

THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

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Photographic.

THERE is no doubt that one of the revivals will come this way. The *Christian Register* "advocates" them.

WE notice that one daily paper is trying to throw on the administration the blame of the recent war with Spain, which forced it to use up so much display type in head-lines. We see how it is. "Anything to beat Grant."

CLINTON, in this State, is a thriving manufacturing town, and its material interests do not appear to suffer by the general depression. The Clinton Wire Cloth Company, owing doubtless to the great skill and vigor of its management, is making double the usual quantity of goods. The Lancaster Mills, and the Bigelow Carpet Company, of the same town, are employing their full force, and during the season have been building additions to their mills.

THERE are people fond of discovering an "element of truth," or something else as good, in almost everything. We should like to have them try their hand at the post-office laws, and show us the charming hidden "element." If, in the exercise of that rare generosity for which newspaper publishers are alone distinguished, we wish to give away a copy of THE NEW AGE, the postage on that copy is eight times as much as on one sent to a person who has bought it. This is putting a bounty on stinginess. Is it the prerogative of Congress, we ask in the name of a violated Constitution, to foster immorality?

It shows the existence of a curious taste, or a tasteless curiosity, that the particulars of Henry Wilson's decease are interspersed with discussions regarding the man who will succeed him as acting Vice-President. Would the country be ruined if the topic were postponed twenty-four hours? It is a trifling matter, and in this case is of no special importance. But we have not forgotten a case in which it *did* make some difference. Ten years have not been enough to efface the disgust provoked at the folly of nearly all the orators who "spoke in the funeral" of President Lincoln. With a singular lack of taste and decency, scarcely one of them could finish a eulogy of the martyred President, without a word of praise for his successor. The "funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth" a fulsome feast. They lived, indeed, to be deeply stung by their own words. But the lesson taught by that rebuke is in danger of being forgotten.

WE are in a fair way to be enriched with a library of valuable sermons. We have just received a pamphlet, containing a sermon on *Bread for Nought*, and one on *The Sin of Extravagance*, preached at Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 3d and 10th, by Rev. James DeNormandie, who is an able minister, a high-toned gentleman, and a man of generous feeling. The only extract for which we now have room is this: "Speaking for my own profession, I feel ashamed when I see a minister with as good a salary as his services to the public demand take out his half-fare ticket, while the laboring man in the next seat pays full price." We like the sentiment of that. We have ourselves had the honor of expressing a similar sentiment. The only difference was, that when we took out our half-fare ticket, we felt ashamed that while we were paying a fair equivalent for the service the railroad corporation was doing for us, it compelled the laboring man on the next seat to pay double. But, "speaking for the profession," the above sentence cannot have its full moral weight, when spoken by the wealthy pastor of a wealthy society. At the distance of two thousand years, we still mention, as something that weakens the force of his philosophy, that Seneca moralized on the vanity of wealth in the calm enjoyment of two millions a year. We wonder if Brother DeNormandie ever hesitated to receive a handsome wedding fee, on the ground that it was more than an equivalent for a five-minutes service? Our columns are open.

THE pleasant town of Groton, in this State, has the honor of being the birth-place of Col. William Prescott, of Bunker Hill fame. The 21st of February is the anniversary of his birth, and the ladies of that town are preparing to celebrate with a centennial tea-party. But the town boasts other heroes. The 11th of February is the anniversary of the birth of Capt. Job Shattuck, a day that may be not unworthily celebrated; and all the more as it commemorates one to whom history has been tardy in according merited fame.

COMMUNISM, by the reports and claims of its friends, is making rapid headway in Europe. Herr Bibel, the famous socialist of Leipzig, is reported to have said that Bismarck's course and policy are aiding the spread of Communism, and that in ten years it will be triumphant in Germany. Socialism is said to have made rapid strides in Russia since the abolition of serfdom. We do not know how much reliance is to be placed on these statements, but we know that the world was taken terribly by surprise by the great uprising of 1848.

THE *Council Bluffs Bugle*, we notice, gives one good blast on the relations of labor and capital. It is as good music for Western Iowa as for Massachusetts. But somebody has imposed on it the report that at the late Convention of the Labor Reform League in this city, "dark hints of a revolution and secret military organization were thrown out." This must be an error, at least in two particulars. Such hints, if thrown out at all, could not have been *dark*, but light as air. And being so, they could not be "thrown out" at all, but would dissipate according to known laws.

THERE is just one thing lacking to make us perfectly happy—the time necessary to attend to our correspondence. When the season comes for us to take a vacation, and hand over the paper for a week to Mark Twain, we can give the favors of our friends full attention. We are sorry to say, however, that it is not likely to be for a week or two; for it would not do to take a man out of *The Gilded Age*, and put him into THE NEW AGE, until he can find "millions in it." Meanwhile, our friends may console themselves with reflecting that what is their loss is the "everlasting gain" of the public.

THE country has just passed through another war with Spain. This is a warlike era. In this generation we have had, if we remember correctly, three wars with France, eleven with Great Britain, six with Spain, four with Mexico, and one with each of the South American republics; and, like the one just finished, all on paper. The war was lively while it lasted—although nothing went up but gold and the daily papers. What a fine thing it is to be a daily paper, and be compelled to live on sensations! Which suggests a fine conundrum. Why is a daily paper like jealousy? You give it up, of course. Because it "makes the food it feeds on."

WE trust we shall be pardoned if we again herald the forthcoming translation, by B. R. Tucker, of P. J. Proudhon's *What is Property?* As the proof-sheets continue to come under our eye, we are more and more impressed with the masterly style in which the author discusses his subject. M. Proudhon is not only a thinker, but a scholar; and he brings great wealth of learning as well as ability to his discussion. Moreover, he is often eloquent; he is full of moral earnestness, and the true "ethic glow" streams throughout his sentences. When we least agree with him, we sometimes most admire him,—he is so frank and honest and unevasive. We cannot refrain from quoting here the closing words of his First Memoir: "O God of liberty! God of equality! Thou who didst place in my heart the sentiments of justice before my reason could comprehend it, hear my ardent prayer! Thou hast dictated all that I have written; Thou hast shaped my thought; Thou hast directed my studies; Thou hast weaned my mind from curiosity and my heart from attachment, that I might publish Thy truth to the master and the slave. I have spoken with what force and talent Thou

hast given me: it is Thine to finish the work. Thou knowest whether I seek my welfare or Thy glory, O God of liberty! Ah! perish my memory, and let humanity be free! Let me see from my obscurity the people at last instructed; let noble teachers enlighten them; let generous spirits guide them! Abridge, if possible, the time of our trial; stifle pride and avarice in equality; annihilate this love of glory which enslaves us; teach these poor children that in the bosom of liberty there are neither heroes nor great men! Inspire the powerful man, the rich man, with a horror of his crimes; let him be the first to apply for admission to the redeemed society; let the promptness of his repentance be the ground of his forgiveness! Then great and small, wise and foolish, rich and poor, will unite in an ineffable fraternity; and, singing in unison a new hymn, will rebuild thy altar, O God of liberty and equality!" This is not the rhapsody of a pietist, but the moral earnestness of a great reformer. *

THE great objection to inflation is that it involves dishonesty, because, by changing the value of the currency, one portion of the people are enriched at the expense of another portion. But how is it about contraction? If a man contracts a debt in dollars worth eighty-seven cents, and by means of the inflation of the currency is enabled to pay the debt in dollars worth eighty cents, then the creditor is robbed. But suppose a debt is contracted in dollars worth eighty-seven cents, and contraction compels its payment in dollars worth one hundred cents; is no one robbed then? "Give us honest money," say the contractionists; but do they propose to secure that boon by any means that do not involve dishonesty? Now we should not wonder if somebody, on reading the above, was simple enough to say we were an inflationist; when in fact all we have done is to hint that the cry of dishonesty which the resumptionists raise can be applied with equal force to their own financial policy. The question is at least so mixed that it is not wise for any man to get red in the face at another who happens to disagree with him.

THE DEATH OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT creates a deep sensation throughout the country, and calls forth here the expressions of grief with which Massachusetts is accustomed to mourn the loss of a favorite public servant. Henry Wilson had been so long in public life, that his departure makes a profound impression. It is one of the commendable impulses of human nature which hastens, when a man dies, to bury his faults and magnify his virtues. But our deceased statesman has not been very vilely calumniated; and, in an hour when the best human sympathies are touched, no bitter remembrances of having vilified him while he lived will be likely to blister the lips of his eulogists in praising him now he is dead. His career is not unworthy of study. The one thing in it for which he will be most remembered was his eminent success as the architect of personal fortunes. No man who ever became in this country distinguished in public life, began life under circumstances quite so forbidding, or filled with more hardship and privation; and no man ever overcame such formidable obstacles more manfully. He will also be remembered as one who was always successful in politics; which is a sign of intellectual power, but which indicates the possession of gifts of a peculiar and somewhat mysterious nature. He will probably be most highly lauded because, during the thirty years and more of his public life, in a period in which the public service was defiled with corruption, no stain rested on his honor, and he died comparatively poor. In the final estimate of his character the colors will mingle. He cultivated the amiable temper, the charitable spirit, the rare self-possession, which in critical periods enable a man to harmonize conflicting interests, and prevent catastrophes which a rash hand might provoke; and his practical wisdom made his services of real value. But he did not reveal that depth of earnest moral conviction which impels a man to encounter obloquy, or arms him to endure defeat, in devotion to an idea.

The Ideal.

TEN-YEAR-OLD POETRY.

THE following verses came to me in a letter from a friend, who writes, "They were written by a little girl ten years old." He adds, "I have not given you her spelling, but the words are all there. I think them mighty fine." That they would adorn "The Young Age," if a periodical so named could be found, I am fully persuaded. That THE NEW AGE will fare well if it fare no worse, is another persuasion of mine. That it will never get anything better from *ten years*, there is no need of words of mine to persuade anybody. S. H. M.

THE SPINNER.

SHE stood in the doorway all blooming with joy:
She was a girl
As white as a pearl,
And I was a passionate boy.

Around her floated a loose white gown,
And the face above it was fit for a crown;
But her sunny face had a crown of its own,
Of silken ringlets, fit for a throne!

And in her hands she holds some wool,
While at her side stands a basket full.
She is the queen of that humble cot,
As she doubles and twists and spins her knot.

At last the stars peep through the sky—
Good bye, sweet Spinner; good bye, good bye!

COME TO ME.

WHEN my sinful heart is dying,
And my soul from Earth is flying,
Mourn not for loss of me.
For upon the waves I'm lying,
Listening to their hoarse replying,
As I drift upon the sea.

Only think that I am resting,
And the storms no more I'm breasting,—
Calmly sleeping 'neath the sea.
And the angel's voice behesting
Soft and low, and yet requesting,
Sweetly calling, "Come to me."

And I answer from the ocean,
With its waves in wild commotion,
"Wait until the Judgment Day."
And the rough waves calmed their motion,
And I heard the angels say,—
"Linger not, but come away."

The Harvest-Secret.

II.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

AND now the deed again is done! The ripened seed-vessels hold the hope of the world. New root, new stem, new leaf, new bud, and all the possibilities that sleep in them, are there wrapped up together. In these the next spring's resurrection, next summer's glory, next autumn's gold and red, lie already in embryo. And everything is safe. Fear not, O lands—be not afraid, O fields! Let the leaves die and the cold come out of the North!

What sanctity, what wonder past wonder, hallows the tiny thing so wrought and put together! As we hold a grain of corn or wheat in our hand, and look at it, and think how it sums up the year,—

"Then suddenly the awe grows deep—
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathers about us; and a voice
Speaks to us without any noise,
Being of the silence,"—and we bow
Before the Lord of Here and Now!

We began with barrelled apples and fading leaves,—and here we stand at worship before a seed! It is an old familiar story now, but it never seems to grow less wonderful, less praiseful, as one tells it over. Multiply these processes that I have tried to hint by all the violets and all the grass-blades and all the shrubs and all the trees, and we begin to know of what victory the October colors are the banner. What is a Harvest-season? was our question. "Harvest" means that in the green leaf the sun has built up the earth-born atoms to higher and higher glory of the plant,—and that it only turns brown in death and flutters back to earth when it has thus laid hold of

eternal life in the fruit it brings to birth. "They rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."

And should we trace farther yet that little handful of the year's great harvest which we shut up in barns and loaves and call "our" harvest,—and which is as incidental to the trees and grasses as the birds' nests are that hide in them,—it would be simply tracing higher and higher this same process of "organization."

On Thanksgiving day, as we draw our chairs around the Thanksgiving dinner, if we stop a moment and think what deeds have been enacted to spread the table for us, think how last spring the dinner lay in minerals and manures, and how rains and storms and rise and set of suns and summer-noons and starry nights have been wrought into them, till they became the squash for our Thanksgiving pies,—that will seem miracle enough! But the turkey, if we have one, is a greater marvel yet. You know what the Western farmer does when it costs too much to transport his corn in bulk? He feeds it to his swine, and then the crops come walking on four legs across the prairies. He is but imitating the Lord of the Harvest. We cannot go to the grass and eat it—a herd of Nebuchadnezzars. But the grass comes to us! God—to give that force by which we live, a name,—God gathers up the sweetness of a whole hill-side pasture, of a meadow with all its clovers, of a sea with all its swaying weeds, and in the quiet grazers that go to and from our barn, or the creatures that cackle out their little lives around it, or the shy rovers of the woods and waters, offers us the richness economically packed, that is, *more highly organized*, built up into flesh-atoms more complex, more vitalized, than any that the vegetable world contains. It is but the process of plant-making carried a step farther. Another transfiguration has occurred. To become grass is Heaven to minerals. To become ox is Heaven to the grass. To become man is perhaps a kind of unwilling Heaven to the ox!

And after dinner the atoms, once inside of us, will rearrange and organize themselves in structures still more wondrous yet, until in man's Brain, the most complex of all the animal structures, we literally have, as one has said, "the condensation of all Space, the grand evolved result of all Time." Listen to what Dr. Clarke says of our human brain:—

"That marvellous and delicate engine, which is only a few inches in diameter, whose weight on an average is only about forty-nine ounces, contains cells and fibres counted by hundreds of millions; cells and fibres that vary in thickness from one one-millionth to one three-hundredth of an inch;—it is an engine, every square inch of whose gray matter affords substrata for the evolution of at least eight thousand registered and separate ideas; with substrata in the whole brain for evolving and registering tens of millions of them, besides the power of recalling them under appropriate stimulus; an engine that transmits sensation, emotion, thought and volition, by distinct fibres, whose time-working has been measured to fractions of a second; it is an engine, a mechanism, that can accomplish this, and greater wonders still, without conscious friction, pain, or disturbance, if it be only properly built and its working be not interfered with."

From air and rock to human brain the series mounts. And as it is the stored-up Forces of the Skies that work the transformatinn, Science declares us, in a sense more real than ever the grand myth dreamed, Children of the Sun,—with a meaning, not higher, but fuller than even Jesus knew, the Children of the Father in the Heavens!

This is "Organization,"—the secret, it would seem, of all God's harvest-fields; the way in which he preserves the gains of all his work from waste.

THE fact is there are not many easy lots to be drawn in the world at present; and such as they are I am not envious of them. I don't say life is not worth having; it is worth having to a man who has some sparks of sense and feeling of bravery in him. And the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who needed it. He would be the man who had the most powers and the fewest selfish wants. But I'm not up to the level of what I see to be best.—George Eliot.

Religion.

The Tendency of Scientific Thought.

[THIRD AND LAST PAPER.]

BY REV. EDWIN S. ELDER.

IV. Let us look into this relation of science to religion, or knowledge to faith. Religion is older than science. Man is religious long before he obtains much accurate information respecting the universe and its phenomena. Man becomes conscious of himself as a power, or will, long before he knows anything of the nature of the universe and his actual relation to it. He very naturally conceives of those objects by which he is surrounded as being conscious like himself. He knows that his own acts are the expression of a conscious purpose or will. He conceives of the phenomena of Nature, such as storms, tides, the movements of the heavenly bodies, as being the expression of wills like his own. He endows the river, the mountain tree, with a conscious purpose, which, like his own purposes, might be changed. He worships these visible objects, petitions for their favor, and endeavors to modify their anger.

The primitive religion of mankind might be represented by a savage standing on the shore, begging the ocean to hasten or retard its tides. In the prayer for rain or sunshine, we have a phase of faith a little higher than that of the primeval man. In both cases there is a hope and a belief that the external phenomena will be in some way obedient to the individual wish. The primitive religionist believes that the tides are the manifestation of a will in the ocean that may be changed. The less primitive religionist believes that the winds are, as it were, the instruments of a will that may be modified by the wish of the individual. In both cases the individual, the finite will is to control.

At last the scientist discovers that the power that moves the waters is not in the water, but in the sun and moon. Here is a conflict between the faith of him who petitions the waters to hasten, and the fact that the waters themselves are as dependent as their petitioner. Again, when the scientist discovers that the weather is not determined by individual exigency and caprice, there is obviously a conflict between knowledge and the faith of him who believes that the weather will be modified by his petitions; but what is the ultimate outcome of this conflict? Instead of hoping and desiring to conform the movement of tide or wind to his welfare, the individual conforms his own habits to the eternal uniformity; and he now learns that this uniformity that can be relied on is far more beneficent than any ability to modify it can possibly be. He perceives that reverent obedience is far more religious than any self-regarding interference.

Science is everywhere enlarging man's knowledge of the universe, rendering his conceptions of it less inadequate. It is obvious that that portion of his faith which was intimately associated with false notions and inadequate conceptions, will be modified by knowledge. By some this modification will be mistaken for destruction; by others it will be seen to be the creation of a larger faith. Religious faith has been, to a very great extent, dualistic; that is, all has been conceived of as existing in two separate parts, which were supposed to bear a relation to each other similar to that which a clock-maker bears to a clock which he made, and which he occasionally visits to repair and keep in order. This is a mechanical conception easily realized to the thought and imagination, and consequently readily accepted. Wherever this dualistic faith obtains, the Creator is separated from that which is created; and though God has been called the Infinite Being, yet it has been forgotten that an Infinite Being contains and includes all there is. God has been, and in the thought of many is now, separated from the human, the natural, and the near; indeed, with many the thought of God is associated *only* with the superhuman, supernatural, remote, distant, and unusual. Now science is at least aiding religious minds to apprehend the oneness, the unity of All. It acquaints us with the operation of *one* force, the manifestation of *one* power; it confronts us with the present creating activity of *one* omnipresent energy; it reveals to us the wisdom of *one* all-embracing plan and purpose; it tells us that he whose

glory the heavens declare is now creating new heavens and new worlds.

With telescope and microscope we watch the ever-active creating spirit, we discover that he who builds the crystal, that he who fashions and paints the flower, is one with him who evolves from the chaos of a nebula a cosmic system of worlds. Reverent science everywhere reveals the unfolding, the evolution, the on-flowing of one all-including plan and purpose. Nay, does it not do more than this, and does it not reveal the beneficence of the plan, and hint at our coöperation as the business of life?

It is inevitable that the religion of mankind should be associated with ignorance before it can be associated with knowledge. It has been associated with erroneous theories and opinions concerning the subject-matter of every science. Has not the religious faith of Christendom been associated with, and by many believed to be dependent upon, what we now know to be false notions concerning the subject-matter of astronomy, geology, history, theology? Has it not been taught that if the earth turned upon its axis, if it were more than six thousand years old, if Genesis were not written by Moses, if Christ were not God, then there is no God, no religion? Has it not been very generally held that any denial of the correctness of these and other opinions is an attack upon religion? And was not such denial an attack upon one phase of religion? Take the idol from the worshipper and he is without a God, and for the time being without a religion. He has and can have no conception of the higher and more adequate faith that the destroyer of his idol wishes to impart to him. The idolater never dreams that his faith is destroyed in the interest of a far more adequate faith.

He who conceives of creation as an event that occurred during such a week nearly six thousand years ago, has no adequate conception of creation as one continuous process, going on from the beginning until now. He who conceives of revelation as an event—as being limited to what he has been told to believe is the plenary inspired word of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments—has no hint of revelation as an uninterrupted intercourse between the truth-seeking mind and truth-loving heart of man and the Omnipresent Soul in whom we live and have our being, and whose temples we are.

Whoever calls these inadequate conceptions in question, will be understood by those who hold the old notions, to attack religion in the interest of infidelity; but it may be discovered that it was superstition that was attacked in the interest of religion. It often happens that false and inadequate notions are called in question, not in the interest of any positive convictions or larger faith, but only for the sake of disproving and discrediting the false; but even this tends to reveal the untenableness of the unquestioned faith, and thus makes room for a phase of faith less inadequate.

It is well to bear in mind that the religion of a people is to a great extent a product and expression of their culture and character. The religious sentiment is nearly universal, but the character of its manifestations, the opinions, theories, and dogmas with which it may be associated, depend neither upon sentiment nor emotion, but upon thought and knowledge. These enlarge the religious consciousness. All knowledge of the universe is partial knowledge of the purpose and method of creation; to the naturally or spiritually religious every fact excites a feeling of reverence.

While it is not my conviction that the tendency of modern scientific thought is not toward infidelity in religion, yet I conceive it to be in the bounds of probability that a few of the confident opinions and theories with which the prevailing faith of Christendom is associated may be discredited. It is possible that some portion of our self-regarding faith may be called in question; but if we are compelled thereby to forget ourselves; if the loss of faith in self-regarding petitions and importunities shall make room for a faith in reverent obedience; if our faith in *our* special Providence, that concerns itself with us, shall give place to a no less ardent, but far more reverent faith in that universal Providence that holds all generations of the sons of men in its keeping; if all this and more shall result from the modification of our religious consciousness by science, then religion has nothing to fear. Then—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

The duty of the liberal church, as regards modern scientific tendencies, is to give them a religious direction. Religion has been associated very intimately with the superhuman and supernatural, with the remote in time and the far-off in space. Much that has been believed concerning the distant and remote, is doubted if not discredited. The external or fact-basis of religion does exist in the present, in the natural, uniform, human. It is for the church, as the exponent and expression of religion, to associate it with the natural, usual, uniform.

Are not those laws that bring spring, summer, autumn and winter, seed-time and harvest, day and night—are they not beneficent? Are not those moral laws that exist in the nature of things, that punish disobedience and reward obedience—are they not divine? Is this universe of which we know so little, and of which science is revealing so much, so cheap, so ill-arranged, so poorly-fashioned, as not to excite our reverence for that Power of which it is the expression? The wonder is that, standing beneath the stars, we can help being deeply religious. The universe is transcendent; its facts transcend our knowledge and thought. Beyond our knowledge is the infinite unknown; deeper than our doubts; higher than our aspiration is the eternal reality. Give it what name we may, it is there. It is more than our father and our mother; it is our source; its every law is our friend. From it we came; to it we shall surely go. Our best name for it is God; but words do not express it.

It is for the liberal church to coöperate with science in making mankind conscious of God. The mere belief concerning him is but of little value. What is needed is the sense of his presence as law, life, beauty, power, love. Is it probable that scientific thought, or any other, will deny these verities? If we have these, what more is needed? Let the church teach the blessedness and sanctity of fact, the beneficence of law, and the oneness of all power, and of all love, and of all life. Let the church endeavor to reveal to the young the possible beauty and significance of life; let them be made to revere duty. Let the church impart to the young the faith that righteousness is life eternal.

Education.

Art Education.

BY LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

AMERICANS may be artists, but they do not yet recognize the fact. Michael Angelos and Raphaels may be lurking in their midst, but they do not know them. A new soil is not first planted with the choicest vines, but with the coarser grains, that grow in spite of weed or thistle, through cold weather or hot, wet or dry. At length the ground is mellow, pliable, and yielding. The delicate rootlets and seeds can then be transplanted from some older clime, in safety, to this new spot in mother earth.

The soil of American intellect and heart has been ploughed deep and long, by the strong hand of common sense, wholesome ideas, stirring and thrilling thoughts, sound philosophy, and many works of beautiful sentiment, till the immaterial substance of the nation has become to some extent conscious, tender, and yielding. The painter's brush and sculptor's chisel can now find material—ideal and real—where-with to introduce their art. America begins everything in the school-room. All geniuses, be they politicians, engineers, inventors, poets, or artists, are born in this cradle. Other countries may commence art, or poetry, or philosophy, in the brains of one man who finds his school-room in the pasture or street, painting his pictures on barrel-tops or stone walls; but that country is not America, and such a genius is not a Yankee.

Boston schools, and to some extent all the large schools of this State, are introducing the subject of art-education in earnest into the curriculum of daily studies; and, by "art-education," I mean the *entire thing*—not a missing arm, leg, finger, or toe. We have had pieces of this subject in our schools before; sometimes a picture of a cat or dog; now and then a water-wheel; but never all the elements that constitute its

organization. Walter Smith came from England to America, and brought the embryo seed of this new art-intelligence, and has thoroughly and surely begun the planting of it here.

Columbus came, and carried back a new continent to his countrymen; but they did not know it for many years,—till long after he was dead. Indeed, they put him in chains as the tenderest reward they knew how to bestow. Art-education and Walter Smith have met a better fate, for the world has learned, since the days of the great navigator, that there are many new things under the sun; and that any day a new thought may make its appearance, which must be respected. So this new art-child has been enthusiastically received by the most intelligent, hopefully by all; except the most ignorant and unbelieving, who always stand ready with chains in hand to throttle every new idea, no matter what it concerns.

Art, so far as Americans have known about it, thus far has consisted in some sort of a picture, in a frame of four sides and four right angles, hung up in some picture gallery; or the statue of George Washington on a horse, on the common; or some other piece of marble or plaster somewhere else. But as to the culture of mind and soul necessary to the comprehension of the forms and expressions in Nature, the multitudinous relations between matter and color, they are as ignorant as of the stars in the heavens. They have yet to learn that art has a wider meaning than a Madonna of Raphael, or David of Michael Angelo; though these may embody the highest and most spiritualistic elements of all art. But the details extend farther, even into the adorning of all our homes, plats of ground in our yards, paper on our walls, patterns on our dresses, color of our neckties; and comprise every line of harmony and beauty everywhere.

Art includes other materials of knowledge than oil paint, marble, brushes, and chisels. To know how to draw a snow-flake, one must comprehend geometry; to make a design for a mat, or carpet, or beautiful horse-blanket, one must be familiar with the elements of botany; to draw a box, or table, or chair, there are principles of perspective involved necessary to perfect success. The great principle in art—its whole life—must be reached by taking up all the threads in the woof, which are vast in number.

There has been some complaint made of the new system of drawing in our schools, because there are so many things to be done at once; because the four departments—object, free-hand, geometry, and designing—are all introduced at the same time. But as these are all bound together in a common tree, it would be impossible to grow the whole, without the branches; hence the great subject in its perfection must be reached through all. Though wonderful results have been attained in our schools, since the introduction of art-education four years ago, they have been accomplished under difficulties, and sometimes by vexing work. Teachers had first to be taught; and, before they had scarcely left the primary forms, they were compelled to become teachers of others. They could make the lines; but as for furnishing inspiration to their pupils, such as comes from long experience and familiarity with a subject, they had none or very little to give. For this reason, the task has been severe; yet every term it lightens, as by Normal schools and classes, thought and study, intelligence is gained.

But what good will all this art-work do? is a question still asked every day by some parents and people. Patrick makes designs at school, and his father drives a dirt-cart past the school-room meantime: this dirt-cart to become Patrick's property as soon as he leaves school. I answer, he will drive the cart nearer to the edge of the bank, and not tip it over, because of the very lines of exactness and accuracy he is drawing to-day: the training of hand and eye will help him to do this. I do not care even to mention, in my argument for drawing, the great saving of money in mechanical labor, architecture, and designing of every description it will be to this country. But even without that direct and utilitarian application of its uses, there is the culture of hand and eye, intellect and heart, that shall touch every department of industrial and social life; there is the culture of individuality of thought and expression which shall lift man higher in the scale of humanity—which shall make the American people more wise, beautiful, spiritual, and divine.

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BOSTON, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

Reconciled to Life.

Yes, to *life*,—not to death. In the career of a Christian, the proudest and happiest moment is when he has made his peace with God, and is not afraid to die. In the career of a philosopher, the proudest and happiest moment is when he has come to be at peace with himself, and is not afraid to live!

A cheap triumph is that to conquer the fear of death. A peerless victory is that to conquer the fear of life!

Perhaps there may be many to whom this will read as foolishness. It is not to them I write. If they are happy in their happiness, if they are pleased with their pleasures, if they are comfortable in the midst of their comfort,—so let it be! If it is well with them here; if they have "gospel assurance" that it is to be well with them hereafter,—*amen* to their serenity: I would not stir a pen to disturb it! Unless, however, they are subjects exempt from the law of evolution,—exempt, indeed, from the ordinary lot of mortals,—all soon enough will they awaken to a sense of life that will cause their hearts to tremble, and their hands to stretch out for a hold on something firmer. Meanwhile, let them abide undisturbed in their sleek contentedness.

But the rest of mankind are divided into two classes, both of which stand, or have stood, in fear of life.

The first are those who are sorrowful because of afflictive externals. They are the toilers and the poor. They are those who go early to their tasks, and leave off late; who do this year after year, and see no improvement in their circumstances. Meanwhile, children are being born, and sickness and death are becoming more frequent visitors in their families. No leisure, no luxuries, no permanent home, no provision for old age, no social recognition; paralyzed ambition, nerveless courage, suffocated hope, decreasing strength, depressed spirits, children uneducated and unportioned,—with such a legacy left them after all their toils and their strivings, life is a formidable and oppressive affair, and death something very welcome when it comes. These are they who by thousands upon thousands live under the folds of the free flag of our republic, but whom our freedom makes no freer; whom our civilization makes no richer and no happier. The air that hangs round our globe is hourly stirred by the sighs that go forth from the lips of these struggling men and women. How much is life worth to them? How enormous the price they pay for it, and how small the reward it gives them!

O Christians! O philanthropists! O citizens! what have ye done, what are ye doing, to make life valuable to such as these? They are unreconciled to life as they know it. Some of them, many of them, are *desperately* unreconciled, not only to their life, but to *your* life! They cannot understand the fearful contrast that exists between theirs and yours; they will not believe that it is necessary or right that it should be so. In the bitter depths of their hearts they all demand a reconciliation. Some of them have learned to voice their discontent already, while the lips of still others are moving with slow articulations of its language. Your freedom, your civilization, your religion, all are a mockery to these people; and they will, I fear, return the mockery, if the period of reconciliation be not soon reached. These poor, unhappy classes are the blind Samsons whose groping hands clutch the pillars that support the frame-work of society. No mere charity will appease them; no sporadic outbursts of sentiment will satisfy their demands; no "gospel" songs, or narrations, or appeals, will reconcile them to their life or yours. Nothing but absolute justice between man and man can couch their bedulled vision, or drain off the terrible strength of their arms!

Besides this large class of unreconciled workers, there is a smaller one of unreconciled thinkers. These are they who have been afflicted *internally*; who have suffered from false creeds and systems; who had all their early views of life and being distorted by the ignorance, superstition, and bigotry of the church and the world; who have grown up gradually through the folly and insanity of their own youth and immaturity; who have had their eyes opened upon one after another of life's illusions and society's shams; who have suffered torments from doubt, and suspense of faith, and lack of courage to face the truth of things; who have looked with the trembling of fear upon the dark problems of the universe, and wrestled in the weakness of ignorance with the terrible questions presented by the sphynx of fate; who have felt their cheeks blanch as they gazed upon the awful sin and suffering of the race; who, in short, have experienced a sickening and sinking of heart as they reflected upon the great mystery that awaited them at every turn, and owned their inability to grasp the realities, or to reconcile aught that there is in the relation existing between man and the life that now is, and that which is or is not to come!

Indeed, we have to pay a great price for all our intellectual and spiritual development! It is a matter of doubt if growth be not attended with as much pain as pleasure; for sometimes it seems as if the highest knowledge we can attain is that knowledge is impossible to us! We begin in ignorance, and so long as that ignorance is unconscious, it is bliss. Only as it deepens into consciousness does it begin to be a pain. "The sum of existence divided by reason," says Goethe, "never gives us an integer number, but merely a surprising fraction." On these *fractions* the roused intellect is compelled to feed, and remain forever eager to get another!

Yet bethink you if it be possible for the awakened soul ever to be satisfied with any more slumber? Though only fractions remain, will reason not persist in dividing? When once we have mined deeper than the ordinary beliefs of men, never more can we stop digging! What! be satisfied thereafter with their satisfactions,—be pleased with their pleasures? Incredible! At one swallow we take down what they sip and taste all their lives long, and still the hunger that remains in us is awful and eternal! Though God play at hide-and-seek with us through all the æons, we are tireless in the game; as often as he eludes us, we will start on a fresh pursuit!

As thinkers, we *must* be reconciled to life, else we shall not dare to live. It is impossible to exist with a perpetual grumble in our hearts, or a moan of complaint ever trembling on our lips. Courage is the only nourisher of the noble soul! We must sit down with serenity and rise up with patience, if we would keep our eye-beam clear and our feet steady in the way.

It takes a whole man to be a man. Whether we work or think, we must be present on the spot with the totality of our being; head and heart and conscience must go into every deed and thought. Let science alone divide the sum of existence, and tormenting fractions will be the perpetual remainder; but let faith assist at the problem, however humbly, and integers shall roll out on the floor of vision! We have passed the day when either science or philosophy can be permitted to play the tyrant. Who is afraid now to say his *soul* is his own, as well as his intellect? Advance, both! Ye are wanted together! The problem of life is yours in common: sit ye down and work it out in patience!

The INTEGRITY OF THE UNIVERSE is the only creed I swear to. If I cannot swear to that, let me swear out and off entirely! And to this must conform, and shall conform the integrity of man. Order begins at the centre and works outward. So does Justice. They are slow in appearing. The telescope and the microscope fail to fetch them at once. But the naked eye of Scientific Imagination has descried them, and proclaims them to be on their advancing way; nay, to be invisibly regnant even now, through all the realm!

Henceforth, let him be accounted a coward or a knave, who shall deliberately growl at the Beautiful Necessity! Nor doubt, nor fear, nor pain, shall eclipse to us the central fact, that the Heart of the Universe is sweet and sound!

Shall Labor be Heard.

If we would ever find a solution of the Labor problem, the first thing is to get it considered. When the press and the pulpit take it up and discuss it, and men fall to talking about it in their shops and their homes, there will be some hope that the latent truth will be evolved. It is in that way that we have been led to new and advanced conclusions on other subjects.

But the difficulties now in the way of giving the Labor question the benefit of such agitation seem to be enormous. In one case, a minister does not touch it, because his audience, not being engaged in industrial pursuits, is supposed to have no interest in it, and the topic is therefore too remote; in another, he is in a manufacturing community, and the topic is too delicate and agitating for pulpit treatment: for something of the same sensitiveness which attended the anti-slavery discussion is already manifested at the mention of this subject. We are not now censuring the ministers; for we know something of the inevitable limitations which hedge about their work. And we know that considerations besides those of his personal interests will sometimes keep a minister silent when he would like to speak.

Nor are we going to say that we censure the press. For the first object with a journal is *success*. To succeed, it must have a policy most agreeable to the men who have the most money. The laborers have not the most money; the capitalists and manufacturers have; and we suppose that we are calmly stating a fact that no one can justly dispute, that simply because Capital can give a journal success and Labor cannot, all the journals, save the very few which have been started in the interest of Labor, have persistently represented capital, and as persistently misrepresented labor. We have noticed this for years. It was because of the brutal jeers and the heartless indifference with which the secular and religious press alike treated this subject, that our personal interest in it became intensified. We do not say that we blame the press: for, when a journal is started to live, and cannot live without a circulation, how can it be blamed for taking the only course which will secure it a circulation? Who blames the professional gambler for gambling, when if he did not gamble he could not live? We only show the reason why labor does not get a hearing.

These are some of the obstacles; but they are not insurmountable. There are hopeful indications. The capitalists have been helping the laborers to an audience they could not alone secure. We are not going to denounce the manufacturers; our personal friends among this class are gentlemen of honorable impulses and excellent intentions; we do not personally know that the entire class are not men of this character; in the worst that they do, they are but the victims of a vicious system. But it is a fact that the despotic exactions of the mill-owners of Fall River, this autumn, have done more than a dozen strikes could do, to arrest public attention and inform public sentiment. The press gave us the first indications of this. A few of the most "respectable" journals threw off their chains for a moment, and showed the world that beneath the thick mercenary incrustations of a sordid age there still burned some impulses of a manly heart. The only fear for them is, that now that "order reigns in Warsaw," they may restore the padlock to its accustomed duty.

But though the volcano may be momentarily quiet, it is still beneath us. Fall River has by no means obliterated Lancashire. When you require of human beings a servitude against which all their best instincts rebel, the apparent submission which necessity compels cannot be final. You cannot bind a man by an outward assent to conditions which violate his sense of honor. Again the flames may burst out; and again the State militia may be sent in hot haste to overawe starvation in a manufacturing city! But where will all this end?

It becomes the vital question of the hour: Can society afford to tolerate the conditions which debase and brutalize a large portion of its members? The history of society, from the days of the Gracchi until now, is a continuous line of evidence that all the wealth and culture and intelligence which it may boast at one extreme, cannot preserve it against poverty and ignorance, maddened by a sense of wrong, at the other.

It is in the interest of the human race itself, and not of one portion of it only, that we ask that Labor shall have a hearing.

We do not claim that full redemption can be secured in a moment. The errors which are hurrying us toward anarchy have had too long a reign to be discredited at once. But the work can be at once begun. The current public sentiment must be enlightened. The false maxims in which we have attempted to rear the structure of material prosperity must be disowned and discarded. We began the discussion of this subject by exposing some of the pretensions of the accepted school of political economy. Will those who cling to these pretensions undertake to defend them? We challenge the press which so flippantly flaunts the flag of Supply and Demand, to show that it is in any sense a symbol of practical wisdom. We denounce it as an infernal fallacy. We know well enough that its advocates have no motive for discussing it. It has got a position. It has taken certain possession of the public mind. The mere repetition of the phrase is as powerful an argument as that of "Cursed be Canaan" was in the days of the "patriarchal institution." Those who believe in it have nothing to gain but everything to lose by discussion; and discussion they will therefore avoid. It is possible, of course, for a man to act the part of a sneak, without suspecting his baseness; but it is to be presumed that no one who wishes to preserve his self-respect will habitually urge a dogma that he does not attempt to vindicate.

Cliques.

It cannot have escaped observation, although it may not have produced proper comment, that there is to every organization an inner circle of managers. To this circle was once given the designation of *clique*; latterly it has been more fashionable to call it a *ring*. But we prefer the full naturalization of the French term, because it is more expressive, and we have other uses and a better sense in which to employ the word ring. In every political party there is, as no one doubts, a small clique who manage everything; who decide for it what its policy shall be, and run its machinery. But the members of the clique are not prominent before the public, as they find they can work more effectually by keeping themselves in the background. In religious denominations, the persons who compose the clique hold more public positions; they fill all the denominational offices; they are prominent in all the public meetings. In all liberal and reform organizations, where, if anywhere, we might expect a better condition of things, we discern the same vice of *cliquism*,—if we may be permitted to give currency to such a noun. Look at the Woman Suffrage platform, and year after year the same person reads the resolutions, and the same persons make the speeches, with almost uninterrupted monotony. The same unvarying spectacle is presented by the Free Religious platform, and by the platforms of the various Labor Reform organizations. At long intervals, in each of these organizations, on each of these platforms, we are startled by the sound of a new voice; but this confirms, instead of dissipating, the impression that the control is in the hands of a clique; because the new introduction is so evidently the work of one.

The conditions on which a new recruit is admitted to the charmed circle differ, of course, in the various organizations. In a religious body, there are always certain measures, or a special policy, on which the prosperity and enlargement of the denomination is supposed to depend; the reigning clique, at least, believe the measures or the policy to be fundamental; and the support of these is an essential qualification to admission, except in the case of a man who is in opposition, and whom it is thought best to buy up by giving him a seat in council. On the reform platforms, the gates are closed, sometimes on a point of policy, but more frequently on a point of taste. "Now," says the guardian of the respectability of the platform, himself already an outcast from other circles of respectability, "let us admit no one who will discredit us with the public." The idiotic fastidiousness! as if they were not at that moment discredited with the public.

The clique spirit is born with the organization it rules. It is generated by the essential forces of an

organization. Each church and religious body is essentially exclusive; it always finds somebody not good enough or not sound enough to belong to it. In all churches there has always been as much noise, and more fighting, over turning some one out, than in taking some one in. We do not know of an organization in existence which does not enact some provision to keep somebody out of it. A perfectly inclusive association is something the world has never seen.

We have not recounted these facts in a mere spirit of criticism. They touch the most vital problems of social science. We might urge, indeed, that cliquism retards the progress of every movement to which it has fastened itself; but our disgust for it goes deeper than that. It poisons all the sources of our social life; it strikes at the very foundation of society. The grounds of this indictment cannot be stated now, without making this article too long; at another time we will endeavor to show what the race suffers from this cause.

Art Education.

THE article on this subject in this number will secure the attention of all our readers. We entirely sympathize with the writer in failing to see the best argument for such education in the advantages our industrial pursuits will gain from it. Yet this is one of the examples of the aid that a higher human development has received from mercenary considerations. It was no doubt because we had in this State so many departments of manufacture requiring skill in designing and drawing, that the study of drawing was first introduced into our schools. But that which has its inception in a lower purpose will often effectively serve a higher.

Now that we have made a good basis for it, may we not hope that sometime artists will evolve in all forms of art a truer conception. We understand already that art should be *ideal*; when shall we make the needed discovery that it should not be *false*? We call it false art, when in idealizing for us a charming country scene, the painter, as he now almost invariably does, places the imaginative driver on the wrong side of his poetic ox-team; or, picturing Maud Muller to the enraptured eye, in right attitude and with rake in hand, makes it appear that she is condemned to the dreary task of raking hay where no hay is to be found. We call it false art, when an architect plans a costly and imposing structure for religious worship, and adorns it, outside and inside, with elaborate and beautiful designs, to construct the audience-room, with spiteful ingenuity or worse stupidity, in a way to make a clear sound of the human voice impossible. We shall hail improvements in these forms of art not less than in those which will give us more elegant designs in calico.

Thanksgiving Day.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that there is an element of special moral interest in Thanksgiving day. Its great value consists in the fact that it has served to reveal some of the inherent and finer qualities of human nature. While we have been outgrowing the peculiar feeling and purpose in which the observance of the day originated, we have seen that it has been increasing in popular regard, and spreading its feasts in new territory. The spirit in which it was at first set apart could never have secured for it the wide observance which we now witness. In obedience to certain theological doctrines, and as the act of a dogmatic faith, our fathers gave us a day of thanksgiving and praise; but it has been entirely lifted out of its original limitations, and specially consecrated to the Household Deities. The affections which constitute the dearest charm of home—a charm for which there is in this life no substitute—feed the flame that burns upon its altar. All those nameless and sacred things, which are never audibly rehearsed because they find expression in a subtler and more impressive language,—the sweet recollections of childhood, the bright dreams of life's sunny morning, the richer treasures which memory and imagination pour in later years into our hearts—it is because of these experiences that the Thanksgiving board annually summons the wanderers to gather beneath the old roof-tree. The ineradicable social instincts have triumphed over techni-

cal religious impressions. Our thanksgiving now is not prompted by the fear that a jealous God will withhold next year's harvest if we fail to show outward gratitude for the bounties of this, but is the spontaneous incense of that purer devotion which springs from the holiest affections of our nature. The day may be kept with less of the nominally religious forms that our fathers were assiduous to put into it; but the spirit of it is religious in a higher and truer sense than these forms could possibly embody or express.

The Treatment of Criminals.

WE know not how many years it is since a Prison Discipline Society was organized in this State; but the manner in which we shall deal with criminals has been talked over in limited circles for many years. As yet the subject has not enlisted enough of earnest thought to devise new methods, or change the basis of the old system of prison management. And the prevailing feeling is that a man once a criminal must be a criminal for life.

Meanwhile, crime is increasing fearfully. We are startled almost daily by deeds of violence in horrid and brutal forms. It is not surprising that a whole community, shocked by a new act of fiendish cruelty, should give way to a spasm of fear and vindictiveness, and feel for a moment that no one was safe; but even in such moment it is not enough to see how speedily the culprit can be detected and punished. The first and almost the only thought is punishment! punishment! And while society has done nothing but to punish, crime continues, and grows more bold and more cruel. Now it seems to impeach our intelligence, that, after having every feeling shocked so often by some great crime, we do not attempt to discover the methods by which crime may be prevented. It is still sadly true that the best Christian spirit of this age is more eager to punish than to reform!

What could be more direct and practical, in the way of diminishing crime, than to make reformation, more than punishment, the object in the imprisonment of persons convicted of crime? Imprisonment merely as a punishment having failed so signally, why not try another theory? Society has shown no disposition to adopt such a method, but a few enthusiastic souls have attempted what personal influence could do to lift the convict to a sense of manhood. It seems to be the most unpromising task that ever tested an unselfish devotion to a benevolent object. Yet it seems to inspire a wonderful enthusiasm. The article we published two weeks ago, on *Prison Reform*, by Mrs. M. S. Wetmore, attracted much attention. We give a passage from one of her letters, not written for publication, as a glimpse of a worthy and devoted spirit:—

If able to labor publicly, I should not throw what little strength I now do into prisons, but instead would give my entire energies toward that reformation of society by which prisons might be wiped from the land. I can see a greater work than prison reform; but while not competent to do it, I do instead, or endeavor to do, the little good I can, amongst a class of men who have little sympathy from society, and still less love, to cheer them through their dismal years of confinement in prison. I do not even pretend to be a prison reformer. I wish I could be one; I would re-form the prisons of to-day into hospitals, or homes, where our morally sick men could have the treatment they need. If people could be found willing to sacrifice something of pleasure, or rather, *make it a pleasure*, to nurse or educate these men into a condition where they could realize their own needs, it might be done. Very little reform can be looked for under present conditions; too little is thought of the matter. Men are called villains when they are simply villainously diseased; and while society is in a condition which necessarily breeds moral depravity, how can we look for improvement? The axe must be laid at the root of the evil before much good can be wrought.

Sympathetically I was led to write to my first correspondent in prison, nearly seven years ago, and from that has sprung a correspondence almost beyond my strength to manage; but while I feel this need of sympathy, love, and the strength which an earnest soul can send out in words, I cannot stay my pen. For, knowing as I do two fine young men, aye, three, now out in the world, who give to me the credit for all that they are, I feel that my efforts have indeed been rewarded; and I am stimulated by these examples to press on, giving to these men who have none to advise, such advice and counsel as my best judgment dictates; trusting that the great desire of my soul to help them may tend to develop me into a purer moral atmosphere, from whence I can send out a love such as is needed to quicken them into newer life, and encourage them to be willing to suffer *much* in order to accomplish even a *little*.

Special Topics.

Letters from John Parker. No. 1.

LITTLETON, S. C., Nov. 2, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—Some portions of your number one have come under my notice, and I want to see the rest of it. It came to me in a singular way. My eldest daughter returned home yesterday from a summer's sojourn in Springfield in your State, and, in a corner of her trunk, wrapped about a conglomeration of grape jam and broken glass, she had brought—and brought to grief—a copy of THE NEW AGE.

It illustrates my theory. I have always maintained that a woman is no packer. I have been amazed and amused in seeing what clumsy work may be done on a parcel at the counter by delicate and accustomed fingers. Henceforth I shall cite in maintenance of my theory against certain members of my family, the good woman who, with surreptitious generosity and womanly incapacity, concealed in the trunk of her summer visitor that bottle of jam, with no other protection against the ubiquitous baggage-smasher than might be afforded by THE NEW AGE. Your paper hadn't stuff enough in it, Mr. Editor, to serve the uses to which it had been applied. It came out dripping from the wrecks of matter and the crush of feminine artillery.

I make it a point to read everything that comes to me from Massachusetts; for I came from there myself, and have confidence in the products of that State, literary and other. I took the unsightly mass of literature and jam from my daughter's recoiling thumb and finger, and, escaping from the mild ululation of a family bent in grief over the melancholy remnants of a ruined wardrobe, I unfolded the paper upon the grass, and stretched myself beside it in eager examination. I found that it contained "the two noblest things, which are sweetness and light." But, alas, the sweetness too much obscured the light! The paper was so *be-jamwed* that only a portion of its superficial contents could be seen; and the contents of that portion appeared to be by no means superficial, if you will pardon me for saying so much.

After a while my daughter came out and broke in upon my investigation with a feminine inquiry:—

"Well, father, what is it?"

"What is it? Oh, you mean this paper. As I make it out, it is THE NEW AGE."

"Well," said that heartless girl, "I can tell you what THE NEW AGE is, without getting jam all over my nose as you have."

"Can you, my dear?"

"To be sure I can. THE NEW AGE, to judge by its looks, must be about *sweet sixteen*."

Returning to my work, I found in some clear spaces the signs of your zodiac. You propose a "Congress" for discussion of topics that are of general interest,—and you delicately intimate that you will not reject a reasonable contribution from a contributor unknown to fame. Those constellations beckon me; for I am fond of discussion, and am a man without reputation. If, upon reading this, you offer me the slightest encouragement, I think I shall venture to send you, from time to time, a "small drop of ink." I am assured in a conviction, frequently overhauled and reaffirmed, that I have no thirst—no, not the slightest—"for the martyrdom of fame;" and yet, somehow, the thought, the pleasing thought, that I may at last see myself in print, excites me! What then is the attraction, the merest glimpse of which, while yet afar, thrills me with delightful expectancy? Alas, alas, after all my inward protestations, I blush to find it—fame!

Would that in earlier days I could have foreseen this opportunity for the obscure!

If you should happen to infer that I am going to subscribe for your paper, you would infer correctly. Please find enclosed the proper honorarium, and mark me for your own. I shall receive with cordial interest a clean copy of your first number, and, when I shall have sufficiently perused it, shall pass it around among the members of THE CLUB. I have no doubt that some of them will join me on the subscription list. Not that they will *need* it, or take it wholly for their own gratification; one copy or two would suffice for the reading of THE CLUB. But, if I am not mistaken in them, your heroic venture will remind

them not so much of what *they* need, as of what you and your cause may need. They will wish to help, according to their mite of a subscription, an enterprise undertaken, as yours appears to be, to promote an impartial investigation of the leading problems of the day. It is the very work to which THE CLUB devotes itself at its weekly meetings. A paper without a party should find ready support among the unpartizan lovers of light. A paper without an *ism* should be sustained by cosmopolitanism.

I apprehend that THE NEW AGE will not make you rich, Mr. Editor; on the contrary I fear it will make you poor, unless you have a very long purse to empty into it. Meanwhile, I take pleasure in sending you my little contribution and such encouragement to your enterprise as you may be able to find in the cordial sympathy of an obscure person.

JOHN PARKER.

Individualism.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

THE sovereignty of the individual, or individualism, as it is sometimes called, signifies very different things to different people. No less a man than Mr. David A. Wasson makes it mean the denial of all human relations, and a sort of going off by one's self into some corner of the world to pout. There are others to whom it means the refusal to pay a poll-tax and a general fault-finding with everything and everybody. With all due respect to these friends in their honest opinions, we think there is a more philosophical position to take; and that, when rationally understood, one of the first duties of society is to secure this sovereignty of the individual.

The great end of life is to develop manhood. Manhood, in its best sense, is a quality or rather the result of a combination of qualities, which one feels when he strikes it. You can walk about almost unconsciously among stomachs, arms, and legs, but when you run across a *man*, you feel, as Emerson expresses it, that here is one who was appointed by Almighty God to stand for a fact. He thinks, speaks, acts for himself. There is no custom so old, no party so strong, no book so sacred, but it has to go before the tribunal of his reason and conscience, and there stand or fall on its own merits. He feels the divine worth of his own best self. He is self-respecting and respected because, whatever his beliefs, he stands on the moral law, subdues his animal to his spiritual nature, and accepts the highest virtue as his life's ideal. All this makes him strong in himself. It makes him feel and say, I am above these mean tricks, these petty conformities, this everlasting underrating of human nature. I am, in a very high and true sense, my own guide, benefactor, redeemer. That is individualism. Let no man suppose it results in selfishness. The man who is selfish, wrapt within himself, always chasing the gold dollar, does not know what this sovereignty of the individual is. His spirit life has not yet subdued his animal life, and there can be no sovereignty of the individual until the individual is sovereign over himself. The moment a man becomes his own redeemer, he begins to feel himself a redeemer of men. Individualism is therefore the instigator of all true reform. The more one realizes his own worth, the more will he desire to raise others to his own level.

The men who have done the most for the truth in all time have been the most individual. It is easy enough to follow with unquestioning confidence the crowd, to mingle in refined and æsthetic society, to worship in the popular church, to vote the regular party ticket; but it is the men who stand up and are counted who move the world. Martin Luther, with his "I cannot otherwise, God help me!" Garrison, with his "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" John Brown, in the face of the scaffold, with his "I have done no wrong, but right!"—who shall say how much such men in such sublime hours count for physical, mental, and moral freedom? For what did they stand, for what do all such stand, if not for the sovereignty of the individual? And so must it ever be. In the midst of a social and industrial system which favors at every point the cunning which grasps and the avarice which hoards gold, we are each and all summoned to maintain our moral integrity. The chains of slavery may clank around our spirits as they once clanked about

our brothers' limbs, the pulpit may close its doors upon us, the world may refuse us a place in which to do the work we feel God-commissioned to do, and we may find ourselves, as many a man and woman has, the subject of a selfish and merciless aristocracy,—then if there be in us the stuff of which martyrs are made, we shall stand for the truth we see, be counted for the life of virtue we strive to live, and welcome to our heart, of hearts all the discredited angels which come knocking at its doors. Thus we shall attain the highest sovereignty of the individual, and do our part for "the fair humanities."

Spiritualism.

The New Proof in Spiritualism Examined.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

THERE are some particulars connected with the recent experiments in obtaining paraffine moulds of so-called spirit-hands, to which I wish to call attention.

In the first place, they have been reported with great care, as affording some certain evidence of spirit-presence at the seances where these moulds are obtained. This claim is based on the assumption that the paraffine, when once fixed upon the hand and wrist, is inflexible, and therefore that the human hand, being larger than the wrist, cannot be withdrawn without breaking the mould. But the assumption is an entirely false one, as the reader may most readily convince himself by trying the experiment. Of course paraffine, when *cold*, is brittle; but when slightly warmed, it is, like wax, susceptible of extension and contraction almost at the will of the operator. With such material for moulds, of how much value are the careful measurements recorded by the writers on this subject? If with a little effort you can produce a mould much larger than the hand upon which it was formed, and again with a little effort, after its removal from the hand, can reduce it to less than the size of that hand, without leaving any evidence of the manipulations which produced the change, of how much value are your measurements as tests? I am not supposing anything difficult of proof. The only thing needful is a little knowledge of the material, and a little skill in its manipulation.

"But," it will be urged, "the medium has no opportunity of reaching the paraffine, much less of effecting such manipulations." This may be all very true at the time of the sitting; but what is to prevent any dishonest person from manufacturing these moulds at leisure, concealing them about the person, and, when the proper moment arrives, depositing them in the proper place? Of course I make no charge that this is done; but what *assurance* have we, save our knowledge of the character of the individual operating, that such is not the case? None whatever. These moulds, however thin, are not, when warmed, the very fragile things which the writers on this subject have evidently supposed, or that their appearance, when cold, indicates. They might be warm next the person for an indefinite length of time without injury; the heat of the body preventing them from becoming brittle. Again, it is claimed that the heat of the water used for floating the melted paraffine precludes the possibility of its being the work of the medium. Nothing is more easy than for any one to satisfy himself, if he desires, that this claim has no foundation in fact. So far is this from being the case, that, provided it is quickly done, the mould may be taken while the liquefied paraffine floats on the surface of *boiling* water, and that without the operator experiencing any inconvenience from the heat. Of course the hand must not be allowed to come in contact with the water, but the paraffine quickly attaches itself to the colder hand, and acts as a protecting glove against the heat of the boiling water around it. All these experiments, if I may dignify them by this term, I have myself tried within the past few days, and know whereof I affirm.

I do not offer this testimony as any proof that spirits, *if such beings exist*, cannot or do not make these moulds as claimed; but only to show that an argument, based upon the assumption that these moulds *could not* be manufactured by the medium, or by mortals, is wholly valueless. I believe in the fullest investigation of all questions pertaining to the interests of the race.

Meetings.

Convention of the Free Religious Association.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION held a Convention at Worcester, on the 16th and 17th of November. The attendance during the day was not large, but the audiences were thoughtful and interested; at the evening sessions the audiences were large. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the President of the Association, opened the Convention on Tuesday evening, with an address on *The Aims of the Free Religious Movement*; of which we give a few extracts:—

The real occasion of the existence of the Association was the infidelity of the Unitarians to their principles. Unitarianism announced as its watchword free thought in religion; the independence of the human mind. It is easy to make such a declaration as this. The difficulty comes in adhering to it when a darling belief is attacked. Then reason is given up. Thus reason asked questions and raised doubts which made Unitarians unwilling to follow reason. We seceded; not, however, to set up another sect, to make another division, but to become more inclusive. In order to define religion, it was necessary to make a definition which would include, not only Christians, but those who are not Christians at all. We had to include among religious men people who said, "We do not believe in a personal God or individual immortality," if they were really believers. All we assume is that the person who joins us desires to be classified among religious people. Here, then, was the necessity of a definition of religion. Religion, says Mr. Abbot, consists in the effort to perfect oneself. Religion, says another thinker among us, is the consciousness of the relation between the individual and the universe. Religion, says Mr. Samuel Johnson, is a consciousness of the relation between the finite and the perfect mind. All these definitions are more inclusive than any of the existing definitions. In England, religion is the established church. In France it is the Roman Catholic church. America gives us these larger definitions. Now we have come to the idea of the universal religion. We should see a sinking of the level of human character and virtue if we had not religion, but only science and philosophy; so I claim to be religious. We are not bound to lay aside religion, and only work for the physical well-being of men. A critic says, "You have abandoned the Christian tradition." Christian tradition, I say, speaking, of course, only for myself only, is spent. A more serious charge is made against us, namely, that we lack in moral earnestness. This imputation hurts, for if this is true we are humbugs, hypocrites. Is Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of our vice presidents, deficient in moral earnestness? Does Mr. Higginson show such a lack when he gives time that means money, thought, and endeavor, to the cause of woman suffrage? Does Sidney Morse lack moral earnestness, a man who worked for the *Radical* till he wore his shoes out, and came to feed on a crust of bread; who worked until the cause was hopeless, and then shed tears because it was so? How was it with Gerritt Smith, an officer of this Association? How is it with our fellow-worker, William Lloyd Garrison? Moral earnestness may be devoted to much higher work than it is ordinarily engaged in. A man may be morally earnest without being a worker for prohibition, or engaged in politics.

The movement for a religious amendment of the Constitution, is a logical and inevitable effect of Orthodox Christianity. It claims as a divine institution to go everywhere and include everything. The only ground on which to meet this is to show that religion is universal, and not a thing of sects, but of aspiration and life. The point of all I have said is simply this: We address ourselves to you as earnest, practical men, believing we have in our idea the seeds of social regeneration. We are not the enemy of any church. If only you lift up your souls, God bless you. But let your belief be as pure as it can be, still you may not intrude it on your neighbor.

At the morning session of Wednesday, David H. Clark, of Florence, read an essay entitled, *Is it to be Peace or War in Religion?* He said that progress is always attended with conflict. Free Religion is a recognition of this fact. Its very existence implies dissatisfaction with what exists, and it can fulfil its mission only by pointing out what it discards as falsehood and error, by clear and open aggression. The idea has been advanced that these falsehoods and errors exist no longer, that the old forms have so slight a hold upon and influence with the people that they need little attention. It is claimed that the time has come to cease the conflict, to become reconciled; but if we look at the churches, we see something that needs attention. The Roman Catholic church is to-day what it ever has been. Its aim is now, and ever has been, an increase of power, not merely spiritual, but temporal and political. It desires to see the whole world subdued to itself, and to accomplish this has not hesitated at any treachery, trickery, artifice, or device, or the commission of any crime, when its prospects of success could be advanced. Among Protestants to-day it is the common presumption that Protestantism will some day absorb Catholicism; but indications fail to substantiate this, and point the other way, as Catholic churches and converts are constantly increasing in number. In this country as well as others appear signs of an impending storm between ecclesiastical and political power. Here we see the Roman Catholic church endeavoring by an alliance with political parties to control them. We see a growing boldness in their attacks upon our school system, and a determination to secure a portion of the State appropriations for schools. These are perils which beset the civilization of to-day, and appear as something more than trivial or insignificant. Traditional Chris-

tianity, which so largely constitutes the Christianity of the present day, is a drag upon civilization, and is at war with the most advanced intelligence of the day. Its encroachments upon the liberties of citizens and of the State are to be combatted, and interference warned off by education, and the Church and State kept separate.

He was followed by Rev. Edwin S. Elder, of Lexington, who said, that this policy of the Roman church was a policy which had been pursued from the beginning, and never with more energy than to-day. This principle of authority is based upon a want of faith in man. The denial of this faith in man has necessitated a faith in something else. This has led to the principle which underlies the Catholic and Protestant churches, namely, the want of faith in humanity. This authority amounts to nothing, until it is declared infallible. Hence its persistent attempt to control schools. The remedy for this is to be found in the exact opposite of this principle—faith in humanity. The Unitarian movement of seventy-five years ago was a great movement in the right direction. It started upon the principle of this faith in man. The speaker thought that the word evolution represented all growth in religion. He recognized the struggle in which they were engaged, but did not fear war.

William C. Gannett, of Boston, could not fully agree with the essayist in relation to Protestantism, claiming that it had been productive of free thought and free religion, while Catholicism had done its utmost to suppress both. He said there were three plains on which the war in religion can be carried on: the plain of discussion, the plain of politics, and the plain of the battle field. He did not think it would ever reach the battle field.

At the afternoon session, the subject of *The Secularization of the State as it refers to the Public Schools*, was opened by Francis E. Abbot, of *The Index*; who gave the following view of the state of affairs in this country to-day:—On one hand is the Catholic party; on the other hand is the Protestant church; and then we have the liberal and outside party. The Catholics are compactly organized, with a recognized head, with an army of bishops and priests to carry out their work. The Protestants are slowly coming together and organizing for a bold and decided stand. The Liberals have no organization, but rely on the purity of their motives, and appeal to reason for support. The Catholics have a far-reaching purpose to accomplish, and it is to gain control of the Government, and establish the Pope as the ruler of this nation, civilly as well as spiritually—in a word, to make their church supreme; and that is the reason they so persistently attack our public school system. They seek with all their power to govern us. We have got to meet this purpose, and prepare to resist this power, if we wish liberty either for our souls or persons. If the church of Rome insists on its positions, an irrepressible conflict is at hand, and it is for you to decide whether they shall accomplish their purpose. Are you prepared to defend yourselves? Will you yield to their demands? Will Rome yield? History answers the question for her, and the issue that we predict cannot be far off. They ask for our peaceful submission to their rule; and should we submit, the last vestige of liberty in this country will be forever blotted out.

The Protestants in this conflict are at work in their way, and they claim that their religion should be established in the State, and wish to make it the law of the land. They insist upon the Bible in the public schools, the observance of the Sabbath, and all of their other notions which will make the State a part of their government; and if they succeed, it is only a question as to which church is to rule, the Protestant or the Catholic. Now we deny the right of either party to insist upon the submission of the Liberals to their dictation in regard to conscience. The atheists, the theists, Jews, and outsiders generally, refuse to yield to the inconsistent course of both the other parties. We do not care to recognize the Bible as the only book of worth. We do not wish to see the Sabbath laws forced on us, and churches allowed to escape taxation. The battle ground seems to be in the public schools, and there is where we must be prepared to meet the enemy. The Protestants are in earnest in this matter. They think they are right, and will shed their blood to defend what they hold so dearly to their hearts. The Catholics are equally in earnest, and prepared to defend their principles. The Liberals are equally in earnest with each of the other two elements, and there is where we stand to-day. This question is at the bottom of our very existence, and it is by education that we are to see our way out of the crisis which is at hand.

Dr. Bartol did not believe the Catholics would care to carry their point so far as Mr. Abbot had presented. They would yield at last, and no trouble need be anticipated. He believed in an inner, upper, higher power, which is religion in its truest sense, and every man is conscious of its presence. The Protestants and Catholics have certain forms and symbols which they claim as necessary to their religion, but that does not make it so. Certain inevitable laws exist, and it matters not what name we call them. The education of our children in schools, private or public, should be such as to teach them that there is a power which, though it cannot be seen or felt, exists. We want religion in its highest and truest sense.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney said the Free Religious ground was not covered until a place was reached where all men could meet in common on religious matters. Through Free Religion we expect to see the various points now at issue between creeds amicably settled before the close of the nineteenth century. The speaker wanted ground maintained where the various religions and beliefs of all the nations of the earth could meet on equality. She wished to have all religious instruction debarred from the public schools, leaving it to the Sunday-school and the church. She wanted no distinctions made that would exclude teachers from schools because they conscientiously decline to read the

Bible or make a prayer in school. Her experience in the Freedmen's schools was that the liberal teachers were the most successful, and the light of their characters were shed so buoyantly over the poor scholars in their charge, that the pupils were lifted up to a higher level of morality and usefulness.

The Convention closed on Wednesday evening, by an essay on *The Work of Religion*, by John Weiss, which some of the Worcester papers speak of as giving general satisfaction, and being the best one read during the meetings. The Convention was highly successful and useful.

Communications.

A Complaint and Protest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—When the suffragists of Massachusetts cannot gain access to their own organ, the *Woman's Journal*, is it presumption to expect that the more conservative press, less pretentious in the direction of reform, will open their columns, if not in the interest of this reform, at least in that of fair play? In the *Woman's Journal* of Nov. 13, you will find an article headed, *Dissatisfied Friends*, with brief extracts from articles by Hulda B. Loud and George H. Vibbert. Mr. Vibbert can speak for himself; but my complaint is this:—On the 26th of October I sent to the *Journal* an article protesting against the action, or rather inaction, of the late convention of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, against the seeming indorsement of Mr. Rice, and in favor of the nomination of a life-long advocate, not only of woman's rights, but of *human rights*, Wendell Phillips. My absence from the State, and ignorance of the meeting of the convention, account for the lateness of the protest. As the article did not appear the next or the following week, I called at the office of the *Journal*, and learned that it "would not appear in its columns;" and came away not at all satisfied with the spirit that seemed to control its managers. But what was my surprise to find extracts from the *rejected* article in the *Journal* of Nov. 13! I thought that outside pressure may compel a man to do what he would not do of his own accord.

Mr. Blackwell, "speaking for the suffragists,"—so says the daily press—claims that the Woman Suffragists elected A. H. Rice Governor of Massachusetts; a claim without a title-deed; a public protest against which, signed by every earnest suffragist in the State, we hope, will appear in due time. We cannot afford to be longer misrepresented by the managers of the *Woman's Journal*. George William Curtis, a prominent Republican, tells us that the occasional declarations in Republican platforms mean nothing. "It is simply a polite bow." There are some suffragists in the State sufficiently sensible to see it; and after being once deceived, do not propose to listen again to honeyed assurances from the same quarter. When canvassing the western part of the State, three years ago, for the election of Grant, I was told by delegates to the Republican Convention, who were present and listened to the reading of the resolutions, that they knew nothing of a Woman Suffrage plank in the platform; and my eyes were opened to the hollowness of party professions. And "Put not your faith in princes," to me then read, "Put not your faith in politicians." Mr. Blackwell's admonition to the Republican officials sounds to me very much like the threat of a little boy who had been struck three or four times, "If you do that a dozen times more, I will strike back." He assures us that Mr. Rice "will not veto a Suffrage bill." Undoubtedly not, as such a bill will probably never reach him. No man commends himself to me by simply negative virtues. Positive vices are more easily met. HULDA B. LOUD.

Sub-Letting.

THE interest in the work of the Lord under Moody and Sankey, reminds an old gentleman of a queer incident which occurred at a Quaker meeting several years ago. A very practical woman closed her short address upon the duty of every one to take special care of their own personal reformation, by saying, "Now let every one go home and mend one." Whereupon a sister who had carefully listened to the testimony, spoke out in meeting and declared she would "go home and mend Conner" (her husband). So far as we have looked at the matter of this fresh attempt at revival, people seem quite anxious that other folks should be saved, and are hoping that Conner will mend.

B.

Scintillations.

THE fellow, who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that it "costs money, hair does."

IF the ladies of the period are as just as they are beautiful, they will contribute something toward a monument for King Canute. He was the person who originally ordered the tide back.

A WESTERN paper has this personal item: "Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson, of this place, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

THE other evening a traveller endeavored to walk into the Washington Hotel, temporarily closed for repairs, but was unable to effect an entrance. "That house is closed, mister," said a pedestrian, as he passed along. The traveller banged away on the door, and the pedestrian called out, "You, there, that house is closed!" The traveller twisted away at the knob, and once more the pedestrian called out, "I say, that house is closed!" "Don't you suppose I know it," roared the traveller; "what I'm trying to do is to open it!"—*Vicksburg Herald*.

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THE NEW AGE.

It may justly be demanded of the periodical press that, in addition to the publication of news, it shall strive to aid in stimulating and diffusing the wisest and broadest thought upon all matters relating to human interests. This service a journal is incapable of rendering, unless its views and opinions are based upon intelligence, and inspired by sincerity and independence. Ordinary journalism is strikingly unsatisfactory, and signally unsuccessful in performing such a service, because of its deficiency in these respects. Well-nigh every periodical now published is an organ of some special interest, or the mere echo of popular sentiment. In most cases, a paper is established only to advocate some sect in religion, some party in politics, some particular ethical, social, or financial theory; and, as a natural and inevitable consequence, all its utterances are fatally damaged by subservience to the actual or imagined interests of the sect, party, or theory it is committed to defend. Opinions the most serviceable to humanity it is impossible to obtain, and folly to expect, under such conditions.

With the purpose of putting in circulation a journal devoted to the highest function of the press, it is proposed to establish THE NEW AGE; which, being the organ of no sect or party, nor the mouthpiece of any special religious, political, or social movement, shall aim at the most comprehensive view of man's true interests in all departments of thought and action. This generation is asked to consider the questions involved in

Free Religion, Labor Reform, Emancipation of Woman, Spiritualism, Materialism, and Temperance,

besides all the theories of

Political Economy and Government,

embraced in current political discussion. In addition to these, the

Relation between Church and State,

the complete

Secularization of our Common School System,

and the whole subject of EDUCATION in every one of its phases,—all these are matters which more and more are challenging the serious and earnest consideration of our American people. That the perfection of society could be achieved by the success of any one of these Reforms, it obviously would be absurd to claim; yet often each is urged as if it alone held the destinies of mankind. THE NEW AGE, believing that the fair humanities go in groups, that the race must advance abreast, and that the method which is to ennoble human life and perfect the condition of society must be more comprehensive than that suggested by any partial reform, will labor to co-ordinate all the reforms, and to combine in one view every element of progress.

Already we have seen the disastrous effect of attempting to separate inseparable things. Up to this time, it has been held, in the Church, that religion is one thing and righteousness another; in politics, that success is one thing and integrity another; in business, that capital is one thing and labor another; in life, that society is one thing and brotherhood another. The logical result of this insane discrimination is that righteousness is sacrificed to religious observance, public integrity immolated on the altar of party success, labor enslaved in the service of capital, and humanity smothered in artificial social distinctions. It will be the steadfast purpose of THE NEW AGE to check all these evils, by striving to make it more clear that religion and goodness, purity and politics, labor and capital, brotherhood and society, are one and inseparable; that they must not and cannot be sundered.

The columns of THE NEW AGE will be open to all the serious forms of thought and all the earnest voices of the present time, which shall seek fitting and proper expression. In its own utterances it will always put more emphasis upon principles than names, upon spirit and aim than methods and appliances. Whatever of essential worth it may discover in any institution, in any organization or system, it will recognize and commend; but any iniquity therein harbored it will point out and scourge without fear or favor. The prejudices of no human being, the vested interests or organized selfishness of no body of men, will ever be permitted consciously to modify or cloud its opinions, or dictate its utterances. Its purpose to look around the whole horizon of humanity's aspirations and efforts, and to utter the freest and most advanced thought upon all subjects pertaining to human welfare, will constitute its strongest right to exist. Recognizing as ever operative in the history of the race the two elements of conservatism and progress, THE NEW AGE will endeavor to take wise advantage of both; and while it will never hesitate to aid in the work of destruction, while destruction shall seem to be in order, it will especially rejoice to build for the future upon the durable foundations afforded by the past. Desirous to preserve the good, it always will be seeking the better.

With the undoubting consciousness that there is a yet unoccupied place in journalism to fill, THE NEW AGE has only to prove its ability to occupy it to make its permanent existence assured. It but asks of the public the opportunity to make this proof.

Each of its articles will be expected to stand on its own merits. In providing contributions to its columns, no deference will be given to mere reputation; since this is not always a just measure of literary ability, or vigor or originality of thought.

TERMS, Three Dollars a Year, with Postage Prepaid.

ADDRESS

J. M. L. BABCOCK, PUBLISHER.

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THE NEW AGE.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

NUMBER 4.

Photographic.

THERE is no doubt that one of the revivals will come this way. The *Christian Register* "advocates" them.

WE notice that one daily paper is trying to throw on the administration the blame of the recent war with Spain, which forced it to use up so much display type in head-lines. We see how it is. "Anything to beat Grant."

CLINTON, in this State, is a thriving manufacturing town, and its material interests do not appear to suffer by the general depression. The Clinton Wire Cloth Company, owing doubtless to the great skill and vigor of its management, is making double the usual quantity of goods. The Lancaster Mills, and the Bigelow Carpet Company, of the same town, are employing their full force, and during the season have been building additions to their mills.

THERE are people fond of discovering an "element of truth," or something else as good, in almost everything. We should like to have them try their hand at the post-office laws, and show us the charming hidden "element." If, in the exercise of that rare generosity for which newspaper publishers are alone distinguished, we wish to give away a copy of THE NEW AGE, the postage on that copy is eight times as much as on one sent to a person who has bought it. This is putting a bounty on stinginess. Is it the prerogative of Congress, we ask in the name of a violated Constitution, to foster immorality?

It shows the existence of a curious taste, or a tasteless curiosity, that the particulars of Henry Wilson's decease are interspersed with discussions regarding the man who will succeed him as acting Vice-President. Would the country be ruined if the topic were postponed twenty-four hours? It is a trifling matter, and in this case is of no special importance. But we have not forgotten a case in which it *did* make some difference. Ten years have not been enough to efface the disgust provoked at the folly of nearly all the orators who "spoke in the funeral" of President Lincoln. With a singular lack of taste and decency, scarcely one of them could finish a eulogy of the martyred President, without a word of praise for his successor. The "funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth" a fulsome feast. They lived, indeed, to be deeply stung by their own words. But the lesson taught by that rebuke is in danger of being forgotten.

WE are in a fair way to be enriched with a library of valuable sermons. We have just received a pamphlet, containing a sermon on *Bread for Nought*, and one on *The Sin of Extravagance*, preached at Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 3d and 10th, by Rev. James DeNormandie, who is an able minister, a high-toned gentleman, and a man of generous feeling. The only extract for which we now have room is this: "Speaking for my own profession, I feel ashamed when I see a minister with as good a salary as his services to the public demand take out his half-fare ticket, while the laboring man in the next seat pays full price." We like the sentiment of that. We have ourselves had the honor of expressing a similar sentiment. The only difference was, that when we took out our half-fare ticket, we felt ashamed that while we were paying a fair equivalent for the service the railroad corporation was doing for us, it compelled the laboring man on the next seat to pay double. But, "speaking for the profession," the above sentence cannot have its full moral weight, when spoken by the wealthy pastor of a wealthy society. At the distance of two thousand years, we still mention, as something that weakens the force of his philosophy, that Seneca moralized on the vanity of wealth in the calm enjoyment of two millions a year. We wonder if Brother DeNormandie ever hesitated to receive a handsome wedding fee, on the ground that it was more than an equivalent for a five-minutes service? Our columns are open.

THE pleasant town of Groton, in this State, has the honor of being the birth-place of Col. William Prescott, of Bunker Hill fame. The 21st of February is the anniversary of his birth, and the ladies of that town are preparing to celebrate with a centennial tea-party. But the town boasts other heroes. The 11th of February is the anniversary of the birth of Capt. Job Shattuck, a day that may be not unworthily celebrated; and all the more as it commemorates one to whom history has been tardy in according merited fame.

COMMUNISM, by the reports and claims of its friends, is making rapid headway in Europe. Herr Bibel, the famous socialist of Leipzig, is reported to have said that Bismarck's course and policy are aiding the spread of Communism, and that in ten years it will be triumphant in Germany. Socialism is said to have made rapid strides in Russia since the abolition of serfdom. We do not know how much reliance is to be placed on these statements, but we know that the world was taken terribly by surprise by the great uprising of 1848.

THE *Council Bluffs Bugle*, we notice, gives one good blast on the relations of labor and capital. It is as good music for Western Iowa as for Massachusetts. But somebody has imposed on it the report that at the late Convention of the Labor Reform League in this city, "dark hints of a revolution and secret military organization were thrown out." This must be an error, at least in two particulars. Such hints, if thrown out at all, could not have been *dark*, but light as air. And being so, they could not be "thrown out" at all, but would dissipate according to known laws.

THERE is just one thing lacking to make us perfectly happy—the time necessary to attend to our correspondence. When the season comes for us to take a vacation, and hand over the paper for a week to Mark Twain, we can give the favors of our friends full attention. We are sorry to say, however, that it is not likely to be for a week or two; for it would not do to take a man out of *The Gilded Age*, and put him into THE NEW AGE, until he can find "millions in it." Meanwhile, our friends may console themselves with reflecting that what is their loss is the "everlasting gain" of the public.

THE country has just passed through another war with Spain. This is a warlike era. In this generation we have had, if we remember correctly, three wars with France, eleven with Great Britain, six with Spain, four with Mexico, and one with each of the South American republics; and, like the one just finished, all on paper. The war was lively while it lasted—although nothing went up but gold and the daily papers. What a fine thing it is to be a daily paper, and be compelled to live on sensations! Which suggests a fine conundrum. Why is a daily paper like jealousy? You give it up, of course. Because it "makes the food it feeds on."

WE trust we shall be pardoned if we again herald the forthcoming translation, by B. R. Tucker, of P. J. Proudhon's *What is Property?* As the proof-sheets continue to come under our eye, we are more and more impressed with the masterly style in which the author discusses his subject. M. Proudhon is not only a thinker, but a scholar; and he brings great wealth of learning as well as ability to his discussion. Moreover, he is often eloquent; he is full of moral earnestness, and the true "ethic glow" streams throughout his sentences. When we least agree with him, we sometimes most admire him,—he is so frank and honest and unevasive. We cannot refrain from quoting here the closing words of his First Memoir: "O God of liberty! God of equality! Thou who didst place in my heart the sentiments of justice before my reason could comprehend it, hear my ardent prayer! Thou hast dictated all that I have written; Thou hast shaped my thought; Thou hast directed my studies; Thou hast weaned my mind from curiosity and my heart from attachment, that I might publish Thy truth to the master and the slave. I have spoken with what force and talent Thou

hast given me: it is Thine to finish the work. Thou knowest whether I seek my welfare or Thy glory, O God of liberty! Ah! perish my memory, and let humanity be free! Let me see from my obscurity the people at last instructed; let noble teachers enlighten them; let generous spirits guide them! Abridge, if possible, the time of our trial; stifle pride and avarice in equality; annihilate this love of glory which enslaves us; teach these poor children that in the bosom of liberty there are neither heroes nor great men! Inspire the powerful man, the rich man, with a horror of his crimes; let him be the first to apply for admission to the re-deemed society; let the promptness of his repentance be the ground of his forgiveness! Then great and small, wise and foolish, rich and poor, will unite in an ineffable fraternity; and, singing in unison a new hymn, will rebuild thy altar, O God of liberty and equality!" This is not the rhapsody of a pietist, but the moral earnestness of a great reformer. *

THE great objection to inflation is that it involves dishonesty, because, by changing the value of the currency, one portion of the people are enriched at the expense of another portion. But how is it about contraction? If a man contracts a debt in dollars worth eighty-seven cents, and by means of the inflation of the currency is enabled to pay the debt in dollars worth eighty cents, then the creditor is robbed. But suppose a debt is contracted in dollars worth eighty-seven cents, and contraction compels its payment in dollars worth one hundred cents; is no one robbed then? "Give us honest money," say the contractionists; but do they propose to secure that boon by any means that do not involve dishonesty? Now we should not wonder if somebody, on reading the above, was simple enough to say we were an inflationist; when in fact all we have done is to hint that the cry of dishonesty which the resumptionists raise can be applied with equal force to their own financial policy. The question is at least so mixed that it is not wise for any man to get red in the face at another who happens to disagree with him.

THE DEATH OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT creates a deep sensation throughout the country, and calls forth here the expressions of grief with which Massachusetts is accustomed to mourn the loss of a favorite public servant. Henry Wilson had been so long in public life, that his departure makes a profound impression. It is one of the commendable impulses of human nature which hastens, when a man dies, to bury his faults and magnify his virtues. But our deceased statesman has not been very vilely calumniated; and, in an hour when the best human sympathies are touched, no bitter remembrances of having vilified him while he lived will be likely to blister the lips of his eulogists in praising him now he is dead. His career is not unworthy of study. The one thing in it for which he will be most remembered was his eminent success as the architect of personal fortunes. No man who ever became in this country distinguished in public life, began life under circumstances quite so forbidding, or filled with more hardship and privation; and no man ever overcame such formidable obstacles more manfully. He will also be remembered as one who was always successful in politics; which is a sign of intellectual power, but which indicates the possession of gifts of a peculiar and somewhat mysterious nature. He will probably be most highly lauded because, during the thirty years and more of his public life, in a period in which the public service was defiled with corruption, no stain rested on his honor, and he died comparatively poor. In the final estimate of his character the colors will mingle. He cultivated the amiable temper, the charitable spirit, the rare self-possession, which in critical periods enable a man to harmonize conflicting interests, and prevent catastrophes which a rash hand might provoke; and his practical wisdom made his services of real value. But he did not reveal that depth of earnest moral conviction which impels a man to encounter obloquy, or arms him to endure defeat, in devotion to an idea.

The Ideal.

TEN-YEAR-OLD POETRY.

THE following verses came to me in a letter from a friend, who writes, "They were written by a little girl ten years old." He adds, "I have not given you her spelling, but the words are all there. I think them mighty fine." That they would adorn "The Young Age," if a periodical so named could be found, I am fully persuaded. That THE NEW AGE will fare well if it fare no worse, is another persuasion of mine. That it will never get anything better from *ten years*, there is no need of words of mine to persuade anybody. S. H. M.

THE SPINNER.

SHE stood in the doorway all blooming with joy:
She was a girl
As white as a pearl,
And I was a passionate boy.

Around her floated a loose white gown,
And the face above it was fit for a crown;
But her sunny face had a crown of its own,
Of silken ringlets, fit for a throne!

And in her hands she holds some wool,
While at her side stands a basket full.
She is the queen of that humble cot,
As she doubles and twists and spins her knot.

At last the stars peep through the sky—
Good bye, sweet Spinner; good bye, good bye!

COME TO ME.

WHEN my sinful heart is dying,
And my soul from Earth is flying,
Mourn not for loss of me.
For upon the waves I'm lying,
Listening to their hoarse replying,
As I drift upon the sea.

Only think that I am resting,
And the storms no more I'm breasting,—
Calmly sleeping 'neath the sea.
And the angel's voice behesting
Soft and low, and yet requesting,
Sweetly calling, "Come to me."

And I answer from the ocean,
With its waves in wild commotion,
"Wait until the Judgment Day."
And the rough waves calmed their motion,
And I heard the angels say,—
"Linger not, but come away."

The Harvest-Secret.

II.

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

AND now the deed again is done! The ripened seed-vessels hold the hope of the world. New root, new stem, new leaf, new bud, and all the possibilities that sleep in them, are there wrapped up together. In these the next spring's resurrection, next summer's glory, next autumn's gold and red, lie already in embryo. And everything is safe. Fear not, O lands—be not afraid, O fields! Let the leaves die and the cold come out of the North!

What sanctity, what wonder past wonder, hallows the tiny thing so wrought and put together! As we hold a grain of corn or wheat in our hand, and look at it, and think how it sums up the year,—

"Then suddenly the awe grows deep—
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathers about us; and a voice
Speaks to us without any noise,
Being of the silence,"—and we bow
Before the Lord of Here and Now!

We began with barrelled apples and fading leaves, —and here we stand at worship before a seed! It is an old familiar story now, but it never seems to grow less wonderful, less praiseful, as one tells it over. Multiply these processes that I have tried to hint by all the violets and all the grass-blades and all the shrubs and all the trees, and we begin to know of what victory the October colors are the banner. What is a Harvest-season? was our question. "Harvest" means that in the green leaf the sun has built up the earth-born atoms to higher and higher glory of the plant,—and that it only turns brown in death and flutters back to earth when it has thus laid hold of

eternal life in the fruit it brings to birth. "They rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."

And should we trace farther yet that little handful of the year's great harvest which we shut up in barns and loaves and call "our" harvest,—and which is as incidental to the trees and grasses as the birds' nests are that hide in them,—it would be simply tracing higher and higher this same process of "organization."

On Thanksgiving day, as we draw our chairs around the Thanksgiving dinner, if we stop a moment and think what deeds have been enacted to spread the table for us, think how last spring the dinner lay in minerals and manures, and how rains and storms and rise and set of suns and summer-noons and starry nights have been wrought into them, till they became the squash for our Thanksgiving pies,—that will seem miracle enough! But the turkey, if we have one, is a greater marvel yet. You know what the Western farmer does when it costs too much to transport his corn in bulk? He feeds it to his swine, and then the crops come walking on four legs across the prairies. He is but imitating the Lord of the Harvest. We cannot go to the grass and eat it—a herd of Nebuchadnezzars. But the grass comes to us! God—to give that force by which we live, a name,—God gathers up the sweetness of a whole hill-side pasture, of a meadow with all its clovers, of a sea with all its swaying weeds, and in the quiet grazers that go to and from our barn, or the creatures that cackle out their little lives around it, or the shy rovers of the woods and waters, offers us the richness economically packed, that is, *more highly organized*, built up into flesh-atoms more complex, more vitalized, than any that the vegetable world contains. It is but the process of plant-making carried a step farther. Another transfiguration has occurred. To become grass is Heaven to minerals. To become ox is Heaven to the grass. To become man is perhaps a kind of unwilling Heaven to the ox!

And after dinner the atoms, once inside of us, will rearrange and organize themselves in structures still more wondrous yet, until in man's Brain, the most complex of all the animal structures, we literally have, as one has said, "the condensation of all Space, the grand evolved result of all Time." Listen to what Dr. Clarke says of our human brain:—

"That marvellous and delicate engine, which is only a few inches in diameter, whose weight on an average is only about forty-nine ounces, contains cells and fibres counted by hundreds of millions; cells and fibres that vary in thickness from one one-millionth to one three-hundredth of an inch;—it is an engine, every square inch of whose gray matter affords substrata for the evolution of at least eight thousand registered and separate ideas; with substrata in the whole brain for evolving and registering tens of millions of them, besides the power of recalling them under appropriate stimulus; an engine that transmits sensation, emotion, thought and volition, by distinct fibres, whose time-working has been measured to fractions of a second; it is an engine, a mechanism, that can accomplish this, and greater wonders still, without conscious friction, pain, or disturbance, if it be only properly built and its working be not interfered with."

From air and rock to human brain the series mounts. And as it is the stored-up Forces of the Skies that work the transformatinn, Science declares us, in a sense more real than ever the grand myth dreamed, Children of the Sun,—with a meaning, not higher, but fuller than even Jesus knew, the Children of the Father in the Heavens!

This is "Organization,"—the secret, it would seem, of all God's harvest-fields; the way in which he preserves the gains of all his work from waste.

THE fact is there are not many easy lots to be drawn in the world at present; and such as they are I am not envious of them. I don't say life is not worth having; it is worth having to a man who has some sparks of sense and feeling of bravery in him. And the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who needed it. He would be the man who had the most powers and the fewest selfish wants. But I'm not up to the level of what I see to be best.—George Eliot.

Religion.

The Tendency of Scientific Thought.

[THIRD AND LAST PAPER.]

BY REV. EDWIN S. ELDER.

IV. Let us look into this relation of science to religion, or knowledge to faith. Religion is older than science. Man is religious long before he obtains much accurate information respecting the universe and its phenomena. Man becomes conscious of himself as a power, or will, long before he knows anything of the nature of the universe and his actual relation to it. He very naturally conceives of those objects by which he is surrounded as being conscious like himself. He knows that his own acts are the expression of a conscious purpose or will. He conceives of the phenomena of Nature, such as storms, tides, the movements of the heavenly bodies, as being the expression of wills like his own. He endows the river, the mountain tree, with a conscious purpose, which, like his own purposes, might be changed. He worships these visible objects, petitions for their favor, and endeavors to modify their anger.

The primitive religion of mankind might be represented by a savage standing on the shore, begging the ocean to hasten or retard its tides. In the prayer for rain or sunshine, we have a phase of faith a little higher than that of the primeval man. In both cases there is a hope and a belief that the external phenomena will be in some way obedient to the individual wish. The primitive religionist believes that the tides are the manifestation of a will in the ocean that may be changed. The less primitive religionist believes that the winds are, as it were, the instruments of a will that may be modified by the wish of the individual. In both cases the individual, the finite will is to control.

At last the scientist discovers that the power that moves the waters is not in the water, but in the sun and moon. Here is a conflict between the faith of him who petitions the waters to hasten, and the fact that the waters themselves are as dependent as their petitioner. Again, when the scientist discovers that the weather is not determined by individual exigency and caprice, there is obviously a conflict between knowledge and the faith of him who believes that the weather will be modified by his petitions; but what is the ultimate outcome of this conflict? Instead of hoping and desiring to conform the movement of tide or wind to his welfare, the individual conforms his own habits to the eternal uniformity; and he now learns that this uniformity that can be relied on is far more beneficent than any ability to modify it can possibly be. He perceives that reverent obedience is far more religious than any self-regarding interference.

Science is everywhere enlarging man's knowledge of the universe, rendering his conceptions of it less inadequate. It is obvious that that portion of his faith which was intimately associated with false notions and inadequate conceptions, will be modified by knowledge. By some this modification will be mistaken for destruction; by others it will be seen to be the creation of a larger faith. Religious faith has been, to a very great extent, dualistic; that is, all has been conceived of as existing in two separate parts, which were supposed to bear a relation to each other similar to that which a clock-maker bears to a clock which he made, and which he occasionally visits to repair and keep in order. This is a mechanical conception easily realized to the thought and imagination, and consequently readily accepted. Wherever this dualistic faith obtains, the Creator is separated from that which is created; and though God has been called the Infinite Being, yet it has been forgotten that an Infinite Being contains and includes all there is. God has been, and in the thought of many is now, separated from the human, the natural, and the near; indeed, with many the thought of God is associated *only* with the superhuman, supernatural, remote, distant, and unusual. Now science is at least aiding religious minds to apprehend the oneness, the unity of All. It acquaints us with the operation of *one* force, the manifestation of *one* power; it confronts us with the present creating activity of *one* omnipresent energy; it reveals to us the wisdom of *one* all-embracing plan and purpose; it tells us that he whose

glory the heavens declare is now creating new heavens and new worlds.

With telescope and microscope we watch the ever-active creating spirit, we discover that he who builds the crystal, that he who fashions and paints the flower, is one with him who evolves from the chaos of a nebula a cosmic system of worlds. Reverent science everywhere reveals the unfolding, the evolution, the on-flowing of one all-including plan and purpose. Nay, does it not do more than this, and does it not reveal the beneficence of the plan, and hint at our coöperation as the business of life?

It is inevitable that the religion of mankind should be associated with ignorance before it can be associated with knowledge. It has been associated with erroneous theories and opinions concerning the subject-matter of every science. Has not the religious faith of Christendom been associated with, and by many believed to be dependent upon, what we now know to be false notions concerning the subject-matter of astronomy, geology, history, theology? Has it not been taught that if the earth turned upon its axis, if it were more than six thousand years old, if Genesis were not written by Moses, if Christ were not God, then there is no God, no religion? Has it not been very generally held that any denial of the correctness of these and other opinions is an attack upon religion? And was not such denial an attack upon one phase of religion? Take the idol from the worshipper and he is without a God, and for the time being without a religion. He has and can have no conception of the higher and more adequate faith that the destroyer of his idol wishes to impart to him. The idolater never dreams that his faith is destroyed in the interest of a far more adequate faith.

He who conceives of creation as an event that occurred during such a week nearly six thousand years ago, has no adequate conception of creation as one continuous process, going on from the beginning until now. He who conceives of revelation as an event—as being limited to what he has been told to believe is the plenarily inspired word of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments—has no hint of revelation as an uninterrupted intercourse between the truth-seeking mind and truth-loving heart of man and the Omnipresent Soul in whom we live and have our being, and whose temples we are.

Whoever calls these inadequate conceptions in question, will be understood by those who hold the old notions, to attack religion in the interest of infidelity; but it may be discovered that it was superstition that was attacked in the interest of religion. It often happens that false and inadequate notions are called in question, not in the interest of any positive convictions or larger faith, but only for the sake of disproving and discrediting the false; but even this tends to reveal the untenableness of the unquestioned faith, and thus makes room for a phase of faith less inadequate.

It is well to bear in mind that the religion of a people is to a great extent a product and expression of their culture and character. The religious sentiment is nearly universal, but the character of its manifestations, the opinions, theories, and dogmas with which it may be associated, depend neither upon sentiment nor emotion, but upon thought and knowledge. These enlarge the religious consciousness. All knowledge of the universe is partial knowledge of the purpose and method of creation; to the naturally or spiritually religious every fact excites a feeling of reverence.

While it is not my conviction that the tendency of modern scientific thought is not toward infidelity in religion, yet I conceive it to be in the bounds of probability that a few of the confident opinions and theories with which the prevailing faith of Christendom is associated may be discredited. It is possible that some portion of our self-regarding faith may be called in question; but if we are compelled thereby to forget ourselves; if the loss of faith in self-regarding petitions and importunities shall make room for a faith in reverent obedience; if our faith in our special Providence, that concerns itself with us, shall give place to a no less ardent, but far more reverent faith in that universal Providence that holds all generations of the sons of men in its keeping; if all this and more shall result from the modification of our religious consciousness by science, then religion has nothing to fear. Then—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

The duty of the liberal church, as regards modern scientific tendencies, is to give them a religious direction. Religion has been associated very intimately with the superhuman and supernatural, with the remote in time and the far-off in space. Much that has been believed concerning the distant and remote, is doubted if not discredited. The external or fact-basis of religion does exist in the present, in the natural, uniform, human. It is for the church, as the exponent and expression of religion, to associate it with the natural, usual, uniform.

Are not those laws that bring spring, summer, autumn and winter, seed-time and harvest, day and night—are they not beneficent? Are not those moral laws that exist in the nature of things, that punish disobedience and reward obedience—are they not divine? Is this universe of which we know so little, and of which science is revealing so much, so cheap, so ill-arranged, so poorly-fashioned, as not to excite our reverence for that Power of which it is the expression? The wonder is that, standing beneath the stars, we can help being deeply religious. The universe is transcendent; its facts transcend our knowledge and thought. Beyond our knowledge is the infinite unknown; deeper than our doubts; higher than our aspiration is the eternal reality. Give it what name we may, it is there. It is more than our father and our mother; it is our source; its every law is our friend. From it we came; to it we shall surely go. Our best name for it is God; but words do not express it.

It is for the liberal church to coöperate with science in making mankind conscious of God. The mere belief concerning him is but of little value. What is needed is the sense of his presence as law, life, beauty, power, love. Is it probable that scientific thought, or any other, will deny these verities? If we have these, what more is needed? Let the church teach the blessedness and sanctity of fact, the beneficence of law, and the oneness of all power, and of all love, and of all life. Let the church endeavor to reveal to the young the possible beauty and significance of life; let them be made to revere duty. Let the church impart to the young the faith that righteousness is life eternal.

Education.

Art Education.

BY LOUISE S. HOTCHKISS.

AMERICANS may be artists, but they do not yet recognize the fact. Michael Angelos and Raphaels may be lurking in their midst, but they do not know them. A new soil is not first planted with the choicest vines, but with the coarser grains, that grow in spite of weed or thistle, through cold weather or hot, wet or dry. At length the ground is mellow, pliable, and yielding. The delicate rootlets and seeds can then be transplanted from some older clime, in safety, to this new spot in mother earth.

The soil of American intellect and heart has been ploughed deep and long, by the strong hand of common sense, wholesome ideas, stirring and thrilling thoughts, sound philosophy, and many works of beautiful sentiment, till the immaterial substance of the nation has become to some extent conscious, tender, and yielding. The painter's brush and sculptor's chisel can now find material—ideal and real—where-with to introduce their art. America begins everything in the school-room. All geniuses, be they politicians, engineers, inventors, poets, or artists, are born in this cradle. Other countries may commence art, or poetry, or philosophy, in the brains of one man who finds his school-room in the pasture or street, painting his pictures on barrel-tops or stone walls; but that country is not America, and such a genius is not a Yankee.

Boston schools, and to some extent all the large schools of this State, are introducing the subject of art-education in earnest into the curriculum of daily studies; and, by "art-education," I mean the *entire thing*—not a missing arm, leg, finger, or toe. We have had pieces of this subject in our schools before; sometimes a picture of a cat or dog; now and then a water-wheel; but never all the elements that constitute its

organization. Walter Smith came from England to America, and brought the embryo seed of this new art-intelligence, and has thoroughly and surely begun the planting of it here.

Columbus came, and carried back a new continent to his countrymen; but they did not know it for many years,—till long after he was dead. Indeed, they put him in chains as the tenderest reward they knew how to bestow. Art-education and Walter Smith have met a better fate, for the world has learned, since the days of the great navigator, that there are many new things under the sun; and that any day a new thought may make its appearance, which must be respected. So this new art-child has been enthusiastically received by the most intelligent, hopefully by all; except the most ignorant and unbelieving, who always stand ready with chains in hand to throttle every new idea, no matter what it concerns.

Art, so far as Americans have known about it, thus far has consisted in some sort of a picture, in a frame of four sides and four right angles, hung up in some picture gallery; or the statue of George Washington on a horse, on the common; or some other piece of marble or plaster somewhere else. But as to the culture of mind and soul necessary to the comprehension of the forms and expressions in Nature, the multitudinous relations between matter and color, they are as ignorant as of the stars in the heavens. They have yet to learn that art has a wider meaning than a Madonna of Raphael, or David of Michael Angelo; though these may embody the highest and most spiritualistic elements of all art. But the details extend farther, even into the adorning of all our homes, plats of ground in our yards, paper on our walls, patterns on our dresses, color of our neckties; and comprise every line of harmony and beauty everywhere.

Art includes other materials of knowledge than oil paint, marble, brushes, and chisels. To know how to draw a snow-flake, one must comprehend geometry; to make a design for a mat, or carpet, or beautiful horse-blanket, one must be familiar with the elements of botany; to draw a box, or table, or chair, there are principles of perspective involved necessary to perfect success. The great principle in art—its whole life—must be reached by taking up all the threads in the woof, which are vast in number.

There has been some complaint made of the new system of drawing in our schools, because there are so many things to be done at once; because the four departments—object, free-hand, geometry, and designing—are all introduced at the same time. But as these are all bound together in a common tree, it would be impossible to grow the whole, without the branches; hence the great subject in its perfection must be reached through all. Though wonderful results have been attained in our schools, since the introduction of art-education four years ago, they have been accomplished under difficulties, and sometimes by vexing work. Teachers had first to be taught; and, before they had scarcely left the primary forms, they were compelled to become teachers of others. They could make the lines; but as for furnishing inspiration to their pupils, such as comes from long experience and familiarity with a subject, they had none or very little to give. For this reason, the task has been severe; yet every term it lightens, as by Normal schools and classes, thought and study, intelligence is gained.

But what good will all this art-work do? is a question still asked every day by some parents and people. Patrick makes designs at school, and his father drives a dirt-cart past the school-room meantime: this dirt-cart to become Patrick's property as soon as he leaves school. I answer, he will drive the cart nearer to the edge of the bank, and not tip it over, because of the very lines of exactness and accuracy he is drawing to-day: the training of hand and eye will help him to do this. I do not care even to mention, in my argument for drawing, the great saving of money in mechanical labor, architecture, and designing of every description it will be to this country. But even without that direct and utilitarian application of its uses, there is the culture of hand and eye, intellect and heart, that shall touch every department of industrial and social life; there is the culture of individuality of thought and expression which shall lift man higher in the scale of humanity—which shall make the American people more wise, beautiful, spiritual, and divine.

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ABRAM WALTER STEVENS, EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

Reconciled to Life.

YES, to life,—not to death. In the career of a Christian, the proudest and happiest moment is when he has made his peace with God, and is not afraid to die. In the career of a philosopher, the proudest and happiest moment is when he has come to be at peace with himself, and is not afraid to live!

A cheap triumph is that to conquer the fear of death. A peerless victory is that to conquer the fear of life!

Perhaps there may be many to whom this will read as foolishness. It is not to them I write. If they are happy in their happiness, if they are pleased with their pleasures, if they are comfortable in the midst of their comfort,—so let it be! If it is well with them here; if they have "gospel assurance" that it is to be well with them hereafter,—*amen* to their serenity: I would not stir a pen to disturb it! Unless, however, they are subjects exempt from the law of evolution,—exempt, indeed, from the ordinary lot of mortals,—all soon enough will they awaken to a sense of life that will cause their hearts to tremble, and their hands to stretch out for a hold on something firmer. Meanwhile, let them abide undisturbed in their sleek contentedness.

But the rest of mankind are divided into two classes, both of which stand, or have stood, in fear of life.

The first are those who are sorrowful because of afflictive externals. They are the toilers and the poor. They are those who go early to their tasks, and leave off late; who do this year after year, and see no improvement in their circumstances. Meanwhile, children are being born, and sickness and death are becoming more frequent visitors in their families. No leisure, no luxuries, no permanent home, no provision for old age, no social recognition; paralyzed ambition, nerveless courage, suffocated hope, decreasing strength, depressed spirits, children uneducated and unportioned,—with such a legacy left them after all their toils and their strivings, life is a formidable and oppressive affair, and death something very welcome when it comes. These are they who by thousands upon thousands live under the folds of the free flag of our republic, but whom our freedom makes no freer; whom our civilization makes no richer and no happier. The air that hangs round our globe is hourly stirred by the sighs that go forth from the lips of these struggling men and women. How much is life worth to them? How enormous the price they pay for it, and how small the reward it gives them!

O Christians! O philanthropists! O citizens! what have ye done, what are ye doing, to make life valuable to such as these? They are unreconciled to life as they know it. Some of them, many of them, are *desperately* unreconciled, not only to their life, but to *your* life! They cannot understand the fearful contrast that exists between theirs and yours; they will not believe that it is necessary or right that it should be so. In the bitter depths of their hearts they all demand a reconciliation. Some of them have learned to voice their discontent already, while the lips of still others are moving with slow articulations of its language. Your freedom, your civilization, your religion, all are a mockery to these people; and they will, I fear, return the mockery, if the period of reconciliation be not soon reached. These poor, unhappy classes are the blind Samsons whose groping hands clutch the pillars that support the frame-work of society. No mere charity will appease them; no sporadic outbursts of sentiment will satisfy their demands; no "gospel" songs, or narrations, or appeals, will reconcile them to their life or yours. Nothing but absolute justice between man and man can couch their bedulled vision, or drain off the terrible strength of their arms!

Besides this large class of unreconciled workers, there is a smaller one of unreconciled thinkers. These are they who have been afflicted *internally*; who have suffered from false creeds and systems; who had all their early views of life and being distorted by the ignorance, superstition, and bigotry of the church and the world; who have grown up gradually through the folly and insanity of their own youth and immaturity; who have had their eyes opened upon one after another of life's illusions and society's shams; who have suffered torments from doubt, and suspense of faith, and lack of courage to face the truth of things; who have looked with the trembling of fear upon the dark problems of the universe, and wrestled in the weakness of ignorance with the terrible questions presented by the sphynx of fate; who have felt their cheeks blanch as they gazed upon the awful sin and suffering of the race; who, in short, have experienced a sickening and sinking of heart as they reflected upon the great mystery that awaited them at every turn, and owned their inability to grasp the realities, or to reconcile aught that there is in the relation existing between man and the life that now is, and that which is or is not to come!

Indeed, we have to pay a great price for all our intellectual and spiritual development! It is a matter of doubt if growth be not attended with as much pain as pleasure; for sometimes it seems as if the highest knowledge we can attain is that knowledge is impossible to us! We begin in ignorance, and so long as that ignorance is unconscious, it is bliss. Only as it deepens into consciousness does it begin to be a pain. "The sum of existence divided by reason," says Goethe, "never gives us an integer number, but merely a surprising fraction." On these *fractions* the roused intellect is compelled to feed, and remain forever eager to get another!

Yet bethink you if it be possible for the awakened soul ever to be satisfied with any more slumber? Though only fractions remain, will reason not persist in dividing? When once we have mined deeper than the ordinary beliefs of men, never more can we stop digging! What! be satisfied thereafter with their satisfactions,—be pleased with their pleasures? Incredible! At one swallow we take down what they sip and taste all their lives long, and still the hunger that remains in us is awful and eternal! Though God play at hide-and-seek with us through all the æons, we are tireless in the game; as often as he eludes us, we will start on a fresh pursuit!

As thinkers, we *must* be reconciled to life, else we shall not dare to live. It is impossible to exist with a perpetual grumble in our hearts, or a moan of complaint ever trembling on our lips. Courage is the only nourisher of the noble soul! We must sit down with serenity and rise up with patience, if we would keep our eye-beam clear and our feet steady in the way.

It takes a whole man to be a man. Whether we work or think, we must be present on the spot with the totality of our being; head and heart and conscience must go into every deed and thought. Let science alone divide the sum of existence, and tormenting fractions will be the perpetual remainder; but let faith assist at the problem, however humbly, and integers shall roll out on the floor of vision! We have passed the day when either science or philosophy can be permitted to play the tyrant. Who is afraid now to say his *soul* is his own, as well as his intellect? Advance, both! Ye are wanted together! The problem of life is yours in common: sit ye down and work it out in patience!

THE INTEGRITY OF THE UNIVERSE is the only creed I swear to. If I cannot swear to that, let me swear out and off entirely! And to this must conform, and *shall* conform the integrity of man. Order begins at the centre and works outward. So does Justice. They are slow in appearing. The telescope and the microscope fail to fetch them at once. But the naked eye of Scientific Imagination has descried them, and proclaims them to be on their advancing way; nay, to be invisibly regnant even now, through all the realm!

Henceforth, let him be accounted a coward or a knave, who shall deliberately growl at the Beautiful Necessity! Nor doubt, nor fear, nor pain, shall eclipse to us the central fact, that the Heart of the Universe is sweet and sound!

Shall Labor be Heard.

IF we would ever find a solution of the Labor problem, the first thing is to get it considered. When the press and the pulpit take it up and discuss it, and men fall to talking about it in their shops and their homes, there will be some hope that the latent truth will be evolved. It is in that way that we have been led to new and advanced conclusions on other subjects.

But the difficulties now in the way of giving the Labor question the benefit of such agitation seem to be enormous. In one case, a minister does not touch it, because his audience, not being engaged in industrial pursuits, is supposed to have no interest in it, and the topic is therefore too remote; in another, he is in a manufacturing community, and the topic is too delicate and agitating for pulpit treatment: for something of the same sensitiveness which attended the anti-slavery discussion is already manifested at the mention of this subject. We are not now censuring the ministers; for we know something of the inevitable limitations which hedge about their work. And we know that considerations besides those of his personal interests will sometimes keep a minister silent when he would like to speak.

Nor are we going to say that we censure the press. For the first object with a journal is *success*. To succeed, it must have a policy most agreeable to the men who have the most money. The laborers have not the most money; the capitalists and manufacturers have; and we suppose that we are calmly stating a fact that no one can justly dispute, that simply because Capital can give a journal success and Labor cannot, all the journals, save the very few which have been started in the interest of Labor, have persistently represented capital, and as persistently misrepresented labor. We have noticed this for years. It was because of the brutal jeers and the heartless indifference with which the secular and religious press alike treated this subject, that our personal interest in it became intensified. We do not say that we blame the press: for, when a journal is started to live, and cannot live without a circulation, how can it be blamed for taking the only course which will secure it a circulation? Who blames the professional gambler for gambling, when if he did not gamble he could not live? We only show the reason why labor does not get a hearing.

These are some of the obstacles; but they are not insurmountable. There are hopeful indications. The capitalists have been helping the laborers to an audience they could not alone secure. We are not going to denounce the manufacturers; our personal friends among this class are gentlemen of honorable impulses and excellent intentions; we do not personally know that the entire class are not men of this character; in the worst that they do, they are but the victims of a vicious system. But it is a fact that the despotic exactions of the mill-owners of Fall River, this autumn, have done more than a dozen strikes could do, to arrest public attention and inform public sentiment. The press gave us the first indications of this. A few of the most "respectable" journals threw off their chains for a moment, and showed the world that beneath the thick mercenary incrustations of a sordid age there still burned some impulses of a manly heart. The only fear for them is, that now that "order reigns in Warsaw," they may restore the padlock to its accustomed duty.

But though the volcano may be momentarily quiet, it is still beneath us. Fall River has by no means obliterated Lancashire. When you require of human beings a servitude against which all their best instincts rebel, the apparent submission which necessity compels cannot be final. You cannot bind a man by an outward assent to conditions which violate his sense of honor. Again the flames may burst out; and again the State militia may be sent in hot haste to overawe starvation in a manufacturing city! But where will all this end?

It becomes the vital question of the hour: Can society afford to tolerate the conditions which debase and brutalize a large portion of its members? The history of society, from the days of the Gracchi until now, is a continuous line of evidence that all the wealth and culture and intelligence which it may boast at one extreme, cannot preserve it against poverty and ignorance, maddened by a sense of wrong, at the other.

It is in the interest of the human race itself, and not of one portion of it only, that we ask that Labor shall have a hearing.

We do not claim that full redemption can be secured in a moment. The errors which are hurrying us toward anarchy have had too long a reign to be dis-crowned at once. But the work can be at once begun. The current public sentiment must be enlightened. The false maxims in which we have attempted to rear the structure of material prosperity must be disowned and discarded. We began the discussion of this subject by exposing some of the pretensions of the accepted school of political economy. Will those who cling to these pretensions undertake to defend them? We challenge the press which so flippantly flaunts the flag of Supply and Demand, to show that it is in any sense a symbol of practical wisdom. We denounce it as an infernal fallacy. We know well enough that its advocates have no motive for discussing it. It has got a position. It has taken certain possession of the public mind. The mere repetition of the phrase is as powerful an argument as that of "Cursed be Canaan" was in the days of the "patriarchal institution." Those who believe in it have nothing to gain but everything to lose by discussion; and discussion they will therefore avoid. It is possible, of course, for a man to act the part of a sneak, without suspecting his baseness; but it is to be presumed that no one who wishes to preserve his self-respect will habitually urge a dogma that he does not attempt to vindicate.

Cliques.

It cannot have escaped observation, although it may not have produced proper comment, that there is to every organization an inner circle of managers. To this circle was once given the designation of *clique*; latterly it has been more fashionable to call it a *ring*. But we prefer the full naturalization of the French term, because it is more expressive, and we have other uses and a better sense in which to employ the word ring. In every political party there is, as no one doubts, a small clique who manage everything; who decide for it what its policy shall be, and run its machinery. But the members of the clique are not prominent before the public, as they find they can work more effectively by keeping themselves in the background. In religious denominations, the persons who compose the clique hold more public positions; they fill all the denominational offices; they are prominent in all the public meetings. In all liberal and reform organizations, where, if anywhere, we might expect a better condition of things, we discern the same vice of *cliquism*,—if we may be permitted to give currency to such a noun. Look at the Woman Suffrage platform, and year after year the same person reads the resolutions, and the same persons make the speeches, with almost uninterrupted monotony. The same unvarying spectacle is presented by the Free Religious platform, and by the platforms of the various Labor Reform organizations. At long intervals, in each of these organizations, on each of these platforms, we are startled by the sound of a new voice; but this confirms, instead of dissipating, the impression that the control is in the hands of a clique; because the new introduction is so evidently the work of one.

The conditions on which a new recruit is admitted to the charmed circle differ, of course, in the various organizations. In a religious body, there are always certain measures, or a special policy, on which the prosperity and enlargement of the denomination is supposed to depend; the reigning clique, at least, believe the measures or the policy to be fundamental; and the support of these is an essential qualification to admission, except in the case of a man who is in opposition, and whom it is thought best to buy up by giving him a seat in council. On the reform platforms, the gates are closed, sometimes on a point of policy, but more frequently on a point of taste. "Now," says the guardian of the respectability of the platform, himself already an outcast from other circles of respectability, "let us admit no one who will discredit us with the public." The idiotic fastidiousness! as if they were not at that moment discredited with the public.

The clique spirit is born with the organization it rules. It is generated by the essential forces of an

organization. Each church and religious body is essentially exclusive; it always finds somebody not good enough or not sound enough to belong to it. In all churches there has always been as much noise, and more fighting, over turning some one out, than in taking some one in. We do not know of an organization in existence which does not enact some provision to keep somebody out of it. A perfectly inclusive association is something the world has never seen.

We have not recounted these facts in a mere spirit of criticism. They touch the most vital problems of social science. We might urge, indeed, that cliquism retards the progress of every movement to which it has fastened itself; but our disgust for it goes deeper than that. It poisons all the sources of our social life; it strikes at the very foundation of society. The grounds of this indictment cannot be stated now, without making this article too long; at another time we will endeavor to show what the race suffers from this cause.

Art Education.

THE article on this subject in this number will secure the attention of all our readers. We entirely sympathize with the writer in failing to see the best argument for such education in the advantages our industrial pursuits will gain from it. Yet this is one of the examples of the aid that a higher human development has received from mercenary considerations. It was no doubt because we had in this State so many departments of manufacture requiring skill in designing and drawing, that the study of drawing was first introduced into our schools. But that which has its inception in a lower purpose will often effectively serve a higher.

Now that we have made a good basis for it, may we not hope that sometime artists will evolve in all forms of art a truer conception. We understand already that art should be *ideal*; when shall we make the needed discovery that it should not be *false*? We call it false art, when in idealizing for us a charming country scene, the painter, as he now almost invariably does, places the imaginative driver on the wrong side of his poetic ox-team; or, picturing Maud Muller to the enraptured eye, in right attitude and with rake in hand, makes it appear that she is condemned to the dreary task of raking hay where no hay is to be found. We call it false art, when an architect plans a costly and imposing structure for religious worship, and adorns it, outside and inside, with elaborate and beautiful designs, to construct the audience-room, with spiteful ingenuity or worse stupidity, in a way to make a clear sound of the human voice impossible. We shall hail improvements in these forms of art not less than in those which will give us more elegant designs in calico.

Thanksgiving Day.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that there is an element of special moral interest in Thanksgiving day. Its great value consists in the fact that it has served to reveal some of the inherent and finer qualities of human nature. While we have been outgrowing the peculiar feeling and purpose in which the observance of the day originated, we have seen that it has been increasing in popular regard, and spreading its feasts in new territory. The spirit in which it was at first set apart could never have secured for it the wide observance which we now witness. In obedience to certain theological doctrines, and as the act of a dogmatic faith, our fathers gave us a day of thanksgiving and praise; but it has been entirely lifted out of its original limitations, and specially consecrated to the Household Deities. The affections which constitute the dearest charm of home—a charm for which there is in this life no substitute—feed the flame that burns upon its altar. All those nameless and sacred things, which are never audibly rehearsed because they find expression in a subtler and more impressive language,—the sweet recollections of childhood, the bright dreams of life's sunny morning, the richer treasures which memory and imagination pour in later years into our hearts—it is because of these experiences that the Thanksgiving board annually summons the wanderers to gather beneath the old roof-tree. The ineradicable social instincts have triumphed over techni-

cal religious impressions. Our thanksgiving now is not prompted by the fear that a jealous God will withhold next year's harvest if we fail to show outward gratitude for the bounties of this, but is the spontaneous incense of that purer devotion which springs from the holiest affections of our nature. The day may be kept with less of the nominally religious forms that our fathers were assiduous to put into it; but the spirit of it is religious in a higher and truer sense than these forms could possibly embody or express.

The Treatment of Criminals.

WE know not how many years it is since a Prison Discipline Society was organized in this State; but the manner in which we shall deal with criminals has been talked over in limited circles for many years. As yet the subject has not enlisted enough of earnest thought to devise new methods, or change the basis of the old system of prison management. And the prevailing feeling is that a man once a criminal must be a criminal for life.

Meanwhile, crime is increasing fearfully. We are startled almost daily by deeds of violence in horrid and brutal forms. It is not surprising that a whole community, shocked by a new act of fiendish cruelty, should give way to a spasm of fear and vindictiveness, and feel for a moment that no one was safe; but even in such moment it is not enough to see how speedily the culprit can be detected and punished. The first and almost the only thought is punishment! punishment! And while society has done nothing but to punish, crime continues, and grows more bold and more cruel. Now it seems to impeach our intelligence, that, after having every feeling shocked so often by some great crime, we do not attempt to discover the methods by which crime may be prevented. It is still sadly true that the best Christian spirit of this age is more eager to punish than to reform!

What could be more direct and practical, in the way of diminishing crime, than to make reformation, more than punishment, the object in the imprisonment of persons convicted of crime? Imprisonment merely as a punishment having failed so signally, why not try another theory? Society has shown no disposition to adopt such a method, but a few enthusiastic souls have attempted what personal influence could do to lift the convict to a sense of manhood. It seems to be the most unpromising task that ever tested an unselfish devotion to a benevolent object. Yet it seems to inspire a wonderful enthusiasm. The article we published two weeks ago, on *Prison Reform*, by Mrs. M. S. Wetmore, attracted much attention. We give a passage from one of her letters, not written for publication, as a glimpse of a worthy and devoted spirit:—

If able to labor publicly, I should not throw what little strength I now do into prisons, but instead would give my entire energies toward that reformation of society by which prisons might be wiped from the land. I can see a greater work than prison reform; but while not competent to do it, I do instead, or endeavor to do, the little good I can, amongst a class of men who have little sympathy from society, and still less love, to cheer them through their dismal years of confinement in prison. I do not even pretend to be a prison reformer. I wish I could be one; I would re-form the prisons of to-day into hospitals, or homes, where our morally sick men could have the treatment they need. If people could be found willing to sacrifice something of pleasure, or rather, *make it a pleasure*, to nurse or educate these men into a condition where they could realize their own needs, it might be done. Very little reform can be looked for under present conditions; too little is thought of the matter. Men are called villains when they are simply villanously diseased; and while society is in a condition which necessarily breeds moral depravity, how can we look for improvement? The axe must be laid at the root of the evil before much good can be wrought.

Sympathetically I was led to write to my first correspondent in prison, nearly seven years ago, and from that has sprung a correspondence almost beyond my strength to manage; but while I feel this need of sympathy, love, and the strength which an earnest soul can send out in words, I cannot stay my pen. For, knowing as I do two fine young men, aye, three, now out in the world, who give to me the credit for all that they are, I feel that my efforts have indeed been rewarded; and I am stimulated by these examples to press on, giving to these men who have none to advise, such advice and counsel as my best judgment dictates; trusting that the great desire of my soul to help them may tend to develop me into a purer moral atmosphere, from whence I can send out a love such as is needed to quicken them into newer life, and encourage them to be willing to suffer much in order to accomplish even a little.

Special Topics.

Letters from John Parker. No. 1.

LITTLETON, S. C., Nov. 2, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—Some portions of your number one have come under my notice, and I want to see the rest of it. It came to me in a singular way. My eldest daughter returned home yesterday from a summer's sojourn in Springfield in your State, and, in a corner of her trunk, wrapped about a conglomeration of grape jam and broken glass, she had brought—and brought to grief—a copy of THE NEW AGE.

It illustrates my theory. I have always maintained that a woman is no packer. I have been amazed and amused in seeing what clumsy work may be done on a parcel at the counter by delicate and accustomed fingers. Henceforth I shall cite in maintenance of my theory against certain members of my family, the good woman who, with surreptitious generosity and womanly incapacity, concealed in the trunk of her summer visitor that bottle of jam, with no other protection against the ubiquitous baggage-smasher than might be afforded by THE NEW AGE. Your paper hadn't stuff enough in it, Mr. Editor, to serve the uses to which it had been applied. It came out dripping from the wrecks of matter and the crush of feminine artillery.

I make it a point to read everything that comes to me from Massachusetts; for I came from there myself, and have confidence in the products of that State, literary and other. I took the unsightly mass of literature and jam from my daughter's recoiling thumb and finger, and, escaping from the mild ululation of a family bent in grief over the melancholy remnants of a ruined wardrobe, I unfolded the paper upon the grass, and stretched myself beside it in eager examination. I found that it contained "the two noblest things, which are sweetness and light." But, alas, the sweetness too much obscured the light! The paper was so *be-jamined* that only a portion of its superficial contents could be seen; and the contents of that portion appeared to be by no means superficial, if you will pardon me for saying so much.

After a while my daughter came out and broke in upon my investigation with a feminine inquiry:—

"Well, father, what is it?"

"What is it? Oh, you mean this paper. As I make it out, it is THE NEW AGE."

"Well," said that heartless girl, "I can tell you what THE NEW AGE is, without getting jam all over my nose as you have."

"Can you, my dear?"

"To be sure I can. THE NEW AGE, to judge by its looks, must be about *sweet sixteen*."

Returning to my work, I found in some clear spaces the signs of your zodiac. You propose a "Congress" for discussion of topics that are of general interest,—and you delicately intimate that you will not reject a reasonable contribution from a contributor unknown to fame. Those constellations beckon me; for I am fond of discussion, and am a man without reputation. If, upon reading this, you offer me the slightest encouragement, I think I shall venture to send you, from time to time, a "small drop of ink." I am assured in a conviction, frequently overhauled and reaffirmed, that I have no thirst—no, not the slightest—"for the martyrdom of fame;" and yet, somehow, the thought, the pleasing thought, that I may at last see myself in print, excites me! What then is the attraction, the merest glimpse of which, while yet afar, thrills me with delightful expectancy? Alas, alas, after all my inward protestations, I blush to find it—fame!

Would that in earlier days I could have foreseen this opportunity for the obscure!

If you should happen to infer that I am going to subscribe for your paper, you would infer correctly. Please find enclosed the proper honorarium, and mark me for your own. I shall receive with cordial interest a clean copy of your first number, and, when I shall have sufficiently perused it, shall pass it around among the members of THE CLUB. I have no doubt that some of them will join me on the subscription list. Not that they will *need* it, or take it wholly for their own gratification; one copy or two would suffice for the reading of THE CLUB. But, if I am not mistaken in them, your heroic venture will remind

them not so much of what *they* need, as of what you and your cause may need. They will wish to help, according to their mite of a subscription, an enterprise undertaken, as yours appears to be, to promote an impartial investigation of the leading problems of the day. It is the very work to which THE CLUB devotes itself at its weekly meetings. A paper without a party should find ready support among the unpartizan lovers of light. A paper without an *ism* should be sustained by cosmopolitanism.

I apprehend that THE NEW AGE will not make you rich, Mr. Editor; on the contrary I fear it will make you poor, unless you have a very long purse to empty into it. Meanwhile, I take pleasure in sending you my little contribution and such encouragement to your enterprise as you may be able to find in the cordial sympathy of an obscure person.

JOHN PARKER.

Individualism.

BY FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

THE sovereignty of the individual, or individualism, as it is sometimes called, signifies very different things to different people. No less a man than Mr. David A. Wasson makes it mean the denial of all human relations, and a sort of going off by one's self into some corner of the world to pout. There are others to whom it means the refusal to pay a poll-tax and a general fault-finding with everything and everybody. With all due respect to these friends in their honest opinions, we think there is a more philosophical position to take; and that, when rationally understood, one of the first duties of society is to secure this sovereignty of the individual.

The great end of life is to develop manhood. Manhood, in its best sense, is a quality or rather the result of a combination of qualities, which one feels when he strikes it. You can walk about almost unconsciously among stomachs, arms, and legs, but when you run across a *man*, you feel, as Emerson expresses it, that here is one who was appointed by Almighty God to stand for a fact. He thinks, speaks, acts for himself. There is no custom so old, no party so strong, no book so sacred, but it has to go before the tribunal of his reason and conscience, and there stand or fall on its own merits. He feels the divine worth of his own best self. He is self-respecting and respected because, whatever his beliefs, he stands on the moral law, subdues his animal to his spiritual nature, and accepts the highest virtue as his life's ideal. All this makes him strong in himself. It makes him feel and say, I am above these mean tricks, these petty conformities, this everlasting underrating of human nature. I am, in a very high and true sense, my own guide, benefactor, redeemer. That is individualism. Let no man suppose it results in selfishness. The man who is selfish, wrapt within himself, always chasing the gold dollar, does not know what this sovereignty of the individual is. His spirit life has not yet subdued his animal life, and there can be no sovereignty of the individual until the individual is sovereign over himself. The moment a man becomes his own redeemer, he begins to feel himself a redeemer of men. Individualism is therefore the instigator of all true reform. The more one realizes his own worth, the more will he desire to raise others to his own level.

The men who have done the most for the truth in all time have been the most individual. It is easy enough to follow with unquestioning confidence the crowd, to mingle in refined and æsthetic society, to worship in the popular church, to vote the regular party ticket; but it is the men who stand up and are counted who move the world. Martin Luther, with his "I cannot otherwise, God help me!" Garrison, with his "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" John Brown, in the face of the scaffold, with his "I have done no wrong, but right!"—who shall say how much such men in such sublime hours count for physical, mental, and moral freedom? For what did they stand, for what do all such stand, if not for the sovereignty of the individual? And so must it ever be. In the midst of a social and industrial system which favors at every point the cunning which grasps and the avarice which hoards gold, we are each and all summoned to maintain our moral integrity. The chains of slavery may clank around our spirits as they once clanked about

our brothers' limbs, the pulpit may close its doors upon us, the world may refuse us a place in which to do the work we feel God-commissioned to do, and we may find ourselves, as many a man and woman has, the subject of a selfish and merciless aristocracy,—then if there be in us the stuff of which martyrs are made, we shall stand for the truth we see, be counted for the life of virtue we strive to live, and welcome to our heart of hearts all the discredited angels which come knocking at its doors. Thus we shall attain the highest sovereignty of the individual, and do our part for "the fair humanities."

Spiritualism.

The New Proof in Spiritualism Examined.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

THERE are some particulars connected with the recent experiments in obtaining paraffine moulds of so-called spirit-hands, to which I wish to call attention.

In the first place, they have been reported with great care, as affording some certain evidence of spirit-presence at the seances where these moulds are obtained. This claim is based on the assumption that the paraffine, when once fixed upon the hand and wrist, is inflexible, and therefore that the human hand, being larger than the wrist, cannot be withdrawn without breaking the mould. But the assumption is an entirely false one, as the reader may most readily convince himself by trying the experiment. Of course paraffine, when *cold*, is brittle; but when slightly warmed, it is, like wax, susceptible of extension and contraction almost at the will of the operator. With such material for moulds, of how much value are the careful measurements recorded by the writers on this subject? If with a little effort you can produce a mould much larger than the hand upon which it was formed, and again with a little effort, after its removal from the hand, can reduce it to less than the size of that hand, without leaving any evidence of the manipulations which produced the change, of how much value are your measurements as tests? I am not supposing anything difficult of proof. The only thing needful is a little knowledge of the material, and a little skill in its manipulation.

"But," it will be urged, "the medium has no opportunity of reaching the paraffine, much less of effecting such manipulations." This may be all very true at the time of the sitting; but what is to prevent any dishonest person from manufacturing these moulds at leisure, concealing them about the person, and, when the proper moment arrives, depositing them in the proper place? Of course I make no charge that this is done; but what *assurance* have we, save our knowledge of the character of the individual operating, that such is not the case? None whatever. These moulds, however thin, are not, when warmed, the very fragile things which the writers on this subject have evidently supposed, or that their appearance, when cold, indicates. They might be warm next the person for an indefinite length of time without injury; the heat of the body preventing them from becoming brittle. Again, it is claimed that the heat of the water used for floating the melted paraffine precludes the possibility of its being the work of the medium. Nothing is more easy than for any one to satisfy himself, if he desires, that this claim has no foundation in fact. So far is this from being the case, that, provided it is quickly done, the mould may be taken while the liquefied paraffine floats on the surface of *boiling* water, and that without the operator experiencing any inconvenience from the heat. Of course the hand must not be allowed to come in contact with the water, but the paraffine quickly attaches itself to the colder hand, and acts as a protecting glove against the heat of the boiling water around it. All these experiments, if I may dignify them by this term, I have myself tried within the past few days, and know whereof I affirm.

I do not offer this testimony as any proof that spirits, if such beings exist, cannot or do not make these moulds as claimed; but only to show that an argument, based upon the assumption that these moulds *could not* be manufactured by the medium, or by mortals, is wholly valueless. I believe in the fullest investigation of all questions pertaining to the interests of the race.

Meetings.

Convention of the Free Religious Association.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION held a Convention at Worcester, on the 16th and 17th of November. The attendance during the day was not large, but the audiences were thoughtful and interested; at the evening sessions the audiences were large. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the President of the Association, opened the Convention on Tuesday evening, with an address on *The Aims of the Free Religious Movement*; of which we give a few extracts:—

The real occasion of the existence of the Association was the infidelity of the Unitarians to their principles. Unitarianism announced as its watchword free thought in religion; the independence of the human mind. It is easy to make such a declaration as this. The difficulty comes in adhering to it when a darling belief is attacked. Then reason is given up. Thus reason asked questions and raised doubts which made Unitarians unwilling to follow reason. We seceded; not, however, to set up another sect, to make another division, but to become more inclusive. In order to define religion, it was necessary to make a definition which would include, not only Christians, but those who are not Christians at all. We had to include among religious men people who said, "We do not believe in a personal God or individual immortality," if they were really believers. All we assume is that the person who joins us desires to be classified among religious people. Here, then, was the necessity of a definition of religion. Religion, says Mr. Abbot, consists in the effort to perfect oneself. Religion, says another thinker among us, is the consciousness of the relation between the individual and the universe. Religion, says Mr. Samuel Johnson, is a consciousness of the relation between the finite and the perfect mind. All these definitions are more inclusive than any of the existing definitions. In England, religion is the established church. In France it is the Roman Catholic church. America gives us these larger definitions. Now we have come to the idea of the universal religion. We should see a sinking of the level of human character and virtue if we had not religion, but only science and philosophy; so I claim to be religious. We are not bound to lay aside religion, and only work for the physical well-being of men. A critic says, "You have abandoned the Christian tradition." Christian tradition, I say, speaking, of course, only for myself only, is spent. A more serious charge is made against us, namely, that we lack in moral earnestness. This imputation hurts, for if this is true we are humbugs, hypocrites. Is Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of our vice presidents, deficient in moral earnestness? Does Mr. Higginson show such a lack when he gives time that means money, thought, and endeavor, to the cause of woman suffrage? Does Sidney Morse lack moral earnestness, a man who worked for the *Radical* till he wore his shoes out, and came to feed on a crust of bread; who worked until the cause was hopeless, and then shed tears because it was so? How was it with Gerritt Smith, an officer of this Association? How is it with our fellow-worker, William Lloyd Garrison? Moral earnestness may be devoted to much higher work than it is ordinarily engaged in. A man may be morally earnest without being a worker for prohibition, or engaged in politics.

The movement for a religious amendment of the Constitution, is a logical and inevitable effect of Orthodox Christianity. It claims as a divine institution to go everywhere and include everything. The only ground on which to meet this is to show that religion is universal, and not a thing of sects, but of aspiration and life. The point of all I have said is simply this: We address ourselves to you as earnest, practical men, believing we have in our idea the seeds of social regeneration. We are not the enemy of any church. If only you lift up your souls, God bless you. But let your belief be as pure as it can be, still you may not intrude it on your neighbor.

At the morning session of Wednesday, David H. Clark, of Florence, read an essay entitled, *Is it to be Peace or War in Religion?* He said that progress is always attended with conflict. Free Religion is a recognition of this fact. Its very existence implies dissatisfaction with what exists, and it can fulfil its mission only by pointing out what it discards as falsehood and error, by clear and open aggression. The idea has been advanced that these falsehoods and errors exist no longer, that the old forms have so slight a hold upon and influence with the people that they need little attention. It is claimed that the time has come to cease the conflict, to become reconciled; but if we look at the churches, we see something that needs attention. The Roman Catholic church is to-day what it ever has been. Its aim is now, and ever has been, an increase of power, not merely spiritual, but temporal and political. It desires to see the whole world subdued to itself, and to accomplish this has not hesitated at any treachery, trickery, artifice, or device, or the commission of any crime, when its prospects of success could be advanced. Among Protestants to-day it is the common presumption that Protestantism will some day absorb Catholicism; but indications fail to substantiate this, and point the other way, as Catholic churches and converts are constantly increasing in number. In this country as well as others appear signs of an impending storm between ecclesiastical and political power. Here we see the Roman Catholic church endeavoring by an alliance with political parties to control them. We see a growing boldness in their attacks upon our school system, and a determination to secure a portion of the State appropriations for schools. These are perils which beset the civilization of to-day, and appear as something more than trivial or insignificant. Traditional Chris-

tianity, which so largely constitutes the Christianity of the present day, is a drag upon civilization, and is at war with the most advanced intelligence of the day. Its encroachments upon the liberties of citizens and of the State are to be combatted, and interference warned off by education, and the Church and State kept separate.

He was followed by Rev. Edwin S. Elder, of Lexington, who said, that this policy of the Roman church was a policy which had been pursued from the beginning, and never with more energy than to-day. This principle of authority is based upon a want of faith in man. The denial of this faith in man has necessitated a faith in something else. This has led to the principle which underlies the Catholic and Protestant churches, namely, the want of faith in humanity. This authority amounts to nothing, until it is declared infallible. Hence its persistent attempt to control schools. The remedy for this is to be found in the exact opposite of this principle—faith in humanity. The Unitarian movement of seventy-five years ago was a great movement in the right direction. It started upon the principle of this faith in man. The speaker thought that the word evolution represented all growth in religion. He recognized the struggle in which they were engaged, but did not fear war.

William C. Gannett, of Boston, could not fully agree with the essayist in relation to Protestantism, claiming that it had been productive of free thought and free religion, while Catholicism had done its utmost to suppress both. He said there were three plains on which the war in religion can be carried on: the plain of discussion, the plain of politics, and the plain of the battle field. He did not think it would ever reach the battle field.

At the afternoon session, the subject of *The Secularization of the State as it refers to the Public Schools*, was opened by Francis E. Abbot, of *The Index*; who gave the following view of the state of affairs in this country to-day:—On one hand is the Catholic party; on the other hand is the Protestant church; and then we have the liberal and outside party. The Catholics are compactly organized, with a recognized head, with an army of bishops and priests to carry out their work. The Protestants are slowly coming together and organizing for a bold and decided stand. The Liberals have no organization, but rely on the purity of their motives, and appeal to reason for support. The Catholics have a far-reaching purpose to accomplish, and it is to gain control of the Government, and establish the Pope as the ruler of this nation, civilly as well as spiritually—in a word, to make their church supreme; and that is the reason they so persistently attack our public school system. They seek with all their power to govern us. We have got to meet this purpose, and prepare to resist this power, if we wish liberty either for our souls or persons. If the church of Rome insists on its positions, an irrepressible conflict is at hand, and it is for you to decide whether they shall accomplish their purpose. Are you prepared to defend yourselves? Will you yield to their demands? Will Rome yield? History answers the question for her, and the issue that we predict cannot be far off. They ask for our peaceful submission to their rule; and should we submit, the last vestige of liberty in this country will be forever blotted out.

The Protestants in this conflict are at work in their way, and they claim that their religion should be established in the State, and wish to make it the law of the land. They insist upon the Bible in the public schools, the observance of the Sabbath, and all of their other notions which will make the State a part of their government; and if they succeed, it is only a question as to which church is to rule, the Protestant or the Catholic. Now we deny the right of either party to insist upon the submission of the Liberals to their dictation in regard to conscience. The atheists, the theists, Jews, and outsiders generally, refuse to yield to the inconsistent course of both the other parties. We do not care to recognize the Bible as the only book of worth. We do not wish to see the Sabbath laws forced on us, and churches allowed to escape taxation. The battle ground seems to be in the public schools, and there is where we must be prepared to meet the enemy. The Protestants are in earnest in this matter. They think they are right, and will shed their blood to defend what they hold so dearly to their hearts. The Catholics are equally in earnest, and prepared to defend their principles. The Liberals are equally in earnest with each of the other two elements, and there is where we stand to-day. This question is at the bottom of our very existence, and it is by education that we are to see our way out of the crisis which is at hand.

Dr. Bartol did not believe the Catholics would care to carry their point so far as Mr. Abbot had presented. They would yield at last, and no trouble need be anticipated. He believed in an inner, upper, higher power, which is religion in its truest sense, and every man is conscious of its presence. The Protestants and Catholics have certain forms and symbols which they claim as necessary to their religion, but that does not make it so. Certain inevitable laws exist, and it matters not what name we call them. The education of our children in schools, private or public, should be such as to teach them that there is a power which, though it cannot be seen or felt, exists. We want religion in its highest and truest sense.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney said the Free Religious ground was not covered until a place was reached where all men could meet in common on religious matters. Through Free Religion we expect to see the various points now at issue between creeds amicably settled before the close of the nineteenth century. The speaker wanted ground maintained where the various religions and beliefs of all the nations of the earth could meet on equality. She wished to have all religious instruction debarred from the public schools, leaving it to the Sunday-school and the church. She wanted no distinctions made that would exclude teachers from schools because they conscientiously decline to read the

Bible or make a prayer in school. Her experience in the Freedmen's schools was that the liberal teachers were the most successful, and the light of their characters were shed so buoyantly over the poor scholars in their charge, that the pupils were lifted up to a higher level of morality and usefulness.

The Convention closed on Wednesday evening, by an essay on *The Work of Religion*, by John Weiss, which some of the Worcester papers speak of as giving general satisfaction, and being the best one read during the meetings. The Convention was highly successful and useful.

Communications.

A Complaint and Protest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW AGE:—When the suffragists of Massachusetts cannot gain access to their own organ, the *Woman's Journal*, is it presumption to expect that the more conservative press, less pretentious in the direction of reform, will open their columns, if not in the interest of this reform, at least in that of fair play? In the *Woman's Journal* of Nov. 13, you will find an article headed, *Dissatisfied Friends*, with brief extracts from articles by Hulda B. Loud and George H. Vibbert. Mr. Vibbert can speak for himself; but my complaint is this:—On the 26th of October I sent to the *Journal* an article protesting against the action, or rather inaction, of the late convention of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, against the seeming indorsement of Mr. Rice, and in favor of the nomination of a life-long advocate, not only of woman's rights, but of human rights, Wendell Phillips. My absence from the State, and ignorance of the meeting of the convention, account for the lateness of the protest. As the article did not appear the next or the following week, I called at the office of the *Journal*, and learned that it "would not appear in its columns;" and came away not at all satisfied with the spirit that seemed to control its managers. But what was my surprise to find extracts from the *rejected* article in the *Journal* of Nov. 13! I thought that outside pressure may compel a man to do what he would not do of his own accord.

Mr. Blackwell, "speaking for the suffragists,"—so says the daily press—claims that the Woman Suffragists elected A. H. Rice Governor of Massachusetts; a claim without a title-deed; a public protest against which, signed by every earnest suffragist in the State, we hope, will appear in due time. We cannot afford to be longer misrepresented by the managers of the *Woman's Journal*. George William Curtis, a prominent Republican, tells us that the occasional declarations in Republican platforms mean nothing. "It is simply a polite bow." There are some suffragists in the State sufficiently sensible to see it; and after being once deceived, do not propose to listen again to honeyed assurances from the same quarter. When canvassing the western part of the State, three years ago, for the election of Grant, I was told by delegates to the Republican Convention, who were present and listened to the reading of the resolutions, that they knew nothing of a Woman Suffrage plank in the platform; and my eyes were opened to the hollowness of party professions. And "Put not your faith in princes," to me then read, "Put not your faith in politicians." Mr. Blackwell's admonition to the Republican officials sounds to me very much like the threat of a little boy who had been struck three or four times, "If you do that a dozen times more, I will strike back." He assures us that Mr. Rice "will not veto a Suffrage bill." Undoubtedly not, as such a bill will probably never reach him. No man commends himself to me by simply negative virtues. Positive vices are more easily met. HULDA B. LOUD.

Sub-Letting.

THE interest in the work of the Lord under Moody and Sankey, reminds an old gentleman of a queer incident which occurred at a Quaker meeting several years ago. A very practical woman closed her short address upon the duty of every one to take special care of their own personal reformation, by saying, "Now let every one go home and mend one." Whereupon a sister who had carefully listened to the testimony, spoke out in meeting and declared she would "go home and mend Conner" (her husband). So far as we have looked at the matter of this fresh attempt at revival, people seem quite anxious that other folks should be saved, and are hoping that Conner will mend.

B.

Scintillations.

THE fellow, who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that it "costs money, hair does."

IF the ladies of the period are as just as they are beautiful, they will contribute something toward a monument for King Canute. He was the person who originally ordered the tide back.

A WESTERN paper has this personal item: "Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson, of this place, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

THE other evening a traveller endeavored to walk into the Washington Hotel, temporarily closed for repairs, but was unable to effect an entrance. "That house is closed, mister," said a pedestrian, as he passed along. The traveller banged away on the door, and the pedestrian called out, "You, there, that house is closed!" The traveller twisted away at the knob, and once more the pedestrian called out, "I say, that house is closed!" "Don't you suppose I know it," roared the traveller; "what I'm trying to do is to open it!"—*Vicksburg Herald*.

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