

CHARIOT OF WISDOM AND LOVE.

GOD MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

VOLUME I.

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J. HACKER CONDUCTOR.

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A SPIRIT SONG.

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

GOVERNMENT HALL.

Remarks Concluded.

My friend, whose letter was published in the last No. of the Chariot, thinks that if our *carnal* Government were abolished bigamy might creep in as a *spice* in the new dispensation; and also says we have fines and penalties against all sorts of immoralities and vices.

Bigamy is defined as "the crime of having two wives at once." Bigamy could not exist by force any more than drunkenness or slavery. It must be the free choice of both parties, and if left to themselves the sufferings caused by transgression would cure the error or crime more effectually than legal punishment. But suppose bigamy did creep in, how much worse would the condition of women be then, than it is now under the present system of legalized adultery under the marriage law, which robs the wife of the right to her own body and makes her a slave to the lusts of the husband? But do our laws shut out secret bigamy? Go to Washington the Capital of the nation; see that long row of houses on one of the principal avenues of that city. Every house in that long row except one or two, is a house of ill-fame patronized by members of Congress and others called to that city on Government business—"the congregated wisdom of the nation"—the same kind of foolish wisdom which that notorious libertine old king Solomon was so much noted for. Those houses are visited by more married men than unmarried. Can there be a worse form of bigamy without law than exists there? and does this look as though laws for all immoralities are of any force, while the law makers of the nation can quietly and undisturbed, transgress thus under the very nose of the highest officers of the Government? There are to-day in the city of New York not less than twenty thousand fallen women who are visited as much by married as by unmarried men, and a large number in all other large cities. *Bigamy! Spice!* Would this matter be worse if there had never been any

other Government than what the people would have exerted over their children and each other by moral and spiritual influences? No. It would not have been half as bad if there never had been a statute law in this nation. The Government itself has been one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of all causes of this state of things. By robbing men of land which was theirs by birthright, thousands and millions have been driven to the ocean or to cities to wear themselves out in procuring a bare subsistence, or to be devoured by sharks. The wars of the country have also destroyed thousands and hundreds of thousands more. The young women being thus deprived of companions have sought employment in cities and factories where thousands of them have been lured down to infamy by libertines, so that we may justly charge the land-grabbing government with a large share of this licentiousness. Had the land always been free as it should have been, thousands of men who have been buried in the ocean or died in foreign climes, or slain in war, and thousands of females who are now in houses of ill-fame, or have passed through them to untimely graves, would now be alive and virtuous, industrious cultivators of the soil.

Near twenty years ago an aged member of the society of friends who had spent much of his life in the city of New York, told me there were then more than eighteen thousand fallen women in that city, and their average term of life after entering that course would not exceed five years, so that every five years there were eighteen thousand new victims. He also declared the larger portion came there from the rural districts, through serving in cities or factories. Not a steam boat nor train of cars leaves Maine that has not on board more or less young girls bound to cities or factories, seeking employment, and not a car nor a boat leaves on which there are not libertines whose lecherous eyes read the countenances and hearts of these inexperienced girls at a glance, and I have heard of many who have been ruined by libertines before reaching their place of destination. More virtuous and worthy girls cannot be found in the world, yet many of them being young and inexperienced, having been ever accustomed to the honest sincerity of home and neighbors, and ignorant of the baseness of a certain class of men, they too easily fall a prey to destroyers. Many of them are from poor families, and never had much money nor fashionable clothing; and when they begin to earn money are lured to spend it for dress and ornaments. Then comes a

stagnation in business, because labor has been too cheap and manufacturing has in consequence been overdone. The factories stop, and many of the operatives being ashamed to return to their homes without money, are lured off to the cities by both male and female runners that are sent out from houses of ill-fame for that purpose, and thus Government furnishes new victims by robbing men of land and driving them to the ends of the earth, leaving the females a prey to the spoiler. I charge Government in swelling the number of ruined females in various ways, and with increasing all other crimes, and challenge all its friends and supporters to clear it from the charge if they can. So much for the *spice* of bigamy which prevails under the nose of the Government and all its laws for the suppression of immorality; and who that has common sense can believe that so corrupt a state of things would exist if there never had been any political government or statute laws? The nation has been trying to walk on crutches, has never used its moral and spiritual legs; it has had its sham government and laws for one crutch, and its sham religion for the other, and there has been no salvation in either or both. The people have been growing worse all the time. Crimes that were formerly committed once in an age, and that occupied columns in a news paper, and startled the whole nation, are now of daily occurrence and scarcely excite surprise, so corrupt has the nation become, and so addicted to sin. Had the people never had these crutches, the sham laws and sham religion to lean on, they would have used their moral and spiritual legs—would have felt the necessity of doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly—also the necessity of training up their children in the practice of the golden rule, and we should now have men with sufficient moral and spiritual power to look sinners into repentance, and the state of morals would have been a hundred times better than it is now, while people are trusting in statute laws and quack divinity, while moral and spiritual power sufficient to cleanse and save the nation from all sins is lying dormant within them. There is fire enough lying dormant in one little bit of flint and of steel, or in a lucifer match, to consume the world, or all of it that is combustible; and so there is power in the souls of men, if they will let it come into action, to purify the world from every sin, and he who says it is impossible for us to live and prosper without political Government founded on fines and penalties, which must be enforced by the sword, denies the pow-

er of man, calls Christ an impostor or fanatic, and the gospel a failure, and is guilty of blasphemy when he prays for the dawn of the Millennium, for these are all as much opposed to our government as holiness is to sin or heaven is to that other place, for in nature they are directly opposite and cannot exist together.

LADIES' SALOON.

[For the Chariot.]

Another Plea for Erring Women.

I have been much pleased—highly gratified in reading the communications of correspondents in the Chariot. All of them contain truths that are needed by the world, and which if received and practiced, would be worth more to the world than any amount of silver or gold.

But I wish now to call attention to the "Plea for Erring Women," by GERMAINE, in the last No. of the Chariot. That appeal ought to be read by every woman in America, and should go to the heart and excite to action in behalf of a class of beings who "are more sinned against than sinning."

I have long observed that when a young woman makes a misstep, no matter how young or inexperienced, how unprotected, or how strongly tempted, her own sex are the first to condemn and the fiercest in their efforts to crowd her down to ruin. She is despised, shunned, calumniated as a thing accursed and beyond redemption. No matter how deep her grief or how sincere her penitence for the misstep, there is no forgiveness for her in the bosoms of her own sex except here and there one. Though she begs in tears for an opportunity to work for an honest living, and regain her place in society by a virtuous life, she is spurned from the door, and in many cases the secret guilt of those who spurn her would be deeper and blacker than her own if it were only brought to the public view.

I have had considerable acquaintance with Mrs. Grundy and a large circle of her associates, and in my efforts to reform the erring I have learned something of the history of erring females, and find that one very great difference between Mrs. Grundy and her friends, and many on whom they look down with contempt is, that the latter "have been found out," while the former have not.

The affected horror that females generally express towards their erring sisters whom they should labor to restore, is no proof of their purity, for as Germaine says, "while they despise and shun them, they receive to their society and even their caresses, the foul seducer in all his guilt." Were it purity of spirit that caused them to recoil from a fallen woman, with how much more horror would they recoil from the more guilty and criminal seducer!

Heaven placed man as a protector, guardian and guide to woman. It is his office to protect her from all evil, to elevate, refine, exalt, ennoble and strengthen her in all that is pure and holy; while it is her province to confide in him, to look to him for protection, counsel and guidance. God, or Nature fixed it thus; but man has betrayed his holy trust, and instead of exalting her to heaven by the purity of his own life and the aid he should give her, he has debased himself and drags her down to ruin. The pure, confiding love that she bestows on him in all sincerity, truth and trust, he basely uses for her destruction. He is the chief sinner; yet while she is spurned from society, he whose guilt is far greater, is courted and caressed.

In vain may Mrs. Grundy and her friends pretend that it is their purity which leads them to gather up their skirts so daintily and tiptoe round an erring sister as though her very shadow would contaminate them, so long as they can receive to their drawing rooms and parlors, and even in marriage, the base seducer. There is no purity in such people, if there was, they would spurn the seducer from their door as a wolf from the fold, while they bound up and nursed the bleeding victim as a lamb torn by the ravenous beast.

Think of the motherless girl but 15 years of age going forth from the quiet rural district, where she is pure and good, without having had a single friend to teach or warn her, to take up her abode and earn her own living amid strangers and the temptations of the city with no friend to guard, counsel or protect her. Young, inexperienced, friendless, lonely, her soul pining for companionship, innocent and confiding. Is it any wonder that a few such fall a prey to the practiced libertine? Rather is it not a wonder that more are not ruined? Then think of Mrs. Grundy and her friends, who, with all their knowledge of society, spurn the victim from their back doors as she asks for work or a cold crumb to save her from deeper degradation, and then throw wide open their parlors and their arms to the vile man who wrought the ruin! Oh no. Mrs. Grundy and all ye Misses Grundys, who are guilty of such enormities, tell it not that your affected horror for the fallen of your own sex, springs from your purity, so long as you can countenance the presence of the lustful betrayer. If you were yourselves innocent, pure and good, you would have no fear of being injured by efforts to save the fallen of your own sex, you could clasp her hand to save, if the purity of heaven were in you, as eagerly at least as you now clasp the hand of the more guilty and polluted seducer.

LENA HERDNA HUNTER.

SITTING ROOM.

[Written for the Chariot.]

Evening Thoughts.

Angels are with me to-night, filling my soul with divinest melody till every chord of the human harp vibrates to the touch of an invisible hand.

What earthly joy could compensate me for the loss of these dear friends? What earthly love could fill the void if they should leave me? When oppressed with grief or burdened with care, their gentle influences steal into my soul like balm, raising me so far above the inharmonies of earth, that I rest in the arms of those who will love and cheer me through all life's journey, and I would that all who doubt the power of spirits to aid us might feel the height and depth of this holy love.

The past with its discipline looks now as I believe it will when I have laid off the mortal; and in the fullness of my soul I can say, I thank God that through bitter chastenings He has brought me to himself. This quiet, so enchanting, reminds me of the sweet Sabbath rest which is coming to our earth-weary souls, when the blessed guide, called death, shall lead us from all sorrowing and sinning, into that beautiful world where the pure radiance of God's love will shine upon us in unclouded brightness.

Then the jarring and discord that comes from man's unchastened passions will forever cease, and all will strive to live in harmony with the teachings of the Divine Instructor.

And may God grant the time may come when the inhabitants of earth shall no longer hurt or destroy each other; "when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea"—when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard and the lion shall lie down with the kid, and the venomous serpent shall be powerless to harm the little child. When this glorious time, so long foretold, shall come, then will be no more wars, for the beasts of prey will be subdued and brought under the higher powers. Widows and orphans and aged parents will not then mourn the loss of their earthly support slain in battle, or pining and dying in loathsome prisons; and instead of rushing on to death in defence of a torn and blood-stained battle-flag,—the ensign of "Peace on earth, good will to man" shall wave triumphantly over a ransomed world.

Ye noble workers in the cause of human progress, go on, aiming the arrows of truth into the hearts of all false gods until they are destroyed;—go on breaking the chains which bind the human soul, for they are no less galling than those that bind the flesh, and teach man, that however high his profession may be, nothing but the pure principles of love and peace will give him an entrance into the heavenly kingdom.

GERMAINE.

PUBLIC HALL.

Another Good Time.

Having given notice for a meeting to be held at "Round Pond," Bristol, on the 17th of Dec., I took passage on the 15th in the cars to Bath, and to my surprise found the fare higher than it formerly was in the old stage coach. And I would like here to ask where a man can go or what he can do without feeling the blighting curse of the late terrible war? House rent, fuel, food, clothing—in short, every necessary of life is from fifty to three hundred per cent higher than before the war, and the rich who make the laws, or who influence those who make them, have contrived to fix things in a way to throw the burden as heavily on the poor as on the richest. Instead of taxing property to pay the expenses of the war, making each man pay according to what he is worth, they have put the tax mainly on the necessities of life so that the poor man with eight bodies to shelter, clothe, warm and feed, if he lives equally as well, is taxed twice as much as the rich man who has but four to care for! Why do the laboring classes, who are in the majority, permit the rich to rule and ride them thus? Why not elect men to office (if they persist in maintaining a carnal government,) who will do justice, and make those who have the faculty of filching from others, bear their full share of the public expense?

I had a very comfortable ride to Brunswick, but the day was very cold, and while the cars were stopping there to divide their passengers and baggage with the two other roads, I ran about the depot and street with the hope of once more shaking hands with some relative or friend, for I was once more in the village of my native town; but nearly all whom I saw were strangers, the friends and acquaintances of my youth having nearly all given place to a new generation, or been so changed by time that I could not recognize them. I entered the car for Bath chilled with cold, and there was not fire enough to "thaw a sketer" four feet from the stove, and what little warmth there was, was absorbed by a circle of men round the fire, or the place where the fire should have

been. At Bath I sought in vain for a place to warm my aching feet while the stage men were selecting and loading the baggage.

Wonder how long it will be before we shall have some Yankee invention that will enable us to take a small house with us when we travel? There seems to be great need of such a contrivance. Look at the chests, trunks, valises, boxes, flower pots, band-boxes, carpet bags!—what a pile of them and no house to put them in; and then if you are hungry you must give from 50 cents to a dollar for a meal that costs from one to two dimes. Blessings on the man that will invent or discover some means by which travelers can take their houses with them,—or else teach them to leave part of their baggage behind, and make hotel keepers reasonable in their charges.

Not finding fire enough to thaw my toes in the *Gentlemen's Room*, I ventured to poke my nose into the *Ladies' Department*, but just the same there; so I took to the open air, and tried to warm myself by kicking and stamping. At length the heavy baggage was arranged and bound to the rack on the stern of the coaches, and then such a time, handing up and stowing valises, boxes, packages, bales, bundles and parcels inside of the coach. They were stowed under and piled on to the three seats, and with eight of us humanities, including one fat woman, were packed, squeezed and wedged in among the "truck" as fast and safe as though we had been in the old Puritanic stocks, that in "ye olden time, used to punish heretics, witches and scolds for ye good of their souls and ye glory of God."

I looked at the chap that stowed the baggage inside, and said to myself, that is an honest, faithful, trusty man, but if he is the one to drive this heavy load over the rough roads by night we shall all go to smash together, for however worthy or faithful he may be in other matters, stage driving is not his *natural* occupation. So when all was ready for a start I put my head out of the open window in spite of the wind and the cold, to see who was to mount the box, for if I was about to have my neck broken I wanted to know it in season to pencil a line or two, informing my friends that I had not changed in my faith, nor retracted forty years' testimony in the face of danger. But when I saw the real Jehu mount the box, the twinkle of his eye and the first sweep of his long whip told the whole story—he was made for a Jehu, and my bones were safe; but I was still shivering with cold, yet the coach being well supplied with warm blankets and buffalo robes, I soon become quite comfortable; but another delay of ten or fifteen minutes occurred, for the big ferry boat that was to take the two four horse coaches and some half dozen single wagons over the Kennebec was on the other side. At length we were across the river and on our way over the rough, frozen ground, the manner in which we were shaken up and down too, and jolted was or should be a caution to fat people to do up their coach traveling before the ground freezes or delay it till sleighing; but lean people will find philosophy in rough roads in cold weather. It shakes them up and helps to keep them warm. About ten miles shaking and jolting, and tossing and rocking brought us to Wiscasset where we warmed ourselves at a good fire, and started again with fresh horses. Eight miles more brought us to Damariscotta, and before I was out of the coach my good friend W. F. W., whom I had never before seen, and who had by letter kindly offered to meet me, had me by the hand; and a ride of seven miles in his carriage took me to his father's where I received as much kindness and attention as though I

had been some great man. What a blessed thing it is for one to find himself perfectly at home among strangers,—at a home where he can sit down and rest without being questioned, and pumped and urged and even forced to talk when inclined to be quiet. I wish every body where I travel understood this. When I go out to hold meetings in some places, people plan work for me before I arrive, and when I wish to sit down quietly and feel out the condition of the people, I am thronged with callers who expect a *circle* and *tests*, or a testimony of some kind in direct opposition to all my best feelings, and which, if I complied with their requests, would be like trampling a growing crop of good food under foot, instead of waiting for it to ripen. If people were what and where they should be, in spirit, there would be concert of action; but while some are so superficial that they have no spiritual life in themselves, or no spiritual food in their own store houses, but depend on others for enjoyment, they will always be planning to draw out speakers before the right time; and I am sorry to be forced to believe that too many who profess to be speakers and mediums for Truth are too easily drawn out to gratify itching ears and to feed with unripe food those who are too indolent or ignorant to seek daily food for themselves.

If people where I travel want *circles* or evening meetings before the one I have appointed, let them have them, but not look to me, nor yet flock around me in private, expecting to draw me into conversation, for there are times and seasons, seed time and harvest and times of rest with me, and I have often had to flee to the woods, to be alone and still, and avoid having what was silently ripening in my mind, destroyed. These remarks are not intended to drive people from me, but simply as a caution for strangers not to plan work for me without my knowledge, nor persist in trying to draw me into conversation when they see that I am inclined to be silent.

With my friends, the W. family, there was none of this planning nor pumping. It was a quiet, pleasant home, and Saturday was to me a day of rest which I had long needed, having been constantly busy day and evening till I was almost exhausted.

The Sabbath, so called, came and with it a snow storm which prevented many from attending the meeting. It sifted the people. Those who had but little zeal or love for the truth remained at home, while the earnest, inquiring minds turned out in the storm, and it is well, perhaps, that it was stormy, for the meeting house was almost full, and a more intelligent looking and attentive congregation I have seldom met with. There were not only Spiritualists, but some of all the prevailing denominations in that region present, for the people generally are less bigoted, more liberal and inquiring than in many places. To me it was a good meeting. I spoke plain, practical truths, as ability was given at the time, for nothing is studied nor planned by me beforehand. I find it my business when I enter a meeting to present myself as an empty vessel, putting aside all past experience, so that I may be baptised as it were into the condition of the people, and utter what is given me at the time, for I can not speak when and what I might choose to. When the fountain closes I cannot open it, and when it opens I cannot close it, and must utter what is given. At the close of the forenoon meeting I stated to the people that they could decide whether there should be another that day. If it was their choice that I should meet with them, and if I had anything more to say to them they should

have it. They decided to meet again after an intermission of one hour, and again the house was filled and it was a good meeting to me, and I think good seed was sown there and inquiries awakened that will have an effect on many long after the hand that writes this has ceased from its labors.

I received many invitations from new found friends to visit them, and to hold meetings in various places, but felt that the leaven in the meal that day should have time to work some first, and I had been so comfortable and quiet with the family of my friends W., that I returned to spend another night with them, and the next morning William brought me on my way some miles, after which, called at a house to inquire the way when the woman knew me, as strangers often do, and invited me to rest and dine with them, but not being weary nor hungry I thanked her for her kind feelings, and traveled on. Came to a school house which I entered, and after talking to the pupils and their young teacher, and distributing a few papers left the house in tears, for the future was opened to my view and in which I saw the end of some of the youths that I had been addressing. After walking some distance called at another house to ascertain if I was in the right road, and here the people knew me and invited me in to see a sick daughter. They were subscribers to my paper, and consequently prepared to listen gladly to the words that I felt to speak. On coming out of the house found the boy had made ready the horse for his father to help me on my way a mile or two and pointed out the house at which I must call to get a passage over the water to Hodgdon's mills in the town of Boothbay. This like "Round Pond" is a commercial village, and a place for building vessels. There were half a score of vessels or keels just laid and frames going up. Found a good home for the night with C. H., the father of the village near 80 years of age, who has been one of the most industrious, hard-working ship builders in the State. He seemed so much like a father to me that I requested and obtained his picture which I shall place first in my Album if I am ever fortunate enough to own one.

In the morning, though it was snowing fast, gave notice for an evening meeting, which will be remembered by me if not by others, as long as the mind retains recollections of the past. There was a good deal of religious error and sectarian rubbish to be removed, but at length the waters of love and spiritual life gushed forth and spread over the meeting. Oh, that I had language to describe the scene as it appeared to me. It seemed as though scores of those who had been lost on the ocean or died in foreign climes, had returned to hover about their friends, and their presence seemed to me quite as real as the presence of those still in human bodies. I could feel their influence all joyous beyond expression, in having one to stand up before their friends declaring that the kingdom of heaven has come to earth, and that those whose bodies are buried in the ocean or in foreign lands, return in spirit to the homes and friends that they love. That meeting was no other than the House of God and the gates of Heaven to my soul.

My good father Hodgdon kindly gave me my board though I had called at his house for lodgings as a stranger without making myself known, and insisted on paying my stage fare to Wiscasset. And the people at all three of the meetings I have named very kindly contributed sufficient to cover my expenses, leaving a small sum to be spent in missionary labors in dark places that are not yet prepared to sustain the preaching of anything better

than the *gunspel*; and the various traditions and errors of the popular creeds. At 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, took passage in the stage to Bath, and thence by cars to Brunswick, where I hired a hall, and gave notice for a meeting on the Sabbath, and spent a part of the week with five families of relatives in as many dwellings on what was once the homestead of my father. Looked at the spot where I was born; thought of the changes I had lived to see, and was happy at the thought of the glad meeting when all arrive in the Sunny Land where separation and death are never known—where the loved and the loving shall meet to realize all the fond hopes and holy aspirations of their souls.

Sunday 24th, went to Brunswick village, obtained the key of the Hall after waiting from 10 to 1 o'clock for it, and built a fire. It was very stormy, and the meeting was small, but there was present a class of good minds and seed was sown there that will not be lost. The truths spoken were most of them new to nearly all, for priest craft in that village has buried the teachings of Christ so deep in sectarian error and rubbish that but few have ever seen or heard it, so when it is brought to light it appears new and strange, and many do not know what to make of it.

Was invited home by several friends, and went with one whom I had never before visited, and was treated kindly and permitted to rest. The next day returned home after an absence of nine days, and this is but an outline of the journey.

Another Journey.

Having remained at home only two days I took the cars for Kendall's Mills, Fairfield; spent the night at Hogan's Hotel where I found a comfortable home—a warm room, good food and plenty of it neatly prepared. I seldom say much about food, for I eat to live instead of living to eat, and am not very particular, but, did think that if John Neal had been at the table with all his fastidiousness, and after scolding so hard over his dinner at Fort Popham, the Crawford House and other places, he would have had no just cause to grumble over the nice trout and other food on Hogan's table, and even Bro. Moses of the Skowhegan Clarion (though his patrons have fed him on big squashes, pumpkins, fat surloins, &c., until he can eat an enormous platter full,) would have had a hard job to clear all the plates. In the morning I engaged a Hall and gave notice for meetings on the Sabbath, the last day of the year, and then walked seven miles to visit some good friends, one of whom, a jewel of a friend, was sick nigh unto death; and though a reader of this wicked paper, as many call it, seemed much better prepared in spirit, to live or to die than any professed minister that I have ever seen on a sick bed. It was pleasant to see one when so sick in such a patient, quiet, loving frame of mind. The meetings on the Sabbath were heavy, laborious seasons on account of the idols and errors the people had been trained to believe in and worship. It was much like going through a heathen pagoda, smashing the idols and Godless shrines that people had been taught to worship instead of the true God who is Love.

When pointing out errors, contradictions, &c., in the Bible, to show that it was not all written by inspiration, and to take from the people what they call divine authority for sinning, one or two fled as from a blasphemer, and the majority stared at me as though they knew not whether to flee or to remain; but after listening awhile, I felt that a candid congregation was before me, and though nearly all that was spoken was new to the most of them, I believe that at the close of the meeting nearly all present had a witness in themselves that they had heard the truth.

On the first day of the new year came to

Waterville, and engaged the Town Hall for a meeting to-morrow evening, and now must spend the afternoon in posting notices up and down the streets. There is a college here of the old foggy sectarian class, where ministers are manufactured, and this fact alone is sufficient to indicate to those who are in the *light and life*, that the sanctuaries are devoted more to forms, ceremonies, popularity, fashion, pride and folly than to vital Godliness.

[To be continued.]

CORRESPONDENTS' ROOM.

I feel like giving my readers a specimen of the letters that are constantly coming to hand.

Dansville, 18 Dec., 1865.

BRO. JEREMIAH:—I received your package of the whole numbers of the Chariot of Love for which I thank you most sincerely. I am not satisfied with one or more reading of them. I read and re-read them. Really they are after my own heart. They are much after the precepts of my good old Quaker Father who is dead and gone. I have forgotten the amount you wanted, but they are worth money any how, but it is hard to get folks to read them. I have this day lent the first four Nos., with a promise of good use. I intend to have them bound.

Your friend, WM. SPAULDING.

Mount Lebanon, Dec. 31, 1865.

J. HACKER—My old Friend: "A happy new year to you." Work away while it is day; the night of death—to the old year—is at hand, after which no more can ever be done in it or for it. In one of your papers you mentioned that a little book of H. Wright's was in print again—"A Kiss for a Blow." I have lost the paper and forgot the price; but I have not forgotten that many years ago I circulated that little book, and that it did a great amount of good, and that I have not been able to find a copy since even in New York. I want four copies; how shall I do, not knowing the price? I will enclose the money for them and the Chariot.

I think your views of war, and of "the war," as near correct as those of any writer upon the subject.

A company of little girls came in to see me this morning, and among other songs the enclosed copy was sung very prettily. Each one made a promise to leave off some fault and to supply its place with a virtue the ensuing year.

Peace be with you as a worker of righteousness, friend Hacker.

Your Friend, F. W. EVANS.

REMARKS.—Thanks, friend E., for your kind remembrance; but why spur a free horse? Am I not working as fast as I can? On the day your letter was dated I was a long distance from home, and the first time I wrote the date of the new year was on a notice for a meeting; and speaking, writing and traveling have kept me weary for a long time past. Were you to follow in my footsteps the last two years, me thinks you would say "stop and rest," instead of "work away."

The books will be sent by mail or Express, as may be least expensive. The price is fifty cents, and I will send a copy post paid to all that order it with the price enclosed. Every child should have it, and most of the children of a larger growth would be greatly benefitted by reading it and imbibing its spirit of Love.

My views on war I received as I believe, from a Divine Teacher, when at work alone in a field at eighteen years of age, and they have given me so much pleasure I would rejoice to see all men receive and practice them.

Chester, Jan. 7, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—You will find enclosed one five dollar bill. You will please use it for your own benefit. I have not yet got any new subscribers, perhaps have not tried hard enough, but will try again. I should like to get many so as to get a start ahead, or have the paper once in two weeks. Such a paper I should like to have often.

Your well wisher in the Truth,
J. BEARE.

REMARKS.—I can only return my sincere thanks for this gift, and take courage. I spend but very little for my own benefit. Am at work for the world—live in the most economical way—in a way that I would not live if caring only for myself. Nearly all I get goes to sustain the paper and to pay expenses where I feel it my duty to travel and hold meetings. A thousand thanks, my friend, for this tangible proof of your kindness. Many say to me "Go on," but this gift helps me to go on.

Clark County, Missouri, Jan. 1, 1866.

MR. HACKER:—I saw one of your little papers and am delighted to find one on earth who has the nerve to stand out for the truth. I wish to view every thing in its true light. I think you have embarked in a glorious cause, and I wish to assist in putting the ball in motion and keep it rolling.

Please find one dollar and twenty-five cents, the subscription price for twenty-six numbers.

Yours in search of Light and Wisdom.
V. F. HILL.

A Request.—Please show the paper to others. There are thousands more who, like yourself, would be delighted to see and subscribe for the Chariot.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 4, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—The enclosed I clipped from the New York Ledger, and it occurred to me at the time I read it, that I had seldom, if ever, seen so much truth from so popular a source; and, as a reader of your valuable paper, I thought, perhaps, you too would read it with interest.

Yours for the Truth. J. V. G.

Stones for Bread.

I sometimes wish that clergymen would study human nature more, and their libraries less. If they would less often try to unravel some double-twisted theological knot, which, if pulled out straight, would never carry one drop of balm to a suffering fellow-being, or teach him how to bear bravely and patiently the trials, under which soul and body are ready to faint. If, looking into some yearning face before them on a Sunday, they would preach only to its wistful asking for spiritual help, in words easy to be understood—in heart tones not to be mistaken—how different would Sunday seem, to many women, at least, whose heart-aches, and unshared burdens, none but their Maker knows. "Heavy laden!" Let our clergymen never forget that phrase in their abstruse examination of text and context. Let them not forget that as Lazarus watched for the falling crumbs from Dives' table, so some poor harassed soul before them may be sitting with expectant ear, for the hopeful words that shall give courage to shoulder again the weary burthen. I sometimes wonder, were I a clergyman, could I preach in this way to nodding plumes, and flashing jewels, and rustling silks? Would not my very soul be paralyzed within me, as theirs seems to be? And then I wish that nobody could own a velvet cushioned pew in church; that the doors of all churches were open to every man and woman, in whatsoever garb they might chance to wear in passing, and not parcelled and divided off for the reception of certain classes, and the exclusion (for it amounts to that) of those who

most need spiritual help and teaching. You tell me that there are places provided for such people. So there are cars for colored people to ride in. My Christianity, if I have any, builds up no such walls of separation. How often have I seen a face loitering at a church threshold, listening to the swelling notes of the organ, and longing to go in, were it not for the wide social gulf between itself and those who assembled—I will not say worshipped—there. And I know if that clergyman, inside that church, spoke as his Master spake when on earth, that he would soon preach to empty walls. They want husks; they pay handsomely for husks, and they get them, I say in my vexation, as the door swings on its hinges in some poor creature's face, and he wanders forth to struggle unaided as best he may with a poor man's temptations. Our Roman Catholic brethren are wiser. Their creed is not my creed, save this part of it: "That the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." I often go there to see it. I am glad when the poor servant drops on her knees in the aisle, and makes the sign of the cross, that nobody bids her rise, to make way for a silken robe that may be waiting behind her. I am glad the mother of many little children may drop in for a brief moment, before the altar, to recognize her spiritual needs, and then pass out to the cares she may not longer lose sight of. I do not believe as they do, but it gladdens my heart all the same that one man is as good as his neighbor at least *there*—before God. I breathe freer at the thought. I can sit in a corner and watch them pass in and out, and rejoice that every one, how humble soever, feels that he or she is that church, just as much as the richest foreigner from the cathedrals of the old world, whom they may jostle in passing out. Said one poor girl to me—"I don't care what happens to me, or how hard I work through the week, if I can get away to my Sunday mass." She was a woman, to be sure, and women, high and low, have more spirituality than men. They can't do without their church—sometimes, I am sorry to say, not even with it; for, as the same servant solemnly and truthfully remarked to me, "Even then the Devil is sometimes too strong for 'em!"

FANNY FERN.

REMARKS.—Fanny Fern always says something sensible when she writes, and for that very reason is not so popular as some of her relatives, though doing a hundred times as much good. What she here says of ministers and churches will apply to nearly all of them; but then it will only open the eyes of earnest truth-seekers. The clergy and the churches will not receive it. Ministers like rumsellers will stick to their trade as long as they can have customers, and they will have customers until people are hungry enough to ask for bread instead of amusing themselves with stones as children do with marbles.

Lacona, Iowa, Christmas Day.

FRIEND HACKER:—To-day has been warm and pleasant. We have just dined on turkey and wish you had been here to partake with us and give us a sermon; but you must give us one in the Chariot.

You will find a Christmas gift of \$2 enclosed. Please send me your picture as a New Year's gift. I will make a proposition to the readers of the Chariot, to send you ten cents to pay postage on letters to the poor. Come, Brothers and Sisters, send in your dimes. In giving to the poor you lend to the Lord, so the ministers say. Yours with respect.

S. W.

REMARKS.—This is encouraging after a long, hard run, made harder by the lack of means, and such friends will receive my sincere thanks for their kind wishes and the gifts that enable

me to keep the paper going, for had it not been for such gifts it must have stopped long ago. If many who are alone in their belief in the truth and pining for company, would spend a trifle for extra copies to circulate among the candid inquirers after truth, they might soon have the company of others of like belief—Let them try it.

Spring Hill, Ill., Dec. 22, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—Please send the Chariot to my address. Inclosed is \$1.25. The Chariot is a little thing but it carries big thunder. Yours, H. H.

Parkersburg, West Va., Oct. 1, 1865.

BRO. HACKER:—The July Number of your "Chariot" has found its way out among these "everlasting hills," and it pleases me so well that I want a "few more of the same sort."

Please send for the enclosed fifty cents, one of your odd volumes of the "Pleasure Boat," and balance in late Nos. of "Chariot."

Yours for Progress.

N. H. C.

Sent as ordered.

New Rochelle, 12th mo., 23d, 1865.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—As we are not certain when our subscription to the "Chariot" expires,—in order to be on the safe side, we send enclosed two dollars for the ensuing year. The *overplus*, if any there be, thee can make use of as thee may choose.

Very cordially and truly thy friends.

I. C. & M. W. C.

Hibernia, Dec. 24, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—I should like to know whether you are running the "Boat" now. If you are, I should like to have it, as I came across one of your papers printed in 1859, and think I should like to read them. If you will let me know I will send you the money for a year. I will enclose in this a stamp.

E. LAWRENCE.

Woodstock Valley, Dec., 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—I am with you in the good work of humanity. I pity all persons in mental slavery, whose minds must be as barren as the wide waste of the desert. What an idea is that which damns to all eternity all who cannot adopt the peculiar views of the religious sects who believe in total depravity, and become righteous by borrowing salvation from an innocent person.

What if some State Legislature should pass an act that all thieves, liars and other criminals of every class should have a full pardon on condition of belief on some good, innocent man who would offer himself to suffer the highest penalty due to their crimes? It would be a parallel to their wonderful theology. But how much better it is to be kind, tender hearted, forgiving each other in love, and overcoming evil with good. I must close, as I cannot give you any new light on this matter. If you ever come into this part of the world let me know it, so I can see you, or come and stop with me and I will have an opportunity made for you to speak. Yours truly, S. B.

REMARKS.—Yes, it is a singular idea that men may be thieves, liars, robbers or assassins all their lives—live with their souls steeped in sin all their days, and then by a little sniffing and the prayers of a priest, be entitled a full discharge from their sins, shifting their burdens of guilt upon the innocent who lived without guile. Such a doctrine gives people license to sin; but they will find their mistake in the end, for they must either here in time or in eternity review every known wrong they have committed here in life, weep over it with godly sorrow, and confess and forsake it, and make reparation

as far as in their power, before they can be happy. Were this great truth generally preached or known, instead of the above error, some at least would be careful about wronging their fellow men. But so long as the people are taught by those whom they regard as the highest authority, that they may cheat, and rob and grind the face of the poor and pamper their lusts, and then step into heaven, leaving all their sins to be atoned for by some one else—so long I say as they are thus erroneously taught, we may expect to see crime and iniquity abound.

TRUTH NEVER DIES.—We often receive letters like the following, from persons who have just fallen in with an old copy of the Boat, or who read a single copy from five to twenty years ago, and whose minds have just traveled up to what they read then, but thought but little of at the time.

A friend remarked to me the other day, that where files of the Boat were preserved they were read now more than when first published, because when published they were in advance of the people who are now traveling up nearer to them and are beginning to understand them. He also remarked that the Chariot is in advance of the age, and will be much better understood and appreciated twenty or fifty years hence than now, and therefore ought to be bound and preserved for the future generation. But here is the letter referred to.

Fairfield, Iowa, Dec. 16, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—Your name and welfare is called to mind this morning by the perusal of an old Pleasure Boat which happened to turn up. Feeling myself in debt to you for your plain way of telling the truth, which is usually so carefully kept hid, I want to tell you so. And I wish to inquire if you have given over laboring for "Truth against error?" I feel that you have not. At any rate the plain sensible words you have written in times gone by, are still working, and I trust will continue to work, and renew minds to the perception of beauty and to warm hearts into life. While I am warmed with these the inquiry arises in my mind whether you have the means of personal comfort in your old age—or whether you are left without a place to lay your head after so boldly and earnestly fighting for humanity and truth? In either case it would be a great pleasure to receive a line from your hand;—and to contribute to your comfort, if any contribution is needed in your declining years. For to allow you to want for any comfort in your days of helplessness, should you have such, would certainly be a reproach to all you have helped. Hoping that if this reaches you I may at least receive a short line from you, I remain

Your friend. W. L.

Dartmouth, 12th mo., 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—As we have been taught to receive as truth, doctrine that is founded on some passage or portion of the Scriptures, Bible or Word of God, as some call it. I would like to have your opinion through the "Chariot," of the passage found in Luke, commencing with the nineteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter, and continuing to the end of the chapter. Is this a parable, or is it a narration of what did actually take place? If a parable, what was it intended to teach? If it was reality, are we not to believe in the doc-

trine of a hell where wicked persons are tormented, and a place of rest where the good go after death?

Yours, in search of Truth.

H. S. G.

REPLY.—I do not pretend to understand all that is written in the Bible. When I read a passage which, if reduced to practice, will make men wiser or better and consequently happier, I receive it as true and try to practice it. When I read that which, if practiced, will make people worse, more selfish and wicked, unloving and unhappy, I reject it as erroneous, for it is a positive fact that there are many errors in the Bible—many things absolutely pernicious. When I read a passage that I cannot understand, or am not certain of its meaning, I wait for further light instead of trying to study a meaning for it which may be erroneous. The passage referred to above is one of this class. I am not sure what its meaning is, yet am willing to give my simple thoughts on the subject, without pretending that they are correct, and let them go for just what they are worth.

It appears that those to whom it was spoken had a very common tradition or belief that there was a place of happiness for the righteous and a place of torment for the wicked after death, and that Jesus made use of this tradition or belief, to illustrate to his hearers the condition of the Jews and the Gentiles here on earth. The Jews he compared to the rich man. They claimed to be the chosen people of God to whom all his promises were made, and in that sense were like the rich man living in luxury, while the Gentiles to whom no promise was given, were compared to the poor man at the rich man's gate, and were ready to receive the least crumb or promise from God that might fall from the Jews' table.

The times were to change—the Jews were rejecting Christ and he was about to turn from them, and offer the gospel to the Gentiles, and then the Jews were to be like the rich man in torment, and the Gentiles like the poor man in Abraham's bosom. They were to receive all the blessings promised to Abraham and his seed which the Jews were rejecting. There are numerous passages showing that when the Jews rejected Christ, the blessings promised them were to be given to the Gentiles, and it appears to me this was what Christ was explaining to them, by the use of a popular tradition.

Marion, Grant Co., Ind., Nov. 27, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER.—It is with pleasure that I seat myself to inform you of the arrival of the Chariot in due time. I glean from its truthful pages more sound logic and matter of facts than all the self-righteous papers I ever read. "Would to God" there were a few more ultra reformers in this fallen nation than there are. Then there would be no more wars, no more chastisements, no more splits in the popular churches, but one great reform church in each township would do the thing up about right. Now, Bro. Hacker, I have said as much as pos-

sible in as few words as possible on this subject; I could say two or three times as much but have not the time nor space.

Yours for Reform, WESLEY SMALL.

The above is a specimen of some hundreds of letters received within the last year. Wish there were enough such to sustain the paper.

WOMAN'S SALOON.

[For the Chariot.]

The Weaker Vessels.

BY MARY I. P. CUMMINGS.

Sometime since I read an editorial in a Boston paper which moved me to reply owing to its tone of disparagement of women. For the matter of that, though, one can hardly read one page of a paper, whether literary or a newspaper, without coming across one or more of these mean thrusts upon woman. But to the article in question. In referring to the many well-conducted hospitals for lunatics and people insane, the editor makes mention of one man confined in the McLeod Asylum who was driven there hopelessly insane from three years' gabble from his wife concerning a bonnet. Simple cause!—profound effect! testifying to the vaunted strength of the male intellect. There followed, of course, after the above quotation, a masterly explosion upon the weakness of woman's mind. Vain sophistry! He furnished weapons for the destruction of his own argument. Were women's minds really no stronger than men's, there would need to be seven story hospitals at every corner for women driven hopelessly insane by their husbands, whose windy, political blasts, extreme self-conceit, bad rum and tobacco are as much worse than innocent gabble about a bonnet as can well be imagined.

Woman is eternally called the "weaker vessel." Wherefore? Let her be weak and feeble as she may, yet in the pangs and cares of mother-hood, she shows herself a giant. As for her mind, with what heroic and God-like patience she bears cruelty and neglect, suffering untimely death, at last, through her martyr-like patience to the duties and cares imposed upon herself. There are women in this town going half fed and half starved, the victims of drunken beasts, and above all, remaining true to their woman-hood through all coldness, neglect and abuse, never once thinking to leave their children. There is strength of mind for you, which, opposed to the eloquence of orators, the talents of statesmen, the genius of sculptors or the stirring intellects of so-called divines, sinks their power into nothingness.

Gabble concerning a bonnet!! Sometimes I think it would be as well for them, if women were the weak things which they are called, they are so fettered and bound by circumstances and customs and the weak prejudices of the great, maligning world. Give woman every advantage possible, and she yet labors under so great disadvantages that she naturally doubts the justice that has appointed to her the great and torturing suffering that follows upon the replenishing of the human race. What is her recompense for this? I ask the question in bitterness of spirit, feeling for all woman kind. If she aspires to be anything beyond a house-drudge, she has everything to combat; for, mind it where you will, the children of the rich and arrogant have their unborn brains so penetrated by sloth and indolent luxury, that when born into existence, under circumstances to foster, beautify and improve their intellects, they are naturally led to care nothing for anything beyond fashion and folly. It follows, then, for us, who would be mothers to a better race of beings, to improve ourselves under all difficulties, that we may console ourselves under the trials, pains and anguish of our unappreciated

lives, that there shall sound for us *somewhere* a "Well done good and faithful servant."

REMARKS.—The Rev. Dr. Paul of Tarsus, who, with all his good qualities, sayings and doings, was in some respects more like an orthodox priest of the modern school than a gospel minister, declared it was a shame for a woman to speak in a church—that he suffered not a woman to speak in church, &c., and from that time to the present women have been classed by men with minors and idiots—have been shut out of nearly every lucrative occupation and employment, and told that her proper sphere was to preside over pots, kettles, wash tubs, cradles and babies. When weary of these she fled to the church, hoping to satisfy her hungry soul with the bread and waters of life, and finding only the husks and chaff of theology there, she turned her mind to dress, to amuse it and drown the cravings for higher food that she had sought in vain.

And now comes the rant of editors and other shallow pates, who cannot trace effect to cause in the simplest affairs of life, about women's pride and extravagance in dress! The editor who spent his last evening and a dollar at the theatre or some other demoralizing place, after swallowing his morning glass which cost him a shilling, lighted a shilling cigar, perches himself in his editorial chair, and while the smoke circles through and around his soft brains, pens an article on the extravagance of women and their gabble about bonnets.

How much better it would be for such men to regard women as their sisters and their equals, labor to purify and fit themselves to treat them as sisters, open to them all the avenues of learning, trade, &c., and aim to elevate them and thus give them something better than dress to occupy their time and talents. We contend that men are to blame about their extravagant habits of dress and have no good reason to complain until women are made their equals in all things that they are capable or can render themselves capable of performing.

I have known many women who were made insane, and many others who were consigned to early graves by having unwelcome children forced upon them by worse than brutal men full of tobacco smoke and bad whiskey, but no editor mentions this, notwithstanding it is a thousand times more criminal than gabble about a bonnet.

We hope sister Cummings and others like her, will be faithful in the discharge of their duty, being ever assured that, though sneered at now as strong-minded women, they will eventually be regarded as the liberators and elevators of their sex, and honored as such when the names of those who now sneer at them are forgotten.

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Ridgfield, Dec. 29, 1865.

DEAR MR. HACKER.—I received your letter and picture for which I thank you very much. I did not expect you would write me such a long private letter, and it was an agreeable surprise. I don't think I shall put your picture in the garret, but give it a conspicuous place in my Album. I read Ada's and Mattie's letters, and am glad they are going to ride in the Chariot every time. I will try and get a seat beside them. That is if Mr. Hack-

er don't get tired of so many little folks. We play sixty up to our school just as Ada does. But we have the most fun in winter sliding on the ice and down hill on our sleds. I wonder if Ada and Hattie like to slide on the ice. I am going to learn how to skate. I don't see why girls shouldn't run and play out doors, and get good, wholesome exercise as well as boys.

In the morning I have to help Ma do up the work, and in the afternoon I can play. In the long winter's evenings we knit and sew. We have not had much snow this winter, and I am afraid we won't have any sleigh rides.

Old Santa Claus has just been making his rounds, and filling little folks' stockings. I used to think he was some strange old man that rode around after children were asleep and filled their stockings with candy and toys, but now I know it is Pa and Ma.

But I am writing too much, so I will close by wishing you a happy "New Year."

Pa and Ma join with me in sending good wishes. Your friend, WINNIE SIMMONS.

Rensselaerville, Sunday, Dec. 16, 1865.

FRIEND HACKER:—I thought I would write after other girls had written, and now I guess they have. I go to school now every day and like to go. We are carried to school, my sister Emma goes with me. We have a very good school and lots of fun, and all trying to learn as fast as we can. We have fine weather, rather cold, no snow yet.

I am very much pleased with the letters that I read in the Chariot, from the girls. I wish I could write as interesting as they do, and if I try hard to improve perhaps I shall some time. I expect Christmas along, and shall have merry times. I hope all the girls in the Chariot will have a merry Christmas and a happy new year too. Santa Claus will have a large heart and a bountiful store for little folks this year. I expect to spend Christmas with my Grand Parents. My Grand Pa is in his 83rd year—is as spry and active as a lad. My Grand Ma 78. They are well and strong for people of their age. They have 33 grandchildren and have lively times when we all get there; we make the house ring. Now I'll close by wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. MATTIE WINANS.

Unity, Me., Dec. 2, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE:—As you have once and unexpectedly put me on board the Chariot and I did not fall off, I think I will try it the second time, for I want to go and talk to some of my relatives. First I want to go and see my Brother Joda. Come, Joda, I want you to take passage in the Chariot with your little sisters, and then you won't join the horrid army that makes so many little ones orphans, and made Mother and me cry so about every time we got a letter. And Nonny, I want you to come and teach the boys and girls not to kill the pretty little birds and squirrels, for Mother said you never killed a bird in your life. And cousin Jeff, I want you to tell those how they can get an education and grow up to be great and good men and women, whose mothers die when they are little boys and girls. Perhaps you will get a little scolding, for our uncle Hacker does not like lawyers, but I will be there to make a plea for you, so come; you have been an Editor and know how to write for the paper.

And uncle Roby and Sewell, put Ellie and Hattie on board with me for then we can meet often, and learn to be good girls. How I wish they could see uncle H. with his long, white beard and silvery hair. And then there is

Judge Nash, how I wish he would put those little children on board that he has so kindly and generously adopted.

You said, Dear Uncle, if I were there I could be of great service to you to fold papers. Now if I was a little orphan, or had not good parents, how quick I would hasten to Portland. I would fold your papers, get your slippers, run to the office for you, and make myself so useful that you would think you could not keep house without me. Which of all the little girls that write to you will you let come and live with you, and pick up your fallen cane when you have done all the good you can, to all the little girls you can? Perhaps you will let us all come by turns when you are a very old gentleman. Oh, how I wish my spirit Brother and Sister would give us a piece of poetry through the Chariot, and then all us little girls would repeat it at seven o'clock on Christmas eve. Would not that be a nice meeting? ABBIE ELLIE HUSSEY.

REMARKS.—Your letter is rather long, but as you have been waiting a month, we give it all. Some people are always behind hand, and your tardiness should be a lesson to you in all time—teaching you to do everything in season. If you were going to California and had to wait in New York a whole month, just for being one hour too late, you would be very sorry. Learn always to be on hand in season. I have traveled a hundred miles to a meeting and got there before those who came only one mile. Which of the girls would I have to pick up my cane? I do not expect any one to do such favors when I am old, but if I should choose, I shall want the best one, so now look out, each of you, and try to be good.

Here comes a little six year old with a letter, looking as though the words were copied from her primmer.

"Dear Friend Hacker:—I love you. NONNIE."

Well, Lavan, that is short and sweet, for I know it is the truth; you do love me, if you did not the silent tears would not trickle down your cheeks so when I give you the parting kiss.

Hillsdale, Mich., Nov. 29, 1865.

MR. HACKER:—As I was reading your paper I saw your reply to a little girl's letter, and your request to have others write.

I am going to school this winter, and am taking music lessons. I can play a number of pieces. If I learn well I intend to be a music teacher. I do not like to practice as much as I ought. Will you please give me some of your advice and your opinion of music generally. DELLY NOBLE.

REPLY.—My advice and opinion of music would not be taken by one in ten thousand. I believe in music but it should be the music of a happy soul. Cultivate your voice for singing as carefully as you would for speaking, reading, &c., and then live so pure a life that your soul will pour forth its joy and gladness in sweet songs. This is all the real music human beings can make. It comes from the soul and goes to the souls of others and does good.

All instrumental music is nothing but wind—there is no soul in it. It only stirs the animal passions—bears the same relation to real music as formal preaching does to the real live gospel. One is the power of man, the other the power of God or Love. There, can you receive that?

PROGRESSIVE HALL.

Call The Roll.

Who is ready for the onset—
Who with helmet, sword and shield,
Will go forth to conquer Error,
On life's battle-field?
Who will strike at Superstition,
In his goblin-haunted cell,
And unloose the myriad victims
Fettered by his spell?
Call the roll.

Who will strive, on God relying,
With unwavering faith and hope,
To pull down the gory scaffold,
And the gallows rope?
Who will break the yoke of bondage,
And unbar the prison door,
Saying to the trembling sinner,
Go and sin no more?
Call the roll.

Who, forgetting self, will listen
To sweet charity's appeal—
Who will labor for the lowly
With untiring zeal?
Casting bread upon the waters,
Not for human praise,
Trusting heaven again to find it,
After many days?
Call the roll.

Who will put what God has given,
Wisely to the noblest use;
Who will clothe the homeless orphan,
Fill the widow's cruise,
And like him of old Samaria,
Help the stranger in his need,
Reckless of his name and nation,
Reckless of his creed?
Call the roll.

Who, that finds a child of sorrow,
Heir to penury and woe,
Will not tarry to inquire
What has made him so,
Ere he freely shares a pittance
From his meagre, hard earned store,
Or bestows a cup of water,
If he can no more?
Call the roll.

Who, when slander's tongue is busy
With an absent neighbor's name,
Will excuse his faults and failings,
And defend his fame?
Who will view poor human nature
Only on the brightest side,
Leaving God to judge the evil
Charity would hide?
Call the roll.

WAR OFFICE.

The Battle-Field.

Oh not alone in the tented field
Are armies pitched and battles fought;
The use of sword and well-worn shield
Is not to every hero taught:
In all of life are soldiers found;
In warfare deep and no discharge,
The din of battle, pibroch's sound,
As leading on they vigorous charge.
The fight for daily bread may be
More noble in the sight of God

Than any mark of victory
By Christian or by Pagan trod.
Noble or abject, great or small,
Is not the one o'er-ruling test:
The motive is the rule of all;
Honor to God the great behest.

The battle-field is everywhere,
The foes at all times in our way;
Temptation, pleasure, want or care.
The conflict wage from day to day;
And he who in the gallant fight
Maintains his purpose firm and strong,
Who keeps his armor pure and bright,
Shall win the laurel-leaf ere long.

Courage, faint heart, whose narrow life,
Fettered and dwarfed by things of sense,
Whose soul would spurn the daily strife,
And pines for wings to bear it hence;
Full well I know thy weary way,
The earth-stained garments, spirit spent,
The piteous prayer that day by day
Goes up to the Omnipotent.

I too have suffered and have fought,
I too have dregged the cup of life:
I know how dear the victory bought,
How fierce and deadly is the strife:
Yet pray and trust; His grace is nigh;
And when this fevered life is past,
The one who scrupled not to die,
Will claim and own us at the last.

Each struggle that hath cost thee dear,
Though all unseen to mortal eye,
Each sacrifice that claimed a tear—
God notes down all; they're marked on high.
Then cheerful let us battle on,
Though storms shall rise and foes assail;
How sweet the rest, the victory won,
While rings through heaven the great "All
Hail."
BARBARA JAHNS.

THE HALL OF REST.

[From Steuben Farmer's Advocate.]

The Beautiful City.

The beautiful city! the land of rest—
We see it oft in dreams;
And there comes no night o'er the glorious light
Of its lovely bowers and streams.
There are radiant forms, and they walk in white
On that fair celestial shore;
And a splendor lies in their cloudless eyes,
And they learn to weep no more!

The beautiful city! how far it lies
Beyond the chilling tide!
And the air is sweet where the ransomed meet
And the sons of peace abide:
There are Jasper walls; there are gates of pearl;
There are streets of shining gold;
And they watch the gleam of the crystal stream
Where the flowers of love unfold.

The beautiful city! how softly fall
Its melodies of love,
Where the seraphs sing and the glad harps ring
Through the still, sweet air above;
And the silvery sound of the falling dew,
And the voice of the rippling streams
Flow light along with a whispering song,
Heard only in angels' dreams!

The beautiful city! they never die
In its mansions far away;
And they part no more on the sun-bright shore
Where the feet of angels stray;
And they wear the joy and the dew of Spring
And the bloom of Summer's glow;
And they roam fair vales and tell sweet tales
With the loved of long ago!

The beautiful city! Not long ago
A soul grew strong and flew
From its weary strife with the woes of life,
And the pearly gates went through!
And the sweetest voice in the music there

That spirit voice will be;
And I know those eyes from the star-lit skies
Look out and watch for me.

REMARKS.—The above piece of poetry which I find floating about in the newspapers without the name of an author is very beautiful, and I am thinking how happy this world will be when, instead of singing about such a city in the distant future, all people shall have entered into it here. We are under no necessity of waiting for our bodies to die before our spirits can enter such a city, we may enter and enjoy it here in time. John, the Revelator, speaks of it. He says, "I saw the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven adorned as a bride for her husband"—a city ready for the souls of faithful men and women to enter into then—a spiritual state for all who do right—a state of happiness that all may enjoy if they will. He, or some one else, again says of this city, "It needeth not the light of moon, stars and candles," or something like that, "for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." It is the Millennium state, and many have, in different ages, entered into this state or city, and enjoyed it while here in the body, and I know of not less than two or three now on earth whose souls daily dwell in this glorious city, and enjoy all the happiness it is possible for them to, until they see others in the same happy state, and it is a joy to the soul to believe that at a future time, all the family of man will be wise enough to lay aside selfishness and sin and enter into this same city and enjoy it here instead of writing and singing about entering it in the future.

CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE.

"GERMAINE," our good Sister who has written several excellent articles for the Chariot, has been very sick with lung fever, for some weeks past. I saw her several times on my late journey, and though very feeble, I never met with a happier person. Many like her writings and inquire for her, and those who know her best love her the most. May she be restored to do good, for her labors are needed. She sometimes feels that pure spirits are with her, and during her sickness has often desired to be liberated from her body that she might ever be with them.

Owing to my absence from home, the Chariot is behind its usual time this trip, and many letters that came in my absence remain unanswered. Will do the best I can with all—but see so much to be done that if I had a hundred bodies could set them all to work in one hour. The field is large and the laborers few; never saw the people so earnest to hear the truth before. If they will practice what they receive we shall have help. In some places people, and even children, and boys that come to play, sit for an hour and a half listening with the most profound attention to truths which most of them never heard before, because the truth has been buried so deep in theological rubbish that few ever heard it. Sometimes the people seem to be unwilling to separate when the meeting closes, and linger as though they wanted more. Boys often come to me to shake hands at the close of the meeting. Sometimes bigoted sectarians flee from the meeting, prov-

ing that they trust in something that either leads them into the wrong place or else has not power to protect them after they get there.

In Waterville, while posting and circulating notices for a meeting, I handed one to a well-dressed man sitting with a woman in a sleigh talking with another man. As soon as he saw my name, without reading all, he tore the notice into very small pieces and scattered it to the winds, then looked up to his friend with an expression of countenance which showed that he was as well pleased with the act as some of old were with burning a martyr. He really looked as though he had put Truth on the ground and set his foot on its neck and his creed and bigotry were safe. Said I to him—"you did not like my notice, did you?" No. "Then you might at least have been manly enough to have returned it or dropped it whole for some one else to pick up. The dog that delights in gnawing a tainted bone might permit the ox to eat the sweet herbs."

Yes, the people are asking for truth, the old sectarian meeting houses are decaying, the best people are weary of the bark-mill round of performances and want something that will enlighten the understanding and warm the heart, but laborers are few.

My thanks are due to those who have sent the names of new subscribers, but more are still wanted to make the Chariot move easy, and thousands would subscribe if they were to see a number—keep it circulating, at least show a copy to neighbors and friends.

No paper in the nation has labored under so many disadvantages as this and the Boat. We have no political nor religious leaders in its favor to recommend it; but on the other hand it is opposed by them all—no sect nor party to befriended it—no agents begging funds for it as for missionary operations, no advertising income, and a majority who take it wish to preserve it for binding, and dare not show it to others fearing they will have to loan it and have it worn out or lost. Better show it and tell them to subscribe.

We stated at the commencement of the war that if the slaves were liberated by violence in opposition to the will of their masters, it would be to them the severest curse the whites could inflict on them; and this has been my constant testimony in public and in private all through the war while threatened with imprisonment. Facts now prove the truth of the testimony. Thousands and thousands have died of starvation, large numbers have been wonton shot like wild beasts, and now as the confiscated plantations are being restored to their former owners, the freedmen are turned out to perish. Twenty thousand in one district, fifty thousand in another and seventy thousand in another, are turned out of house and home, and must perish the present winter unless fed by government or by charity.

MEETINGS.—Sometimes an invitation opens the way to hold meetings among strangers; and when any feel impressed to send me such invitations I wish them to do so, no matter from what part of the country. I may yet travel through many of the States and in the Lower Provinces, if a way is opened for me.

A HOME WANTED.—What good family will adopt as their own, a smart boy 19 months old?

Meeting.—The Editor will hold a meeting in WARREN'S HALL, SACCARAPPA, Saturday Evening, Feb. 3, at 7 o'clock.