

SHAKER AND SHAKERESS.

SOCIAL GATHERING

OF

THE JUNIOR ORDER OF BELIEVERS, OF MOUNT LEBANON,

IN

The Pine Grove, Canaan, Columbia County, N. Y.

AUGUST 19th, 1873.

F. W. EVANS,]

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[EDITOR.]

LISTENING.

—o—

A GOOD listener is a choice rarity. To listen like an Indian is an attainment—a perfection—which but few of the talking Anglo-Saxons ever reach. Stock-still is the position of a good listener—an attitude of humble, respectful attention. As a subsoiled soil will draw moisture from the atmosphere, so does a good listener, who is drained of the element of *self*, absorb knowledge, and learn wisdom, from men, women, and children, in whom the egotist would be unaware of its existence.

COMMUNITY OF IDEAS.

Why not have community of ideas, as well as community of goods, or a republic of letters? What have we in the realm of thought that we are certain is *original*? When I was young, I used to think there was much in my mental treasury that I could justly call my own—the result of my own labor. But, now that I am older, I am inclined to the opinion (which is knowledge in process of formation), that what I have is not *my* own, but *ours*—the result of community of thought.

We hear, and read, and think, and are subject to intuition and inspiration—the influx of ideas from other minds in the spirit land; how then can we say, this, and this, is *mine*? Is it not safer to assume that all ideas, every thought we possess, is not mine, but *ours*; and that we have nothing but what we have received? This would leave us untrammelled, and free to appropriate every truth, and all the beautiful conceptions with which we may be favored to meet.

My conclusion is, that in the Christ heavens *self is not*; that all thought is common property; and individual identity, the degree and quality of Love seeking to confer the greatest possible amount of unalloyed happiness upon the greatest number.

SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H.
August 15th, 1873.

*To our dearly-beloved Gospel Friends, assembled at the
Social Gathering, Canaan, N. Y. greeting:*

WE are again at our New Hampshire home in Canterbury, having arrived here all safe, about noon on the 13th inst., having, since leaving New Lebanon on the 6th, spent one day with our friends at Hancock, and four days at Enfield, Conn. Common health and prosperity is found both at home and abroad, as far as we have extended our visits.

We now have with us, *Elder John Whiteley*, of the Ministry, Harvard, and *Eldress Sophronia Ager*, *Julia Persons*, and *Rosa Morse*, of the Church, Shirley, Mass. They will remain here until the 20th, when they will visit Enfield, N. H., and we shall accompany them.

Our interview with the Canaan Families, in connection with the North Family, at the North House, New Lebanon, on the 3d inst., is numbered, as one among the happiest seasons of our lives. The company, the associations, the occasion, and the influences, were all beautiful, and will long be remembered. The rock was there smitten, and waters gushed out for our refreshment and a deeper baptism of love. We never think of that meeting, but to bless the hour and the company composing the circle that ministered so effectually to our comfort and strength. You are before us to-day, as then, a host from the heavens, blessing, and being blest. We again renew to you our kindest love, praying that the riches of the Gospel may be multiplied in your souls; that, at this anniversary, you may enjoy a Pentecostal feast. As progression is the right of Believers, so we pray that increased light may be yours, and corresponding strength given for justification in all the acts of life. We want your emanations to better fit us for coming duties. May all Zion share in these influences; and, from the power of the redeeming qualities of the Gospel Institution, become a mightier power, and a greater praise in the earth. We pray God to smile upon your offerings, and strengthen you to the renewing of life, to the unfolding of more advanced truths, not only for the bettering of the condition of our own ranks by a higher resurrection, but for the elevation of humanity as a whole.

Abraham Perkins.

VERY DEARLY LOVED GOSPEL FRIENDS,

—o—

How do you all do this lovely morning? Pleased to see you, good Elder Frederick. Let us shake the friendly hand, my good Mother, Eldress Antoinette. Here, too, is Brother Daniel, Sister Anna, and little Margaret, who so lately visited our people in Maine; feeling nicely, are you? Your hearts are all right I know; we love all our dear brethren and sisters, and take them right into our hearts to bless. This is a happy meeting, and kindles anew feelings of Gospel union and affection; and renews ties of friendship, which have for many years been too strong to be broken.

A feeling of gratitude is awakened in my heart, to my Heavenly Father and Mother, for my early call to this self-denying Gospel, which brings an abundance of peace, joy, and comfort, as a reward for the sacrifice that I have made, for the durable riches, the crown of life eternal.

Two short years have passed, since I was favored to meet with you at your social feast, in the land of Canaan, where with you I gathered clusters of sweet grapes; thanks to you dear Gospel companions; they were happy moments; such social interblendings fill my soul with higher, holier thoughts and aspirations than could be enjoyed in the fine city halls of to-day (unless Shaker brethren and sisters were there).

In spirit I often exclaim, Blessed is the Shepherd and Shepherdess of this lovely flock! and the sheep and lambs also, who obey of choice. Such are indeed "the first-fruits unto God and the Lamb;" and, when brighter days shall shine upon us in the summer land, and the great jubilee of angel spirits commences with us there, we shall find this but a foreshadowing of that beautiful season, when all our inspirational feelings will be aroused, and the balmy air of Heaven will waft to us the *realization* of those inner joys and comforts we have so often anticipated here.

Blessed pastime! away from the turmoils of everyday life, and its toils; from the din of carriages filled with worldly-minded men and women, rolling along in the streets, seeking pleasure through vain fashion; and, while they admit of every foolish thing, there is within their hearts an aching restless void, *never* filled, *never* satisfied; while the true Believer, through the self-denying cross, has, *at all times*, a safeguard, and feels a holy calm.

How holy the theme, to be learning to live the angel life, living in quietness and peace, forming a heaven here below, blessing and being blest. In all our efforts to live the higher life, angels minister strength and courage, to help us carry out so noble a purpose. To-day we will unite with you in every good determination, and in every resolve to be true disciples; and we will take you by the hand, and move with you; final redemption is our resolute strife; *we will win the prize*. And, should dark clouds gather, and for a time no silver lining be seen, we with you will stand firm and unshaken, frequently washing our spirits in the river Jordan, even as angels dip their robes.

Hester Ann Adams, West Gloucester, Me.

DEARLY-BELOVED ELDER FREDERICK,—In the spirit of humility, feeling our incompetence to do justice to even our own thoughts and wishes, at this time, owing to the preparation necessary to be made by the writer for a journey to the two New Hampshire Societies, in company with three of our sisters, to-morrow A. M.

We would very briefly say: That we have great interest in your Social Gatherings. Would dearly love to drop in personally—as we shall certainly strive to in Spirit. Our love and sympathy will surely be there, rejoicing with you in the precious Gospel of salvation from sin; in the sweet hope that, at no great distance of time, it shall be extended in love and mercy to the needy *sons* and *daughters* of this sin-stricken world.

Consecrating anew (in union with you), our every faculty—our *all*—to support, build up, and extend the truth of God, as revealed to us; loving, blessing, and, if need be, *forgiving each other*; that God may love, bless, and forgive us.

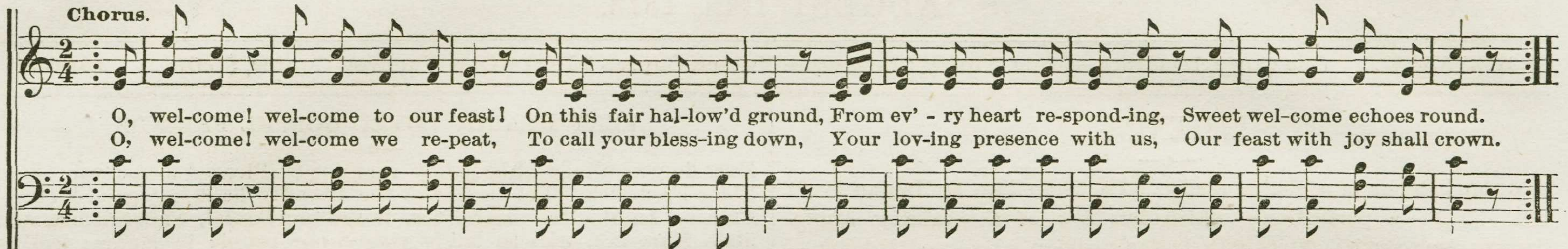
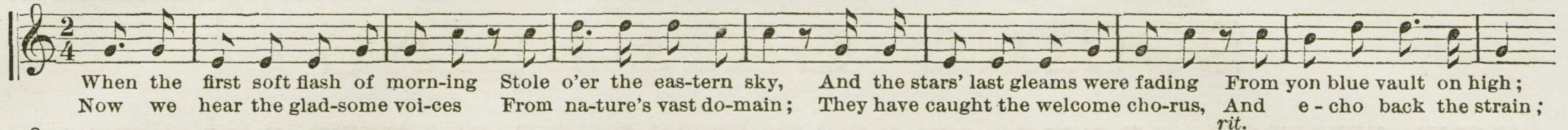
May you realize abundant blessing, as we doubt not you will; and may the blessing go out, and be a power in the earth, to uplift, strengthen, and encourage the poor and needy ones outside, as well as inside our Zion, is the earnest prayer of our heart of hearts.

With this accept the united love of the Ministry (we have nothing better to send).

John Whiteley.

ANTICHRISTIAN Theology and Antichristian Infidelity are two ends of the same stick. Luther and Calvin founded, in blood, two antagonistic systems of Theology. Jefferson and Payne founded, in blood, an Infidel Republic that separated Church and State; thus ending religious persecution, and proclaiming civil and religious liberty.

WELCOME TO THE NEW LEBANON MINISTRY.



OUR MOTHER ANN.

I SEE her by the forge fire's light,
A guileless, thoughtful Quaker child;
The glowing embers burning bright,
Her meditations have beguiled.
Sweet lessons from the Holy Writ,
That on her heart impression made,
Before her fancy swiftly flit,
In colors that will never fade.
Afar she sees the falling rain
On Noah's lonely struggling ark;
Then views the cities of the plain
That would not to the warning hark.
The youth that was to Egypt sold,
The infant hid where rushes sigh,
And him whose innocence was bold,
That softly answered, "Here am I."
Then comes the vision of that birth,
Whose music seems her soul to thrill,
When angel hosts sang, "Peace on earth,"
God's glory, "and to man, good will."
One, on his Father's business bent,
Sat with the Doctors of the Law,
To question them, with mind intent
On truth that they but dimly saw.
In him it was a quicken'd seed,
That yet would yield its hundred-fold,
'T was his to fill its utmost meed,
And still a higher life unfold.
And when that youth return'd to grow
In favor with both God and man,
The past to him was all aglow,
With types of God's great future plan.
But she, whose childhood now we trace,
Rose like a star above the sea,
To usher in the day of grace,
The Heavenly Mother's majesty.
Stern sat the Ages in their pride,
And boasted of each noble son,
For they of daughters were denied,
Till man's great prowess should be won,
And till he proved his power to fail,
In all attempts to free the race,
And know that he could not prevail,
Till woman held her rightful place.
Earth needed dual heart and brain,
To learn the song that Heaven sings,
To echo the melodious strain,
From harps that chime a thousand strings.
It needed hands that God could teach,
To deal with priestcraft and with sin,
The Temple's inmost veil to reach,
And there disclose the Ghoul within.
It needed one whose gentle soul
Could sorrow with a tender grief,
Of whom the Christ could take control,
And make a fountain of relief.
And she was called in early days,
Not by loud thunders from above,
But by the "still small voice" that stays
Among the elements of love.
Sweet in her lowly home she grew,
'Neath Heav'n's watchful angels' care,
And spoke far wiser than she knew,
And pray'd the soul-redeeming prayer.
No human heart could hers sustain,
Though like a fruitful vine she clung,
Or lonely wept and strove in pain,
While yet her wondrous life was young.
When persecution's demon-band
Made dark the pathway that she trod,
She turned her eyes to Freedom's land,
For she was serving Freedom's God.
Oh, had that land in part received
The saving truth her spirit bore,
No war nor slavery would have grieved
Its vast domain from shore to shore.
But on its soil the tree of life
Was planted, and beneath its shade
We have a home with blessings rife,
A home her faithful children made.
We have her spirit with us here,
And His whose holy love she found;
Our Heavenly Parents, blest and dear,
Are with us, and our feast is crown'd.

Cecilia De Vyr.

BELOVED FRIENDS,

THREE years have pass'd since last I met
With you upon this hallow'd ground,
And, while there's much that I regret,
My heart with gratitude abounds,
That I am favor'd still to be
Number'd among the good and true,
Who live for God and purity,
And Wisdom's holy way pursue.
And as I look around with joy,
Upon this smiling happy band,
Whose time and talents they employ,
With consecrated heart and hand,
I miss the dear and much-loved forms,
Who often with us gather'd here,
Their voices tuned to heavenly songs,
Our souls to bless, our hearts to cheer.
But I would not of this complain,
Or even wish it were not thus;
Nor selfishly call back again
Those who have mingled dust to dust.
And others have obey'd the call,
To go to new and distant fields,
Where they, by sacrifice and toil,
May help move on Progression's wheels.
Such souls are worthy of all praise,
And will be bless'd from spheres above;
To God my aspirations rise,
To crown them with his grace and love.
And some with quiet gentle mien,
Whose looks bespeak a joining true,
I never here before have seen,
Most gladly do I meet with you.
I know that Mother loves and folds
The tender lambs beneath her care;
That Father in affection holds
All those who live for work and prayer.
For, in this day, when sin abounds,
And passion seems to rule the hour,
How few do seek Mount Zion's ground
To learn her laws, and feel their power.
All such are welcome to the feast
Our loving Parents have prepared;
Naught they withhold unto the least,
But every one their goodness share.
That "God is Love" no one can doubt,
Assembled in this grove to-day:
That we're encircled all about
With love, it does indeed portray.
The ground arranged with taste, so neat,
The canopy above our heads,
Our ample board, full and complete,
By loving hands prepared and spread.
The reading and the speaking too,
Like "golden apples" on us fall:
Appropriate subjects, choice and new,
And interesting to us all.
The poetry and music, both
In harmonious cadence blend,
Lifting our souls above the earth,
To angel spheres we can ascend.
But best of all—(delightful thought)
Our Gospel Parents with us meet—
With love and blessing richly fraught;
This fills our hearts with joy replete.
Receive my love, my thanks sincere,
For my blest privilege here to-day;
With you I'll toil and persevere,
Till life's few sands shall wear away.
And then on Upper Canaan's shore,
The "feast of tabernacles" keep,
With Gospel kindred gone before,
And an eternal harvest reap.

Rhoda R. Hollister.

Agair, in this beautiful grove,
We have met for our annual feast,
And thither the angels have come,
To bless, and our joy to increase.
Loved Parents our welcome shall feel;
Our measure is fill'd with pure love,
And thankfully here we shall pledge
Our spirits in union to move.
We ask of the treasures you bear,
To strengthen each covenant made;
Then, every effort for good,
Shall be with a blessing repaid.

Fannie Tyson.

PRESENTED ON A CARD

IN FORM OF A HEART.

I'LL write upon my heart the words
Of chastity and love,
And gather home, unto their strength,
The "pure, white-breasted Dove."
'T is this shall be my golden theme,
To strengthen all my toil:
To weaken every act of sin
That round its life would coil.
The fire of purity and truth
Shall glow with radiance there,
And stir anew the life of faith
To consecrated care.
And, when the angel fingers touch
The golden chords of love,
The sweetest notes within my heart
Shall thrill with theirs above.
Through holy efforts, thus I'll form
A resting place for truth,
And grow into the life of God,
In everlasting youth.
This is my off'ring, simple, true,
An emblem of a heart;
And every promise traced thereon
Shall strength to me impart.

Charlotte Byrdsall.

Amy. (12) —

How brilliant is the orb of day,
Continually it gives
The glowing light, and heated ray,
By which creation lives;
How vast it is, how great its worth!
Yet some have been so wise
As to compare it with the earth,
And tell us just its size.

Eleanor. (12) —

Yea, I have heard it mention'd too,
But 't is so great to tell,
More than a million worlds like this,
(If I remember well);
Some thousand added, it would take
Four hundred, seventy-two,
A body like the sun to make:
Though wondrous, it is true.

Nellie. (7) —

'T is very strange about the sun,
Why so, I cannot think;
But when I look toward it,
How fast it makes me wink.
It is so very dazzling bright,
And yet so far from me,
Those who live upon the sun,
I should not think could see.

Amy —

Well, how that is I cannot say,
I have it yet to learn;
But to the pleasant sunshine bright,
My thoughts I often turn;
Without its rays, and pleasant showers,
No fruitage would appear,
And this delightful home of ours,
Would soon be dark and drear.

Eleanor —

'T would be a never-ending night,
And soon we all should die,
For every thing that liveth
Doth on the sun rely;

All —

Then, will we not more thankful be,
And love its cheering light?
For health and strength it daily gives,
And makes our pathway bright.

By three Girls—Canaan.

WHEN enraptured with the sound of poetry
which breaks like silvery music upon our ear,
what beauty, what loftiness of thought and
feeling comes to us through the unwritten
musical creation of worlds on worlds, pointing
us to the Supreme Ruler and Law-Giver, who
holds and directs them in their course, and
causes them to move in harmony like one
great musical instrument; each key sounding
its note in its proper time and place! C. B.

DEARLY-BELOVED IN THE LORD:

PRECIOUS Brethren and Faithful Sisters, I have come for the purpose of enjoying a rich feast of heavenly union with you to-day; and I stand before you as a little child, asking your blessing for myself and people. I would drink with you from the fountain of inspiration which is deep and inexhaustible, that my soul may be filled with the love that perisheth not, but which abideth forever. The songs of Zion, sung by the good and true, are always inspiring to me. I would have a part with the children of the resurrection, those who have risen above dead works, and who, by a life of self-denial, watchfulness, and prayer, have gained the victory; and, if I live as they have lived, and walk as they have walked, I feel sure of reaping the same reward.

Accept heartfelt thanks for the welcome which you have extended to absent friends who have come to visit you in spirit to-day; and, in return, we would extend love and blessing in full measure to each brother and sister. The Lord promised, by an ancient Prophet, that in the latter day he would fill his house with glory, and open anew his fountains of eternal truth; even so it is, and so let it be. Priceless gems shall be added unto you who are already numbered as jewels in our Father and Mother's house, and blessing shall rest upon you a hundred fold.

Take courage and be strong, young brethren; let us fight the good fight of faith manfully, and falter not, nor grow weary of well-doing. He who putteth his hand to the plow, and looketh back, is not fit for that glorious kingdom which is to be our inheritance. If we lay hold on eternal life, we may claim every blessing that was ever promised to the children of God, and the whole army of the Lord will be on our side; but, if we retreat from the ranks, we shall be counted as traitors and cowards—a name which any young man of honor would despise.

I promise you, as brother Daniel Offord (who recently visited us) said, "I will stand up like a man, and lay down my life—a selfish generative life—for the cause;" and, like you, my beloved brother, I will gain the beautiful gifts of humility and child-like simplicity, which adorn every faithful follower of Christ.

I give my hand as a pledge, to each brother, that I will endure unto the end. I will sow to the spirit that I may reap life everlasting. I am thankful for the Gospel of salvation; and it gives me great joy to know that I have a Heavenly Mother, and dear Gospel sisters, whose gentle tones of love are so wisely calculated to subdue that proud, ambitious nature, so strong in man. I have heard *that* voice, and it has been a blessing to me. I ask your prayers, and will forever remain your brother in the truth.

John B. Vance, Alfred, Me.

BELOVED ELDERS:

I ADDRESS you all unitedly as one, because I have reason to believe you have one Faith, one Lord, and one Baptism; and that you are unitedly striving, according to your several gifts, to build up the cause of Truth, Purity, and Holiness among your fellow-beings. And such as can truly appreciate your labors of love, and the deep solicitude you feel for an increase into the higher life of all souls committed to your charge, cannot but love, respect and reverence you, for your work's sake. Not as lords over God's heritage, but as examples to the flock, in meekness and Christ-like humility.

The world are accustom'd to bow
To men of ambition and pride;
But who shall be revered now,
The Gospel alone must decide;
For he that would stand in the lead
In this Dispensation, must know,
That *he* is the greatest, indeed,
Who is the *most humble and low*.

That you, beloved Elders, may have health and strength to perform the many arduous duties devolving upon you, and be the faithful medium through whom the Divine Spirit may bring many souls to feel the blessings of this heart-cleansing, sin-consuming work, and be your Epistle read and known of all men, is the sincere desire and prayer of your aged brother,

Richard Bushnell,
(near 82 years of age.)

MY DEAR GOSPEL FRIENDS:

I HAVE come here to-day, with the expectation of taking much comfort, and solid satisfaction, in a legitimate way; and, while desirous of receiving all the good compatible with my profession as a Believer, I also wish to contribute to the comfort of all who have come to spend this day for like purposes. But I shall not attempt to go beyond my depth; for I know it is dangerous for an individual, who is not a swimmer, to go into deep water; hence, I shall confine myself within my sphere, or limit.

I purpose saying a few words on FRIENDSHIP. Many essays have been written on this good and grand theme, that have done great good in the world of mind, and still the subject is far from being exhausted. Can we buy true friendship with gold, or silver, or by flattery? Nay, those are not the agencies by which we obtain so desirable a treasure. True *friendship* comes from mutual sacrifices; for the law of compensation is as immutable and eternal as God Himself. We cannot think, feel, or act justly and righteously, without its redounding to our good; neither can we do the contrary, but we feel the result of law transgressed. When we sow wheat, do we not expect wheat in return? Obviously, *wheat* is the legitimate product. And if we sow the seed of virtue, then we shall have peace and happiness as our reward; for, as surely

as the day follows the night, and winter succeeds the summer, so shall we all reap what we sow. As *virtue* cannot be bought with gold, so neither can true and lasting *Friendship*! It is not a marketable commodity; and we cannot procure it, without giving an equivalent in kind. Let us not forget to mete out to others just the kind of spirit that we wish to receive in return; *do good* for the sake of the good, regardless of the smiles or frowns of others, and we shall in nowise lose our reward. Virtuous acts are SELF-approved. God and his Angels bless them, and good men and women rejoice in them.

Some persons are so inherently *selfish*, that every thing must be made subservient to their low and morbid desires, otherwise they are in a state of unrest; they cannot see others in the enjoyment of any good, without *envious* feelings. Not so the UNselfish soul. The large-hearted individual feels a degree of satisfaction in seeing others the recipients of good, that those who are sordidly selfish cannot feel. Then, with uplifted voice, my choral song this day shall be, *Friendship* and *Fraternity*! All hail the great Brotherhood and Sisterhood developed here on the broad basis of Liberty, Justice, and Equality!

I was weary, and a place I sought,
Where rest and *friendship* I could find;
Friendship from hallow'd deeds outwrought,
That purifies and lifts the mind
Above all selfish aims and thoughts.

The gilded words of *cant* or *praise*
May from a treacherous heart outflow;
But friendship true—a treasure rare—
Is what I sought to feel and know,
And wealth of consecration share.

Many have tried to find this prize
(With which to serve some *selfish* end)
But found it not; nor could they rise
Into the sphere where love divine
Controls the innocent and wise.

If ask'd, *where* I have found this gem,
So beautiful, so *pure* and *rare*;
I answer, 'Tis with ease obtain'd;
If we the cross of Christ will bear,
True, lasting friendship we shall gain.

Timothy Rayson.

VISION.

GOSPEL FRIENDS:

I RECALL to mind many pleasant seasons enjoyed with you at our *Annual Social Gathering*, and have always looked forward with pleasurable anticipations for the recurrence thereof. It is with regret, at the present time, that I realize that my health will not admit of my attendance at a feast always fraught with blessings for soul and body. Yet will I participate with you in spirit, and gather strength from the living faith and goodness that shall be manifest in your midst. And here please allow me to add a *brief communication* received on the evening of the fifth of August, from a *departed sister*, as real to me as though a mortal was conversing with me.

We had just retired from a spiritual meeting, satiated with the good things of the Spirit; refreshing, soul-cheering, and invigorating were the influences that descended upon us from the angel spheres. We felt the breezes of heavenly life, and were moved as leaves in the wind, or as "willows by the water courses;" there were "divers operations, but all of the same Holy Spirit." One of the sisters ministered the power, under the divine influence, and said that she heard the winds of heaven moving the forests of the spirit land. The meeting room was immediately filled with a heavenly power, and all felt that we were indeed blessed. The same magnetism permeated the whole dwelling. Eldress Antoinette remarked after meeting: "I never realized such a spiritual atmosphere as fills our house to-night;" and she continued, "Sisters, you must rest in it." After retiring, I relapsed into a state of mental composure, but was not asleep, when I sensibly felt the presence, and saw the spirit of Sister Miranda Barber. She addressed me thus: "I have come with a message from *Mother Ann*," the substance of which was as follows:

"Brethren and sisters, the testimony of the Gospel (with which you are blest), will never be destroyed. Individuals may fail in fulfilling their call to this work, and Zion's numbers be even less than now; but the faithful remnant will be more powerful for good than all the kingdoms of the earth. Those who endure in the contest for the maintenance of righteousness and truth, will have a mighty struggle; tribulation and suffering of soul awaits them; yet God will hold them as in the hollow of His hand, guarded and protected; and they will shine brighter than the stars in the firmament, and be as magnets to draw truth-loving, sin-sick souls home to God.

"I would say to Elder Frederick, Eldress Antoinette, and their co-laborers, toil on, with renewed strength and courage, feeling that God's blessing attends your consecrated labors in the cause of truth; your unselfish devotion to the good of humanity, will yet be crowned with the fullness of joy, and the fruition of hope. Those who have advanced in redemption's work in the spirit world, bless and strengthen you; for you are a blessing in Zion; and we are bound to support all such. And, brethren and sisters (true and faithful in duty), you are called upon to aid and sustain them; hold up their hands when weary; help them in their cares and burdens, for they are anointed of God, His chosen witnesses, vigilant watchmen, standing on the walls of Mount Zion, speaking the word of the Lord, administering the testimony of *Christ's Second Appearing*, which is the truth unto life eternal to those who receive it."

Here the message ended, the spirit spoke a few kindly words, and I was aroused to consciousness, and found myself among terrestrial things; but not without a full impression of the vision on my mind. "It tarried" with me, and I have written it, hoping it may be accepted as my offering for our precious feast; with it, asking a place in the remembrance of Gospel friends.

Rhoda Offord.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

WE live in a day when there is almost a miraculous profusion of knowledge, pouring forth from the press, from those who run to and fro, and from those who are called to instruct. Amidst all this profusion, I hear the call, ringing in my spirit ears, "Gather up the fragments."

The object of gathering up the fragments of bread and fish, was, that they might be used on a future occasion to help to sustain life, by being incorporated into the bodies of men and women. Knowledge, if not incorporated into habits of life, is to us lost.

The higher departments of knowledge include, first, the laws of health and nutrition. Second, morals and manners. Third, the truths appertaining to the higher life—the life of God.

These three departments are so inseparably interwoven, that a person of no mean standing, in summing up and concentrating his thoughts, exclaimed: "The history of a people, is but a chapter in Physiology." In other words, the habits that you form, determine your destiny.

There are thousands, I may say millions, who are every day forming habits, that utterly exclude the life of God from their spirits. Hence, whenever the Spirit goes forth to awaken the dead, the word is Repent—throw aside your old habits, and cease to associate with those who continue to do as you have done. This word was the burden of the life and testimony of the witnesses of the first and second appearing of Christ. And, in the nature of things, will continue to be the word, till not one iota of any habit, thought or emotion, contrary to the life of God in our spirits is found. We know from our experience, that we are in the work of the second appearance of Christ, for it brings forth the same fruits as did its first appearing. First, it separates from the world: "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not." Jesus Christ. Second, freedom from sin. (*ib.*) "Those who commit sin are of the devil." (*ib.*) Third, a life of purity, peace, and goodness: "Blessed are the pure in heart." (*ib.*)

Now, my young friends, in this day of profusion, "gather up the fragments;" save the crumbs. Let your souls be alive, and awake to the slightest movement of the emotions of your lower natures; keep them in the light—kill evil in the germ. The farmer, when he turns up the soil, kills unprofitable weeds, and, at the same time, admits the air to quicken the inert soil, and the sunshine to warm into life the precious grains. So we, in harrowing up the old man and woman, admit the breathings of our heavenly Parents, and the sunshine of their presence creating us anew in their own likeness. It is for you to bring forth not only Pentecostal gifts, but also to destroy the works of the devil in yourselves. Wisdom is profitable to direct. D. F.

A CONVERSATION, BETWEEN

LOUISA SHERMAN
CATHARINE ALLEN
MARTHA A. BURGER

ELVAH LEAVENWORTH
MARY BARNUM, and
SARAH J. BURGER.

Catharine—Another year of our earthly pilgrimage has passed since last we met on this consecrated heaven-blest spot, to partake (unitedly) of the spiritual, intellectual, and temporal fruits which are so bountifully provided. The verdure which then robbed the vegetable kingdom hath changed form. Earth hath slumbered long, wrapt in a snowy mantle, and has again been renewed from her hidden source of wealth by active but unseen agencies.

Louisa—And no less change has been wrought in the spiritual elements. Our souls have oft been refreshed by living water-brooks, and the bread that imparts life-everlasting; and I hope we can all feel that, through toil and aspiration, we have woven new and purer robes for our spirits.

Martha—I hope we can realize an increase; for what should be the object of our lives, unless by successive steps in truth, we climb the ladder which extends from an earthly to a spiritual sphere?

Elvah—For this purpose we are called to the Gospel work, wherein our opportunities for developing all our better faculties are very great. But underlying the spiritual growth, and every true reform, is a law, the transgression of which, is manifest in the diseased, dwarfed, and degenerate beings which people the earth. This law is *Physical Health*; a diseased and enfeebled body cannot be the tabernacle of a sound and healthy mind.

Mary—Do you think this rule universal? We are acquainted with some, of uncommon spiritual and mental culture, who often suffer from bodily infirmity; and again, we notice those whose physical development is powerful, but who manifest only the inferior qualities of mind.

Elvah—That may be true. With many, infirmities are hereditary; and, where such strive to rise above and outgrow them by *righteous* living, they attain strength of spirit—power of mind—which they otherwise could not, while in the contrary practices which have their inevitable effects. However, the fact is not altered, that the mind, which is spirit acting through the brain, is, in a greater or less degree, enfeebled by disease. Can the germ of the most beautiful tree, planted in an unhealthy soil, expand in equal beauty and vigor, as where under conditions congenial to its growth? or, can the mind, while subject to morbid matter, unfold in the same perfection and spiritual energy, as when the channels of life to both are unimpaired, and all the functions of mind and matter work harmoniously together, which are the only conditions of real health?

Mary—I think not.

Sarah—We need but glance upon the progressive dispensations of God's work with man, to see how important a good physical foundation was considered by the Creator, for the development of the spiritual faculties. We trace the history of the Jews, the then chosen people of God, and perceive how thoroughly they were educated by tutelary divinities adapted to their conditions in every particular, relating to the laws of life while on the mundane sphere.

Catharine—That is true; and Christianity should rest upon Judaism. Jesus, in whom was exhibited a mind so fine and well harmonized, united to a highly-organized physique, was the fruit of ancestry who, for generations back, had very closely observed the statutes given through Moses. And it was the Jews who, in that sacredly-remembered Pentecostal day, received the mighty outpouring of divine inspiration from the Christ heavens that baptized them into

that pure, unselfish love which they actualized in a universal brotherhood in a comparatively-perfect community of temporal and spiritual blessing, with a Virgin Life basis, forming the Jewish Christian Church.

Louisa—The discipline to which the Israelites had so many years been subject, prepared them to be the mediums of this influx of advanced truth. The Gentiles could not have received it, as is shown in succeeding history. We have abundant evidence, that practical religion must have a foundation in a system of physiology which gives health to body and mind. *Agriculture*, in its various and interesting branches, should be the Christian's employment.

Elvah—Our beautiful home, from which we view the woodland hills, so lovely to behold, the rolling meadows, and extended gardens, all teeming with the fruits of well-cultured soil, witness to the truth of your statement. And also, the durable, commodious, and well-preserved buildings; the many ornamental and fruit-bearing trees which shade our common walks; and the surrounding orchards, so nicely pruned, yielding luxuriantly; all speak praise to those whose love and consecration to God and humanity have established this home, whose doors are ever open to seekers after truth.

Martha—It certainly is a true religion that provides so bountifully for the wants of all, knowing no distinction save goodness; and we, who enjoy so blessed a heritage, should prove our gratitude by fully dedicating all the energies of our being to retain the wealth, temporal and spiritual, which has already been accumulated, raising the standard of *truth* still higher; but, to do this, we must have health.

Sarah—As the subject of physiology is so importantly connected with our well-being, and the accomplishment of our highest aims, would it not be well to give it more thought,—discover the cause of disease, that we may avoid its effects? First, Is its origin physical or spiritual?

Louisa—"The spirit world is a world of causes; this, of effects." *Mind* is the primal cause of all material existence. Our physical being is in every way subservient to the spirit that animates it; therefore the origin of disease is *spiritual*. It is through the mind that we learn the laws of our physical being; and through ignorance, and the perverted appetites of the mind, these laws are transgressed.

Mary—It was an adage among the Spaniards, that "a man was either a physiologist or a fool," showing that every rational person would consider the rules of health to be a study of the first importance.

Catharine—The practical effects of such an idea, would soon dispense with the great system of doctors, and all their poisonous drugs. This once abolished, and the universal acknowledgment that all sickness is the effect of sin, we should then only take the position which the Jews occupied over three thousand years ago. They had no order of physicians, made no provision for sickness, and consequently had very little to bear, and the few who were so unfortunate, were looked upon as in disgrace, and were denied the privileges of the rest, till restoration was made through the priesthood.

Elvah—It is evident that, with such a standard, greater care would be taken by all, to preserve good health. We should be more particular to adapt our clothing to the changing atmosphere; more willing to deny our abnormal appetites of injurious food, and irregular habits; and should never be guilty of throwing away the best portion of wheat (the most precious of cereals), in which is contained every element of vegetable and animal existence.

Sarah—Which is the most valuable part?

Martha—The inner and outer bran, in which is contained, brain, nerve, and bone-making material. Next the bran, is gluten, the flesh-forming element, and the inner substance is starch, consumed in breathing. The practice of living upon bread made of superfine flour, and often adulterated with carbonate of soda, and other poisons, which cannot assimilate with the blood, is *one great cause* of the degenerate physical conditions, so prevalent.

Mary—And we may add, deteriorated mental state; and quite an important question is, Does the mind, injured and weakened by a disordered state of the earthly tenement, recover from this, by a separation therefrom?

Louisa—I should think not, reasoning on the ground, that the origin of this derangement is mental, and that development depends upon the same laws in future as in present existence. And we have reason to believe, that any habits, or desires, cultivated in this life, remain as strong when the spirit is severed from its material form. Thus we see the importance of strictly observing all the laws of our being, physical, mental, moral and spiritual. "Every sin, is an act of suicide." In God alone is life.

Sarah—We believe that all the spiritual gifts of the Primitive Church, will be restored to God's people in the present day. Many of them we do receive, but why, if health is so necessary for the reception and enjoyment of the Gospel, doesn't the gift of healing have more place among us?

Catharine—We must remember that the dawn of only the second of the seven cycles of progress in the Church of the Millennium is opening upon us. We of the Gentile Church, do not yet hold that relation to the Jewish Church in the spirit world, by which the gift of healing can be administered; for as yet we are unable to receive the word, "Go and sin no more."

Elvah—With these conclusions, we will unitedly determine to live righteously, in full comprehension of the word. We have been called before the blight of a worldly life had cast its impress on our spirits, and ere the sun of advancing years had wiped away the dews of youth, to a life in which we may find celestial birth to all the faculties of mind and soul; and let us *improve* this most precious opportunity.

All—I will.

Catharine—Surely the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. We are surrounded by a sphere of purity; overshadowed by the protecting wings of spirit guides; connected, socially and spiritually, with those whose lives comport with Christian principles, and whose influence is a continual impetus to our upward growth. In Zion there is a standard raised, by which we may know whether we are upon the rock of eternal truth, and are actuated by pure motives, with this motto clearly graven on the tablets of our hearts, "Do right for the sake of right."

Louisa—This, I believe, is the only safe ground. While thus established, the storms of adversity may gather around, and the billows of affliction roll over us, but can never remove our foothold.

Mary—We should bear in mind, that with all these advantages our own exertions must be combined. We are weaving the web of life; every thought and action, add threads thereto; may these be sinless and spotless, blending in the soft shades of innocence and love; for *just as we are*, the angels view us.

Catharine—The presence of this truth in our hearts will be a safeguard to our motives, and cause us to appreciate more the time measured to us on earth. A deed cannot be undone; an unkind word cannot be recalled; a moment once lost, is ever lost! Eternity is long; but time is precious, because the gift of a wise and merciful Creator; a season in which we may prepare for the society of heaven-born souls; an opportunity in which to sow the seeds, whose harvest shall yield to us eternal joy; or, if we so unwisely choose, with vision blinded to true happiness in present existence, and to our everlasting weal, we may use our earth-life as the nursery to inferior groveling desires, perverting the faculties of our souls and the forces of nature; burying the germs of divinity deeply beneath their noxious soil, which will necessarily cause long years of deep sorrow, and intense struggling, before we can rise into the pure, solar light of heaven.

Sarah—This sad picture shall never be the reflection of our lives. We will closely guard the avenues through which foreign, subtle powers would enter and possess our souls.

Mary—How may these inroads of the mind, be securely defended?

Martha—By giving conscience the throne in our hearts, yielding ready ascent to the sceptre she sways, that we may not form bad habits, especially in morals, for these, like little rills, small in their beginnings, swell in their onward course, and are frequently supplied by other tributaries, till that which a very little effort at first might have checked or turned into another channel, becomes a power uncontrollable.

Sarah—It is wise to thus reflect; and encouraging, to know that fixed principles in virtue, open equally the flood-gates of the mind to divine influences, which illuminate the understanding, accelerate growth in angelic life, and give birth to holier, loftier aspirations.

Louisa—It is evident that the spiritual quickens the mental, because, in the higher life, with Eternal Progress our watchword, nothing in our lives need conflict with, or impede, the inflowing of truth. The natural is ever the basis for the spiritual, and we find in the progress of the Gospel-work, that simple, unperverted science, and religion, abide together in peace. The purer our lives, the closer our relation will be, and the better mediums we become, to the impressions of spirits who possess the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ.

Mary—Jesus and Ann Lee were the first-born among many brethren and sisters in the new and spiritual creation; they were, in the usual acceptation of the term, uneducated, yet their perceptions of divine truths were lucid; and, through the gift of revelation, they were able to penetrate the depths of human loss, and establish a system, through which mankind might find deliverance and redemption therefrom.

Wonderful indeed are the accomplishments in the scientific world. Astronomers bring the heavens near them, and describe, with accuracy, the course of tiny stars which spangle eternal space. The subtle electric fluid serves man in conveying his thoughts momentarily to almost any part of the civilized world. Geologists read the age and history of the earth, from the pebbles on the seashore; and tell of her mighty upheavals and convulsions, from the silent rocks, which lay imbedded in her bosom.

Many other achievements, equally remarkable and useful, might be mentioned; but none that could begin to compare, in importance and blessing to the human race, with the revealments of heavenly truth, of which the unlettered, but spiritually-taught, Jesus and Ann were mediums.

Martha—It is right for us to cultivate our intellectual faculties well; for the mind is the garden of the soul. But we should never permit them to supplant the spiritual, which are higher, and should control our whole being.

Catharine—The civilized world at present holds forth great advantages, for intellectual attainments, and the acquirement of extensive scientific knowledge; but (generally speaking) how destitute of the true moral and religious element is the human race to-day; and why? Because of the strong tendency to sensual indulgences. While the body is fed and reared on various mixtures and compounds, pleasing to the taste (which are not only injurious, but result in premature death), the mind also demands and creates a *literature* and *theology* corresponding; with which society is filled, and we witness the result. Restless, pleasure-seeking (but not pleasure finding), demoralizing, soul-stultifying, conditions are produced; showing that, as the body is diseased in itself and its appetites, so is the mind, of which we have been speaking. Of the fashions in dress, and other foolish and sinful customs, we need say but little; they speak for themselves.

Sarah—O the contrast! I exclaim, as I compare the conditions of those to whom you have just alluded, with the privileges we enjoy. While they walk the broad road of *self-indulgence* and *self-destruction*, which leads down to the depths of misery and woe, every step of which they must retrace through suffering; we are living for eternity, treading the narrow path of self-denial, which is strewn with pearls of wisdom, and gems of truth, and leads ever upward to the realms of purity and light;—to the Source of immortal wealth!

Elvah—No system, nor society, affords such opportunities for spiritual development as a *Shaker* community; and certainly nothing is so desirable or necessary as *soul culture*. Therefore let us consecrate our lives anew to God, and make a covenant with Him, by the willing sacrifice of all that would intercept our communion with the inmates of celestial spheres. Let our aspirations reach upward, that we may quaff freely from the living fountains of inspiration, which gush forth from their eternal Source of truth. And to these, our loved and faithful Parents, and to all, to whom we are indebted for the blessings we share, may the blossoms of our spring time, be a prophecy of fruit perfected in a life wrought in Christ.

Louisa—This shall be our aim.

N. B. The above Conversation originated exclusively with, and was spoken (not read) by, the young Sisters whose names are thereto affixed.

INDIAN CELIBATES.

THE question has often been asked, "Are there any celibates among the Indians?"

From the most remote period to which their traditional history extends, there has been a class of prophets among the Indians. They have always been held in great reverence by the tribes, and regarded as having special intercourse with the Great Spirit, and as receiving gifts from Him not granted to others of the race. They are celibates, and live retired from the others, in a separate lodge, in the depths of the forest, and in a great measure sway the destinies of the nation. Chiefs and warriors all bow to their behests as to the voice of the Great Spirit. They are believed to have great influence with all good and bad spirits; and that they can send blessings on the heads of all those for whom they invoke them; that they can give them success in hunting and fishing, prevent disease, accidents, and disasters, and grant success and victory over enemies, and that they can also, if their counsels are not obeyed, smite with sickness and famine, send a wind to break the fisher's nets in pieces, and send their deadly influence through the air in such a way that all the wild beasts will flee from the hunting grounds, and leave the hunter to return faint and unsuccessful from the chase to his starving ones at home.

Some of them are believed to hold intercourse with the dead, and have deposited in their wigwam, the skeleton of some wise man of the tribe who has passed away, which skeleton they consult with unearthly mutterings, heard by the frightened women and children outside, who speak of it in whispers one to another, and which are listened to with awe and reverence by the warriors and old men of the tribe.

Such an one accompanied Black Hawk, and held him in his power, and urged him into his disastrous war with the whites, promising him success, which never came. Hence he was ever afterward, called the "Lying Prophet."

There are also prophetesses; they are celibates, and preside at the *Mitawa*, or Sacred Dance. It is their office to bless the worshipers, more especially those who have held out longest in the dance; for such are considered as having special strength given them by the Great Spirit. The prophetess places her hands on their heads, while they kneel before her, and invokes a blessing on them; she also chants a song of thanksgiving for the gift of strength which they have received from the good Spirit. They believe themselves strengthened by the ministrations received through her invocation, and go forth prepared to fight the battle against *Mujimanito* the Spirit of Evil, and the whole class of lesser evil spirits; for the Indians believe there is an evil spirit for every crime, and for every disease incident to the human frame. There are very many of these evil spirits. They believe the spirit of Lying is a miserable little hobgoblin, with sharp, crooked talons, and beak like that of an eagle, who skulks into the wigwam, and whispers into the ears of children, also of adults, and tempts them to tell lies. Theft they believe is a still more abominable little imp, with cunning, sneaking face, and eyes like those of a snake, who hides himself in a corner of the wigwam, and tempts foolish ones to steal; also that sickness is produced by evil spirits entering into any one, and producing pain and terrible distress, which can only be cast out by invocation, and help from the good spirits.

These prophetesses also live in solitary wigwams, in a remote part of the forest, and are consecrated to a celibate life.

Traveling one day, in the region that lies north from Lake Superior, I suddenly struck upon a path that led to a solitary lodge that had over the door the sign of the white dove, or pigeon, the emblem of a prophetess. I entered it, and found, seated within, a very aged woman, her head white with the snows of a hundred winters. She said that she had been a prophetess of the tribe for three generations, and had talked with the Great Spirit ever since she was a child of seven summers. She asked me to read to her from the *muzeniagun*, or sacred book of the pale faces. I read to her a portion from Christ's sermon on the mount, I had not proceeded far, when she started up, and lifting her hands toward heaven, with a sudden burst of inspiration exclaimed: "He has come *again!* the White Spirit has come *again!* I know his voice! 'tis the same! he is speaking to me just as he did before!"

She then told me that when she was a child, about seven years old, a White Spirit came down through the opening in the top of her

father's wigwam, and sitting by her bed-side, in the silence of the night, had spoken to her the words I had just read. "There were many wigwams around," she said, "but to mine only did the White Spirit come, and speak to me these very words. 'Tis he! 'Tis he! He has come again! 'Tis the voice of the White Spirit, my son!"

Granville Sproat, late Missionary (for many years) among the Indians.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

We have met here, in our favorite Grove to-day, to complete the circle of another year; to blend the joys of the past with the hopes of the future, and also our feelings of union and love; to sing our hymns of praise, and our beautiful songs of thanksgiving and worship; to strengthen the social compact that is to carry us through the coming year; giving pleasure and satisfaction to each of the Families represented in this Social Gathering; and to every individual who now has the privilege of casting his and her mite into the Lord's treasury, a foretaste of the good hope we possess of meeting in our future home in the spirit land, where we shall realize the fullness of the joys of those purified souls who have passed on before us.

But how shall we prepare ourselves to enjoy life in the spirit spheres? By coming in rapport with those who have left the shores of time; or shall it be by comprehending our own spiritual nature as it upholds itself under the operations of the Gospel? I think *both* are necessary. The one may please; but the other will not only please, but will give us a knowledge of ourselves as spiritual beings. The unfoldment of our spiritual natures does not depend upon what others may think they know of us, but upon what we know of ourselves. It is both pleasing and strengthening to have the approbation of those with whom we toil. But, in the growth and unfoldment of the spiritual part, is found that well of living waters spoken of by the good Teacher, who said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me."

I earnestly hope that all who are here will feel the power of that drawing love which bids us ascend and come up to where he who was "the First-born of many brethren stands, clothed with the glory of his Second Appearing, which shines forth, through the *Sisterhood*, with beauty and lifting power.

And now the First and Second Appearing, with the love and tender care of Father and Mother, blend their drawing influences into one; and, as good Shepherds, they have gathered us together, and lead us to green pastures, and by the side of living waters, which are found in abundance in this our fair land of Canaan.

John Greaves.

DISCUSSION

BY FIVE YOUNG SISTERS OF CANAAN.

ADELAIDE SHERMAN
OLA WHITCOMB

MARIA SHULTZ
ELMINA HULL

EMELINE HOUSEMAN.

Adelaide—I have been thinking, of late, upon the subject of keeping Christmas, or the anniversary of the birth of Jesus;—what propriety there is in celebrating the birth of *Jesus*,—any more than that of many other Believers in the Gospel which he preached, and who *practically follow* Him, and are doing so much for the salvation of the race.

Maria—The custom of keeping Christmas originated in the early days of the Catholic Church, and has been handed down through successive generations to the present day.

Ola—Jesus was a Benefactor of the race. But why not celebrate the birth-days of all the noble men and women who have toiled for humanity?

Elmina—If we should do *that*, we should have to keep all the days of our lives.

Ola—Well, you have touched the right point now; that is just what we are called to do; *i. e.*, to keep every day of our lives to the honor and glory of God, and in honor of all good men and women who have lived in obedience to their highest convictions of truth and right.

Maria—To me, Christmas is one of the most precious seasons of the year; ever full of sacred ministrations of spiritual joy. It is not held by Believers, as I understand it, with particular reference to the *natural* birth of Jesus; but, in commemoration of the first, and indeed of the *second* advent also, of the Christ Spirit on earth.

Adelaide—Very true. The mission of Mother Ann is a theme for thought and contemplation, and of *commemoration*, as much as that of Jesus. The Gospel was preached and planted in America, in the time of the Revolution; and, without doubt, *Washington*, and other men at that time, were providentially raised up to prepare the way for the preaching of the testimony of Believers, by establishing liberty of conscience under a free government; and, how *much* they benefited the country!

Emeline—Washington, and those to whom you refer, were warriors. How could the country really be benefited by war?

Maria—No country was ever made better by war! War is terrible! *God* is not in it. A description of one battle fills the mind with horror; and makes us wonder how the workers for good *could* resort to such savage measures for the attainment of their laudable objects!

Ola—War, in principle, is wrong. I do not think that Washington was a blood-thirsty man,—like many ambitious warriors; but he

determined that America should be a land of freedom; and he saw no other means by which to accomplish his purpose, than war. And, while we honor him for his undaunted courage, his noble intention, and love of country, we never fail to wish, that his victories had been won by more humane means.

Emeline—The cause of the Revolution, which ended in the establishment of the Republic, lay in the jealous tyranny and oppression of the British Government. Was not *that war* justifiable, or a necessary evil?

Elmina—It is beyond my capacity to decide whether it *was*, or was *not*, a *necessary* evil; but as I think of the cruelty and suffering it brought, I *know* it was an *evil*, even if good resulted from it.

Maria—We read in history that "the rulers of the '*old world*' were the rich and great; and that the rod of empire was swayed by no gentle hand; that the cries of the down-trodden and oppressed arose faintly through the gloom which surrounded them; yet they entered the ear of the Most High, and He, in His own good time, formed a plan for the civil and religious emancipation of the world."

Emeline—Do you think it would have been possible for God to have carried out his designs without the aid of war?

Adelaide—Certainly. If the two nations had gathered the Christ-like spirit of "peace on earth and good will to men," in proportion to their profession of Christianity, the work would have been accomplished easily.

Elmina—If we neglect to be thankful for the securities which shield and protect us from the olden religious persecution, in which even children suffered martyrdom, we shall prove ourselves unworthy of our privilege.

Ola—Then, let us all unite in heart and hand, now in the morning of our life, to consecrate ourselves anew to the Gospel work, that, as we increase in years, we may also grow in truth, and in the knowledge of those things that will cause us to become substantial women of God, true and upright in all things.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

O mortal man, from low estate of earth!
Thou sentient being! bound, yet made so free!
Had'st thou the lofty thought, e'en from thy birth,
That God Himself forms no small part of thee,
Then wouldst thou rise from grosser forms of life,
And seek thy inner being to expand;
For the immortal wealth would be thy strife,
To sow and reap for the celestial land.

The higher life is not a myth, or chimera, evolved from erratic minds, without reasonable evidence of reality; although it may *seem* so to those whose thoughts never ascend above gross materiality; whose mental and spiritual perceptions are on a level with sensual appetites, and earthly desires; who, in their daily living, actualize this ancient maxim, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die;" realizing nothing beyond momentary pleasures, and those things surrounding the earth-sphere, tangible and perceptible to the outward senses. Man is a two-fold being, having a spiritual and interior, as well as a physical and exterior, existence. His finer and more etherealized nature finds but little outgrowth and expanse, while he is incorporated in flesh, save under the law of progressive development. "First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual," remarked the spiritually-enlightened Paul; clearly intimating an ascension from the inferior to the superior. This was the design of the All-wise Creator from the beginning, that intelligent beings should occupy a higher plane than that of mere procreation.

While so large a proportion of the human family set aside the claims of the higher life as mystical dreaming of what is *not*, a few are awakened to its substantial realities; considering it *that* for which every thing else was made; and that the things of this world are secondary in importance, and should be subservient to the things of the Spirit, which are eternal. Progressed souls of all ages demonstrated this in their lives, through self-denial of the animal propensities, and an absolute recision from works of generation. Saints sacrificed their earthly forms in devotion to it. Gifted Seers in beatific vision, beheld with ecstatic joy the consummation of soul travel in the regeneration. Inspired bards extolled *in song* the state of those who had risen from earth. Prophets, by revelation, declared the excellency of the way of truth and virtue, proclaiming blessing to those who walked in light everlasting. For said one, "I have heard from the uttermost parts of the earth, 'Glory to the righteous.'" Philosophers by rigid asceticism denounced the voluptuousness of their time, as bemeaning the real man, and gave to the world a moral tone, that rings out rich and full in the gradation of God's harmonious scale of being; thrilling the ears of many, and touching the hearts of a few with vitalizing power. "They who elevate their souls above the material world, by the practice of virtue, and the contemplation of spiritual things, are enabled to pierce through the outward letter (or form), into the interior idea" (or inner life). Thus wrote Philo, an eminent teacher of ethics.

Man, as a mere natural creature, but meagerly exemplifies God's crowning point of creation; not better than the beasts that perish. "Being made a little lower than the angels," implies a *diviner* type of His glorious workmanship, and reveals the innate powers of immortality, though wrapt in form of clay. Gross living buries the beautiful and eternal beneath the clods of earthliness, and dims the light of the interior vision. Here is where humanity lies; enveloped in matter, they revel in sensuous pleasure, and plunge into the vortex of worldliness, still feeling the aching void they seek to fill. Soul-needs can never be met, nor spirit-longings satisfied, in the whirl of excitement created by unsubdued passions. For, "She who liveth in pleasure is

dead while she liveth," dead to the nobler, better life, the germ of which is latent in every soul.

"Know then th's truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below,
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good unmingled with the ill."

Observation teaches us that external circumstances have somewhat to do with germinal unfoldment. A plant raised in a dark, damp cellar, will be colorless, distorted, and feeble, and consequently devoid of pleasing beauty. Place the same in friable soil, exposed to the genial sunshine, let it drink in the crystal dew drops and penetrating showers, and all the hidden forces combine with the elements for expansion in glory and perfection, to complete the design for which it was made. So the spirit, possessed of beautiful germs, early reared in the dark, foul haunts of vice, surrounded by naught but that which prompts the action of the lower nature, will bear the blight of sin with but little apparent trace of redeeming goodness. Like the fabled pebble, whose adamant nature, riveted to earth, yielded not to any higher influences. So, preferring their low condition, they cannot be lifted up. Such, ingrafted on the tree of heavenly life too soon, produce no spiritual fruit, and seem entirely out of their element.

Yet there are exceptions in those who, unfortunate in their creation, seem wholly buried in the basilar region of the brain with a low-toned mental and spiritual organism. Contrariwise on that same spirit would be the action of divine precept and example; turning the current of life, and the strength of growth, in the realm of the lovely and true.

The sins of the fathers and mothers are indeed visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, in this our day. And what is the result? Physical, mental and moral degeneration and degradation. That which is lacking in the real and true, is made up in the artificial; and society at large is a sham, a mockery of life. Unmask it in the light of truth. Take from it "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," and what is remaining? A mere skeleton of what should be a divinely-rounded form, beautiful in the proportions of goodness, and robed in the habiliments of angelic loveliness.

"Vanity of vanities" is human life, when it is not based on the religious principle, inherent in, and God-given to, the immortal soul. Unless that is awakened and quickened, and becomes the motive power of action, there can be no security for happiness here, nor permanency of hope for future bliss; nor will the spirit taste the sweets of existence in its perfected sphere of reality.

Jesus of Nazareth beautifully exemplified the higher life; not in the many mighty works he did, to convince the people of the supernatural; not in the physical manifestations wrought through him as a medium of spirit power; in which he stood not alone, nor unequaled; many had preceded and others succeeded him. But, in the glory of self-denial, his character, nobly perfected in truth, gleams with the radiance of the constellated heavens. The Christ baptism harvested him from the field of nature—*generation*—and lifted him up to the resurrection sphere. Hence, taught of the Holy Spirit, he enunciated truths that shall judge every soul with the exactness of righteousness; and make a separation between flesh and spirit, truth and error, right and wrong. For there is no amalgamation in the Christ testimony; many truth-loving souls have proved it a "savor of life unto life," and rejoice in its purifying action upon their spirits; and, standing on Mount Zion, inhabitants of the eternal city of Truth, holding sacred forever their vow of *virginity*, they are indeed the children of the resurrection, who, through obedience to the Christ baptism, are becoming "as the angels in heaven." And as they are here, so shall they be hereafter; rising from star to star—from glory to glory—in the progressive cycles of the circling sphere.

Martha J. Anderson.

ORIGIN OF CANAAN UPPER FAMILY.

THE Canaan Upper Family commenced its existence by a gathering of eleven persons on what used to be called the Patterson Farm, a little below the North Family in Mount Lebanon. The gathering of the Family took place sixty years ago, in December, 1813, under the care of Dan Higley and Eunice McCarter.

The year following, viz., in November, 1814, the Family moved from the Patterson farm to a house called the Mill House near a grist mill about half a mile west of the village of Mount Lebanon.

After living in the Mill House seven years, the Family moved on to the farm in Canaan (its present location), called the Peabody Place, May 9, 1821, at that time the Family consisted of thirteen brethren and fourteen sisters.

But of the twenty-seven persons who moved into Canaan at that time, only four are now living, all of whom have for many years, been members of other families, namely, John Lockwood, Wm. Thrasher, Rufus Ames, and George Curtis. So that fifty-two years have passed since the Upper Family was established in the land of Canaan; its future destiny who can tell?

Daniel Sizer, Canaan, August 19, 1873.

PROCRASTINATION.

I VIVIDLY remember that, in my early school-days, committing to memory "Thomas Jefferson's Ten Rules of Life;" one, of which I took particular note, was the following: "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day." Every word of this sentence is full of meaning; by the omission of the first word, the sentence is materially changed, *Never* is a strong term; no one ever makes use of it, without feeling its force. It is often spoken with a will, and to some purpose, in making good resolutions, many of which

have been forever sealed, by this word of five letters. I would here resolve, to never defer till to-morrow, the tasks and duties of to-day, thinking that perchance, a better time may come. *Not so*; it is never too soon to "put shoulder to the wheel of action."

There is a certain amount of labor to be performed, on whom does it depend, and to whom can the well tried pillars in Zion look for support, if not to the rising generation? Though seemingly incapable, yet there are, here and there, buds of promise to be seen in the garden of the Lord, which in course of time will bloom in beauty and perfection, to adorn his Temple.

Let us pause for a moment, and call to mind the self-forgetfulness of our predecessors in the Gospel. There are those with us to-day who have suffered *want* in a temporal point of view, while they have toiled, and given their strength for others; but we are in possession of every needful comfort. Nay more! spiritual food, according to the soul's travel, is meted out by Zion's faithful watchmen, who stand as sentinels to guard the chosen city. They count not their lives dear, but toil, oft-times beyond physical endurance, to ransom souls from a sin-polluted world. Such will not have to wait till the morrow for their reward; it is ever with them; their lives attest the truth.

One might ask, How has this intrinsic goodness been attained? The returning answer is, By beginning *now*. Society is made little or no better off, by persons who are always just beginning, and never bringing any thing to pass. Strength of mind, and force of application, are essential qualifications to a well-balanced mind. If in possession of all these important traits of character, the hill of Difficulty, which Bunyan saw in dream will be reached by dint of perseverance; though we have to pass through the "slough of Despond." We will keep our eye on the light, that shines from the Watch-tower, on the summit, all the way down, even to the first round of the ladder.

It seems quite an undertaking to climb from earth to heaven; why not fly, as machines for the purpose are being made? and from all accounts, they must closely approximate Jupiter; but I guess it will be best to wait awhile; at least till after the trial trip across the Atlantic. Procrastination would be wisdom in this case: yet if that should prove a failure, there doubtless will be some other new method contrived. No telling; "for great are the inventions of man." There is one thing however, that I hope will never be postponed a day later than is necessary; that is our *Social Gathering*.

Margaret Cleveland.

GOSPEL FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL:

WE have come to-day to blend our spirits with your spirits, and to sing with you the beautiful songs of joy and gladness; and we say "Good Morning" to every one; each brother and sister has a place in our hearts' truest and best affections.

Would you like to know how we came to be here? Well, we took the early train, the "train of thought," as the speediest, safest, and best way to reach Mt. Lebanon in season; and then we remembered that the goodly land of Canaan lies just beyond, and we came hither.

We took a "Palace Car"—it was beautifully wrought without and within—the seats were soft and easy, and we came along very comfortably. I like a "Palace Car" ever so much, I think it must resemble the car of *Progress*, whose wheels roll so rapidly along. And while we behold the beauties of nature, which are spread out before us, our minds are drawn upward, and we continue our march still onward to the bright Elysian fields, viewing the wondrous works of God until we are lost in admiration. The atmosphere is balmy with the sweet odor of purity and love, which is healthful and invigorating to both soul and body.

In looking around upon the tall forest trees, which now wave their branches over our heads, we are reminded of other trees more beautiful than these: fruit-bearing trees in the vineyard of God; with righteousness and peace *they* are laden, the golden fruits of harvest time. On each leaf is written some sweet expression of goodness, some new truth from the heavenly land, aglow with holy inspiration.

Now another scene presents itself to view—a table spread with food to sustain the physical part. We read of a Prophet in ancient days, who was fed morning and evening by the fowls of the air, also of the children of Israel, who were fed with manna in the wilderness, and perhaps, at some future time, others may read of *us* who are assembled here to-day; who knows but it may be so? We frequently hear of family gatherings in the natural order, where children are called home, where fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, re-unite around the family altar. And now we are all home again in the land of our Fathers, and as we sit at the table, let us raise a shout of thanksgiving that we have been spared to enjoy this rich feast with *Gospel* Parents, and brethren and sisters. By dissolving the ties which bound us together as brothers and sisters in the old creation, or generative order, we have been enabled to hear the voice which said "Come up higher, into a new, holy relation, on the platform of Truth, where superior joys are found."

To-day, dear young brethren and sisters, let us renew our early vows to be wholly consecrated to the Lord. How often we have thought of the little ark, so neatly constructed; containing those beautiful covenants by the brethren and sisters, which we hope and trust will ever remain unbroken. The memory of that day, spent with you on this hallowed spot two years ago, is still sacred and sweet. Let us ask, where is the ark now? does it still rest with you on the Mountain of the Lord, where grow the lofty cedars of Lebanon? We rejoice that there are so many righteous men and women—prophets and prophetesses—on the earth at the present time; and we believe that there are inspired souls standing on this ground to-day who are able to tell us of the coming events of the great future. God bless you every one, and may you live long in this beautiful land of peace and prosperity, is the united prayer of your Gospel friends in Maine.

Mary A. Gillespie, W. Gloucester, Me.

BELOVED ELDERS, AND BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

It is now somewhat over twelve months since I arrived here from England, and I frankly confess that I feel the importance of becoming a real Shaker; and am very thankful that I have found a people who are living pure, spiritual lives, and who are denying themselves of those things which the world values the most highly. The Apostle might well observe: "What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death." The things of which we all ought to be ashamed, and of which the Apostle speaks, are "the works of the flesh—adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness," etc. On the other hand, he says: "The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," etc.; and these virtues, I am happy to know, are cultivated in a remarkable degree by the Shakers.

It is true that, to a great extent, the surroundings make the man or the woman; so that when a body of men and women are gathered together, imbued with the Christ Spirit, and who are living from pure motives, and for noble ends, and who keep the animal nature in subjection to the spiritual, they cannot fail to draw down heavenly influences among them; thus proving that the kingdom of God has come, and that his will is being "done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Brethren and Sisters, I feel that the work to which we are called, is the upbuilding of Zion upon these principles and virtues, of which the Prophets had some faint foreshadowings. The Apocalyptic John saw the new Jerusalem representatively; but it is *our* high privilege to labor for its actual embodiment, first in our own hearts and lives, and then in the world around us.

The religion of Christendom has had a great deal to say about saving *souls*, but scarcely any thing about *bodies*. In fact, they have considered the body to be of very little importance. But it should be remembered, that the object of Jesus was to establish a system and order in and by which the physical bodies of its members should be supplied with all necessary temporal things, as well as to afford to each one an opportunity of working out the salvation of his and her own soul.

Man, even in regard to his physical organization, is "fearfully and wonderfully made," so that we cannot be too careful in the cultivation of our bodily as well as mental powers. Attention to the physiological laws of our being is of the greatest importance, so far as our earth life is concerned; this being the basis for the superstructure of the second life. We should move in harmony with Nature's laws, and with Nature's God; that, ultimately, we may attain to that high, spiritual altitude for which we originally were designed.

When one looks into the world, and sees what the works of the flesh have done, and are still doing, in producing and extending iniquity and crime of every name and nature, how can he but exclaim, "O Lord, how long!" But there is a better time coming to all. Thank Heaven, it has already come to a few. The great gulf which divides the rich from the poor is now being bridged over. The cries of the oppressed and enslaved have ascended to Heaven, and the answer, as of old, has been given: "I have seen the affliction of my people who are in Egypt; and now come, I will send thee, that thou mayst deliver them." We see these deliverers and Saviours who have come upon Mount Zion. We also see them in the political reforms which are shaking the nations from center to circumference. We see them, too, in our social, sanitary, and religious reforms; indeed, in every effort that is being made for the uplifting of humanity. Let us hope that, by the influence of their agency, instead of war, we shall have peace; instead of sensuality and adultery, we shall have chastity; instead of drunkenness, sobriety; instead of slavery, true liberty; and instead of discord, concord; as it is written: "They shall not hurt, nor destroy, in all my holy mountain; for the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep."

"Haste, happy day; that time I long to see,
When every son of Adam shall be free;
Then shall the happy world around proclaim,
The pleasing wonders of Immanuel's name."

David Brown.

MY ELDERS, BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

I AM happy to meet you here to-day. My heart is full of overflowing with gratitude to God, for the many blessings, temporal and spiritual, showered upon us during the past year. I also feel grateful for the privilege I now have of celebrating with you the "Harvest Home;" a festival held in ancient times by the children of Israel, after they had gathered in the fruits of the land. They then rejoiced before the Lord; and now that *our* harvest is gathered in, it is quite as appropriate and becoming for *us* to rejoice and be glad. For, notwithstanding the severe drouth we had, to us the season has been one of plenty, peace, and prosperity. The earth, like a good mother, has yielded a bountiful supply of food for her children; the result *to us* is a large ingathering to our barns and store-houses; and we will be thankful.

There is probably not a family in the land more abundantly blessed than ours with the various kinds of fruit, such as strawberries, cherries, raspberries and currants. Our tables have been so bountifully supplied therewith, that they almost ceased to be a *luxury*. Our grape vines look promising, and bid fair for a great yield. The pear trees, many of them, are heavily laden with fruit; and the apple trees will yield us a fair supply. Our kitchen garden, under the good management of Brother Daniel, is doing its full share in supplying the various kinds of vegetables. Nor is the dairy behind in furnishing its share. That is directly under the good management of Sister Ann, who sends to the table, neatly prepared, some of the very best butter and cheese in the State of New York.

And, while we have thus been living so richly upon physical food, and enjoying the good things of this life, our Elders have not been

unmindful of the wants of the soul. Like faithful watchmen standing on the walls of Zion, they have, from time to time, delivered their messages of love and inspiration; so that our souls have been fed and strengthened with spiritual and heavenly food, and we go on our way rejoicing.

Brethren and Sisters, in view of all these various and abundant temporal and spiritual blessings, so bountifully bestowed, let us cultivate a spirit of gratitude to God, the beneficent Giver thereof, and always be willing to yield cheerful obedience to the instruction in righteousness ministered to us by our kind Elders. Then shall we grow more and more in the knowledge and love of God.

Truth and love combined are mighty in power, and they can and will redeem the world.

James Leggitt.

A CHILD'S OFFERING.

WE read, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." So it was with our first Parents, who settled in the wilderness of America nearly a hundred years ago. They suffered persecution, endured hardships and privations, and many sacrificed their physical lives for the Gospel's sake; and, when the wicked raged and blasphemed against the testimony, they stood firm as a rock, to defend the Mother Church, which was in process of being built on earth.

Thus the Gospel of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann was planted in this country under adverse circumstances. It has gradually increased from that time to the present, till 18 societies, or 60 communities, are now established in this "new world."

The foundations of truth are laid firm and strong, and those of us who are young should embrace every opportunity to cultivate the truth in our own hearts. Honesty of purpose, and purity of life, shall ever be my motto. I will toil unselfishly in the Gospel field, that I may merit the love, union, and blessing of my Elders, brethren, and sisters. *To me* this is a happy season, and while meditating upon it, the following occurred to my mind:

Where are thy joys, O babbling earth?
Whence does thy glory come?
Hast thou the pearl of priceless worth?
Art thou the pilgrim's home?
In thee, does Mammon reign supreme,
And seas of passion roll?
In thee, does pleasure's fickle dream
Bring sorrow to the soul?

When toss'd upon life's billowy sea,
Thy glittering bubbles burst;
Then all thy pleasures quickly flee:—
Such are thy joys, O earth!
So, I have turn'd from thee, and seek,
In Zion's blessed fold,
The joys which do of heaven bespeak,
Affording peace untold;

Joys (far surpassing Ophir's gold)
Which yield eternal bliss,
And which adorn the youthful soul
With perfect loveliness.
These are the joys that I will seek;
They lift the soul above,
And clothe it with the spirit meek
Of the celestial Dove.

Ida Burger, Canaan. (14.)

BLESSED GOSPEL KINDRED:

I REJOICE to meet with you, in this beautiful Grove of fair Canaan, to-day, where the sun pours its golden rays upon us, as if to make us feel cheerful while we share in this feast of heavenly things, which are pure in the sight of God and his Angels.

I always feel thankful to drink in, with you, this pure Gospel love which flows so free from soul to soul. It is good to be here, to sit beneath the shade of these beautiful trees, where the soft winds of heaven are blowing over us all. These gifts and offerings are food to my soul. I am thankful for the many blessings which surround me in my good Gospel home; and I will endeavor to so improve my condition, that I may be in harmony with every gift.

I cannot conceive of any thing better for a young person than to put away all that is worldly, and gather that which is spiritual. My desire is to be more simple in my ways, and to be more humble before God, and my brethren and sisters; and to be fully given up to the Spirit of Truth.

Richard Vanderbeck.

KIND ELDERS, BRETHREN AND SISTERS:

I HAVE a desire to contribute something toward the general good of our Social Gathering, and to cast in my mite to help along the good work. I feel quite an interest in our Social Gatherings, and look eagerly forward to the time when they come.

This is the second time I have had the pleasure of making one of your number; receiving some good from the first, may I not hope to gather something from the present one also, that will benefit me in my spiritual progress; something that will bind me more firmly to you, and to the Gospel, into which I am called.

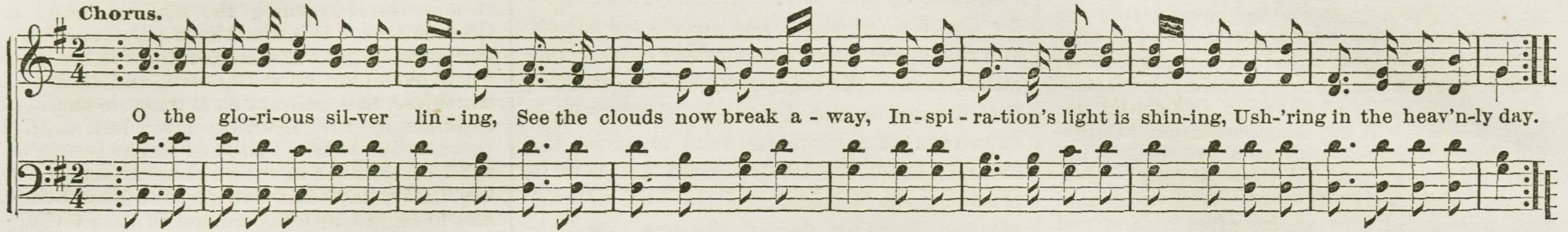
It is, indeed, a great work. I have faith in it, and believe that no one can find salvation from sin, unless they work it out for themselves, by an honest confession thereof, and forsaking it, taking up a daily cross against it, by walking in the way which is kept open by our Elders, and by all truth-loving souls. Thus living to know and do the will of God, I believe I can find complete redemption. It is only a question of time. I often feel that there is not enough consecration on my part; that I am not doing enough for my brethren and sisters, or for the cause of the Gospel. This consecrated spirit I do most earnestly desire; that I may labor and toil, not for my self, but for

THE SILVER LINING.



1. Though dark clouds may often gather That would make our pathway drear, An - gel voi - ces sweetly ut - ter Lo, the sil - ver lin - ing's near.
2. Hope and faith shall e'er sustain us, While for hea - ven we pre - pare, For be - yond the darkest sha - dow Lies a sil - ver lin - ing there.

Chorus.



O the glo - ri - ous sil - ver lin - ing, See the clouds now break a - way, In - spi - ra - tion's light is shin - ing, Ush - ring in the heav'n - ly day.

my brethren and sisters. I feel a great desire to overcome a selfish spirit.

I am thankful for the relation which I am forming, a relation that will never end, and for the degree of union I have found, I am thankful for my home; my beautiful Gospel home; every thing surrounding it seems dear to me; the barns, out-houses, gardens, the trees, and the flowering plants the sisters have cultivated, all are dear to me.

And I would be one with you, brethren and sisters, to make our home beautiful in both a temporal and spiritual sense; to make it look as much as we can like our destined home, in the Spirit Land, that we sing so much about.

I desire to labor with you for substantial riches; a treasure that I can realize when this life is over; a home that I can go to, and meet with kindred spirits, to live with and enjoy their society.

This is my hope, and for this I will labor.

George Clark.

THE BEARD.

—o—

To shave, or not to shave, *that* is the question, whether it is nobler on the whole, to suffer the smart and pain of an old, dull razor, or take up arms against that sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them — let the beard grow; and, so doing, to say we end the sore throat, the frosted cheeks, the stuffed up nose, and all the multifarious ills to which our head is subject, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. So *let it grow*, perchance to our discomfort — *aye*, there's the rub. For, if we let it grow, how we shall feel, when we have a large and full-grown beard, must give us pause. There's the respect that makes us go without a beard so long a time! For who would bear the searching, piercing wind, the driving sleet, the dashing hail, the pelting rain, the pangs of a dull razor, and all those numerous pains, with a bare face, when he himself might their quietus make, by laying aside the razor?

Who would fardels bear, to apply the brush and razor *twice a week*, but that the fear of being out of union, and treading in bye (forbidden) paths, subdues the will, and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of. Thus *union* does make brethren of us all. With this regard, we shave our faces clean.

W. S.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

—o—

How lovely the scene which Nature has wrought,
So richly diversified o'er the land,
They're perfect and useful, and with blessings fraught —
The works of an Almighty hand.
The soft, tender grass that grows 'neath our feet,
Forms carpets of verdancy bright,
Which gives to the earth its aspect, replete
With beauty, our eyes to delight.

The sweet-scented flowers that grow 'mid the green,
And blossom in many rich hues,
Are pleasant to view; but, like all earthly things,
Will flourish, then pass like the dews.
The tall, stately trees, with wide-spreading boughs,
'Neath whose shade we love to repose,
Are shelter for warblers in bright sunny hours,
And homes when the days gently close.

The beautiful stream that glides gently by,
With waters so limpid and clear,
Refreshes the earth, that brings forth her supply,
In gladness and joy to appear.
And the deep azure sky, so lovely and fair,
That canopies earth far above,
Is emblem of purity, and ever declares,
That *God*, its Creator, is Love.

And the glorious sun, *that* bright orb of day,
The source of rich blessings to earth,
In the morn's golden hours, by ray after ray,
To new happy thoughts it gives birth.
And, while I thus think of external things,
Of whose beauty I never can tire,
I turn to my *heart* to see if *therein*
Is growth which the angels admire.

To see if sweet flowers are blossoming there,
Well water'd by streams of pure love;
To see if the trees, with their foliage, are
A home for the heavenly Dove;
To see if some verdure's springing up there,
Which thrives in the sunlight of truth;
To cultivate this, so rich and so rare,
Is the labor and toil of my youth.

Lucy Bowers. (14)

MY BEST DESIRES.

Annie Stephens, (11).

What should be my best desires?
Should they be for pleasure vain,
Which would me lead from truth and good —
Casting on my spirit stain?
Nay! my strongest, true desires,
Shall be virtuous and pure,
Ever tending Angel-ward,
Gospel graces to secure.
I desire to be increasing
In the gift of holy love,
And by effort without ceasing
Reach the heavenly spheres above.
I desire to be advancing
In the way of truth and light,
And, by casting error from me,
Learn to think and act the *right*.
O good spirits gather near me,
Fill my mind with godly things,
That daily I may feel the bliss
Which true goodness always brings.

PLEASURE.

Grace Bowers, (10).

Now the last month of summer has come, and Nature still retains her beauty. The azure sky above, the beautiful verdant grass below, and the sunny air all around, still continues to make the earth a pleasant habitation, — a home of pleasure and happiness. But what of *winter*? Jack Frost's icy fingers touch every thing beautiful on earth, and cause its verdure to fade, and the pleasure that it brings also. Yet there remains a pleasure that is not blown to and fro by the winds, or caused by the earth's revolution; but that which is felt in the human heart, and is caused by the knowledge of having done right. One way to make pleasure, is to watch every chance to do good for others, although it might seem disagreeable to me at first, and cause me to deny myself of many things which I might enjoy; — but, by trying to please others, I gain their love, and this brings great pleasure to me. Another way is, when I am tempted in any way, to do that which I know is not right, to resist it, and this I will strive to do. I will also strive to be so good and respectful toward my brethren and sisters, that it will be a pleasure to them to have me in their company.

After the above three children had well spoken their respective pieces, they, standing together, recited the following lines, by Lucy Bowers:

Beloved Ministry, Elders, and friends very dear,
We kindly would thank you for consenting to hear
Our simple expressions, and heartfelt desire
For knowledge, and growth in a life that is higher.
So, humbly we ask you for blessing and love,
A treasure we value as sent from above,
The wealth it contains is more precious than gold,
O bless us, and own us as lambs of the fold.

THE TWO PLANES.

—o—

Two planes there are for mortal man —
One level with the earth;
The *second* is the Gospel plan,
Which leads to the *new birth*.

We see and choose with open eyes,
If but the first we ask;
Our joy is here, the earth we prize,
And in her pleasures bask.

But if the light of *higher life*
Should break upon the mind,
And *this* we love, how vain the strife
For peace on earth to find.

We're like the bird that's fledged for flight,
Mount up we must and will;
For, how can we, with wing and might,
Remain as nestlings still?

Nay! God ordain'd that we should soar
Till truth shall *all* control,
And we with praise forevermore,
Find life that's for the soul.

We shed the earthly "man of sin,"
Put on the new and pure,
And with the angels here begin
That life which will endure.

And then, by virtue of the cross,
In God we live and move,
Redeem'd, arisen from our loss,
Our life and home is *love*.

Mary Whitcher, Canterbury.

"FIRST FOUNDERS."

WHAT bright examples of purity and godliness were Mother and her little band who first settled in the wilderness of Watervliet. These faithful disciples of Christ maintained their allegiance to their faith, in hunger and thirst, in labor and fatigue, in watching and prayer. How numerous and severe were the trials of these true cross-bearers, who followed Christ in the regeneration: They hated their own lives, that they might obtain life eternal. How severe a life of extreme self-denial did they choose! What long-continued temptations did their perseverance overcome! What soul-trying conflicts did they sustain! How earnest were their prayers! With what zeal and power did they aspire after higher and higher degrees of spiritual possession! With what earnestness and resolution did they wage war against sin! And how ardent and sincere was their love to God! The day they devoted to labor, and the night to prayer and praise; and, even in their hours of labor, their hearts were lifted up to heaven in continual aspirations.

With respect to all earthly possessions they were poor; but they were rich in heavenly gifts and durable treasures. Outwardly, they were many times in absolute want; but inwardly, they abounded in Divine consolation. They were the despised and the outcasts of the world, but Sons and Daughters of God. In their own estimation, they were nothing; but, in the sight of God, they were "elect and precious." By deep humiliation, strict obedience, heartfelt charity, and persevering patience, they made continual advances in spiritual life, and obtained greater and greater degrees of spiritual power.

Such were the First Founders of our Gospel Homes, in the New Jerusalem on earth, and such are all their faithful followers. Let them be our Pattern; let us tread in their footsteps, and imitate their virtues.

Daniel Orcutt, Enfield, Conn.

BOMBAY, India, July 23, 1873.

ELDER FREDERICK:

DEAR BROTHER AND FATHER:—Reaching this great city (of 600,000), in India, my heart was made glad by receiving a number of letters from America, among which was one from you. Reading, I thought of the poet's lines:

"Ev'ry sentence, O how tender!
Every line, how full of love!"

I also received a long and most excellent letter from Benj. Starbuck. The Shaker papers, and the books, interested me deeply. They must do good service for Zion. The "Shaker and Shakeress" are really beautiful copies, and do honor to Believers, and to the principles they enunciate. Truly is not "Zion putting on her beautiful garments?"

India is a great country, with a marvelous people. Marvelous because here was the cradle of civilization and religion. Egypt borrowed as largely from India, as did Greece from Egypt. I went up the Ganges, to Benares, from Calcutta; saw human bodies floating in the river, and also saw them burning in their dead. The Brahmins are very intelligent; some of them are fine English scholars. They eat no meat; and one sect among them—the Mararajohs—are celibates. They are priests.

There are one hundred and fifty thousand Englishmen in Bombay; and multitudes of them all through India. I found a number of Spiritualists in Calcutta, and there are some in Bombay. In Calcutta, there is the groundwork for Shakerism. A number were interested in my descriptions of the Shakers—some English, some half-castes, and some natives.

The Hindoos are certainly a superior race,

or rather, combination of races. Young Hindoo lads sent to English colleges usually come out with the highest honors. They excel in mathematics and metaphysics. The country along the great rivers is just adapted to rice growing. The weather is intensely hot; one could hardly live here, in Bombay, were it not for the sea breezes. The streets are narrow and filthy, compared to American cities. The native men of the cities wear only hip clothes; the women do not do much better. Such exposures of the persons tend to excite the animal; hence the lower classes are very licentious. In fact, *lust*, and the love of *gold*, are the damning sins of the age. *Oh! the curse of selfishness!*

We sail to-morrow for Egypt, through the Red sea. Expect to switch off at Alexandria, to go to Jaffa; then to Jerusalem; then back to Alexandria, in Egypt, to sail for Trieste; then down the Rhine to England.

I am getting anxious to reach my native land, and clasp the hands of friends. I often think of you, and the dear souls in Zion. Give them my love. Ask them to sing me one song to be borne by spirits to my hungry soul.

In great haste—love to all.

Most affectionately thine,

J. M. Peebles.

"MY SAINTS."

WHO are "my saints" of whom the Spirit speaks—"Gather my saints together, those who have made a covenant with me by sacrifice"—if it be not those men and women amongst the Spiritualists who are continent; who, like J. M. Peebles, and other prominent persons whom I could name, and for whom I often pray, as for the scattered sheep of the fold (or Community) of Christ; those who have listened to, and heard, the voice of the Christ Spirit, calling upon them to *come up higher*—into the Resurrection—henceforth to live and walk in newness of life, as *pure spiritual celibates*?

I have confidence in J. M. Peebles, that, although away from the external centres of protection, on a voyage round the world, and subjected to temptations that but few withstand, he is not only true to his marital vows, but he is also obedient to the voice of conscience, and to the "covenant" he has made with God and his people, to live as Jesus lived—as the Shakers live—a Christian celibate.

These continent Spiritualists, like the first Founders of our Order, are living to God in Babylon; testing their powers, and growing strong "in the hour of temptation." They are being purified in affliction, and through tribulation. Not only are married persons living as brother and sister; but many are banishing the use of stimulating drinks, tobacco, and unphysiological food, as far as is possible in an order where all things are adulterated; from the marriage relation to the milk upon which their offspring are fed, and by which they often die; from bread—the "staff of life"—to the mineral drugs and medicines—the substitutes of vitality—which cut off its already "brittle thread."

These saints will be gathered together into Shaker Communities. And, if there was not a Shaker upon earth, the same laws of ascension and spiritual progress that have hitherto raised up peaceful Shaker Celibate Communities, would produce them spontaneously, as fire is often produced without tinder, flint, or match.

Peace principles; Woman's Rights, (including the right to live a virgin life); Physiological truth, that shall cure all manner of diseases, just as did Jesus; Labor, that is man's rightful inheritance; "using this world as not abusing it; are the atonements which will "take away the sins of the world;" and, although "they be as scarlet, they shall be-

come white as snow; and though they be as crimson, they shall become like well-washed wool."

THE *Jewish Chronicle* thinks that it was partially owing to their nice discrimination in the use of food that the Israelites reached at so early an age a cultured and civilized condition. It observes, concerning the modern laxity in this matter: "We are aware that in certain circles amongst our community, it is the fashion to condemn as antiquated, and therefore worthless, that delicacy as to what we shall eat enjoined by the Levitical law; but, until a sneer arrive at the dignity of an argument, we shall continue to advocate close adherence to the dietary laws laid down by the Mosaic code, and to regard as a declension in true civilization any divergence to the cosmopolitan opinions of our so-called social reformers."

"ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

VERY good. But *how* shall we ask? Earth, and Heaven, are literally deluged with words.

Heaven, especially, is fearfully bored with words—words—words—everlastingly teasing the Lord for blessings—Blessings, he can never bestow, without violating Heaven's organic law. And he won't do that.

Blessings, as well as cursings, are the result of conditions. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." And so of women.

"Blessed are the pure in heart." Already blessed—Blessed all the time. And their blessing crops out in their lives.

"In blessing, ye shall be blessed." No better way to ask a blessing than to bless humanity, in general—and every body in particular—by doing all the good you can. By being examples of righteousness, worthy of all imitation. O. P.

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.—It is the babbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of nature there, as she pours it from her hollow hand. But one Niagara is enough for a continent, or the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow night and day, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of martyrs, that good is done; it is by the daily and quiet virtue of life—the kind temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness.

WHEN WILL THE END COME?

BY O. W. HOLMES.

WHEN legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle, rasp, and straw,
Grow bigger downwards through the box—

When he that selleth house or land,
Shows leaks in roofs or flaw in right,
When harberdashers choose the stand
Whose window has the broadest light—

When preachers tell us what they think,
And party leaders all they mean—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee bean—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience sake—

When one that has a horse on sale
Shall bring its merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof—

When, in the usual place for rips,
Our gloves are stitch'd with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips,
Where first umbrellas need repair—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before—
When the first locomotive wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore:—

Till then, let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe.