

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.

PUBLIC HALL.

Another Good Time. No. 2.

Waterville, like Brunswick, has no free meeting house nor hall that can be had without hiring by one not in union with the popular sects. Even the town hall in W. must be hired if a stranger wishes to occupy it for a religious meeting. This want of a free house shuts out much light and truth; for those who go forth with no other desire than to benefit their fellow men, receiving only what the few lovers of truth voluntarily contribute, seldom have funds or feel it their duty to hire a place to speak in; and as the time has come for the preaching of truths that can find no entrance in the churches, every village should have a free place for meetings. Let the friends of sectarian churches and colleges that broods over the peoples like the nightmare, will soon be broken and scattered by the truth, and the sun of righteousness will shine in places now as dark and gloomy as a sepulchre. There are no places in this nation that need the services of real missionaries more than villages where sectarian colleges are located. They have plenty of creeds, forms and ceremonies, plenty of parrot talk about religion, piety and all that, but know less of true living godliness than the back-woodsmen, and their influence binds the common people and those, who under other circumstances, would come to the truth without outward teachers.

Feeling myself on missionary ground, I was impressed to hire the hall and give notice for a meeting on the second evening of the new year. There were a goodly number present, and many truths were spoken which were new to some who heard them, and though a few fled from the hall just before the close of the meeting—to save their religion or idols which Christ called old bottles, and old garments, and which Paul afterwards called filthy rags, carnal ordinances, &c., such as the outward Sabbath, the water baptism, the bread and wine—yet there was a candid and attentive audience, and I hope some good influence may follow.

Having no acquaintances in the place I took up my abode with "mine host," Wm. Brown of the Continental House, one of the very best houses I ever found in a country village, who treated me with great kindness and liberality, so that with a small sum contributed by individuals at the close of the meeting I was able to pay for the use of the Hall and had a little left to aid me in my travels. Both friends,

Brown of W. and Hogan of Kendall's Mills treated me like a brother though a stranger to them, and they both keep good houses, well-supplied tables and clean beds.

Spent the remainder of the week with friends in Albion and Unity, and on the Sabbath rode with my friend Hussey and wife ten miles to Montville Center—held two meetings and returned, and a colder day I never expect to see.

In consequence of the intense cold the meetings were not large, but to me they were favorable opportunities. Some will complain of my testimony against war; but the time will come either in this life or the next, when they will see that there is no more unity between true Spiritualism or Christianity and war than there is between the highest heaven and the deepest, hottest Calvinistic hell. One young lady who attended meeting in the forenoon, could not attend in the afternoon "because I spoke so disrespectfully of water baptism; she thought I hurt people's feelings," yet she believes in war! Wonder if swords, bullets, cannon balls and shells don't sometimes hurt people's feelings; or are my words more powerful than such patent christian arguments? How easy it is for some people to strain at gnats and then swallow camels, even without knowing it!

On Monday returned to Albion, and on Tuesday rode with a friend to Kendall's Mills, then walked three miles to Fairfield village and found one of the best kind of homes with a family of strangers, who at first sight seemed like brother and sisters. It was pleasant to sit there and rest, for there was spiritual as well as material warmth in their dwelling. Spent two nights there, had a good evening meeting in the Free Meeting House, the people being extremely candid and attentive. It was remarked by several, that boys who seldom gave much attention to speakers, listened like mature people throughout the evening. I find the people everywhere more anxious to hear the truth than they ever were before, and if they will but practice it, there will soon be a change for the better. It is not the amount of truth that they hear which does them good, but the amount that they reduce to practice in daily life. In the morning my new Brother and his Mate gave me a pleasant sleigh ride some miles to West Waterville, a bright and growing looking village with a water power scarcely yet appreciated, and rode up and down to show me the thrifty looking place. Here I bade them adieu, stepped on board the cars and at 2 o'clock was once more at home in my own hired tent, with a big bundle of letters that had accumulated in my two weeks' absence and the printer out of copy.

The Church Not Reformatory.

J. H. Noyes, of the Oneida Community, in his reply to a letter from Warren Chase, published in the "Circular," says "We believe that Christianity, even while only half realized, as in the New England Churches, has been the Mother of all the boasted reforms of modern times, including Anti-Slavery and Socialism."

It is astonishing how a man who has traveled, talked and written so much as J. H. Noyes has, could make a statement like the above. I have lived sixty years, and it is over forty since

I first arose and bore a testimony in what I believe to be the cause of truth, and in all this time I have never known the churches of New England to utter any new truth or commence any reform whatever, but on the contrary, they have run every new movement which they have taken hold of after others have started it, into the ditch. Take, for example, the Washingtonian Temperance Reform, the only temperance movement that has ever done much good. That was started not by the Church, but by a few men who picked themselves up out of the gutter, became sober, and began to preach to their fallen comrades. The churches and clergy, like the priest and levite of old, had passed by these men on the other side without moving a finger to save them, and after they had saved themselves, and had begun to save others, the church stood aloof and looked on until they saw that the most thoughtful portion of the community believed in the work and were disposed to aid it, then the church sprang forth and took the lead to save its own name and win the glory of the reform. And what was the result? Why, instead of going into the street to pick up and save inebriates in love and good will, thus destroying the trade of the rumsellers by converting their customers, as the originators of the movement had been doing, they left the inebriates to perish, and commenced a war of words and law against the rumsellers, and run the reform into the ditch. Now they have the cause in the churches, singing, praying and fiddling over it, while those that need salvation are in the grog shops or the gutter. Nor was this all; but in their papers and meetings, while denouncing the rumsellers in wrath and vengeance, they puffed and praised and patronized beer, soda and other *stop* shops, made them popular, drew in scores, and hundreds and thousands of boys to patronize them, and thus prepared them for something stronger, thereby raising up a new army of toppers.

Take the Anti-Slavery reform started by Garrison. How did the church treat that? Why, a mob at the instigation of the church, dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston with a halter round his neck! And for near a quarter of a century were his most violent and vindictive opposers. They would not allow him nor his associates to speak in their temples, but instigated mobs to pelt them with bad eggs and stones in hired halls. At length the church mounted the Anti-Slavery hobby simply as a hobby, to ride into political office and plunged directly into the ditch. Instead of liberating the slaves in such a manner as to save them, they involved the nation in war, destroyed the lives of a million of white men, rolled up a debt of thousands of millions and have cursed the slaves beyond the power of language to express.

All new truths and reforms have sprung up outside of the church; or, if originating with a member of a church he has been kicked out at once as a thing accursed, and a hue and cry raised at his heels as if he had been a rabid dog. The fact is, true Christianity, Truth and Reform have been buried so deep by the church that Mars, the god of war, has been enthroned where Christ the Prince of Peace should reign.

"Christianity, even while *only half realized*," says Noyes. If Christianity had been only a thousandth part realized, Mars would not have reigned in the place of Christ during the last five years, nor would Noyes and his company have been so favorably disposed towards the war as they have been—regarding it as a virtue instead of the highest crime.

A Great Fool.

Who was the wisest man? Solomon. So says the Catechism, a book used by all Christendom, when the plain truth is, Solomon was the greatest fool we have any record of, and his example and practices as different from Christianity as darkness is from light.

Three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines! If that is wisdom what is folly and sin? He could count his horses by thousands, and no lust of the flesh nor pride of the heart went unglutted. He lived in sensuality and died as the fool dieth, exclaiming "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! That was his own testimony of himself, and Christ witnessed to the truth of it when he declared that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like or equal to the simple lily of the field, and also when he declared that the house Solomon had built should not be left one stone upon another.

Solomon had brought together the riches of the then known world, and squandered them on that house, pretending he built it for and at the command of a Being who dwelleth not in houses made by men's hands, and whom the Heaven of Heavens could not contain. Joe Smith and Bridgman Young the Mormon prophets, have followed the example of Solomon as far as they have had power and the means—are more like him than any other man of Scripture, and all the modern churches, as far as they have the means, are copying him in squandering means foolishly and wickedly on gaudy temples, each striving to outdo the other in splendor, while widows and orphans are suffering in want beneath the shadow of their tall spires. Solomon's example has done and is still doing great harm in the world, and it is time he was ranked where he belongs, among proud, wicked sensualists, who spent the earnings of others on his lusts. Those who copy him are not christians, and it is time they were informed of it, and held accountable for all that is *needlessly* spent on edifices for worship, for such buildings are only for the comfort and convenience of our own bodies, and no holier than the poor man's cabin. The treasures of the earth are the Lord's, and we are but stewards, and have no right to squander time nor money on pride and lust, which could be appropriated to the comfort of suffering men, women and children, whose bodies are or should be the temple of God. He who saves one widow or orphan child from sins into which many are driven by want, does more toward building up a temple for God than Solomon did when he built that far-famed house which has been an excuse or authority for so many others to sin in the same direction.

Reader, this is no trifling subject—these hints are God's Truths, and should have as much weight as if Solomon himself had come back from the grave and written them with his own hand. If you sin as he did—if your religion is no better than his, you too must sooner or later exclaim in bitterness of soul—"Vanity of vanities! all is vanity! for such a religion in a dying hour will vanish like fog before the sun.

The character of Solomon is no more sacred nor any way better for being in the Bible than

it would be in any other book; and if his name had never been mentioned in the Bible what would we think of the man who would write out such a character and present it to the world as the history of the wisest man?

A Question on War.

Portland, Jan. 10, 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—In your writings and public testimonies you are very strongly opposed to war, and particularly so against our recent war which you call the wickedest of all wars. Will you tell us how we could have avoided it? What better could have been done than was done when Fort Sumpter was taken by the rebels?

Yours,

J. P. R.

REPLY.—You must remember that the war did not begin at Fort Sumpter. It commenced when the first African was stolen from his country and enslaved, and the people had three-fourths of a century in which to put away the evil and escape the war. They had the history of nations before them and should have known that such an outrage against man and justice, and every principle of right could not prosper but would finally bring its own punishment; and they would have known this had not their political and religious leaders been blind guides leading them into the ditch. There were various ways in which slavery might have been removed without the loss of a life down to within thirty years past, and though the leaders were blind the nation was warned of the impending danger, and it was the fault of the Free States that the evil was not peaceably removed. There was no necessity for permitting it to go on until the rebellion came. The people of the Free States were selfish and as unprincipled as the accomplices of thieves, for they purchased the productions of slavery knowing them to be so, and were therefore as guilty as the slave-holders at the very time that the war commenced. Had they been acting in a spirit of love to end slavery thirty years ago, instead of supporting it, there would have been no war. So that the war was just as much the fault of the free States as of the rebels. The free States had had a warning of what was coming long before Sumpter was fired on. Congress had been full of war on the subject for years; men had been knocked down in the Capitol; duels had been fought; poisoning had been resorted to, and every man who was not blinded by selfishness must have seen what was coming in season to prevent it.

But to come down to Sumpter: What could have been done when that was taken, if we admit that was the beginning of the war? To one who is in the truth nothing could have been plainer than our duty then. We should have given up the fort quietly, determined never to resort to barbarous war. Yes, we should have given up all the forts in the rebellious territory if they had been claimed. The determination should have been never to fight, for we professed to be civilized and

christians too, and no really civilized nor christian man should ever resort to war. We should have given up all the forts, and thrown in Washington, too, if they had demanded it, and have thus proved that we were both civilized and christianized. This, I admit, would have been a great sacrifice in the minds of those blinded by short-sighted selfishness, but as I said before, to one in the Truth, it was the only way of salvation. "If any man sue thee at law and take away thy cloak, forbid him not to take thy coat also," was a precept of Christ, and though those who now profess to be his ambassadors oppose this doctrine, I still believe in it, and have had so many proofs of the wisdom of it, that I could cheerfully trust the nation to act in obedience to it.

After giving up to the rebels what they claimed—permitting them to go in peace, as they requested, we should have been separate from them; and when the slaves found that the Free States were no longer ready to pour in their armies to hold them in bondage, they would have arisen and conquered their oppressors, and the seceded States would have returned to the Union for protection against other nations, so that all that had been given up by us would have returned and the work of emancipation and the restoration of the Union would have been accomplished, and a thousand times better than it has been, without the loss of a life or money on our part. The hundreds of thousands of soldiers and all the expense of the war would have been saved to us just by acting like a civilized or a christian people. The slaves would have killed the leading rebels first, for they were their greatest enemies. The destruction would have fallen on the guilty, and the innocent who have been forced into the war in the rebel States would have been spared. But as it is now, the innocent have been slain while the more guilty leaders are being pardoned and placed in office to bind a cruel yoke in some way on their former slaves. It is always safe to do right; and by refusing to fight we should have obeyed one of the first and highest commands of God, and by obeying him a better way of salvation would have been brought about than we could plan for ourselves. I know this doctrine is very unpopular, but the apostles proved the truth of it when they went forth without swords and even without purses, as sheep in the midst of wolves. The Quakers proved the truth of it both in England and America, they, by their peaceful principles triumphed over laws that were made to destroy them. Wm. Penn and his associates proved the truth and power of this principle when they settled among savages and lived peaceably with them seventy years while wars were reigning all around them, and no individual nor nation has a right to deny the power of this peace principle till it has been tried and found to fail.

Man cannot accomplish anything by war, so

great and glorious as will be accomplished for him if he lives in the spirit of Peace. He who denies this peace principle denies Christ. Let him then be consistent, give up the New Testament, hug the old fighting Jewish covenant to his heart, call himself a Jew and his temple a synagogue, and no longer disgrace christianity by professing it.

All ministers who have taken any part in the late war, or sanctioned or approved it are Jews at best, and have no more lot nor part in the gospel dispensation than those had who crucified Christ, and not one of them all would dare to repeat the Lord's prayer in his church if he really knew the prayer would be answered. He would not dare to say "Forgive us as we forgive others," if he knew the Lord would take him at his word, for the thunderbolts of heaven would riddle his church and spatter the brains of the people on the pulpit as our or *your* balls and shells did in Charleston and other places.

A Letter Answered.

I have received a letter from a zealous sister, L. P., who appears very anxious for my salvation, telling me that Spiritualism is all of the Devil, and solemnly warning me to forsake it, repent and be saved. She refers me to the Bible for salvation, but I cannot see *why* according to her views, for all the best parts of the Bible treat of Spiritualism and nothing else. It says God is a Spirit and those that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. It also says that the prophets and all the holy men of old became so by becoming spiritual minded; also that there is a *spirit* in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. It tells us that the prophets were familiar with spirits, both seeing and hearing them; that God maketh his angels ministering spirits—that spirits appeared to the shepherds proclaiming the birth of Christ and directing them where to find him; also that after Christ was tempted spirits came and ministered to him. That a spirit spoke through the beast on which Balaam was riding—that the disciples when on the mount with Christ, saw Moses and Elias talking with him long after their bodies had changed to dust. It tells us that the spirit of a prophet appeared to John the Revelator. In short there is little else than Spiritualism in all the best parts of both the Old and New Testaments, and I cannot see any propriety in denouncing Spiritualism as of the Devil and then referring me to a book so full of Spiritualism for instruction.

Perhaps she refers only to the impositions, humbuggery, sensuality and absurdity that have been produced by pretended Spiritualists. If so, I can join with her in denouncing such errors and sins, but to denounce Spiritualism would to me, be denouncing all that the soul can look to for salvation in time or in eternity. The soul is a spirit and must have spiritual food or starve—must have the company of other spirits or be forever alone. To me Spiritualism is purifying, ennobling—leads from all sin to purity and goodness, elevates, stimulates to good deeds, cheers, encourages and refines.

DO THE SPIRITS OF FRIENDS LEAVE US?

Think of the young woman who goes forth to seek her fortune in a distant land. How anxious are her parents, her brothers, sisters and friends for her welfare! How tearfully she parts with them! How fervently her parents pray for her welfare, how tenderly she looks back on the home of her childhood and the loved ones she is leaving behind her. What tenderness, what yearnings of soul and out-gushings of love in such a scene!

At length her journey is performed and letters of affection and love come and go! How anxiously the postman is looked for, what a tumult of emotions on grasping the letter which is to tell whether the loved ones at home are safe and well. Months and years pass by and love increases, the old home with its dear ones is dearer than ever. Fond hearts yearn to meet once more; invitations are sent for the return of the absent one. At length comes a letter saying she will commence the journey at a given time. What joy that letter gives! how they gather around to hear it and bless the hour that will restore the wanderer to their arms. The day draws near, the fatted calf is killed and all things made ready for a grateful greeting. As the carriage comes to the door all rush to meet it, and what joy is there!—How fervent the grasp of the hand that speaks so much, how fond the embrace, how pure and loving the kiss, how deep the gratitude and joy of such a re-union!

Is death to rob our souls of all this love? When that daughter and sister leaves the body does her fond spirit forget the home and friends that were more to her than all things else? Or does the Heavenly Father banish her like an exile from all she loves to some distant land or place? God is everywhere present. The kingdom of heaven is not a place but a state—it is wherever there is a soul dwelling in the love of God. Those who leave the body are under no necessity of leaving all they love, of crossing some dark river, or deep, broad gulf, or of wandering to some strange region, leaving behind them all that they have learned to love. What heaven could there be in such a separation? What employment or enjoyment could the departed find that would compensate for the separation from friends?—It would be bad enough to be exiled here in time; but to be banished from friends on leaving the body, and never for long years be permitted to look upon those left behind, would be desolation in the extreme. I do not, can not believe in such banishment. I must believe that the spirits of the departed can come and go as quick as our thoughts can travel; that they meet with each other and with us; that they can read our thoughts, behold our acts; that they sometimes impress us with a sense of their presence, and would oftener, and that we might even see and converse with them if we were less gross and more spiritually minded. We are too gross in our manner of living, too much absorbed in money getting, pleasures amusements, too much filled with pride and vanity, and too much the slaves of passion to hold communion with spirits, but that does not prove that they are not with us. It only proves that we are blinded to our highest good, and close our souls against the light of heaven with the toys of earth.

Shameless Mockery.

"The younger son of the great Patrick Henry died in Floyd County, Virginia, in circumstances of extreme destitution. The Legislature of that State was appropriating thousands on a marble statue of the father at the

very time the son was begging his bread." —[*Missouri Democrat*, Dec. 20, 1865.]

My opinion is, if Patrick Henry in his day, done anything for the benefit of mankind by the invention of new ideas or for the advancement of truth and righteousness by his own practical excellence in every day life, it needs no pile of hewn marble to tell it to posterity, but is a memorial of itself more real, more lasting and eminently more befitting the good and the true than any monument that can be reared to his memory by the narrow minds who look only to the shadow of things, and do not know how to realize and appreciate that which is so much more sublime.

How prone are mankind to reverence the dead overlooking all the imperfections of the poor frail humanity that was, and that now lies sleeping beneath the sod; and, as in this case, vainly offering their adorations to the worn out remains which Patrick himself cast off, when he left this groveling sphere to enter a more exalted state in the summer land. For my part I honor whatever of good that I find in any one, and the faults of others always demand my sympathy; but rather would I reverence the living than the dead; rather would I clothe the naked and feed the hungry than to build a lifeless statue of a lifeless man; rather would I revere a moving, living man, be he ever so humble, than a lifeless form which, at best, makes only the impress of a shadow of one who was and things that were, and leaves us at last to find the substance far above the mouldering clay that lies unconscious beneath the marble pile. What a text for a true minister and hence it is I send it to thee, my friend Hacker, this Jan. 1, A. D. 1866.

ISAAC W. VORE.

Trenton, Clinton Co., Ill.

REMARKS.—The above shows the vain fashion of the world. A marble monument will tell a story for its builders in generations to come; but the act of clothing and feeding a shivering, famishing man dies with the man, or passes with him from the earth, and nothing is kept before the eyes of men to the praise of those who clothed and fed them. Shadows are exalted above substance; the dead are honored more than the living. Those who build monuments to the memory of others, generally intend in the act, to perpetuate their own little names; and hence a marble monument over the ashes of the father, is more to *themselves* than food and raiment sent to the dying body of the son.

Remember the fate of Solomon's temple, and the last testimony of that renowned simpleton—"vanity of vanities! all is vanity!"

It is much easier to avoid a sin than to repent of it.

It is better in the end, to suffer wrong, than to resist it in anger and violence.

Anger is a consuming fire, destroying peace and happiness.

Plain Sermons.

BY J. HACKER.

How everything we see preaches to us when our minds are in condition to receive instruction! The springing forth of grass, herb and flowers reminds us that we should grow in goodness; the ripening of fruit, that we should ripen in righteousness, and the falling of leaves in autumn reminds us of our latter end. The crawling worm changing to a beautiful butterfly, rising in the air and living on the sweets of perfumed flowers, teaches us to rise in spirit above the groveling cares of earth and feed on love divine. All things teach us of good—are mediums of light and life between us and the Divine Mind. Jesus could preach without a Bible, for the book of nature was spread out before him and each object he saw was a text for a sermon. The modest lily was in his view more glorious than Solomon, the rich, powerful but misguided king, whom all men called wise and honored because of his riches and power, but who lived a life of sensuality, and died as the fool dieth, exclaiming "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" The barren fig tree, crawling serpent, peaceful dove, the innocent flocks—in short anything and everything that he beheld furnished instruction, because his mind was in a condition to receive it.

Just now a little girl is near me with her little baby-house and doll with which she is amusing herself as earnestly as the mother of a living child. She dresses and undresses it; scolds and caresses it by turns, feeds it and whips it, rocks it to sleep and goes through all the motions of the real mother. Yet her doll has no life, her dishes contain no food, the whole thing is a mockery. And here in this would-be mother we have a figure of our modern church. The minister has his baby house, often splendidly built, ornamented and furnished, as far as means will permit, after the fashion of the one so foolishly built by king Solomon for a Being who dwelleth not in houses erected by men. He has his dolls—people as destitute of vital godliness as the little girl's doll is of life; he goes through forms and ceremonies of religion in imitation of the apostles, as the little girl does in imitation of her mother. He scolds his dolls and caresses them by turns, whips them a little and feeds them, rocks them to sleep in his theological cradle, then wakes them and draws them out, pretendedly toward heaven in his little go cart of creeds, and tries to play the apostle as the little girl does the mother, but his dolls have no spiritual life, and all his doings are a farce. He gives them a baptism of the body in water instead of purifying their souls by a baptism of the Holy Ghost, he treats them to a little bread and wine once a month instead of guiding them to the spiritual store house where they might daily enjoy the bread and water of life; and thus he tries to clothe their souls with the old Jewish forms and ceremonies which Christ cast aside, pronouncing them an old garment, and to feed their souls from what Christ pronounced the old bottle;

and the consequence is that there is no salvation in his baby house—his children are no more like the true children of God than the doll is like a living child. Hence they can live in the gratification of their passions, cheat and grind each other in trade and occasionally get up wars in which members of the same holy house are arrayed against each other in deadly strife while the Rev. Daddy or step daddy shouts them on to battle or roars like the bulls of Bashan for his unknown gods to help. Oh my soul, join not thou in their mockeries, that thou become not a partaker in their plagues.

Another Plain Sermon.

BY J. HACKER.

Honesty.

The first and greatest want now among mankind in order for the world to be made better, is the want of honest action. There has been so much looseness and trifling in religious matters, so much cringing to popular opinion, so much shirking from persecution, censure and ridicule, so much hypocrisy practiced by professors on every hand, that the principle of honesty has become lax, and people generally do not feel the necessity as they ought to, of honestly acting according to their highest convictions of truth and right.

If only those would attend fashionable churches, who sincerely believe in the ceremonies performed there, the temples would exhibit "a beggarly account of empty boxes," for not one in a hundred who attend such farces, have any faith in the ceremonies performed there. Some go there to see, others to be seen; some go to be fashionable or popular; some to gain the favor of men in trade or business;—some for fear of persecution; others from various other motives, but very few because they believe that spiritual good can be found in the dry ceremonies.

Now if people were honest enough to act up to their best convictions; if they felt the necessity of being truthful, they would not patronize such concerns, nor so much as loan their example to uphold them; they would feel that they were sinning by so doing; and to stop doing wrong would be the first step toward doing right. If they would stop traveling in the wrong path they would have time, and be in better condition to look for the right one; but so long as they float in the popular crowd, they can not see so clearly the path that is right. They know they are going wrong, because their souls do not find the salvation they seek for, and their first duty should be to stop, and stand still till they can see something better.

Every one knows it is wrong for him to defraud his neighbor in his dealings, yet nearly all do the wrong when opportunity offers, each excusing himself on the ground that the multitude are accustomed to do the same; when, were they strictly honest, they would do the right themselves, though all others do wrong.

Job said, "As for me and my house, we will serve God." When people generally come to the same resolution to do right themselves, without any regard to the doings of others, we

shall see a great improvement in the world. We shall then begin to move in the right direction; evil will be denounced on every hand and the right and good sought for and practiced, and a wonderful change for the better will take place. The foggy religious organizations will be broken up and men will be found doing in the world instead of sitting down on soft cushions and trying to lift themselves into heaven by their boot straps, with the world on their backs or in their hearts.

Yes, friends, honest action is wanted more than anything else. We have light enough to begin with, but lack the honesty to begin. He who only sees that he is doing wrong by upholding religious meetings in which there is no spirituality, no salvation for himself nor any one else, knows enough to stop and stand still, till he sees what to do next, but the honesty to do so is wanting, and until we are honest enough to take the first step which we can see, we have no right to ask for light to see the second step. If I stop from this wrong way, what shall I do? inquires one. It is your duty first to stop doing the wrong, and when you have done that, if you cannot see the better way wait till you can. If nothing is pointed out to you, you have only to wait, being careful to watch for light till it comes; but first be careful that you cease from the wrong, not continue doing wrong while looking for the right. People who sigh for salvation and happiness and ask for more light, need not expect it until they are honest enough to make use of what they have.

"Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on."

I have seen the above passage quoted by Infidels to prove that the teachings of Christ were erroneous. They say if we all practiced this counsel we should starve. They overlook the fact that it was spoken to those whom he had called to a work which others could not do, and not to all. It was as if a man with many sons should say to some, not all of them, go to the shop or mill and work there, and take no thought what you shall eat or wear, for while you labor there for the common good of the family your brothers in the field and in the factory who are also working for the common good, will see that you are clothed and fed. Paul refers to the same thing when he speaks of receiving temporal things in return for spiritual things. The apostles went forth to preach without hire, and those whose hearts were opened to them by the truths they spake, voluntarily supplied their temporal wants.

I once heard a man pray in the morning for God to have mercy on the poor. Before noon a poor man come to get credited for a bushel of corn till he could earn some money. The heartless old praying machine was rich and had several hundred bushels on hand, for sale, but none would he part with without cash in hand. What were his ideas when he prayed? Did he expect the Lord to send down a bag of corn from above? Or in what way did he expect his prayer to be answered? Or did he pray simply because he had been educated on that habit, without expecting any answer to his petitions?

Some men seem to pray as though they thought each word was a stepping stone on which they were walking toward heaven.

[FRIENDLY EDITORS, PLEASE COPY.]

Call for a Peace Convention.

To ALL PERSONS reached by this Greeting—who believe in the universal Brotherhood of Man—who acknowledge the supremacy of the divine Law of Love to God and Love to Man—who abhor War, and all resorts to Deadly Force between human beings—who honor Jesus Christ as the Prince of Peace—and who are willing, by all the consistent means of self-sacrifice and moral season, to labor for the promotion of perfect Peace among mankind throughout the earth:—

You are hereby earnestly invited, irrespective of sex, color, creed, nationality, or residence, to assemble at the MEIONIAN (*Tremont Temple*.) in Boston, Mass., on *Wednesday, the 4th day of March* next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in order to hold a Convention of at least two days' continuance—in which to exchange fraternal expressions of sentiment, to consider what ought to be done in behalf of the Peace Cause—and, if practicable, to organize a new, uncompromising, vigorous and well ordered Movement against the War System, on the basis of Total Abstinence from all resorts to Deadly Force among mankind, between individuals, families, communities, states and nations. Important propositions will be laid before the Convention, and doubtless able speakers participate in its discussions. Conductors of the press, pulpit, and all other organs of public intelligence, are respectfully requested to aid in giving publicity to this Call.

Issued this 21st day of January, 1866, by order of the General Committee appointed on the subject at "An Informal Peace Conference," Committee," held in Boston, December 12, 1865.

Sub-Committee.

ADIN BALLOU, Hopedale, Mass.,
EZRA H. HEYWOOD, Princeton, Mass.
JOSHUA BLANCHARD, Boston, "
LYSANDER S. RICHARDS, "
ALFRED H. LOVE, Philadelphia, Pa.,

[This Call will be sent to numerous friends of the Peace Cause. All who feel that they can approve and second it are particularly requested to signify the same without delay, by letter, addressed to Lysander R. Richards, No., 67 Purchase St., Boston, Mass. Names duly received will be appended to the Call and published therewith, so far as practicable. Let every encouraging name be sent in immediately.]

REMARKS.—The above is the copy of a circular received by mail. If there is really to be a public movement in favor of Universal Peace and Brotherhood, by men who know what they are doing—who have counted the cost, and are on a sure foundation that the flood cannot wash away, we heartily desire to add our feeble voice in a hearty Godspeed. But after seeing what we have in the last thirty years, we feel that we have a right to doubt, and a right to question these men a little before receiving them as the ambassadors and heralds of a Millennium day.

Gentlemen, where were you during the late war? What was your testimony then? The writer of this—while standing alone, in this city and State, the only one who dared to publicly raise a voice against all war, and particularly the one then raging, which was the most unnecessary, the most bloody and wicked of all—looked in vain, for some public man to aid

and encourage him in bearing the testimony of Peace on earth and good will to men.

On inquiring and on searching papers, political, religious and reformatory, not a single man could be heard of, not even a professed minister of the gospel, who dared to stand up before the people and declare that God is love, and Christ the Prince of Peace.

Where were you then? Please tell us gentlemen, and what your public or private testimony was; what measures you took to calm the mighty waves of passion and bring the mad fighters to their senses?

Are not you or a part of you of the old staggers who called yourselves Non-resistants, Practical Christians, &c., ten years ago? If so what were you doing for Peace and Non-resistance and Universal Brotherhood in the late bloody strife? As you have voluntarily placed yourselves in your present position, we feel that we have a right to ask these questions, and a right to expect a candid, truthful reply. We know not but all of you stood firmly by the banner of Peace through that bloody scene; but if you did it seems strange that none of your voices could be heard above the din of battle—strange that no word from you in favor of Peace was found in any of the papers during all that long bloody scene.

If you are of the old Non-resistant party; and if you forsook the cause of Peace when the war came, what guaranty can you give that you will not do the same again?

Will you please answer these questions, and at once, that we may be able to advise our readers in our next issue, whether to attend your Convention, or to regard it as of the same class of those of former years, which were based on the sand, and washed away when the flood came.

I remember some years since, when traveling through Massachusetts, "Olive Leaves" and other "Peace Papers" were showered into the cars like snow flakes. On inquiring in the midst of the late war, for the men who were engaged in that Peace movement I was informed that they all thought it a Christian duty to fight in this war.

I also remember that some years since the Clergymen undertook, in words if nothing more, to bring about an era of Universal Peace. For this purpose a World's Peace Convention was called in Europe. A large number of clergymen went from this country to attend it; but they possessed so little of the real living principle of Peace that they could not come together peaceably on the Sabbath around what they called the Lord's Table. The close-communion Baptists could not partake with the open communionists, nor the Orthodox with Unitarians and so, for want of peace principles in themselves, tho' met to convert the whole world to peace, they had to dispense with what they called the sacred ordinance.—On their way home they were in a dangerous storm, and becoming frightened with the idea that they were all going to—old Nick together they partook of the supper, but as soon as the storm abated they were as wide apart as ever. There must be something deeper and stronger than this in these men, if they would bring the world into a spirit of peace, and if there is, we should rejoice to know it. Speak out, gentlemen, let us know where you were and what doing during the late war, and give us some assurance if you can, that you will not desert your posts if another war comes.

Be good and do good forever.

When you are angry keep silent till you are calm.

Carnival of Crime.

A New York paper recorded in six months, commencing in April and ending in Sept. 1865, the following crimes, disasters &c.:—Ninety-five murders; 12 homicides; 6 assassinations; 25 unsuccessful attempts at murder; 9 cases of wife-murder; 7 attempts at wife-murder; 2 husband-murders; 8 instances of family-cide, or murder of families; 4 fratricides, or murder of a brother; 3 parricides, or murder of a parent; 2 double and 2 quadruple murders; 3 infant murders; 2 lynch-law executions; 33 suicides and an equal number of rapes.

To this may be added throughout the nation, some thousands of cases of abortion, chiefly by married women who have already more unwelcome children than they have health to take care of, and the death of some hundreds of such women caused by effort to procure abortion!

To the above may be added many cases of bigamy; attempts to throw cars from the track and other crimes of like character. Ten bank and express robberies, amounting in all to nearly nine hundred thousand dollars, to say nothing of numerous defalcations and swindles committed by the officers of banks, and other corporations, and agents of Government, amounting to more than five millions; after omitting the government frauds! And then comes a long list of forgeries amounting to millions of dollars!

Then we have 68 railroad accidents or butcheries, most of which originated in carelessness, destroying 600 more! Ten explosions, and 8 collisions of steamboats; 45 burnings, sinkings and wrecks of vessels, involving thousands of lives. By the explosion of that one steamer, Sultana 1,200 were drowned in the muddy waters of the Mississippi; 40 went down in the burning ship Nelson; 250 in the Brother Jonathan. Nearly 3000 lives were thus wasted at sea in six months. Then there is another class of what are called accidents, most of which originated in carelessness or utter recklessness of life, such as the caving in of banks, the falling of walls, bridges, wharves, burning of foundries, blowing up of powder mills, magazines, &c., causing great losses of life.—Fires were more frequent than ever before, and far more extensive, causing much loss of life and property. There was not less than 142 fires recorded in the same paper in the six months, in which 30 millions of property were destroyed.

The above is only a part of the record of crime, sin and shame, which appeared in a New York paper for six months, and we charge nearly all of it to our Government, as its own legitimate fruits. The government in various ways, corrupted the people and prepared them for these crimes; and then when it entered into war to save its own life—for it cannot exist without war—it opened the flood-gates of crime and sin throughout the whole nation. The spirit of war entered into nearly every person, taking with it seven or more other spirits, as vile as itself. Every evil spirit was aroused and set in motion, and the above is a part of the result. The New York paper that records these crimes is a war paper, yet frankly admits that the war was the cause of all this misery, but is too blind to see that the government is the hotbed of sin in which war and all the crimes that follow in its train is hatched, and that a government which breeds so much crime and misery is worse, far worse than no government at all.

The railroad and steamboat disasters, as they are called, arose from a spirit of carelessness

and recklessness caused by the war. If a farmer should set a dog to guard his flocks, that would destroy a hundred times more of them, than all other beasts would, if not guarded at all, he would destroy the beast at once; but the people seem determined to cling to the government, if all are destroyed together. We call on all who profess to be Christians, to give up the government to the human brutes that need it, and have nothing to do with it, or else relinquish their profession of christianity, and no longer try to serve Christ and Belial at the same time.

Wickedness in High Places.

I do not know as anything would illustrate the utterly unprincipled condition into which a greed for money will draw a man, better than the course pursued with old vessels. The owners keep them afloat until they sink with all on board, from sheer rottenness.

If a vessel is condemned by the constituted officers, as old, rotten and unseaworthy, it is taken to some other place, and slicked up and painted to hide its rottenness, and perhaps receives a new name; and then, through the unfaithfulness of inspectors, or the influence of bribes it is permitted to pass as seaworthy, and is sold or fitted up for sea. The owner gets it insured, and those that trust merchandise in it, get that insured, and when it goes down at sea, they get pay for vessel and cargo, and are satisfied.

They care nothing for the lives of officers and crew, so greedy are they to get pay for the rotten vessel. This is the way men dispose of the vessels that ought to be beached and broken up for fuel. Members of churches—those who are regarded as the very pillars of the church—who sit in the most fashionable pews, and roll up their eyes to the pulpit like a duck in a thunder storm—who draw down their faces, and with sanctimonious countenances partake of what they call the holy sacrament—who buy favor with the priests by presents, or liberal additions to their salaries—even such men as these are guilty of this sin. How much better than murder and highway robbery is it, to put a crew of men on board a rotten vessel and send them out to perish, simply to get pay for the vessel. The highwayman is an honest man in comparison with such a villain.

Last spring I saw a vessel under repairs in sight of this city, which would have been condemned and broken up, if the proper officers had done their duty. Perhaps half a dozen women will be made widows by the rotten concern.

HALL OF REST.

True Rest.

If thou should'st fail to find true rest,
In earth, thou'lt find it not in heaven;
Here must it dwell within thy breast,
Or thou must tempest-tossed be driven.
For what is rest? not indolence
Of body or of mind or soul;
Not in the loss of sight or sense,
Not in the grave our earthly goal.
It is not freedom from the ills
Which flesh is heir to—sickness, pain,
Malice that wounds or Death that kills,
Temptation's lure or penury's chain.
In vain in nature's solitude
'Tis fondly sought—in hermit's cell
Where stranger footsteps ne'er intrude—
On mountain top, in silent dell;
It reigns not in the peasant's cot,
Nor in the palace of the king.
It is not found by chance or lot;
'Tis not a partial, birthright thing.
Gold cannot buy nor valor win,
Nor power command, nor station gain it,
Whatever bears the taint of sin,
Unpurified cannot obtain it.
Thou mayest have beauty, wit and parts

That shall secure the vast acclaim,
And be the idol of all hearts,
And gather universal fame;
And by the potentates of earth
Be honored as a chosen guest;
And be exalted from thy birth—
Yet never know one hour of REST.
Thou mayest upon thy very knees
Have gone on many a pilgrimage,
And far excelled all devotees
That ever trod this mortal stage,
In self-inflicted agonies,
All sinful lusts to crucify;
In vain thy tears, and groans, and cries,
REST by such acts thou canst not buy.
Thou mayest have joined some chosen sect
And given thy sanction to a creed,
And been pronounced among the elect,
And zealous been in word and deed—
Most orthodox of proselytes
Strict in observing seasons, days,
Church, order, ceremonies, rites.
Constant at church to pray and praise
Munificent in all good works,
That with the gospel may be blest
All heathen tribes, Jews, Greeks and Turks,
Yet still a stranger to be REST.
For what is REST? 'Tis not to be
Half saint, half sinner, day by day;
Half saved, half lost, half bound, half free;
Half in the fold and half astray;
Faithless this hour, the next most true;
Just half alive, half crucified;
Half washed and half polluted too;
To Christ and Belial both allied!
Now trembling at Mount Sinai's base,
Anon on Calvary's summit shouting
One instant boasting of free grace—
The next God's pardoning mercy doubting
Now sinning, now denouncing sin,
Filled with alternate joy and sorrow
To-day feel all renewed within,
But fear a sad relapse to-morrow!
All ardent now and eloquent,
Or bold for God with soul on fire,
At once complete extinguishment
Ensues, and all the sparks expire.
O, most unhappy of mankind,
In thee what contradictions meet
Seeing thy way yet groping blind;
Most conscientious, yet a cheat!
Allowing what thou dost abhor,
And hating what thou dost allow.
Dreaming of freedom by the law
Yet held in bondage until now!
This 'is the old man with his deeds,
Striving to do his very best.
'Tis crucifixion that he needs—
Self-righteous, how can he know rest
What then is REST? It is to be
Perfect in love and holiness
From sin eternally made free;
Not under law but under grace.
Once cleansed from guilt, forever pure
Once pardoned, ever reconciled;
Once healed, to find a perfect cure;
As Jesus blameless, undefiled;
Once saved, no more to go astray;
Once crucified, then always dead;
Once in the new and living way,
True ever to our living Head;
Dwelling in God and God in us;
From every spot and wrinkle clear
Safely delivered from each lust,
Incapable of doubt or fear.
It is to have eternal life
To follow where the Saviour trod
To be removed from earthly strife—
Joint-heirs of Christ and sons of God
Never from rectitude to swerve,
Though by the powers of hell pursued
To consecrate without reserve,
All we possess in doing good.
It is to glory in the Cross,
Endure reproach, despise the shame,
And wisely count as dung or dross,
All earthly grandeur, homage, fame,
To know the Shepard of the sheep—
Be gentle, harmless, meek and lowly;
All joy, all hope, all peace—to keep

Not one in seven, but all days holy.
It is to be all prayer and praise,
Not in set form or phrase expressed,
But ceaseless as angelic lays—
This, only this, is CHRISTIAN REST.
He who, believing, hath obtained
This REST shall ne'er be troubled more
Though round him lions fierce unchained
For his destruction rage and roar.
He may be famishing for bread.
Or be of men the jest and mirth,
And have no where to lay his head
No spot to call his own on earth;
Temptation with its endless wiles
May strive to turn his feet aside,
And flattery with its treacherous smiles
May hope to flush some latent pride;
He may be hunted as a beast—
As heretic dragged to the stake
Placed on the rack Revenge to feast
And Bigotry's fierce wrath to slake;
Or whether death or hell assail,
It matters not; within his breast
Are joy and peace that cannot fail;
This only is TRUE CHRISTIAN REST.
QUERY.—Who is the author of the above?

CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Lacona, Jan. 1866.

FRIEND HACKER:—I am going to school now. I like it very much, I want to get to be a good scholar so I can teach school. I live in a little village called Lacona, in Iowa. They had something here stuffed, with a head like a wolf's.

They took it round to the people's houses Christmas night, frightening the people.—They frightened some very much. This I think, was not right. I would like to know how you spent christmas day. My Pa takes the Chariot and I love to read it.

I have a little brother about three months old; we call him Ellery. We found the name in the Chariot.

I am a little girl nine years old and cant write very well. I wrote this on a slate and got Pa to copy it for me in this.

MARY ANN COLES.

REPLY.—I spent a part of christmas day calling on friends, in the village of Brunswick, my native town, where I had a meeting the day before—part of it in returning home in the cars, 28 miles, and the remainder in writing for the Chariot. I make no distinction between christmas day and other days; to me all days are alike sacred to good deeds. The christian command is,—"Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God;" and if we obey this command we can make no distinction in days—all will be holy. Paul told some of the people that he was afraid of them, for they observed days and times, proving them to be superstitious.

You named your little brother for Ellery C. Crosby of Albion, Maine, a very good boy, perhaps twelve years old, and he, I believe was named for the late Ellery Channing, a popular clergyman of Boston.

Write again Mary, and tell us about Iowa. How cold it is in winter, and how warm in summer, what you raise there and the prices of different articles of food.

Any religion that wraps its votaries up in selfishness, that is destitute of love, charity, benevolence, is vain and worthless.

There is more merit in giving a loaf of bread to the hungry, than in long prayers for God to pity the poor. Many men pray for the poor as though God would rain down food when they ought to carry the food themselves.

"GOD IS LOVE," AND LOVE IS ALMIGHTY.—Love, pure and undefiled, exercised toward each other in sincerity and truth, is the only thing that ever can or will overcome evil and draw the human family into the spirit of brotherhood and peace. Physical force may conquer the body, and cause the weaker party to submit to the will of the stronger; but such force can never conquer the mind—never can change an enemy to a friend. The rebels of the South have been conquered by superior numbers, better fed and better clothed and equipped, and forced to submit partially to the will of the North, but not one spark of enmity has been removed—no love has been kindled in their breasts towards their conquerors. They have the same feeling of hate that they had in the hottest period of the war, and were they now in a condition to ensure victory, they would rise to-day and demand freedom from the Union.

Is it not time for the rulers of the people—the spiritual guides, and the people generally to look for some better principles of government than animal force?

The world should be of one heart and one mind—like one harmonious family traveling together the same journey of life, to meet at last in the same common home; it should be the constant aim of all to promote concert of action, unity, harmony and peace—to band together in a spirit of oneness, and aid each other in every possible way. Rulers should rule in a spirit of wisdom and love, and not by animal force; they should convince and convert the understanding, not break the head or pierce the heart of the erring. If there are wisdom and love in rulers, they will shed a benign influence on subjects, and will rule by a power mightier than the sword—will rule the heart instead of the animal fears.

Spiritual teachers who believe in the sword or brute force are not worth the name of teachers. They are blind guides, destitute of the divine principle which ought to be the mainspring of every act. Such teachers are only a curse to the people, leading them further and further from the divine, down down into the regions of the basest passions; better far better for a nation to have no spiritual guides, than to have such as this nation has been cursed with and by, during the last fifty years. They aided the politicians in leading the people into the ditch of mire and blood.

Love must begin its work in parents, too, as well as political and religious guides. If love dwells in parents, they have no use for the rod any more than wise and loving rulers have for the sword. The rod may cause a child to obey his parent in the outward act, while his heart is in rebellion, but never can beget a oneness of spirit and harmony between the parent and child.

Solomon was in favor of the rod, and his example has done much harm in the family as well as in church and State, because, on account of his great riches and worldly power and glory, he was called a wise man; but when people open their eyes to the truth, and discover that he was the greatest fool of which we have any scribeure record, his testimony in favor of the sword and the rod will fall to the ground.—There was a wiser man than Solomon who was called the Prince of Peace. His birth, we are informed, was proclaimed by an angel and with the song "Glory in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men." His mission was a mission of love, his life was spent in performing the works of love to the children of men. He declared that it was the duty of men to change swords into plowshares, and learn war no more. He sealed his testimony of peace and love with his blood, not permitting his servants to save his life by the use of carnal weapons, and is it not astonishing that men who profess to be his apostles are among the first defenders and advocates of brute force, denying and even scoffing at the Love principle of Him whom they call their Master! Awake, Oh sons and daughters

of Adam! Awake, ye who profess to be the rulers of the people! Awake, ye blind multitudes who profess to be spiritual guides!—Awake all ye people! for ye are slumbering in the midst of destroying flames. Ye are trusting in brute force which only corrupts the people, engenders hate, widens breaches, banishes love, destroys harmony, and defeats the very object which ye aim to accomplish.

Wisdom and love if they have instruments through which to work, are mighty to the pulling down of every strong hold of evil and capable of rendering this sin-polluted world a paradise of harmony and peace.

MEETINGS.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 27, had a meeting in the Hall at Ferry Village.—There were fifty or more present who listened to the truth as earnestly as any people I have ever seen, but a very large proportion of the assembly were young people from twelve to twenty years of age, and I am sorry to say that quite a number of them of both sexes behaved in a manner to disgrace themselves and their parents if they have any, and also the religious teachers who have permitted them to grow up so uncultivated. The day will come when some of them will bring down the grey heads of their parents in sorrow to the grave. Do all the adults there set good examples for those young people? Something should be done at once to effect a reform there.

On the evening of Feb. 3 held a meeting in Warren's Hall, Saccarappa, which was very satisfactory to me. The seats were all filled and some stood up, and though the people were of all parties and sects they were very quiet and attentive; seeming to listen earnestly, to truths as plain as could be spoken, and as far as I could judge by their appearance, the most of them were candid. Priestcraft is doomed in that village as well as in other places where people will listen so long and earnestly to such truths. It is a truth that ministers must advance or the people will leave them far behind.

HORRIBLE.—to children.—A young lady of 17 years, in a letter to me, dated Dec. 20, 1865 says,—"We are having quite a revival here.—There are meetings every evening. Last week we had a Methodist minister and I was disgusted with him and thought I would not attend any more. He said H—ll was only across the river from Heaven, and every one in Heaven could look over into H—ll and see all the sights there, such as horned Devils, flying serpents and so on, enough to make one sick with horror. I think it is awful to frighten children so. I thought for my part I might as well be in h—ll and endure the torments he told about, as to be where I should see all such things, and see others endure them!"

How long will such stuff be tolerated by people? How long will they continue to go or permit their children to run after such insane teachers? If they would watch the effect that such meetings produce on the mind they would be careful to avoid them and find something better for their children. Wonder why the ministers cant contrive to get a few of the horned *varmints* and flying serpents across the river to exhibit when they want to raise church funds, a few of them at a *supper* or other pious gambling assembly would, for a while, put grab bags, lotteries, mock post offices, ring cakes, &c., in the shade, and bring in the money rapidly. All, both saints and sinners, would be curious to see a specimen of natural curiosities from the fiery clime across the river. But how is it that the Rev. Gentlemen make such changes? But a little while since their *awful* place was a lake of fire and brimstone, then a bottomless pit, but now according to this divine it is an open country to be seen across the river. Then, too, the Bible tells us that the serpent race was sentenced to crawl on the belly all the days of its life; but this gentleman has got him going on wings. Be careful Brother, you may be called an Infidel.

Pride is a sin, yet ministers speak of church edifices the owners may well be proud of.

HYPOCRISY.—Ministers do not always know the character of the people they preach to. I was once traveling through Minot. It was a warm day and I called at a house for a drink of water, and was invited to sit down and rest. There was to be a meeting in the neighborhood in an hour or so, and the woman was in a hurry preparing food for the minister. Her daughter who had been away, came flirting in when her mother asked her to take hold and help finish the work. "Oh, I cant, till I get my curls and ruffles off, for Elder H—n will be here in a moment and if he sees them he will think I am backsliding." I went to the meeting, when after the Elder had closed his sermon, I had a pleasant opportunity to speak. When the meeting closed the Elder shook hands with the young sisters, reproving some of them for wearing ruffles, telling them that they ought to be as humble and plain in dress as sister Sarah, the little hypocrite who had shed her offensive ornaments an hour or two ago. They girls looked at each other and winked as tho' they knew a thing or two about the pious little sister, but said nothing, and the Elder was left in ignorance to lavish his christian love on his favorite convert.

I was once at the house of Mark R. on Harpswell Island when an old lady named Birthright lived there. She saw the minister coming, and to make him think she was very pious she caught down the family Bible. The minister shook hands with the family, and took a chair near the good old saint who knew about as much of practical christianity as a Hindoo. "I am glad to see you so well engaged this morning sister B," said the minister, "but how can you read with your Bible upside down?" "La!" said she "don't you know I am left handed?" This let "the cat out of the bag." She never read a word in her life, and tried to cover her ignorance and save her christian character by lying about being left handed for she was not. She had taken the Bible which she could not read, simply to make the minister think her very pious. There are many left handed christians in the world now. Men whose hearts are as full of buyers and sellers, gougers and grinders as the old temple ever was; women as proud and vain as old Jezebel, go to church every Sunday wearing sanctimonious faces, and gammon the priests who care not a penny about it, provided they are well paid. These left handed people tickle the preachers with money, and the preachers sickle them with promises of splendid mansions in heaven. To your tents, Oh, Israel! a storm will overtake hypocrites! The clouds are gathering thick and black. Sin brings its own punishment.

Letter from Ada May Crosby.

Albion, Feb., 1866.

DEAR MR. HACKER:—It is not any matter if the letter for the last Chariot was lost, for so many girls sent letters there did not seem to be room for your little Ada. I am happier now than I was when you were here. You know why, don't you?

Abbie Nellie wants to know which of the little girls you are going to have to live with you and pick up your cane when you are old. I am not going to let you grow old and walk with a cane, not till I get to be a tall woman, for I love you so much that I want you to live as long as I do, to help me be good. Why don't all men love little girls as well as you do and try as hard to make them good?

Dear Little Ada! She had written the above, when she was taken sick and could not finish it but requested it sent. The Chariot is full, but we take out something else and make room for it, but have no room to reply. She is represented as being very sick.

HAMMONTON.—What about Hammon-
ton, N. Jersey, Friend Hacker? Have you
given up going there? These questions are
very often asked me in the street and in let-
ters. No, I have not yet relinquished the
hope of a home there, and intended to go last
spring, but have been pressed in spirit to re-
main here awhile to hold meetings, for the peo-
ple where I have traveled are hungrier for truth
than I ever knew them to be before. I can *feel*
them now calling me to come; and often re-
ceive letters of invitation to hold meetings in
various places, more in Maine than in any other
State, but intend to go to Hammonton as soon
as I can feel free to. The reports I receive
from there are favorable. Crops were good last
season and sold well. The climate is delight-
ful and healthy, and it is a good place for aged
people and for women and children to get a liv-
ing, provided they have enough to start with.
The work is light, not at all like farming here.
Picking berries and other fruits is much easier
than mowing and pitching hay, and much pleas-
anter than waiting on animals. One woman
whose husband was in the army, cleared over
a thousand dollars last season, on her three and
a half acre strawberry patch. How many farm-
ers in Maine can do that on fifty or a hundred
acres, with all their hard labor?

Hammonton is growing; people are coming
from other States, and many new buildings are
going up. A friend who with his wife spent
the Summer there, says the longer he is there
the better he likes it; and though he owns the
old Homestead in Albany Co. where he was
born, which is worth ten or twelve thousand
dollars, and which is dear to him on account of
the associations of a life time, yet he often sighs
for a home in Hammonton.

I have been repeatedly asked if I visited
Vineland, and how I liked that place. I will
only say I visited both places and others, and
saw good people in both places, but for reasons
satisfactory to myself, I made the choice where
I did.

I have also been asked what I think of the
Report of the Committee of the American In-
stitute Farmer's Club that visited the two places
last Fall.

To this I will only say I was astonished when
they said the soil in the two places is similar. I
discovered a difference while walking over one
of the places before daylight, and could tell
which place I was in by walking or riding over
it with my eyes closed. My advice would be
to those going there with a view of getting a
living by cultivating the land, to visit both
places, walk over and dig into the ground, ex-
amine high land and low, coarse and fine, as-
certain which kind can be worked the easiest,
and which produces best, and then decide for
yourself. I do not consider land that needs a
pick to dig it up, and that will settle down as
hard as a brick bat in one season, worth cul-
tivating.

Yes, I'm bound for Hammonton as soon as I
can feel clear of Maine, if it is only to lay my
bones where the frost won't reach them, for I
have had enough of snow and ice, and don't
want to be frozen to death.

A REQUEST.—Will some scholar who
can read the New Testament in its original
tongue, give us a correct translation of Acts,
1st chap. 11th verse. The passage as it reads
in our Testament, is inconsistent. If the same
Jesus that they were looking after was to re-
turn in like manner, where would be the prop-
riety of asking why they stood looking for
him? The fact that he was coming would be
a good reason for them to stand gazing for him.
We think that there is either a mistransla-
tion, or that the two men in white asked a
very foolish question. How is it? We do not
want a reply from one who will twist the
Scripture to suit his creed, but a correct trans-
lation without regard to any creed.

Extracts from Private Letters.

Borodino, Dec. 17, 1865.

DEAR FRIEND:—Enclosed you will find five
dollars—a present, only please send me your
picture in a letter. I have a strong desire to
see you and have had for years. My husband
says he had no particular impression in sending
the five dollars more than that he knew the sub-
scription could not support a paper so unpopu-
lar. He has often said if he was able the pa-
per should not stop for the want of funds. We
expect the paper another year. If it stops you
are entirely welcome to the small sum we have
sent you; wish we were able to give more. We
will not request you to cry aloud without a lit-
tle more than the subscription price to strength-
en your lungs. We do appreciate the Chariot
very much, and mean to be found on board as
long as we live, if it runs. Its teachings are
pleasant to me. I feel they are true.

With much respect, L. & D. S.

REMARKS.—Thanks are all the return I can
offer for such favors, and if that would pay, you
would have an ample reward, for words will
not express the gratitude that such letters in-
spire. The material help is much, but the love
and sympathy that prompt the gift, and kind
expressions are more than money—are what
money cannot purchase, and known only to the
few.

Newark, Feb., 1866.

I am very sorry your paper does not more
strongly advocate the Community system.—
Why Brother Hacker, are you not tired and
weary of this political jargon? Are you not
tired of being poor, and jostled about having
the cold shoulder turned upon you here and
there? do you not desire to find a body of peo-
ple of one heart, one soul, one mind who will
labor together even as the Primitive church?
and how are such people to be found save as
you advocate, by the press and preach and
talk to the people on these themes? All the
organizations among the spiritualists seem to
be so superficial only for financial arrange-
ments. I want to see an association that will
be united in efforts for the physical the in-
tellectual, the relational the social the moral
and the spiritual. I want to find a body of
working men and women, whose gospel shall
be "All mine are Thine and Thine are mine,"
and daily and hourly and all the time live it
out.

My brother, there can be no true harmony
in this selfish isolated state of society. And if
you will advocate it more in your paper it will,
I am sure, find answering hearts in many parts
of the country.

If I hear from you in answer to this I will
send a peice for the paper. So you see you
are the one to make the matter straight.

Yours in fraternal bonds, M.

REPLY.—A large portion of my life has been
spent in efforts to prepare people for a harmo-
nious life. When they are prepare for that—
when their selfishness is overcome and the spirit
of love takes its place, then and not till then
will people be prepare to unite their efforts
in community life. To form communities of
people as they now are, each one wrapped
about with a garment of selfishness, would be
like building a carriage of green materials, the
first jolt would send the loose spokes in every
direction—all would go to smash.

What is the use of talking about commu-
ties till people are prepared for such a state.—
When we are willing to be servants to each
other—willing each to do his proper share of

the stern labor of life, and work for the com-
mon good, we shall be ready to unite in com-
munities, and not before.

I am weary of political jargon, of religious
jargon, of community jargon too. Weary of
living a hermit life in the midst of society,
weary of being jostled, cheated and robbed,
weary of poverty and of laboring without com-
pensation enough to procure the necessary
comforts of life, but what can be done about
it? If people were prepared to unite their
temporal means and live together in families of
twenty to one hundred each, a large saving
could be made in material things, thereby
lightening the toils of all, and affording time
for improvement which they can not have in
the present isolated condition of society. And
so many together would have numerous privi-
leges which they do not have for enjoyment.—
But where can we find people prepared for
such a life? and where are the means coming
from to prepare a home for such people provid-
ed we can find them? I know of a few and
only a few, who, I think could live in harmo-
ny, but most of them have but slender means
to do with. If I had funds, I would provide
a home at once, and call together such as are
prepared for community life. But I have
not the means, and those who have are to sel-
fish to use them for such a purpose.

Please give me the names and addresses of
all you know who are prepared for such a life,
and tell me where on the broad earth they
could find a home, or the means to secure a
home and to make the institution self-sup-
porting by honest industry. Or show me a
home and means to secure it and I will try to
find the people.

THE GOSPEL AND THE GUNSPHEL.—The
Apostles of Christ preached the *Gospel*, which
was the Power of God unto salvation, but
nearly all the ministers of this nation have,
during the last five years, preached the *Guns-
spel*; and this shows the difference between
the early Christians and the modern pretend-
ers. In nearly all other things the difference
is equally great. Christ and the Apostles pu-
rified the soul by a spiritual baptism, while
the modern clergy dip the body in water.
Christ and the Apostles gave the souls of the
people the bread and wine that cometh down
from heaven—a spiritual feast; but the mod-
ern clergy administer a little material bread
and wine to the body. Christ gave rest to the
weary soul, while our clergy have a day of
rest for the body. Christ made people mem-
bers of his church by filling their souls with
his spirit, while the clergy pretend to do it by
putting their names on a paper which mice
and rats may gnaw in pieces. And thus it is
from beginning to end. Christ prepared the
people to die quietly and happily when their
time came, but a modern christian when tak-
en sick sends in terror for a physician, and
when told that he must die, calls in consterna-
tion and horror for his priest. From private
conversations that I have had with such peo-
ple I think that not one in twenty believes that
their religious doings have any connection with
christianity, yet motives of pride, popularity,
&c., lead them to play the hypocrite.

It is the galled jade that winces; the
man that has corns who grumbles if you tread
on his toes; the sinful that cry out when sin is
reproved. If people are not in the *hitting* place
truth will not hit them any more than you can
hit them with a stone when they are not there.
When people cry out against truth you may be
sure the truth has touched a tender spot.