

CHARIOT OF WISDOM ANDV LOE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

We are washed from the stains
Of these mountains and plains;
We are clothed in a raiment of light,
In a CHARIOT OF LOVE
We are drawn by a dove,
Which is PEACE in its plumage of white.

PREACHING ROOM.

Plain Sermons.

BY J. HACKER.

“Every tree is known by its fruit.”

David was called “a man after God’s own heart,” which implies that he was a fit example for others to imitate; but to say nothing of his criminality in regard to Uriah and his wife, there was much in his character that a true man could not imitate. How often he cursed his enemies instead of blessing them! How often he prayed for their utter destruction instead of praying and laboring for their reformation and salvation.

Would a Being perfect in wisdom and mercy and love inspire men to hold David up to the rising generation as a fit example for them to imitate? Are those who pretend to believe that all the Bible was written by inspiration willing for their children to pattern after David, and go through the world cursing their enemies and praying for their destruction?

Many, very many parts of the Bible would lead to, or sanction immoralities, vices and crimes that would fill the earth with misery.

In one place we are informed that a war was got up in the name of the Supreme, against the Benjaminites. The command was to destroy them all, men, women and children. What reason could a wise Being give for such an order? To destroy innocent women and even children who were not old enough to sin—infants that knew not the right hand from the left? Is this scripture really of God? Let the “tree be known by its fruit,” and by this test we answer that God never gave such a command, and that passage was never written by inspiration any more than our Government was inspired of God to make war on the Florida Indians and rob them of their lands. Well, what was the result? Why, they went forth against the tribe, and slew men, women and children, killing all except six hundred men who fled to the wilderness;—these they could not kill, notwithstanding they pretended God had commanded it. Here it appears they had been commanded to do what they had not power to accomplish, if the story is to be believed.

What next? Why, after the great slaughter, when they came together, they wept and moaned because one of their tribe was cut off. “Poor Benjamin! What shall we do for our Dear Brother Benjamin? whom we have been

slaying in the name of the Lord?” And then another plan was got up in the name of the same imaginary god, to save the same wicked tribe that they had been trying to exterminate! The plan was to go out against another people and slay all the men, all the married women and all the small children and save the virgins for wives for the six hundred Benjaminites that their god had previously commanded them to destroy! In this slaughter they took four hundred virgins and gave them as wives to the Benjaminites, to raise up seed to their Brother Benjamin, and keep in existence the wicked tribe that their god had commanded them to cut off from the earth, and which they had tried to do but could not!

Now, let me ask what kind of marriages were these? What love could these virgins have for men on whose account their loved parents and dear little brothers and sisters had been cruelly murdered? What but loathing disgust and absolute abhorrence could these virgins have at the thought of, becoming the wives of such men?

But this was not all, for two hundred men still wanted wives; so another order was given, of course in the name of the same god, for the two hundred to go out like thieves and highway men, and secrete themselves in the vineyards, and when the daughters of Shiloh came out in their sports, each man was to leap from his ambush and catch a wife! Singular manner of selecting mates! and one would think by the jarring and discord now existing so generally in married life, that the same god of inconsistency and confusion had had the management of at least nine tenths of all the marriages from that day to the present moment.

Were these things really commanded by a wise Being, and was this scripture written by inspiration? Surely not, if a tree is known by its fruits: for no wise Being could exhibit such injustice, cruelty and folly.

Then look at another slaughter that is said to have been done at the command of the Supreme. A whole nation was to be destroyed from the earth! Not only were the people to be all slain, without regard to age or sex, but their animals too, must fall under the wrath of the Supreme. All were slain according to the command excepting king Agag. He was brought in alive, and the man of God was so angry that any life had been spared, that he took the sword and hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord. Who in this age does not shrink from such a slaughter with horror, except insane priests and politicians, who for months past have been shouting “Hew Agag in pieces, or in other words, “let Jeff Davis be hung!”

As I said in a former number, every crime under heaven can find sanction in some part of the Bible. Theft, robbery, drunkenness, murder, adultery, rapine and all the catalogue of transgressions can point to the Bible as the authority for or sanction of their crimes!

The people who professed to be the chosen favorites of God, destroyed or drove out the people of Canaan who were better than themselves, and took possession of their land, and the Americans destroy or drive to the ends of the earth the less powerful Indian tribes and possess their lands, justifying themselves by

the Bible, and so of all other outrages; they point to what is falsely called the word of God as a “Thus saith the Lord,” for all sins.

What are we to do with such a book? Read it candidly, rejecting all that would sanction oppression or wrong doing, or make men worse, and bind to our hearts every truth that will tend to make us better. The book contains much that is good—truths that came from the eternal fountain—truths that are precious to all inquiring minds—truths which, if practiced, will unite mankind in harmony and love, and make this earth a paradise of bliss. Let us receive these truths as treasures present and eternal, and practice them in daily life, while we reject all that tends to gratify the selfish, animal passions and lead, in the end, to sorrow and grief.

To Inquirers.

[Here is the best sermon I ever read; every word true.—ED.]

Every day I meet those whose souls are in darkness and doubt, who can nowhere find the fulfillment of “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.” They have yielded to discouragements, and are living without hope and joy, and doing little to benefit others. To such I beg leave to give a little of my own past experience in the hope that it may strengthen some fainting one and encourage to higher endeavors.

I do not remember the time when I did not feel the need of something better than was sought by the multitude around me. I waited and hoped for the good I found not—yet I waited not patiently, for often my spirit sent forth its wailing in a lava-tide, and I was constantly recriminating myself because I could not be satisfied with that which seemed so sufficient for those whom I thought ought to require more than myself. I was full of the unutterable longings for the high and holy, but knew not where to find it. I looked among those who professed to have “passed from death unto life,” but saw no spirituality—only a selfish striving after gain, as if that were the aim and end of life—thinking far more of the wants of the body than the needs of the soul—feeding and clothing the *perishable*, while the *immortal* was famishing. I felt that God would not have given me these higher and holier aspirations, if He had not *somewhere* placed a supply for them. I turned to those whom I had been taught to regard as watchmen upon the walls of Zion, and asked *them* where I might find rest for my weary soul. They pointed eagerly to their churches and told me it was *there*. I ate their bread and tasted their wine and tried to feed my soul on the dry husks of theology which they gave me, but still I hungered and thirsted the more—as though the *forms* of worship could lead us into the truth. In agony of soul I wrote to a friend and among other good things contained in the reply were these words: “But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that *any* man should teach you, but as the same anointing teaches you all things, and is truth and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him.” This led me to see that I had been looking too much

outside of myself for truth, and I turned within to my own soul, and there to my great joy I found a well of living water springing up unto everlasting life—a fountain which never fails, from which flow forth a thousand streams to gladden and bless my life. And as I travel on, and the earth and its vanities recede from me, heaven grows nearer and brighter, and more and more of its joys are added to my life. Oh, it is sweet to know that we may so live that we can enjoy heaven *here*—that we may have the companionship of angels to cheer us on our toilsome journey, and as we approach nearer to them they clasp us closer and closer, until at last we breathe out our glorified spirits into the atmosphere of their own perfect love. It is not *death*, and at times I am hardly willing to wait until my earth-work is done before entering upon the joys, which however *bright* here, do not reach their fulness until we have thrown off the mortal. To those who desire to walk hand-in-hand with angels, let me say, go not to the popular churches for spiritual life—seek not the living among the dead, but remember ever that God has given an abundant supply for the demands of every human soul, and we have no need to run after lo here, or lo there, for the light is within us, and we have only to seek *that* and walk in its radiance, and it will surely guide us into all truth.

GERMAINE.

A Good Time—No. 1.

On the evening of Oct. 13th, I stepped on board the steamer "Regulator" (which ought to have the temperature of its cabin "regulated" to the requirements of health, and then it would be a pretty good craft,) on my way to North Appleton, to fulfill an appointment on the Sabbath. As the motion and the jarring of the Boat kept me awake till a late hour, I had some fears lest I should go to sleep and pass the place of destination without knowing it, as I cannot hear conductors or clerks or servants announce the landings on boat or cars, but my fears were banished by a well known voice saying, 'All is well, sleep in peace.' I was soon asleep, awoke once and again was awakened by the ringing of what sounded like a medium sized hand bell close to my ear. How many spiritualists understand that? I fear those who want material bells and other instruments for spirits to use do not. I arose and prepared to land at Camden just after the break of night. Walked to the Bay View House where I found a nice coal fire in a neat, quiet room, and in due season a breakfast in lieu of the clatter of empty dishes, or nearly so, which I have sometimes met with at other hotels—a good breakfast—good food well prepared and enough of it. May the Bay-View House stand as long as chilled and hungry travelers need its pleasant comforts.

A friend from North Appleton who had kindly offered to meet me, soon appeared and took me out ten miles to his hospitable home, where, though a stranger, I found quite a large neighborhood of kind, loving brothers and sisters, and one aged mother of 93 summers, all appearing as glad to see me as though I had been one of their own natural born long absent in a distant land. How I love that di-

vine principle that makes strangers feel like kinsfolks when they meet—could it have free course in all hearts this now cold, selfish, sin-stained world would soon be the paradise of God, covered with his glory as the waters cover their rocky beds. In the afternoon two couples of my dearest friends came from different towns more than 20 miles distant to attend meeting on the morrow, and as they found a home in the same hospitable dwelling, a sacred house, more sacred far than the miscalled holy houses of the clergy, there we had a precious feast of spiritual enjoyment as well as warm comforts for the outer man. "'Tis warm here anyhow," said one of my friends, as he turned round to warm his shivering sides after a long ride in the chilling winds. Yes, it was a warm, comfortable home for both the inner and outer man.

On looking out of the window Sabbath morn, Oh, how it poured! Rain! rain! rain! And every body seemed to know it and feel it, and regret it, for they had been looking forth to the meeting in hope and joy. But that which cannot be cured must be endured, and so, we all had to consent for it to rain, and *it did!* It would require several sheets to relate all the exercises of my mind that dark, wet morning, the deep baptisms—Oh, how vain are water baptisms and all other tythes of the "old covenant" applied to the outer man when compared to those stern realities which the inner man experiences when it goes forth to stand between the living and the dead! An outside washing cannot qualify for such a work—the soul must go down into the depths of the spiritual Jordan where huge billows roll over it, and "bring up *living* stones of memorial to set before the people." He that goes forth bearing precious seed under a full sense of human insufficiency and the responsibility, must not only sometimes weep, but often experience baptisms of spirit wherein weeping would be a relief—must feel his soul swollen as with groans too deep to be uttered, which those around him know not of.

At meeting time a few of us repaired in the rain to the old meeting house, which was as dry as any corner of the so called holy houses in pleasant weather, but in a storm like this; the rain poured through roof and plastering into many of the pews as though it belonged there, and at any rate no one would undertake to dispute possession on that occasion, as there were seats enough for all. Outwardly the prospect looked gloomy enough, but plenty of dry wood and a good stove soon materially changed the scene, and at the close of the meeting I could say, "Enough, I am satisfied!"

This house was long since built as a "Union House" by various denominations, to be occupied alternately by each, but the husks and chaff "dispensed" there in the name of spiritual food, were so dry that priest-craft did

out, the house, though called God's Holy Temple went out of repair as fast as any other, house, and the new-born truth in that region has not yet had time to renovate it, but better times and better things are in the future, and those old walls will yet resound to truths never uttered there in bygone days.

After meeting many of us were kindly invited by Bro. and sister K. to dine with them, and when we entered the large, comfortable room, we felt that we were at home in one of the many houses which Our Father has up and down the land, and that we were all of the same family. The outer man was bountifully supplied as it had previously been by Bro. and Sister W., and then and there commenced another meeting in which Sister M. under the control of an Indian spirit gave us a testimony in which she corroborated much that I had said in the previous meeting at which the medium was not present, and among other things, directed to me, she said there was an army of priests hurling arrows at me but the angels cut the points off before they reached me. This I know to be a fact. The priests, when on their proselyting rounds in families where my paper is taken as well as among their own people make it a point to misrepresent, slander and traduce me for the purpose of keeping the people in ignorance, but where the truth is felt in the family their arrows are broken or their points cut off.

After the spirit of the Squaw had spoken awhile through the medium, she said, "There is another influence that wants to speak to the Old Brave through his trumpet, and immediately the voice, countenance and manner of the medium changed and she spoke thus:— "I am Eben Stevens of Montville; do you remember the *pillow* I sent you? Go on, Bro., preach the gospel of Peace; no other man in the world dares stand up as you do and battle error and proclaim truth alone; you are doing a great work; a band of spirits are around you to guard you from harm, a crown of glory awaits you," and much more was said of like import.

The mention of the pillow was to me one of the best tests I have met with. About twenty years ago while publishing the first Vol. of the "Pleasure Boat," I was very poor, lived alone, cooked my own food, wrote in the night to gain time to sell papers by day, lived very cheap, slept on a bag of straw with my only coat for a pillow, being willing to live so for the purpose of spreading truth which was more unpopular then than now. While living thus Eben Stevens sent me a pillow, and this reference to it by the medium, giving the name of my friend, was so singular that I at first thought she might have heard of the circumstance, but she solemnly affirms that it was all new to her and spoken through her by an intelligence higher than her own; and those who have been acquainted with her for years

all unite in declaring her to be perfectly truthful and reliable; and singular as was the revelation about the pillow, some of the best minds present said that what was spoken of my character and testimonies was still more remarkable to them, being far above the ability of the medium in her normal condition.

Five of us strangers returned to Bro. W's where we had spent the previous night and were again made comfortable by their hospitality and brotherly and sisterly kindness, and as many friends came to spend the evening we had a pleasant, happy time.

[To be continued.]

LADIES' SALOON.

Paul and his Teachings.

The Rev. Dr. Paul, the gentleman from Tarsus, who was not wholly free from the leaven of the Pharisees, but was, in some respect, more like our modern orthodox priests than a thorough disciple of Christ, declared that it was a shame for a woman to speak in church, and that he suffered them not to do so, notwithstanding the prophet Joel declared that in the last days God would pour out his spirit upon *all*, and that *daughters* and even humble handmaids should speak as well as men, and other Scriptures declare that male and female are all one in Christ.

From this blunder of Paul in putting women below men, great evil has arisen. Their mouths have been sealed up in public and not only the sex but the whole world has suffered for want of their testimonies. Even in this land of boasted equality and equal rights, women have been classed with minors and idiots. They have not been allowed after marriage, to own the property they had earned by hard work, or received by gift before marriage; the laws in all the States formerly gave the woman body, soul, money and all to the husband depriving her of her individuality and swallowing it up in his without any regard to his fitness to receive the trust or execute the duties it bestowed upon him. He could squander the wife's property as he pleased, and as the Old Testament permits him to buy wine or strong drink or *whatsoever his soul lusted after*, not even excluding strange women, and when he had squandered her all and brought himself to a drunkard's grave by the use of her earnings, she and her children must be trundled off to the pauper house to dwell in the same rooms with the vilest of the vile. The drunken husband could go to the polls and vote for any office from President down or up to dogwhipper when so drunk that he had to be led in and held up while depositing his vote; but the wife on whose money he got drunk, and whose industry and care held the family together, could not so much as decide by her vote whether the school in which her daughters must receive their education should be taught by a libertine or a virtuous man! And when her husband died, if he left any property she could receive only a quarter or a third of it, and that only during her life time, though it all belonged to her before she become his legal slave! Then her body was not her own but must be prostituted to pander to his lusts, and unwelcome children must be forced upon her in spite of all her remonstrances and

tears, children, too, who, born under such circumstances are more like animals than human beings. In short, women were regarded by law and custom too, as goods and chattels, and fit only to wash pots and kettles and pander to lusts, and wear themselves out in vain efforts to manage unmanageable children. They were shut out of other occupations and when compelled to work for wages, were so poorly paid that thousands and thousands of them became discouraged and sold themselves body and soul to gain bread. Such formerly were the laws in all our States in regard to women, and though within a few years the laws have been somewhat modified, women generally are in the same degraded and slavish condition now.

This State of Maine professes to be in advance of all others in her laws favoring women, yet, but a short time since, I called on a "Counselor at Law," at the request of a suffering woman, to inquire what right our laws give a woman to her own body. She has had unwelcome children forced upon her, until she has nearly sunk into the grave through suffering and toil, and begs of her "Lord and Master" for a cessation from such abuse, but begs in vain. The reply of the Counselor was, that, so long as she lived with him she would be expected to submit herself to his wishes, and if she could not do that without pain and early death, she had better separate. But "how can she separate?" I inquired. She is willing to take her four children and go out into the world penniless, and battle for a living for them and herself, in the stern labors of life, but he will not consent for her to take the children; and even if she goes forth without them he can follow her with an officer of the law, and bring her back to her servitude and torture! If he had committed adultery with some other woman, though the effect, *to her*, would not be a thousandth part so great as the legalized and customised adultery or rape that he is constantly committing on her, she could get a divorce, and perhaps a part of her children, but as she cannot prove that against him, how is she to leave him? What remedy or relief does the law give her? What can she do but continue in the torture till death closes the scene?

To these questions the Counselor could make no reply.

These things and hundreds more that might be mentioned, show the degraded, slavish condition of women, and the root of the matter lies with Paul who closed the mouths of women and classed them with idiots.

And now as every tree and every thing else is known by its fruits, and as the fruits of Paul's testimony in this matter is evil, let it be removed out of the way, and give women all their natural rights. Give them the same right to speak for themselves that men have—give them their natural right to compete with men in all the occupations of life, in out-door labor, in agriculture, horticulture, gardening, in all the arts and sciences, in merchandise, in everything useful that they are capable or can render them capable of performing. A few women have long felt and wept over the degradation of their sex, and breaking through all the influences of Paul's proscription and the customs arising from it, have plead eloquently for women's rights, but have been met with sneers and contempt from brainless editors who appear afraid that women with talents superior to their own, will rival them if they are allowed the right to try. "Strong minded women" is a contemptuous term that has been thrown at them by editors who were not worthy to clean their shoes, but if they keep their places, the contemptuous term will be an hon-

or and a crown to them. It will mean "Saviors of their sex."

Spiritualism, by encouraging female lecturers, has done much to break Paul's seal from their lips, and we hope the time is not far distant when all women will claim the same right of speech as men do. Read, talk, let the truth circulate and error and wrong will vanish like fog before the morning sun.

HALL OF MATRIMONY.

[For the Chariot.]

Matrimony—No. 2.

In a former article on matrimony, I said: "if legal marriage were entirely done away with, there could scarcely be more ill-gotten and unloved children brought into existence, nor more murdered before birth than under the present reign of legalized iniquity," or something to that effect, and I reiterate the statement in the face of the people and creation generally. People have drawn the conclusion from this remark of mine, that I wish the marriage law annulled. I did not say so, nor did not wish to be thus interpreted. In the present wicked and lewd state of the masses, marriage imposes a restraint upon many who would run riot, did not such a law exist. Could the marriage law, to-day, be stricken out of the land, there are hundreds and thousands of men, now living decently moral lives, who would swell the number of wives, or females used as such, far beyond the number claimed as sealed to the infamous Brigham Young.

Moral suasion, kindness and love *will not* penetrate and subdue *all* humanity any more than it will subdue all vicious horses. Some persons are only held in subjection through fear of the rod. Love and mercy *do not* always beget like emotions, else Christ had ne'er been crucified. The moral and physical law of our nature does not win us back with love, but if we transgress the statute law we feel the scourge. This leads me to think that something more stern than love is right to keep many in their places. Love nor hate will not subject a portion of the world, but fear will conquer many. Fear of what people will say, fear of the law, keep many lawless characters in comparatively peaceful lives. How then can we do without the restraint of marriage laws?

The fetters *gall*. Yes, because we struggle so against our unloved lives, or unappreciated labors. True, the baptism of love from our sweet, young children, afford us, women, an oasis in the hot desert of our lives, whereon to rest our sore and weary feet. To be sure, it is a pleasure to lead their young feet in the path of right, but some of the most indefatigable workers need an earthly support to lean against for rest. Where should we, where ought we to look for that support save in a husband's love? We all know where to go for comfort and support when we are weary of well-doing; we know whose Almighty hand will hold and cool our fevered palms; but yet we are so constituted as to need the stimulus of earthly love upon our earthly way.

The friend who took some exceptions to my remarks differs from myself, but that difference arises through misunderstanding. I plead for and refer wholly to *women*, while she, probably, includes all woman-kind, a vast and distinct difference. There is a large mass of females whom I do not class under the head of women. Those, no doubt, have a great deal to do with the unhappiness of married life. But I must frankly confess, in scores and scores of married couples of my acquaintance, that I

could not find a half dozen cases, where the trouble originated or was abetted by the wife. The husbands drank liquor, were fretful and hateful, or, worse than either, were given to looking upon strange women. Some of these wives were vixenish, some even drank intoxicating liquors; but on searching dilligently back, every one accorded that they were excellent women until married; no harm ever having been spoken of them until their husbands' conduct drove them to madness.

Where is the trouble, the difficulty, then? *In deception before marriage.* If a man would honestly say when paying attention to a woman who had moved his fancy,—“Now, I am a wild, reckless sort of a fellow; drink sometimes, smoke often, and have a devilish temper which is easily aroused—and in telling you this I give you opportunity to realize what you are about to marry:”—or, again, “I am a silent, dignified and cold-hearted person, never wanting to leave my fireside, never wanting to see company, irritable when crossed,” and so forth, how much misery it would save. Many a one would retreat from the precipice on which they stood, and many who dared the hazardous leap, would know just how to deal with and grapple their partners. But the *honey* is offered before marriage, *the gall afterwards.* As for divorcees, I have but one objection to them. There is a wrangle about the children. There should not be. The children belong to the mother by every just law human and divine. She nurtured them in agony, with her heart's best blood; she brought them forth with pangs, equalled perhaps, by the crucifixion; she cherishes and cares for them in a manner which no man could or would do. They are *hers*, *hers* if she wishes them, *hers* if she claims them, *hers*, I will contend throughout my life. But men made the laws, thus to bind many a high-souled woman to a heartless husband, just because she will not leave her little ones to his coldness and neglect. This is the Gordian knot which sooner or later *must be untied.*

My friend spoke of the blame due us as mothers, for educating our daughters to think man their destiny, matrimony their goal. Probably there are such females, blameable in every respect, but they are not the mothers, or women for whom I plead and groan and weep. I was born in the country where mothers educate their daughters to usefulness, and by reason of their own experience, would save their children from a like fate. But the lover comes with soft words and caresses, wins her love, marries her and her life is no happier than that of these who are educated to wed; only as their more exalted natures can do their duty, looking resolutely from the earth to Heaven for reward. And perhaps after all, these very women feel the most terrible pangs of neglect, for those to whom my friend refers, probably could displace themselves with fashions and the frivolities educated into their natures. My only wonder is, as I view the uncongeniality of married people and the neglect with which the affectionate wife is treated, that there are so many true and virtuous wives, living on year after year, crushing to death their yearning hearts, rather than prove recreant to the man who, all the time is arch traitor to them. But if we live to see the day that women are allowed their children, we shall find many breaking the torturing shackles that bind them, and bursting forth in the full, free womanhood that is now crushed and dying within their souls. Would to God an emancipation proclamation could go forth to free the wives held in slavery to the caprices of man. *MARK F. P. CUMMINGS.*

When will the Millennium Come?

The Millennium state so long talked about is to be the reign of universal Peace, Love and Harmony. All mankind are to become wise in all things, individually pursue that course which will result, not in the highest good of the greatest number or majority, but in the highest good of all the human race. Swords are to be beaten into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks, and nations are to learn war no more. All national laws and bounds are to be obliterated, and the whole human race is to become one family united by a deeper, higher, broader, purer love than has ever been known except by individuals and very small companies. Custom Houses with all their expenses will pass away and people will go and come, and trade under the guidance and restraint of no other law than the Golden Rule, “do unto others as ye would have others do unto you.” As each individual will be governed by this “Higher Law” all other laws will pass away. Court houses and prisons will be changed to schools and colleges, and all the swarms of lawyers and office holders that are now making and executing destructive laws which only make society worse, becoming honest and industrious men, will add to the common wealth instead of consuming and destroying the production of others as they do now. The whole swarm of idlers and loafers that are now filching their luxurious living from the hand of industry by their shrewdness and wit, will see that it is for their own health and happiness and the salvation and happiness of their children, to earn their subsistence by honest industry. And as all that are now living on the industry of others will be willing to perform their proper share of life's labors, the toiling masses now bowed to the earth under a double burden of labor will be relieved, and none will have to toil more than individual health requires, and all will have time to improve their moral, intellectual and spiritual condition, and to train up their children in truth and righteousness, to be blessings and crowns of rejoicing in their declining years. Children then will be the offspring of love—will need no regeneration, but will follow on to be good and to do good, as the lamb followeth its dam into green pastures and to the limpid streams and the sunny hill side, for refreshment and repose. Vices being banished diseases will disappear, all will be born with sound bodies and minds, and having spiritual light they will be preserved from accidents, so called, live to a good old age, and ripen for the harvest as the grain ripeneth instead of sinking into untimely graves as all do now, by ignorance and the transgression of immutable laws.

Pauper houses will pass away, for all will be brothers and sisters, and as vice is banished few will be poor. There will be enough in the world for all, and if any are needy their wants will be freely supplied. Cheating and lying, backbiting and defamation will have an end, each individual will feel that the reputation of others is as dear as his own, and no one will wrong another any more than he will pierce his own eyes; for all will come to see that the whole race are united by spiritual ties, and that the sufferings of any member of the human race must be shared by all, as pain in one member of the body is shared by each and all.

People then will live unselfishly in communities each working for the good of all. In the present isolated condition, fifty families want fifty houses and other buildings to match—fifty wells of water, fifty fires to cook by, and in the same proportion for every thing else. But in the millennium state, when fifty families come together in one, a marvelous change is made in the expenses of all these things proportionally lessening the labors of all. And then, living

thus in large families, they can have schools, libraries, lectures and religious meetings under their own roof without any impediment on account of weather, and a few moments' notice will bring them all together on any special occasion. What a broad field of rich, ripe fruits will the millennium yield in comparison to the now selfish, isolated, sin-cursed world!

And when will this glorious Millennium come? It has already come in spirit to thousands who are scattered up and down the world one here and another there, but outwardly it has come to very few on account of the grinding and oppression in those around them, and all will come into the spirit of the Millennium when they give themselves up to the light of truth within each and all, which teaches what is evil and what is good, turning heartily from the former and cleaving to the latter in all the sayings and doings of daily life. This is all that is now wanted to bring the whole universe of man into the millennium state, and do away with political governments with all their enormous expenses, staying the flood of corruption and destruction they are continually pouring out. God is willing, all heaven is waiting, holy angels and the spirits of those who have passed from our sight are hovering over this sin-stricken world, striving to win us from transgression and misery to the peace, the joy, the love and unspeakable glory that reign among the ransomed and redeemed. Oh, ye sons and daughters of men, when will ye be wise? When will ye open the barred gates of your souls and receive sweet visits from the heavenly messengers that are hovering around you—when will ye so live that this weeping world will become the Paradise of God, in which his will will be done and his love enjoyed by all as it is by the heavenly hosts? Whenever ye will embrace and obey the little light in you, which discerns between evil and good, is the answer of those who are redeemed from sin.

Earth and Heaven.

“The faithless world, promiscuous flow,
Enrapt in fancy's vision;
Allured by sound, beguiled by show,
And empty dreams nor scarcely know
There is a brighter heaven.

Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given;
All varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade;
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

Empires decay and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given,
The vernal blooms in ruins lie,
Death reigns o'er earth, and sea and sky;
There's nothing lives but heaven.

The world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes, and brilliant ore,
And gems, and crowns are vain and poor;
There's nothing rich but heaven.

A stranger, lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven,
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom;
This earth is all a lonely tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
Roll on ye suns, fly swift, ye years;
I'm on my way to heaven.

Adieu! to all the world adieu!
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of truth have caught my view;
To worlds of light will I pursue,
To live in love in heaven.”

HARLOT'S ROOM.

The Protestant Churches.

The Protestant Churches of this nation call the Catholic Church the Mother of Harlots, and she is;—but where are the harlots that she is the mother of? Why these same Protestant churches, to be sure. They had some notions different from those of their mother—wanted larger liberty than their mother was willing to give them, so they had a “flare-up” with the old lady, and came off across the water and commenced house-keeping for themselves. They brought with them a portion of their old mother's furniture and a good deal of her spirit—brought the sword, the gun, the pauper house, the prison, penal laws and other destructive machinery that a really christian community would never use or own. They pretended that they came here to enjoy liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and to establish just and equal laws—a religious government, but it has cost a thousand times more blood and treasure to save the life of their government than would have been destroyed or taken by thieves, robbers and assassins if there never had been any government at all. They took men by force from another country and reduced them to a level with beasts of burden, plundered and destroyed the native inhabitants; and as for religious liberty, just as soon as they had the power they began to persecute others who could not believe their dogmas just as violently as they had been persecuted by their harlot mother. They whipped Baptists and cut off their ears, imprisoned Quakers, starved and robbed them, then bored their tongues and hung some only for expressing the same liberty of conscience that themselves came here to enjoy. They are not so rich and powerful as their old mother is, but they possess her spirit, and if they had the wealth and power they would persecute heretics and all who would not bow to them as fiercely as ever their mother did. They covet rich garments, ornaments, &c., just as much as their mother, and are equally fickle. In times of peace they can float with the popular current and preach peace, and when war comes, they can turn with the popular current as their weather-cocks turn with the wind, and, preach war, and practice it too, plunging the dagger to the hilt in their brother's heart. Members of the same church meet each other in deadly hate on the battlefield; fathers and sons belonging to the same church, and brothers too, face each other in battle with more hate and wrath than have ever been ascribed to the most approved orthodox devils, for even they have never been accused of warring with each other. What more proof need we of their character and their kin to the mother of harlots? As surely as a tree is known by its fruits, so surely is a church known by its works, and these churches prove by their action on and in war (if all other proof were wanting) that they have no more connection with Christ than Belial himself had.

They may build gaudy temples and furnish them elegantly, may provide the best organs, the most popular priests—may go through ceremonies with sanctimonious countenances, call themselves the elect of God, hate those whom they call heretics, affect to look on sinners with holy horror, give their treasures to missionaries or theological institutions to get their names into print or high up on the church rolls,

may make a profession as high as heaven and broad as the earth, yet if they engage in, sanction, countenance or willingly aid war under any circumstances whatever, or employ priests that do so, they prove beyond all doubt that they are the daughters of the old harlot whom in words they condemn, and are not heirs of Christ, nor at all related to his family, for he is the Prince of Peace and his doctrines and principles are peace from everlasting to everlasting, and know no change. “He that hath ears to hear let him hear.” “Come ye out from among them and be ye separate.”

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Letter from Lizzie Granger.

Dear Friend Hacker:—I have real good times reading the Chariot and am trying hard to be a good girl, and mother thinks I am a good deal better than I was before we began to take the Chariot. I have read Mattie Winan's letters, and Ada M. Crosby's, and am trying to be as good as they are, but sometimes I feel very naughty. Last week when we were coming from school, one of the wicked boys struck little John Wilson in the face and made him cry, and called him bad names, and I was so naughty I wanted to see him whipped, but thought of what you said to Ada about making the naughty feeling behave itself, so I only told him it was wrong, and then took John by the hand and led him home and I felt a good deal better than I should if I had scolded at the wicked boy when I felt so angry with him. The next day he overtook me when I was going to school, and I talked pleasantly with him about striking John and he did not say a word, but looked very shamed, and he has looked very shamed and sorry ever since, and I think that will be better and do more good than whipping would.

I have had a beautiful little flower bed this summer, and have had flowers all the time till last week, when the frost came and killed them all. I have been to school all summer and learn a good deal. There was one little girl moved into the place and when she began to go to school the girls did not use her well because her folks were poor and her clothes were poor, and when I was going home from school I saw her going all alone crying. I asked her what the matter was, and she told me she was alone and had no friends, for the other girls would not speak to her, and she cried and said she did not know why they used her so, for where she came from the scholars loved her. I told Ellen Ross of it and we pitied her, and the next day we asked the teacher if she might sit with us, and when she got in the seat with us we put our arms round her and she was so happy she cried again. She is a sweet little girl and studies hard and knows more than any of us if her clothes aint good; and Mother and Mrs. Ross is going to let Ellen, and I give her some of our clothes. My brother John has gone to sea, and it is too bad. Father wanted him to stay at home on the farm, and mother cried and tried all she could to get him to stay, but Robert Jack was going and he wanted to go with him. Poor fellow, I hope he will get tired of rocking about on the ocean, where he can't see the green fields, and pretty flowers, and hear the bird's sing, for I want him to live at home. Mother says I have written enough, so I bid you good bye, and hope Mattie, and Ada and others too will write soon. I read every word in the Chariot to father and mother and they say they rather give ten dollars a year for it than not have it. Good bye.

Your little friend,

LIZZIE GRANGER.

REMARKS.—There's a little book entitled, “A Kiss for a Blow,” written by Henry C. Wright, which every child ought to read. Every parent who has not procured a copy of this

book ought to do so. If any want it I will ascertain the price and make arrangements to send them by mail. Henry has fallen from grace since he wrote this book, and justified the late most needless and most abominable of all needless and abominable wars; but when he fell he did not drag the book down with him and the peaceful, loving, forgiving principles it advocates still stand and ever will stand as firm and sure as the throne of the Eternal, and all children should read the book. It would be worth more than any sum of money to them if parents would labor in love to have their children practice the divine principles there taught, for it would do for them what no sum of money can do. If the readers of the Chariot know of any really good books for children, free from all sectarianism, such as would promote love and good will among children, and teach them their duty to each other and to their parents at home, in school and wherever they may be, they are requested to give me the names of such books, the price and where they may be had and I will advertise them. If publishers would send me a copy of Children's Books I will notice all whose tendency is good.

THE CARELESS GIRL.—Oh dear, Mother, what shall I do? I can't find my needle, nor thimble, nor thread, and it is always just so, said a little girl. I never can find any thing when I want it. Her mother sat a few moments looking very sober and then replied,—“Mary, it is partly my fault that you cannot find things; I have never provided a place where you could put them. I now see that children need places to put their things as much as older people, and the first trouble with you is that I have neglected to provide for you in this respect; but now I set myself about this, and here is a nice little box just fit to put such things in. Now look about and find your stray articles and put them in it, and then if you do not put them in their place whenever you are done using them the fault will be yours.” This was much better than it would have been to scold the child for losing her things, for it was spoken pleasantly and was furnishing her a place for her things. So, Mary found her needles, thimble, scissors, &c., after a long search, and when she was done using them, put them in the box, and after that she was never troubled to find them. “A place for every thing and everything in its place,” is most important to all people and no less so to children than to others. Get your children early into regular habits and it will save them much care and time and labor all through life. But bring them up in a “hilter skilter” fashion and very few will correct their habits, but will live “hilter skilter” lives, always tangled up, confused and fretful. Parents, remember that—

“Tall oaks from little acorns grow,”
Broad lakes from little fountains flow,
And little virtues in a child
May make her pleasant, pure and mild.

Letter from A. M. Crosby, aged seven years.

Albion, Oct. 22, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—I like to write to you now I have seen you and had such a good time with you, but am sorry you saw that homely picture of me when I sat on the stairs and cried to go to ride with you; and I guess that was why you wrote about the pictures. I never thought of that before, but I am going to try not to make any more such pictures, for father and mother are so good to me. I hope I shall never cry again to have my own way.

I am going to keep your letters till I am a great girl, and then I will try to write you some good ones to pay for the good letters you write to me now.

I wish some of the other little girls would write so I could read their letters. I go to school every day, and do not get tired of it, but it begins to grow cold, and the wind blows the brown leaves at me and makes me shiver sometimes, for I have to walk over a mile.

You wanted me to tell the boys and girls how to play sixty, but I think they all know how, and don't you remember I showed you how to play it when you were here? and I don't quite know how to write it. I wish you were here. I went to a fair out to Albion Corner. They had a lot of nice things, and the funniest of all was, they gave a premium on the biggest and fattest baby. A cunning one six months old got it, and he laughed and crowed as if he felt real proud of it. I don't want to write any more letters for the paper till some of the other little girls write, but I want to write to you real often, so you can see if I am learning to write better.— Please write to me when you get to Jersey and tell me about the little girls there, and if all the grapes are gone when you get there. You said in the Chariot you wanted all your friends to come in spirit and visit you every day;— I wish I knew how they get there so I could go too, for I want to see you. I send my love and a kiss to you and Mrs. Hacker.

From your little friend,

ADA MAY CROSBY.

Thank you, Ada, for your letter. I looked for it till I was afraid it would be too late for a ride on this trip, but it got in just in time. So you don't want to write any more for the paper till other girls do. Now is that just right? If others do wrong in not writing to their little friends, is that a good reason for you to do wrong too? The children love to read your letters, and some of the big folks too, and they will laugh as I did when they read about the premium on the fat baby. I am glad they offered that premium, for if premiums on pigs will help improve the breed, premiums on babies may help improve human beings, and heaven itself knows there is room enough and need enough for improvement. But they must remember that something is wanted in a good baby besides bigness and fat, for a pig may be very big and fat and be nothing but a pig after all. There, I can feel older folks reading that and hope it will let a streak of light into their dark garret windows, for to raise good pigs or good babies either, parents must be sound and healthy.

No, I did not write about pictures on account of the picture I saw on the stairs, for what I said about pictures and playing sixty, was written before I saw you. You made a very pretty picture on my mind after I got the tears wiped away, only your eyes were rather red. I have no objection to your crying some times, when you have anything worth crying for, for crying is natural; tears often relieve the burdened heart; I have felt hundreds of times as though tears would relieve me of burdens that seemed like a millstone, but they would not come. Some children can cry any time. They cry for everything they want and their silly mothers give it to them, and thus encourage them to cry. That is wrong. If a parent refuses a child anything it ought always to be for good reasons, and then no crying should prevail. I have seen mothers refuse their children, and the child would fall on the floor in a fit of anger, and kick and scream till the mother would give it what it wanted. I once knew such a boy to grow up in that way, and kicked his mother because she did not happen to have a clean shirt for him when he wanted to go courting! He would make a rough husband, would'nt he? I would throw a bucket of cold water on such a child every time he got angry or baptize him in a tub, if I could find no better way to cure him, but perhaps the best way would be to take no notice at all of him, but let him scream and kick just as long as he would, and then, after he got over his mad fit tell him what a miserable looking creature he was, and what a wretched picture he had left on the mind.

Tell Ellery, Freddy and Bert to be good boys, and kind to each other and to every body, and write as often as you please.

Here is a letter from a little ten year old girl.

My Dear Uncle:—

Have I not a right to call you so? My father

and mother call you Brother and I love you well enough to call you Uncle. I can not remember when I did not read the Pleasure Boat, and saw much in it that I liked, particularly in the Children's Cabin; but I have learned since I saw you, to look for the Chariot with much greater pleasure, for I did not think that a great man like you could be so kind and carry such a feeling of love into a family to whom he was not related. Of course our fathers, brothers and cousins love us; at least I am quite sure mine love me, and I love them. Oh how I wish every little girl could say as much.

I can not see why all do not love each other when they might take so much pleasure in it, for truly I am never so happy as when I love my friends most. Then it seems that everything is more beautiful; the grass seems greener, the flowers seem sweeter, the sunshine brighter, and even the clouds look like fleeces of love. Now why do you suppose I cannot always feel so when I enjoy it so much?

We have had a Fair, and after the common exhibition of such Fairs, then came the Ladies' riding. There were but four of us who rode: Miss A. S., whom you met at our house, two of Mr. B's daughters and myself;—Ada, his youngest daughter, eleven years old but one year older than myself. Oh, how much I enjoyed riding with one near my own age; but the second time we went round her horse became unmanageable, and I had to ride alone with the two larger girls. It was very pleasant, the course very level and smooth and even; my horse seemed to enjoy it. The purse was equally divided between us, two dollars to each, and I will give my Uncle Hacker one half of my share. I would not like to dictate what you should buy, only please let it be something that will be useful, for I would not like to be remembered by a useless, idle thing laid away in the drawer. Now, my dear Uncle, I fulfill my promise to write to you, and remember I can go to the Post Office on horse back and shall be much disappointed if I do not have something to bring home in my pocket. How very happy I should be to have you visit us again. I promised to write something for your paper, and will do so when I am a little older. I think I am rather too young to ride in the Chariot; I might fall off.

I hope I shall be as good as you wish me to be, and then you will love me as I love you.

I am anxious to see the next Chariot so as to learn how to play sixty.

Your Niece, ABBIE ELLEN H—Y.

Abbie, I have been looking for a letter from you and saving room for it in the paper till the last moment, and now it is private, is it? I shall just leave off part of the name and put it in. No danger of falling off if you do right. Sometimes people jump off as they did from the Boat, into some sectarian or political mudhole, and after floundering about awhile many of them come back sorry that they left, but none need fall off. I have not room to say more than a great big "THANKEE," for the gift, but did you not want it yourself, to buy something useful?

PUBLIC HALL.

Dangerous Error Corrected.

Ministers in general hold out the idea that a man may spend his life in sin and then by a little penitence and a few tears on a death bed, have all his transgressions blotted out and enter into glory. This is not so. Every sin and wrong which we knowingly commit is written on our memories; though we think we have forgotten much that we have said and done, it is all recorded on the pages of our memory, and just as sure as the soul is immortal every known wrong that we commit must be sooner or later repented of. If we do not review and repent of our sins in this life, each and every one of them will be brought in review before our minds after death and we must wade through deep sor-

row and penitence on account of it before we can be happy. The pleasure of wrong doing will be more than balanced by the sorrow, grief or pain which we must experience in repentance. When men understand and believe this great truth they will see that it is for their interest to be honest, upright and virtuous—to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly. But so long as they are taught to believe that they may sin through life and then blot out all their iniquities by a few tears on a death bed, many will live in the gratification of their animal passions and lusts wronging their fellow men wherever and whenever opportunity presents.

Death bed repentances are generally very worthless, unreliable affairs, usually arising from the fear of death and hell rather than a love for the truth. Some sailors in a dangerous storm will fall upon their knees, confess their sins, implore for mercy, and solemnly vow to lead new lives if they are spared, but in half an hour after the storm is over they can curse and swear and behave as bad as ever. I once knew a man who at the commencement of a thunder storm, would flee to the house and crouch with fear in a corner praying for mercy; had he died then by a shaft of lightning, very likely the priest would have had high hopes for him on account of his penitence, but the moment the storm was over he would arise and curse and swear in the most malignant spirit because the shower had wet his hay. I once knew a man in a village of my native town who lay upon his bed a year and neither he nor his friends had the least hope that he would ever be better. When I called to see him his language was the most humble and penitent as far as words were concerned, that I ever heard. "Oh," said he, "if I could only recover and have a few years more of health, what a life I would live, what an example I would give my neighbors before whom I have lived such a life!" I was absent from the town a year or two without hearing from him and supposed him to be dead; but on my return, while passing through the street to my utter surprise I saw the same man alive and entering a grog shop. I could scarcely believe it possible that he had recovered, and followed him in. He at the moment I entered called for liquor for himself and others, and was in language as bad as ever. I shook hands with him, beckoned him aside and asked him if he remembered what promises of amendment he made when I saw him last. "Oh, nonsense!" said he, "don't talk to me about such stuff as that, and turned back to join his cronies. Soon after he was taken sick again, went through another repentance, probably as deep and died. The priest who preached his funeral sermon held up his death bed repentance as a wonderful work of divine grace, though probably nothing more than the fear of death and hell, while his soul had gone to review its past life and wade in deep anguish through the sins it had committed.

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, excepting pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, it blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for ourselves and neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.—[Exchange.

The same reasoning will apply to nations as well as individuals;—there is no need of wars.

Original Communications.

October 19, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—You say you want more subscribers. I have succeeded in obtaining the names of three and enclose the money. I asked a neighbor of mine to subscribe in the presence of a Methodist Divine. "What!" said the holy man, "Old Hacker's paper?" Yes, I replied. "Well," said the Rev., he is rightly named, for he hacks every thing that comes in his way; "but," said he, speaking of one man, "I am glad that man has subscribed, for if he reads Hacker's paper and gives heed to his teachings, it will make him a better man." Really good, I thought, coming from such a source.

Yours, A. B.

REMARKS:—Yes, that was quite a liberal admission for a *modern* Divine. It needed no angel to cut off the point of his arrow, for he cut it off himself. "Hacking every thing that comes in his way!" Please ask that minister if he will come as a brother, a christian, or as an honest, candid man, to the *hacking*, if I should be led to give out a notice for a meeting and *hack* up a little of the rubbish in that region? If he is alive in the truth all my *hacking* cannot harm him, and if he has any dead branches or rotten wood about him, he needs *hacking*. I have some hopes of him—he appears nearer to the kingdom than most ministers. The last minister I heard of while trying to proselyte a woman took up the Chariot, read an article in favor of peace, love and good will, when his wrath boiled over. He called me an old copperhead and fled to the Old Testament to prove that man was a *divine* institution, and when the good woman took him into the New Testament, and he failed to find any thing there in favor of war, he suddenly recollected that he had an engagement to meet some one, and left in a hurry. If he troubles her again in his proselyting rounds, she has only to renew the subject of peace, with Christ's sermon on the mount and the Chariot to aid her, and she will be rid of him entirely. Faithfulness of truth will either convert such men or keep them at a safe distance. There is a good deal of *hacking* to be done, and a good deal of rubbish to be removed down in the region where the above letter came from, before the truth will have room to flourish much. I undertook to hold a meeting in Jefferson twenty years ago when the land was covered with Calvinism as black and smutty as the stumps and logs on a newly burnt clearing and the priests had some brush burning at the time—a false fire kindled in the passions by the fear of death and hell, which they were preaching instead of the gospel. The school house was filled and after speaking a few words the deacon took one light and rushed from the house, while a leading brother followed with the other. I called after them, offering them twenty-five cents, all the money I had on earth, for one candle, but in vain. Not being willing to continue the meeting in the dark among a people so ignorant, I closed it, but may travel that way again sometime. After that, when I went into a hard place I bought candles and took them with me, and may yet go to J. with a torch that none can quench nor run away with, and if I do I want

that Rev. Bro. to come like a man and either approve and embrace, or condemn and expose my testimony. Will he?

SPIRITUALISM.—A friend, whose letter bears date Philadelphia, Oct. 21, writes thus:—

"Yesterday I went to the 'Great Spiritual Convention,' as the saying is—*great* in the field and *small* at home. There were some 150 people convened in the largest Hall in the city. They looked lonesome. There was considerable harping about organization—those in favor of it had the thing cut and dried; so they had things their own way. There were a lot of old stagers or priests who are trying to fasten the fetters on the people so as to get better pay, and if the Spiritualists allow themselves to be fettered they will all go to destruction together. I stopped only two hours at the Convention, for a man cannot live on chaff.

Yours, etc.

REMARKS:—Yes, there are a set of men trying to organize and rule the Spiritualists, who are as destitute of vital godliness, and as selfish and reckless as those who involved this nation in the late slaughter and ruin—men who have seen a few outward manifestations, many of them sheer impositions, and have a theory in the head but nothing spiritual at heart. Let them organize if they will, that will help to separate them from those who have life, and draw the line between them for the living will not go into the sepulchre with the dead. Organization is to truth what the grave clothes and tomb were to Lazarus. Organize any religious company and if the truth does not unbind them as Christ did Lazarus, there they must die, if they have any spiritual life in them, and the truth will break out in some other place. This has been, is and ever will be an everlasting truth. All the organization that truth recognizes is that invisible tie of love that links heart with heart. All else is worse than useless.

Remarks on a "Strange Story"

FRIEND HACKER:—In the 15th No. of the Chariot you had "a very strange story" from the pen of Miss Hardinge—so very strange indeed that it is a wonder to me how you could give it a place in your paper. You had better give up Spiritualism as a humbug and a cheat, and stick to the Bible, if you want your paper read. Such foolish stories as that can do no good any way.

Yours for the truth.

THOMAS MORRIS.

New York, Sept. 1, 1865.

REPLY.—I copied the story from the Banner of Light, without note or comment, let it go for what it is worth and left each reader to form his own opinion of it. Emma Hardinge I have always regarded as a woman of veracity, and she professes to be personally acquainted with the principal circumstances there related. Moreover many circumstances in my own experience lead me to the belief that all she there relates may be strictly correct.

If I stick to the Bible, as friend Morris advises, I shall find many things quite as strange as anything related in that strange story. One of the strangest things is that an idiot girl is said to have spoken intelligently, telling where money would be found, as though some spirit of higher intelligence had spoken through her. In sticking to the Bible I find an equally strange story told of the beast on which Balaam was riding on his wicked errand, to curse a people whom God had not cursed, for the sake of the reward that had been offered him. The story

says the ass on which he was riding, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet. Now, if an intelligent spirit could use the organs of a beast that were fit only for braying, to speak intelligently with man's voice, why cannot the same spirit use the organs of an idiot in the same manner? Would it not be just as easy, to say the least, to use human organs as it would those of a stupid beast?

Another strange thing in the story is that the idiot or the spirit speaking through her told where money could be found. If I turn to the Bible I am told that Jesus ordered Peter to go and cast a hook into the water and he would find money in the mouth of the first fish that he would take. How did he know money was in the mouth of a fish, and that that particular fish would be the first to take the hook, that, too, when he had something else in his mouth? If he knew this, and if the Bible is true, he did, why may not the same spirit that was in him know of money in other places?

Again, we read that a certain prophet of old, while hidden from those who sought his life, was fed by ravens. If ravens could be used to carry food on such occasions, to the person that needed it, why could not the same spirit influence intelligent beings or even ravens to deposit money where it was needed? I do not see as Bro. M. has gained anything by directing me to the Bible, for that book contains many stories quite as strange as the one in question.

And how can I relinquish Spiritualism when clinging to the Bible, while that book or the best part of it, is but a record of spirit doings? The story of Jonah and the whale is quite as strange as the story of Miss Hardinge, so are many others, yet if I stick to the Bible I must believe them all. Suppose Miss Hardinge had lived at the time any of the books of the Bible were written, and had written this same story and got it into the Bible, would not Bro. M. exhort me to stick to her story as well as that about Jonah and his fish? I do not pretend to say her story is true, but I can see no reason why it may not be.

A Smart and Good Old Man.—A Lewiston paper of Sept. last, says that Waitstill Webber of Durham, 86 years of age, dug eleven bushels of potatoes in a day, slim as potatoes were this season.

Friend Webber is a man who deserves long life and a vigorous, happy old age. I have known him from my childhood. He has always been an industrious, frugal, peaceable man, a kind husband, affectionate father, an obliging neighbor and a worthy, exemplary citizen of pleasant, cheerful, social disposition; and I do not believe he ever tried to defraud any man out of a farthing.

Such men are few and far between, and ought to be known and appreciated more than they are at present. If all the world were like him, we should hear of no wars, no thefts, robberies nor murders; court houses and prisons might then be converted to useful purposes, and the whole machinery of government, with all its cost in blood and treasure, together with all its fraud and corruption, might be put aside, and locks, bolts and bars would be useless.

May his last days be his best days; and when his form passes from the sight of men, and his spirit joins those who have passed on to the Summer Land, may he be long remembered and his example imitated by the rising generation. If I could hear I would go many miles to shake hands once more with this worthy father, and hear his pleasant voice as in days of yore.

How much more animated, lively and active city folks look when on their way to or from their money-making business, their amusements and their wild-goose chases after fashions, than when on their way to and from church. It would seem by their appearance that church-going is a dull sort of business.

MISCHIEVOUS FALSEHOOD OF THE PRIESTS EXPOSED.—Those who are called evangelical ministers teach that men may sin all their life time—live in the gratification of their lusts, grind the face of the poor, pile up riches through fraud, live on the labors of others, do no good thing and then on a death bed repent of all their sins in a few moments, have them blotted out, and enter into heaven to join in the songs of the redeemed who have lived righteously and come up out of great tribulation through a life of self-denial and well doing. This is a false and licentious doctrine, giving men liberty to commit all manner of sin, and wrapping their souls up in falsehood and deception, which will be stripped from them, leaving their souls poor and naked when they enter the other world, and it is time that people knew the truth on this subject. Every known sin or transgression against ourselves or our fellows has got to be repented of, denounced and forsaken either here or hereafter before the soul can be happy. If we do not repent of all our sins here and hate and abhor them, they will follow us to the other world and there come in review before us and must be repented of and sorrowed over before our souls can have rest. This idea of burning out the candle of life in the service of selfishness, to the injury of others, and then blowing the snuff of it in the face of the Almighty by a few moments' repentance and then entering the mansions of bliss, is all wrong and the sooner it is given up the better. When men are taught that keen repentance must follow every wrong, they may learn to be honest and do well; but so long as their professed teachers and guides teach them that they can commit every possible wrong against their fellows, and then receive a pardon for a few tears on a death bed, they will go on in their iniquity spreading poverty and misery around them and living in pride and lust on the earnings of others, filched from them by cunning, craft or oppression.—“When the blind lead the blind all fall into the ditch together;” but once in the ditch they must come up out of it through deep sorrow and repentance that will far outbalance all the pleasures of wrong doing. “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;” for God is not mocked forever, and though he suffer long, justice and judgment will finally overtake the guilty.

Over Sixty-Nine Millions of Dollars were raised in this country during the 4 years of the great war, by voluntary subscriptions, for benevolent purposes connected with it; and we now call on the people to contribute but a small fraction of that sum with which to disseminate truths which must eventually overthrow a government that cannot live without war, and usher in the reign of universal Peace. If people refuse to aid in spreading truths that would end all wars and the governments that make war, after squandering so much of God's substance on their lusts and their results, the same selfishness that withholds will fill and open other viols on their heads. This is no concern of ours; we simply write truth for truth's and humanity's sake, and leave all to hear and to do, or to close their eyes and withhold, the same as we did a dozen years ago, when we foretold the approaching war and pointed out the way to avoid it. God has been mocked long enough by the Jezabel churches and false governments; they have squandered his treasures on their lusts while his poor were starving; they have slain more than a million of men, and squandered and destroyed thousands of millions of dollars, all through various lusts; and now he calls on them to repent and return, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. He has a few laborers in the field who dare to declare his truth, and they will be sustained either by mercy or judgment, and well will it be for those who obey his truths.

Every wrong act knowingly committed must be repented of either here or hereafter, before the soul can find peace and rest; and the sorrow and grief of repentance will far outbalance the pleasure of transgression.

DIED, in Readfield, (Me.), Oct. 10, DAVID SMITH, aged 74 years, of whom it is said in a letter from a friend, “He was an upright man, honest in all his dealings, and bore his last illness patiently and departed in peace.” He was a reader of the Chariot and “Pleasure Boat” from their commencement, and we believe if he practiced the truths they contained he found them “good to live and die by.” At any rate, our own present and eternal all is ventured on them, and we know they are good to live by and have no fears to trust in them in death.

FENIANS.—The Bible says no man goeth to war without first sitting down and counting the cost, but we think such things have been done since the Bible was written and very likely will be again. It appears that the intention of the Fenians is to liberate Ireland from the dominion of Queen Victoria. Have they counted the cost? Do they realize that to accomplish that object they must have a larger army and navy than she has? It seems to me they might learn wisdom by the fate of the late rebellion in this nation. Fighting is not the right means to gain any blessing. Let the people of Ireland and their friends in America make themselves worthy of liberty first, and then they will have light and grace to gain the blessing by better means.

CHILD FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—The London Times says a woman in Middlesex, (Eng.), went to the parish church to be churched by the priest, taking with her her nurse and a little girl of four years of age. The minister went into the vestry and put on his white robes, and when he came out the little girl was frightened into convulsions, by his appearance, and died in a few hours. There was none of this tomfoolery when Christ called little children to him. We do not read that he frightened any.

Gems.

We copy the following scraps from the Boston Investigator, and though that is an Infidel paper, we seldom find so much in any professedly Christian sheet, that is worth copying.

ALWAYS DO WHAT IS RIGHT.—The truly great are those who always do what is right. To be withheld from acting wisely and conscientiously, by motives of temporary policy or fear, is to behave not only like a coward, but like a traitor to the principles of justice. A man should think less what may be said of his conduct at the time, than of the verdict that may be pronounced a few years in advance. It is by neglecting this—by sacrificing principle to expediency, that character is lost, and character once lost is with difficulty regained. Besides, the first decline from right leads to others. It is like the start in sliding down a hill.

But there is a worse feature than even this, in succumbing to baseness, meanness or wrong. Habit soon dulls the moral perceptions, so that, in time men come to perpetrate without any remorseful pang, acts at which originally they would have been astounded. “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” is the indignant exclamation of many a person, who eventually commits the very deed he abhorred.

Arnold's treason grew up in his mind by slow degrees, nurtured by extravagance and supposed neglect. Washington, by always being correct, left behind a name that will never cease to be revered.

To say merely that “honesty is the best policy,” and thus appeal to the selfish part of our nature, is a poor way to induce men to do right conscientiously. Better the nobler and higher ground that right should be done for right's sake.

Scandal like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams, but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

“INFIDELITY.”—Be just, since equity supports the human race. Be good, as bounty attaches every heart. Be indulgent, since thou livest among beings weak like thyself. Be modest, as pride hurts the self-love of every human being. Pardon injuries, as vengeance eternizes hatred. Do good to him who injures thee, that thou mayest show thyself greater than he, and also gain friendship. Be moderate, temperate and chaste, since voluptuousness, intemperance and excess, destroy thy being, and render thee contemptible.

SUSTAIN THE RIGHT.

We may not all, with powerful blow,
Be champions for the Right;
But all with firm, undaunted brow,
May stand unshaken 'mid the flow
Of wrongs sustained from Might;
ONE word may turn the wavering scale,
ONE willing, honest hand
Uphold the cause that else might fail,
Although by genius planned.

It is easier to gain credit for goodness by a glistening eye while listening to some touching story of self-sacrifice, than by patient usefulness. It is easier to get credit for spirituality by thrilling at some impassioned speech on the platform, or sermon from the pulpit, than by living a life of justice, mercy and truth.

A friend met a philosopher and told him what scandalous stories his enemies had propagated concerning him—“I will live so,” replied the philosopher, “that nobody will believe them.”

It was said in olden times that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is of a great deal the most value, and full five times as much in circumference.

A man who covers himself with costly raiment and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

He must be a very thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly.

☞ We want more subscribers.

If the former subscribers of the Boat want the last half of the First Vol. of the Chariot let them send sixty-three cents at once, and the back Nos. which they have not had will be sent.

☞ Doctors live by our abuse of our bodies; ministers, by our abuse of our souls; and lawyers and warriors, by our abuse of each other. Dry up the fountain and the streams will fail. Where there is no fuel the fire goeth out.

A PLACE OF SAFETY.—A Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo had seen the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they should be stored.

“Leave them here, it won't rain to-night,” was the reply.

“But I dare not leave them so exposed, some of the goods may be stolen,” said the supercargo.

The Mahommedan merchant laughed as he replied:—

“Don't be alarmed, my friend, there is not a Christian within a hundred miles of us!”

Church folks will say the above is rather hard, but who of them all can point to any Mahommedan, or even savage nation where all manner of crimes are so common as here in these United States. Every paper contains a list of thefts, robberies, murders, forgeries, &c., &c., far beyond what ever took place in any savage nation.