as possible;

beautiful sight, as they appear in the clouds, or heavens above, and passing very near make their beautiful forms visible to the spiritual eyes of those who are clairvoyant, and by the skillful hands of the spirit artists, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and with the assistance of their spirit guides, their forms are sketched upon paper, with pencil alone. Wonderful, but true. This picture is taken life size, as they are now seen grown up thus far in spirit life.

The original picture is 36 inches wide by 48 in length. Hangs in our parlor, is open for inspection by all, and is considered by all who have seen it, a superior piece of workmanship, a grand, beautiful, and lovely picture; to us it is all of this and more too; it is something which is as priceless as a jewel, with which we would not part. Three years since Prof. A. took for us the pictures of the two elder ones, as they were when they left us, 12 years before, the oldest being but two years of age, the other but one year old. We know these to be correct likenesses of them at that time, and life size, so you see we have no reason to doubt the correctness of these. They are also said to be correct by other clairvoyants who see and describe them. Much more might be said, with regard to the productions of these true and noble, whole souled mediums, and to encourage them in their mission of light and love.

Yours Fraternally, R. C. TROWBRIDGE.

TULLY, N. Y. Jan. 18th, 1869.

Editorial Notes.

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIBLE OF THE AGES: By Giles B. Stebbins, has been received at this office where it will be kept for sale. Price \$2—free of postage.

The Dictionaries, like everything else, are yielding to the clamors of the times. A few weeks ago the correspondence of certain parties interested in having the verb "to Jew" stricken out of the English language, and the proprietors of both Worcester's and Webster's dictionaries, were given to the public. The lexicographers promise to do as requested. The fact is now unearthed by the Nation and a woman's rights correspondent together, that the definition of the word "preposterous" in Webster is not precisely what it was ten years ago. In our own copy, edition of 1854 the various meanings are followed with these words: "as a republican government in the hands of females is preposterous." In our office edition of 1872, these words are left out.—Interior.

"Straws show which way the wind blows," and even the Interior, true blue Presbyterian as it is, sees that the breeze is freshening against the long established Pauline dogmas regarding women. The Presbyterian organ is glad to see the matter discussed "in the Methodist Church," and its own female Missionary Meetings listen to their own sex.

Every elementary work, all the text books of our schools, should be as thoroughly purged of any sectional or sectarian cant as the Dictionary has been. No religious books should be allowed in the common schools, which should be made uniform and national, and attendance upon which should be a matter of compulsion. Only in this way can public schools be maintained; only in this way can general education be made thorough and effectual to the preservation of freedom and good order.

When Theodore Parker was at the height of his influence, and Boston was evidently making rapid advances towards that freedom of thought which, more than any other American city, she now enjoys, a dozen bigots formed a praying club, for the one purpose of uniting their petitions to God that He would stop the career of the great heresiarch. A year or two after, Parker's health failed under the burden of his mighty efforts to reform society, and he went abroad, only to die. Thereupon the Christians of the praying club thanked God for answering their prayers. Such fanaticism seems inexplicable, and yet Boston is now witnessing its repetition. Among its clergy is a young Unitarian, Rev. Mr. Hatch, who has incurred the enmity of the Orthodox by his untiring zeal and energy in the cause of Unitarianism. At a prayer-meeting lately held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, one Christian young man prayed that the Rev. Mr. H. "might be taken away, any way or how." Not a voice was raised in condemnation of this extraordinary appeal to Deity, and the inference that all present indorsed it is inevitable. This is literally prayer with a vengeance.

No one should judge the whole body of Boston orthodoxy by the Y. M. C. A., or ranting J. B. Fulton, the brimstone Baptist of Tremont Temple. Let us be charitable; there are so many extraordinary prayers put up by veal saints, that this barbarous petition may have passed unheeded by the more mature and sensible. Mr. Hatch having come off "more than conqueror" from a personal assault made on him some time ago by the officers and members of the Boston Y. M. C. A., can afford to laugh, as all the inhabitants of the Hub will, at this queer outburst of malice. Mr. Hatch has been heard by many Spiritualists at the East, where he is approved as a liberal

speaker; the imprudent young men are doing their best to give him a national reputation. The excellent work they did for humanity after the great Chicago fire is a better recommendation of their religion than the acts and prayers whereby they have "benefited" the Rev. Mr. Hatch.

Personal.

LYMAN C. HOWE being permanently located at Wankegan, and speaking Sundays in Chicago, will respond by calls for evening lectures anywhere within a hundred miles of the Garden City. It is a sufficient commentary upon our brother's life and public labors, to note the fact that he was kept steadily at work in the immediate vicinity of his former residence, at Fredonia, N. Y., for a period of thirteen years. The old saying that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," finds an exception in the case of our brother Howe. Bro. H. and Prof. Whipple will exchange between Chicago and Wankegan the last two Sundays in May, brother Howe speaking in the latter place.

MISS ELLEN M. HARRIS has been previously announced as one of our regular contributors, and we hope to give our readers weekly articles from her pen under the heading of Baltimore Correspondence. Miss Harris is a careful observer of men and things, a clear, logical reasoner, and a reformer whose love for truth and justice is the grand passion of her life. We wish for her unlimited success in her new field of labor, and trust that the blessings of the many whose lives she has inspired by her devotion to principle may be around her always: "Like memories of music fled."

Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

MICHIGAN ITEMS.

[As I have not the PRESENT AGE to refer to which contains Brother Whipple's fraternal epistle to this "heretic," I herewith send one of the many items written several weeks ago.—J.]

In February I went to Romeo, where I gave a course of five lectures to fair audiences. I have interesting particulars of my Romeo visit, in reference to an obstreperous Methodist minister and his efforts to "crush out" (as he said,) a free secular paper called the Romeo Observer. It "serves" the reverend gentleman with a sharp eye. He boasted of his fifteen battles with secular paper, claiming a victory in each case. His sixteenth battle has left him sick and sore. The Romeo Liberalist, knowing my fondness for the clergy concluded to have me visit them. The parson retreated behind his pulpit.

CHARLOTTE.

This was the next place visited. Expected to witness a debate between Brother J. P. Averill and Rev. Mr. Sanford, (Universalist.) The Universalists were not in favor of the debate, and it fell through. Here resides Prof. E. H. Bailey, (musical editor of Spiritual Hays,) and wife. While there I saw several young ladies sold at auction to defray the church expenses. Various tricks are practiced by Church members to sustain their fashionable institution. February 20th there was a church party to raise funds. My astonished eyes read on their bills, several of which were preserved, the following starting "pick-pocket" notice:

"Guests may expect a good supper, and a variety of other ingenious methods for abstracting from their pockets the 'root of all evil' will be resorted to."

Now I did not before know that to make a guest pay for his supper was ingenious. But the other part looks suspicious. It was kind in them to give such a warning. I often see singular announcements in the papers and other public places, "Beware of Pickpockets!" "Persons should not hand their money to strangers!" These Christians had evidently entered into a Christian "confidence game," for "abstracting" money from pockets. The last sentence of the hand-bill revealed to me the whole "scheme." "Strangers and friends from abroad, will be warmly welcomed."

I did not want to be "warmly welcomed" by people who resort to "ingenious methods" to get money from "strangers" pockets. They designed to make "strangers and friends from abroad" their innocent prey! They knew the folks at home were too well acquainted with them. They could not successfully practice their "ingenious methods" on the Charlotteites. As I am a Spiritualistic—anti-religious—Woman-Rights-lecturer I felt comparatively safe from an attack on my pocket. Blessed be no "root of evil" in a Christian community where the game is "confidence" game. But fearful that I might be mistaken for a Christian my stay in Charlotte was brief. I have had occasion to go that way once since then, but hastened away as quickly as possible. I once heard of a case of an "ingenious method," not of abstracting money



...of cutting pockets out. ...An honorable gentleman was ...

taken the same position with all words to which like objections can be made? If so, then I positively assert you have repudiated the entire language, in theory at least, if not in practice becoming inconsistent.

I do not deny the existence of obsolete words, and it remains for him to show that my reasoning ignores the dropping out of a single word that is obsolete, or that has become uncouth or unwieldy, and supplying its place with a better one as:

Let "daddy" show that he is going to improve the language by dropping out the words of his objectionable list, especially the substantives amongst them; let him supply their places with better, and not impoverish it by a mere onslaught upon words to which he has become spiteful, and I will say, "God speed thee!"

Good is a quality, so is charity; but did that forbid the Puritan fathers from bestowing that name upon the little ones? I do not call good an entity, but apply a form of that title to an entity pre-eminently in possession of it.

Intelligence must be a production in the sense that all the modifications of nature are productions, i. e. things led forth from former conditions. Intelligence is produced, not created. It is a part led forth from the entire fount of intelligence—God himself.

What can be coming upon the world? ask our Orthodox brethren when they hear subjects of this kind discussed in a way they call blasphemous.

in which I have lately been engaged. Brother Jamieson has chronicled the death of God, (yet denies such a thing as death,) Brother Denton has killed the devil, Brother Campbell of Tallyrand, Iowa, has harnessed the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a fine large donkey, and the Catholics have eaten up Christ, leaving but his bones. Thus the triune God is demolished, and his right bower, Satan, is no longer trumps.

PEACE THROUGH PEAYER

Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love; For we are weak and need some deep revealing

Lord, we have wandered long through doubt and sorrow, And thou hast made each step an onward one; And we will trust for every unknown morrow

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling, Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love; Now make us strong! we need thy deep revealing

OLD THINGS ARE PASSING AWAY!

This is as true of Orthodox doctrines as of old-fashioned stage-coaches and small-paced canal-boats. All three have had their day, and even some ministers—Orthodox too—do not hesitate to give Orthodox the "cold shoulder."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the apostle Paul of Brooklyn, recently created one of his chronic sensations by the bold, original utterances that characterized his Sabbath morning sermon. Mr. Beecher is never so forcible, never so logical, never so eloquent, as when denouncing the follies of the present or demolishing the long-standing superstitions of the past.

The Anniversaries of the "Harmonical Society of Sturges" will be held at the Free Church in Sturges, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of June.

Eminent speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the meeting. A general invitation is given to all Spiritualists, Liberalists or others that wish, to be with us on that occasion.

J. M. Peebles, Spiritualist, and Elder J. S. Prescott, Shaker, will hold a two days meeting at Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, June 1st and 2d, commencing on Saturday, at 1 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Executive Committee, STURGES, May 6th, 1872.

By order of the Executive Committee, STURGES, May 6th, 1872. We hereby announce to the friends of Spiritualism in Indiana and elsewhere, that the Sixth Annual Convention of the "Indiana State Association of Spiritualists," will be held in Westernfield's Hall, in the city of Anderson, Madison county, Indiana, commencing Friday, May 24, 1872, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

me of all that was painful, all that was dreadful to the souls then waiting in hell. Mr. Beecher said: "It is to a being like this we say, 'Our Father!' Why, if there were one soul that was predestined by him to such a hopeless inheritance of woe, I would say 'Our friend,' not 'Our Father.'" Those words coming from a man who is regarded by his congregation with almost the same trust and reverence with which the ancient prophets inspired their followers, created the most intense excitement.

On May 1st, Dr. John Mayhow, for several years President of the Society of Spiritualists in this place, married Miss Eliza Heron at Harmonical Hall, Mr. J. M. Peebles imparting to the ceremony the legal validity required, the law of the District of Columbia still requiring some sort of ecclesiastical sanction to this purely civil rite.

Quite a number were present on the occasion. A. C.

GONE HOME.

The spirit of Asa Bither of Saginaw City, Mich., passed from its earthly form Sunday morning, April 14th. He followed closely after his dear wife, less than three weeks elapsing between their deaths. His family feel it a terrible blow; the earthly loss can not be made up to them, but they have the cheering consciousness of the presence still, though invisible, of the beloved father and mother.

Mr. Bither was a man of sterling integrity, respected and beloved by all who knew him. A thorough Spiritualist, he lived his belief, and found it his great comfort and firm sustainer when he crossed "the River." It was my privilege to be by his side through most of the night of Saturday, as he slowly and painlessly passed down into the stream. Clear in his mind until the very last, he talked calmly and cheerfully of the change, recognizing with joy the presence of his angel wife, manifested by raps heard by all in the room; gave clear directions in regard to his business affairs, and like a tired child, went peacefully to sleep to awake "on the other side." His death was a triumph recognized and confessed by all present, even by those most opposed to his belief. I had the sad privilege of speaking the words of comfort to his family and friends. Thursday, April 16th, sorrowfully and tenderly we laid his body away, but we knew it was only the casket, for we still recognize him with us as before.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Notices of Meetings.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

The Anniversary Meeting of the "Harmonical Society of Sturges" will be held at the Free Church in Sturges, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th days of June. Eminent speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the meeting.

MEETING.

J. M. Peebles, Spiritualist, and Elder J. S. Prescott, Shaker, will hold a two days meeting at Union Hall, West Farmington, Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, June 1st and 2d, commencing on Saturday, at 1 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Executive Committee, STURGES, May 6th, 1872.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF INDIANA STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April, 1872. To the Spiritualists of Indiana, Greeting: We hereby announce to the friends of Spiritualism in Indiana and elsewhere, that the Sixth Annual Convention of the "Indiana State Association of Spiritualists," will be held in Westernfield's Hall, in the city of Anderson, Madison county, Indiana, commencing Friday, May 24, 1872, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

gates. All friends of the cause are cordially invited to attend. Everything possible will be done to make the convention both pleasant and profitable.

We are authorized to announce that the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, and other good speakers will be in attendance and take part in the convention.

Anderson is a thriving place, situated thirty-four miles north-east from Indianapolis, on the Bellefontaine railroad, and has an active society of Spiritualists and a Children's Progressive Lyceum in successful operation. Speakers at the convention will be entertained free, and board procured for others at a low rate.

By order of the Board of Trustees, J. R. BELL, Sec'y.

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On and after Nov. 19th, 1871, and until further notice passenger trains will leave and arrive at Depot foot of Twenty-second-st., as follows: St. Louis Express, 7:30 a.m. 9:20 p.m.

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Woman's Department,

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The Home Circle,

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

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To the several departments of the PRESENT AGE, we invite the attention of all who have faith in humanity and who believe in the progress of religious ideas, and we earnestly solicit the aid of all such to sustain our journal. Specimen copies sent free to all who apply.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our contemporary, the Present Age, which since the Chicago fire has been issued as an extra, gradually increasing its borders until now, of Vol. VI, lies on our table looking as if it meant work in a grand way.

Not denying the fact of the progress of religion, nor the excellence of some, there is yet left a portion of the field of action unoccupied, where a good work may be done, if the liberal Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts.

Conceding liberty to others, we shall preserve and exercise it ourselves, and at once frankly repudiate help that must be bought by compromise of truth, or retained at the cost of freedom of speech.

The Chicago Present Age has reappeared from the ashes of Chicago, and appeals to the Spiritualists of the country whom it has always and ably represented, for sympathy and aid.

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The editorial staff is composed of Col. D. M. Fox, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, E. S. Wheeler and W. F. Jamieson. Mr. Wheeler, one of the editors, is now in our city, and is recognized by his distinguished and gentlemanly character as one of the highest order in the business community has won confidence and esteem.

For specimen copies of the AGE, address D. M. Fox, 264 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Monthly Record & Home Circle.



Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The right of woman to participate in the Government cannot be denied, and the Government will be made purer and better for her participation.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour. That is her book-shelf, this her bed. She pleased that piece of geranium flower.

Sixteen years old when she died! Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name. It was not her time to love; beards, Her life had had a hope and aim.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope? What if your soul was pure and true, The good stars met in your horoscope.

No, indeed I for God above Is great to grant, as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love.

In the lower earth, in the years long still, That body and soul, so pure and gay, Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gain of various men,

I loved you, Evelyn—all the while My heart seemed full as it could hold, There was place and to spare for the frank young smile

From the Banner of Light. UNIVERSOLOGY VERSUS WOMAN.

Stephen Pearl Andrews, in his work entitled, "The Basic Outline of Universalogy," has made a surprising estimate of woman, and has given her a place in his relative adjustment of things that was hardly to be expected.

For instance, on page second, Mr. Andrews commences his treatise as follows: 1. "The universe, as concretely embodied, divides most ostensibly into man and the world."

Then in a commentary on page 636, this exposition appears: "It has been stated that man universally repeats man sexually, or man male; and that the world (of Nature) repeats woman; or, again, more largely put, God, as spiritual and typical man, repeats man as father and husband, and the created universe, echoing the material world, and hence Nature, eminently repeats woman."

The assumed supremacy of man psychologically is illustrated by the author of "Universalogy" in one of his fantastic symbolisms, given on page 324, chap. 4: "The hair is the analogue, within

or upon the body, of the shade or shadow which falls backward from the person or from an edifice, in the direction away from the light, as from exposure to the sun, for instance." Chap. 5. It has been noticed above that the ordinary head of hair endows equally the two sexes, saving this tendency in the female to preserve it in its full native growth. But in respect to the beard it is different. If in addition to the external and objective light, (the outward sun of common and natural illumination,) there were placed an interior lamp or source of light, a sort of pharos within the tholus, or within the head of the image, surrounding an edifice, it would cast an inverse shadow from the swelling centre of the dome, interrupting its rays, which shadow would fall upon and envelope the lower portion of the dome (analogous with the lower part of the face of a man.) This shadow, contradicting the shadow from the external sun, would then be the analogue of the beard of the man. Nature so indicates, if I understand her language, that there is a sense in which the male intellect, the light within the brow, is original or godlike, as that of the woman is not, in anything like the same degree. If her mind is refulgent with reflected intelligence, his mind is fulgent with con-genital and generative illuminating power.

It would be difficult for masculine assumption and arrogance to go further than this, but the same claim is repeated in a different form on page 480. After referring to the Old Testament story of the genesis of Woman, as symbolical of the "prior and generative or productive position and relation of the Male set of principles, from which the Female set is propagated by scission or halving," the author thus proceeds (text 747): "While the Man is born of Woman in the ordinary and natural process of generation, there is, it now appears, a more recedite, logical process in which this order is reversed. Woman is born of Man or created from him in this ideal, spiritual or symbolic sense: That the Feminoid or Nataroid Set of Primordial Principles is derived from the Masculoid, Scientoid or Rationoid Set; and by echo, that all actual Being, or Nature herself, the Female Idealization of Being, is derived from the backing and Generative Law or Logos, which is personified as Masculine or Male."

Beneath all the extraordinary verbiage of the above passages, and of many others that might be quoted, lurks the same spirit of domination that has so long held one-half the world in chains. A philosophy or "Science" that is to secure the allegiance of truthful thinkers at this crisis in the world's history, must be one that will make room for Woman by the side of Man. It will not interpret her name as analogous to "Matter," and that of man to "Mind." It will not represent her as the "trunk" and man as the "head" of the body of humanity. But it will find that, as "Divine Truth and Divine Good are so united that they are not two, but one," so the long dissident counterparts of the human family will verge to loving unity when the sun of justice shall arise and shine. Such a science will rescue Woman from the subordinate, oppressed and depressed condition in which selfishness and injustice have plunged her, and bring the first dawn of a new Eden to her and the race by placing on her brow the signet of Equality.

MARY F. DAVIS. Orange, N. J., April, 1872. EDUCATE THE MOTHERS.

Miss Emily Faithfull, one of the most able of women writers and eloquent lecturers in Great Britain, and a leader in the woman suffrage movement in that country, recently commenced a course of lectures in London to ladies on education. In this day when oratory accepts rich and poor, high and low, black and white, men and women, old and young, good education—the art of reading and speaking clearly and distinctly, with grace and ease, self-possession and the modulation of the voice suited to the size of room or hall and the subject discussed, the cultivation of the vocal organs is a matter of prime importance. The time to commence this work of shaping the vocal organs for the attainment of their highest possibilities both in volume and compass, flexibility and sweetness, is in infancy and childhood. Who, like the mother and teacher, the two great moulders of womanhood and manhood, have such opportunities for this important work? To speak well, to speak eloquently and elegantly, will, in the early future, be among the greatest accomplishments both for men and women. It is an accomplishment they should aim to possess at once, who have children of their own or of others to teach. Such a course of lectures, delivered by a competent person in San Francisco or any of our large towns, should be well attended and could not fail to be abundantly useful.

WOMAN AS A SUPPLEMENT.

Father Hecker has lately informed a benighted public, through the columns of the New York Express that "woman's inferiority to man is proved by the fact that God first made Adam." When I read the Father's effort, I mentally said, "What next?" I was answered by an editorial in the Chicago Advance, (7) in which the writer advanced the same doctrine, and really out-Heckered Hecker by styling woman a "supplement."

If I attempt to reason with Father Hecker and his contemporary, that preserver of "sound doctrine" which was designed to "fill the place of the Independent," (pence to the ashes of the latter,) and ask them what they really know about the ceremony of introducing the "early settlers" to Mother Nature, they will suggest that I shut my eyes and ears and open my mouth, and permit them to gag me with an extract from the Book of Genesis or be damned.

It is a sad comment on our confidence in tradition that when human reason outgrows a bad doctrine or practice, the last refuge and hiding place of that doctrine or practice is somewhere in the Bible. It is there, on the shady side of the Old Testament, that guerrilla warfare continues long after the "angels" have fired the last shot. It is there that the serpent's "tail still lives" and wiggles when the head and body have turned to ashes in the fires of a healthy public opinion.

I do not address myself now to Father Hecker and his numerous followers, but to many very good, intelligent, and perhaps liberal people, who read the Chicago Advance, and who admit the premises but reject the conclusions of their organ on Woman's Rights.

With it, they profess to believe that woman was not, originally, a natural and indispensable half of the race, but simply a supplement, that man was already finished, and, though evidently adapted to female society, was able to get along with life and its various contingencies and "manifest destinies," independent of an addition to the family in the person of woman.

Oh! Ah! Yes! Of course. Did my readers ever observe how completely and self-sufficiently a single blade of a pair of shears performs the duties devolving upon both blades? If so, let them imagine the usefulness and significance embodied in this "finished gentleman all of the olden time," as he wandered silently through the Garden of Eden. It is true he might have indulged in useless speculation concerning the "object and end of life," but if he resembled most of his male descendants he doubtless fell back upon the serene conviction that his humanity was complete from base to summit, without the remotest chance for improvement.

Now I must say, that with all possible veneration for our authority on the subject I cannot conceive of a more absurd superstition than this "patchwork" theory of the origin of our race. If it were simply absurd, it would only be laughable. But unfortunately it is more than this, it is a perversion of truth, which has been the natural "father of lies" for thousands of years. It has ever been one of woman's chief swindlers, and has up to the present time, aided in stamping her as an amendment, or, in other words, as an appendage to the great all sufficient—Lords of creation. To-day it is the hitching post of every oppressor of the sex, every devourer of "widow's houses," and every grave, hard-shelled scoffer at "woman's rights." It is true the doctrine is gradually losing its power and influence, but this is owing to the irresistible pressure of justice and knowledge as opposed to injustice, ignorance and tradition.

Let us be common-sensible though the "heavens fall." Let God be true and every man, (prophet and saint,) a liar. Cert only if God was true to His own sense of fitness, he could not have first made birds, fishes and brutes male and female, and crowned his creation with a solitary human bachelor, subject to an amendment in the event of his becoming tired of single life.

None of us are crazy enough to suppose that male elephants, lions, horses, etc., were created in advance of their mates. No; we are rational and practical in our conceptions of the lower orders of life, and only become lunatics in our study of man. This is because our views of the former are usually the result of calm, scientific research; of impartial demonstration both in the past and present; while our ideas of the latter are warped and deformed by some fable of the dark ages.

The foolish superstition that God created the male before creating, or designing, the female half of our race—that he intended woman for man any more or less than he did man for woman—is dishonoring God, for it implies a lack of forethought in design that would reflect discredit on an ordinary human mechanic. Like all puerile or distorted conceptions of Deity it performs two missions; first,

weakening our faith in the wisdom of the Creator; then reflecting back in the form of a curse upon the creature. In this instance the curse has been a double one, perpetuating the spirit of tyranny in men, and that of reconciliation to unjust servitude in women.

Some of my readers may think, that I attach too much importance to an error in the ancient record. Others may accuse me of being "wise above what is written." But "let us reason together," and judge things by results. Let us not forget that this monstrous doctrine has marked every age and institution of time as the small pox marks and scars the face of its human victim; that its poison pervades the world's literature, more or less, all the way from the first chapter of the Bible to the last "dime novel." St. Paul, the intellectual genius of dawning Christianity, un-mindful of the suggestive fact that his Great Master always treated humanity as a unit, thundered the theory of masculine rule and female subordination in his letters to the early Christians, and theologians and politicians have been re-echoing his words ever since, until church and state are filled with silent women, who feel, without talking or acting, and with noisy men who talk and act without feeling, and frequently without thinking.

Teachers are yet blind to the truth that mankind cannot be "redeemed" except it be reformed, and that it can not be reformed until it works with both hands. JAMES G. CLARK.

Woman's Memoranda.

A Miss BADGER, of Rochester, manages the entire business of a machine-shop employing fifty hands, and has done so for several years successfully.

DAN SULLIVAN, of Concord, N. H., challenges any woman in the world to knit him for the championship.

A farmer lately went to his lawyer to know if he could get a divorce because his wife was growing weaker every day, and couldn't work on the farm as she used to do.

MISS CLARA GOTTSCHEK has recently given two London concerts, at which the programme consisted mostly of her own brother's composition.

A CELEBRATED WRITER says that no woman is a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how refined or cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Kind and courteous treatment of all, personifies one mark of a true woman.

MISS SUSAN KING, the founder of the "Woman's Tea Company," whose travels unattended through China and Japan have heretofore been noticed by the press, is said to be a millionaire. She is a native of Gorham, Maine, and has brothers who are successful merchants at Saccarappa.

A LATE ISSUE of the Daily Patriot, of Washington, mentions in terms of cordial commendation the labors of Mrs. L. B. Chandler, of Boston, who is engaged in giving an extended series of parlor lectures and conversations in that city concerning the proper education of women and men for the duties of marriage, parenthood, and social life.

We shall have to espouse the cause of Woman's Rights. Mrs. M. M. Ricker of this city, went to the polls in Ward 3, on Tuesday, and voted the straight Democratic ticket. The Moderator took her vote and we suppose he counted it with the rest. At any rate he ought to have done so. If he didn't, it follows that he isn't true to woman.—Dover (N. H.) Democrat.

MISS PAULINE VOGEL was in 1867 considered an incurable idiot. Under the tuition of Miss Dunphy, at the Idiot School on Randall's Island, she has become an assistant teacher, at \$200 per annum. She is now 18 years old, very fair looking, writes a fine, clear hand, is of good address, and plays excellently on the piano. In conversation she informed her visitor that she had a faint recollection of her earlier days; she slightly remembered her mother, but has not the slightest idea of her father.

It is too bad to stone a minister. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. H. W. Rogers has been served just right. For without having the fate of Dr. Todd before his eyes, this clergyman had the temerity to preach against woman suffrage, ridiculing the idea that such an ineapable creature as woman should think of casting a ballot or holding an office. This was in West Springfield, where people read the Republican, and are supposed to know something if not more. The friends of woman suffrage have invited Lucy Stone to tell what she knows of woman's capacity. They think that one smooth Stone will be quite enough to silence this boastful Goliath. This shows their estimate of his capacity.

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The Golden Key.—By Nettie M. Pease. Western Publishing Company, Chicago. Orthodoxy has its day's terrors, why not today? From the days of Esop, probably before, fable has been accounted a good means of the inculcation of wholesome truths; justifying, but bitter, medicines are made tolerable by pleasant fables in which they are conveyed. "The Golden Key" seeks to offer the strong truth spiritualism wrapped up in such form that it will not offend weak stomachs. Many who cannot read the plain truth, when told in a plain way will be allured to its perusal when disguised in a romantic incidents of an engaging novel. Miss Pease is known to many of our readers as one of our brightest and powerful journalists, and the present book will add another leaf to her chapter. This is interesting, well thought up, and although written by considered somewhat melodramatic, it will serve the purpose of the author, as helping bring out manifestations which can only be explained by the occult.

The following story, founded on facts, concerns subjects of deep interest, and which at the present time are attracting the attention of scientific circles. The source from which it emanates, is so reliable that the author, owing to a peculiar physical and mental condition possesses the faculty of absorbing from the etheric world and while in this condition was controlled by a power which he believed to be the spirit of a person who once lived on earth, and who gave his life history, which he entitled, Search for the Temple of Happiness. All details of the record, he promised to give another communication, to be entitled, The Golden Key, or Mysteries Beyond the Veil. In the month of January he again took control, and gave the following account. The amanuensis has given, as near as possible, the precise language of the dictator. At times, however, parts of the narrative, the utterance being so rapid that the exact words may have been lost, but the idea has never been changed. Nearly every chapter is freighted with gems from the etheric spirit life, and contains instances of the phenomena and much of the philosophy of modern Spiritualism.

"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, as speaking, is Miss Nettie M. Pease, well known as a writer on Spiritualism, and the favorite corresponding Editor of the Present Age. She was an spirit control while the record which this book embodies was made in her by the spirit of a person who once lived on earth. It was given her, as nearly as possible, in the language of the etheric world. It is a story whose evolution is accompanied with a striking and deeply interesting, and of a character, fresh and pure in its nature, and of colloquial discussions of spiritualism, which attract and hold the attention of readers everywhere. The moral of the tale is not reserved for the end, but is woven in with it, and forms the beauty and point of the fiction, yet not wholly untrue, for it depicts experiences to which all human souls are subject, and close it with a natural and fitting conclusion.

cordially commend THE GOLDEN KEY to the perusal of all Spiritualist readers, promising them pleasure in its glowing pages. To the same Miss Pease has appended five of her own charming poems.—Banner of Light.



Circle. EDITOR. ...

never found; but another priest said this is the way he did it. He had five men that he engaged to write for him while he told them what to write. There, what do you think of that, father? If anybody now was to say that they were inspired of God to write five books, who would believe them? Nobody with any good sense I'm sure.

"I remember the story, my boy," replied the doctor, "that priest's name was Ezra, and he was forty days and forty nights busy telling the five men what to write."

"Well," said Ben, "I am just tired of it; and yet father I am glad that I am posted (Ben was very fond of that word posted) about the Bible, for I will be able to argue with Bible folks about their five holy books. Holy indeed! written by an ignorant priest who said that God inspired him what to write!"

Then Ben shut his book, left it in his father's office, and off he went to the sitting room. "You are just in time. You are just in time," exclaimed Dorie. "Mother is going to tell us a true story—a real true story."

"Are you mother?" said Ben eagerly, taking a footstool and sitting down close to his mother.

stead with curtains all round; a home-made lounge, covered with calico, stands near the one window; and a large bird cage, in which are two canary birds, hangs over the window. Under the window is a pine table, white and clean, without a spot. A large brown jar stands on the table covered with a cloth. I will not tell you what is in the jar just now. You will find out by and by. A large round table stands in the middle of the floor. A bright fire burns in the open grate; and a steel fender polished so bright, as you face the fire you can see your face, sometimes long as a barrel, and then again broad, just like a full moon. Tongs, poker and shovel are polished also, and are just as bright as the fender that encircles the grate."

"I can just think that I see it all," said Ray. "So can I, go on quickly, mother," said Ben.

"Don't be in a hurry, little folks. You are coming here very often, and I want you to see everything distinctly. Six white wood chairs, scoured with sand, and a painted rocking chair, complete the furniture of this room. I forgot, though, the brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, and a waiter that ornaments the center. Now you must not forget that waiter, for it will figure in this story by and by in a very remarkable manner."

"Oh! oh! you are going into secrets now," said Dorie. "Now, come into the back room. Two bedsteads, a washstand and one chair are all; but come to the window and look out. This window looks into the private grounds of a wealthy gentleman; see the beautiful lawn and the fine chestnut trees; and away off you can just get a peep of one corner of the fine large house."

"As we return to the front room, we notice what we ought to have seen at first, a cradle; and here comes the mother, Rachel Langstaff, with her baby Emma. Into the cradle she pops the little girl, gives her a rattle and a penny whistle. 'Play with these my honey while I get dinner,' she says, and then a painful of potatoes are put on the fire to cook; she looks at the clock, twenty-five minutes past eleven; dinner must be on the table at twelve. Eight plates are put on the round table; no tablecloth; a tin cup, eight knives and forks, salt, pepper, a large round dish and the table is set. The potatoes bubble and boil; Mrs. Langstaff takes her baby and walks to the wooden bridge and looks down towards the factory as she sings snatches of a song to her baby Emma. Baby points with her hand down the stream, listens to the song of the Robien-red-breast and says as only a dear wee baby can "pretty pretty." Hark! a bell rings. 'Tis the factory bell; the mother hastens to the house, takes a fork and tries her potatoes; then takes down a long roasting fork and holds a red herring in front of the fire till it is cooked. Then the potatoes are peeled and put in the large dish on the table; the baby looking on from her cradle delighted; she knows what it all means. At last the red herring is placed on the top of the potatoes, and while Mrs. Langstaff is cutting and heaping up a large plate with brown bread, footsteps are heard, baby crows, holds out her arms; "dada, dada," she says and in a twinkling is in the arms of her father who takes his place at the table at once and is helped by his wife to a plentiful supply of potatoes and a morsel of herring. He is hardly seated before in comes his son Sammie, a little fellow perhaps nine or ten years of age, dressed in a coarse crash smock. Robert, a trifle older, in the same kind of dress; then Anna, a dark haired, dark eyed, little girl, and Ellen, another little girl younger than Anna. And now another boy named Henry, still younger, and last of all a daughter named Jane, sixteen years of age. Jane is very pretty; has blue eyes and fine features. Very delicate she looks and very neat and clean. There is something very careful about her movement, as she takes off her bonnet, goes to the one looking-glass hanging over the headstead

and smooths her glossy hair, which is combed into a roll behind.

"Then this family of nine persons gather round the table; I forgot, however, that Sammie has taken his plate near the fire and is sitting on a three-legged stool, eating his dinner and reading at the same time. Sammie is a book-worm."

"Is this all a true story?" said Ray. "Yes my darling, a true story, and Sammie and Robert are my principal characters."

"But only one herring and a dish of potatoes for dinner for nine people!" "Yes, that is so, no butter, no tea or coffee, and no pudding or pie, except on Sundays; because they could not afford any more, and yet Jane, Robert, Sammie and his father, worked hard every day but Sunday from five o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night."

"Worked in the factory, I suppose," said Ben. "Yes, the father was a wool-comber, and earned sometimes ten shillings per week, but generally only about seven shillings, and did not have work all the time."

stickling it in everybody's face, tie it up and let it alone; it will get well itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but when they are once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause.

Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until it was all over."

**Pleasantries.**  
To make hens lay—tie their legs together, so they can't stand up.  
How to overcome your sorrow—Strike one of your sighs.  
When is a bow not a bow? When it is a bow-knot.  
If speech is silver and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth?  
What is the road of transgressors so hard? Because it is so much traveled.  
Mock Turtle—Kissing before company and fighting afterwards.  
Girls now-a-days, it is said, know too much at fifteen, and too little at fifty.  
It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.  
A MINISTER not long ago preached from the text, "Be ye, therefore, steadfast," but the printer made him expound from "Be there for breakfast."

JONES on being asked by Mrs. J. why he didn't have a dumb-waiter in the dining room, immediately replied that he had tried them, but they didn't answer.  
"Don't you remember the next word in your lesson? It's the word after cheese. What comes after cheese?" "Moose," triumphantly exclaimed the puzzled pupil.  
"A pig will eat out of any trough," said Deacon Sessup to his son Tom, who had just come home from a whaling voyage. "I would like to see him eat out of the trough of the sea," said Tom.

The other day a little shaver was expatiating on the injurious effects of tobacco. Said he: "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

A WRETCHED husband in St. Paul advertises for the recovery of his wife, "a taul woman, with gray eyes and a small baby just bogimmin' to wauk," who had been appropriated by "a taul pok market feller with red hare."

A SALOON-KEEPER having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign,—"Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will suit you exactly."

A JOYOUS danciel rushed into a citizen's arms at London bridge, exclaiming, "Oh, you are my long-lost brother." She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long-lost brother's purse.

A GENTLEMAN in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to her little daughter of about the same age: "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes!" was the reply; "but not until after the funeral."

The deliberate manner in which Chicago is being rebuilt is thus illustrated in an exchange: "Let me see," said a Chicago boss-mason reflectively to a burnt-out merchant, "I have got to put up a block for Brown, this morning, and a dwelling house this afternoon, for Smith. Yes, I guess we can jerk up your store this noon by taking only half an hour's noonin'."

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.—You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your brethren do not treat you just right, and things in general move unpleasantly.

Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Firebrands when together can be trodden under foot, but when tied to the tails of Samson's foxes, it is difficult to tell where they will burn.

Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A sore finger is not improved by pulling off the rag and

ger to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife as he reached the door, "Mr. Jones! take the tongs!"

As artless newspaper man who recently bought a few sausages, then relates his troubles: "I got them sausages home without getting bit, and cut them apart and left them. In the morning I visited them. Three of 'em had cuddled up together and were sweetly sleeping. Two of 'em had crawled to my milk pail and were lapping the milk, and one, a black and white one, was on the back fence trying to catch an English sparrow. I drowned the whole lot."

**Temperance.**  
IN PRAISE OF WATER.  
Though poets may boast of the juice of the vine,  
The draught that it yieldeth shall never be mine,  
His pains and its pleasures alike I decline,  
Give me a draught of pure water,  
A draught of pure water for me.

Soon past is its pleasure, intense is its pain,  
Fast wither the flowers that covers its chain,  
Till naught but its sins and its sorrows remain.  
Give me, Ae.

The courage it causes, ebbs fast as it flows,  
Its loves and good wishes turn quickly to blows,  
Its mirth has no depth, and its sleep no repose.  
Give me, Ae.

Not so with the draught I am praising in song,  
That draught of the happy, the brave and the strong,  
To which health and freedom and virtue belong.  
Give me, Ae.

When tired and parched with the heat of the day,  
No draught but pure water my thirst shall allay,  
'Tis best and most pleasant, 'tis best every way.  
Give me, Ae.

In summer, in winter, in heat or in cold,  
Still fast my allegiance to water I'll hold,  
Convinced of its virtue, to sing I am bold.  
Give me, Ae.

**TEMPERANCE AMONG SOVEREIGNS.**  
Great men and monarchs think themselves free to indulge in sins forbidden to common people. Henry IV., of France, and Charles II., of England, lived more with their mistresses than their wives, and their illegitimate children were made nobles. Daniel Webster dishonored his lofty talents by drunkenness and leucitis.

It is encouraging to know that the present royal families of Europe lead purer lives than was common in former years. Many of the royal courts are models for the best families among their subjects.

Some of the sovereigns are teetotalers in principle and in practice. Amadeus, the young King of Spain, drinks no wine or spirituous liquors, and is introducing admirable reforms among his people. The Emperor of Russia is reported to have signed a temperance pledge; and the Emperor of Austria, while indulging inordinately in tobacco, like most Germans, has a dislike for strong drink. If the monarchs set a good example, there is much hope for the people.

**LOOK NOT ON WISE.**  
Look not on wine, although the cup  
Be crimsoned with its ruby stain;  
Look not—'tis filled with wornwood up,  
And blood, and burning tears of pain.  
E's flash is as the red belt's glow,  
Lighting the paths of death and woe.

"Then dash the brimming cup aside,  
And spill its purple wine;  
Take not its madness to thy lip,  
Let not its curse be thine."

RUMSELLING violates the right of property. Each man has a right to use his property as he will, provided he does not infringe upon the rights of others. If rumselling makes three-fourths, or even one-fourth, of the papers and criminals for the law abiding citizens to support, then to license it is to allow one class of men to violate the right of property vested in another.

**LITTLE SINS.**—A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-bank carries all away before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction. A little drop has been many a man's ruin—every drunkard began with a single glass.

Some of the domestic evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles, morals or manners.

There's no harm in a glass of whiskey—if you allow it to remain in the glass.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

... I don't believe I will like you like, my boy, but you devoted to your Bible, and wanted to know whether it was or not, I just thought I buy you the Inquirer's Text-Book Cooper. I want because quite satisfied for about the Bible; and then made to other studies."



Special Ohio Correspondence.

Geo. Wm. Wilson, Editor.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the Age, should be sent to the editor, Auburn, Georgia, Ga., Ohio.

GIFTED FOR GIVING.

BY WILLIAM BULLERICH.

Be true, O poet, to your gift divine! And let your heart go throbbing through your line. Till it grows vital with the life that burns in joy and grief, in faith and doubt, by turns.

He learns bad reports from Sodom and Gomorrah; "their sin is very grievous," and he says: "I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which has come unto me; and if not I will know."

Will you say the courts were wrong and these malecontents should be returned to the condition of their own voluntary choice? In reply I have but to refer you to the fact that the fugitive Slave Act did not save the "peculiar institution," and the more it was executed the weaker became the system it was ordained to perpetuate.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

An essay read before the Northern Ohio Health and Dress Reform Association, Jan. 10, 1872, by Darius M. Allen.

Resolved, That the experience of the world shows that easy divorce tends to produce greater domestic virtue and consequently more human happiness than stringent marriage laws.

Of all the questions that agitate human society, not one is of such vital interest to humanity as the true relation of the sexes. In social science the question of marriage and divorce is paramount and fundamental.

On a matter where there has been so wide a diversity of experience in different ages of the world and even by different races and nations in the same age; and while it is so utterly impossible, from man's complex nature to decide just how far he has been affected for weal or woe by this and that custom, it is not strange that a wide diversity of opinion exists in the world as to the best social and domestic condition for obtaining the highest and holiest results, to-wit: the devotion and perfection of the race.

too short to attempt anything like an exhaustive argument on a theme so vast. I shall therefore content myself this evening with a simple statement of general principles, leaving it for my hearers to make their own applications.

Of all the questions that are now demanding solution at the hands of this generation, there are none whose cries are more emphatic and imperative than the one we have under consideration on the present occasion. While on the one hand the question of marriage and divorce is treated with levity and derision, others would have us believe the subject too sacred for discussion, and whoever would render less stringent the legal tie that binds two willing or unwilling souls, is, prima facie, a bad member of society.

Now while we believe that a true marriage is the divinest thing on earth, we are not in sympathy with those who decry all discussion of the practical bearing of our present marriage code. However much we may deplore rash innovation and radical change; yet stubborn facts will not down before our trembling fears; nor will great outrages cease at our bidding.

Society to-day is in a transitional state. In every department of life, political, social, religious, there is unrest; a breaking away from the old landmarks, a launching out into new and untried seas. If we search for the reason of all this we shall find it in the unsatisfactory results of the institutions of the past.

Do you ask what all this has to do with easy divorce? I answer much every way. The tendency of the race is to higher development, larger liberty, broader freedom. Let us see how this fact affects our legal marriage institution. Not forgetting the statement already made, that a true marriage is the divinest thing on earth, at the purity of whose shrine highest angels kneel, on whose altar sweetest incense burns, in whose temple heaven lingers; yet confounding this God-ordained union of two loving, equal souls with the civil contract, we have made the fairest child of heaven, the blackest imp of the infernal pit.

By attempting to improve by human legislation what God had made perfect, we have put it in the power of brutal beastly men to exercise a tyranny, and subject confiding, tender spirits to outrages known in no other phase of human life. The simple question is whether we will hold these victims to a life-long fate more cruel

than death, or will we provide a way of escape, thus in a measure remedying the evil our own hands have wrought? Shall we vindicate the purity and divinity of God's marriage laws? or shall we by profane and sacrilegious hands, in attempting to hold unwilling souls in a state of legalized adultery, do all that finite power can do to overthrow the Infinite?

This is the problem given this generation to solve, and with this simple statement of the vital question at issue, I leave the matter for the present to your candid consideration.

THE SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE.—For the man and woman who purely and truly love each other, and are guided by laws of justice, marriage is not a state of bondage. Indeed, it is only when they become by this outward acknowledgment publicly avowed lovers, that freedom is realized by them in its full significance.

NOTES.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE is lecturing at Clyde, Ohio, and, as usual, with excellent success.

We are glad to announce to our friends that James M. Peebles will speak at West Farmington the first Sunday in June. We are not, at this writing, advised of his other Ohio appointments.

THOMAS LEES, of Cleveland, well and favorably known to the Spiritualists of Ohio, is now on a visit to England. We wish our brother a pleasant and profitable visit, and a safe return home.

LORD PALMERSTON, the celebrated English statesman, in reply to a delegation of Scotch divines who had called upon him to urge the importance, of public prayers to stay the ravages of cholera, made the following sensible answer. "Cleanliness is a better medicine than prayer."

The time for holding grove meetings is rapidly approaching. Now is the time to make the necessary arrangements. There is scarcely a community in Ohio in which grove meetings cannot be successfully held.

Mrs. Lucia H. Cowles, after a very successful lecturing season, is now engaged in beautifying her already attractive and pleasant home in Clyde, by setting out fruit trees, small fruits, &c., thus actualizing a woman's right to make for herself a beautiful and attractive home.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Clyde says:

"Our society was never in so flourishing a condition as now, and with such fair prospects for accomplishing much good. Have a good and efficient corps of officers and a fine new Hall."

We are glad to learn that the Lyceum which has been suspended for some time, from want of unity and harmony, which, as our correspondent truly says, is one of the most common and almost universal causes of failure all over the country, is about to be reorganized with every prospect of a bright future before it.

MANY persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because being well they don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUALISM IN CLYDE, OHIO.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE.—Our struggles in behalf of Spiritualism in this place, have been a repetition of what I have observed in all parts of the country; they have lacked unity, and their results have been to a great extent dissipated in consequence of our intense individuality. Like most Spiritual Societies, our reputation abroad as a powerful organization, has been greatly exaggerated. Nevertheless, we have been a recognized power in our midst.

The past year has been fraught with new agitations. Woman suffrage, social science, labor reform, free religion, have enlisted the earnest attention of the majority of our members. A few, however, insist that we shall give our exclusive attention to Spiritualism "proper," and are horrified at the prospect of our compromising our respectability.

Brothers O. P. Kellogg and H. P. Fairfield spent a month each with us last fall. Their labors were appreciated, not only by the Spiritualists, but the public generally, as the hall was uniformly well filled. Then, on the writer's recommendation, brother A. J. Fishback was engaged for December. His audiences were generally large, and he was not without ardent admirers.

Mrs. Woodhull (she will have much to answer for,) sent a few copies of her paper to Clyde. We read and pondered, and even went so far as to express our admiration for the noble, brave woman. The "respectable" thought the "cause" injured and the society disgraced, because Spiritualists would persist in taking that revolutionary sheet from the post-office, though these same "respectables" borrowed and read the paper in secret.

Mrs. Lucia H. Cowles, after a very successful lecturing season, is now engaged in beautifying her already attractive and pleasant home in Clyde, by setting out fruit trees, small fruits, &c., thus actualizing a woman's right to make for herself a beautiful and attractive home.

Our large hall was packed to overflowing, for the very announcement of the subject promised something to satisfy the public greed for gossip. I am sorry to say that brother F. descended from the platform of principles, and assumed the attitude of a Tombs lawyer. He defined free-love as promiscuous sexual relations, and then not only charged Mrs. Woodhull with the promulgation of the doctrine of promiscuity, but also as living that kind of life.

Mrs. Whipple announced a reply for the following Tuesday evening. The house was again crowded, and the other side received a respectful hearing. After this the "Steinway Hall" speech was in good demand, and quite generally read. One of our members, a good brother who has figured quite prominently in Spiritualism, had an "old score" to settle with the society, and "fun" being absolutely essential to his happiness, availed himself of every opportunity to "sick" on the anti-Woodhullites, and so to keep the ferment going.

Finally the day arrived for election of officers. A big canvass was had, as each party intended to outvote the other. Over a hundred names were enrolled on the

books of the society. On the first ballot Chester Hunter, a Woodhullite, received about thirty majority for president; and the next balloting secured a large majority for J. K. Richards as vice-president. The anti-Woodhullites saw that the day was lost, and their leader arose in his place, denounced the proceeding as a free-love affair, and demanded that his name be stricken from the books. His obedient wife followed with a similar demand; and after this the other malecontents, each and all, then and there, separated themselves forever from all connection, sympathy and affiliation with a party that descends from the pure heaven of Spiritualism "proper," to the discussion of side issues and affairs of this world.

We do not feel bad, however, since this week-end. We retain numbers, wealth, and purpose. We control the best hall in town, have money in the treasury, employ the best talent, and secure full houses. Our new board consists of Chester Hunter for president; J. K. Richards, vice-president; Mrs. Nellie Brigham, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Cunningham, recording secretary; O. Brigham, treasurer. Nearly all the expenses of the society are met by means of our sociables, under the management of Chester Hunter. But when necessary, a few members whose property ranges from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars, bring up the rear.

Miss Nettie M. Pease was our first speaker under the new arrangement. She has been speaking for the society during the last month, and though I have been absent in another field of labor, I hear very flattering accounts of her ministrations. Her large hall is well filled every Sunday. Miss Pease has refinement, culture, and devotion to principles. Her style is persuasive and attractive, so that she wins the esteem of all who hear her. She is constructive, and exerts an influence to build up a society, without "toadying" to conservatism. Her never pettiness to secure church influence at the expense of vital reform, and yet she is courteous and respectful towards all of opposing beliefs. Our society hope to secure her services for a longer term.

I hope none of us feel any bitterness towards those who have left us. In this period of transition and social agitation, it must needs be that misunderstandings and bitter feelings will arise. The safety of the temple our fathers builded is threatened, and our friends are sensitive about having its sacred relics exposed to the public gaze. If they cannot understand us, we will try and not condemn them, but wish them well for trying to serve the truth in their own way.

The anti-Woodhullites secured another hall, and proposed to hire brother Fishback for one year, but the good brother has withdrawn from the contest, and finds his grape farm in Missouri demands his undivided attention just now. I believe that eventually God makes the "wrath of man" praise Him, and therefore will not condemn the instruments of His providence.

E. WHEAT.

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Advertisements.

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