

THE
FREE CHURCH CIRCULAR.

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The Truth shall make you Free.—John 8: 32.
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VOL. IV.]

ONEIDA RESERVE, MAY 29, 1851.

[NO. 13.]

The 'HOME-TALKS' and 'REPORTS' from Brooklyn, which compose so great a share of this paper, are extemporaneous, conversational lectures by J. H. N., discoursed in the freedom of the family circle, and reported for the benefit of the Association, and the readers of the Circular.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.—No. 64.

[REPORTED FOR THE CIRCULAR, FEB. 24, 1851.]

COQUETRY WITH THE TRUTH.

I am continually impressed with the necessity of better habits of mind—more thorough discipline of ourselves to continuous thought. We are entering upon a practical course, that recognizes that necessity. We are developing the importance of continuous criticism—what we call protracted meetings; in which the impression shall be kept in steady operation through a long course of time. We have examples which show that a single criticism is not effectual; the relief is momentary that we obtain in that way; and if we are to accomplish a serious change of character, in many cases at least, it requires a long continued impression.

This necessity and method of operation meets a state of mind that must be corrected. It is intended to meet and cure *dissipation of mind*—a state in which there is no continuous thought—a state of dissipation, in which persons' dealing with the truth is of the nature of coquetry.

Though it is manifest more particularly in the case under criticism, it is a disease that prevails very generally; and I find myself affected a good deal by a spirit that makes it somewhat difficult to return to a thought I have started, again and again, and to pursue it till I make it thoroughly my own. A rich vein of truth opens to me—I see I have made a beginning of thought which I ought to be steadily interested in right along, and ought to recur to from time to time with increasing attraction and benefit till I have pursued it through; but I find this spirit affects my intellect, and makes it difficult to satisfy myself in that respect. And this general habit of mind, whether as brought on us by education, or spiritual influence, or false theory, I feel disposed to dissect and analyze, to the end it may be destroyed.

I call it coquetting with the truth.—This is as good an idea of it as we can get. To receive an idea—some particular truth, and express great satisfaction in it; have a genial time with it, and then drop it, and the next time it comes up feel cold and indifferent toward it—jilt it; this is coquetry. The truth is a living being; and as I have said before that it loves to be hugged, I now say it loves to be hugged *continuously*, and

hates to be jilted; it hates coquetry—hates that kind of reception which, like the stony ground hearers, has no depth of earth; which receives it with joy for a season and then lets the interest in it wilt and die away. The truth hates such treatment, and with reason. We hate it when applied to ourselves. We love faithfulness—love to have those who claim friendship cleave to us with continuous and increasing affection, and not forget us or grow cold. The law—‘Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you—do ye even so to them,’ is a just and sufficient rule for us in our dealings with the truth.

This dissipated, coquetting habit of mind, which meets a proposition of truth pleasantly, enjoys listening to good talk, has pleasure in instruction for the time being, and then goes away and forgets it all, as though it had never been heard—as though it were a strain of music, giving momentary pleasure, but without any continuous pleasure or renewal of interest in it—is a state of things that God will bear with for a time, but he will either redeem us from it at last, or he will destroy us with the stony ground hearers. As we approach him, and seek from time to time, positive and intimate relations with him, he will demand of us to come out of dissipation, and coquetry with the truth, and learn faithfulness. I covet exceedingly a state of mind in which, whatever my external business may be, and however great the distractions and diversions with which I am surrounded, I shall return from time to time, to special investigations of truth, without any feeling of disrelish or distaste, but with increasing interest.—I covet a state of mind, in which, however varied and multifarious the trains of thought it is necessary for me to be

pursuing, I shall pass from one to another, with perfect ease and cordiality.—After pursuing one as far as is desirable, take up another; and then return again to some deeper investigation, and take it up where I left it, without any feeling of distaste—any loss of appetite, but with increasing appetite. I prize a mind that is faithful to love—to its first loves; and whose interest in the truth does not wear out, or grow cold—one that when it seizes a principle of truth, cleaves to it, and forever returns to it, and enters into closer and closer connection with it.

This business of attention to truth, be it remembered, is an affair of love—the intercourse of life with life. The spirit of truth is a living thing; and attention to it is an affair of love and not of duty. In that view, I think God has put up with a good deal of bad treatment. He has been patient with us as a mother with her child; but in his ultimate dealings he will not allow any attention to the truth as a matter of duty. If we can't make it a matter of love, if it does not charm us so that we return to it as we would to the dearest friend, the truth will at last turn from and reject us. It is not accustomed in the world it comes from, to receive attention as a matter of duty. But under the influence of a legal spirit, such attention is here a forced thing—a matter of duty; and coquetry and jilting naturally take place. If we give attention to the truth, feeling that the effort is disagreeable, or fearing its consequences on ourselves, however much apparent interest we may have at the time, there is after all hypocrisy in it. If we watch closely we shall find there is a feeling of gladness to get out of its presence. Though it is a grand good thing to attend to the truth, yet on the

whole, we are glad to get back to eating and drinking and sensual pleasures. We are *willing* to go up and talk with God—it is very important that we should do so—but then he is a great being, and it requires deep thought and close attention to have intercourse with him, and after having a good time with him, (meaning really a hard time,) we are glad to get away, and play with our children, or please ourselves in some other way. Understand this is a lover that you are dealing with; not a sovereign, or a dead abstraction, but a living lover; and you can imagine how he would be likely to feel about it. Secretly want to get away from him, and on the whole find better sport in something else! So long as the balance of feeling is, that you shall find better sport in something else than the truth, there will certainly be coquetry—certainly be jilting of the truth.

Then, as in ordinary coquetry, so in this, there is deceit; there is what amounts to a secret attempt to deceive God, and inasmuch as he cannot be deceived, it is self-deceit. When a friend or acquaintance calls in to make a visit, it is according to the courtesy of the world, to receive the visitor with expressions of delight. 'I am very glad to see you: why didn't you call before?' &c. The housekeeper is all smiles and attention; but after the visitor is gone, she recurs to the subject perhaps in this way: 'Well; I am glad they are gone. What a bore that visit was.' That is the way that persons deceive each other in the world, according to universal custom; at least in countries where courtesy is practised. Though they put on every expression of pleasure on such an occasion, yet in most cases, it is not sincere delight; the real feeling is that it is a bore. We cannot deal so with God, though the

same practical misrepresentation may take place in us. We may deceive *ourselves*, and express pretty powerful delight when the truth is present, and yet go away and feel that it is a bore; and if we do jilt it in this way, we don't return to it, or seek its return to us, but are glad to have it keep away.

Mr. E—— has got out some true professions of sincerity, in good words, but I want to have him look closely and see if attention to the truth is not a bore—tell me if it is not rather a relief when he gets let off from it. I know that if he dislikes the bearing of truth on his individual interest, or if the effort of mind in attention to it is disagreeable, so that he is glad to turn to something else, then in reality the feeling is that truth, this visitor from God, is a bore.—And I recommend to him to look into that thing and shift the action. When we get into such relations to the truth that it is really a welcome visitor and not a bore that we are glad to get rid of, then truth that we receive to day, will be welcome to morrow. Our delight in it will increase, it will enter into our life, and grow, and bear fruit.

Now I am disposed to take a cursory view of the causes of this coquetting habit of mind. I have already adverted to one cause, that is, *legality*—attention to truth from a sense of duty, but with a secret feeling that it is a bore. That is one cause of coquetry—for there is sure to be coquetry where attention is not given from attraction, but from some forcing motive. We may also see in general, that this habit of mind is formed by education, and in ten thousand ways, in a world of dissipation, surrounded as we are by influences that are unfavorable, and that tend to produce this state of mind. In the first place, ignorance itself is a

state of inability of mind to pursue continuous thought. The sum and substance of all the education there is in the world, is to train the mind to continuous thought. But no education in the world trains people to regard the truth as a living being, or that our dealings with it are in the way of love; and of course, no education of the world, introduces the principle of fidelity, and loving continuously, but it leaves people to jilt the truth as much as they please. Here is one general cause of coquetting habits.

I next advert to some special causes I see at work in our spiritual circle. It would seem as though I should have difficulty enough with most minds I have to deal with, from their lack of discipline, considered merely as a *negation*, without any positive influence going to dissipate, and cherish habits of dissipation and unfaithfulness in them. The mere want of discipline, obedience of attention, I should suppose would be enough; but there is superadded to that, I see, two tremendous influences, which are positively persuading all minds within their reach, to dissipation and treachery to the truth.

The first is a spiritual influence: and that spiritual influence emanates from Charles H. Weld as its centre. His spirit in its intellectual habits is a spirit of incoherence and distraction—sporting with this truth, that truth and the other, and cleaving to none. It is a regular whoremonger's habit of mind: playing with truth for a night, and then passing on. And whoever is under the influence of his spirit, will find that something more than the mere want of discipline and education to pursue a continuous train of thought, is upon them. They will find an influence positively resisting and forbidding such faithful action, and

positively scattering their ideas. It is transcendental dissipation. That spirit, when we have truth before us that is intensely interesting, will allow us to perceive it, and allow our delight to go to almost any extent—but it will not allow us to go beyond pleasant momentary thoughts. And the truth that we see and rejoice in now, has no more place in our mind two hours hence, than it had before we ever knew it. Every trace of it is washed out. 'Satan cometh and catcheth away the word out of their hearts:' there is *meaning* in that. Both difficulties are alluded to in that parable of the sower, and I find we have both to encounter. There is, in the first place, want of depth of soil—education for the faithful treatment of truth; and on the other hand, there is a positive Satan catching it away—preventing our pursuit of it, and growth in it—preventing our embodying it in our practical life—making the truth a mere tune which is listened to as you listen to our playing on the violin; and which passes away as a pleasant momentary thing. There is an influence that miraculously works that thing in the mind.

The other cause of mental coquetry which I advert to, is a false theory about truth, which seems to me has its special stronghold at present, in Boyle. I should judge that he is the representative of that philosophy (if you please to call it philosophy, tho' it is very far from being *love of wisdom*, according to the meaning of that word)—the representative of that philosophy which objects to *System*. S—says Boyle expressed to him the other day his utter repugnance to system—systems of faith—Theological systems, &c. But what is system? laying aside the question of truth in regard to any particular system—What is the meaning of System

itself? It means continuity of thought, attention to truth in such a continuous manner as will bring thought to thought, and connect the parts of truth that belong together until it becomes an organized whole. It is such patient and loving attention as discerns the connections and combinations of truth. It is a state of mind which loves all truth, and cleaves to that which it receives, and goes on in a reverent spirit from search to discovery, until the truth comes out a crystalized, united whole. That is system; and that Boyle hates. And what does he want in the place of it? He wants a whorish system in the place of it, that will allow him to dally with truth for a night and then pass on. That is what he wants in the place of it. And he is coming as the libertines do, to despise the dupes that he plays with. But mind, he does not have intercourse with the real truth in this spirit, though he thinks he does.—The Spirit of Truth knows too much to place itself in such hands. The ideas that he imagines are truth, are not the truth, they are his own ideas. But he thinks he is where he can despise all truth, and continue to despise it, as libertines do their paramours.

Look over Boyle's course in the past, and see if I do not call it by the right name—*intellectual whoredom*. He has followed this up till he despises all systematic truth. So far as his influence in spirit or theory works in you, it will lead you to coquet with the truth, and make systematic attention to it distasteful to you. That influence must be overcome. And I desire you all to give attention to this subject: and calculate to get an education that shall displace all dissipation of mind—get such an education that truth shall charm you so that you return to it, cleave to it, and rejoice in it, more and

more. Get where it is not a bore, but you find your sport in it; let its bearing on your case be what it may, and let the effort of seeing and receiving it be what it may, your highest delight and sport is in the truth, and you forever return to it as to the dearest friend. Get an education that will throw off the scattering influence of Weld's spirit, and the faithless influence of Boyle's spirit. The faithfulness that we desire is in Christ, and can be had.

See how this principle of scatteration seeks to reduce God to the same incoherence with all other truth. Boyle's school say, the Old Testament has no coherence with the New, does not agree with it—therefore let the old go; and if we assume that God had any thing to do with the old Jewish church, the most we can believe is, that he run for a time on that track, and run it out & dropped it, and took up another. But Christ did not look at it in any such light. He received the old dispensation as a part of God's continuous movement. Moses was with him on the mount. These same persons that break between the Old and New Testaments, follow them up, and they serve the New just as they do the Old. They think of the *New Testament* as a twice-told tale—represent that God pursued that line for a time, and then dropped it, and Swedenborgianism is the system that God is now interested in. So they break up God's plan—think of him as such an one as themselves—think that he has no plan or system that has any continuity in it. The spirit of Christ is expressly defined as 'a spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind.' 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.' Dissipation and scatteration of mind is the image of this world, and Charles H. Weld

is the prince of this world in that respect and Boyle is his prime minister.

Submission of mind, a habit of obedience to the truth, will make it easy for small minds to go along with the truth in ways that are wholesome. The Comforter, it was promised, should come—Who to? To fishermen—uneducated persons; it was to come and make it easy for them to understand and systematize Christ's great revelations. There is no class of minds, not even the weakest and most ignorant, but can be carried into all truth, if they are not in a state of dissipation. And wherever such a state exists, the first thing the Spirit of truth can do, is to break it up, and discipline the mind to continuous attention. I say, the Spirit of truth can take any mind, no matter what its natural capacity, and can lead it into all truth, if it can first establish obedience—thorough loyalty and love of truth, and appreciation of its value. What is wanted, is faithful love of the truth; not because it pleases us for the moment, but because it is better than gold—a growing thing, that does not lose its value like a tune that is heard, but works and grows into all righteousness. I would recommend to all men, to treat the truth as they like to have a woman treat them; and the women to apply the same principle. You cannot fix a better rule.

CRITICISM.

NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

B—— is honest, and has a sincere ambition to be a right kind of character. He is very reliable and faithful in work, free and unselfish, so far as the disposition of his time and muscles are concerned. He is not a fault-finder or pleasure-seeker. The Community have perfect confidence in his general purpose,

and central union with Christ. Still, he is in difficulty—his experience is unsatisfactory—he does not find himself in the current of inspiration.

The trouble is, he is *narrow-minded*. He has lived as the common class in the world and churches do, without a proper appreciation of the cultivation of the intellect; thinking it had nothing to do with his spiritual character, or his fellowship with Christ. In the absence of other subjects of interest, his own *individual experience* occupies all his thoughts. He is intensely introspective; but his thoughts circle round a centre within himself—he does not find his way inward to the kingdom of heaven.

He has a very strong desire for the ascending fellowship, for the society of his superiors; and has battled with the impediments a long time, but not in the right way. His way of working has only condensed his egotism, and removed him farther from his object. It is a clear truth that we must *go out of ourselves* to find fellowship—we must meet in the medium of a third element—we must each be attracted to the same thing. But B—— cannot expect others to be attracted to the centre around which his thoughts revolve—every one must be willing to forsake their own centre to find unity.

In communication with some persons, you feel that the strength of their egotism would compel you into unwilling sympathy, and it is natural as breath to avoid them. To make conversation with them you must consent to talk about their personal experience, and that is not interesting. Nobody can make their own experience an attractive theme, only as it is an exposition of truths of general interest. To have fellowship with each other, we must all be interested in THE TRUTH: there is a common medium; there is a chance for infinite music; we shall never exhaust the subject—conversation will be free, fellowship will be natural—and the more we get out of personalities, and deal with universal truth, the more capable shall we be of fellowship. Every new truth we learn, is a new point

of contact with other spirits, and increases our power of giving and receiving happiness.

If B—— would turn round and instead of trying to interest others in his personal affairs, interest himself in universal truth, he would have no difficulty about fellowship. He would find himself right in the element of fellowship. If he would take up some study, entirely forget himself, and apply his mind to abstract truth, with perseverance, for a good long season, he would be a much better judge of his own experience than he is now. At present, he is illogical—mystical—it is very difficult for him to make his experience intelligible to others. There is a tendency to fanaticism, to excitement, high and low spirits. We are as unfit for happiness, as we are exposed to the hypo without that balance of character which a *sound mind* gives.

All experience in the Association goes to show that the current of inspiration these days, is in the direction of intellectual discipline. In applying our minds to study, we find ourselves '*blessed*', as the saying is. It is an ordinance, that draws upon us the influx of heaven's spirit.

We associate Geometry and the reading of the Berean in our evening exercises, and feel that the first helps us to understand the last; that the truth in the Berean is demonstrated by as severe and logical reasoning as the propositions of Geometry, and cannot be appreciated fully without the power of attention, required in the study of mathematics. The simplest faith, it is true, may suck milk from the word of God, but there is strong meat in it as well as milk; and 'meat belongeth to them that are of full age, to them who by reason of use have had their senses exercised—and such only can digest the marrow and strength of the Bible or Berean. We believe, as sure as they are inspired truth, there is geometrical order and precision in them that will reveal itself in new beauty as our minds are capable of perceiving it.

Geometry.

In the opinion of Pythagoras, the study of the mathematics, including geometry, was 'the first step toward wisdom.' The pupils in his school first became mathematicians; and after they had made sufficient progress in geometrical science, they were conducted to the study of nature, the investigation of primary principles, and the consideration of the attributes of Deity.

Plato arrived at such a reverence for geometry, that he had inscribed over the door of his academy where he taught philosophy, 'Let no one who is ignorant of geometry enter here.' And when his opinion was asked concerning the probable employment of Deity, he is said to have replied, 'He geometrizes continually;' by which he undoubtedly meant that the great Author of nature established and governs the universe by geometrical laws.

Also the learned and pious Dr. Barrow held geometry in such estimation, that he considered the contemplation of it as not unworthy of the Deity; and in publishing an edition of the works of Apollonius, he inscribed it with the words, 'God himself geometrizes. O Lord, how great a geometer art thou.'

And in testimony of the truth and immutability of the principles of geometry, Aristotle, the great master of ancient philosophies, declared that 'the poles of the world will be sooner removed out of their places, and the fabric of nature destroyed, than the foundations of geometry fail, or its conclusions be convicted of falsity.'

The mathematics have justly been regarded by the wise in all ages as the best of all disciplines. They were considered by Pythagoras, as 'the first step toward wisdom.' Dr. Barrow in describing the importance of the science, says, 'If the fancy be unstable and fluctuating, it is as it were poised by this ballast, and steadied by this anchor; if the wit be blunt it is sharpened upon this whetstone; if luxuriant, it is pared by this knife; if headstrong, it is restrained by this bridle; and if dull, it is roused by this spur.'

Says Lord Bacon, 'Men do not sufficiently understand the excellent use of the pure mathematics, in that they do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual. For if the wit be too dull, they sharpen it; if too wandering they fix it; if too inherent in the sense, they abstract it.—So that as tennis is a game of no use in itself, but of great use in respect it maketh a quick eye, and a body ready to put itself into all postures; so in the mathematics, that use which is collateral and intervenient, is no less worthy than that which is principal and intended.'

I most earnestly desire, therefore, to do something to simplify the study of geometry, the real foundation of all mathematics; something to make it not only a delight to the student of the University, but a welcome guest in every common school, and a cherished visitor at every family fire-side; something by which the benefits of its admirable discipline may become more widely diffused, and its beauties and harmonies more generally enjoyed. The world should no longer be afraid to come in contact with the works of geometers and mathematicians, 'the sight of whose writings,' says Dr. Barrow, everywhere shining with the rays of geometrical diagrams, the unskillful in these things are afraid of.' The true principles of geometry are so simple, that he that runs may read, and a child can understand them. I desire, therefore, that none may feel deterred from reading these pages, on examining the succeeding demonstrations, from an apprehension that their knowledge of such subjects is too limited to enable them to understand them. Let them bring to the labor a little patient and persevering thought, and examine each step with some vigor of attention, and they will be surprised at the light resting on every diagram, and charmed by the beauty, simplicity, and harmony, with which an endless variety of forms blend and yield obedience to a few general and simple laws.

Geometry should always precede arithmetic, or rather go hand in hand with it, in a system of education. As soon as a child had learned to count his ten fingers I would begin to teach him geometry; for as it is the most simple and perfect of all sciences, so it is the most easily comprehended if properly taught.

[From *Seba Smith's New Geometry*.

The Free Church Circular.

HARRIET H. SKINNER, EDITRESS.

ONEIDA RESERVE, MAY 29, 1851.

☞ The following letters from J. H. N. to Mrs. H. A. Noyes, of Brooklyn, were pleasant and interesting to the Association, and as we allow ourselves to think our readers enjoy every thing that we do, we present them without reserve.

LIVERPOOL, APRIL 29, 1851.

DEAR H:—I am sitting in the coffee-room of the Wellington Hotel, Liverpool, digesting my breakfast, and thanking God for a good journey hither. I will not lose the opportunity of sending you a word across the water. You will wish

to know about our voyage, and I will devote this letter to that subject, reserving discussion of things here, till I have seen more.

And first, I will observe that the road to England is *hilly*. The Baltic is a big ship, but the waves of the ocean are bigger, and I found that the idea of our riding over them like ripples, was only a pleasant illusion. In fact that big ship was tossed about all the way very much as the yawl of the sloop is tossed when the wind blows fresh in the bay. We had unusually stormy weather and many a time shipped water at the bow. For Mr. S——'s special benefit, I obtained a copy of the ship's log which here follows:—

April 17.—(Sea account.) Left Canal St. wharf with a fine breeze from the N. N. E. At 1 h. 40 m. P. M., discharged Pilot outside of the bar. Blowing fresh with rain, from N. E. by N. Throughout the night blowed heavy and very rough from the N. E. At 11, kept off S. E. (i. e. scud before the wind three hours) for the purpose of sending down the gallant and main yards. Morning, wind veered to S. W. Ended blowing fresh from S. E. with heavy sea. Passed several vessels.

April 18.—Moderate and pleasant throughout from S. E.

April 19.—Moderate from S. S. E. and S. S. W. Heavy swell from N. E.

April 20.—Moderate from S. and E. S. E. with a long swell from E. N. E.

April 21.—Throughout the day fresh breezes from the E. S. E. with a heavy swell. Lower and top gallant yards on deck. Temperature of air 40 deg., of water 41. Barometer 29 deg. 30 m. At 5 A. M. passed to the southward of a large iceberg.

April 22.—Commenced with fresh breezes from S. E. From 4 P. M. till midnight, heavy gales with rain. Latter part fresh breezes from S. E. Passed two ships and one brig standing West.

April 23.—First part moderate from S. E. Middle and latter part strong gales and rough from S. E. by S. Sent up fore yard

and set fore-sail and close reefed fore-top-sail. Passed a brig standing East.

April 24.—Throughout the day, strong gales and heavy squalls from S. E., with rain at intervals, and rough broken sea.

April 25.—Till midnight, heavy gales, and squalls from E. S. E. Thence till noon, moderate winds and rough sea from E. N. E.

April 26.—[The remainder is from my own recollection.] Fresh breezes from N.—Cold and rough. Sunday morning, entered the English Channel. First land in sight, the mountains of Killarney, west of Cape Clear. A succession of squalls, with hail and snow through the day. Water comparatively smooth. Monday morning, passed Holy-Head. A rough rainy day. Took pilot before noon. Arrived outside the Liverpool bar at 3 P. M. Lay to, waiting for the tide several hours. Entered the Mersey about sundown, and got ashore at 9 o'clock.

You perceive we had a hard voyage. There was but one pleasant day, the second. The wind was against us nearly all the time, and frequently in our teeth.

Now I must tell you how I got along as to sea sickness, &c. I was in the deadly clinch with the demon of the sea, as I expected, within two hours from the start. When we discharged pilot, the sea was rougher than I ever saw it in the Sound; and Mr. Cragin will tell you what we saw there. Through that whole afternoon and night we pitched and rolled in the midst of a roaring confusion of winds and waters. That grim Lieutenant that George liked so well, had command of the deck, and his voice roaring through the speaking-trumpet was worth hearing. I had 'great comfort of that fellow,' as Gonzales says of the boatswain in the '*Tempest.*' Well, I met the enemy in this case, precisely as I met the Cholera. The temptation to sea-sickness, and especially to fear, was tremendous. Only think, that such a coward as I should go to sea for the first time in a regular gale! Sickness prevailed through the ship, with

very few exceptions. One old voyager told me that he came nearer being sick than ever before. De Latre took to his berth, and commenced vomiting, and I had no benefit of his society for several days. My mind was very busy with faith and philosophy, and worked well. I kept about, frequently on deck, training myself to take pleasure in the motion, and the scene, refusing to vomit, and preaching courage and self-control to De Latre and others. I did not vomit. My appetite at supper the first day was not good, but I mumbled and swallowed a piece of bread in spite of nausea and lack of saliva. I slept but little that night, but a blessed victory was worked out in my spirit, and the next day I was as well as usual. I lost not a meal afterwards, and came actually to enjoy the scallops and varied curves of the ship's dance over the deep.

So you see our mode of warfare is still successful. Thanks be unto God. [Those who have read Mr. Greeley's account of the voyage will be able to join heartily in this. *Ed.*]

I shall not have time to give you farther details of the voyage now, though I have many things to say. I will merely assure you that it has been one of the most profitable events of my life, and that I accomplished all and more than all that I expected, both in reference to my own improvement, and to my intercourse with others. If you and our friends have prayed for me, you may now give thanks.

Mr. De Latre has seen his friends in this city, and found a cordial reception. We go now to get our baggage from the custom-house, and shall be at our lodgings this afternoon.

You will probably hear from me again at London. God be with you.

J. H. NOYES.

LONDON, MAY 3, 1851.

DEAR H:—I mailed a letter for you from Liverpool some days ago, but as I neglected to address it to our box, it may yet be in the post-office when this arrives. In that I gave a sketch of our voyage, and in this, I will post up my accounts till our arrival in London. We went to Mr A——'s on Tuesday, and remained till Friday. In the course of our time there, we visited various parts of Liverpool, especially the docks, which are famous, and Birkenhead which is the Brooklyn of Liverpool. We reveled for some hours in the beauties of Birkenhead Park which is said to be the most exquisite paradise in England.

Mr. A——'s religious sentiments are high churchism, *plus* Irvingism—a singular mixture of formalism with fanaticism. In conversation on theological topics he is very dogmatic and irritable. We had much ado to keep our equanimity, but succeeded on the whole admirably. Mr. De Latre fairly overcame him with forbearance, insomuch that his wife, who is a very sensible lady, turned away and wept at the difference between them.—Our chief controversy was on the subject of the second coming. When I first quoted from 24th of Matthew, 'this generation shall not pass,' &c., he asked if I knew what the Greek of that expression was? I answered, '*genea*.' 'Ah but,' said he, 'it is *ekeine genea*; i. e., *that generation*.' I knew this was wrong, and called for the Greek Testament.—He got it and on examination found the expression to be '*aute genea*,' which clearly means *this generation*. Still he insisted that '*aute*' may be translated '*that*.' Therefore I referred him to the expression, 'all these things shall come upon *this generation*,' in the 23d chapter. Finding the word here the same, he was

nonplused. 'Well,' said he, 'this is very remarkable. I must look into this.' At length he confessed that he must give up his criticism. This is a specimen of our debates with him and two of his brother clergymen. I think we made a good impression on his wife and daughter. They were much interested in my narratives of faith-facts. We left with them, two Bereans, two Confessions, and a Faith-fact tract. So much for our spiritual labors.

In manners, Mr. A—— and family are thoroughly English. The processions from the drawing-room to dinner, were conducted with due pomp, and regard for precedence. Three courses and long sessions, were the order of the day. I wriggled through the labyrinths of ceremony, without any serious blunders; confessing my greenness, and my preference for republican simplicity. We had long disputes about the merits of the system of having servants. On the whole, I was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing the interior of an English family. I pleased them, by assuring them that my mother brought me up in great reverence for 'blessed England,' and by referring to the passage in Malachi, about 'turning the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers;' which I applied to England and America—so confessing the English our fathers, though I insisted that the fathers might learn something of the children.

About noon on Friday, we took the cars for London, and arrived at 7 o'clock. We timed the speed of the train once or twice, and found it between 40 and 50 miles per hour. But the accommodations and general aspect of the cars, were far inferior to those in our country. Our route was by the valley of the Trent, through Rugby, Tamworth, Wolverton,

&c. We saw Stafford Castle, a sublime old mountain crown; also Sir Robert Peel's estate at Tamworth, and English scenery in every variety, fresh in its spring attire. Every prospect from the beginning to the end of our journey, seemed made on purpose for a picture. We were out of sight of *natural* land. Every patch had been rounded and smoothed, and as it were, sculptured for effect. Nearly all the land is cut up into small lots by hedges and ditches. Hedge fencing, however, is not merely an indication of taste; it is necessitated by the poverty of the land in wood and stone. The same poverty is evinced in the material of the houses. All the country edifices, even down to hovels, barns, and pig-pens, are built of brick. I did not see a wooden house in our whole journey across England. 'And the rain, it raineth every day.' The houses, therefore, need more light than in our country, but they have less.—The effect of the window tax, i. e., the tax on sunshine, (!) can be seen in the few and small windows of all country houses.

I am writing at a hotel, just in the edge of London, near the Depot. We have some eight or ten miles of city before us, but I thought I would send you a note of things past, before plunging into it.

May 4.—*Sunday evening.* We have been prospered in finding a very good lodging place in a central situation—a sitting room and two bed rooms. Yesterday and to day I have seen in a hasty way a multitude of places, the names of which have long been familiar—such as Hyde Park, St. James' Palace, Westminster Abbey, the houses of Parliament, the Horse Guards, Charing Cross with its statues, Cheapside, Cornhill, New-

gate, St. Paul's, &c. We have walked round the Crystal Palace, and intend to examine the interior soon. We are determined to make sport of the business of sight-seeing, and season all things with the conversation of faith. I will not try to report by letter our experiences. You must wait and pump them out of us when we get home, or take the essence of them in the digests, and illustrations, which I shall be sure to pour forth when I find myself again in the old Home-Talk corner.

I cannot tell yet when we shall sail for home. We think we may stay here two weeks more, and then make a week's trip to Paris. Probably we shall sail by one of the Cunarders the latter part of this month—but I will write again when we have concluded on the time. Here certainly is the place to look the world in the eye, and get acquainted with its heart. I perceive that Christ is King, and owns all things here also; therefore I am at home. I think I shall come back a thorough cosmopolite, with the bashfulness and stare of the green ones pretty well worked out of me.

With more love than is natural for me to express, yours,

JOHN H. NOYES.

LONDON, MAY 11, 1851.

DEAR H :—We have got along well with our business of sight-seeing, and have nearly finished this city. I have spent one day in the Crystal Palace, and intend to devote another day to it after our visit to Paris, that we may go home with a fresh impression of it.

We have inspected Newgate, the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, and in general all the principal celebrities of the city. The monuments of the bloody barbarism of the

past are gorgeous & numberless, and England is proud of them and identifies them with her religion, everywhere. Her warriors are her saints. If the world's fair is a harbinger of an era of peace, as all say and sing, it is preparing contempt and horror for the idols that throng St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. But a truce to speculation. I must suspend judgment while I am in the midst of sight-seeing, and give you my impressions after the digestion which will come while on our voyage home.

We have found an unexpected and admirable opening for the exhibition of our contributions to the great Fair. By a curious and beautiful process of providence we have been introduced to C—— and D—— the socialist writers, and have been very favorably received by them. We have presented both of them a copy of the Berean, the Reports, and Religious History. D—— was much interested in our expose, and made us welcome to the freest intercourse with him while we stay here, and is to give us letters of introduction to his brother and others in Paris. I shall call on him on Wednesday, and if he is not by that time staggered by his reading of our books, I think we shall secure him as a friend, if not a brother. We could not find a better point of connection with the progressives of both England and France. So you see I have exhibited my invention, as I said I would.

We can see through, and I write more particularly to let you know when you may expect us home. Our programme is as follows: To-morrow, Windsor Castle, and Dr. E—— in the evening; Tuesday, House of Commons, &c.; Wednesday, House of Lords, and D——; Thursday, journey to Paris; Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, sight-

seeing in Paris, Versailles, &c.; Wednesday, journey back to London; Thursday, Crystal Palace; Friday, journey to Liverpool; Saturday, the 24th, sail for home in the Asia, one of the Cunarders. We have bought our tickets for the voyage, and if we have the good fortune which has attended us hitherto, you will see us land at Jersey city about the 5th of June—perhaps the 4th—possibly the 3d.

Thus far hath the Lord helped us, and my heart is full of unspeakable thankfulness.

P. S.—*Tuesday Morning.* Having kept this letter over one day, and having more space, I will tell you a story of our adventures yesterday; and give you a sample of the politeness with which we have been treated by the invisibles during this whole excursion.

You must know that I have had quite a desire to see the Queen. Those who attended the opening of the Exhibition, (at an expense of fifteen dollars) and by dint of squabbling for situations got distant glimpses of her, had the advantage of us five-shillingers, and gloried in it. I was so unwilling to go back without being able to say I had seen her Majesty, that I loafed about the gates of Buckingham Palace an hour or two one day. (a practice very common and respectable.) in hopes of seeing her go out for her usual drive, but she did not appear, and I gave up hopes of seeing her at all. Well, Sunday night, in the 'visions of my head' on my bed, I saw several reasons for changing our plan for Monday, and going again to the Crystal Palace instead of to Windsor. Among other things, I remembered that the papers for several days had reported that the Queen visited the Exhibition privately in the morning, and I had an instinctive premonition that

I should have the luck to see her. So, on Monday morning, (and the day by the way proved rainy and unsuitable for the Windsor excursion,) we went early to the Palace. After agreeing on a rendezvous, Mr. De Latre and I separated, and commenced our rambles.

I went to the central transept, bought a synopsis of the exhibition, and sat down to read it, determined to enter into the glories of the scene quietly, and with abandonment to inspiration. After a few minutes' rest, I rose and without any purpose of my own, but with a feeling of very easy motion, turned down the west aisle. Just before me I saw a little gathering of people who seemed to be specially interested in some sight. I stepped among them and took my place at a railing, beyond which the wonder they were looking at seemed to be. A few steps within the railing there was a group of ordinary looking folks, examining the articles of the show; and among them a plain sort of matron leaning on a gentleman's arm. I asked a by-stander of very distinguished air, who that lady might be? 'My dear sir,' said he, 'it is the Queen.' There I was with my republican hat on, face to face with her Majesty, not ten yards distant. The latent loyalty of the old Norfolk blood awoke, and I respectfully uncovered.—'And who is that tall gentleman with the Queen?' said I to him of the distinguished air. 'That,' said he, 'is the Prince of Prussia.' I had an opportunity to inspect the royal countenances at my leisure for some minutes without crowding or bustle. The Queen is not beautiful—the portraits flatter her. She appears simple and sensible. Her stature is short, and her features rather coarse. But there is something good and even majestic in her eye. Her dress was quite

ordinary. After some minutes, she with her suite came directly toward the railing at the point where I was, passing me within reach of my hand, with her face toward me, and bowing two or three times as she swept along to another stall. Soon there was 'racing and chasing,' up and down the aisle, and in and out the stalls, when it became known that she was in the building; but few had the quiet opportunity that I had of seeing her. In fact I find that old Londoners and British subjects fairly envy me the lucky view. * * * Good bye now till I see you.

J. H. NOYES.

Philosophy of Non-Resistance.

The true military wisdom of Christ's policy of non-resistance, when he says, 'Resist not evil,' 'Bless them that curse you,' 'Give place unto wrath,' can be demonstrated on spiritual principles. I think it can be shown that this is the scientific way of conquering your enemy. Suppose an enemy is rousing himself for fight with you, and you want to devise the best method of disarming and beating him. In all cases the best way to attack an evil, is to go to the root and source of it. To attack an enemy's *citadel* and destroy his *magazine*, is altogether a more effectual and summary way of stopping an annoyance, than to fight with him in detail. That is the scientific military manœuvre in the case. What is his magazine? It is his *combative-ness*. If he cannot keep himself in combative-ness, he cannot do you any mischief; his power in other respects will be nullified: so that if you can find out a way to quench his combative-ness, you stop all his operations. The question then is, how great is his combative-ness? for that is the measure of his magazine.

Combative-ness, as Phrenology and the doctrines of Mesmerism show, is a faculty that requires a certain atmosphere to act in, and can be roused on the one hand, by a peculiar state of the vital fluid about

it, or quelled by a different state. It is subject to magnetic influence, and wilts and becomes impotent—dies like a mouse under an exhausted receiver, in an atmosphere of peace. This being the spiritual philosophy of the thing, it is evident that in meeting an enemy, if you get mad yourself, you surround his combativeness with an atmosphere calculated to strengthen his resources against yourself. But on the other hand, if you preserve your own quietness—command your combativeness down, and keep the spirit of peace uppermost, surround yourself with it, and as it were, blow it in his face—you put his combativeness in an exhausted receiver, and it wilts: as the common saying is, you ‘take the starch all out of him’—he cannot feel anything in your spirit that irritates him, or that makes it seem necessary for him to fight you. Men who understand themselves, when they want to do a rascally thing, drink liquor, to create a tremendous stimulus of the animal department; and so put themselves in a condition that they are ready for any thing. But the spiritual state and quality of a person may have the same effect on his antagonist as a glass of rum. And so on the other hand, it may operate to take away all his power of fight.

It requires actually more courage to be quiet, and blow peace in the face of an enemy, than to fight him. It is a higher grade of manliness and heroism than that in fashion in the world. Jesus Christ describes the difference between the standard of the world and the standard of the gospel in this way: ‘If ye love them that love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? But I say unto you, Bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you. Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.’ He rose above the standard of the world in regard to heroism. *Their* standard is, fight them that fight you: but the heroism of God is to keep the peace in time of war. It is heroism and wisdom to destroy the atmosphere around

you that nurses combativeness. If I were a pugilist, engaged in prize-fighting, I should act upon this philosophy, and calculate to draw the fire out of my antagonist by submitting in the first place almost to defeat. That is the way that Christ did; he drew the fire all out of the devil by submitting to death and almost to destruction. So a thorough understanding of the best means of warfare, while it gives us all the advantage of our generalship, will set us to work in an entirely different way from that which the world take. I should say as a matter of policy, that in the beginning of a quarrel the best thing to be done is to magnetise your antagonist, so as to quell his combativeness; then you will have the advantage of him. Instead of firing your gun, get away your antagonist’s gun. If a man’s spirit is strong and full of peace—full of the opposite of combativeness, and he finds himself in the presence of an enemy, if he has time to manipulate, his antagonist cannot get up any ugly feelings toward him.

My point is, not to dishonor the heavenly church, and not get into a position where they cannot back me up. I do not want to take advantage of my connection with them to get them into a scrape. In the case of the two political parties in the country, they have each of them certain great leaders—men of recognized power and sagacity—whom they are anxious to support; but they are not unfrequently troubled with adherents who with good intentions, lack wisdom, and sometimes commit the party to measures which the leaders do not approve, but which at the same time they do not like actually to disown. So Christ and the angels, and the primitive church have their policy and character fixed; and we are here in circumstances of difficulty; and my ambition is not to commit the great party which we are connected with, to any measure that Jesus Christ and his council do not approve. I want to keep in the lines so that they can back us up in every move that we make, and we can do that without any difficulty.

If our circumstances are difficult, they are only such as are necessary to train us to be gentlemen of Jesus Christ's standard.

There is a change going on in public sentiment also, about this old kind of heroism. One great complaint against Seward is that he has taken all sorts of insults in the Senate without resistance; that he is cowardly—spaniel-like; and that the State has been disgraced by his forbearance. The Tribune and others reply, that that is the very best thing about him; when he is reviled he reviles not again; and that is evidence of his Christian character. There is a rather singular combination in that man. He stood up in the Senate and proclaimed the law of God the highest law of the land; and at the same time he has got the name of not resenting insults. Those are the two disgraces that he has brought on himself and the State. The southern spirit is pettish and ready to fight on all occasions; and Seward in renouncing that spirit, is in true sympathy with the North.

We must consider the world around, as fast as we fairly separate from it, with its laws and social machinery, as no more to be fought than a carding machine. It is machinery that goes by its own laws; and so long as God chooses it shall stand, we must take care of our coat tails while we walk around among it. We have plenty of room if we walk circumspectly and mind our own business—room enough to walk all around and not get entangled, if we are in the spirit that sees things as Jesus Christ does. It is as foolish for us to attempt to fight the machinery of the world, as it was for a bear I once read of who attempted to resist the operation of a saw-mill. The circumstances were these:—A bear came upon a man who was eating his dinner in a saw-mill in the back-woods. The man sprang into the loft of the mill, leaving his dinner upon the log which was being sawed. The bear took his place on the log and as he was engaged in disposing of the man's dinner, the log moved along until the saw began to disturb his

back, which so irritated him, that he turned and giving the saw a tremendous hug, was of course torn to pieces.—We will not be so foolish as to treat the saw in that way; if it scratches us we will get away. If we are called upon to stop the machinery and break it in pieces Christ will coöperate with us in it, and all that is to be suffered we shall suffer with good heart.

There is a tendency in us which we shall have to learn to repress and work out of ourselves; and that is, a tendency to fanatical faith in resisting diseases and wicked men. We must not try to draw Christ into private brawls—cases that he is not interested in. He will insist that we shall keep our hearts in the great channel of public interest, and not suffer our little private interests to draw us out into labors and strivings which cannot be sympathised with in heaven. Fanatical faith is of that character. It fastens its interests and desires upon things which are particularly tempting to us, and then tries to draw God into our schemes. We do not think it is right or just for folks outside of the Association to try to draw us into their petty schemes, and we must do as we would be done by, and not do so by Jesus Christ.

Christ has set us an example of not using all the power he had. Though he was perfectly competent to meet the enemy physically, by asking of his Father twelve legions of angels against the Jews and Romans, he did not act from the suggestions of his circumstances. Injustice and abuse were thrust upon him, but he kept above them, and set himself to do his Father's will. The mere fact that he had physical power at command, was no motive with him to resist or blast his enemies. We must learn to meet our enemies in the same elevated spirit that he did.

With respect to our treatment of the world, one course of treatment is necessary when we are separating ourselves from them, and totally another course when we are separated from them. In the case of T—— and others, whose relatives

were hanging on to them in a way to cause constant bleeding of the heart, violent measures of separation are admissible. Paul says, 'I would they were even cut off which trouble you;' and 'if I or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel to you, let him be accursed.' Where we are breaking the connection, a certain degree of combativeness is necessary; but when it is once broken, and we are in condition to make war on the world, as I said before, there is a call for entirely different action—action based on the non-resistant spirit. Our main point of policy is what I began with: Do not attack the outworks of the enemy, but attack combativeness itself. In this way you disarm your enemy, and he is at your mercy. He has more physical power than you—you cannot meet him on the ground of brute force, but you may have more cunning than he, and destroy his magazine, by filling the whole atmosphere with peace, so that it will not explode. We might adopt as a motto expressive of the non-resistant principle: *Wet your enemies' powder.*—*Home-Talk.*

☐ We shall soon be at home any where in short dresses. They are appearing with the simultaneousness of the spring in all our cities and villages. A late Tribune fills two columns with notices of the Press, favorable to the 'new costume.' For specimens:—

SHORT DRESS. We hail the event of short dresses with delight, and propose a vote of thanks by universal acclamation to the women who had the moral courage first to adopt the appropriate costume. Our theory has been for a long time in affirmation of the practice, and we have been anxiously looking for the debut of some bold spirit attired in this most comely garb. Now the fashion has been fairly started, let all follow it as speedily as possible. [New-Haven Journal.]

CHANGE IN FEMALE COSTUME.—There is an extraordinary amount of interest manifested by the Press, on this subject. Nearly every newspaper has a commendatory remark, and the new Turkish costume is appearing in every city, town and village. The difficulty is, who shall lead—who shall first start this beautiful fashion. Once adopted, and it will spread like wild-fire. * * * * Papers from every city recommend both its beauty, fitness and convenience. [Oswego Journal.]

The Philosophy of Sport.

BY C. MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way;
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day;
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold;
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see a man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy.
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field.
Or to the wholesome hill.
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown
May frolic in the wood [men
Like children let adrift from school—
Not mind the scornful mood—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

'Tis something when the noon has pass'd
To brave the touch of Time'
And say—"Good friend, thou harm'st me
My soul is in its prime; [not,
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart,
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things.
Nor deem that sports unman;
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can.

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