THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE. *Do not say, Socrates is buried: say you buried my body.*—Socrates. NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST.

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At Home and Abroad.

"The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—*Bacon.*

TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. MARY E. DODGE.

To-morrow, a beautiful day,
Is waiting for you and for me;
Bluest skies of a soft shining ray
Are impatient the shadows to flee.
Why care if the landscape be sullen and gray?
To-morrow will chase all the cloud-racks away.

To-morrow you say, may be dull,
With the leaden-hued face of to-day.
Wait: its morrow with measure is full
Of a joy never spoiled by delay.
If to-day born of yesterday baffle our will,
To-morrow, to-morrow, is radiant still.

To-morrow is mantled in white
As pure as the soft-falling snow,
That rounds into waves of delight,
To cover Earth's pitiful woe.
The gale may be sighing, the frost-king astray,
Yet to-morrow will sparkle in crystalline spray.

To-morrow with roses is crowned,
A tender-eyed sylph o' the May;
Flinging garlands of blossoms around
In a childlike improvident way.
To-day may be barren, a chill in the air;
To-morrow young Spring-life will bud everywhere.

To-morrow, the birds without fear,
Flitting back to the woodlands again,
Will sing, for the Summer that's here,
A full-throated, ravishing strain.
The world now so silent of bird or of bee
To-morrow shall echo with refluent glee.

To-morrow the babe of the field
From its silk-curtained cradle shall rise;
And spurning the harvest-queen's shield,
Fill the air with a golden surprise,
The seed may be brown in the cell of to-day,
Yet vestured to-morrow in royal array.

To-morrow is regal for all,
With a scepter of love in her hand;
The weary but wait for her call,
To spring to the full-fruited land.
O'er the span of to-day we may tearfully grope,
But the arch of to-morrow is glowing with hope.

Yes, to-morrow, a beautiful day,
Is waiting for you and for me;
Impatient our grief to allay,
Our sorrow-weighed pinions to free.
Why reck we the burden that presses to-day?
To-morrow, to-morrow will lift it away.

—*Old and New.*

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

NO. II.

"For he knew what was in man."

We closed our first article on "Spiritual Insight," with the assertion that clairvoyance and sensitiveness to the the thoughts and feelings of others, demonstrate that there is a medium between spirit and spirit through which impressions are given and received. We might multiply instance upon instance to prove this truth, but few will receive such facts except those sensitive enough to understand something of this wonderful means of acquiring knowledge of that which the senses do not reveal. But as our philosophy has its foundation on this truth—that each human spirit has within itself the capacities of each other human spirit and the germ that may develop into the highest attainment, intellectual, moral and spiritual—we assert that every human spirit has this life within its external life and these means of gaining knowledge. Thus we have opened for us a world more fair than the wide extended plains and glorious scenes of mountain and valley, than the star-lit sky, the flower gemmed field. The light of this world is a sun of more dazzling splendor than ever morning gave to earth.

We are told of one who eighteen centuries ago "needed not that any man should testify of man, for he knew what was in man," and who told the woman at the well all things she had ever done. This man's spiritual perceptions, so acute and perfect, were truthful revelations to him. His life was a continued proof that his consciousness was united to this world of thought and feeling. He moved among the people as one who with almost omnipotent power could see through all events and understand all character. Yet he never arrogated to himself any power beyond that which others might possess. All his gifts he sought to bestow, or rather he desired to call out in others the same god-like attributes. At the well in Samaria, while his eye took in all the wondrous beauty of the scene outspread before him, and the inspiration from thence filled his being with that poetic imagery which every record of his sayings expresses, yet with his diviner senses he translated from the world of thought and feeling the hidden life of the woman's soul. Events lay before him, purposes were not concealed. In his disciples he also recognized the unformed purpose. He knew his betrayer, and that Peter would deny him. This wide extended sympathy with the spirit life, so that each individual, in his thought and feeling, in his motive and desire, is revealed as clearly as are his features, is man's means of reforming himself and the world. As soon as we learn that there goes forth from our own spirits a never ceasing flow to swell this current of spirit-life, shall we be satisfied till like the sun's radiance we give forth perpetual life and beauty?

This recognition is often deemed mere feeling or imagination, and is not supposed to be subject to any law. That which is termed spiritual sight must necessarily be the sight of spiritual objects. The clairvoyant supposes himself to see mere matter; but he recognizes through his spiritual perceptions the spirit of all things. The spirit ear sometimes hears, but the sweet sounds or discordant notes are made to correspond through association with those that fall on the external ear. Thought, when not formed into words and phrases may be recognized. The sweet harmonies that fill the soul with peace when in the presence of those whose thoughts and sentiments accord with our own or who give forth diviner life on which we long to feed, have for the ear no measured cadences, yet the spirit is hushed and calmed as when the mother sings a sweet lullaby to her cradled babe. One feels the soft air of summer and with delight senses all it brings. But when the radiant atmosphere from a soul whose life is within the courts of blessedness and peace breathes upon us, we know a sweeter sense of delight, for every nerve of sensation receives its impress and gives to the consciousness.

We all know what it is to be satisfied in the presence of others, to know our whole beings content. This is when the spirit with all its senses alive and acute, receives what it demands. There are but few whose spirit life has gained the mastery over the mere life of sense to a sufficient degree to enable them to be conscious of this reception through particular channels. The Nazarene often spoke of this as the Father, and every general manifestation of derived power he acknowledged as from the Father, yet his own spiritual senses were so developed that he not only saw but heard and felt that which others did not and could not perceive. In the Old Testament record we have constant witness that in those early days men possessed organizations that permitted the activity of their interior natures. The voice of God, so called, of angels and spirits, is testified of as speaking to men. But how did they hear? Surely these Hebrew men and women were human beings, mortals like the rest of us! Surely they had faculties differing in no wise from those possessed by other human beings! There are no pretensions made to any extraordinary gift. Indeed these manifestations were not confined to the holiest and best of men even, but were admitted as natural, scarcely depending upon faith even.

If we go back to nations of less spiritual development than the Hebrews, we find still the recognition of certain faculties that enable certain individuals to communicate with a world that the external senses take no cognizance of. Some of the peoples of India had gained such knowledge of what developed this power, that men were set apart that they might perfect themselves for what was considered holy and sacred. Egypt in her palmy days, was not ignorant of the means so certain to advance her glory. Persons possessing these more refined senses and recognizing their operation were looked upon as divine. They were set apart as special aids to national greatness, and the wisdom of princes yielded to their wisdom. The oracles of Delphi are as well attested as any spiritual manifestation.

Through all the ignorance and darkness that followed the first promulgation of the Christian gospel, we find this light, evanescent and fitful, yet kept alive as the chief means of enkindling zeal and making converts to the Christian faith. The Christian religion is so dependent upon a recognition of these spiritual senses that it seems strange that any set of men can ignore them. That they may be recognized in each individual should be the chief aim of the religious instruction of all sects. Who that is dead in all that pertains to this interior nature can feel the influence of the Holy Ghost so prayed for in all the churches. The apostle besought all to covet earnestly spiritual gifts, among which he especially enumerated sight, for it was considered one of the most natural of all gifts. But what nonsense would this command be to those who had within no organs of spiritual sight, and if without there were no spiritual objects of vision? The seeing of spirits was considered a help to Christian attainment, since it inspired the faith of the individual, and was the means of revealing truth and beauty unto him.

REPORT OF LECTURE BY MRS. LAURA CUPPY SMITH, IN LYRIC HALL, NEW YORK, FEB. 11.

MODERN RELIGION: WHAT IS IT WORTH?

I would say first that I have no quarrel with Christianity as Christ taught it. It is the absence of Christianity that I deplore. But I say Christianity is worth nothing if it does not reach down into those avenues of sin, danger, and despair, where Christ went to heal that which was sick and save that which was lost. You may count your magnificent spires, and point to the churches on every corner as a refutation of the declaration that religion is a sham, but I maintain my declaration; for Christ said the sick need a physician. Religion has become so aristocratic that the poor are ashamed to be seen in your costly churches! Picture to yourselves the sensation that would be created if Jesus, followed by his humble disciples, fishermen and men in humble places, should walk up the aisles of your popular churches! The gathering up of velvet and silk, and folding back of elegant attire, as those humble ones passed by! We want a religion that shall reach the darkened avenues of sin and sorrow everywhere; a religion that is vital, permeating the lives of the people, lifting the desolate and forlorn souls who everywhere cry, "No man, Lord, careth for our souls." Every day you read records of want, suffering, and woe. When you make complaint of this, you are pointed to institutions of reform, and to the churches, and are told that ample provision is made for all. But we want a religion that shall strike at the root of all the evils of the day. The gospel of Jesus has been preached while we have practiced the religion of Moses. We want so to permeate society with divine truth that there will be no need of reform asylums and places of refuge for the sinning.

People say that our institutions are almost perfect. A gentleman of the press said to me that it was useless to complain of persons and institutions, and yet I hold in my hand the statement of a reporter in the New York *Times* in relation to Sing Sing prison. (Here followed an extract from that paper giving an account of the cruel whipping and thumb-screw torture of that prison.) And this is the nineteenth century! I say that the religion that cannot penetrate to these avenues of crime is worth little.

The religion that will reach the poor and the unfortunate is a religion that shall penetrate the life; teaching all men that they are by nature divine. We can only uplift humanity by teaching men self-respect, by appealing to the divine within each one; by reaching the divine spark in humanity and fanning it into a flame, that shall finally burn up all their sin and iniquity. Modern Christianity teaches that men must depend on a Savior who died eighteen hundred years ago. God does not demand that we shall wade through the blood of another being to his presence. He stands as a divine parent. Teach men only through the love power, by kind and gentle treatment of the unfortunate. Learn that our children must be cradled in love and sympathy; that many prayers and worship in costly temples is not as acceptable as the unfoldment of the powers and capacities of our beings and the cultivation of all the attributes of mind and heart. When we discern the inharmonies and lack of development in humanity, let us realize that 'tis only by love, mercy and charity that their discordant natures can be turned into harmony with the divine spirit that would have men worship him in spirit and in truth. The world's idea of worship is the offering of lip service while often the thoughts remain below. "Words without thoughts will not to heaven go." We want the worship of deeds. In the enlargement of the boundaries of our lives we offer praise to the donor of our lives and worship God.

We should look on crime as disease; as a malady more infectious than the most terrible epidemic that can rage. We must look on criminals as sin-sick and lift them out of their condition by sympathy and love. A few years ago the treatment of the insane was most cruel. They were chained and neglected until they were objects of loathing. But the benevolent gathered together and said these things should cease; and the result is that the insane are treated with all the courtesy and kindness of the sane. The influence of music and flowers and all that shall restore their mental derangement is tried.

The beautiful religion of harmony must be brought to bear on criminals. Victor Hugo says if you will say *monsieur* to a convict, you help to restore his self-respect. Such treatment as has been depicted in the *Times* is enough to make a demon of any man. Take the best man you know and appeal to the demoniacal that is in him and you have a worse man. The religion that Christ taught will ensure self-respect to a man, and that shall be his savior; for the first respect to God is respect to one's self. One who visits the picture galleries of the old country will see some pictures that seem only fit to be turned to the wall. But the connoisseur comes and says, "let me take it; I will restore it;" and by his art he brings out the marvelous tints and it proves to be the work of the great masters. And thus the superficial observer looks here and there and says, "It is no use to labor with that soul." But the tender hearted philosopher says, "Let me take that poor lost brother, and let me appeal to the divine in him," and he stands at last revealed, a master piece from the hand of the great master artist—God.

And so through love and charity shall humanity be restored. And through that element can humanity be reached to-day. To the outcast you must say, my sister; to the poor reeling man in the gutter you must say, you are my brother. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, and the Sadducees and Pharisees reproached him.

When the Rev. Mr. Stone, once a Presbyterian minister in Boston, went to San Francisco and saw the sin and misery there, he said to his people: "This church is so respectable and you are so respectable, and this state of things is so dreadful that there is no hope for any of us." His people were offended with him. But he said, "I will shut up my church if you will not go where your master went, and reach the sin and misery that he reached." The ministers are larger than their creeds and better than their sermons. They would go and preach to the poor and sin-sick if their people would let them. They would say as Christ did, "The whole need not a physician but they that are sick." You respectable men and women do not need a preacher; it is the poor, the wretched, the miserable, that need the beautiful bread gospel of love. Your churches are closed on the sinful and wretched. I would have a religion so wide that it would permeate every condition, reach the prisoner, the felon, the magdalen, take the mask off of respectability and fashion and make all alike the children of God, whose temple is all space. Your ministers do the best they can. It is your criticism that keeps them from diviner work, your gossip that keeps them from seeking out the wretched and sinning. A Methodist clergyman awakened by his earnest appeals a poor fallen sister. She was weary, sick, and sore, and came forward in penitence to be the subject of prayer. But she was so very bad that all were shocked at her nearness, and though she continued in her penitence and desired to forsake her sin and lead a true, better life, yet the influence against her was so strong that the clergyman dared not accept her repentance, and she was forced back into her life of sin. The religion of that Christianity was a sham. Who is responsible for her going back to evil? I say, in the light of such facts, modern religion is a pretense.

You establish a creed and you limit a person's going out and coming in; because the great question is, can I receive this without harm? does it conflict with my sense of liberty, and with my freedom of thought? There is a religion so divine coming to the earth that it should reach every avenue of life, and in which all limitation shall die out. It shall be a mighty temple going up without mallet or sound of hammer, and so full of all beauty and love and purity that all shall reverence and respect it. There was never a religious creed but had some truth in it; but this new religion shall be a resting place for every divine thought. Brotherly love, equality, and justice shall be served out to all; narrow creeds and narrow thoughts shall disappear, and the great sun of truth shall comfort every disconsolate heart, and we shall see that the ladder that Jacob saw in vision has never been taken down, but on it the angels are ever passing up and down, waiting to bless us all if we will only make room for them; if we will cease those discordant utterances that separate hearts. When we learn by heart this new religion of thought and action, then shall we learn that equal justice for which the philanthropist yearns to-day.

We can best worship God by seeing him here. A poor Italian died last week in this city, of starvation, eating the garbage of the street until overcome by weakness he died. We want a religion that shall make such a thing impossible, and that shall send prisons and gallows to be ranked among the crudities of a past age.

We want a religion that shall reach to the needs of humanity. When we have such a religion then the millennium will come, for the angels are striving to pour out a benediction of divine love upon the whole earth that shall lift humanity up and up into oneship with the Father, recognizing the paternal love that would gather the unfortunate and suffering into its tender arms.

Humanity wants practicality—a religion that is so practical that it will be impossible for men to starve, impossible for sin to ride in a carriage while virtue walks barefoot. We have too much talk of heaven, and too little of earth. The transcendental talk about the Summer Land is beautiful in theory, but we must have the practice of its requirements on the earth before it will bless the world. We must educate our children in the divine truths, and teach them to practice the divine virtues. Henry Ward Beecher said, it is better to be born right at first than to have to be born again, and that regeneration was a beautiful process but proper generation was better. We must begin our work with the little children, and teach them that he that takes a barrel of flour to the needy is the true Christian.

This great religion of love, justice, and equality is waiting for us. With prophetic eye I behold its coming to the earth. Its redemptive power waits to descend through the angels of God upon the weary, waiting, longing, suffering world. God speed its coming.

NOTES.

THE New York *Tribune* says:

"The 'Spiritualists' of Boston have done one sensible thing for which they shall here and now have credit. They have petitioned the Legislature to sanction the appropriation by towns and cities of money for the establishment of Industrial Schools. We see in this the general tendency of all new religious bodies to subordinate their private and peculiar views to those which are of more practical importance. The same thing has been already observed in the progress of Quakers and of Shakers. George Washington, Lord Bacon, and Edgar A. Poe may have nothing to do with the balderdash which it is affirmed comes from them through 'mediums;' but if the habit of materializing the future state leads to good works here, the mistake is by no means without its value."

We suppose we ought to feel very grateful for even an equivocal sort of compliment from so august a quarter; even for the recognition of "one sensible thing" as having really

[*Continued on fourth page.*]

THE DEPARTED.

BY EMMA SCARR LEDSHAM.

Still, one by one, they leave us—they whose names
Have been like beacon-lights unto our youth—
Have safely guided by their lambent flames
Our feet to knowledge, wisdom, love and truth.

Upon their emanations have our minds
Long fed and thriven. Wherefore, wherefore, then,
We ask, must these fruit-bearers by the winds
Uprooted be, to die like common men?

To die, to pass away, to form no more
A visible part of earth's inhabitants,
Leaving but foot-prints on life's trampled shore,
To guide affection to their favorite haunts.

O mystery of mysteries! we cry,
Amazed. Are these in truth all that remains
Of those bright beings who aspired so high
That Genius crowned them in his own domains?

No, no. They live, they love they labor still.
Our spiritual vision well perceives,
How, governed by a wise, long-chastened will,
They shape for use the fabric Destiny weaves.

God lays a charge upon them to convey
His precious seeds of truth unto our care.
We are their wards; they guard us all the way
From earth's cloud-realms to regions light and fair.

—*Liberal Christian.*

For the Present Age.

CANDOR—SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

BY A. CRIDGE.

Of the two classes into which the opponents of Spiritualism may be divided—the orthodox and the materialists—the latter nearly always claim to be candid, open to conviction, etc. But some of them have queer notions as to what these expressions imply. Of late there has been a good deal written *pro* and *con* concerning the "psychic force" in the *English Mechanic and World of Science*. In the issue of Jan. 12th, 1872, is a selected article by P. H. Vanderweyde (apparently an American) on the experiments of Professor Crookes, in which he states that he has investigated the subject of Spiritualism for twenty-two years and is "known in this part of the world as one of the strongest opponents of all such delusions." Further he says:

"I have very often exposed the trickery and deception, but always declared that I am *open to conviction*, and have always been ready to be present when experiments in this line were made. As I have but one desire, to know the truth, and but one fear, to believe an error, I will be the first to acknowledge it when I shall be convinced of the reality of the existence of a psychic force which can influence the gravity of bodies."

Thus much for *profession*; let us now see his *practice*, according to his own showing.

"Dr. Crookes, in confirmation of his views, relates a few cases of similar experiments by Gasparin and Dr. Hare. If the first has no more foundation than the latter, the testimony is worthless. It shows only a prejudice in Mr. Crookes' mind to attach any value to the report that Dr. Hare communicated the details of his experiments to the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting in August, 1855. I was present at that meeting; it was held in the city of Albany; and I declare that the apparatus was the grossest piece of self-deception one can imagine. The fact was that eminent man had become insane; the meeting would not listen to him on the ground that his theory of Spiritualism was on a religious subject, or a delusion, and that in either case it was totally foreign to the field of a scientific association."

Here we find candor and openness to conviction by wholesale. It seems that Mr. Crookes' "prejudice" consisted in believing that the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," *was* candid when in fact it was *not*. If Mr. V. saw the apparatus (and he would scarcely be so *uncandid* as to express so positive an opinion on it if he did not see it) it is probable that many members of the Association also examined it. It seems that Mr. V. considers bugs and beetles quite in the line of a scientific association; but facts pertaining to the life of man and pivotal to that life, quite "foreign." How candid, too, to assume constantly the thing to be proved or disproved, viz., that Spiritualism is a delusion. I have before me a very elementary work on geometry in which "young pupils" are warned against such "*errors of demonstration*" as reasoning in a circle and begging the question, yet even such men as Prof. Huxley, when writing on Spiritualism, are apt to fall into both. Mr. V. endorses this proceeding of the American Association and the reason therefor as follows:

"On the same ground I had several years before often succeeded in keeping Spiritualism out of the discussion of some of the scientific societies in New York."

This is a peculiar way he had of showing that he was "open to conviction,"—quite as much so probably as any medieval inquisitor or other persecuting ecclesiastic who may sometimes have condescended to argue the case with "heretics" who must either be convinced or burn. Now I have heard and read of many materialists who make similar professions as to candor, but in view of the preceding confession of Mr. Vanderweyde, I am inclined to be as skeptical as to their openness to conviction as they are of Spiritualism. The difficulty is that their idea of what constitutes candor differs *in toto* from mine. King James no doubt thought he was benevolent and tender-hearted when he reasoned with heretics in order to save them from death and imprisonment; but those words now have a different meaning as applied to actions. A century hence openness to conviction will not be considered as compatible with efforts to stifle discussion. It is difficult to say whether Spiritualists most need science or modern science Spiritualism; but it is certain that each badly needs the other; and the foulest wrong that can be done to a progressive humanity is to endeavor to keep them asunder. Whatever may be his profession, no one can be really honest in his investigations who tries to prevent the phenomena claimed as spiritual from being investigated by men of science.

For the PRESENT AGE.

THE PHENOMENAL OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY N. M. STRONG.

It is with emotions the most joyful that I peruse the interesting phenomena, related as transpiring in the presence of Dr. Slade. To me there is no fact in life of greater import to be firmly established by positive knowledge, than the continued existence of the soul after physical death.

Man's existence here is full of unfathomable mystery, and within itself it yields not sufficient evidence to satisfy the exalted aspirations that reach out, angel-like, for a better life, when the joys and sorrows of this are o'er.

There is a *need* in the nature of man that requires a channel open to the land of the hereafter, by which our loved ones, who are daily passing within the veil, may return and give positive evidence that they are yet in the world of individual, conscious life. This fact once established by demonstration to the physical senses so that all may fully realize that the death of the body is not the death of the soul, we have a grand stimulating power to urge man onward in the beautiful fields of thought, for he knows that soon he must stand in the presence of those that have thrown off the mortal covering and are engaged in a sphere of activity that is rounding out into harmony all the faculties of the soul.

With this truth ever looming up before him, he cannot but realize the advantages of cultivating all that is pure and exalting in his nature, knowing that in the spirit balance he must be weighed—not for his eternal weal or woe—but for the happiness that he will receive according to his advancement in knowledge and goodness.

"Dark circles, at a dollar a head," have *not* "had their day." If a dear friend from the boundaries of that better land can return, and, in the beautiful manner described by Dr. Willis, materialize a form and converse either by gestures or in an audible voice with those that are dwelling in this physical world, there is no more consoling fact known to man. We know by this simple truth that the golden thoughts that leap heavenward are not doomed to extinction here; a better evidence by far of future life than all the philosophizing that can be brought to bear on the understanding. We have an ever present light that penetrates the darkness of the tomb, a bow of cheerfulness that spans the gateway that opens to the better land. There may be those that think lightly of the phenomenal of Spiritualism, but to me it is the golden fruitage of the ages past, that has ever been struggling for perfect development.

"We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow."

For the Present Age

"ONLY HERE THE SHADOWS GATHER."

BY EMMA CHURCH.

Yes, I know that it is "only here the shadows gather," that only here come the gloomy days when none of the sunshine from the bright heavens can enter our souls, when the only music that is played upon our heart-strings seems a requiem for shattered joys, that it is only here for a few short days or years at most, that we, if deserving, can lack that sympathy which all crave from their inmost soul, and many times, for its want, are almost starving. Yes, only here; so be patient, sorrowing ones, perform well your part, and joy, glory, and love shall yet be yours—and yours where no grasping hand of selfishness, envy, or malice can rob you. Yes, this will be your very own, perhaps next month to some of you, or next year, or but a few years at most. Ask trustingly that the beams from that celestial sun which shines for the angels, will also shine upon you and dispel those dark clouds. Ask, and the angels will come, and with their happy hearts and glad faces, bring peace and give unto you of their joy. They love us and would do us good; they come, bringing the magnetism from that better home—mothers and fathers to their little ones, brothers, sisters. They see the struggle; they know how we contend, day by, day, with the forces that work against us; they pity and bless us; they bring us patience and bid us be true to each other and wait, for those pearly gates must soon be opened, and the shadows flee away forever.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

Yesterday afternoon a large congregation gathered at the church of Rev. John Chambers, Broad and Sansom streets, to hear that divine discourse on the subject, "Which the most certain way to convince the world that as a nation we believe in God? By a sectarian religious creed in the Constitution of the United States? or by the godly living of our presidents, governors, congressmen, &c.? Mr. Chambers began by stating that the subject of his discourse had been suggested by a convention that had been held recently in Cincinnati and in other cities for the purpose of having a sectarian religious creed inserted as an amendment into the Constitution of the United States, and that it had been foremost in his mind for weeks.

Copious extracts from the Scriptures were cited in support of the position that rulers should be good and wise men. As a citizen of this country, he had his prejudices and dislikes, his national pride, as other men had their prejudices and national pride; but, as a citizen of this land, he had a right to protest against the introduction of such a narrow-minded, bigoted principle as the recognition of a sectarian religious creed into that sacred instrument—the Constitution of the United States. The most certain way to convince the world of our recognition of God, for it has been said of us that we do not recognize God, is by the godly living of our President, our Governors and Congressmen.

It has been asked what is to be gained by the suggested amendment. Will it make better men of the gamblers in the stocks and the office-holder who thrives on the crafty success of peculation? Will it have such a moral force as to make us all better men? If it will, then let us have the recognition of God in a thousand and one amendments as thick as an octavo volume, if by it the people will be made a whit more moral than they are now. But it will not, and I can see nothing but mischief growing out of it. It will deprive the Jew of his franchise and citizenship. And are we then going to cut off—amputate this great body of people who form so large a ratio of our population.

You all know of the populations of our great cities, and you know there are virtuous, good and law-abiding citizens who reject what another denomination may preach. Unitarians—you will not cut off this body of citizens by a sectarian religious amendment. It will open the door for religious persecution and fanaticism. The Pope of Rome will come and demand a recognition in the Constitution of our land of his infallibility, and the churchman will want his recognition of apostolic succession engrafted in its sacred precincts, and there will be no telling where it will end, and it will be the step to the union of Church and State, a consummation pregnant with dire results to human liberty.

In the compiling of that sacred instrument, the Constitution, when our fathers had been in unsuccessful effort to agree for five days, Dr. White was called in to invoke a blessing upon the work of that assembly, and that they might come to an understanding, and directly afterward they agreed, and what more recognition of God do you want than that!

We open our doors and invite the European, the Asiatic, the Jew and all of earth to come to our portals, and we have no right, not even the President, to catechize him about his religious belief.

The American people seem to have forgotten their manhood; men seem to be in pursuit of gain: the fire of avarice controls them. The clergyman strongly denounced the great system of peculation and fraud that is being carried on in national and municipal affairs. He spoke of the just sentence that had recently been meted to certain office-holders in this city, and rejoiced to see once more the dawn of justice.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

From the Golden Age.

MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

A small child with questioning eyes of blue, holding a thought in leash, leaned confidingly on the bosom of her mother, and with voice full of repressed feeling asked, "Why don't you tell me 'bout the Heavenly Mother? Don't *she* give us any thing!" A thrill of strange rapture shot through the heart of the mother as she pressed her child to her heart and inaudibly prayed that she might be able to give her child a true and worthy thought. Then from her book of memory, she read in subdued tones, as follows: I knew a little girl once, almost like you, who thought about her Heavenly Father, how good and great He was, but ever and ever alone through eternity, with no one to understand Him and none to love. How understandingly men, women, and little children on earth and the angels in heaven loved each other; birds and beasts had their kind. But God had no other god to love Him. How solitary and gloomy for Him to sit forever alone in heaven.

This overwhelming thought of the solitude of God oppressed her little heart. It would not leave her. Overcome with sadness she cast herself on the moist grass and sobbed herself asleep, when in her dream a bright and winged angel came and whispered something in her ear, and she awoke and arose, and with flute-like voice cried exultingly aloud. "Oh, Heavenly Mother, I have found you! Strange, I did not know, that no one told me! Why there must be a Heavenly Mother if there is a Heavenly Father."

Can any one conceive of a Divine Father without including a Divine Mother in the conception? No more then we think of a child without involving the idea of mother and father. People prate glibly of a "Parent" in heaven—yet look with compassion on the child who has only *a parent* on earth. The love of God is often illustrated by showing what an earthly father will do for a child. But does a mother do less?

Not only from the mouths of babes and sucklings has the cry gone forth for a Mother in heaven. Men, strong and brave, have yearned to adore her. Theodore Parker was wont to pray: "Father and Mother God." The heart of man craves this faith, and has from time immemorial demanded the deification of woman. The Catholic Church, with a wonderful adaptability, gave her children the Mother of Jesus for an object of worship. Without intending it she has given us a feeble apotheosis of woman. Art is deeply indebted to Rome for this beneficent gift to her children.

The inspired genius of Raphael doated fondly on the queen of heaven —"Mary our Mother." That church could not have asked even a pretense of celibacy from her priests without giving Mary to them to worship. With loving eyes they could inflame their hearts in kneeling at her shrines, before her images and pictures; they could write impassioned prayers, offer the sweetest flowers and costliest drapery to the ideal woman, pure without a spot or blemish—"The Queen"—"the Rose of Heaven."

Swedenborg meets this hunger of the heart by giving "a Divine Man" in whom Divine Love and Wisdom represent the masculine and feminine principles. He is a nondescript being —a fearful hermaphrodite of Theology. Still that grand old man tells us sweetly and simply that "an angel" is a man *and* woman. Conjugal partners in heaven appear to those at a distance as a "man," but on drawing nearer behold "a woman" with him. May not our spiritual distance cause near-sighted vision? So when we draw nearer the Divine Man, lo! we shall find a Divine Woman smiling upon us. Much that is plaintive in music, sad in poetry, and pathetic in art, is the expression of the soul's instinctive sigh for a Divine Mother. In the Father's many mansions we shall find Her and be satisfied. On earth a beautiful light illumines the sky, now full of prophecy for woman. Her obscure genealogy has been made plain. She, as well as man, is a lineal descendant of God. She is no longer to be looked upon as God's second thought, a piece of divine patchwork. She now declares her divine parentage, her co-equal birth with man. Without her, he is a useless fragment. When our woman Saviour comes "in trailing clouds of glory from heaven, which is her home" her pure hands will uplift the veil that hides our Heavenly Mother's face. And with divinely loving lips, she will teach us after this manner to pray, "Our Mother, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."

FIRST LOVE.

Why do people take to loving one another—or liking the customary preliminary to oving? And how does the love first come? Through what mysterious process do young folks pass, by steps rapid or slow, according to circumstances and their own idiosyncrasy, out of the common world—the quiet, colorless, every-day world, into that strange new paradise from which there is no returning. No, none! we may be driven out of it by an angel with a flaming sword—out into the wilderness which we have to till and keep, changing its thorns and thistles into a respectable, ordinary garden—we may pass out of it calmly and happily into a new earth, safe and sweet and homelike; but this particular paradise is never found again, never re-entered more.

Why should it be? All life is a mere progression, a pressing on and on; and death itself, we Christians believe, but a higher development into more perfect life. Yet as nothing good is ever lost, or wholly forgotten, one can imagine even a disembodied spirit, recalling with a tender sweetness the old earthly heaven which was first created by that strange state of mind, that intoxicating idealization of all things within and without, as if everything were beheld with new eyes, the eyes of a creature new-bound; the condition which silly folks call being "in love."

It has its silliness, no one will deny; its weakness and madness; but it has its divine side too, chiefly because then and not till then, comes the complete absorption of self into some other being dearer and better, higher and nobler than one's self, or imagined so; which is the foundation of everything divine in human nature. If men and women are ever good at all, ever heroic, unselfish, self-denying, they will be so when they first fall in love; and if the love be worthy, that goodness will take root and grow. As a tree is known by it fruits, so a noble love, be it happy or unhappy, ennobles a whole life. And I think no friends—no parents especially—if they are real friends, real parents, true as tender, generous as wise, can see two young people standing at the enchanted gate without a prayerful thankfulness; ay! thankfulness. For it is the gate of life to them, whatever be the end.—*Miss Muloch.*

THE DEVIL:—*Does he Exist, and what does he do?*—Father Delaporte, Professor of Dogma, in the Faculty of Bordeaux, asks this question, and answers it, by theology, by history, and by legend. Father Delaport has no doubt that the Devil exists; and he shows a startling familiarity with his habits, his haunts, and his intentions. The book is perfaced by a letter of Bishop De Segur, of St. Denis, to the author.—"Reverend Father," says the Bishop, "if every one busied himself with the Devil as you do, the Kingdom of God would gain by it." In spite of the Bishop, however, we must record our conviction that it is not faith in the Devil that saves the soul; and that the less one busies oneself with him the better. Father Delaporte gives some specific directions about the use of holy water, the sign of the cross, etc., in exorcism. These measures may answer very well against the French Devil; but our American Beelzebub is a potentate that goeth not forth on any such hints. On the whole, we are not confident that this volume will enlarge our stock of useful knowledge.—*Independent.*

THERE is now a protest from Washington against the imposition of too much work on children in the public schools. A father complains that the teachers are sacrificing everything to success in "spelling" matches of the pupils. One of them has a custom of calling up her pupils, without regard to age or capacity, to write out long lists of words, and every word misspelled they are required to write twenty-five times after school hours. Under this system his own little girl, eight years old, had to write 600 words one day and another about the same night to write 1000. It would be a matter, of course, for a real man to write a thousand words for a child eight years old, who not form the letters except with ness and painstaking effort, wearisome and cruel task. The tion of teachers is frequently discretion, and very often needs checked for the good of their When children from seven years of age have tasks which can be accomplished work outside the school-room, they spend six hours daily, it time for some body to interfere.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INDIAN QUESTION.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—I have your columns, from time to time, censuring the conduct of the their usage of the Indian. Knowing fairness towards all, and your to "hear all sides," I am led to on that subject,

I am compelled to say that many articles referred to savor of sentiment. They will not bear the test of stern There is such a thing as *theory*, and is also such a thing as practice. It ural for humanity to favor the weak ness calls forth sympathy, and judgment, often in error, associates ness and virtue with weakness, thy exerts its influence and determines mind. So theoretical results are can be arrived at in the East. The eal is met by contact with them. I regarded the Indian as abused till up my residence on the Kansas frontier had then only theorized on the subject have now been here nearly two years, my ideas are radically changed. I seen the real. The graves of my neighbors fallen by deadly arrows, and stories of earliest settlers, have effected that change. It may be that a wiser course might have been pursued in their treatment, yet fact that the frontier settler has to constantly on the alert to ward off the at their hands, is not apt to stimulate love for the race. A desolated cabin, the mangled corpses of dear ones in foreground, is not a pleasing picture the hardy pioneer, especially if to it is added remembrance of the captivity of a wife or daughter.

My observation of Indian character that he is not to be ruled by love. I it not for their fear of results, this state by May first would be deposed. The Indian has been called "brave," "chivalrous." We have read novels and in sermons of the fine traits savage chiefs. We have read in our books of the rescue of Captain Smith Pocahontas, of the speech of Black Hawk. Now these may be facts, but they are tainly exceptions, and not the rule. physiognomist, can, by the contour judge the character of the Indian. will see there, plainly as if printed, leading traits of his nature. He will brutality in those high cheek bones, ness in his color, base sensuality in the of his eye, laziness and shiftlessness sleepy look, meanness in his cat-like and crouching manner. This is the For my part I cannot see, in all the of the race, anything to admire. With knowledge I am compelled to accept as he is: I would he were better; I have him excel in virtue, but we are with stubborn fact and must judge the evidence in the case.

But, says one, the whites have them. Let us see. The Osages, a tribe in Southeast Kansas, have, each individual of them, three hundred and twenty rich land, and three thousand dollars. Other tribes are in similar pecuniary dition. They all have lands and live when on reserves. The government them when they are in need. And are they ever in need? NOTICE—for they are too shiftless to provide selves against the winter.

Now in the face of these facts what of people are so well used as they have all the elements of richness lands, government bounties, blankets, etc. Is that abuse? But, says they are deprived of their freedom within certain boundaries. Was it ded that this great country should a wilderness in deference to their Was it wrong to remove a few Indians make room for thousands of whites land had never been settled, these had never been, if the theory swers, "yes," had been put in practice.

The Indian race is gradually away. Its existence, except as merged the whites, is limited, and soon the will pass away. Is not that in accord with law? Spiritualists generally the Darwinian theory of animal and the basis of that system is the selection. The Indian, who is a few is passing away to make room for ior.

In conclusion I would say that we western frontier are of your own blood. The trials of frontier life few, and while we are endeavoring our homes and develop the resources new country, we feel aggrieved eastern press should denounce us do because we are forced to adopt measures for our protection.

CLAYTON J. LO

CAWKER CITY, MITCHELL CO., KAN.

A MARKED change of fare. Formerly treated those with whom we differed ology to a hot stake, now we only a cold shoulder.

Scientific.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XX.

BY PROF. E. WHIPPLE.

MESOZOIC, OR MEDIEVAL TIME.

The paleozoic times closed with the permian period, the last stages of which were attended with mighty revolutions, effecting marked alterations in the geography of the earth, and causing the destruction of a large percentage of the old life-forms. The age which succeeded is called *mesozoic*, which signifies middle or medieval, occupying a position midway between the origin of life and arrival of man.

The mesozoic was a time distinguished by a more terrestrial character. It was the age that witnessed the introduction of land animals—the birds and quadrupeds. It was also distinguished by the culmination and decline of two great types in the animal kingdom—the mollusks and reptiles.

The mesozoic (which is also called the age of reptiles) is divided into three periods: the triassic, the jurassic, and cretaceous. The triassic is so named from the occurrence of a three-fold division which its strata presents in Germany, but which is a local and unessential character. It is also frequently classed new red sandstone, as a large proportion of the beds are arenaceous in composition. There is a paucity of organic remains, partly owing to the fact that sandstone is unfavorable to the preservation of fossils, and partly in consequence of the period having been one of unusual volcanic disturbance. The red tint of the rocks is due to the presence of oxide of iron, a substance also unfavorable to animal life.

Mesozoic rocks are met with along the eastern border of the United States, and on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, where they are exposed at the surface over a wide area. In the Connecticut Valley, the Palisades on the Hudson River, and in North Carolina, the beds occur in long narrow bands, which were formed in depressions which were made when the Alleghanies were upheaved. These triassic beds are disposed in a nearly horizontal position, while the older beds on which they repose are tilted at a sharp angle of dip, indicating a period of violent igneous disturbance immediately preceding the deposition of triassic rocks.

It is also apparent that, the vales in which triassic strata accumulated, underwent long continued subsidence, causing fractures along the synclinal axes by the downward bending of the earth's crust, and through the fissures thus opened, large quantities of liquid matter came up which consolidated into trap and basaltic rocks, of which the basaltic columns known as the Palisades on the Hudson, and the trap ridges of Mount Tom, in Massachusetts are examples. These trap ridges are also numerous in Nova Scotia, and about the region of the Rocky Mountains—in fact, skirting the whole region occupied by triassic deposits.

In the triassic beds of Cheshire and Doitwich, England, brine springs abound which have been worked for the last two thousand years, and yet the supply seems practically inexhaustible. Brine springs result from streams of water flowing over beds of rock-salt which, in some instances, attain a thickness of one thousand feet. At Cordova, in Spain, there is a mountain of salt six hundred feet in height and twelve hundred feet in breadth. Mines of salt have been worked in Poland to the depth of over one thousand feet, where labyrinthan passages have been excavated over two hundred and fifty miles. The famous Salt Lake in Utah contains one-fourth of its volume of salt. The ocean is estimated to contain sixty quadrillion (60,000,000,000,000,000) tons of saline matter.

Whence came such immense stores of salt? It is believed to be the product of volcanoes. Chloride of sodium is of common occurrence, among the injections of volcanoes, and brine springs are known to rise to the surface from granitic rocks; whence it may be calculated that the sources which supply it lie as deep as the materials for modern lavas. Two elements compose it—chlorine, which is a heavy gas, and sodium, a bright, silvery metal. The interior of the earth was doubtless the laboratory where these elements were aggregated into this important compound.

TIDE MARKS AND BIRD TRACKS.

If the sandstones are poor receptacles for the preservation of fossils they are admirably adapted to perpetuate memorials of another character. Impressions of an unexpected character are found on sandstone slabs in the Connecticut Valley and in Nova Scotia. Among these are ripple-marks and peculiar corrugations such as the receding tide leaves on a sandy beach. These slabs were once in a plastic state, much as the loose materials scattered about our modern sea-shores. The sand left wavy by the receding tide, was covered with a thin deposit by the in-flowing of the next, and so on successively, until large masses gathered about those old geological beaches, and in the course of time these hardened into rock, thus making them a permanent register of the events which transpired millions of years ago. Rain-drop impressions also abound in the triassic sandstones. On one side of the indentations, circular rims are thrown up, indicating not only the fall of rain, but the direction of the wind. Still more important memorials of this character, consist of *foot-marks*, of such peculiar forms as to suggest the existence of animals that possessed a strange combination of features. Some of these tracks are unquestionably bird-like, but also uniting reptilian features. Some of these tracks were eighteen inches in length, with a stride of five feet. The animal that left these foot-marks must have been at least twelve feet high, and probably weighed from eight hundred to one thousand pounds. It was the opinion of Prof. Hitchcock that some of these tracks were made by four-footed birds having some resemblance to mammals, while others were made by batrachian, or frog-like birds. He says, "I must believe that these animals combined the characters now found distributed among birds, lizards, batrachians, and perhaps mammals." Agassiz also remarks in his "Sketch Book," p. 154:

"And seeing, as we do, that so many of the early types prophesy future forms, it seems not improbable that they may have belonged to animals which combined with reptilian characters some bird-like features, and also some features of the earliest and lowest group of mammalia, the marsupials. To sum up my opinion respecting these foot-marks, I believe that they were made by animals of a prophetic type, belonging to the class of reptiles, and exhibiting many synthetic characters."

A strange appearance the old world must have presented, when such unique monsters crowded about the triassic shores in quest of food. Creatures twelve feet high, on two legs, with membranous anterior appendages that prophesied of wings; and in the neighboring marshes gigantic reptiles that look as though they had been on familiar terms with the tribes below them—the fishes—but now, disgusted with their old relationship, are trying to crawl out upon the land and assume more dignified terrestrial habits. Everything is in a state of transformation. Ameliorations in the earth and its inhabitants are steadily going forward.

The compound, or synthetic character displayed by the animals of early geologic times, are features of great significance, as they point to the origin of the diversities which now distinguish the animate creation.

Among the life forms of this period, articulates are still confined to crustaceans and worms. The trilobites have completed their career and lobster-like crustaceans make their first appearance. Among the mollusks, ammonites make their first appearance. The fishes are all *ganoid* and *selachian*, but have approached somewhat the modern pattern. The marsh reptiles are very numerous and larger than in the preceding age. Among the latter was an enormous scale-covered batrachian, called *labyrinthodon*, the skull of which was four feet long. The remains of fifty species of reptiles, most of them swimming saurians, have been found in the triassic beds.

THE WHEATEN LOAF.—The universally quoted saying, "Bread is the staff of life," is not, as many suppose, a real text of Scripture, though it has its origin in the Bible in the not infrequent phrase "staff of bread" (*matteh lehem.*) The "wheaten loaf" really *is* the staff of life to the best and most intelligent type of mankind. It is the highest expression of civilization in food, and well deserves the place it holds in poetry and prose. A scientific paper says:

Take away wheat bread and butter from our families for a few generations, and who is prepared to say that civilization would not glide easily to a state of barbarism?

We find the lowest order of intelligence standing on a potato. Only one step above this class, another order is found on a hoe-cake. One degree above this we meet with the class that has risen in the scale of being as high as it is possible for mortals to rise on a pan-cake. Head and shoulders above all these classes, we find the highest order of intelligences, with large and well-developed brains and noble characters, standing securely on their wheaten loaf. No other food can excel the wheaten loaf, because it furnishes more and better material for the human brain than any other food.

THE EFFECT OF LIGHT ON SMALL POX PUSTULES.—Among the many investigations now being made of the chemical action of light, there are none more interesting or more important then those which are directed to the observation of its effects on the health. It has been observed by Dr. Weber that the sensibility of the skin is very much increased in those parts of the body which are always exposed to the light, and the difference has even been measured by that eminent physician. This remarkable fact is especially observable on persons suffering from small pox, the severity of the skin disease being visibly augmented if the patient be not confined in a dark room. Dr. Waters has recently published a paper on this subject, in which he states that if the room be so darkened that not a singleray can enter it, the effect is to arrest the disease to the papular or vesicular stage; it never becomes purulent, and the skin between the vesicles is never inflamed or swollen; the *liquor sanguinis* is not changed into pus, nearly all the pain and itching are absent and the smell is, if not entirely removed, greatly diminished. another advantage, important in a therapeutical point of view, is the assistance given to medicines, the absence of light increasing the excretory powers of the skin.—*Scientific American*

PROF. WHIPPLE'S LECTURES.

The course was a success, financially; those who pledged themselves to meet deficiencies will not lose, neither will they gain. The Lecture Association deserves great credit for their efforts. It is no small worry and cost of time and risk, to inaugurate a course of lectures.

Let's have another course.

Prof. Whipple's last lecture was his best and was listened to by a full audience.

However few are prepared to accept his hypothesis of the origin of man, he presented his subject ably and divested it of many of its repellant features.

He retained the Darwinian theory, but also, we think, added to it. Darwin is strictly *scientific*, presenting no theory how the *spiritual* came in man, or whether he has a spiritual nature superadded to his animal. We believe that great good will grow out of the sifting and clashing of opposite opinions on these subjects; error will be eliminated; be not hasty to draw final conclusions; we don't know all yet.

The danger just now, is in the misleading some minds who take one side of a question for both sides. For instance, Darwin and Huxley argue from the scientific side, or observation of actual phenomena; they neither deny nor affirm that this is God's mode of working his designs. They have not to do with causes lying back; they do not touch the Scripture basis, nor design to. But there is a tendency in those who read Huxley's beginning of life, and Darwin's beginning of species, to do away with a first cause. "God has left the earth." There is nothing more inclusive. The question is not *how* God works his sovereign will, whether he begins with one or many creations; what is the result?

If the Almighty has brought about the almost unlimited results we behold, by few and simple means, the wonder is not lessened, but increased.

If a man invents a machine that out of a piece of brass will turn out a wheel of a watch, he has done well. But suppose he construct a machine enclosing or involving a series of machines which in process of time will turn out a completed watch; which way betrays the most genius?

As to the great issue, it matters not how man came, what *is* he?

"A man's a man for a' that."

We believe that, aside from Scripture, it is evident man has "become a living soul." That "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

It is evident from all the analogical reasoning from geology itself, that the earth, with all its ages of preparation, was for and in reference to man; and moreover, that earth is but a preparatory step for a much higher state for man. The finger of time, as to man, points *forward*.

We believe the lecturer, unintentionally of course, conveyed to some a misapprehension as to the position of Beecher, Dana, Winchel, the Duke of Argyle, and others toward the Darwinian theory. Such men do not commit themselves at once to a *theory*. It is one thing to see in it the *rudiments* of truth not yet wrought out, another to swallow it whole.

As to Argyle, his late work, "The Reign of Law," deals fearful blows against the main positions of both Darwin and Wallace.

Agassiz, the greatest living authority, rejects the new theory almost wholly.—*Leslie Herald, Feb. 17th.*

HUMAN TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

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

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

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

As the manifestations have spread from house to house, from city to city, from one part of the country to the other, across the Atlantic into Europe, till now the civilized world is compelled to acknowledge their reality, however diverse in accounting for them: as these manifestations continue to increase in variety and power, so that all suspicion of trick or imposture becomes simply absurd and preposterous; and as every attempt to find a solution for them in some physical theory relating to electricity, the odic force, clairvoyancy, and the like, has thus far proved abortive—it becomes every intelligent mind to enter into an investigation of them with candor and fairness as opportunity may offer, and to bear such testimony in regard to them as the facts may warrant, no matter what ridicule it may excite on the part of the uninformed or skeptical. Our conviction is, that they cannot be accounted for on any other theory than that of spiritual agency.—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

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

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

Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!—*Tennyson.*

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

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

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

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,

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

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

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

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

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

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Thus does our Heavenly Father call us upward; and when he sees that we will not leave the common view for grander scenes, and will not listen to his voice, however beseeching, he makes all dark and drear below, that we may be led to ascend higher, where the day beams are longer, the view more extended, and the air more rarified and pure.

[Continued from First Page.]

emanated from Spiritualism. But we must confess our astonishment on reading the above article far outmeasured our gratitude. The New York *Tribune* claims to be a journal of the times, but one would suppose when it gave place in its columns to the above paragraph that it had just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle slumber. For nearly a quarter of a century modern Spiritualism has stood conspicuously before the world. Its public speakers have traversed the length and breadth of the land and have been identified with every reform movement of the day. Anti-slavery, temperance, woman's rights, social reform, woman suffrage, have all found most staunch and able advocates in the ranks of Spiritualists, among our lecturers and our laity. Indeed it is but a few weeks since a member of the distinguished Beecher family made the following remarkable statement in a conversation with us upon the present aspect of the woman suffrage movement: "Dr. Willis, whenever I find a man or woman fully alive to all the great questions of the day, I almost invariably find that they are either Spiritualists or Universalists." And yet, after proclaiming to the world for more than twenty years that Spiritualism is the gospel of humanity, and stands vitally related to every interest of humanity, after more than twenty years of active service in carrying forward all the practical reforms of the day, the *Tribune* has made the remarkable discovery that the Spiritualists have at last done "one sensible thing," for which they deserve credit. But even this magnanimous declaration must be coupled with a sneer in relation to communications purporting to come from George Washington, Lord Bacon, and Edgar A. Poe, which are styled balderdash. There is a law of chemistry which, if we are not mistaken, obtains throughout all nature; viz: Like attracts like. What experience the author of the above paragraph may have had in attracting balderdash from the spirits named therein, we do not know; but if he characterizes as balderdash the poems given through Miss Lizzie Doten, purporting to be from the inspiration of Edgar A. Poe, then we can only say that great minds differ, for we recently received a letter from one of the most distinguished scientists of England, no less a man than Alfred R. Wallace, in which he writes:

"I think the poems of Miss Doten's, purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe, finer than anything he wrote while on the earth, and his 'Farewell to Earth,' I think the finest poem in the English language."

The closing sentence, charging Spiritualists with the habit of materializing the future state, we cannot let pass unnoticed. We would ask the writer if he has forgotten the materialized heaven of theology that for centuries has been preached from Christian pulpits, and that to-day constitutes the only Christian idea of the future state. The jasper walls, the gates of pearl, the golden pavements, the thrones, the crowns, and harps of gold, the waving palm branches, &c. There is not a Spiritualist in the land so ignorant, or so fanatical as to believe in such a materialized, mineralized heaven as Christianity, or what passes for that, presents to-day to its followers. Thank heaven, Spiritualism has done more toward spiritualizing men's ideas concerning the future life, and educating their common sense in relation to it, the quarter of a century that it has been before the public in its modern guise, than Christianity in the hands of the priesthood has done in eighteen hundred years.

We can assure the *Tribune* that it little dreams the power and influence Spiritualism is exerting in the most practical and most important movements of the day. We know whereof we affirm when we say that there is scarcely a government on the face of the earth that has not felt its power, and influence, and been moved by it to the enactment of measures that have resulted in the advancement of the welfare of humanity. We know whereof we affirm when we say that the emancipation of the serfs in Russia was brought about by the direct interposition of spirits through a despised "medium." We know too, that the reforms in Austria that have so gladdened the hearts of all lovers of liberty were brought about by means of spirit influence operating directly upon the most gifted statesman of that empire. So also in Italy. The glorious things that have been accomplished there have been largely brought about by spirit power and influence brought to bear directly upon the king and his counsellors. And so, the world over, this glorious brotherhood of the skies are engaged in rolling on the car of human progress and wherever they can find an instrument through whom they can work, whether in the cabinets of kings or in the cabins of the lowly, they make use of him for the accomplishment of their beneficent purposes, and those people who would narrow down Spiritualism to the mere phenomenal manifestations of its physical forces, will one of these days awaken to a realization of the fact that it is the mighty moving power of the age.

Victoria C. Woodhull, on Tuesday evening, gave her lecture at the Academy of Music on "The Impending Revolution," to a crowd that filled this vast edifice from the parquette to the upper gallery. It is estimated that as many went away unable to get in. It was splendid to see a woman hold such an audience as she did for an hour and a half. Necessarily, in such a crowd as that, there is always more or less of the rowdy element; but she kept it in abeyance wonderfully, and her radical truths found an echo in the hearts of her auditors, for they were so broadly humanitarian, so pregnant with sympathy for the common people, so earnest was she in her denunciations of the great wrongs that enrich the few at the expense of the many, that it could not be otherwise. We have no criticisms to pass upon this masterly lecture, and we shall not attempt to give our readers an adequate conception of it, for it will soon be in shape to go into the hands of the millions. Boldly she arraigned the church and clergy of to-day, and in this part of her lecture she seemed to have the full sympathy of her immense audience. After speaking of A. T. Stewart's colossal fortune made in twenty years by the various practices known to trade, she said:

"He builds costly public beneficiaries, and straightway the world makes him a philanthropist; but a poor devil who should come along with a bolt of cloth which he had succeeded in smuggling into the country, and which, consequently, he could sell at a lower price than Mr. Stewart, who paid the tariff, and is, thereby, authorized by law to add that sum to the price, would be cast into prison. Nobody pretends that Mr. Stewart ever produced a single dollar of his vast fortune. He accumulated it by dealing in the productions of others which he first obtained at low rates, and then sold at a sufficient advance over the cost of handling to make, in the aggregate a sum amounting to millions. People may contend that this is justice, and good Christians may excuse it upon that ground; but Christ would never have called it by that name. This same Christ of whom we hear a good deal, scourged the money changers and money lenders out of the temple in a place called Jerusalem. It is long since I laid aside the weakness of frequenting such churches, but if Christ should pass through this land on Sunday with scourge in hand, he would find plenty of work to do in the same line.

"A licensed and paid ministry should be abolished. Thirty-five thousand ministers are paid $25,000,000 annually in the United States for preaching the gospel in cathedrals and churches that cost $250,000,000, and how many of them ever teach any fact other than that Jesus was crucified, just as if that would save us from the sloughs of ignorance in which we are sunk. Which one of them dare tell his congregation the truth as he, if he be not a blockhead, knows it? I here and now impeach the clergy of the United States as dishonest and hypocritical, since the best of them acknowledge that they do not dare to preach the whole truth, for if they should, they would have to preach to empty benches; an admission sufficiently damnable to consign them to the contempt of the world and to the hell of which they prate so knowingly, but whose location they have not been able to determine, and to light the torch which shall fire the last one of these palatial mockeries of true religion. (Wild cheering.) Why, should Christ appear among these godly Christians, as he did among the Jews, he would be arrested as a vagrant or sent to jail for stealing corn, and in Connecticut, perhaps for Sabbath-breaking or for telling the maid at the well "all she had ever done," which is now called fortune-telling, or for healing the sick by laying on of hands, which they denominate charlatanny. Christ and his disciples and the multitude which he gathered together had all things in common. But every pulpit and every paper in this Christian country launch the thunders of their denunciation when that damnable doctrine is now advanced. Now Christ was a Communist of the strictest sort, and so am I, and of the most extreme kind. I believe that God is the Father of all humanity, and that we are brothers and sisters; and that this is not merely a theoretical or hypothetical nothing but a divine reality to be reduced to a practical recognition. And they who cannot accept and practice this doctrine of Christ, and who still profess to be his followers, are simply stealing the livery of Christ in which to serve the devil in their own souls."

Mrs. Woodhull closed amidst a storm of applause and a shower of costly and beautiful bouquets.

The nineteenth century is about to be assailed with another of those remarkable documents fulminated now and then by Pope Pius IX, styled an encyclical letter. These letters are remarkable only for their stupidity, and bear about the same relation to the living present as the musty manuscripts of the Vatican library, or the Egyptian mummies entombed three thousand years ago. The forthcoming document is to be on the subject of public education in its relation to church and state. The opinions of Pius IX produce about the same effect upon the reader as so many sentences copied from some musty old book written centuries ago. His ideas of education will be about as broad as those that obtained in medieval days. Then all education was religious, and monks and priests monopolized all the book learning there was. The pope would fain set back the hands on the dial of progress and make all education to-day sectarian and ecclesiastical, and place the monopoly of it in the hands of his beloved Jesuits. But the spirit of the age is too much for him.

"Theodore Tilton predicts that within twenty years there will be a union between the Congregationalists and Presbyterians."

"Within a week two men who had been deacons in Congregational churches have been ordained as ruling elders in Presbyterian churches."

Theodore, thou art a prophet and profitable.

There is now residing at West Medford a smart old lady, Miss Amelia Hastings, who is 86 years of age. She has missed but one Sabbath, in the past eleven months, of walking to her church (Mystic church, Medford), a distance of a mile and a quarter. She says she usually takes about twenty minutes to walk the distance, She cannot remember when she ever employed a doctor, consequently she is never sick. She believes in exercise, and that West Medford is a very healthy place. She generally walks the distance twice a week.

Regular habits of exercise preserve health; it is pleasing to hear of such stamina as this; hygiene, temperance, and general physiological living, are part of the religious exercises enjoined by Spiritualism.

The Bishop of Orleans thinks that the gratuitous system of instruction is not in itself favorable to attendance at the schools and the progress of instruction. He believes also that "this system will destroy most of our religious schools," and that education will then become an immense social and religious danger. The Prussians, he said, did not conquer the French merely because they knew how to read, but because they also knew how to obey.

The Roman Catholic Church is the foe of common schools; the common school is the safe-guard against superstition. Death to sectarianism in the public schools! Let us have *compulsory* education.

A Relic of Solomon's Temple.—A valuable relic of antiquity has, says the *Levant Herald*, lately been discovered in the grounds of the Russian pilgrims' monastery outside the walls of Jerusalem. If is a monolith cut out of a single block and only half complete. From a description in the history of Flavius Josephus, it is believed to be a column intended for the decoration of the ancient *Temple of Solomon;* but that, as the column split, while it was being worked, it was left unfinished, the lower part of it remaining in a rough, unhewn state. The monolith, which is about thirty-nine feet in length by six in diameter, will certainly prove an object of keen interest to archeologists; and it is to be hoped that it will be retained in a place of safety—the pillage of monuments of antiquity in the East being now systematic.

The Present Age.

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THE ENEMIES OF LABOR.

"The destruction of the poor is their poverty," declares Solomon, and poverty is the result of ignorance. Poverty and ignorance are the twin demons which dog the footsteps of the worker everywhere, and are the implacable enemies of all the children of toil. Superstition ever spreads in the presence of these fiends, like a miasma to poison all that is generous, sweet and beautiful in life, and in this atmosphere, the rank fungus of bigotry takes root in human hearts, and the narrowness of sectarianism becomes possible, because that parasite robs the soul of sympathy for our fellows. There is no natural quarrel between capital and labor, we are told, by those who seek to make the overtasked workers contented with their slavery. That is true; for a bank bill, or a gold eagle, never had any sentiment, friendly or hostile, but under the present social order of civilization, *the capitalist* is, by force of circumstances, the entrenched enemy of everyone whose industry makes part of the common wealth. Poverty, ignorance, and superstition, with the bitter and absurd jealousies and antagonisms which grow out of sectarianism, and the hatreds of nations and races, are the ruin of the laborers. They are their weakness; their breach in the wall of defense; their traitors within the camp, whose ready assistance the foes of the laborer can always rely upon. The taskmaster, the priest, and the despot are alike enemies of the laborers, and alike make use of their superstition, simplicity, and poverty to enslave them. For this purpose they have "hung together" in the past. The people will see to it, that if necessary for their emancipation, they all three *hang* together in the future.

We hear sometimes of the theory of compulsory education. The life of the worker, under the wages system, is one of *compulsory ignorance*. It is worse than African slavery, to chain a human being to work until exhaustion and want of time make intelligence impossible, and then throw upon them the responsibility of caring for themselves, in any and every exigency, where the utmost intelligence is absolutely requisite. Whatever hinders the education of the toiler, whatever cramps the growth of the mind, is the most dangerous of all the foes which oppose themselves to the progress of the laborer, and we care not whether this oppression and repression of thought may come from social systems, from ecclesiastical institutions, or from constituted governments, it is the duty and the right of the laborers to secure freedom from such imposition, or if failing in that, overturn by revolution the whole machinery of tyranny, even though unable to suggest anything better than the ruins.

To the workers there is no society; to the laborers, the churches offer no consolation; for the toilers, there is no government! All these are for the rich, for the tyrant, for the impostor, for the capitalist, who is the slave driver of society. Nothing but the simplicity and ignorance of the people, make them plume themselves upon their nationality: patriotism is the crow of the dunghill rooster, proud of his own special pile of dirt! One of the effective enemies of workers is the idea of national patriotism. Despots combine, and parcel out the earth into kingdoms, into republics, and states. Then they incite the foolish people against each other, and keep them quarreling, but they never quarrel among themselves, except over a division of plunder. The tyrants of Europe are emperors, kings, queens, aristocrats, and capitalists. The despots of America are *corporations*, and thieves who call themselves statesmen.

In every country the one thing cared for, the one thing protected, is *property*. There are incidental and accidental laws in behalf of the creators of property, but they are merely regulations, established in order to make the workers more profitable to those who steal the fruit of their exertions.

Government is mostly a contrivance for protecting thieves in the enjoyment of their booty, and wars are fomented and waged to keep the workers from understanding each other and combining together for their own good and protection. National debts are cheerfully created by the rich, because they know every government bond is a mortgage upon the wealth to be created by labor, the interest thereon a pepetual tax upon the sinews of industry. War creates national debt. Every national debt is a legislative charter to the capitalist, to become the parasitical leech a usurer is, and so rob the veins of every arm that is lifted to work.

To repudiate every war debt ever created, to discard every creed, overthrow every government, and utterly disintegrate society, would be a deed it is natural the masses will do, the moment they become intelligent enough to know the greatness and nature of the universal fraud of which they are the victims. It is not the fault of the worker that these things are in the road, but the crime of the rich and intelligent, that such barricades are erected against the advance of the many to the possession of their own chances for life. When the inevitable onslaught takes place, when the downfall occurs, when the crash comes, happy will it be for those who have builded these things with injustice and cemented them with blood, if the walls made for their protection, do not crush them in falling.

Editor Present Age:—Having been a reader of your liberal paper for a few months, I have been much pleased with the interesting articles that have been put forth. But lately I have noticed some very significant propositions, such as "leaving Christianity to embrace Spiritualism," and that "Religion is injurious to the human race." Having entertained an opinion that Spiritualism is only a part or department of Christianity, and believing that religion is just as necessary to man's happiness as other elements of his character, I must confess that I was much surprised at those expressions.

Hoping that the views of Spiritualists, or rather the theory of Spiritualism upon those subjects will be presented so clearly as to leave no room for doubt, I remain

Respectfully,

A. H. Hathaway.

Lawton, Mich., Feb. 16, 1872.

RESPONSE.

If our correspondent had read a series of editorial articles we published last year entitled "Spiritualism and Christianity," he would have learned that *we* do not regard Spiritualism as "a part or department of Christianity." In the closing paragraph our correspondent requests us to give the views of Spiritualists upon the subjects to which he refers. Should we attempt to do so, he would receive a legion of conflicting answers, for Spiritualists having in great numbers come from the various sects of Christians, liberal and orthodox, from the ranks of infidelity and materialism as well, have brought with them every shade of opinion; hence, very few Spiritualists would give precisely the same answer to these questions. We have had more than ordinary opportunity for forming, as we think, a correct judgment as to the views of Spiritualists as a body, and we are clearly of the opinion that a vast majority repudiate the prominent teachings of the Christian religion. Spiritualism is no more "a part or department of Christianity," than it is of Buddhism or Mohammedanism.

This statement may be somewhat startling to our friend, who has taken a different view, nevertheless, having made the inquiry he expects from us an honest answer, and we give it. Further, we say there *can* be no *possible sympathy* between Spiritualism and Christianity. They are antipodes, absolutely antagonistic, and will no more unite than oil and water. They cannot occupy a common ground. For these broad assertions our correspondent will naturally ask for reasons, and we proceed to give them.

To elucidate the position we have assumed as to the antagonism of the two systems, we must briefly place their teachings in contrast. Christianity teaches man's innate depravity, and that he must regard himself as a degraded being, wholly unworthy, and meriting the just vengeance of an offended God. Spiritualism on the contrary, declares man to be innately good, noble, and divine, that he is the possessor of infinite possibilities. Christianity says, "give the glory to God;" Spiritualism says, glorify humanity. Christianity proclaims man's fallen and eternally lost condition, then points to an outside savior as his only hope and salvation. Spiritualism teaches man to look within himself to find the power to rise to higher conditions, and that to be saved from inharmonies, he must save himself. Christianity teaches the forgiveness of sin; Spiritualism proclaims the impossibility of evading the penalty of violated law. Christianity dooms to eternal punishment the finally impenitent; Spiritualism teaches the Fatherhood of God, [illegible] and declares to the man degraded by sin that God's laws throughout his vast universe are ever the same, and as he has the power to become a wiser and better man in *this* life, he must necessarily, under the law of that God who is the same "yesterday, to-day and forever," possess the power in the life hereafter, to grow out of lower into higher conditions. Christianity teaches a supernatural religion; Spiritualism, the naturalness of all things, material and spiritual. Christianity represents the God of the universe as a being, subject to change; at times peaceful, again wrathful and vindictive, ever seeking his own glorification. Spiritualism proclaims a belief in an infinite spirit of intelligence pervading the universe of matter, that man is the highest, grandest, external manifestation of the divine energy, and that as his spiritual faculties are more fully developed, he will comprehend more of the divine mind.

Christianity is based entirely upon the affirmation of a supernatural revelation from God to man, which was finally closed eighteen hundred years ago; that said revelation is embodied in a book plenarily inspired, called the Bible, which being the word of God, contains all that is necessary for man's faith and practice, past, present and future. Spiritualism recognizes man's relation physically to all beneath him, and spiritually to the Divine Mind and higher spiritual intelligences, and the importance of revelation or communication from that higher life as an aid to the development of his faculties and a knowledge of his relation to the two worlds. It teaches that revelation is ever open, and as needful for man to-day as ever before, and that the revelations to one age, may not be adapted to another. The light of the present is every day revealing the errors of the past, and hence it becomes necessary to change our opinions and theories, from time to time in order to adapt them to the progressive development of truth and the improved condition of the human mind.

We have not space to pursue this subject further. We trust enough has been said to convince our friendly correspondent that Spiritualism is not "a part or department of Christianity." We could proceed with the contrast almost *ad infinitum*, but the length to which our comments have extended warn us that we must close. We will hereafter allude to the quotation from our columns concerning "religion." Our friend will bear in mind however, that every shade of opinion is perfectly free to express itself in our journal, and that we have scores of contributors whose views entirely differ, as do our own, from the writer to whom he refers.

"Once we thought that Power eternal
Had decreed the woes of man;
That the human heart was wicked
Since its pulses first began;
That the earth was but a prison
Dark and joyless at the best,
And that men were born for evil,

...nd imbibed it from the breast:
...at 'twas vain to think of urging
...ny earthly progress on
...opinions! rags and tatters!
...et you gone! get you gone!"

RIPLEY'S SUICIDE.

...m the memoranda of the surgeons ...ade a post-mortem examination of ...dy of Rufus Ripley, the young clerk ... Bank of New York, who shot him... Dec. 28, it would appear that sever... ...rp needle-like growths of bone have ...orcing their way from the inner lin... the skull into his brain, causing vio... ...eadaches, which tortured him until ...ally yielded to the suicidal impulse. ...l of these projections had pierced the ...al sulci a quarter of an inch. Dur... ...ght years he had suffered terrible pain ... head, but in other respects he was a ...y man, finely developed and without ...tutional taint.

...mitting self destruction to be ...s wrong, what amount of moral ...quency can be attached to this ...g man? Very few can be found ...would be severe in their judg... But if no autopsy had been ... how loth we should all have to cover his supposed sin with ...nantle of our charity! Those ...e like strange instruments of ...re, make us pause in our con... ...ation at the question of his ac... ...ability. How many of the ...ng atrocities which we say dis... human nature, could be traced ...milar organic causes. The in... ...of science enlarges the charity ...well informed, until they choose ...r to work for the help of the un... ...nate, than to preach the gospel ...al depravity.

TO MRS. LYMAN C. HOWE.

BY NETTIE M. PEASE.

...e never looked upon thy face,
...n thy songs my soul can trace
... spirit's beauty, love, and grace.

...a by grief and care oppressed,
...y sweet words I've sought for rest,
...ing it there, my soul was blessed.

... presence in thy words doth shine,
...fluence round my heart entwine,
... I am thine and thou art mine.

...ad heart thrills with strange delight,
...h's clouds glow with love's pure light,
...ns are transformed to roses bright.

... sweet words to my sad heart brought
... peace and rest I long had sought,
...ng my soul with calm, deep thought.

...y may thy spirit, true and wise,
...ther souls from gloom to rise
... climb the pathway to the skies.

Editorial Notes.

...e Orthodox churches of Louis... Ky., had a week of prayer in ...ry, which does not seem sur... ...g when we learn that the ...ualist society had E. S. ...ler forging spiritual thunder upon their platform and that ...m Denton was there also a part ... month lecturing on geology, ...g the "remnants of the *pa...* ...age" at the rotten front of old ...gy. With two such "big guns" ...ot action there, no doubt ...ebody was hurt." William ...n lectured "at the rooms of ...Young Men's Christian Associa...

Perhaps it is needless to say ...he association has been defunct ... time, otherwise we fancy the ... would have waited long ere ...uch truth was heard in them. Louisville *Courier Journal*, not ...ularly favorable to radicalism, ...ons as follows the discourses ...unday, January 14th, when ... speakers spoke in the same ... at different times of the day. ...ame paper, the most influential ...e city, made a very fair and full report of Mr. Wheeler's ...ectures.

...e lectures delivered yesterday at ...und Hall were very interesting and ...tended. In the morning Mr. Wheel... ...rred to the miracles of the age, and ... with such clearness and force that ...one in the audience was impressed ...is ability and the broad and compre... ...e views he entertained. The main ...eveloped in the discourse was, that ... modern discoveries, such as the ...ph, steam power, etc., were miracles ...se who did not understand their op... ...s, but became ordinary and common... things when understood, and were ... to be in harmony with natural law. ...cture at night was also attended by a ...rge audience, whose entire sympathy ...on by the earnestness and eloquence ...speaker, who seemed to surpass, on ...ccasion, all similar efforts he has made ...s city."

Mr. Denton's lecture fit speaks ...is way:

...of. Denton lectured yesterday after... ...at Wedekind Hall on 'The Method of Mental Culture.' The discourse displayed a great deal of original thought and more good common sense than we have heard for some time. Prof. Denton is certainly an able man and a pleasing talker. The audience showed their opinion of the points of his lecture by frequent applause. Prof. Denton will continue his course of lectures at Association Hall, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, for three more nights. The lecture to-night will contain a short synopsis of the preceding ones."

Glory enough for one day.

It is often asserted, and we think as a general rule is correct, that Spiritualists do not manifest the same zeal and earnestness characteristic of the Christian sects. Yet we are glad to know there are many exceptions. We have but to refer as an illustration to our zealous brother Wm. Davis of Lancaster, Iowa. So determined is he to circulate the Present Age, among his neighbors, that as an extra inducement, he offers to every new subscriber the Age, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* and one dollar in blacksmith work, all for $3. It will be seen at a glance that our good brother donates to his customers the one dollar earned by many a hard blow on his anvil, in order to enlighten them upon the subject of Spiritualism, in which he thus manifests a zeal seldom if ever equaled. We think this earnest blacksmith, not unlike Peter McGuire, the hero of Lizzie Doten's poem, makes known his religion by his works.

We learned too late for announcement in our last issue that an oral debate was to be held at Charlotte, Michigan, commencing on Tuesday evening, March 5th, on the following:

Resolved: That the Bible is authentic, the inspired word of God, sufficient for man's faith and practice and to be accepted as divine truth.

Resolved: That Spiritualism, the communication of spirits in ancient and modern times, is proven by the revelations of the past, the manifestations of the present, and is therefore true.

A good time is anticipated. The disputants will be Rev. J. H. Sanford and J. P. Averill. We think both parties interested in this discussion should be satisfied with their representatives. Certainly we have no fear that our cause will suffer in the hands of Mr. Averill. We hope some of our friends in that vicinity will favor us with at least, a brief report of the result.

And yet they come. We refer to the counter petitions to Congress. We thank our fellow citizens for these expressions, manifesting as they do an interest in the question at issue. Continue your work, friends, everywhere, and we hope Spiritualists in the Western and Pacific states will send us their petitions that all may go forward together in due time. Jesse Hooker, of Mantorville, Minn., sending us his own name and seventy others, says:

Enclosed please find a remonstrance signed by some of the liberal minds of this place against the introduction of "God into the Constitution" without his consent, and the "Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the Nations," leaving the other member of the firm, the Holy Ghost, out in the cold. Please forward it when the proper time comes.

Personal.

Dr. E. C. Dunn was referred to, two weeks since, as having arranged to meet one of the Albany ministers in a public debate. We have not heard from the doctor since that time, but find the following editorial article in the *Evening Post* of that city. Coming as it does from the columns of a city paper, speaking so impartially and in such marked contrast to the treatment of Spiritualism by the secular press two years since, we give the extract entire.

THAT DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The debate on Spiritualism, at Martin Hall, between Rev. Dr. Dunn, of Illinois, and Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of this city, was concluded last evening. As usual, Dr. Dunn had the best of the argument, and fully proved every position he advanced. Mr. Mitchell failed to overturn a single plank in Dr. Dunn's platform, and yet the audience decided in favor of Mitchell, and against Dunn—in favor of mere "say so," and against evidence. The action of the audience last evening is one more proof that in religious matters, prejudice is stronger than logic, while the love cherished for an old error, will seldom fail to achieve a victory over a new truth. Dr. Dunn is a very able debater, one of the best we ever saw. He is a glorious speaker, while his enthusiasm very frequently carries him into eloquence. He is a close reasoner, and never for a moment loses sight of the great central fact which he is discussing. Mr. Mitchell cannot tie himself down to any idea for a single moment. He is discursive. He is continually flying from one idea to another, and gets things so mixed up, that one can scarcely tell whether he is shooting swallows or hunting rabbits. But while Mr. Mitchell is not as logical nor as eloquent as Dr. Dunn, he is a man of great wit and humor. He made many excellent hits at the expense of Dunn, last evening, all of which drew down the applause of the audience. Dunn returned the compliment, however, and paid Mitchell off every time, and with interest added.

The debate was highly interesting and instructive, and was so relieved by the "sharp shooting" of the speakers, that it did not become tedious or suggest yawns, for a single moment.

The debate cannot fail to do good. It will set people to thinking on one of the great subjects of the century. It will not do to "pooh-pooh" a doctrine, believed in by such men as Judge Edmonds, John Wesley, Henry Ward Beecher and other gentlemen, whose testimony with regard to any other subject would not be questioned, even by Mr. Mitchell, for a moment.

W. F. Jamieson, our corresponding editor goes, with such rapidity from place to place that half of the time we are, by the U. S. mail, unable to send specimen copies of the Present Age for distribution to places where he is announced to lecture, before he is off to some other distant point. One week in extreme Northern Michigan, the next week on the southern border. We have thought it possible our friends in the peninsular state, on account of his ponderous physical, had concluded to use him thus to keep their state in balance. We were rather pleased with the following unique notice we find in the *Isabella County Enterprise*, announcing his lectures in Salt River, whence came Mr. Jamieson's correspondence in our last issue.

To all such as feel interested I would say, that I have made arrangements with W. F. Jamieson an able and Eloquent Spiritual Lecturer, a man that has held many discussions upon the subject of Spiritualism with many doubtless of the most able of its opposers, in various parts of our Union, to come to Salt River and deliver a course of six or seven lectures. He will be here Wednesday, Jan. 31st and speak each succeeding evening until the following Sunday when he will close with the delivering of two lectures. He is an ardent advocate of Woman Suffrage, and more than this he is an advocate for the election of Victoria C. Woodhull for President of these United States. Mr. Jamieson may possibly deliver a lecture while here upon Woman's Rights; I hope he may, but he will mainly be engaged upon the subject of Spiritualism. Now then I would say to all such as are not completely fortified in their prejudices upon this subject; come and hear him. Living off from the line of railroads as we do here, it is seldom lecturers of acknowledged ability visit us. Come and hear him; it may do you good, it cannot possibly do you any harm.

"Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: She only asks a hearing."

H. C. Bigelow.

Salt River, Jan. 15th, 1872.

S. B. Taylor, author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down," is speaking under a year's engagement at Topeka, Kansas. F. P. Baker, of the *Kansas State Record*, reports the society is prosperous and that "Topeka favors settled speakers." In spite of the violent and abusive clamor against it there is an increasing confidence in regular work. Mr. Starbuck, in the Troy convention, declared settled speaking had built up their society, and in many cases the same is true. There is a wide field for itinerancy and little danger that speakers will be allowed to fossilize anywhere. Let us have the good of all persons and all methods.

Corresponding Editor.

W. F. JAMIESON.

"A NEW PROGRESSIVE ERA IN SPIRITUALISM."

Such is the proposition of sister Emma Hardinge Britten, in a circular and accompanying letter. A New Monthly Magazine, to be called "The Western Star," is to inaugurate it. As if to give the undertaking emphasis, and to make it more acceptable to Spiritualists, Mrs. Britten announces that the magazine has been projected "under the direction and advice of the Spiritual Intelligences most influential in inaugurating the movement known as Modern Spiritualism."

That fact alone, if it is a fact, ought to make the magazine a prodigious success! whether or not it will have any merits of its own to recommend it to popular favor. If unfleshed spirits have "projected" anything, that is enough to ensure its prosperity, even if there is not a grain of common sense in it. Oh yes!

All the really valuable features of the "projected" "Western Star" are included in the plan of the "Year Book" published by Tuttle, Peebles, and others.

We are informed that the "projectors" of the Western Star," (who are they?) "pledge themselves to uphold the moral, *religious* and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, free from all petty side issues or narrow fanaticisms."

Won't *we* be *good*, then? We will have "Spiritualism proper!" "Side issues" are all "petty"—such as temperance, governmental reform, social improvement, woman's equal rights in all the relations of life etc., etc.

We are informed that "the human cooperators" are "rich only" in certain "qualities," which "qualities" never could run a publication or a third-rate boarding house. There is a strong hint that "the human co-operators" are minus *cash*, and the "most influential" "Spiritual Intelligences" have not a bank on earth that will do them honor. What next? We are told not a number of the magazine will be issued "until a sufficient number of subscriptions are guaranteed to ensure its existence for a twelvemonth." That has the most practical look of any feature of the "new progressive era," and will make a sure thing of it—*sure* that the "Western Star" will never appear, at $4,00 per year; postage 24 cents extra. "Wealthy Spiritualists," who sympathise, are "earnestly solicited to contribute donations of such sums as will represent a large number of subscribers." "Wealthy Spiritualists" are *apt* to do so. "They are coming, Father Abraham"—for their extra copies.

The inducements for sustaining this never-to-be-born magazine are very great. One is "to open up opportunities for a more free and fraternal interchange of facts and opinions with the Spiritualists of foreign countries, than at present exists in American Spiritual literature."

In other words, there is too much of the independent Yankee twang about American journalism to suit even the Spiritualists of foreign countries. The Spiritualists of "foreign countries" are far more *religious* than we are. Spiritualists "over there" are fond of uniting Spiritualism with Christianity. Two parts Christianity, one part Spiritualism, Christianity and American Spiritualism do not mix very well.

Another inducement for sustaining the "Western Star" is, that it will "treat all topics of current interest, from a purely Spiritualistic stand-point." That is a trifle too "celestial." It is also more expensive than the common mode, because it requires more words to tell what is meant. These vulgar fellows who edit American Spiritualist journals are inclined to be careless how they shoot. They treat topics from a sort of Thomas Paine—"Common Sense" stand-point. Their readers can generally tell what they mean by what they say.

"Subscribers, Donors and Sympathisers" are solicited to address "the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Emily Ranney, 251 Washington St., Boston, Mass."

The "Hon." (?) That must be a "purely Spiritualistic" standpoint. Does our English sister intend to import a cargo of titles to this country in order to secure that "fraternal interchange" with foreign people? There is already two much ink and valuable time wasted upon titles, Hons. Rev. Mr. Mrs. When we cultivate true dignity these will become disgusting.

The "Western Star" is too *high-toned* and everything but progressive. The rough roads of America are not good places for stilts.

W. F. J.

THE KALAMAZOO MEETING.

How pleasant it is to meet old friends. In this part of Michigan I used to have a "circuit!" Became acquainted far and near. At this quarterly meeting of the "Kalamazoo County Circle" I grasped the hands of many old friends. The Present Age is spoken of in terms of praise by all who have read it. Its freedom and boldness, combined with its courtesy towards opponents, are commended.

Sunday, Feb. 18. Three meetings in Burdick Hall to-day. I was called upon to give the opening address. Subject, "The relation which Spiritualism bears to the popular theologies of the day." I endeavored to show it was not best to strive to make Spiritualism so near like orthodoxy that hearers could not tell the difference, and I had no confidence in those Spiritualist discourses given by ministers of liberal tendencies which the Christian hearer, in his simplicity, would imagine to be orthodoxy, but of which some Christian Spiritualist would say, "That is as good Spiritualism as I want to hear." My aim would be to make the difference between the two as great as possible, so that there would not be the least liability of mistaking one for the other.

In the afternoon Mrs. L. E. Drake, a speaker who has entered the field within a year, delivered a discourse on the "Origin of Christianity and of Spiritualism." It was an interesting theme, and was admirably handled, giving good satisfaction to the hearers. Mrs. Drake is winning golden opinions as a clear reasoner and fearless reformer.

At the conference preceding Mrs. Drake's address, Mr. Earle, of Plainwell, spoke with good effect. He has joined the ranks of our speakers, and is fully equiped to do battle for liberal ideas. Dr. Geo. W. Lusk, of Eaton Rapids, addressed the audience in a few well-chosen sentences. The doctor is meeting with flattering success as a healer. He and his companion are fully alive to the practical part of Spiritualism. The doctor devotes considerable time to lecturing. A lady, whose name I did not receive, expressed the happiness she felt in being a Spiritualist.

Elder Williams, of Vicksburg, our opponent at the large Schoolcraft meeting last June, he of the Adventist proclivities, surprised many by his liberal utterances at this Kalamazoo quarterly meeting. He said he must confess that his theology had received a shock at that meeting from which it had not yet recovered. These Spiritualists, he said, had such a smooth way of talking, and such an easy method of getting over difficulties! He is pleased with the Spiritualists.

Bro. Geo. W. Winslow took up some points laid down by Elder Williams and proceeded to open his eyes still further to the philosophy of Spiritualism.

In the evening I gave my "Jesus" lecture before a good audience. This lecture was delivered by request of Lewis S. Burdick, one of the most indefatigable workers of Kalamazoo County, whose influence in behalf of Spiritualism has conduced to the prosperity of the cause throughout this part of the state. He was the gentleman who killed Leland's influence as a defamer of Spiritualists by compelling him to sign that famous libel. Mr. Burdick, as secretary of the Kalamazoo County Circle, advertised the meeting extensively, in consequence of which it was the best attended quarterly meeting that has been held in Kalamazoo city. Capt. Logan, the president, on account of sickness was unable to attend, and Dr. William Weyburn presided over the meetings. Our good Bro. Clark, father of Mrs. Winslow, was present. He is a patriarch Spiritualist. He is an active, genial old gentleman, full of the gospel of Spiritualism. He has a kind word for all who approach him. Mrs. Winslow was one of the first mediums who by her many good tests of spirit presence, given in the home circle, convinced many. She is a lady of gentle manners, and is the same earnest Spiritualist as in years gone by.

At this meeting were the Johnsons, Lusks, Towers, Shooks, Rixs, Kysers, Hogebooms, and many others residing in Kalamazoo, and towns adjacent. These are the people among whom I labored twelve years ago, shortly after my *debut* as a lecturer. It does my soul good to greet them. They always look so happy, too.

At the close of the lecture, it was announced by the president, Dr. Weyburn, that we would now have a Spiritualist wedding. I requested Mr. Charles Winner and Miss Dora M. Burdick to arise and join their right hands facing each other. A few remarks on the nature of marriage and I then repeated a portion of Lizzie Doten's Shakspeare on Love, at the close of which I bade the audience to arise; profound silence reigned, a response from bride and bridegroom, and I pronounced them legally, as I believe they already were by the higher law of nature, husband and wife.

This closed the meeting.

W. F. J.

Augusta, Mich., Feb. 24.

Editor Present Age:—I regret to say I cannot take your paper longer. My maternal duties cannot be set aside, and having but one pair of hands to provide for the wants of three, I must deny myself the happiness of reading your paper. It may not always be thus, for there is a hope of the dawning of a better day. Be that as it may, I shall try and make the best of life as it comes. Be assured of one thing—that should circumstances change for the better, I shall remember that it was in and through the columns of your paper I gleaned many a happy thought that lulled me into forgetfulness of sorrow, when it seemed that the night of life had overshadowed me. It is a denial I can ill brook, for as the fire refines the gold, so have you come out of that seething flame more fitted than ever for the glorious work before you. May the good angels help you in your undertaking for the upbuilding of a glorious philosophy. Yours fraternally,

Margaret Paynes French.

Paulding, Ohio.

Sister:—We shall continue for a time, at least, to send you the Age, hoping that some friend in more favored circumstances than either of us, may come forward and send you the paper for a year. Ed. Age.

THE PRESENT AGE AND WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S JOURNAL, BOTH ONE YEAR FOR $3.

Will all canvassers, agents, and friends of the Present Age please read and call attention to the following:

To The Patrons of The Present Age.—We have this date made arrangements with Col. D. M. Fox to send our weekly Journal to all new annual subscribers, and all present subscribers who shall hereafter renew their subscriptions for one year.

Woodhull, Claflin & Co.

Notices of Meetings.

MEDIUM'S AND SPEAKER'S CONVENTION.

A Quarterly Convention of Mediums, Speakers, and others will be held at Lockport, N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, March 16th, and 17th, commencing at 10 o'clock each day and holding three daily sessions. Our Lockport friends extend a cordial invitation to all in attendance from abroad, to share the hospitalities of their homes. Able speakers and other sources of interest and profit may be expected. Let there be a general attendance from all parts of Western New York as subjects of much importance will be presented for consideration.

J. W. Seaver, Geo. W. Taylor, A. E. Tilden, } Committee.

The Present Age.

A Weekly Journal.

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

An Independent Critic on all Popular Movements.

COL. D. M. FOX, - - - EDITOR.
364 WARREN AVENUE, CHICAGO.

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Woman's Department,
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

The Home Circle,
ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

W. F. JAMIESON, Corresponding Editor.

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1 Time,	20 cents.
4 Times (1 month),	15 "
13 " (3 months),	12½ "
26 " (6 "),	10 "
Editorial Notices,	40 "

Remittances for subscriptions or renewals if addressed to either of the associate editors will receive prompt attention. We prefer to have all communications in the east addressed to the New York office. E. S. Wheeler will act as General Traveling Agent, and will appoint Local Agents at all desirable points.

To every new annual subscriber, and to every old subscriber who renews for one year, we will send *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. Read the following:

We have made arrangements with Col. D. M. Fox to send our weekly Journal to all new annual subscribers to the Present Age, and all present subscribers who shall hereafter renew their subscriptions for one year. Woodhull, Claflin & Co.

The Present Age,	$3.00	
Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,	2.00	5.00
We send both of the above for		3.00
Saved by subscribing with us,		2.00
The Present Age,	3.00	
Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,	2.00	
Western Rural,	2.00	7.00
We send all three for		4.50
Saved by subscribing with us		2.50
The Present Age,	3.00	
Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,	2.00	
Western Rural,	2.00	
Young Folk's Rural,	1.00	8.00
We send all of above for		5.00
Saved if ordered of us,		3.00

The *Young Folks' Rural* is a large and beautiful newspaper for young people and children, started last year, by H. F. N. Lewis, the editor of the *Western Rural*, at Chicago. It is needed in every family.

We trust these liberal offers will induce our friends to canvass their respective neighborhoods for us.

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

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are pleased to welcome once more in its full size, our cotemporary, the Present Age, which since the Chicago fire has been issued as an extra, gradually increasing its borders until No. 1 of Vol. VI. lies on our table looking as if it meant work in a field where there is so much requirement for activity. It is published at 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago—New York office, 213 West 23d street. Col. D. M. Fox, with Dr. F. L. H. Willis and E. S. Wheeler as Associates, and W. F. Jamieson Corresponding Editor, will with determination continue the struggle which all liberal newspapers must keep up with an opposing world. In his salutatory address the editor says he shall endeavor to make the Age "A faithful reporter of the facts of Spiritualism and an exponent of its science and progress, as well as the honest teacher of the spiritual philosophy of nature, and the morality of practical sense and humanity." * * * "Not denying the use of any publication, nor the excellence of some, there is yet left a portion of the field of action unoccupied, where a good work may be done, if the liberal Spiritualists of the time can be induced to second our efforts. * * * Conceding liberty to others, we shall preserve and exercise it ourselves, and at once frankly repudiate help that must be bought by compromise of truth, or retained at the cost of freedom of speech. * * * Aspiring to preserve the good and develop the better, we ask the help in every way of all true hearts and clear heads, in our effort to establish the supremacy of the best."—*Banner of Light.*

A Welcome Visitor.—Among the most welcome visitors to our sanctum is the *Present Age*, filled as it is every week with the most liberal thoughts and progressive ideas of the age in which we live. It is in fact as it is in name, *the present age.*—*Indiana Patriot.*

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

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

"The Present Age."—This is the title of a weekly journal published in Chicago, devoted to religious, political and social reforms, and edited by Col. D. M. Fox. It is one of the best, and in some respects the very best, of all the exponents of Spiritualism published in America. The subscription price is three dollars per annum, or ten dollars for four copies. Address, Col. D. M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago. Our friends will find specimens of this paper at the store of D. Camomille, Post Office Building.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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The Present Age.—The Present Age is a forty-eight column journal, published weekly at Chicago, and edited by Dorus M. Fox, and a competent corps of assistant editors. Its columns are devoted to the advancement of the Spiritual Philosophy, polite literature, general intelligence, social reforms, and among its contributors may be found the deepest thinkers and best reasoners of the present day. While in its liberality, it admits to its columns ideas from persons of all beliefs, it advocates nothing itself but the purest and most unexceptional morality. That is the unanimous opinion of every person who has read it from its commencement, about four years ago, to the present time. It is an excellent family newspaper, and every liberal minded person should take it. Terms, $3.00 per year. Address, Dorus M. Fox, 364 Warren Avenue, Chicago.—*Home Circle.*

Woman's Department.

MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, EDITOR.

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

FRAU MARGARET.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

Every German soldier on going into battle has a small slip of paper sewed to his clothing on which his name and residence are carefully written. When he dies, these labels are forwarded to his friends.—*Letter in Congregationalist.*

German Frau Margaret looks from her trellis
Over the waves of the murmuring Rhine;
Sees she the cliffs overhanging the valleys,
Terraced with vineyards and purple with wine?
Far on the mountain path, far through the forest,
Follows her heart where her feet may not tread,
Wafting a prayer where their need is the sorest,
Staying the living and shriving the dead.
Margaret, Margaret,
Smile for the brave are met!
Far to the westward their banners they fling!
Striking quick blows they stand firm for the Fatherland,
Giving sure battle for God and the King!

Faithful Frau Margaret, loving and tender,
Thrills her light touch through the horrors of war,
Cheering the hearts that would die to defend her,
Cuirassier, guardsman, and gallant hussar;
Wearily thinking when all shall be over,
White plumes returning and battle-cloud fled,
If her beloved lies under the clover,
He will come home—in the list of the dead.
Margaret, Margaret,
Gleams the grim parapet
Thick with the names that shall number the slain;
God be a shield to thee, when they come silently
Whitening the land from the Alps to the Main!

Dreaming Frau Margaret, look to the rivers
Flashing the sunlight from billows of steel!
Far through Ardennes how the battle-line quivers!
Hear the artillery—peal upon peal!
Forward thy chivalry, Empire of glory,
Charge for the guns at thy Capitol gate!
Save the bright city that trembles in story,
Hung, like a pearl, in the balance of fate.
Margaret, Margaret,
Moonbeams with silver fret
Helmet and plume 'neath the citadel wall;
While on the distant air, hark! how the bugles blare!
"Germany! Germany!" sounds the recall.

God help thee, Margaret? Thine is not glory—
God help thy sisters by sunny Garonne?
Millions may fall upon battle-fields gory,
Each heart of woman will mourn for its own;
Kings play for crowns at the price of thy sorrow,
Thine but to watch for the signals of fate;
Love may be buried or crowned on the morrow,
Thine the old lesson—to work and to wait.
Margaret, Margaret,
Over thy borders yet
Hurry white messengers, making no sign;
God of all holiness! Lover of lowliness!
Comfort the wives by the murmuring Rhine.

For the Present Age.

SHALL SUFFRAGE BE RESTRICTED?

BY W. C. WATERS.

A lady relative, writing to me, says: "The right of suffrage is fearfully abused by men, and fearfully does society suffer, and we have not the slightest reason to suppose it would be any better used in the hands of women. Perhaps I am on the retrograde track, but I think the country would gain by restricting instead of extending the ballot." My niece may have forgotten that "three centuries ago suffrage for lawyers, physicians, and merchants, also manufacturers, was thought contrary to nature." Of course her father, brother, or gentleman friend, would most likely have been debarred from voting, if they had lived at that time. Would she like to have the wheels of progress turned back to that point?

We have a public debt of over two billions of dollars, which could never have had an existence if our government had started on its course, granting the ballot to all men and women. Slavery can never exist in a nation, except by restricting the ballot. The terrible injustice imposed by the ruling classes upon the laboring portion of mankind, all along the path of history, has come of the comparative few, arrogating to themselves the power that belonged to all combined. There is neither religion, justice, or logic, in saying that one portion of the human family has a right to impose political disabilities upon any other portion, except for crime. So far as any moral right is concerned, women are just as much at liberty to say that no man shall vote, as for men to say that no woman shall vote. The supremacy of of men in this matter has ever rested on superior brute force. Women have submitted for the same reason that a lamb submits to being devoured by a wolf. If we have approached an age, in which justice is to rule, then brute force must no longer stand as the basic supporter of a power.

That those who hold the property and the law-making power, hold those in semi-slavery who are not participants in these privileges, there can be no doubt, or that bondage may be mild or it may be fierce and terrible, according to the disposition of those who exert it. The woman who has a kind father, loving brothers, or a good husband—much better at heart than the laws which men have made selfishly, in their own interests, may never realize, that she is virtually a slave in a land boasting of its freedom; but if she chance to fall under the care of a man as tyrannical as the laws will allow him to be, she will find herself encompassed by laws, binding as the griping folds of a boa constrictor. It does not follow, because many women may not discover the central cause of their weakness and relative degradation, that those who do perceive and understand should not assist in removing the incubus, so that all earnest, aspiring women shall have the same reasons for cultivating their intellectual faculties that men have. If there is a prize to be won, give them equal chances. Let the nation at large spend money as freely on the education of her daughters as on that of her sons. If it is true that there are sixteen times more money expended in this country on the education of males than of females, it is a national shame.

Men who are simply politicians, and that for selfish ends, may not understand that even the nation's money, expended in educating both sexes equally, is better than gold in the keeping of banks of deposit; but any man who has brains enough to be a *statesman* should know it—realizing, as he must, that the safety and strength of a nation consists in the intelligence and moral worth of its men and women. And may we not hopefully look forward to the time when every child shall be properly educated by the parents, or in case of their disability, by the state or national government?

If the primary, the essential object of human existence is intellectual and moral elevation, why should not every possible obstruction be removed from the pathway of women as well as men? Why not freely invite them to go hand in hand with us through all the changing way? If there are sorrowful seasons, days of languishing and sickness, we expect the tender care and sympathy of women; then, if there are lucrative positions, places of honor and distinction, what selfishness to refuse to share with them on equal terms. When men assume that women are by nature incompetent for high places of public trust, that is but a fraudulent, unmanly subterfuge, for there is not one man out of twenty, having had sisters, who does not know that in school, they could get their lessons as readily as himself.

That the modesty of women will be lessened by mingling in the concerns of public life, is mere stereotyped cant. We know very well that the most gentlemanly and pleasing men we meet, are, as a rule, those, who have had large experience in business and social contact with society, and the same rule of life which would polish a man, would polish and elevate a woman.

There can be no man foolish enough to claim that the polls would have been opened in low and disgraceful places, if women had been in the habit of going with us to the ballot box, as they have to the post office and to church. If the folded slip, the secret life and shield of a great nation, needs to be handled by clean hands and pure hearts, whose so fitted to the task as woman's? for is there any sane individual who doubts that there are ten men financially and morally corrupt, to one woman?

More or less of our prominent disbursing officers are serving out their respective terms in state prisons, and there are not a few others to whom striped garments and shaved heads would be exceedingly in keeping. If half the nation hobbles on so poorly, let us set the whole nation upon responsible feet, throw hypocrisy to the winds, carry out our professed principles, trust humanity as a whole, and we shall then see that the virus of the garden serpent has not poisoned its heart.

For the Present Age.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.

The papers announce the decease of Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, of Washington, D. C., a prominent worker in behalf of the cause of woman suffrage, and foremost, indeed, in every work of justice and humanity. For several years past this lady has devoted the principal share of her time and labor to amelioration of the condition of the newly emancipated slaves. The magnitude of this task and the incessant toil, energy, thought, and patience requisite to realize even an average success, only those can imagine who have some practical knowledge of the wretched condition of this unfortunate class, which, during and after the war, poured from all quarters of the South into the national capital, guided by the vague conjecture that the government, which had been their emancipator from chattel slavery, would also be their providence to deliver them from want and starvation. To supply the physical necessities of these unfortunates, to lift them out of their darkness and degradation and accustom their moral and mental eyes to the new strange light of freedom and teach them how to dwell therein, to point out to them the glory and the necessity of self-dependence and the means thereof, in fine, to become the interpreter of the language of liberty and civilization to these benighted victims of slavery—this was the gigantic work to which Mrs. Griffing gave herself. There were poor old creatures who had worn out their energies and the best of their lives in soulless servitude, and past revivifying for the activities of this life. She contributed to meet the physical necessities of these, no longer able to help themselves, out of her own limited personal means.

That her work was not fruitless, that her unselfish benevolence and humane sympathy found their way to the hearts she had striven to humanize and enlighten, and elicited grateful response, is established by the affection, almost devotion, with which she is regarded by the recipients of her untiring benevolence, the colored people of Washington.

And now her useful career is ended. That the niche in life that she has left vacant may be again as nobly filled, we sincerely trust, but scarcely dare to hope. That we may each, as we lay aside the body physical, leave behind us on life's scroll as fair, clear and full written a record of usefulness, we fervently and devoutly pray.

E. M. H.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

If we cannot hire all the virtues for twelve dollars a month, it does not follow that we should show all the vices to our domestics. Really it would be well for some ladies to reflect that trials are the touchstone of merit, and the more patience and forbearance and good will their servants exact the more they should give. The kitchen is the better school for mistress and for maid then the parlor.

If the lion had only written the history we should have quite another version of his killing and perhaps should change our estimates of courage and character. But it is the man who always tells the story, and makes out a sorry case for the lion. When we have heard ladies seated on the softest sofa covered with damask or satin tell each what dreadfully wicked servants they have, and how the wine of life is turned into aloes by their terrible tempers and constant depredations; how Jane will fib, and Bridget take the sugar and lose the spoons, and Kate make free with the claret, and all of them slight their work, and break the dishes, and not mind a word that is said to them, and have "fellers" into the bargain—we have wondered what their ladyships would say could they hear their characters described below stairs. It might do some mistresses good, if, sometime, when in genial humor, they should happen to overhear a free conversation between the servants of three or four families. There is nothing like having the glass held up to the face of Nature; and even though the mirror is merely a bit of polished copper, it might suggest features that stray beyond the curve line of beauty and stains that it would be well to have removed.

It is very easy to make out a case against Below Stairs. But just think what kind of a picture Below Stairs paints of Up Stairs! Bridget has learned how to entertain her visitors in the most approved style from her mistress! And such a mistress! She is so exacting! She has *such* a frightful temper! She is so stingy with her servants but so prodigal for herself! She is awfully pious before folks, but calls her husband all sorts of names when he refuses to give her money or take her to the theatre or give her a new dress, and when she is mad she will swear like a trooper. But Bridget's cousin Jane is not to be outdone by such a crayon sketch as this. Her mistress is a perfect termigant. She does not even dress herself in the morning, but calls Julia to get her up for breakfast. She smiles like a June morning before her husband and when she has company, but soon as the door closes the children and servants catch it. She is always finding fault, always quarelling, always fighting; and, a gourmand herself, keeps everything in the house under lock and key. Moreover she does drink, and sells her clothes before they are half worn for spending-money, and she does cheat awfully when pay time comes, and tells the worst stories about every body, and pretends to be not at home half the time when her friends call, and half the time makes up faces after her callers depart. Such descriptions as these are given down stairs, and, what is worse, in some instances a domestic tells her mistress just what Bridget says of Mrs. Velveteen.

People are too apt to forget that servants have senses as well as souls, and can see and hear what is done inside the castle when the gate is bolted and the drawbridge up. It is easy enough to smile at equals, and fawn upon superiors, and exhibit all the virtues to those who belong to the same set with ourselves, and can report our behavior to our benefit or injury. But it is a much harder thing to smile below stairs, and carry all the virtues and graces into the dining-room and kitchen. We are too apt to show a lower style of character to those below then to those above us, and forget that Bridget and Jane have tongues as well as ears and eyes. The "help" problem would be half solved if mistress would remember that maid has a heart as well as a pair of hands, and that only the hands that have a heart behind and in them can ever serve well.—*Golden Age.*

A WORD ABOUT GEORGE SAND.

One of the most painful results of women's slavery and degradation is their cruelty and faithlessness to one another, seen alike in the highest and lowest orders.

The slaves of the South could have conquered their own freedom years ago had they at any time been united in their attempted insurrections; but one of their own number invariably betrayed then to the enemy.

Just so with women; whenever the brave and far-seeing strike any blow for their emancipation and enfranchisement, the timid, cautious and time-serving of their sex invariably betray them.

A recent item in the *Woman's Journal* illustrates this assertion. Mrs. Stowe who, with her late writings, has brought the blush to more cheeks than any other writer of the age, attempts with the scratch of her pen to annihilate the author of Consuelo, whose great soul felt the depths of woman's degradation in a joyless, unclean marriage relation, and who bravely sundered the unholy tie with her own hand, thus sanctifying her own sorrows to the multitude, making herself a beacon light to warn the young and the unwary from the dangerous coasts where she was wrecked.

George Sand has done a grander work for women, in her pure life and bold utterances of truth, than any woman of her day and generation; while Mrs. Stowe has been vacillating over every demand made for her sex, timidly watching the weathercock of public sentiment, and ridiculing the advance guard, who, the world said, had blundered; while her pen and tongue have never been found in the service of woman; while she does not, even to-day, see the need that her voice should be recognized in the laws that govern her, or that she should be the owner of her own body, this noble French woman, whom Mrs. Stowe thinks unworthy to be mentioned in a "woman's journal," has given the world the advance thought on woman's freedom; she has pointed her guns at the stronghold of her slavery—a relation enforced by the state and sanctified by the church—called Christian marriage, that makes woman the abject slave of her husband. When women first demanded suffrage in this country, where was Mrs. Stowe? While the thousands of wives of drunkards, licentious men, tyrants and criminals call aloud to-day for deliverance from all these degrading, abominable relations, where is Mrs. Stowe?

Behold her, Bible in hand, proclaiming to these unhappy ones, "a woman hath not power over her own body, but the husband."—*E. C. S. in Golden Age.*

FEMALE PROGRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The agitation for granting increased educational privileges to women continues in Great Britain, and particularly in Scotland, with some definite results. What is asked by the advocates of change would not be designated by themselves, we presume, as "privileges," but rather as "rights." They seek, if we understand them, to abolish distinction of sex so far as eligibility goes for admission to institutions of learning or professional schools. Their demands go even further, and extend to claiming a share in the endowment of those institutions in behalf of the weaker sex. Women have been admitted at Cambridge to what are called the middle class examinations, and these have proved useful in two ways: first, as testing the results of the education that women at present are able to obtain; and second, as enabling women engaged in teaching to obtain certificates, if deserved, of unquestionable value. The Ladies' College, which was founded some time ago at Hitchen, is to be removed forthwith to the neighborhood of Cambridge—a highly significant fact, pointing as it does to the hope of future incorporation with the University. A scheme of lectures for ladies had been previously arranged by residents of the University, and a lady of known culture has opened a house which has been styled "a kind of College in embryo," to which a number of female students have already repaired. It is not improbable that these various experiments may be brought into concerted action, and finally in some way, into regular connection with the University itself.

In Edinburgh active progress of a similar nature has been made, three weeks ago a statutory meeting was held of the contributors of the Royal Infirmary, and this became the occasion of a spirited engagement, ending in what may be called a victory for the advocates of feminine enfranchisement. A motion was made in due course to re-appoint the then managers of the Infirmary. Now the majority of those managers are well known to be opposed to the female medical students, and in general to the movement partially represented by them. The motion being offered, the Lord Provost, who presided, rose and moved an amendment appointing managers equally well known to be in favor of the ladies. A protracted discussion ensued, and then a vote was taken. That vote should be memorable in the annals of woman's progress, for the Lord Provost's motion was carried, and female medical students may be henceforth regarded as "fixed facts" in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.—*N. Y. Times.*

Woman's Memorandum.

THE girls in the State Agricultural College in Iowa not only keep up in their studies with the young men, but do all the housework, under the superintendence of a matron and a general housekeeper. A college in which young girls are taught housework is certainly a praiseworthy institution.

A NEW YORK paper says:—"It is evidence of fearful lack of employment by girls in this city that over six hundred personal applications, mostly by girls of from fifteen to twenty, were made at the Grand Opera House to fill places in the ballet and Oriental marches of the spectacle of 'Lalla Rookh,' which is in a forward state of preparation for production at that establishment.

HENRY WARD BEECHER said to his congregation in a sermon on Home Life and Hospitality Sunday: "I honor the woman who comes to me when I call, in the dress suited to her work. I don't like to sit buried in plush in the parlor waiting three quarters of an hour for a toilet. What is good enough for you is good enough for your friends."

WOMAN-WHIPPING still lingers in Virginia and Delaware. These States continue to outrage civilization by flogging criminals. The Senate of Virginia has refused, by a vote of 8 to 21, to repeal the law punishing petty convicts by the lash. The whipping of women for petty offenses is by no means an uncommon thing in Virginia. Every county and city has its post, its thongs and its whipper.

Advertisements.

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Orthodoxy has its story tellers, why odoxy? From the day of Æsop, proba fore, fable has been accounted a good the inculcation of wholesome truths; ing, but bitter, medicines are made tolera pleasant vehicles in which they are con "Golden Key" seeks to offer the stra spiritualism wrapped up in such form th not offend weak stomachs. Many who the plain truth, when told them in a pla will be allured to its perusal when dis romantic incidents of an engaging nov Pease is known to many of our readers a bright and powerful journalists, and th book will add another leaf to her chaplet is interesting, well wought up, and alth by considered somewhat melodramatic, serves the purpose of the authoress, as bring out manifestations which can greatest force only under exceptional c and are not applicable to the common or events. Whatever credit might under cumstances have attached to Miss Pe work is expressly disclaimed in her pr will cause the book to be read with in tion. She says:

"The following story, founded on fac on subjects of deep interest, and which a time are attracting the attention of scie the source from which it emanated, we that the author, owning to a peculiar mental condition possesses the faculty herself from the outer world and wh condition was controlled by a pow to be the spirit of a person who once li who gave his life history, which he Search for the Temple of Happiness." of the recital, he promised to give anoth ication, to be entitled, The Golden K ies beyond the Veil." In the month he again took control, and gave the fo The amanuensis has given, as near as precise language of the dictator. At ing parts of the narrative, the utter so rapid that the exact words may but the idea has never been changed. chapter is freighted with gems from spirit life, and contains instances of th and much of the philosophy of mode ism."

Woodhull & Cla

"THE GOLDEN KEY, OR MYSTERIES VEIL," is the name of a handsome volume from the press of the Pa lishing Company, of Chicago. The speak, is Miss Nettie M. Pease, well turer on Spiritualism, and the favorit ing Editor of the PRESENT AGE. Sh spirit control while the recital which bodies was made to her by the spirit who once lived on earth. It was give month of June, in last year. It has be as nearly as possible, in the language tor. It is a story whose evolution is with a striking and deeply interesting of character, fresh and pure incidents, of colloquial discussions of spiritual t attract and hold the attention of reade The moral of the tale is not reserved but is woven in with its web, and form beauty and point of the fiction, yet tion, for it depicts experiences to which souls are subject, and does it with a nat truth which art cannot hope to emulate cordially commend THE GOLDEN KEY to of all Spiritualist readers, promising th pleasure in its glowing pages. To the Pease has appended five of her own poems.—*Banner of Light.*

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, EDITOR.

LITTLE JIM.

[The following poem was a great favorite with C. W. Couldock, the eminent tragedian, who, twenty years ago, could recite it with tearful effect upon his listeners.]

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
Yet everything within the cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was the collier's wife and child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer of thought—she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife;
With hands uplifted, see! she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He will spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from her child—soft fall these words from him:
"Mother, the angels they do smile, and beckon Little Jim.
have no pain, dear mother, now; but oh! I am so dry—
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again—and mother, don't ye cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held a tin-cup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took three tiny little sips—
"Tell father, when he comes in from work, I said good-night to him.
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor "Little Jim."

She saw that he was dying—the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last word that she might ever hope hear;
The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard—
The father and mother meet, but neither speak a word.
He felt that all was over—he knew the child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed.
His quivering lips give token of the grief he'd fain conceal—
And see! his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down with sadness they humbly asked of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor "Little Jim."

LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS.

CHAPTER I.

"I would like to know how the very first man did come into existence," said Ben Howe. "I wonder if he had a good head, if he was a very tall man or a very little man; then I would like to know if he spoke English, French or Dutch."

"But," said his brother Frank, "perhaps the first man could not speak any language; perhaps he could not talk any more than Sister Vic's canary bird, and certainly could not sing as well. Why don't you wonder, Ben, whether the first man looked like an intelligent gentleman or a monkey?"

"Well," said Ben, "I would like to know all about it."

"You have been reading the Bible like a parson, for the last three or four days," said Frank. "You ought to be able to tell us all about it."

"I know I have," said Ben, "and I think less of the Bible than ever I did. It says God blessed a man who cheated his brother; he was a son of Abraham, or a son of Isaac, I think, and his name was Jacob. Well, Jacob stole his brother's blessing, cheated his father, and so cheated God. Yet God blessed him and gave him a good wife."

"Oh!" said Frank, "you are getting posted."

"Go on," said his Sister Vic, "what else did you find in the Bible?"

"It says that God did not want Adam and Eve to eat the apples, because if they did, they would become wise, and find out everything. What kind of a God was he that did not want people to become wise? Then it says that God made the stars to give light to the earth.

"And what do you make of that?" said Vic.

"I will tell you, Vic, for I am glad I have been reading the Bible. You see I can find out myself whether it is true or not. If God wrote the Bible, or inspired anybody to write that book, then God did not understand astronomy; for the stars are suns, and there are millions of worlds beside our little world, and all astronomers know that the stars were not made for our special benefit."

"Hear! hear!" said Frank; "you are a philosopher, Ben. Well done; go on, Ben."

"Go on, Ben," said his sister, very kindly.

"You know," said Ben, "people say that God knows everything; if God does know everything, then he knows astronomy, and if he knows astronomy, he knows very well that the stars are millions of miles away from our world; that the stars we see in the sky, in the night, are great suns like our sun, and that there are millions and millions of worlds beside our little world. Is not that so, Sister Vic?"

Vic, whose real name was Victoria, was fifteen years of age; Ben was only eleven.

"Yes, Ben," she said, "that is so. You know father was reading last night, about double suns, and triple suns, and these suns are of different colors; one sun is blue, another green, another purple."

"That must be fine," said Ben, "for the worlds that go marching round and round them, just as our world goes marching round our sun. But I did not finish what I was going to say. If God does understand astronomy, then he never said that the stars were made to give light to our earth, just as if our earth was the only world. And so I can prove from the Bible itself, that it is not God's book; that God never wrote it, or made anybody else write it. Is not that so, mother?"

"You reason very well, my darling," said his mother, who was sitting near the window sewing, and listening to the talk of her children.

"Then," said Ben, "I think it was a shame for God to have so many animals killed. Why Moses was nothing but a butcher, and how the temple must have smelled with the blood of the animals he killed! I tell you, mother, I think less of the Bible than ever I did, and when I am a man, I will prove from the Bible itself, that it is not God's book or a holy book. I don't believe anybody ever thought of that."

His mother smiled and said:

"O yes, my boy, that has been thought of. One gentleman has written a book on the contradictions of the Bible, another on the absurdities of the Bible, and I think, from the way you talk, that you, Ben, could almost write a book on the same subject."

"No I could not *write* it," said Ben, "because, you see, I am not a good writer, but I could talk, and I will, when I am a man."

"Have you read any of the New Testament?" asked his mother.

"Yes, a little; I got tired of reading about Moses butchering so many animals, and about God telling them how large should be this part and that part of a great building they were to make, so I looked into the New Testament.

"Well, what did you think of that, my boy?"

"Mary was the mother of Jesus Christ, it says; then Mary was the mother of her father."

"How?"

"Jesus Christ was God, they say; and God made everybody, they say; God is the father of all of us, then he was the father of Mary, and yet Mary was his mother. Now how could you be the mother of your father?"

His mother smiled and said, "It is said in the Bible that Christ, at twelve years of age, reasoned and asked questions of wise men in the synagogue, but you at eleven years of age, could even puzzle some orthodox folks. But you must remember, my boy, that not all orthodox people, believe that Christ was God; only some do, and these must believe, as you say, that Mary was the mother of her father, which is absurd and ridiculous."

"Nobody could be the mother of their father, could they?" said little thoughtful Dorie, a wee girl of seven years. Then they all laughed and said of course not.

"I would like to know what we were made for," said Ben, as he sat down in his rocking chair and began to rock.

"I know," said Dorie, as she drew her rocking chair near her brother's, "we were made to 'joy ourselves."

"—'joy ourselves indeed!" said Ben rather scornfully.

"Yes," said Dorie, "I know what we were made for—to be happy, have good times, travel, read nice books, and get to know everything."

"Ha! ha! ha! pretty good for you, little Dorie," said Frank. "But I rather think there was no 'for' about it. But just imagine me a preacher," continued Frank, rising from his seat, "imagine you see me in the pulpit, and I will inform you what you were made for. You were made, my beloved friends, you were made to fear that God you have been talking about, made to escape that lake of fire and brimstone, and take care that the devil, whom the Dutchman said, goes about like a roaring lion, seeking when he may catch somebody, does not catch *you*, and send you to the bottom of the bottomless pit. Amen."

Frank said this in a solemn minister-like voice, and with a solemn face, but when he finished all laughed aloud, while little Dorie asked:

"How could we go to the bottom of the pit if it has no bottom?"

"That is so," said Raymond, a little fellow only five years of age, whom they had nicknamed Ray, "how *could* we go to the bottom of anything that had no bottom?"

Just then baby Christiana, or Chrisie as they called her, leaped and laughed aloud.

"I know why Chrisie laughs," said Ray, "she knows that we could not go to the bottom of a pit, if it had no bottom."

"I wish father would come," said Frank. "I tell you, mother, I will never be a doctor, for one is never safe. A doctor may be pulled out of bed at any time in the night, by anybody, rolled up in a top coat, bundled out into the cold, through wind, snow, and rain, to vist sick folks. No doctor will I be, but plain, substantial Frank Howe."

His sister Vic laughed as she added:

"But you prefer to sit by the fire, with your feet as high as your head, or higher, studying philosophy."

"None of your hitting me, Miss Vic," said Frank. "If you are a young lady of fifteen, you must remember that I am a young gentleman, a trifle older than yourself. It is very comfortable here. Cold feet are very detrimental to health, so I take care to practice one piece of useful philosophy—namely, I keep my feet warm. Dorie and Ray here, are equally as wise; see how they have drawn their chairs to the fire and are warming their little toes. So you are seven years of age, Dorie; quite a young lady! and we are to have birthday cake; and that fine wax doll that opens and shuts its eyes, as natural as life, was your birthday present this morning from papa. Well, Miss Dorothy Howe, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday."

"Thank you, Mr. Frank Howe," said Dorie, as she left her seat and ran to the window. "Here comes father! here comes father!" she said. "Let us go and meet him, Ray!"

Down went the doll, in a jiffy, doors flew open, and out flew two little folks, through the hall, down the garden walk, then off some distance toward a buggy. They never thought of the wind that was blowing their hair in every direction; they only thought of their father and the kindly greeting they would receive.

"Oh, you two little rogues," he said, as he lifted them into the buggy beside him, and cuddled up first one and then the other. "Where is the wax doll? were you afraid it would take cold, little mother?"

"I saw the birthday cake," said Ray.

"So did I," said Dorie; "my name is on it; and there are candy flowers all round it. Won't it be nice, father?"

"Yes," he said, "I know that it is real nice; just as nice as my Dorie and Ray here. Now then, here we are at the garden gate, and here comes Chrisie and her mother, Here we are! here we are!" taking the baby in his arms and walking into the house. "Here we are, Frank, my boy! here we are, Viccie, safe and sound." Then he turned to Mrs. Howe and said, "There are half a dozen chickens in the buggy, twenty pounds of butter, and a basket of eggs. There is nothing equal to a country doctor; he comes home laden with good things, equal to any huckster! And now away dull care," said good genial Dr. Howe, as he took his arm-chair. "Wax doll and birthday cakes, Dorie, are the cream of life to-day, I suppose."

"They are far better than cream," said Dorie, smiling all over her face.

Then Dorie and Ray began to tell their father some of the talks they had before he came. "I guess the first man had a tail," said Ray.

"And looked like a monkey," whispered Frank.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dr Howe.

"Yes," said Dorie, "and Frank pretended to preach like a preacher, and said we were made to get away from the devil, and not go to the bottom of a pit that has no bottom!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the doctor.

"And we could not go to the bottom, if it had no bottom," said Ray.

"That is so," said the doctor. "You are a philosopher. But where is Ben? (turning round his chair) "Oh! here you are! reading the Bible! I wonder if you do anything else. I suppose you will have to be a minister."

"He has been reading the Bible most of the day," said Viccie, "sometimes in his chair, sometimes on the lounge, and he seems as much interested as he was in Robinson Crusoe."

"If people want their children to read the Bible," said Dr. Howe smiling all over his face, "it seems that they ought not to permit them to see a Bible till they are eleven years of age. I am glad that I tried this experiment with you, Ben, for I wanted to see what a child of good judgment, eleven or twelve years of age, would think of the Bible, if he never read or saw a Bible till that age. Now if you think that the Bible is true, or full of truth; if you think that it is the word of God, Ben; if you think that it is reasonable, and consistent with your reason, then if you want, you shall be a minister."

"No indeed," said Ben, "I don't find much in the Bible; it tells all about skins, oil, lambs, cattle, and how Moses should kill the cattle. And he killed so many that he must have been killing most of the time! Just think, father, of God coming down from heaven, to tell the people to dye badger's skins, and ram's skins, and how large the different parts of the tabernacle should be. The Bible makes God talk so much about blood. Aaron's son had to take the blood, after the animals were killed, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar, and by the door of the Tabernacle! It must have been a terribly bloody place, and the smell must have been like a butcher's slaughter house!"

"Very good, Ben," said his father, "go on, my son."

"Think," said Ben, "of God telling them what to do with the legs of the animals, killed, and the inwards! I suppose that means the bowels, heart, liver and lungs."

"Yes," said his father, "I suppose so, Ben."

"And then God tells them what they shall do with the heads of the killed animals, and the fat, but it is blood, blood, killing of lambs, turtle doves, young pigeons, and such as that, till I am tired of it. One would think God did like blood. I tell you, father, I think less of the Bible than I did before I commenced to read it."

Dr. Howe laughed quietly and said: "Suppose a God were to write a book—what do you think he would write about?"

"Well," said Ben, "if God knew everything, he would not come and talk about fat, kidneys, livers, and blood."

"That is so, my boy," said Dr. Howe, earnestly.

"If God had written a book I think he would have told them about science, about the steam engine, telegraphs, telescopes, spectroscopes, and such like, and he would have written a book that would have made us good and wise."

"You will crack the nut, I see, Ben, and get the kernel. You are all right, my son Ben. But supper is ready, so we will go now and do justice to the birthday cake."

Go Home, Boys.—Boys, don't hang round the corners of the streets. If you have any thing to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I was the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft, green grass, and trees, and fountains, and broard space to run and jump, and to play suitable plays. I would make it a pleasant and lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home. For when boys hang round street corners and the stables they get slouchy and listless. Of all things I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable, and fly before the wind, when the word comes to go. But this can not be if you lounge about the street, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons. When you are from home have some business; attend to your business, and then go home.—*S. S. Scholar.*

Pleasantries.

A little boy of six summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was in the habit of snoring very hard, and as the boy pushed open the door, he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming, "Ma, grandpa's been barkin' at me!"

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend to a French gentleman. "Oh, moche de sem, she is not better, and I am 'fraid ver leetle waas. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon, I feel so unhappy—my mind is so unsettle. Ven she die, I shall not be so moche dissatisfied."

What Comes Next?—A story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject and one in which the children took an uncommon interest. She told them that the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, she was readily answered by one boy, "Man!" She felt encouraged to ask:

"What comes next to man?"

And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under a defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting—

"His under shirt, ma'am!"

The Lynn *Reporter* tries to relieve the tedium of its Police Court itemizing by making rhyme sometimes, as follows:

No crowd in court, nor any jam, when Harry called out, "Patrick Lamb!" "Yes, sir," said Patrick, void of spunk, for he was up for being drunk. "What say, are you a guilty Lamb?" With sheepish look he said, "I am." "Well, three and costs—eight, eighty-five; thirty cents extra for the drive." And then the Lamb hung down his head, and out the door straightway was led. *Moral.*—Do not drink liquor, or you may be brought to court and made to pay.

Juvenile Correspondence.

Dear Col. Fox:—I am going to write a little for the Home Circle. As it is my first trial I do not expect it to be very nice. I am the first to get the Age; as it comes on the last of the week my sister and myself enjoy reading it on Sunday as we have no pleasant lyceum to go to. I was looking for the "California" story last evening as I was coming home with the Age; it was not there, but I found another story that was very nice but sad. I felt for the dear little children that drifted out upon the Ohio alone, all alone. I love Mrs. Strawbridge very much and May too, sometimes I wonder if May's mamma is not the editor of the Home Circle. I send much love to all my dear little sisters and brothers that are readers of the Home Circle.

Florence Starkey.

Wilmington, Ohio, Feb. 13th, 1872.

Dear Col. Fox:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Present Age. I like it very much. I want to know if Annie Denton Cridge is the mother of Charley and May. I think Ernest is a real nice little boy. I would like to go to California. My mother likes the Present Age very much. I have another pet; it is a canary bird; my Uncle John gave it to me for a Christmas present; it sings so many ways. I got two pretty pictures as premiums for *Lyceum Banner* and "Star Spangled Banner." I am still taking lessons on the piano: I like my teacher very much. Well I will close for this time, so good bye.

From your little friend,

Inez M. Philbrick.

Havana, Ill., Feb. 11th, 1872.

Temperance.

ANTI-CATAWBA.

[*A Reply to Longfellow's "Catawba Wine."*]

BY JOSEPH MEREDITH.

Poet Longfellow sings, in his lyric for kings,
The praise of Catawba wine:
Catawba, he thinks, is the nectar of drinks,
An elixir—semi-divine.

Did it ne'er strike the Poet—if not he should know it—
Though bards are not always deep thinkers,
That wine as the first step, is often the worst step,
That's taken by alcohol drinkers?

No song will I sing you, no wreath will I bring you,
Ensanguined with blood of the vine,
The ruby red bowl, death to body and soul,
Shall be eulogy—never—of mine!

For many a mother, wife, sister, and brother,
The past and the present reviewing,
Can trace to red wine—that fell spirit malign—
That led to a loved one's undoing.

Then sing no more verses whose sweet sound rehearses
The praise of Catawba wine;
Sing of beauty, and flowers, and rosy wreathed bowers—
But not for the juice of the vine!

Sing the praises of water—earth's diamond eyed daughter,
The belle of the elements too;
Of moss covered fountains—of forest clad mountains;
Of Faith, Hope and Charity too!

Sing the death wail of battle—whilst war's dying rattle
Sinks deep to the doom that it merits;
And peace, all victorious, rises sun-like and glorious,
To reign o'er the land she inherits!

Great bard of our nation! men yield thee oblation,
Fame's laurels thy temples entwine:
Add still to thy glory—live ever in story;
But not in thy song to the vine!

—*Baltimore American.*

THE WINE CUP.

This cup destroys the strongest man—
It blights the fairest flower;
For while it sparkles but a span,
It reigns with deadly power.

If beauty, fashion, wealth, and pride
Combine to praise the wine,
Oh, youth! resist its fatal tide,
And life and health are thine.

The Source of Alcohol.—Youmans, in his exhaustive treaty on the source and nature of alcohol, says that it has only one origin. It comes from the destruction of sugar, and has no other source in nature. It is not a product of vegetable growth, like those substances which are created to form the food of man. No chemist has ever found it among the compounds built up by plants. The solar beam that "reaches like the finger of God across the abyss of space," and in the laboratory of vegetation, takes to pieces poisonous gases and puts together their atoms in new groups which are capable of nourishing the animal body; this celestial force never arranged together the atoms which form alcohol. On the contrary, it is a product of dissolution—of the wreck and disorganization of the principles of human food. It has the same origin as those malignant and fatal exhalations which constitute the genius of pestilence—the death and putrefaction of organic matter. Indeed, the same act which gives birth to alcohol also brings into the world a twin compound, which is one of the promptest and subtlest of all poisons—carbonic acid gas. If this view be correct, how important that we should take as little of the poisonous matter into our system as possible!

What the Rum Money would do.—A college can be built, equipped and endowed for $400,000. The amount paid for liquor would build *one thousand colleges* ($400,000,000), found *one thousand* libraries of 50,000 volumes each, at $3.00 per volume ($150,000,000), build *one thousand* handsome churches ($40,000,000), would support *ten thousand missionaries for years*, allowing $1,500 per year for each (15,000,000), furnish 900,000,000 Bibles ($450,000,000), found *five hundred* asylums or other charitable institutions, at $200,000 each, (100,000,000).

"I'll Take What Father Takes."—"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who, for the first time, accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied: "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. "Waiter, I'll take water." And from that day to this, strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

Special Ohio Correspondence.

GEO. WM. WILSON, EDITOR.

All communications for this department, as well as subscriptions and advertisements for the AGE, orders for books, &c., from persons residing in Ohio, should be sent to the editor, Auburn, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Money may be sent at our risk by Draft, Postoffice Money Order, payable at Chardon, Ohio, or by Registered Letters. Terms $3 per annum, 1.50 for six months, 75cts for three months. To all new annual subscribers and all who renew for one year we will send *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*. See terms in full on 5th page.

MRS. WOODHULL VS. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Some time since Hudson Tuttle published in the *American Spiritualist* an able, clear, calm, dispassionate, logical, and, in our opinion, unanswerable review of Mrs. Woodhull's lecture on "Social Freedom." This criticism was worthy of the head and heart of its eminent author. However widely people may differ in regard to the views expressed by Mr. Tuttle, the dignified manner in which he treated the subject could not fail to excite the admiration of the candid reader.

Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly contains a reply to Mr. Tuttle, or rather, we should say that the paper in question, contains a short article entitled, "Hudson Tuttle's Verbiage," for it can in no sense be regarded as a *reply* to his masterly criticism of Mrs. Woodhull's pernicious views in regard to "social fredom." Personal abuse, bitter epithets, or mere assertions, however, strongly and vehemently made, do not constitute argument. Mrs. Woodhull informs us that she read Mr. Tuttle's article "and found nothing to answer." She read his article a second time, but with no better success for she says:

"We find nothing in his pretended review of our "Social Freedom" which was not answered over and over again in the speech itself, but about which every old granny is forever frightened."

Mrs. Woodhull disposes of Mr. Tuttle's arguments by declaring that "his rhodomontade amounts to nothing;" that he "cannot comprehend a principle of, or a proposition regarding, freedom, but wanders about in a suppositional creation of his own;" that "he plays at hide-go-seek, mistaking it for analysis, and strings out words with neither head, tail, nor body to his arguments." And again she says:

"We submit the to the good sense of our American readers whether we should waste time—valuable in other directions—to spend upon such confusion."

. . . .

"A mind of comprehensive grasp must at once distinguish between our arguments, of which he makes use, and his assumptions, which are purely personal, having no reference to the subject abstracted from our personality."

How very easy it is to answer an opponent's arguments by simply saying that they are not worthy of notice! And yet this is precisely the course pursued by Mrs. Woodhull.

GENEVA SOCIETY AND LYCEUM.

We learn from a letter received from our friend Mrs. Louisa Shepard, leader of Liberty Group in Geneva Lyceum, that this society which now numbers sixty members, is prospering slowly. Mrs. Strong is lecturing there at present. The officers are as follows: president, B. Webb; vice-president, Mrs. Louisa Shepard; corresponding secretary, Mrs. N. S. Caswell; treasurer, N. S. Caswell; conductor, E. W. Eggleston.

We regret to learn that the lyceum has adjourned for the winter. Many societies hold meetings only when they have a speaker. This is a great mistake. In order to have a prosperous society, and secure a good attendence, meetings must be held regularly. Mrs. Shephard says:

"We have conference meetings when there is no preaching, and include the literary part of the lyceum exercises. Our programme for conference is as follows: 1: Music. 2: Secretary's report of last meeting. 3: Recitations by the lyceum children. 4: An address of ten minutes to the children. 5: Selecting books from the library. 6: Some member of the society reads an original essay or gives an address. 7: Question box. We hold our meetings two hours. We think this system is better than all preaching."

Perhaps some of our readers would like an explanation of the "question box" exercises. Mrs. Shephard thus explains:

"Anyone can hand in a question. The chairman, who is chosen each Sunday, before taking a question from the box, calls on some one to arise, then reads the question, and the person thus called upon speaks five minutes. Then the chairman calls up another person, reads another question, which is continued until the exercises are ended. The chairman does not know what the question is until he reads it. We have taken this way to call out the talent of the members, and get them in the habit of speaking. Lecturing is good, but individuals must cultivate themselves."

The "question box" exercises, if properly conducted, can be made a source of much pleasure and profit. We hope to hear of this plan being adopted by other societies.

GOD IN HUMAN LAW.

In the National Convention to secure a religious amendment to the United States Constitution recently held at Cincinnati, Judge Hagans declared that he "firmly believed that a vast majority of the people of the United States approve the scope and end of the movement." The object and aim of this movement is to secure an "explicit acknowledment of God and the Bible" in the United States Constitution.

It will indeed be a sad day that witnesses the union of church and state in America. Yet this is precisely what churches are laboring for. Give the church the power and it will silence all opposition to its nonsensical creeds and dogmas. It is the same spirit which inaugurates this new movement for the subversion of religious freedom that in past ages has burned man at the stake, and deluged the world in human gore.

What are Spiritualists doing to counteract this movement of the church to subvert the religious liberties of the American people? How many have signed a petition asking Congress not to engraft such an amendment into the Constitution? We earnestly urge the friends of religious freedom to aid in circulating petition againsts any amendment to the Constitution looking towards the union of church and state. Petitions can be obtained by addressing F. E. Abbot, editor *Index*, Toledo, Ohio; *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass., or PRESENT AGE, Chicago.

PAYING OFF A CHURCH DEBT.

The Cleveland *Herald* informs us that the Methodists of Akron, Ohio, "have erected one of the most elegant and expensive churches in the state. The original intention was to build a church at a cost of $40,000, the final cost of church and organ—this instrument being the largest in the state, if not the whole West—ran up to $121,000." Recently when the church was consecrated there was a debt due of $28,500. Rev. Dr. Ives preached a sermon in which he labored to arouse the audience to a sense of duty, "and also worked upon their pride in the erection of such a church." Dr. Ives suggested that there might be twelve persons who would be willing to give $1,000 each; whereupon the following scene ensued which we quote from the Akron *Beacon:*

Messrs. J. A. Long and W. M. Day were appointed Secretaries, and the subscribing began as follows: Mr. Lewis Miller. Put me down for $6,000.

Dr. Ives. My stars; what will this whole congregation do, if you start off like this?

N. B. Stone, $1,000. R. S. Elkins, $1,000.

Dr. Ives. I have no sympathy for those that pay; if there's anybody that deserves pity, it is those that don't pay.

John R. Buchtel, $1,000. George D. Bates, $1,000.

Dr. Ives. Thank you, sir. Glad to have the influence extended to the back part of the congregation. Who's the next one? Somebody speak.

Andrew Jackson. Put me down for $1,000.

Dr. Ives. Amen! The Lord bless Andrew! we will all vote for Jackson yet! Who is the next man? Here the subscription lagged a little, and the Doctor suggested that somebody put down a thousand dollars, half in his own name, half in his wife's.

Mrs. Lewis Miller. You can put me for a thousand.

Dr. Ives. Now I am about to make the proposition you have all been waiting for. It is that twelve subscriptions of $500 each be made. Who will lead off?

Geo. Bean, $500. A. P. Baldwin and wife, $500.

Dr. Ives. Don't stop to count up how much is done, but just enjoy it. Here we have two superb Secretaries, and I don't know how many reporters to keep tally. We want fewer scribes and more Christians, to-day.

C. G. Auble, $500. Mrs. J. R. Buchtel, $500. Jacob Snyder, $500.

Dr. Ives. The Lord bless you, brother Jacob, you are among your brothers.

Joseph Corns, $500.

Dr. Ives. I have always heard that this is a great country for produce, corn and beans.

John Wolf (from the gallery) $500.

Dr. Ives. A savage name, but we are willing to receive it. Now, just think. This church is built to stand, and how much will $500, spread out over a whole life-time.

Mrs. Sarah Huntley, $500.

Dr. Ives. Haven't you somebody in your eye, Brother Buchtel, you want to speak to?

J. R. Buchtel. I belong to the outside of the church.

Dr. Ives. There's a good many of your church here to-day.

Mr. Buchtel. Put down George W. Crouse, for $500. Jacob Snyder. Put down D. Lebcher, for $500.

The subscriptions then continued with more or less briskness until 3 o'clock, the interest increasing as the amount decreased. The entire amount including the basket collection was $32,089,53.

If Spiritualists would manifest some of the enthusiasm and liberality exhibited by the Methodists of Akron, halls dedicated to free discussion would be thickly scattered over our country. We hope the time is not far distant when the friends of liberal ideas will realize the importance of building pleasant, comfortable, and substantial halls.

SEED CATALOGUE.—We are indebted to James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of his seed catalogue for 1872. It is nicely printed on fine white paper, contains a full and complete list of flower and vegetable seeds, and is profusely illustrated. It is not only one of the finest looking but most valuable catalogues we have ever examined. Mr. Vick is a very extensive dealer,and is thoroughly reliable. It is always poor policy to buy seeds from unreliable dealers. Those purchasing from Mr. Vick will be sure of receiving precisely what they order. Send ten cents for catalogue.

For the Present Age.

THE SHERMAN MEDIUMS.

BY L. F. HAGER.

This community for a few weeks past, has been jostled quite out of its former grooves of thought by the astounding manifestations through the Sherman mediums. John and his youngest son Henry have been holding dark seances at different points in this village and neighboring towns, whereat all became astonished with the remarkable power of the spirits to manifest their presence by handling the auditors with real physical hands, and also physical objects, such as jewelry,chairs and musical instruments; talking without the trumpet, and lecturing through it as they seem to desire; making manifestations too varied to describe in an article like this.

While this has been transpiring, Moses, the oldest son of John Sherman, has been holding cabinet seances at T. M. Ewing's, former editor of the Cardington *Republican*, who has engaged him until the first of April for this purpose, every day at one o'clock P. M. and every other evening. At these times occur most striking and interesting manifestations while the medium is tied hand and foot, and enveloped in a sack securely tied over his head. The window in the door of the cabinet is twenty by twelve inches with a sash and glass. It slides up and down in the door similar to a railroad car blind, balanced by weights to hold it in any place desired. It is controlled by the spirits to shut or open; while open, they thrust out hands of various sizes and of appearance, from that of the mere child to the hard rough hand of the stalwart laborer, often extending to the elbow, at the same time holding the trumpet and brandishing it in a defiant manner. All, and tenfold more then I can mention, transpires while the room in which the cabinet is standing is sufficiently light to see every minutia in the preceedings.

When the door sash is closed they present in front of the window hands and faces which they seem in that manner to be able to hold for some time in a materialized condition. They often call up friends and relatives and grasp the hand with affection, and manifest audible sound, indicative of tender emotions.

Moses Sherman is, when entranced, a remarkable test medium. I have listened to instances in the past few days, where persons have received the identification of from ten to fifteen spirit friends, giving names in full, color of eyes, hair, complexion, age, and occupation, and many incidents of association while companions in this life, and at the same time the person receiving the description could obtain none he had thought of or desired to get. Mr. Ewing and Mr. Sherman are at Alliance for a few days only. John and Henry live near this town.

CARDINGTON, OHIO.

For the Present Age.

THE LAST MEETING.

BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

The last we met was at a merry dance,
His face was fair as it had ever been,
And mine was lighted up with smiles, as though
No specter stood between to blight the hope
And confidence that once seemed joy to both.
I did not know 'twas there until I met
His eyes, and what I read in them was more
Than I could understand—until some weeks
Went by, and I had met another. And now
I know it all. But 'tis too late, too late!
So let it pass; and if we meet no more
In true, confiding hope, then he perchance
Will always think me false.
But 'tis not so—
And he who fain would have it so, himself
Is false, and would unbind the silken chain
That I had helped to make, and wind, because
I could not hate whom I had loved, and would
Not if I could.
This world has dealt with me,
Like one whom fate had marked her own, and smiles
To think that in my heart the joys of love
Or hope can live or die—and still I *seem*
The same.
This have I learned through sorrow's tears—
To smile when I would weep; and hide my grief
"Away from sight of men." The hand of time
Has buried many a cherished hope and aim,
And doubtless many more will hide deep down
In my poor heart to live with me alone.
When I shall lay aside this mortal form,
This covering of the immortal mind
That long has chained me in this land of dreams,
Shall I again awake in spheres where love
Is seeming only? Where sweet joy is like
The dewdrop trembling in the morning sun,
And sparkling in the treacherous embrace
That every moment saps its harmless life;
Yet clinging to the all absorbing rays,
Until it fades into the strange unknown
And so is lost? Where hopes are transient as
The summer flowers, and smiles are only masks
To cover bleeding hearts?
If Heaven is thus—
I would that I had never lived, or, that
The grave would cover all, and hold me in
A fond embrace, or let me drift adown
Oblivion's unknown sea, and be forgot.

PLAINWELL, Jan. 25, 1872.

For the Present Age

A QUESTION OR TWO.

BY MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.

When Col. James Fisk died, several ministers took him for texts and preached him beyond the gate of mercy. Did not these apostles of the Master forget, in their maledictions, the story of two other thieves who were sent by old time assassins, with a good Hebrew to paradise? If Jesus swings back the beautiful gates to those who jeer and curse, may we not hope that other unfortunates will find rest, peace, pardon?

Another question: Some of the ministers who pronounced sentence upon Fisk, live in New York and Boston. They had opportunities of warning, advising, of helping the wanderer to the path of right. Did they do it? If not, would it not be wise to put off sacerdotal robes and put on sackcloth? Has a soul gone to hell that possibly could have been sent heavenward, had they been faithful to their high calling? But was Col. Fisk's life all sin and blackness? had he no redeeming traits? To his life was there no sunny side? Let the dead speak of himself. Col. Fisk says: "Jim Fisk is a pretty rough boy, but *he never hurt a hair of a woman's head* yet, and he never will."

If the man spoke truly I would risk his soul "when the cnecks are passed in at the bar of justice." The man who has never by deed or word, wronged a woman, has an enviable reward. A great army of risen women, the defamed and defrauded, will be ready to give him joy and plead his claims to the laurel crown.

Other questions come up. Henry Ward Beecher says: "God's Providence took Col. Fisk." Why did God take him? Because he plundered the poor? His enemies, even, say that generosity was his chief virtue. Pat was never put off till to-morrow; his cook, bootblack, and washerwoman testify to the goodheartedness of the man. Was it because he was given to stock-stealing? Then the Providence of God may take a few other thieves. And then why hold Stokes responsible for the death of Col. Fisk? It is inconsistent to condemn a man who is simply God's own avenging angel.

"God's Providence" is a miserable dodge. "God's Providence" burned Chicago. "God's Providence" is every day doing some foolish thing. Just as if the man, mad with rage, and Mrs. O'Leary's unmanageable cow, are God's agents, chosen to punish a wicked man or a proud, over grown city!

For the Present Age.

AN APPEAL FROM PHILIP DRUNK TO PHILIP SOBER.

HUXLEY *vs.* HUXLEY.

BY A. CRIDGE.

"I say that natural knowledge seeking to satisfy natural wants has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings."—*Huxley on Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge.* "Science is nothing but trained and organized common sense"—*Huxley on the Educational Value of Natural History Sciences.*

Admirably expressed. In the progress of science a point has been reached where the theological ideas hitherto sufficient to "still spiritual cravings" have been found entirely inadequate, utterly wilting away before that rigid criticism which characterizes not only modern science but modern researches into ancient literature, now largely conducted by methods virtually scientific. It is difficult to conceive it possible to "still spiritual cravings" without *proving*—not merely *asserting*—a continued existence. Hence instead of resting satisfied with vague denials, or retreating in senseless affright, "common sense trained and organized" (which Mr. Huxley says is science) commenced to investigate and interrogate those manifestations of unseen intelligences which have appeared in all nations and ages, which have formed a basis for all religions; and the result has been that "natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants (for there is no *more* "natural want" than the "longing after immortality")guided by "trained and organized common sense," or its synonym, science, "has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings."

And all this makes Prof. Huxley (perhaps because *drunk* with popularity) very contemptuously indignant to such as have dared thus to carry his views into efficient practice. But then Huxley is not the first guide-board that never reaches the destination which it so distinctly indicates.

MARY M. HARDY.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—Having had an extensive acquaintance with mediums in different localities for more than twenty years past, it affords me pleasure to say that I know of no one now before the public so deservedly popular as this excellent lady of No. 4 Concord Square, Boston. In her gift there is combined all those elements which promise for her mediumship a career of unbounded success. Mrs. Hardy and her husband, both of them truth-loving and kind, their services in this regard are appreciated by those who love the truth for the truth's sake. While at their place recently, I was shown a package of fifty letters, sent to them from Iowa, California, and other distant places, by strangers, affirming unfaltering faith in the authenticity of messages, which, unasked for, the parties had received through Mrs. Hardy from their relatives, now dead. Having known this lady from the beginnin of her mediumship, I can add that these spontaneous messages for parties in distant parts of the country, have distinguished her gift from the first; and, have very much increased the confidence which is now crowding her seances, from week to week.

LAROY SUNDERLAND.

QUINCY, MASS., Feb. 22, 1872.

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