

THE SHAKER.

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“WHAT IS TRUTH?”

“THE ETERNAL RELINQUISHMENT OF ERROR.”

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SELF-RULE.

JULIA O'CONNELL.

“He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.”

THIS sentence is presented as an inward monitor and an external mirror. Often has its truth flashed before me in private thoughts. If we will suppose every thought of our lives planted and grown to fruitage, how many of us would be willing to gather such a harvest, or even be willing to stand afar off and gaze on the distortion? Yet, when we distrust the peace of others by giving rein to an envious, jealous or fault-finding spirit, how surely are we growing unto a harvest, what we even refuse to look at as a reward! “The walls of the city broken,” our self-respect wanting; the love that is of God dying within our souls, having measured unto us in return, what we have meted out to others. But there are other means of failing to “rule our spirits” than by the planting of briars and thistles in the hearts of others. May we not indulge in melancholy and moroseness until our spiritual sun is darkened? Our friends turn foes and our whole lives revolve in gloom. Is there not a possibility of losing control of our own spirits, by such an over-anxiety for others, that, in imagination their existence and presence seems to be the axis of our own lives? Being willing even to dwell in the shade, rather than hide the sun unto them? Sacrificing, beneath this very partial influence, not only deserved pleasures, intellectual rights, but dwarfing besides, the growth of the spirit and preventing its approach unto God? Aggression from unholy impulses; consecration to a narrow, unchristian partiality; these break the walls of our city. Who said that having rule over the spirit was greater than taking a city, had a correct understanding of human nature and its inclinations—knew so well the seductions of perversion; how willing the flesh and weak the spirit; how little by little the walls of the city may be broken, until the valley of desolation is wofully reached.

Union Village, O.

DOES GOD WANT HIS NAME IN THE CONSTITUTION?

CECELIA DEVYR.

WHILE a clergyman, or even a Christian has a quid of tobacco in his mouth? Does He want His name put into the Constitution, while the government receives a large revenue from the traffic of the lower regions—the liquor trade? Does He want His name *voted* into the Constitution by *hands* that could neither cast the first nor the last stone at that gigan-

tic, black sin which is mildly called the “social evil?” Does He want His name put into the Constitution by any who go through the miserable sham of sanctifying a system of marriage, whose soul-grinding and body-destroying slavery, the broken constitutions and early graves of American women so directly testify against? Does He want doctors, who poison constitutions with drugs, to put His name into a paper document? Does He want lawyers, who “devour widows’ substance,” who only administer *full* justice to their own pockets, and for a pretense, make profession of Him, to negotiate His name into the Constitution? Does He want any Judas Iscariot, of high or low degree, who sells republicanism here, and the hope of the down-trodden abroad, for pieces of precious metal, or for United States’ bonds, to put His name into the Constitution? A society that, through monopoly, crushes some of His weak children down to wretchedness, and drives the rest along the road of crime, where the jail and the hangman’s rope are liberally provided; that takes the sword and forgets to love mercy, and remembers not the injunction to depart from iniquity upon naming the Holy Name—a society that practically denies the power of God and the principles of Christ, need not blaspheme these names by putting them into the Constitution.

We sometimes read of confidence men; but the most astounding and unblushing confidence men, are those engaged in this present Church and State scheme. It is melancholy to contemplate at this time, when there is *work* to be done, that faithful, earnest laborers are being called away to help these designers to overthrow the good which has been effected during the century—that priestcraft is once more coiling itself around the life of a nation, and if it is not shaken off, history will repeat itself. There is but one way in which the name of God can be safely put into the Constitution: Let there be an amendment that in GOD’S NAME, the name of God and Christ will be forever kept out of that INSTRUMENT.

Let those who would *honor* God, be peacemakers; and they shall be called the children of God; and if they would be disciples of Christ, by this will all men know them; if they have love one for another; and if they would be high priests unto God and humanity, let them not only preach the gospel to the poor, but *so preach* the gospel that there shall be no poor; “for the earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof;” and all who dwell thereon are “Heirs at Law to their Father’s Estate.” “For all ye are brethren.” It is mockery to put God’s name into the Constitution while His children are thus robbed.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

VISIONARY DREAM

OR INTERVIEW WITH THE SPIRIT OF BROTHER DANIEL MOSELEY, ON THE NIGHT OF AUG. 12, 1876.

HE seemed to have a chart of his whole earth-life, each point of particular significance was marked. He said, “when I came into conscious being in the rudimental sphere of existence, unlike the majority of youth and children of the present age, I was shielded from many temptations to which they are exposed, and was at times much exercised in mind in regard to religion, and I entered the gospel crucible, before being caught in the meshes of the grosser sins of the world; but the world proper was in me, and my deep, soul struggles were many.

When I had contested the enemies’ claims and gained some point, I thought to rest a while on laurels won; but there was always a spirit near to urge me forward to engage in other battles, and win still greater victories. Thus I went from point to point in my work and travel, and after passing through many life and death struggles, and many seasons of judgment, there came to me, one great day of judgment—one general review of all the transgressions of my life, of which there had been a record kept in form of a chart. There I saw all the good and evil, the just and unjust thoughts and doings toward myself and others, a sight of which caused me both joy and sorrow.” At this point, Elder Daniel Boler stepped in; “ah,” said brother Daniel Moseley, “there is a man who greatly resembles his elder brother Daniel, in the work assigned him to do in the field of gospel labor, in so far as courage and unflinching determination to do, and to suffer are requisite in performance of duty, leaving fears and doubts in the wake, behind the great ship.” Elder Daniel Boler smiled and said, “where are all our worthy veterans—the old saints who served in the army of the Lord? Whither have they gone or hid themselves? Of late I have been searching to find them?” “Well,” said Brother Daniel Moseley, “for this very reason it is a wise arrangement that we pass within the vale, out of sight of mortals, that they may not stay their minds too much upon past events, nor upon their predecessors in the gospel work; but fix their minds and give their energies to present duties, and to perform the work of their own day and time.”

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

THE first thing a truly religious man should seek to be is a perfect animal. Holiness, wholeness of body and perfection in bodily structure are the first triumphs a religious man can win. To be strong with all possible strength; to be beautiful with all possible beauty; to be perfect in that which is least, as a stepping-stone to perfection of that which is greater, is the first ambition of intelligent piety.—W. H. H. Murray.

MATERIALISM—SPIRITUALISM. NO. 2.

—O—
WM. H. BUSSELL.

THAT there is so great obscurity respecting the continued existence of man after his physical disorganization, is to many a sufficient reason for rejecting the idea altogether. Why, they ask, should a matter of so great importance to man be involved in so much darkness as to leave him in doubt? The answer, oft repeated, that there is no more obscurity respecting this matter than almost every thing else in the world, and that truth, though not coy, yet loves to be sought after, and oftentimes, earnestly, is not satisfactory to certain minds. The indolent mind will still ask, why the necessity of this incessant work? It is true, the materialists are not all idlers, mentally. Some are distinguished for their profound investigations in the arcana of nature; and to many of those who trust to others to do their own thinking, it is a sufficient reason why they should call themselves materialists, because these philosophers, these scientists, are such. These have searched nature through, and nowhere have discovered the fountain whose waters give immortal youth. With their hammers they have broken the primitive rock; they have searched through the secondary and tertiary formations, and lo, it is all material! They have put it into their crucibles and reduced it to its original elements, and still there is nothing but matter.

Besides, the definitions that have been given to spirit by those claiming to be teachers in all spiritual things have not tended to enlighten these matter-of-fact minds. The Infinite Being himself has been *metaphysicised* into something impalpable, intangible; so that the question might very properly be asked: "Canst thou, by searching, find out God?" It is not unreasonable that the scientist, if he cannot "find out the Almighty to perfection," yet should be able to lay hold of something substantial, something that shall satisfy his investigating, reasoning mind that there is a "Potency in nature," a Reality capable not only of forming the unnumbered worlds in the universe, but also of sustaining in existence forever each intelligent being found in them. Those who regard themselves as set for the defense of spiritual truth do not help such by getting angry and calling hard names. Denunciation never converted an ignorant errorist; certainly it never can convert thinking, investigating minds.

Religion, so called, has many sins to acknowledge at the confessional of truth—the greatest absurdities in doctrine, as well as the profoundest mistakes in the attempt to convert man to what is deemed the truth of God. Spiritualism, to show herself heaven-descended, must be clothed in garments of light; must be able to convince the judgment of candid, thoughtful minds, and confound the errors of unreasoning ones. She must be able to prove herself something more substantial than the gods which the old poets have invoked, or the shades which they have evoked. If not clothed with the materiality of flesh and bones, to be seen and heard, felt and handled by the corporeal senses, yet to be made manifest unmistakably to the inward consciousness as though she possessed these external attributes.

There are thousands calling themselves spiritualists who claim to have as clear and

definite knowledge of certain things pertaining to another state of existence as they do of those pertaining to the earth. But there are thousands of others, of thinking, cultivated minds, who have not this knowledge, and who deny that there can be such. This being the case, it does no possible good for the former class to berate the latter as ignorant or self-conceited; nor for the latter to upbraid the former as superstitious, easily imposed upon, and willing to be duped. Candor is becoming to both sides, which both have lacked too long. The earnest spiritualist desires to impart the knowledge which seems to him of so much importance to those who have it not, and it seems to him that it should produce as powerful an effect in other minds as in his own. But the facts do not accord with the seeming. There is nothing, then, for him to do but to wait with patience for the day of triumph; to seek for new displays of truth, as well as new methods of imparting what is demonstrated truth to his own mind. Patience will work for herself a perfect work, even among the ignorant, the indifferent, the indolent, the scientist, the philosopher, as well as the fearful and despairing.

"Hope, the charmer, lingers still behind," to encourage all, and point all to the opening portal of endless life.

USES AND ABUSES OF ADVERSITY.

—O—

OLIVER PRENTISS.

To make MAN—both moieties—the first grand essential is a mother—a mother who knows her rights and maintains them.

The next essential is a father, as law-abiding, in sexual intercourse, as animals in general.

Prosperity is good—we like it. But luxury and idleness never made a man.

Adversity is just the thing we do not want—but what could we be without it? Its uses are to make us strong in self-reliance, to sanctify our powers and consecrate them to the common good.

ADVERSITY'S ABUSES.

STRONG cider, tobacco and other things to stultify—stupify the sensibilities.

Other undignified acts might be named—but we will let somebody else do that.

To presume that our audience can never know any thing only just what *we* tell them, is rather presuming.

Long sermons, like long newspaper articles, are behind the age.

MUSIC—NO. 12.

—O—

JAS. G. RUSSELL.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—To clear up the subject of congregational singing, which was touched upon in the preceding number, it is here asserted that all persons, old and young, with much or little talent for singing, who expect to take part in church, should be constant attendants at singing schools and other gatherings for musical rehearsals; and furthermore, they should not only take part upon all pieces designed to be used in church, but should lay aside their own personal judgments and notions of singing, and conform strictly to the directions of a leader. This being the case, other things being equal, there is much to warrant reasonable success

in congregational effect. Not that perfect development of harmony would become apparent, for this would be utterly impossible, but that sufficient results might be reached to insure safety to the true choir, and reflect no material dishonor upon music as an art. Although the objection is often raised that God requires the best at our hands and hearts, it should not be inferred that those particularly favored with the greatest music talents are *the only ones* to address the great and good Creator through the medium of song. Indeed, were this the case, it would be strikingly characteristic of the Calvinistic principle of election engrafted into the beautiful and divine art of music—that some were elected to sing, while others were doomed to perpetual exclusion, however desirous they might be to possess the talent. From a phrenological stand-point the writer views the illustrations of the various faculties of our mental organization, but fails to find in a single instance a neglect, on the part of the divine Architect, to insert the faculty of music. Still, the observation is made that, in certain mental organisms, such and such faculties are *small*, but not entirely wanting; hence there arises a chance for more or less culture and development of each and every faculty of our mental being, music not excepted. Under these considerations the writer fosters the belief that in any congregation, in almost any parish or church, there may be found, out of every twenty individuals, nineteen that are sufficiently talented to become, by close application to music culture, good and reliable singers, capable of forming a choir that, as a whole, though termed congregational, would better by far redound to the beauty and glory of church worship than would a *select choir*, set apart exclusively for singing, while a majority are sitting by with closed mouths, accrediting great honor to the talented few, and seemingly unmindful of the Divine Presence they had assembled to worship. From these remarks I would not be understood to infer that no *select choir* should ever be heard or known to exist in a church, as evidently there are some church pieces, or portions thereof, so characterized as to be rendered far more impressive when performed by a few voices only, than they otherwise could be; but such renderings should be considered mere exceptions to the general rule. The fact should ever be apparent that church worship should be conducted on a principle, the basis of which should be sufficiently extensive to meet the demands of a religious community as a whole.

By way of appendage to this series of articles I would add that the various points taken up, as bearing upon the subject of music, are drawn mostly from scientific facts. Portions drawn from the stand-point of personal experience only may not all bear the test of superior reasoning; hence such parts are only fit to be left in the dark abyss of forgetfulness, while the author professes progress, ever onward and upward, grasping the *true*, and leaving the false, actuated and inspired by the beautiful motto, "EVER PURSUING, EVER STRIVING TO BECOME." Thus animated with the love for higher development in the lovely art of music, the explorations in this great field will become deeper and broader as the mind continues its re-

searches after truths which, though now seem lost in hidden mystery, will yet be revealed in as perfect light as those numbered in the revelations of the past. Trusting and sincerely believing the "wheels of progress" will be ever kept in motion, bringing new and increasing light into every department of useful knowledge, I close, for a season, my essays upon music, and bid my readers an affectionate farewell.

PRAYER FOR ZION.

—O—
OTIS SAWYER.

Pour out thy spirit upon needy Zion,
Sustain all thy children while humbly they plead—
Help, Lord, O help them, and send faithful laborers
To work in thy vineyard, for great is the need!
O, God of the harvest, replenish thy garner
With choicest of fruit from the mountain and plain—
And fill every court in thy holy dominion,
Like rich golden fruit on a well-clustered vine.

Hear, we beseech Thee, Oh heavenly Father,
The remnant who've passed through the flood and
the fire!

O God, Thee they serve, and they bow to no other,
Thy word and Thy will is their whole soul's desire.
Protect and preserve Thou, the holiest treasures
With which in Thy temple Thy wisdom appears—
The Ark and Shekina, that royal insignia—
A witness perpetual, JEHOVAH IS HERE!

God of the widow and fatherless orphan,
Whose vigilant eye views each sparrow that falls,
Thy mercy and favor to Zion now lengthen;
Thou art her deliverer and her *all in all!*
Yea, here for salvation Thy name Thou hast raised,
For kingdoms and people, afar off and near,
The Laws of Mount Zion on tablets engraved,
To which every nation on earth must give ear.

Now, even now, Lord, diffuse without measure,
The power of salvation and eternal life!
Renew the baptism of spirit and fire,
That Zion may win in this terrible strife?
O send forth Thy heralds to every nation,
And call, that the slumbering to judgment appear—
To enter through Jordan's rich stream for salvation,
O God, unto Zion, in strength do draw near!
Alfred, Me.

CLOUDS.

—O—
MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

The sun in its splendor rose early at dawn,
Revealing the beauties of meadow and lawn;
For every green spear with a crystal drop gleamed,
As on them the golden shafts silently beamed;
Yet, if as by magic, in earliest day,
The glisten of diamonds had vanished away.
The brooklet came laughing from out of the wood,
As if 'twere intent on a mission of good;
So full were its waves as it dashed on its way,
It sent up, like incense, a beautiful spray,
But ere the sun reached its meridian course,
Its volume and motion had lost half their force.
The lake in its beauty (so placid and still)
Lay down at the foot of a steep, wooded hill,
Yet sunbeams were glancing just over the crest,
And lighting the ripples that danced on its breast,
Exerting the while a mysterious sway,
Which seemed to be drawing its moisture away.
The river rolled on 'neath the sun's vivid rays,
Reflecting a glory too bright for the gaze;
But soon was seen rising a mist, light as air,
And where was it going? O! who shall tell where?
Up, up it went floating, and sped o'er the hill,
An omen in future of good, or of ill.
The ocean swelled grandly, its billows rose high,
As if *any* power its strength could defy;
Yet subtle the force, and electric the glow,
That meets in its majesty wide ocean's flow.
The air is just tensioned with heat, to draw up
And take a good drink from old Neptune's great
cup;

Away goes the nectar ambrosial and free,
Alike from the fountain, the ocean and sea.
The atmosphere gathered, but could not retain
The volatile vapors it held for its gain;
So upward they rose in ethereal space,
Where cloudland so changeful in fancy we trace,

The sprights of the wind, bound for mischief the
worst,

The gathering mists in confusion dispersed.
Soon the face of the sky from the east to the west,
Was covered with waves like a white foaming
crest,

But, fitful as fancy, and fleet as a thought,
Behold, what a change in the aspect is wrought!
Like a fleece of white wool, just clipped from the
ewe,

The clouds are spread over the deep vault of blue;
Now gathering closer, they tower on high,
And rest in their grandeur against the clear sky.
There's reared in the distance a castle so bright,
It gleams as if raised by the spirits of light;
Too soon it has vanished, and mountains of snow
Are rising, then melting beneath the sun's glow.
There are chariots of fire, and steeds of the wind,
Which leave in a moment no traces behind;
Then argosies, freighted for some distant shore,
Fold up their white sails and are heard of no more.
There the Elephant's seen, and the White Polar
Bear,

The Seal and the Walrus float out on the air;
And thousands of wonders which meet the trained
eye,

No conjuror casts in his magical die.
With signs of the weather this realm is replete—
They are heard from the lips of each friend that
you meet;

"There are bars in the South," or "the morning
sky's red,
Which will surely bring rain on the traveler's
head."

Well founded this maxim, "If rain goes up hop-
ping,

Then rain will assuredly come down *a dropping.*"
The farmer will tell you when cloudless the sky
It often betokens a storm brooding nigh;
With keen observation to science allied,
The action of winds and of clouds are descried.
Savans have explored this most wonderful field,
And facts that are noteworthy carefully yield;
Seven species of clouds are described with their
names.

The result of the knowledge one scientist claims.
First *Cirrus*, the cloud formed the highest in air,
Resembles the tresses of light waving hair,
A change of the weather it seems to imply,
Rain, if it increases; wind, if it keeps high;
Fine weather if fringes descend from below,
And melt away quickly beneath the sun's glow.
Next, *Cumulus* forms in a low atmosphere,
In dense, convex masses 'twill often appear;
By the wise it is called the fair cloud of the day,
Beginning when morning shines over our way.
Its maximum reaches when Sol's at its height,
Then melts when approached by the shadows of
night.

Now *Stratus* will nearest earth's surface be found,
In flat sheets extended above and around,
It forms when the sun has just passed from the
sight,
And is termed, by its coming, the cloud of the
night.

Its mists may be seen o'er the river and plain,
But does not betoken the coming of rain.
The days that oft follow this cloud of the night,
Are always remarkably tranquil and bright.
Cirro Cumulus forms in the atmosphere high,
Consisting of groups of small cumuli;
At different heights in flat strata 'tis seen
Reflecting the brightness of days sunny sheen.
In some latitudes, in the winter 'tis rare,
But in summer betokens the days that are fair.
'Tis the beautiful cloud, some call "mackerel
sky,"

With its tints at the sunset no painter can vie.
Cirro Stratus spreads out like a layer of sheets,
Which is apt to descend if disturbance it meets;
When high o'er the zenith, a light, gauzy shroud,
But near the horizon it forms a dense cloud;
'Tis changeable ever, though calm seems the air,
And indicates rain, though the weather be fair.
When low in the sky, it is seen to descend,
The rain will soon follow its course to attend.
If the weather is cold a "Scotch mist" it will
form,

A "hat" on the mountain peaks if it is warm:
At first it appears like a mere hazy light,
Which envelops the moon in a circle at night.
Atmospheric disturbance it seems to foretell,
Yet on all its changes we'll no longer dwell.
Cumulo Stratus is small cumuli,
United by *stratus like clouds*, dense and high,

Called indefinite clouds, which to earth ne'er
descend,

Unless in their changing with others they blend.
If they rise in huge masses of singular form,
Precursors they prove of a dark thunder storm.
If *Cirrus* appears at the time, high in air,
The weather which follows will not then be fair;
But if *Cumulus Cirrus* above shall appear,
The rain will soon pass, and the weather be clear.
The cloud we call *Nimbus*, prepared as it lowers,
Descends to the earth, with its copious showers.

O cloudland! so varied, so old, yet so new!
Through fancy and science thy glories we view;
And while we're discerning the signs of thy face,
The skill of an infinite artist we trace.
Ever learning sweet lessons of wisdom and love,
From scenes all around us, below and above.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

COMMUNITY PRINCIPLES AS A PART OF CHRISTIANITY.

—O—
NELSON CHASE.

"Then Peter began to say unto him, Lo, we have
left all and have followed thee."

"And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto
you, there is no man that hath left house, or
brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife,
or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's,"

"But he shall receive a hundredfold now in this
time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and
mothers, and children, and lands, with persecu-
tions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Mark 10: 28, 29, 30.

FROM these sayings of Jesus, we begin to date
a foundation for community life in the church
of Christ. The principle was carried out in
the life and character of the little band of
twelve who followed Jesus when upon earth,
and the principle was confirmed and estab-
lished by the church at Jerusalem at the day
of Pentecost, when "they were *all* filled with
the Holy Ghost," and "were of one heart and
of one soul; neither said any of them that
ought of the things which he possessed was
his own; but they had all things common."
Acts 4: 31, 32.

Hence we are to understand, a religious
community is a community of interests, em-
bracing a people whose possessions are the
property of all; all having a voice in its
management, subordinate to a head.

A man owning a farm has the right of its
direction. It is under the control of his family,
subject to the head of said family. It is under
his control to stock and improve it; otherwise,
it is an object neither of attraction nor interest.
In communistic societies the spirit is not
changed, the principle undergoes no revolu-
tion, the effect is consequently the same.

If community means simply a people drawn
together as a convenience for economy in the
business acts of life, having no religious prin-
ciple interwoven, the interests of the body
being held by a privileged class, whose duties
required their talents and labors for the sup-
port and protection of the body which had no
voice in the institution, no right to ask, why
do ye so, it is no other than master and slave,
bond and free, producing caste, high and low,
rich and poor. The government differs wide-
ly from a theocracy, remote from Christian
authority. It is oligarchy.

Community, as a part of Christianity, is
designed to take hold of the selfishness of
man; otherwise, self remains unsubdued.
Individuals personally assuming independent
control of community interest cannot be in
the work of governing or destroying in them-
selves a selfish animal nature; on the con-
trary, they foster and nourish it, causing

greater development and growth, thus choking and destroying even the Christian virtues; not only preventing themselves, but other pure-minded souls who would not be selfish, from the enjoyment of that to which they are justly entitled.

As one interested in the unfoldment of greater truths, in an open door for the increase of righteousness, I ask for myself, for my brethren, yea, for all men, that we cultivate without reserve and with greater zeal, more love, more union, the basis of all that is great and good. Let us combine with the principle of community of interest, that of the true virgin character, each one working unselfishly for the encouragement, the strength, the comfort and good of every other one, laboring in our souls to become purified in spirit; first, condemning wrong in ourselves, ignoring slander and backbiting, laying aside every weight and *the sin that doth so easily beset us*, and putting away from our hearts all that tends to produce hard feelings. Here is our protection, our justification. Here we find peace flowing like a river, bringing to our souls life and joy eternal.

Enfield, N. H.

A WAKENING.

JANE A. CORNELL.

See o'er the hill-tops the sunlight is breaking;
A down in the valley its golden beams fall;
Souls from the darkness of sin are awakening,
Answering the voice of the Christ-Spirit's call.
All through the night, with most gentle entreating,
He hath called unto sinners, in mercy and love;
All the promises sure, of the Father repeating,
Hath pointed to mansions, preparing above.
Awake now O Zion! and shake off thy slumber!
For lo! there is wafting from every shore,
The great witness-clouds, which no man can number;
And soon drooping low, it shall rest at thy door.
Arouse, then, O Zion! fling open thy portal!
And put on thy garments of beauty and might,
For see now approaching are spirits immortal,
Who humbly are seeking for guidance and light.
They are weary and famished, for long have they
wandered
In paths of transgressions and highways of sin;
In riotous living their substance have squandered;
O stretch forth thy hand now and gather them in.
For Oh! they are coming, repentant and chastened,
A sense of their loss doth each bosom oppress;
And to thee, as unto a mother, they've hastened,
To pour out their sorrows—their sins to confess.
Prepare them a greeting, receive them with gladness,
O spread them a banquet, kind welcome accord;
Speak comforting words, consoling their sadness;
They come not unbidden, they are guests of thy Lord.
Shakers, N. Y.

A CHARACTERISTIC PRAYER.

O, Divine presence, Thou whom we call God—
Oh, angels and ministering spirits! Oh, common
instincts of a divine humanity, grant to regenerate
badly generated Spiritualists; grant to revivify
and quicken their religious faculties; to expand
their selfish natures, and warm their cold stoical
hearts with heavenly love, and especially grant,
Oh, Immortalized Intelligences, to so touch and
inspire the souls of all the stingy, niggardly, penny-
pinching Spiritualists of the land, that they shall
cheerfully open their pocket-books and liberally
support such genuine mediums, such trance and
inspirational speakers as the heavenly hosts have
raised up to demonstrate future existence, to heal
the sick, comfort the afflicted, and wipe away the
tears from the mourners' eyes. Amen.

Thus, our dear, noble, self-sacrificing and
ever-benevolent Brother, J. M. Peebles, prays
for Spiritualists. Are there not some other
persuasions that would be benefited by em-
ploying his generous spirit to pray for them?
Let us reflect.

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WOULD YOU

BECOME a Shaker? Yield not to the impulse without fully considering the demands of Shakerism upon you, and its immediate and ultimate consequences.

1. Settle all just debts; reconcile by compromise, or to the utmost, creditors who have trusted you.

2. Are you sin-sick? Not only desirous of no more sinful indulgences, but so heartily disgusted with sins of the past, that a clean, clear confession of the same would be of all things most desirable, and which would prompt a repentance, that means no more returning to the sins confessed? then come and be a Shaker.

3. Are you able to be "like unto a little child," subject and willing to be taught; interposing nothing that would prompt egotism or personal superiority, nor aggrandizement? You are ripe for the harvest interpreted by Shakerism; "Ask and ye shall receive."

4. Are you ready to become a brother or sister the rest of life, as a Christian substitute for husband and wife? Does the celibate condition of those anointed as Christ strike you as superior to the best, even perfected, system of the earthly, sexual relation?

5. Are you willing, anxious, to enter with your wealth and poverty; your physical strength and weakness; your talents and your deficiencies; with your worldly ambitions and spiritual aspirations and convictions, into the furnace of trial, probation, approval and unreserved consecration? The "Door" is opened to your knock.

6. Do you love peace better than unholy strife? Would you give kind words for harsh ones? Could you resist the temptations to resentment? Would you willingly part with unphysiological conditions and unspiritual desires, the relinquishment of which would cause you to shun the policy of the hypocrite and accept the principles of the peacemaker? Do you look for conditions not to be found in a worldly life, even in its best estate? "Seek, and you will find" these where true Shakerism is illustrated.

7. Count the cost: No more of the worldly, fleshly, "old creation." A new life is expected; but so clean, clear, simple and without ostentation, that a child can comprehend and accept it. To leave the elements of the world, however good; and to accept the "living-sacrifice" practices in life that will prove a baptism of the new man and woman—Christ! Would you be a Christian? Compare the Christianity of Jesus with the above presentation of Shakerism, and then, WOULD YOU?

DISTINCTION OF SHAKER COMMUNISM.

OUR communism with certain classes of people unjustly bears the reputation of being bigoted, narrow, and too recluse. From these we are receiving constant invitations to enter into deeper sympathies with other organizations, multiplying so rapidly in this age of the world.

Our communism means more than an earthly competence and home. It attaches itself with grave importance to those superior elements which determine that we are ultra religionists. There is a salvation derived from temporal cooperation; but this is only a minor salvation, compared with the grand feature of salvation from the great paucity and bondage of our sins. Distinction from organizations which live on the animal plane of life is a positive necessity of our existence as such religious people. We cannot in conscience, having the perpetuity of our celibate principle in mind, join hands with those who are seeking sensual delights by an opposing conduct. With us, the struggle to maintain for the spirit the mastery over the flesh, is an all important one. For this have we separated ourselves physically from worldly associations and policies; for this, only, have we entered into compacts with each other in our various gospel homes—the better to triumph over the "lusts of the flesh, of the eye and the pride of life." Active sympathy, even to a limited extent, with communists engaged in the continuance and exercise of unchristian practices, however good such practices may be, judged from a worldly standard, would be to us a return to what we have vomited—the dabbling again with uncleanness from which we have been washed and resurrected. Said our great leader in substance: "I am not of the world, so be ye not so conformed." To us, that great light is a directing testimony in present and future life, and unmistakably says: Be virgins; love one another, with that superior love which seeks the maintenance of virginity in all unselfishness. Be peaceable—an outgrowing condition from genuine virginity. Keep unspotted from all worldliness.

Occupying, as probationers, a middle ground between the heavens and the earth—attempting with some success, a heaven on earth—we are casting from us as fast as possible, the barnacles that prevent a living progress toward the community spirit of advanced conditions. We look hence to the spirit land: large homes for *kindred* spirits—made so by similarity of life hereafter. Experiencing the larger spirituality from an entire absence of the practice or passions of the reproductive elements; from whatever engenders worldly strive; from selfish relations of single or marital promotion, and from the hampering influences of political combinations and worldly copartnerships, we find it an utmost necessity that we maintain a peculiar, superior and unflinching distinction from those whose theology teaches, and whose sense of religion permits, indulgences not born of the spirit of Christ. The testimony of Christ is not aggressive, *per se*. As an illustration: *Jesus lived as a Christian should; in all purity; in communism; in peace; in distinction from the world.* His injunction was, "Go into all the world and preach these," with the ever winsome, inviting spirit of the Christ: "Let whosoever will, let them come." No compulsion; no prevention. "Herein is the Christian's comfort; if you desire its fruits, sow no more to the flesh, but to the Spirit." We rejoice at every effort communism makes for the alleviation of humanity, and it has made many already; but we, seeking the communism of the heavens, cannot commingle with the merely earthly, communistic elements, now becoming so popular. Our com-

munism admits of but one class. Our bishops, our elders, trustees, deacons, rank and file, are required by our community contract to live similarly and after the purity and unselfishness of the heavenly church. As oil and water will not of themselves blend; as flesh and spirit will not thus agree; so we, determined to maintain our distinction for the sake of superior spirituality, give no consent, nor will admit of any element that would inaugurate a harmony, that will cause our clean garments to trail at all in worldly lusts. ☆

THE SHAKER AND ITS MISSION.

WE are in receipt of frequent evidences that THE SHAKER, true to the purposes for which it originated, is an educator in the societies of believers, and particularly a comforter to those sin-sick souls "not of our fold as yet." From brethren and sisters throughout our Zion home consoling evidences of appreciation greet our ears and encourage our souls. But unmistakable proofs come out occasionally that THE SHAKER, true to its mission, is being found by "the lost sheep" of spiritual Israel, and by such is hallowed as the *morning star*, at least, of a new, spiritual day. One lady in New York accidentally (apparently) was handed a copy. Becoming more and more interested, she determined to present a copy of volume VI to each of her near relatives (quite a number), because "I know of nothing better that I can offer them as reading," etc., and adding a few of the kindest words of appreciation to the publisher, determined to be a life subscriber. Another lady in Cambridgeport, Mass., perchance found a copy of the OCTOBER NUMBER. In a letter to the editor she says:

"It is only a year since I first knew of the existence of such societies as the SHAKERS. I tried to obtain more information of them, but failed, until last week I obtained the OCTOBER NUMBER of your paper. After carefully perusing its pages, I feel strongly impressed to become one of your number, for I now am assured I am directed by God to do so. I find, from the reading of your paper, what the principles of Shakerism are, and that I have been led to adopt these in my past experience, and am striving to live them entire. True, these views have so separated me from the world and from my own family, that I stand alone; but I am determined to live this life, that to me is right. I am twenty-six years old, unmarried," etc.

And there are many such, only needing the animating torch of THE SHAKER to lighten and quicken their perceptions, conceptions and convictions, thus making them workers for the cause, and living testimonies of an exceedingly righteous life in the midst of their fellows. God has not forsaken the world. Go, little SHAKER! "In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand." The heartfelt necessity of such a medium as THE SHAKER for a missionary, and the constantly recurring evidences that it is dutifully at work, are alone sufficient inducements to "toil on, struggle on," with none other "recompense of reward." If this world is ever ransomed and regenerated by the resurrection of individuals to Christ's life, it must be "bought with a price," and those *having the gospel must pay it, and work for it*. We personally care exceedingly what course others may take, and that those who would be good men and women everywhere might lend us their active sympathies, and share with us the burdens of missionary gospel

duty, which, however unremunerative financially, are rich with satisfaction and justification. Go and come, little SHAKER, and God speed thy efforts! ☆

OUR PROSPECTUS.

WITH this issue, Vol. 6 of THE SHAKER closes. Vol. 7 will begin with an enlarged form, and with a purpose of increased interest and usefulness. Its patrons have decided that it must not rest on laurels won,—that the present is not the time to discontinue efforts put forth for the regeneration of the race. There are multitudes who would seriously miss THE SHAKER, should it "rest from its labors;" while with not a few, such discontinuance would prove an unequalled catastrophe. We have large reason to be very grateful to its many friends, for their disinterested efforts in its behalf; and for their words and deeds of cheer to both editor and publisher. We are confident that we will make Vol. 7 even more acceptable than its predecessor. New themes of exceeding interests will be introduced. A department of "SOCIAL LIFE SKETCHES" of the Shakers will be added. The department of MUSIC will be continued with much improvement. A continued notice will appear in every number answering the question: "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BECOME A SHAKER?" We ask for the continued company of our present subscribers; earnestly hoping they will aid us in circulating truth, by assisting in the enlargement of our subscription lists. All may rest assured that no pains will be spared to have every department of THE SHAKER an advance upon the same of 1876, and that no departure from its main purpose — the illustration of radical, christian truths — will for a moment be considered. ☆

EDITORIAL NOTES.

UNLESS individuals are more than casual observers, the subject of *Communism* will appear *in statu quo*, or on the wane. But we have assurances — moral, social, political and, more than all, spritual — evidences of our senses — that *Communism* never ranked so highly, nor was ever more ardently desired, numerically speaking, than to-day. The majority, however, embody in their desired resolutions of organization, so many elements of human, perverted selfishness, that if organizations are born, it is too frequently to die after an ephemeral existence. Nevertheless, good will come of all these.

Those who would be Shakers — members of a "new creation" — "children resurrected" above the "world," are invited to read "WOULD YOU?" in another column. Therein is embraced, in epitome, the whole cross of Christ, according to our understanding of the gospel introduced by Jesus, the Anointed. To bread and butter thieves — those whose lives embrace but the seven constituents — five loaves and two fishes — such paragraphs will prove a bitter pill and be refused. But to the sincere seeker after the Christ life — to the weary and heavily laden with sin, "WOULD YOU" will prove the "pearl of great price," and be accepted as a rest, worth more than worlds without it.

The grandest phase of human development presented to our humanity is the evolution

from the sensual to the spiritual; from selfish to unselfish benevolence; from Adamic followers to Christ disciples; from men and women, subject to anti-christian impulses that make and people the earth, to the conditions of resurrection, representing *the Christ* in Jesus, and by the possession of which, "heaven on earth," is already begun. To be a Christian means more than mere profession. It means a "new creature" with whom "old things are done away," and the evolution into practices not sustained by fleshly indulgences. Who are Christians in deed?

Not until mankind love their neighbors better than themselves, will the pendulum of progress impress the mind with true Christian demands. While "doing unto others as we would they should do unto us" is very golden, the entire crucifixion of selfishness in behalf of the brotherhood can set no bounds; and this can alone rouse the soul from the mere letter of the rule to the most wholesome, heavenly consecration. Before the crooked stick of perverted humanity can be made as straight as the golden rule, it must be bent and retained in excess of what that rule demands. ☆

A FLYING VISIT.

SHAKERS, N. Y., November 12, 1876.

MY DEAR W. — You are aware that important business of THE SHAKER called me to the city of Concord, N. H.; and being only twelve miles from the beautiful Shaker Village at *Canterbury*, I made this my home for a couple of days. I am very happy to state to you that an almost perfect system of finances and spirituality makes this Society a model of neatness, comfort and heaven on earth. Here lives the *living* publisher of THE SHAKER. Everywhere improvement was visible. Paint has been spread by unsparing hands. Repairs had made things appear as good as new. New buildings for threshing and the storage of ice were in progress of erection. The people here are a noble colony. Nearly one hundred persons in the Center Family, and the majority between sixteen and forty years of age! It would be difficult to imagine a scene, where loving kindness, living industry and devotion to good works were more prominent than here. Order reigns supremely. I attended public meeting on Sunday, and addressed the assemblage in my unqualified manner. The accompanying testimonies delivered by word and song were many, and spiritually effective in the extreme. I learned of an interesting feature at this place. Every "turn" of the sisterhood in the kitchen department, began and completed a literary periodical for the month they were so engaged. Casually looking over the "Cook's Manual," I found it contained some very good recipes, excellent articles on a variety of subjects applicable to the department in which the editor and contributors were engaged, such as "Cleanliness, Economy, Patience," etc. I found under the head of "Accidents," the number of dishes that had been broken, etc. In its numerical department I found the number of loaves of bread, pies, cakes and biscuits that had been made during the month, and a funny paragraph under "Obituary," informed all that an unusually "large rat had departed!" This periodical is read to the family every month. I thought it an excellent feature of the kitchen.

The singing of this Society is, perhaps, unequalled; and the greatest pains are being taken to give thoroughness in musical education, both vocally and instrumentally. Some have thought, my dear W., that Shaker Societies must rely on adult converts from the outer world for their maintenance, and have carelessly referred to the uncertainty of youth among us. But while all youth must be tried and proved, and thus, many have chosen the inferior life of the flesh, rejecting the superior spirituality of a Shaker life, it must be remembered, how very large the majority is among us, of those whose lives have never been stained by worldly grossness! You and I, and many scores we know full well, are among this number. I have not only no objections to the con-

version of adult converts to our faith, but ardently desire the large accomplishment thereof; yet the youth of our Zion vie with such "equal to the best steel."

I dropped in on *Shirley Village*, and was surprised at the vivacity and youthfulness of its many, beautiful Believers. The large number to whom good Eldress Sophronia presented me, encouraged me to make you happier by the narration; and the earnest of love manifested for these dear young people by their seniors, seemed to say: "Shirley depends on the faithfulness and dutifulness of her *young people!*" How pretty the village! How exceedingly kind her people! "I was a stranger, and they took me in," almost "killing one with kindness!" Howells might well have said, after all, "The half of Shirley's virtues cannot be told." I stopped at *Harvard*; and before I could beg their hospitality, I was assured the whole village was mine while I remained! I was hungry, tired, homesick; I was fed, rested and made most happily at home by these God-fearing, soul-loving Christians. My joy, in sweet repose, at *Harvard's* expense, was sufficient to induce the belief, that the clean, Shaker bed, is a missionary element too frequently unrecognized. *Harvard*, perhaps, is unsurpassed in the neatness of its appearance. Passing along the avenue that separates its dooryard, all the buildings appear to be in the most perfect condition, and each seemed to waft a most loving invitation to the sin-sick soul, to accept of it as a haven. The unbounded kindness of this people bespoke that God was here; and I believe with Titcomb, that "God loves these Shakers;" and "admires" them and their surroundings, regardless of Titcomb.

Having to wait several hours at Springfield, Mass., I learned I could reach *Enfield, Conn.*, spend two or three hours, and return before my train left for the west. Twenty-eight minutes from Springfield, through a beautiful country, convey you to the na-tiest depot of this country, upon which "SHAKER STATION" is most prettily lettered. This depot is a Shaker production, and is most complete in all its parts. At this depot, was Elder George Wilcox, holding the reins, that guided the horse, so beautifully chestnut, and so brilliant of movement, that we confessed our envy, while we moved at the rate of twelve miles the hour! Truly, we were puzzled to know, whether the horse made the happiness of his driver, or the benevolence of the driver made this horse invaluable. *Enfield* is building the house or dwelling of Greek-cross figure, and of mammoth proportions! The people need it. In the center family, nearly ninety souls reside; and most of these are under forty years! Count again, on the side of Shaker youth! While every thing else wears the happy look of home, a large, convenient dwelling at the *Center*, is a most welcome and needed structure. Some thirty men were adding to completion, a building that will contain above its foundation stones, nearly three quarters of a million bricks! And passing, with that discreet, almost angelic Shaker—Elder Thomas Damon—over its capacious apartments, I was led to congratulate the young and old of this branch of our Zion on their soon to be enjoyed mansion; and would give notice to "the weary and heavy laden" that "there is rest for you" at *Enfield, Conn.*, if you will pay the Christian price.

Excuse my length of letter, dear W., but I have flown almost home; I alighted at *Hancock*, and a fine young man, driving a fine old horse, invited me to ride "as far as he went." In his endeavor to find me out, and my sudden appreciation of taciturnity in preventing the disclosure, we had ascended the mountain, through the beautiful Shaker village of *Hancock*, when my host then thought of those who awaited his return. I descended the hill to Mt. Lebanon! And now, dear W., let your heart beat in unison with mine at the approach! Beautiful scene! First I meet the *South*, then the *Second*, then the *Second Order* of the Church, then the Church Family itself! All seems complete. The ruins are gone. A mansion replaces the good, old house of yore. The "MINISTRY'S HOME" is well named, even if I give it. The people here are in happy mood, ascending scale, and in harmony. I hear sweet songs—I stop for a moment at the door of "*Lyceum Hall*," and fifty voices are being trained by a Boston "COLISEUM" director. We said "lucky, happy youth"—count three times for *youth*—and passed on to the stately NORTH. Here, hospitality multiplied by many numbers, was showered upon your unworthy brother. Here, you will find the presentation of between eighty and a hundred souls, bound heavenward, and but few wanting the necessary "wedding dress."

Here preside Elder F. W. Evans and Eldress Antoinette Doolittle; and here, songs and happiness flowed to my soul unnumbered and unmeasured. January number will contain a beautiful hymn, "Over the River," from this place. Oh this grand, novitiate order. Of these things I could write *ad infinitum*, but visit these and you will find a noble people, followers of the noblest of leaders.

GEO. ALBERT.

A Boston minister who makes much of the higher Christian life, boasts that he has not voted for ten years. Useful man!—*Investigator*.

THIS slur is from the *Investigator*, which is continually illustrating the unchristian worldliness of the clergy! We say "useful man," and mean it—useful, so far, in repeating the example of unworldliness in the Master, Christ, which the clergy are scarcely anywhere noted for. We only wish that the clergy would progress in such "usefulness," until they would be to their flocks what Jesus was to his—an unworldly communist; a virgin peacemaker! Wherein is the *Christian* reason why Christians should not "FOLLOW" the Lord? and the especial reason, why Boston ministers, and all others, should not be bright, *living examples* for the people, in *all that pertained to Jesus, the Christ?* Ministers, herein is the correct atonement—herein the true resurrection—herein the works, combined with faith, that demonstrate genuine Christianity. ☆

CORRESPONDENCE.

MT. LEBANON, October 30, 1876.

E. W. LAWS, *Esteemed Friend*:

Your letter of 21st inst., at hand. We begin to see eye to eye. Why not? To my perception, your heart is more elevated than your understanding. It *should* be so. *Feeling* has no fellow—not even reason.

Your inquiry, "What would become of the world, if all were Shakers," is as pertinent as it is common.

"The oranges upon an orange tree do not all ripen together. The natural man and woman are as green fruit on humanity's tree. The *first* Adam and Eve—father and mother of the generative order—*sow*. The *second* Adam and Eve—father and mother of the resurrection order—*reap*. Jesus was cut off from the earth, by the Christ-spirit, so that none could declare his generation, nor exclaim behold thy son, or daughter.

Does it seem incredible that God should raise the dead—resurrect natural man and woman, before they leave the body—a kind of *first fruits* of the resurrection, as the apostles and early Christians were wont to call themselves?

Shakers are first fruits. The *great command* was not to *man only*, but to all the *animal* kingdom. *Goats* obey it.

The *multiply* and *replenish law* is inherent in natural man and woman, as in other animals. It is obeyed with as much fidelity by such as never heard tell of the statute, as by pious bible readers

We, upon whom the end of the generative earth has come, obey the *new* commandment—"love one another,"—not as husband and wife, but as brethren and sisters.

When *wars* shall cease to the ends of the generative earth, by want of food and room to be, it will be manifest that such types of humanity as are able to receive the higher law, should live the virgin life. And thus

genuine Christianity will redeem the earth from depopulating crimes, and furnish checks to *excessive* population.

Two orders of people are coming up. To which will you belong?

Of the new *earth*, generation will be the corner-stone, but a man will not touch a woman save for *offspring*.

In the new *heavens*, man does not touch women, generatively, at all.

It is as natural for a highly developed intellectual man, like Swedenborg, to live a celibate, as for a highly developed spiritual man, like Jesus, to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, houses and lands, for Christ's sake.

Then his father, mother, brothers, sisters and children are they, who through the Christ-spirit, have the word of God and obey it. They are a community, like the Angels in Heaven, for they are in Heaven. In love,

F. W. EVANS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., October 20, 1876.

DEAR EDITOR ALBERT—Moved by the spirit this calm, quiet autumn morning, I feel inclined to have a little pen-and-ink talk with you. Have you tried to listen?

Before me lies the October number of THE SHAKER. It is a gem—clean, tidy, terse, and spiritually speaking, well put together. One is half inclined to say, that such a sheet might be transplanted to paradise, to be there read by the saints that daily gather in and around the golden gardens of God. Not that it is perfect, for perfection does not pertain to earthly productions—"first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." It may be all summed up in the word, cycles!

Surely, THE SHAKER is a missionary going "into all the world" (or ought to), preaching the gospel of purity, of peace, and a pentecostal community of interests. Those in the "outer court," reading its pages, often speak in its praise. No truth perishes, no good word is lost out of the universe. The missionary, therefore, is a moral necessity. Jesus recognized this fact. The apostles were missionaries. The martyrs and the saints of by-gone ages were missionaries. God's angels to-day are missionaries, ministering to mortals under the influence and inspiration of the Christ-spirit. As yet, there are spiritualists, and possibly *Shakers*, who are opposed to missionary work. Their actions, if not their words, prove this to be the case. "We have good friends, a good home, a good gospel, let us sit down and enjoy it." Exactly, and so the commonest dog, acting quite as rationally says, "I've got a good thing, a good nice bone, and I propose to sit down and gnaw it!" Such selfishness is to be expected of the dog, but not of man made in the image of God. True greatness is based upon moral goodness. And all great, noble full-orbed souls, having found the "pearl of great price,"—pure and undefiled religion—necessarily desire to aid others in finding it. And here comes in the desired principle of self-sacrifice.

The Philadelphia conference of spiritualists, denominated the "new departure," has created a tremendous stir in the ranks of spiritualism. Stagnant pools need stirring. And thunder storms purify the air. It is questionable whether the stiff conservative quietness, characterizing headstones in grave-yards, is desirable. The "new movement" meant organization, order, and religious culture, *nothing more*, but that was too much for most spiritualists. It is quite impossible for them to see the difference between religion and theology, a creed and declaration of principles, the spirit-world and the Christ-heavens of purity and holiness. In brief, multitudes of spiritualists, like some Shakers, stand upon the material and phenomenal plans of life. Delighting to indulge the passion for curiosity, and to witness the prodigies attendant upon physical manifestations, they forget the apostolic injunction, "leave the first principles and go on into perfection." Admitting the truth of the cradle-bed tale, that "a cat jumped over the moon," did that phenomenon squelch the slyness and thieving tendency of the cat? did it remove any treachery from the great cat-king-

dom of America, or did it enlighten, morally benefit and spiritually save those who witnessed the wonderful phenomenon? Jesus spoke in parables, may I not write in them?

It is my sorrowful privilege to meet spiritualists of twenty-five years standing, and some Shakers too, who are half-a-dying to see a spiritual phenomenon—a wonder, a marvel, a sign! We want “to know,” for “knowledge,” say they “is the world’s saviour.” There was never a more villainously untrue sentence spoken than this. Why, the most known, are often the most wicked men. Forgers are fine penmen. Ruloff, the linguist and mathematician, of Ithaca, N. Y., killed his wife and child. Dr. Webster, the scholar and chemist, of Boston, murdered Parkman. To-day there are over forty graduates of colleges in the Penitentiary located at Auburn, N. Y. And yet “knowledge is the world’s saviour!” Did a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of the arts and sciences, save these criminals? To announce, is to refute such a position. I would not be understood as being an advocate of ignorance, far from it; but Christ, that is, the Christ principle of love and truth, purity and holiness, leading to a well-ordered life, that is the world’s saviour. To this end the apostle taught that in Christ “were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” The masses are too material. They dwell more upon the shell than the soul of things. Selfishness is the world’s curse. Unselfish love, and a willing sacrifice, these lead to the golden gates of the city immortal.

Human life is a journey. Jesus baptized his pathway with tears. Our travel may be a cross, our limbs may grow weary, our hearts may become faint, and our souls cry out for angel-helpers, as we near the hill-top—where there are awaiting the faithful, crowns of glory. I mean to close the door tightly against temptation, and run with patience the race set before me. My love to all.

Most truly thine,

J. M. PEBBLES.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE Austrian system of making sour hay is very simple. It consists in digging long graves or trenches, four feet in depth by six or eight in breadth. The newly cut clover and grass is crammed into the trench and tramped tightly down. When the trench is quite full, so that the contents are a little above the surface, the whole is then covered up with a foot or fifteen inches of earth, just as a heap of potatoes is covered. Prof. Wrightson states that the preservation is complete, and the wetter the fodder when it goes together the better. No salt is mixed with the grass. He further states that this “sour hay” affords a capital winter fodder, and when cut out with hayspades it is found to be rich brown in color and very much liked by stock. Pulp left in the manufacture of sugar from beet is also preserved in the same way, and, it is stated, will keep fresh for five or six years. Although Prof. Wrightson does not say so, still we imagine that green vetches may also be stored by the same method. When we formerly referred to this matter, we expressed a wish that some of our readers would make a careful trial of the Austrian mode of preserving green fodder.—*London Times*.

GREASING WAGONS: A good wagon costs a considerable sum, and it should be taken proper care of, and made to last as long as possible. Few persons understand the importance of thoroughly oiling the axles, etc., of wagons and carriages, and still fewer know which are the most suitable lubricators to use, and the proper way of applying them. A well-made wheel will endure ordinary wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right amount of the proper lubricator; but if this matter is not attended to, a wheel will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work itself out around the tenons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axletrees, and castor oil for iron. When oiling an axletree the spindle should be wiped clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. When greasing an axletree, just enough grease should be applied to give a light coating; more does more harm than good, by working out and damaging the hub.

COAL ashes have a wonderful effect upon pear trees, especially those growing in light soil. The ashes of last winter were used around the trees in liberal quantities, and those so treated have outgrown any thing in the orchard. Some that were even sickly, and apparently ready to give up their hold on life, have been restored to perfect health by these remedies.

A WESTERN farmer says he has cured and preserved his broom-corn crop in a superior condition, by cutting, and, in six hours afterward, piling it between layers of hay. Stacking in the western country is the rule, and he claims that the hay was both roof and ventilator.

COLORING BUTTER: We use butter with its natural color only. All coloring is a useless fraud, unless selling color is useful, and we are sorry to know that some otherwise reputable Farm Papers give the fraud a countenance and recommendation.

A HORSE-SPARER.

THE German War Minister has lately caused experiments to be made with an apparatus devised by M. Fehrmann, and called a *Pferdeschoner* (literally, horse-sparer). “It is meant to diminish the fatigue of horses in drawing vehicles, as also the chances of rupture of the shaft or traces. It consists of a number of Indiarubber rings separated from each other by iron rundles; the whole is contained in a cylindrical metallic case, and a metallic rod, fixed to the last rundle and traversing the case, is a means of compressing the caoutchouc rings. The length of the system is 0.30 m. (about a foot). Two are required for each horse. They are interposed between the traces and the trace-hooks, thus forming an elastic pad between the horse and the weight to be drawn. In beginning to pull, horses do not make a gradually increasing effort, but generally precipitate themselves on their traces with a sudden shock, wasting their strength and probably doing injury. Fehrmann’s apparatus remedies this, by the gradual compression of the caoutchouc rings. The initial effort required of the horse is less, and then it progressively increases.” According to the report of the experiments, the effort required under various circumstances is diminished from 18 to 40 per cent by the use of this contrivance, which is certainly a sensible one, and ought to come into general use throughout the world. It is simple and inexpensive withal.

COMMUNITY IDEAS.

“THE family should be a community. To make it truly so, there must be common interest. Alas, for that household where the father’s business, the mother’s social cares, and the children’s sports and pleasures, are not shared by each other! Then it will not be strange if the expenditure is out of proportion to the income, and if the companions and resorts of the children are evil. Happy that home, where the cares and joys are so divided that the former are not oppressive and the latter are multiplied—where the hearts grow closer as the years roll by, so that the separations which must come to every family are only bodily, and therefore temporary!”—*Arthur’s Mag.*

A little common sense, digesting the above paragraph, teaches a lesson which individuals, if dullards or determined self-seekers, would not learn until, so far as their lives are concerned, Communities, Shaker Organizations, etc., came to an end.

The one-man or one-woman power is a disorganizer, either in families or societies—a combination of families. Whoever has attempted it, has either experienced a success in inevitable disruption of the unselfish determinations of societies, or in his or her own personal degradation. If there exists a curse for any, there remains a very unpleasant reward for one who uses the consecrated labors of others for sinister, selfish—and when it arrives so far—devilish ends! ☆

BOOK NOTICES.

PROF. HUXLEY IN AMERICA: This is one of *The Tribune’s* extras, and is sold in sheet for 10 cts., or in pamphlet 25, etc. It is made up of *verbatim* reports of that great philosopher’s lectures in this country. His three lectures on *Evolution* are embraced in this *Extra*. The issuing of these cheap pamphlets may be a money-making operation; but it is one of the best means of spreading knowledge, and the knowledge much needed by the people that has yet been discovered. We call especial attention to what Huxley calls the “Milton Hypothesis.” Address, *The Tribune*, N. Y.

S. R. Wells & Co. have just issued a very unique little volume upon “HOW to SING,” and by some it will be considered an indispensable companion. It purports to be a dialogue between Preceptor and Pupil, and treats upon a great variety of musical subjects, pertaining particularly to the voice. As our readers are very interested in this subject, they will address the publishers, at 737 Broadway, N. Y., inclosing 50 cents.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN DARWINISM AND SPIRITUALISM” is a pamphlet written by our friend and brother, J. M. Peebles, and published by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass. The telling blows which this brightest light of Spiritualism gives in favor of his favorite theme, is an assurance that if any one can settle this conflict, it is J. M. Peebles. See Adv.

P. Garrett & Co., publishers, Philadelphia, are issuing a series of volumes, each of which contains *one hundred selections* from the choicest literature of our times. A copy, No. 4, we have been favored with. Among the 100 pieces we find the almost inimitable poems, “*Betsy and I are Out*,” and Phebe Cary’s “*Nearer Home*,” either of which is worth the price of the book. 75 cents, cloth; 30 cents, paper.

Bound volumes of THE SHAKER, for 1876, can be procured at this office; sent post-paid, to any address, for \$1.10. First come, first served. Order before January, 1877.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

REPEATED experiments have proved that, in school-rooms lighted by windows on both sides, the children suffer more or less from injured vision, and so important has the subject been considered in Germany, that a law has lately been passed forbidding such windows in schools.

TESTING THE PURITY OF WATER.

Some experiments have been recently made with a very simple process, to test organic impurities in water, that are worthy of further trial. The process consists in filling half-pint bottles with the water to be tested, and then adding one gramme (about 15 grains) of powdered sugar. In one experiment, boiled distilled water and no air remained unchanged for fifty days. In another, impure water assumed a milky hue in two days, and in three days had a froth on top. These experiments are easily repeated, and they may prove valuable in pointing readily to wholesome and unwholesome water. The milky appearance is the result of the development of certain fungoid growths.

ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spirit world, through their medium, Jesus, has spoken plainly and concisely of the principle that shall govern in the “New Order,” and spiritual era or dispensation which we find recorded in the 20th chapter, 25th, 26th and 27th verses of *Matthew*, and culminated in practical operation with his followers at the Pentecostal period, recorded in the 2d chapter of *Acts*.

To give up all for each others’ sakes, as the primitive Christians did, is what is meant “For Christ’s sake;” for Christ labored for others’ sakes, or for equality for all, which is natural and just, or spiritual. Hence in the “New Dispensation,” God, a principle of love and justice will be the only organizer; for we shall have a church without a creed; a kingdom without a king; a state without a governor or a government, and dwell on the earth as the angels or spirits do in heaven, or as the birds in the groves.

Thos. Cook in *R. P. Journal*.

JAMES G. RUSSELL.

FAITH IN GOD.

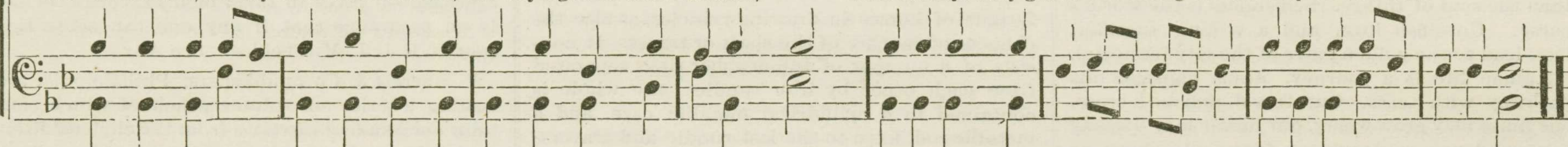
ENFIELD, N. H.



1st. Why thus fainting, why thus doubting? Let thy faith be firm in God, Though the earth is in commotion, Smitten by affliction's rod.
 2nd. Let the favored ones of Israel, Zion's inmates one and all, Stand through every threatening peril, Faithful to their holy call.
 3d. Lo, the harvest season neareth, And the laborers — though few, — Shall be clothed with strength and power, God's great work to carry through.



1st. Many souls, in darkness groping, Soon shall hear the blessed sound Of salvation, sweetly rolling Through the heavens all around.
 2d. For as saviours on Mount Zion, With their banners wide unfurled Ye must waft the glorious ensign To a sorrow-stricken world.
 3d. Therefore, let thy faith be steadfast, Let thy light so shine abroad, That its rays may guide the erring To the City of our God.



THIS IS NOT ALL.

E. T. LEGGETT.

If for this only man were born—
 To eat, to sleep, to dream and die:
 With smiles to greet each radiant morn,
 And frowns to face a lowering sky;
 To win more store of glittering gold
 Than he can use, or others spare,
 Or fame to grace, when life is told,
 The triumph of some thankless heir;

To build, for pleasures by and by,
 A palace, in dreamland afar,
 Where clouds ne'er dim the azure sky,
 Nor darken hope's bright-beaming star;
 Where dreams ecstatic charm the night,
 And glowing schemes inspire the day,
 And darkness only pales to light,
 To show both dreams and life betray;

To love where love makes no return;
 To hope and no fruition there;
 All life's rewards at death to spurn;
 This all, and who'd life's trials dare?
 This is not all; beyond the spheres
 Where darkness circumscribes the view,
 And smiles are only bright with tears,
 Far brighter worlds life's dreams renew:

Beyond earth's bleak, storm-battered shore,
 Where wrecks of life and hope decay,
 Suns rise that set not evermore,
 And stars whose beams fade not away;
 There is the saint's immortal home,
 Where more than faith dare hope is given;
 There earth's tired sons and daughters come,
 For peace and rest, and find it Heaven.

THOUSANDS have admired the sheep-skin mats, so common among The Shakers. They are easily made, none who can purchase a sheep-skin needs be without one of the mats. Wash the entire skin in soap suds until thoroughly clean and white. Dry the same slowly. Pulverize equal parts of alum and salt, and dissolve in warm water. Next saturate fine sawdust with the liquid, spreading the same on the flesh side, to remain there until dry. Remove the sawdust, and as the flesh side dries rub it until soft.

THE Shakers have proved that the "bobs" or fruit of the common sumach compose the best dye for black, elegant and durable. The "bobs" are brought to a simmering heat for a day or two, in an iron kettle, when the dye is fit for use; the iron of the kettle being sufficient to set the color—a rich black.

JOY OF INCOMPLETENESS.

If all our life was one broad glare
 Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
 If all our path was smooth and fair,
 By no soft gloom enshrouded;
 If all life's flowers were fully blown
 Without the sweet unfolding,
 And happiness were rudely thrown
 On hands too weak for holding —
 Should we not miss the twilight hours,
 The gentle haze and sadness?
 Should we not long for storms and showers
 To break the constant sadness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
 What service could we render?
 I think if we were always glad
 We scarcely could be tender;
 Did our beloved never need
 Our patient ministrations,
 Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
 Its sweetest consolation.
 If sorrow never claimed our heart,
 And every wish was granted,
 Patience would die and hope depart —
 Life would be disenchanting.

And yet in heaven there is no night,
 In heaven is no more sorrow!
 Such unimagined new delight
 Fresh grace from pain will borrow —
 As the poor seed that underground
 Seeks its true light above it;
 Not knowing what will there be found
 When sunbeams kiss and love it.
 So we in darkness upward grow,
 And look and long for heaven,
 But cannot picture it below
 Till more of life be given.

Waverly.

Editor of the SHAKER: Please accept our thanks for the publication of article on "Social Impurity," in the September number; also for editorials, "By Whose Authority," "Tenor of the Churches, etc." Such radical truths are doing good, and are exerting a powerful influence in the world. Go on, my brother.

J. S. Prescott.

A LATE writer in the *Country Gentleman* is enthusiastic over beets for milch cows. Having beets and carrots to feed, his experience caused him to abandon the carrots, they tending to fatten, while the beets produced a most satisfactory lacteal flux.

VEGETABLES should never be cooked in iron pots unless the latter are enameled or otherwise coated internally.

WE should be exceedingly slow to conceive of God as having a body; we should beware of any imagination that anchors Him down to a spot, or that makes Him a kind of colossal man. In the earlier stages of our Christian experience it may help us to conceive of God as on a throne, like a king, and having a human figure; but the prayer and wish of a Christian, and the tendency of Christian growth, should be toward deliverance from such childish conceptions of Deity, and to have an idea like to Stephen's, that God is not body but Spirit, that heaven is not a big house or palace with a monstrous throne and an outlying city of splendor round about it, but that God is the universal and all-pervading fashion, and habit, and energy of it.

—W. H. H. Murray.

To Bible readers, the following items may possess some interest: A day's journey was 33 and 1-5 miles. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. A cubit is 22 inches, nearly. A hand's-breadth is equal to 3 1/2 inches. A finger's-breadth is equal to 1 inch. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$8.00. A talent of silver was \$538.32. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A mite was less than a quarter of a cent. A gera was 1 cent. An epha, or path, contains 7 gallons and 5 pints. A bin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A bath was 3 pints.

A GOOD and simple furniture polish consists of a little Castile soap scraped into a pint of warm water. Add three tablespoonsful of sweet oil, heat, and apply while hot.

EVERGREEN SHORES.

At White Water Village, O., GEO. H. KING, September 27, 1876, aged 81 years.

At Harvard, Conn., FLORENCE LOCKE, October 16, 1876, aged 21 years.

At Enfield, N. H., JANE PERKINS, October 8, 1876, aged 31 years. Consumption.

At West Pittsfield, Mass., NANCY RILEY, October 28, 1876, aged 77 years.

We copy from the *Albany Express* of Oct. 18, 1876: CHARLOTTE THOMAS died at Shaker Village, West Gloucester, Me., October 11, 1876, aged 80 years and 4 months. She was the daughter of Luther Sampson, one of the founders of the Wesleyan Seminary at Bent's Hill, Redfield, Me. She, with her family, joined the Shaker Church in 1813.