

HACKER'S PLEASURE BOAT.

"Bound to no party, to no sect confined, the World our Church, our brethren all mankind."

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TERMS.

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TRAVELER'S HALL.

A SHORT HISTORY OF A LONG TRAVEL FROM BABYLON TO BETHEL.

IN the days of my youth when I lived at home in my father's house, I heard many people talk of the house of God; and that whosoever did attain to get into it, enjoyed all manner of happiness, both in this world and that which is to come. And a great desire kindled in me, if it was possible, to get into that house: but I knew where it was, neither did those who talked of it: but they had heard the report, and reported what they had heard! Remark

It appears that the professors of religion then, were much like those of the present day—had a great deal of talk about religion, repeating what they had been taught by others, but had very little experience or vital godliness of their own. The clergy now, generally preach only what they have learned from others, and are very free from spirituality.]

There were also some books that had been written by men who had been in that house; which books declared much of the joy and felicity they had in that house. Those books I got, and read them over and over, which did much strengthen my belief in the truth of the reports: but by no means could I tell which was my way. Yet so ardent were my desires, that I thought myself willing to forsake my father's house, and country, and all, to travel any where wherever my legs could carry me, so I might find this house.

And upon a time I was breaking my mind to a friend of mine, upon this subject, who really told me there were men appointed in every place to guide them that were willing to go thither: and it was their business, and they had nothing else to do. When I heard this I was comforted—and desired him, if he loved me, to make me acquainted with one of these men.

He told me he would, which he did; and when I came to treat with the man, and let him know the fervent desire I had to get to the house of God, which I had heard such

excellent things of, and that I heard he was one appointed to guide such thither, as were willing—he very readily answered, and told me it was his business to guide any thither, that were willing to go, and to persuade folks that were not yet willing; and if I would comply with his terms and follow him, he would lead me thither.

I asked him what his terms were; he said the way was long, and would lead him from his home, and I must bear his charges, and something over. To all which I agreed: so we set forward on our journey early in the morning; but before we had gone one day's journey, I saw my guide sometimes stand still and look about him; and sometimes would pull a little book out of his pocket, and read a little to himself, which made me begin to mistrust, that he knew the way no better than I. However, I said nothing, but went on, following him several day's journey after this manner; and the further he went, the more my guide was at a loss; and went sometimes a little on, and then would look about him, and then turn away, and sometimes right back for a while, and then turn again. So my suspicion grew very strong, and I began to be in great anxiety of spirit but said little to him about it.

But one day as we were travelling along, we met a man that took notice of my sad countenance, and tired condition, and he spoke very kindly to me: *Young man whither art thou bound?* And when I began to tell him something of my journey he desired me to sit down upon the grass, in a shady place, and discourse a little about my journey; and so we did, and I told him how things had gone with me to that very hour. And whilst I was telling him the story my guide fell asleep, at which I was not sorry, for thereby I had the more freedom to discourse with the man; and when I had told him all, he pitied me, and withal told me, to his certain knowledge this guide of mine had never been at the house neither did know the way to it; but as he had got some marks of the way, which he had received, as I or another might do, and if I followed him all my days I would never be the nearer to it, and should find at last, I had spent my time, money, and labor to no purpose.

This discourse did so astonish me, that I was at my wit's end, and did not know what course to take; the man seeing what an agony I was in, began to comfort me, and told me that the house I sought was near-

er than I was aware of; and if I would follow him, he would soon bring me in sight of the house. Quoth he I am one that belongs to that house, and have done so several years: and whereas, said he, thou art to bear his charges, and give him money besides, I will assure thee it is not the manner of the guides that belong to this house of God to take money for guiding people thither, I myself have been a guide to many a one in my time, but never took one penny for it.

By this time you may think within yourselves how my drooping spirits were comforted, and a new hope springing and a resolution to forsake my wandering guide and to follow this new one.

[Is not the above the experience of thousands who have tried one minister and then another and gained no knowledge except by cruel disappointment.]

Upon which I awaked my guide and told him my mind, and paid him what I agreed to; and advised him never to serve poor souls as he had done me; for I see, that thou knowest not the way, but as thou hast learned in some books of it.—If thou hadst been serving my turn to have found this famous house, I needed not thee nor any body else to have guided me to it, for there are but very few that have written experimentally of it; but I have read them diligently; but now I have met with a man that I judge has more experience of the way than thou hast, and I am resolved to go with him; and if thou wilt honestly confess thy ignorance, and go along with us, come and welcome, one guide will serve two travellers as well as one in the way; but I could not persuade him, so I left him to take his own way as he pleased.

So I set forward with my new guide pretty cheerfully, and he entertained me with a good deal of discourse by the way, and we went on in pretty smooth paths and without stopping, and he told me that in a short time we should come in sight of the house, which made my travel the easier; and he also told me something of the rules and orders of the house, at which I was not at all discouraged; for I considered, God was a God of order, and I doubted not but there were good orders in his house, to which I was willing to submit.

And as we were thus travelling along, he, of a sudden spake to me, saying yonder is the house; at which I was exceeding glad for now I thought I had not spent my labor in vain; and the nearer we drew to it, the

more my joy increased; and when I came in view of it, I pleased myself extremely with looking at it, and viewing the towers and turrets that were upon it, and the excellent carving and paintings with which it was adorned; and there was as much of art in setting it forth as could be imagined. Oh! thought I, if there be so much glory without, surely there is more within, which I shall shortly be partaker of.

[It appears that there were fashionable gingerbread churches in 1791 as well as now.]

And as I was thus contemplating my happiness, and was come within, as it were a bow shot of the house, we were to go down into a valley, which we did, and in the bottom of the valley glided a long, small river and I looked about for a bridge to go over it, but could see none; at which I wondered; but on we went till we came to the river side, then I asked my guide where the bridge was; truly, he told me, there was none, but we must go through it, and so must all that go into that house.

[Here he came to one of the old Jewish battles, water baptism which Christ fulfilled and ended.]

I was a little troubled, but he told me he had been through it, and there was no danger at all. With that I began to think, have I taken all this pains, and shall I give over for so small a matter as this is; what would I have gone through when in my father's house, to attain to the knowledge of the house of God, and a possession therein; not water, nor verily fire would have stopt me there, if I had had so fair a prospect of it as I now have.

I told my guide, if he pleased to go before I would follow him; so in he went, and I after him; but when I came to the middle, there it was so deep that the water went over my head, but I made my shift to keep my feet on the ground, and got well out on the other side, and my guide and I went up together very pleasantly; and when we came to the top of the hill, there was a wide plain, and in the middle thereof the house stood. So we went apace, and drew near to it, and there I saw a very stately porch on the west end of the house, and at the door stood a strong, tall porter, to whom my guide spake, and said to him on this wise:

This young man hath long had a desire to be entertained in the house of God, thereupon I have conducted him hither; the porter asked him which way I came thither; he said through the river; and I don't remember that he asked me any more questions, but bid me welcome and let me into the house; and my guide went in with me, through many turnings and windings into a great hall: mine eye went to and fro as I went about the house, and in the great hall, there I saw many people, that bid me welcome; but none knew the anguish of my soul; for I found the house foul and dirty, always in every part, and so belined with

spiders and cobwebs that I thought in my self it had never been swept clean since it was built; and some things I met withal that displeased me yet worse, as ye shall hear; howbeit, a good bed was provided for me to rest upon if I could, and I having little stomach after I saw how it was, made ready, went to bed and disposed myself to sleep, what I could. But alas! sleep departed from me, and my spirit was grievously vexed, and my cogitations were many and grievous—sometimes I thought of the paintings without, and how that suited not with the dirtiness that was within; and if I was deceived, what course I should take next.

[How many poor hungry souls have experienced the same disappointment on joining a church—found them filled with the cobwebs of error, instead of spirituality and truth.]

After a long and tedious thinking, I pleased myself with this, it may be better tomorrow, so I fell into a slumber. In the morning, before I arose I heard two or three contending about some accounts, in which one laid fraud to the other's charge; the other, instead of vindicating himself fell a twitting him in the teeth with something of the like kind; they grew so hot in words, that they threatened to turn each other out of doors, and drive him back again through the river, and never suffer him to come into the house any more.

[This shows the spirit of the people in the modern church as well as in those of the past. Church members now, as then, can cheat each other and wrangle as much as those who make no profession.]

My heart was ready to burst with sorrow, and in the anguish of my spirit, I arose and went to them, and told them, I little thought to have found such doings or heard such language in the house of God. I fear, quoth I, I am deceived, and brought in amongst you by a fair show. For I see no glory, peace, nor tranquillity.

So I walked away to another part of the house, where I heard a great noise of hard words, and I drew near and understood it was about choosing an officer, and two were striving for it, and each had a party, and each party grew hot one against another. As soon as I could be heard, I spake to them and told them such doings as this, did more resemble a place in the world called *Bellingsgate*, than the house of God.

[How nicely this fits modern churchmen. They can quarrel not only about offices in the church, but also about politics. I have known brothers, members of the same church, to become so angry about politics that they did not speak to each other for years, and still worshiped, or pretended to, in the same church.]

I went a little further, and there I heard some women scolding about taking the upper hand, and about some fash-ions in their clothes; and about getting their children's play-things from each other. All this and much more than I shall mention increased my sorrow.

[This too, is natural as life in the people of modern churches. No other people on earth are more particular about being in fashion.]

I now began to long to speak to my guide that brought me thither; and after diligent search, at last I found him and began with him in the following manner: Whither hast thou brought me? Where are the rules and orders thou told'st me were in the house of God? I have often read of the beauty, order, peace and purity of the house of God, but here I find nothing but the contrary; I fear thou hast brought me to a wrong house,

and hast beguiled me; so I rehearsed to him what I had met withal. To which he replied: I must expect men to have their human frailties, and that men were but men and persuaded me to be satisfied and make further trial. And as for the orders he spake of, they were mostly about meats and drinks, and about rules for electing officers to rule the house of God, as I would see in time, if I stayed; and as to the dirtiness of the house, he confessed that those to whom the care belonged, and was committed to keep the house clean, had not been so diligent as they ought to have been, but he hoped, upon admonition, they would be more careful. To which I returned this answer: What! dost thou talk of human frailties in the house of God; that complaint is at large in the world, but doth not become the house of God, into which I have heard none can come but such as are redeemed from the earth, and are washed from their pollutions; for God saith—*all the vessels in my house shall be holy*; and they that dwell in the house of God must have pure hearts and clean hands; and much more I told him of what I had read concerning the house of God: and told him plainly, I had let in such a belief of the peace, purity, glory and comeliness of the house of God, that I was persuaded this was none of it, and where to find it I knew not; but if I never found it while I lived, I would never give over seeking; my desires were so after it that I thought nothing would satisfy me short of enjoyment of it. But as for your house here, I have no satisfaction in it—it cannot be the place I seek for, so I must leave you.

His answer was to me, he was sorry I could not be satisfied there as well as he, but if I could not, he would lay no restraint upon me; for his part, he had rejected me as far as he knew, and he could do no more for me. After our discourse was ended, I got up and went out, but knew not where to go; so I went in the house threw things after me in a spiteful manner, but none hurt me.

[When one is honest enough to leave a church conscientiously, on account of its lack of spirituality, he is sure to have his character pretty well blacked.]

I wandered sometimes north and sometimes south, and over every way that came in my mind; but whithersoever I went, the anguish of my soul went along with me, which was more than tongue or pen can declare or utter, or any one can believe except, this relation should meet with any one that has experienced the same travel; which, if it doth, they will understand it.

But so it was, I had no comfort night nor day but still kept going on, whether right or wrong I knew not nor durst I ask any body, for fear of being beguiled as before. Thus I got into a vast howling wilderness, where there seemed to be no way in it, only now and then I found some men and women's footsteps, which was some comfort to me in my sorrow; but whether they got off without being devoured of wild beasts, or whither I should go I knew not. But in this woful state I travelled from day to day, easting within myself what I had best to do; whether to despair in that condition, or whether I had best to seek some other town or city, to see if I could get some other guide. The first I saw to be desperate—I also despaired of the last, having been deceived from time to time; so that all these consultations did but increase the bitterness of my soul.

And one day as I was traveling in the afternoon a terrible storm arose, with hail and thunder and great wind, which lasted till night, and in the night also. I being weary, both of body and mind lay me down under a great tree, and after some time I fell asleep; and when I awaked and came to myself, it was still very dark; and looking

about, I saw a small light pretty near me;— and it came into my mind to go to it and see what it was, and as I went, that went before me.

Then it came into my mind that I had heard of false lights as *ignis fatuus* and such like, that would lead people out of their way; then thought I again,— *How can I be led out of my way, that knew no way of safety?* And whilst I sat down to let these starving thoughts have their course I took notice, and beheld the light as near me as at the first, as if it had waited for me. At which I was strongly affected, and thought within myself, it may be some good Spirit is come to take pity on me and, lead me out of this miserable condition. And so a resolution arose in my mind that I would get up and follow it; concluding in myself that I could not be brought into a much worse condition than I now was in.

[Here he undoubtedly refers to the light of truth which God has placed in the minds of all, and which gives us a knowledge of good and evil. John in one of his epistles refers to this light calls it the anointing, and declares that it is truth and no lie, and able to guide into all truth, and those who obey this anointing have no need that any man teach them.]

So I arose and followed it and it went a gentle ; easy pace at first, and I kept my eye strait to it; but afterwards I found a great part of the luggage and provision I had got together, did but burthen me in my journey; so I threw away one thing and then another, that I thought I could best spare; but kept a great bundle of clothes still by me, not knowing but I should need them. And as I thus went on, with the light before me, it led me out of the wilderness, along a plain campaign country, without trees or inhabitants only I perceived as if some had gone that way and the light kept strait in that path without any winding or turning, till I came to the foot of a great mountain; and going up that great mountain, I found it hard getting up, and began to consider my great bundle of clothes and garments, and that several of them were of no use to a traveller, as I was, and did not know how far I should go, nor whether I should want them if ever I was so happy as to attain what I aimed at; nor whether the fashions would suit the place I was going to. So I threw away some and anon some more, till I had none left but what I wore.

[All who follow the true guide will surely be stripped of their worldly spirit which is ever laboring to accumulate and cling to more than is needed, and will make the good things of this life their servants rather than their masters.]

And as I followed this my guide, I at last got up to the top of this mountain and saw another yet higher; and then I saw a man. He asked me whither I was going. I told him I could not well tell; but I would tell him whither I desired to go; he said, whither? to the house of God! and told me it was that way, but thought I should never get thither, I asked him why. Why quoth he, there lieth in yonder mountain, so many vipers, adders, and serpents, and such venomous beasts, that they devour many people who are going that way. For my part, said he, I was going also, but I was so affrighted with those venomous serpents, that I was forced to turn back, and so I would have you.

[How many thousands after starting on the way to righteousness have been driven back by persecution, the fear of man, &c.]

I answered him, Friend, I have for a pretty while taken yonder light to be my guide, and it hath directed me a long way; and see it doth not leave me; look, dost thou see it there before me? He answered, Yes I see it. Well, said I, I have heard by travellers, that if a man have fire or light, the venomous beast cannot hurt him; and

I intend to quicken my pace a little, and keep as close to the light as I can; come, go along with me and venture it.

He said it was true, he had heard that fire would preserve from them, but he thought light would not. However, for his part, he would not venture his sweet life amongst them, if I would I might? he wished me well, and so we parted and I made haste and got up pretty near the light, and up I went the second mountain; and when I came almost to the top of the mountain saw many serpent's dens and viper's holes, both on the right hand and on the left, and they drew near me, and hissed at me, and I began to be in great fear, and trembled exceedingly; but many times, when they were ready to sting me, the light would step in, or appear betwixt me and them, and they were affrighted, and ran into their holes and dens.

[Thus all persecutors will flee if we are true and faithful.]

Oh! when I perceived this, how my heart leapt for joy within me; my joy abounding, my fear of the serpents abated and my love to my kind and tender guide increased, and my courage and confidence abounded; and I began to believe I was in the right way to attain my desire. So on I went keeping my eye to the Light, through them all without harm till I came to the top of the mountain; and then I saw an exceeding large valley, that I could not see to the further side of it; it seemed to be all moors, and places of water, and bogs and mire all over the valley which began again to dishearten me: but thought I, what shall I do? all is well hitherto; I was strangely delivered from the serpents, and whatever comes of it, if this Light leave me not I will follow it, if it be through fire and water! And so I kept on, and went down the mountain a gentle, easy pace, and took notice that the nearer I kept to the Light the more they kept from me, so I got down to the bottom of the mountain, into the large valley, which was very green and pleasant for a little way; but by and by the Light went towards a great moorish ground, full of water, and that I thought was very dangerous; but when I came to the side of the place, I saw a small, narrow path through the middle of it, just broad enough for a man to go upon it, and into that narrow way the Light led me, and went before me; and whilst I kept my eye steady to it, I went on safely, but if at a time I began to gaze about, my feet would slip into the mire and puddles, and then I had much ado to get into my way again, had not the Light kindly and tenderly waited for me, I had lost sight of it, and had perished in the way: for sometimes it was so far before me that I could hardly discern it, and then I would quicken my diligence and be more careful of my goings, and keep as close to it as I could.

So that sometimes the light shined round about me, and I walked in the shining of it with great fullness of spirit? and after I had walked a long time in this narrow way. I lifted up my eyes, and saw to the other side of the moorish valley and saw that beyond that there was a very high mountain, and on the top of that there was a very great house? at the sight of which I was greatly comforted, supposing that it might be the house I had for a long time sought.

But after this I met with another sore exercise; for there were many I perceived had been travelling in that narrow way, and had fallen into the mire, some on the right hand and some on the left, and they lay wallowing, full of envy; some plucking at me, to pull me in, others throwing mire and dirt upon me, to discourage me: Others would speak very fair on purpose to draw me into discourse with them, that whilst I spent my precious

time, I might be cast so far behind that I might lose sight of my good guide.

[But few, if any, who travel in the highway of holiness will escape this experience, for all along the path are those who have made shipwreck of faith, willing to discourage and injure the truthful traveller.]

But I saw their evil designs, and was aware of them, keeping on my narrow way till I came to the end of the boggy valley, and then found firm ground under my feet, to my great comfort. And I had gone but a little way, before my guide, the Light, went into a narrow lane, well hedged on both sides; at which I was glad, thinking I could not go wrong, and need not now take so very much care; but alas I quickly found so many by-lanes and ways, that lay almost as straight forward as that I went in, so that if it had not been for the Light which went a little before me, I might have gone wrong many times; but by carefully keeping to my good guide, I got at last up the mountain, and saw the house again, and discerned a man of that country a pretty way off; and I called to him, Friend, ho! friend, pray tell me what is the name of yonder great house? He told me the name of it was *Bethel*; then I presently remembered, that was the name by which the house of God was called in my fathers country, where I had heard the reports of it, and was so earnestly set to find it out.

Oh! the joy and consolation that I felt in my soul, no tongue can express it; to think that now, after all my travels, perils and disappointments, I had found what I sought for.—So on I went journeying with joy unpeakable; and as I went I viewed the outside of the house, which was very large and had but one tower; there was no carved work about it, nor paintings, nor any kind of device that I could discern; but all the stones were curiously joined together from the top to the bottom.

[The hearts of the pure and good are the temple of God, each heart representing a stone in the temple, and the transparency represents the purity and truthfulness.]

I also took notice that all the stones of the building were transparent, some more and some less, and I saw no windows to let in light from without; and when I drew near to it, it had a large outward court, and a pretty large gate to go into it; so that a man might go into it with a large burthen on his back. And when I came to it, in I went; here I saw many people that were very cheerful, and lived very pleasant lives; and some of them told me they had lived there many years and wanted for nothing, for there was a mighty tree grew in the midst of the court, and the fruit thereof was good, and the leaves also, and they were well contented with it, and it bore fruit all the year long; and many of them were so kind as to invite me to sit down and eat with them, but that I refused; and they showed me a great cistern they had hewn out to themselves to catch water from the elements, and they had made themselves convenient lodgings in the sides of the court to lodge in; but this did not satisfy me, for I saw my beloved guide passed through them all, and entered in at a little door at the further side of it; whereupon I left them, and made haste to the door, wherein I saw my guide had entered, and attempted to enter in thereat; but could not, it was so straight, which put me into great sorrow of mind, and what to do I knew not, my thoughts troubled me, on every side; and all ways I tried, but in vain; oh! thought I, are all my troubles and labors come to this, must I be shut out at last? What shall I do?

[Here, it appears, he had got into the Society of Friends or Quakers, which has a gate wide enough to receive members who are so only by birthright, and others who profess to believe their doctrine,

but are not really spiritual. These he found satisfied with a profession, or living on the tree the ancient Quakers had planted, in the *outer court*. But he was not satisfied with a mere profession, but must press on after the Life—enter the Holy of Holies—the Spiritual Sanctuary, before his soul could find rest. 'Here are, in this age, too many in the outer court, and too few in the inner or spiritual temple.]

And as I was thus perplexing myself, I thought I heard a voice, but knew not from whence it came, which said: *Young man, strip thee of thy old garments, and so thou mayest enter*. This occasioned me yet more trouble of mind, for I was loath to go in naked; but at last I thought it better to go in naked than not at all. So I went to stripping, thinking a few pitiful rags should not hinder me from so great an enjoyment. And when I was stript as naked as I was born, I tried to enter, and found no great difficulty in it; and as soon as I entered, one met me and cast a garment of pure white linen over me, which reached down to my feet; and he brought me into a narrow room, and said, rest here awhile. And then I laid me down, in so much joy and comfort as is impossible to be expressed, all things were so pleasant about me; and my resting place was so delightful, and my heart was so fully satisfied that it overcame me with songs of joy; but I found it my business to be still and quiet in my happy condition, that I was come to enjoy.

I had not been long in this room before I was called out to see the beauty and comeliness of the house: And as I walked I found everything so clean and bright, that I was refreshed in an admirable manner with it; and I met also with some people that welcomed me to the house of God with such kindness as refreshed my heart; and as I came to be acquainted with them I marked their conversations and their discourses were exceeding comfortable to me; no quarrelling, no contention, no high or bad words, but all passed with meekness, and reverence, and due respect one for the other, the young men waited for the words of the ancients and fathers, and virgins carried a reverent respect to the matrons, and there was an universal concord and unity, so that I wondered greatly. And one day I was opening my mind to an ancient, and told him, *I admired much, and wondered greatly at the universal concord that I had taken notice of, beyond all I had met with in my life*. He said it must needs be so, and could not be otherwise; for the same guide that led me thither had led them likewise. He further told me; there could be no contention but where two spirits strove for mastery; but it was not so in this house. His answer was so full and satisfactory to me, that I said no more to him at that time, but went on viewing and beholding the order of every thing I saw, till my soul was filled, and I might say, my cup did overflow. So that my former labor and disappointments, sorrows and perils, signified nothing to me. I having a full reward, an hundred fold.

So I returned to my rest again, in a lar-

ger room than before, where I sung praise to my God; and setting forth the praises of the house and them that dwelt therein. And awhile after I was called forth out of the room where I was, and told, I was not brought to that place only to take pleasure and delight therein, but there was work to be done and I must take my part of it, and be faithful and diligent in what I was set about. To which I answered, it was enough I had attained my desires in being admitted into the heavenly place, but if there was any business that I could do, I was willing to do it, be it what it would; for it would be my greatest joy to do any thing to the advancement of the honor of the house of God, and them that dwelt therein. Then he that talked with me told me it was my work to teach the children so far as I knew and had learned, and as far as I should from time to time be further instructed. Indeed I was a little amazed thereat, knowing my inabilities: but when I had a little pondered that part of the sentence, that I should be from time to time further instructed, I took courage in my work, and made some progress in it with fear and reverence, waiting daily for those instructions I was to receive in an abundant manner; and the work prospered in my hand, and the children loved me, and I loved them entirely, as though they had been my own children; and many of them grew up to a good understanding, and observed their places and orders, to my great delight. And after I had thus continued awhile, the elder that talked with me before came and told me I must take the charge of part of the household, and give them their meat in due season; and suit every one's meat, in dividing, to every one's state and condition: *and not to feed strong men with milk, and babes with strong meat*; and for that purpose he gave me a key that led into the treasury or storehouse, which when I came to see and behold, it was abundantly filled with all sorts of nourishments that never could be exhausted or spent while the world endured.]

[Here he became a preacher, not by the study of musty theology, but by the power of God or Love, and according to the writings he left behind him, he was one of the most spiritual men and most thorough gospel ministers I have ever read of. Whoever has read the works of Isaac Pennington in a spirit that could comprehend them, must admit that as a practical christian and a minister, he has had but few, if any, equals.]

And after some time I took out to distribute daily among the household of God, and the store house was still full, as at the beginning, and so it continues to this day and so ever.

And having continued a long time in this heavenly habitation, it comes into my mind to let my countrymen, and the children of my old father whom I left in *Babylon*, hear of me, for I suppose they judge me lost, or devoured; but I could be glad if any, yea all of them, were here to behold, to taste and feel what I do.

And let none of them say it hath happened to me better than to many others: the same Light that appeared to me doth appear to any poor distressed soul in the whole world; but the reason that so few come here is because they fear the perils and dangers that are in the way, more than they love the Light that would lead them hither through them; and so turn aside, and shelter themselves in an old rotten building, that at one time or other will fall on their heads and they perish in the ruins

Now if any one hath a mind to know my name in my father's country, I inform them that in this long and tedious journey I have lost it. But since I came hither I have had a new name, but I have no character to signify it by that I can write or they can read. But if any will come where I am, they shall know my name. But for further satisfaction, I was born in *Egypt*, spiritually called, and my father went and lived in *Babylon*, about the time the true children of *Israel* were in captivity; there I came acquainted with some of the stock of the *Jeus*, about the time they were returning to their own land; and they told me wonderful things of the glory of the house they had at *Jerusalem*, and would have had me gone along with them;—and amongst the rest, I understood that *Solomon* with many thousand carpenters and masons had built it. Upon which I considered within myself, that if *Solomon* and the carpenters and the masons had built it, carpenters and masons might at one time or other pull it down again.

So I went not, BUT SOUGHT A CITY, WHOSE BUILDER AND MAKER IS GOD. And now I have found it. HALLELUJAH IN THE HIGHEST: GLORY, HONOR, AND RENOWN, TO HIS WORTHY NAME, AND POWER THROUGHOUT ALL AGES AND GENERATIONS.—AMEN.

Special Notice.

THE BOAT.—Circumstances have compelled me to decide on publishing the Boat only once in three months, until I have a sufficient number of subscribers to go on safely, and then it will sail once a month or once in two weeks. I am ready and willing, and the world never needed such a paper more than it does now, but most people are insensible of their greatest needs and funds are lacking. Names are coming in slowly, and as soon as there are enough to support the paper, then look out for it every other week, as regular as the sun. You will perceive that this and the last No. are printed with smaller type, containing more matter, and on good paper and look well. Now let every subscriber make one strong effort to send one new subscriber and as many more as they can, and the Boat will be beyond the sand-bars of poverty at once.

We want to batter a few more holes in the water-logged hulks of the bloody old Govern-

ment ship, and the old prison ship Priestcraft, and do a few other chores before we go hence to be here no more forever.

Time is flying, men are dying—
Work to-day
Truth pursuing mid the ruin,
While ye may.
Selfish savings, carnal cravings
End in pain;
Righteous living, cheerful giving,
Joy and gain.
Save your brothers, sisters mothers
From the night
Send the Boat on, while it floods on;
Give them light.

PREACHING ROOM.

Plain Sermons by J. Hacker.

It is said that if you stroke the back of the cat from head to tail—the way the fur grows—which, by the way, will leave the loose hairs and dirt in the fur—she will purr and nestle in your lap with all the apparent love and gentleness of the pet lamb; but stroke the fur the other way—which would remove loose hair and dirt—and her back is up and her sharp claws are unsheathed at once; and in an experience of sixty years I have discovered a large share of this feline nature in human animals. If you praise or flatter people, stroke their backs the right way, cover up all their errors, faults and sins, say "poor puss," they will appear as loving as the cat that nestles in your lap; but brush your hand the other way to remove the loose hairs and dust—tell them of their faults, errors or sins, and though you do it in unbounded love, for their good—that they may see and forsake what mars their own happiness and the happiness of those around them, ten to one their backs will be up and they will show claws and teeth that were before concealed. Often in my life have I wished that I could say "poor puss, you may catch all the gulls and other innocent birds and the chickens to boot, and grow fat on them;" but that is not my gift and calling—my conscience will not permit me to do it, so I sometimes have to cry "scat! get out of that cream pot; or let those birds or chickens alone, or go and cleanse yourself before you nestle there," and then how the eyes sometimes flash fire! how sharp the claws and teeth look, and what a threatening of scratches and bites!

If you are hypocritical enough to say to a politician "you have a fine government, go on and multiply laws and execute them, and improve your government until it is perfection personified,"—knowing in your heart all the time, that the government is founded on wrong principles, is constantly doing harm and can never be made perfect—he will purr around you, and even ask you to take a glass of his whisky or mock brandy, or offer you the mate of the cigar he is smoking, for you are stroking his back the right way to please. But tell him the plain honest truth—that all penal laws, and all governments that are based on brute force and executed by sword and gun are evil and only evil, that they corrupt the people and constantly increase the very crimes and other evils they were instituted to suppress, and can never be made perfect because they spring from and are founded in error, and his back is up at once—he spits fire at you, calls you a rebel a treasonable wretch, and declares that hanging is too good for you.

If you are hypocritical enough, or ignorant enough to attend a church where a person who has no more knowledge than a hottentot, of the true spirit of the gospel, is from year to year, feeding his flock on the tainted flesh of a defunct theology, or amusing them with a tirade against Truth, or with a dog-hunt,—if you put into the plate liberally as it is passed round, you are stroking the Rev. Gentleman's back the way that pleases him—he will fawn upon you like a dog or purr around you like a cat.

But be honest with him, tell him plainly that he belongs to Babylon, that he knows nothing of the spirit of the gospel, that he never was called nor qualified by God to preach what he has never experienced, that he took up the trade of his own choice, that he is deceiving and swindling the people, that his water baptism, his bread and wine, his prayers &c. &c. are only the empty bottles and pap spoons of the old Jewish nursery which Christ put aside more than eighteen hundred years ago—tell him these and other truths wholesome and needful for him to know, and he at once manifests the real disposition of the cat when the fur is stirred the wrong way to please but the right way to cleanse it.

Man has, in all ages of the world, manifested this disposition of the cat. Every generation has had its true teachers and its false ones. The false teachers have stroked the backs of their cats the right way to please and the wrong way to cleanse them—they have said "poor pussy" from week to week and the cats have purred around them and fallen asleep in their laps. They have been permitted to put their heads in other people's cream pots, to catch the beautiful birds and other people's chickens without reproof, because if the parson's reprove them they could not share the game they catch—it would be stroking their backs the wrong way. So the consequence has been, that the cats have poached on other people's property and the priests have fared sumptuously on their share of the game, while the true preachers who have reprov'd the false priests and the people for their sins, have in all ages been persecuted, despised, scandalized and reviled.

The false teachers have been saying "poor puss!" and stroking the backs of their cats the right way to please, while the true preachers have been compelled or constrained by the truth, to cry "scat! keep out of that cream pot!" This is just the reason why false teachers have been petted while the true ones have been persecuted.

This cat-like disposition is manifested not only in individuals but in societies, communities and nations. Praise them for virtues which they know they never possessed, and they will swallow the baits their eyes will glisten with selfish pleasure and they will purr around you like the cat; but pass your hand the other way—tell them of their errors, faults and sins, and you must look out for claws and teeth.

Oh ye human cats—ye two-legged cream-stealers and bird and chicken catchers, ponder well the truths I have told you—read again your own characters and then set yourselves about the work of reform, for human cats can never inherit the kingdom of heaven, which is peace, love, harmony and joy, neither in this life nor that which is to come.

HALL OF CHARITY.

A VOICE FOR THE POOR.

In imitation of the style of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs."

Blow the fire cheerily,
Bid the flames merrily
Crackle and glow;
Hear how the winds without,
Keep up their dismal shout,
Blowing the sleet about,
Tossing the snow.

5

Here it is cheery warm,
Why should we heed the storm?

We have a fire.
See the flames glancing,
Sparkling and prancing,
Merrily dancing
Higher and higher!

Still, it is bitter cold!
God help the poor and old

On this drear night;
Freezing and sighing,
Chilled and half crying,
Stiffning and dying;—
What a sad sight!

See how they gather
Closer together,
Bemoaning the weather,
Quiv'ring with pain.
How their teeth chatter
With a dull clatter,
Just like the patter
Of merciless rain.

Ah! how very numb
Finger and stiffend thumb!
Yet the blue lips are dumb,
Utt'ring no groan;
Limbs growing rigid,
Breath all too frigid
Even to moan!

What a soul-sick'ning sight,
On this relentless night,
Savage with storm!
Father and mother,
Sister and brother,
Hugging each other
All to get warm!

Ah 'that it should be so
God of the cold and snow!
Would he might help their woe;
He only can.
Dying by inches!—
How the cold pinches!
Every nerve flinches

In the stern man
Horrid!—but must they die?
Is there no other nigh,
None but the God on high,
Help to bestow?
—Does He not tell us
We should be zealous,
Yea even anxious,
Pity to show?

Shall we sit idly by,
Seeing them freeze and die,
Yet for our apathy
Feeling unchid?
Frozen eyes staring,
Wild and despairing,
Horribly glaring
From the stiff lid!

No!—'t were insanity,
Wild inhumanity,
Startling barbarity,—
Conduct like THIS!
Unworthy our stations,
Our mutual relations,
Deserving whole nations,
Perpetual hiss!

Let us act nobly then;
Let us be christian men!
Striving with voice and pen.
Warmth to secure
To those who ever
Will bless our endeavor
Holy and pure
Pleading together,
"O, in cold weather,
Remember the Poor!"

[Salem, Mass. Register.

INFORMATION.

—Barnum, who is called the Prince of Humbugs, can teach hawks and doves to dwell together in peace; and other show-men have taught lions and tigers to live in harmony in the same den; but men who profess to be ministers of the Gospel of Peace, and pretend that they are qualified for the office by power from on high, have been teaching more rational beings than brutes, for the space of eighteen hundred years, and have not yet got the people of their own denominations to live, not in small cages, but in the broad world without piercing each others hearts, and cutting each others throats in war! Where is the trouble? Are men more vicious than brutes, or are the professed ministers of the Gospel imposters, who have preached something different from and opposite to the Gospel? It would be well for the world to follow up these questions, till they understand why ravenous brutes have been brought into better conditions in this respect than rational men; and if it be found that the teachers are imposters, who have taught war instead of peace, it would be well to discharge them at once and employ Barnum or other beast-tamers to civilize them, or exercise their own rational powers instead of looking longer to blind guides.

—If the miserable tyrannical bigots who procured the destruction of packages containing the October number of the "Boat," and as the dupe who was made a tool for that purpose, are willing to go into eternity with the guilt on their souls, they must be in an extremely dark or hardened condition. They need not delude themselves with the false hope that a profession of religion, a membership in the church, the prayers of priests or the fashionable sniveling death-bed repentance will blot the foul act from their memory. They will there feel the crime as they never felt it here. They may deceive men and themselves, but cannot hide from God and their guilty consciences there, and the better way for themselves as well as the injured, will be to make restitution as far as in their power, while here in the body. Should they repent of the crime, and desire to restore to the poor man they have robbed, the \$42 dollars that the papers cost, they can forward it to the editor.

—The false idea that men can commit crime on earth, and by a little sniveling on a death bed, gain admittance into heaven, has caused thousands to live in wickedness and die unprepared, to awake in astonishment and grief in the future state. The truth is, every sin will be brought to our minds to be mourned over and repented of before we can be happy, and if repentance comes not in this life, it must come in deeper misery in the life to come. The way from sin to happiness, whether in this life or the life to come, is a hard, wearisome one to travel

and those who do not travel it here will find harder traveling in the life to come.

The journey is not a single step nor a leap, nor a boast from some outside power, but a hard, sorrowful, weary travel, and what is not traveled here must be traveled hereafter in deeper anguish. A loss of time here is a loss of time in eternity. Let ministers heed this and no longer hold out the idea that a preparation for heaven or happiness is the work of a moment, but of a life-time, and if not performed here another period as long must be spent in the future, to perform what should have been done in the past.

—Wish you a merry Christmas! What does this wish mean? Taking the word "merry" in connection with the sayings and doings of the people generally on that day, one might conclude that they think that Christ did all that is to be done for their salvation, and bought license for them to sin in any direction. On the night previous to Christmas, stockings are stuffed, the Christmas tree is loaded with presents for the children. The day is ushered in with the discordant sounds of tin trumpets and firearms, and the little ones are told by their pious parents that O!d Santa Claus came down the chimney with presents, a falsehood which prepares their young minds to swallow mystery, and fits them to be the ready dupes of priests, who have an imaginary sooty old chap very different from Santa Claus, to put on their track if they do not see the sectarian crack. Then come fast rides, shooting and sporting matches, gambling, drinking, carousing, dancing, and with many, something worse. If this is what is meant by a merry Christmas, I have no lot nor part in the matter and want no such wishes.

If the story of the Saviour's birth and mission on earth be true, we see no propriety in observing the anniversary of his birth in such a manner. The event would rather seem to call for deep humility, penitence and gratitude—too deep to be expressed by boisterous mirth, and would seem to say "Be silent, oh earth and adore the wondrous love that brought a Saviour from the realms of bliss to a sin-ridden world, to suffer, the just for the unjust—to be cursed that you may live."

But these are strange times, and when divine messengers, so called, can drum up recruits for the army from the pulpit, and exhort them to go forth and fight manfully in the name of Christ, mingle and kill, lay waste fruitful fields, burn cities, curse to the extent of their power, those that never harmed them, we must expect to see a bobbery kicked up on Christmas day with the clergy at the head of it, or else as silent as other dumb dogs that bark for their bread.

—Good News! Thousands are talking about universal peace, and a congress of natives to settle all public disputes, without a resort to arms. Peace meet-

ings have been held in various parts of the old world as well as in America. A book has appeared in France, supposed to have been written by the Emperor, which favors universal peace. Doubtless many who are engaged in this cause would be swept again into the war channel if another war should commence, but others are honest and would stand firm and steadfast, and we hail with joy, every sincere effort to put an end to strife, and usher in the long-talked-of but little sought for Millennium.

FROM THE BOND OF PEACE.

By Jonathan Whipple.

The saint and sinner, all combine
To join the holy train;
They all receive the sacred prayer,
And give the priest his gain.

They all unite with one accord,
To shed their brethren's blood;
The priest will lift his voice on high,
And give the praise to God.

Their great, extensive, costly plans,
Continually maintained;
Where hundred thousand lives are lost,
And nothing good is gained.

Those great and costly ships of war,
Are jails to shut up men;
Being confined till battle day,
And executed then.

And though those ships resemble hell,
And are so stained with blood
A holy priest is there employed,
To preach the word of God.

How can that manly human soul,
That bright and glorious mind,
Be thus transformed by satan, for
Destruction of its kind?"

MEMORY.

There is magic in the very word. How it thrills though the human heart, awakening thoughts and emotions long since forgotten. The memory of one's childhood home, remains ever in the breast; a golden thread running through the crust of pride and worldliness that covers the heart once pure and innocent; a chain between the past and present, and although distance may lengthen it, still it remains unbroken. Degraded indeed must be the man, from whose mind, all memory of his early home has fled. He may wander in distant lands, foreign winds bronze his cheek and brow, sin and dissipation do their work, yet ever in his heart remains one green oasis. The memory of "Home and Mother." Borne on the wings of memory, he is again a child, sporting in the old familiar haunts. The low, brown farm house, with its moss covered roof, and quaint old gables! the well with its long sweep and pole, around which the tall plantain grew rank and

green, pass before him like a dream.
Many a time has the "old oaken bucket"
given him a draught sweeter than the
ruby wine that sparkles and glows upon
his table. A grassy mound in the grave
yard, and the picture is complete. His
mother's grave! Tears, rare visitants to
those eyes, fall like rain, and—"he" will
feelingly remember a mother's tender piety
And the touching recollection of her prayer
shall arrest the strong man in his sin."
Richmond, Me. C.

HALL OF FASHION.

I have heard women say they could not wear
the Reform Dress because editors and others were
forever poking fun at it; but who ever poked
more fun at a Reform dress than is contained in
the following notice of the fashionable toggery?

FASHIONABLE,

As along the street I blundered,
Much I marvelled, much I wondered,
Seeing sights and things that mortal
Never saw or dreamed before;
On the pavement came a rapping
As of footfalls gently tapping,
And I heard a muslin-flapping,
Which my eye would fain explore.
" 'Tis some female," then I muttered—
I had seen the thing before—
Only this and nothing more.

Came this female sweeping by me;
Fearing she should chance to spy me,
Suddenly I stepped into a
Friendly, waiting, open door;
Thence I saw the lovely maiden—
Being from some distant Aiden—
All perfumed and dry goods laden.
Pass me and go on before.
Nought had I to do but follow
And note down the dress she wore—
" 'Twas a mystery to explore.

And I found—by close inspection—
That her haughty, upper section,
Something chance had called a bonnet,
On its pericranium wore;
And her breast was heaving slowly
'Neath a garment fashioned low-ly,
And I knew the movement wholly,
I had never seen before;—
For I knew 'twas "patent heavers"
That this raident maiden wore—
Only these and nothing more

And her cheeks were full and rosy—
I could tell you, *inter nos*, a
Secret that a druggist told me
Of the color that she wore—
Yet her cheeks were very pleasing,
But her look at me was freezing,
And she showed a sign of sneezing,
As she swept along before;
And she sneezed a pair of "plumpers"
Out at least a yard before,
Only this and nothing more

Then I noticed an uncertain,
Shifting of the muslin curtain,
That her feet had deftly hidden
From my errant eyes before;
With each step came a desire
That 'twould lift a little higher,
And at last it did aspire
Higher than I'd seen before,
And I knew it was a "tilter"
That this saintly maiden wore;
Just a "tilter"—nothing more

And the tilting and the rocking
Up and down the splendid stocking
Gartered by a blueish ribbon,
That I chanced to see she wore,
Showed me—'twas a sight for weeping,
That a pair of calves were creeping
Out of place as she was sweeping
Like a stately queen before;
Calves that she had lately purchased
From a fancy dry goods store,
Patent calves—and not much more.

And the fluttering and the flapping
Of the maiden's gaudy trapping
Showed me sights that never mortal
Eye had dared to see before:
Sights revealed by every lifting,
Of the folds of muslin drifting
Round her, which the winds were shifting
Eye-ward higher, more and more,
Sights that to mortal vision
Never were revealed before,
Nameless here forever more.

And while thus her rigging fluttered,
Much I wondered, and I muttered:
"And you call this thing a woman
That is trouncing on before;
She, the brazen doll of fashion,
Wrapped in one tremendous passion,
Sunken from her noble station
To the thing that goes before;
Oh! that ever mortal vision
Should such mystery explore,"
This I muttered, nothing more.

And the thought came o'er me gushing,
"Where has gone the art of blushing
That we loved in wife or maiden
In the saintly days of yore?"
Call me, if you will, uncivil,
While I name her "thing of evil,
And I wish the very—*deuce*
Had the toggery she wore,
And again she were arrayed in
Dresses like her mother wore,
Vanished now forever more.

[Atlanta Era.

GOVERNMENT HALL

A NEST OF ROGUES.

Do the people who support our miserable
government, know what a nest of rogues
and robbers congress is? If they do not
they ought to know, and we would tell them
if in our power, but the roguery and robb-
ery is so great and extended through so
many branches of government that we sup-
pose it would be impossible for any man
living to give a full account of the iniquity.
The people know that their taxes are e-
normous, preventing many from securing
comfortable homes, and impoverishing those
who have homes, but none know how much
money is collected in the aggregate nor
where it goes to. We will give a few speci-
mens of roguery and robbery, hoping it will
open the eyes of those who have been hood-
winked by politicians and set them to look-
ing into the mystery of iniquity in high pla-
ces, and inquiring seriously whether such
a government is a blessing or a curse.

In the first place the people who earn all

that is paid for the support of government,
have no voice in fixing the wages of con-
gress-men. If they hire a man on the farm
or in the shop, they can have some voice in
fixing the rates of pay, to something like a
fair price! but the rogues in congress vote
themselves pay without consulting tax-pay-
ers about the price, they have voted them-
selves five thousand dollars each, for part
of a year's services, besides pillage and
plunder—a sum equal to five to ten times
as much as farmers, mechanics and labor-
ers receive for a hard years labor; In ad-
dition to this they draw so much per mile
in going to and from Washington, a sum
equal to five or ten times as much as one of
the above working classes would spend in
travelling the same distance.

With regard to the plunder we give the
following extract from a political paper of
sept, 1867.

The amount of plunder they get is past
finding out; but by way of illustration, let
us give some samples of it upon a small
scale, and leave you to judge what it must
be on a larger scale.

We have a copy of Senate Miscellaneous
Document No. 54, Thirty ninth Congress,
second session, which is a detailed statement
of payments from the contingent fund of the
Senate for the year ending December 3, 1866,
published in accordance with an act passed
in 1842, and certified by J. W. Forney, Sec-
retary of the Senate. It is a pamphlet of 87
pages, about 10 by 6 inches, in fine print,
giving items of contingent expenses of the
Senate, which, in the absence of Southern
Senators is composed of 52 members. We
have added up some classes of these items
with the following results, which shows
sufficiently the character of these contingent
expenses:

For pocket-knives, 504 in number.	\$1,118.30
For pen knives, 405 in number.	1,204.60
Making 914 knives for these 52 gentlemen, in one year, about 18 each; an average cost \$2 53; amounting to	2,322.90
703 pairs of shears, about 14 pairs each, cost	325.00
Sponge,	364.76
7,137 pairs of scissors, about 22 pairs each, at a little over \$1 a pair,	1,189.10
210 pairs of kid gloves, about 4 pairs each, at \$2.50 a pair,	525.00
116 diaries,	206.75
294 portfolios, nearly 6 each, at about \$4	1,104.00
446 pocket-books, 8 each, at about \$2.50	1,019.50
309 brushes,	354.35
556 pin-cushions,	60.00
1,085 boxes of pens,	1,895.64

2,808 lead-pencils,	725.33
Newspapers and magazines,	3,266.60
2,876 1-2 reams of paper,	4,992.39
1,807 454 envelopes,	10,904.97

Other items, such as paper-weights, cork-screws, cords, erasers, leather dusters, cha-mois skins, folders, pen-wipers, blank-books, inkstands, eyelet machines, pamphlet-cases, copy-books, paper-files, pen racks, stationery cases, gold pens, dies, key-rings, match-cases, fluid, silk tape, card-cases, memorandum books, combs, cologne, soap, pomade, toilet powder, lemons are scattered, through the book in quantities sufficient to supply all their friends, or to set up variety stores in the country.

In the House the rule allows each member so much for stationery, to be paid in money or stationery as he chooses, but stationery is furnished in addition to all committees, and the practice is for members to supply themselves from that furnished to committees, and then take the allowance.

REPEATING IT AT THE ADJOURNED SESSION
IN JULY.

On motion of Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, on the 8th of July last, an order was adopted to allow the same amount to members for newspapers and stationery for that adjourned term as allowed for a short term of Congress.

If they will thus rob the people in small matters, what may we not expect on a large scale? Is it any wonder that these men amass immense fortunes? that so many of them are able to be traveling now in foreign lands, rioting in the luxuries and splendors of wealth?

So much for the testimony of a political paper, that ought to know the facts. Is it any wonder the people are so heavily taxed, that many of them, ever industrious, hardly know how to support their families, and is it any wonder that these congress rogues, besides traveling in Europe like princes, have means to buy up at cheap rate, all the land on new railroads, and around new settlements and hold it till the labors of others around it, double and treble its value, thus further enslaving men who want land and whom they have once before robbed in the shape of salaries, pillage and plunder. And the people cling to a government like this, like drowning men to straws, and starve and fight the papers that labor to enlighten them and relieve them of their burdens.

From the Bond of Peace.

DEFENCE.

What Means should a Nation Adopt for Domestic Security and to Prevent Foreign Invasion?

Standing Armies Considered in an Historical Point of View--Have they been Beneficial?--Will they Fulfil the Uses for which they were Intended?

Is a Permanent Military Force or a Militia the Best to Promote and Maintain National Security?

We translate the following extremely-interesting article from *La Liberté*, a Paris journal of immense influence and large circulation among the middle and lower classes of the French empire:

What part have standing armies borne in history? What have they ever done to sustain the honor and promote the security of the country that maintains them?

Let us take the true sense of the words. What is a standing army? It is an army levied, kept up and paid by a few individuals, acting in the name of those who constitute the nation, and in virtue of a permanent law. But every army, once called out must be considered as being without the constitution and the common law of the country. It becomes an assemblage of a certain number of citizens, placed in a class apart; because it exists, a part of the nation becomes deprived of constitutional law, by the operation of the constitution, and the law. We will not discuss the right, but will simply define and establish the fact.

Did the warlike nations of antiquity, the Greek and Romans, keep up standing armies? We answer No! "When the sway of Rome was kept within Italy," says Montesquieu, "the republic could easily maintain itself. Every soldier was equally a citizen; each consul levied an army, and other citizens went to the wars with those who succeeded them. The number of soldiers was not excessive and they took care to incorporate into the militia (militia) only such men as possessed sufficient property to make them directly interested in upholding the State." It was with such an army that Rome conquered Italy, held the Gauls in awe, and freed herself from the presence of the forces of Pyrrhus and of Hannibal, who were soldiers by profession.

Rome did not possess standing armies until considerably later, after Sylla, Marius, the proscriptions and Caesar; under the Emperors she possessed a Prætorian Guard. What was the result? A regular army, most admirable, numerous and valiant, and splendidly equipped, was placed as an impenetrable and eternal barrier behind the strong natural defences of the Rhine, the Alps and the Danube. Beyond were barbarian hordes, a roving population, often half starved; but one day they threw themselves against these fine armies, these boasted frontiers, behind which all was open. The barbarians burst through the cordon and established themselves in the Roman Empire.

Again: Charlemagne had a standing army, but it did not defend France against the piracies of the Northmen.

The entire feudal system was much in the nature of a standing army, the great lords had the privilege and the monopoly of war, but they did not secure the French nation from the English invasion.

Since the day that a Norman cast out the invaders, the feudal or standing army was aided by the forces of the people, or the landwehr. But the permanent army failed twice in its tasks. Duguesclin led his troops to perish miserably among the hills of Spain, and Louis XI, while still Dauphin, took his forces to Saint Jacques, where the Swiss pikemen speedily delivered our ancestors of their dangerous defenders.

What could a feudal army do against the people themselves? Did it repress the wonderful growth of Flanders? Has the Austrian cavalry ever overcome the Swiss militia?

At Ravenna, on one occasion, in a French army, in an expedition against the Spaniards, old soldiers fought side by side with raw troops. The old regulars, who made war a matter of business, were shoulder to shoulder with the volunteers, sturdy peasants, of Captain Dumallord. A river was to be crossed. In the records of the day we read: "Captain Dumollard said to his boors (rustres): 'Boys, shall these rascals cross before us? For myself, I would rather be hanged first.' The boors went across, and won the battle."

The armies of Spain, the tough veterans who shook the earth as they ordered arms, could not reconquer the United Provinces, which were now roused against them.

Later still, an engineer officer, Louvois, raised and organized a magnificent standing army. Did it relieve France from the misery and humiliation which accompanied the close of the reign of Louis XIV?

Under Louis XV., when French Canada invaded the English colonies of America, what repelled our attack? The red-coats or the colonial troops? We ask an answer. All the forces of England were as nothing compared with the raw levies of Washington.

Has history no other example for us? We have seen La Vendee hold her own against Kleber and Marceau; we have seen how in 1792 the wooden shod peasants and the ragamuffins of the cities overthrew by the Sambre and the Rhine the armie of Frederick the Great; we have seen how in the war with Spain their regular army was dispersed almost at the first shot, and the regiments of Na-

poleon harassed on all sides by guerillas; we have seen the soldiers of Mack, of Brunswick and Prince Charles, throw away their arms before our troops, and three years afterwards we saw the Tyrolese peasants, the Prussian students and the militia (landsturm) of Andrew Hofer and Blucher drive us back to the walls of Paris; we have seen how Garibaldi's red shirts conquer the Two Sicilies; we took Puebla from the regulars of Ortega, and we lost Monterey, Tampico and Matamoras to the guerillas of Escobedo. All these examples should afford us a lesson.

Large standing armies are not a means of defence, but an ever-present danger. They are but as a shadow, and, that gone, nothing remains. An army may be beaten, but a people cannot be conquered if it resists absorption. These splendid armies, these masses of men flushed with victories, these machines of defence and conquest, are such prodigious instruments of war, that to maintain them requires the best fruits of the soil. The tool is an admirable one, but it is badly handled, and when it breaks in the hand, what is to be done? Your game is a great one, it is true, but that is all. Play, you may gain, and you may lose, and if you lose your power is broken for the present.

We have examined the past, let us observe the present. Is it possible to organize a means of defence, according to the modern system of war, without recourse to a permanent army? Are leather-stocked soldiers any more needful now than formerly? Then it was necessary to make long marches to execute manoeuvres; now we have railroads to transport our men to the battle-field. Then we had to have large masses of men concentrated, ready for service; now we have the telegraph to call the people to rally under the standards. Then we had bullies, accustomed to use the sword, but now we use improved arms, capable of discharging ten bullets each minute. Then we needed a highly disciplined cavalry force, but to-day, before the breech-loading musket and the rifle-cannon, cavalry has ceased to become indispensable in fighting a battle. Finally, we then made wars of conquest, but to-day we make them no more, nor do we wish other nations to indulge in such luxuries.

LEON CABAN.

FROM THE BOND OF PEACE.

WOMANS HALL.

WOMAN.

As a dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of a wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in cheerful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood" until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should be brought to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that previously snapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.