

# THE SHAKER.

OFFICIAL MONTHLY.—PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED SOCIETIES.

“Go preach the kingdom of God!” *The testimony of eternal truth.*

VOL VII. { G. A. LOMAS, EDITOR, }  
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Shaker Village, N. H.

## A Shaker on Moody and Sankey.

Beloved Elder DANIEL BOLER :

You say, “Write me, after your return from Boston.” In that city I met Brother Elijah Myrick, and we attended one of the meetings in the Tabernacle. It was on Friday evening. The hall was filled with some six thousand men, women and children. There was a measure of satisfaction in finding so many assembled for religious teaching. It was not necessary that I should find fault with the manner in which the doctrine of salvation was presented. The world is filled with more or less of this light, and those who have it should let it shine. I was there to witness the light, and not to teach. On the platform were ministers, musicians, singers, and a liberal sprinkling of those who evidently came to see and be seen. Many, no doubt, were made better by the musical, as well as vocal prayers. On Saturday noon, we attended prayer-meeting at the “Meonian.” Several hundred people were in the hall. Our good minister, who directed the services, very kindly informed us that it was ordained from the foundation of the world that we should have just such a meeting as we were having that day. His inspiration, or intuition, whichever it may have been, pleased me, as it warranted the establishing of the order to which we belong. There was not much that savored of prayer in this information; neither did it do any harm.

On Saturday afternoon, there was a meeting expressly for women, and no less than seven thousand tarried there for an hour of prayer and praise; while hundreds, if not thousands, were obliged to enter the churches in the vicinity.

The evening meeting was said to be expressly for men—and it was masculine in its every feature. They formed a crowd—an *awful* crowd—before the church door; and I stood in that crowd full three fourths of an hour before the house was opened. There was laughing, loud talking, singing and swearing. The moment the doors were ajar, it was, in every sense, a jam. The passage-way was quite narrow, and those who were so unfortunate as to get against a post or door, were crying for relief, as the unreasonable thousands left them to their fate. There was no mercy before the church for either saint or sinner.

No man walked into that tabernacle;

they were forced along by the pressure of the thousands—every one determined to secure a seat. The writer reached the interior without injury, and gladly stepped aside to take breath. The multitudes were pouring into the building, through four entrances, more like wild beasts than human beings. Officers were at every corner, screaming their orders: “Don’t crowd;” “Go slow;” “Pass along;” “Keep to the right;” etc., etc., and, at the same time, brandishing their batons, which the crowd regarded about as much as they would the buzz of a fly or the club of a pigmy. I never experienced the like before, and would not care to again. It was a thundering of boot-heels, as they rushed into the church, walking, running, and even jumping over the chairs, each eager for the best place. Well, the writer obtained a seat, and heard all that was said and sung.

As the papers publish so fully the words of the evangelist, I need not enlarge. But it is one thing to read the sermon in the paper, alone in the chimney-corner, and quite another to hear it spoken with the life and intense earnestness which a congregation of seven thousand must inspire in the soul of a determined man.

Brother Moody did not impress me as a very spiritual man; not as one chastened by the cross—crucified to the world—but rather the reverse. That he is earnest, and in sympathy with his work, no one can doubt; and he is evidently as much a servant of God in that revival as a Shaker may be in his quiet home. He writes, in one of his sermons, that “the only way that death can be met is by death;” and, perhaps, the only way for the world to be met is by one fully imbedded in the world; hence, the fitness.

Attila considered himself the “scourge of God,” and was indeed terrible in his conquests. It required an Attila to do the work; and when Brother Moody denounces those who differ from him in theology, and says: “A man who preaches a bloodless religion is doing the devil’s work, and I don’t care who he is!” This sounds very much like Satan quarreling with Satan.

Everybody wants to hear Sankey sing, and his soul in singing, as well as Moody’s soul in much plain-speaking, attracts the crowd. If Sankey should die to-day, I believe much less people would attend the meetings.

The Universalists and Unitarians, who seem to be begging a privilege of fellowship, are left out in the cold; these, with the Catholics, the Quakers, the Shakers, and some others, are maintaining a “respectable indifference.” The Universalists, especially, feel chafed. They were not invited to take part. Both Universalists and Unitarians think they have a higher light, a more reasonable system of theology, but admit they have allowed themselves to rest passively in their higher knowledge, and that this indifference on their part may have caused the present upheaval.

What position do believers hold before the world? Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ? Fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God? All at peace, at rest. “I tell you,” said James, “that if those should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.”

But I will not enlarge. I spent one day in Newburyport. The revival meetings in that place still continue. The interest is largely theological, rather than practical. They are for the promulgation of *the atonement, the blood of Jesus, and endless punishment*. How sad to know that so many are becoming freshly inoculated with doctrines so objectionable—untrue—while a better, far better, lies hid in a napkin.

Several of the New England cities and villages are much interested in the present revival. A great deal of work is being done—work which requires self-abnegation, as well as religious zeal. While we may not be able to commend the course which is adopted, nor to endorse the dogmas which are promulgated, we should be the last of all religious bodies to cast an influence over the work which might prove detrimental to the cause, so long as our position is certainly one of “respectable indifference.”

The position may seem very singular, when we bear in mind that all our accessions are from the order of the world. But our gospel testimony teaches us that the Word of God opens to us an everlasting new day—a revival in spiritual life which knows no end.

Yours, HENRY C. BLINN.

In this life of show, puffing advertisement and manufacture of public opinion, all excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and unearned praise.—*Emerson.*

## The Shaker.

CHAUNCY DIBBLE.

It is generally known that THE SHAKER was first issued at Shakers, N. Y., by the direction of the leaders of our institution, and under the supervision of its present editor. It is not commonly known that its introduction was attended by very many disadvantages, which required energetic efforts to surmount. To some of us, the undertaking appeared like running off the track—opening a door to controversy, heretical views, proselyting, etc. Notwithstanding these objections, and the censorious criticisms of those who predicted its failure, the little sheet has found worthy, interested, qualified friends and supporters, who look hopefully, beyond the sordid policies of temporalities, to see the advancement of truth, peace, love, purity, and universal brotherhood.

With these living gems, the pages of THE SHAKER are decked. Its every appearance is comely, cheerful, unassuming; yet its simple truths of christianity cannot be gainsaid. As a searcher after truth, it dares to grapple with a bigotry and superstition of almost infallible respectability. And if it has dealt too freely and unfeelingly with some of our pet theories, may we not be enlightened, emancipated from the shackles of tradition, and have our faith more firmly grounded upon eternal truth, by its freedom of thought and expression?

If some errors have crept into its columns, it remains that these shall bear the crucible of increasing light, which is ever and only shunned by ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. An exchange of ideas is an improvement, intellectually and spiritually, to readers and writers, especially when the vindication of truth and refutation of error are aimed at. Let us see to it that THE SHAKER lives well, grows, and preaches peace and goodwill to all men. We cannot afford to let it dwindle—the very stones should cry out! Its decadence would cast a cloud upon minds now illumed in our own circle, and deprive sincere inquirers of the best means of information in regard to our principles—which is now being so generously dispensed through its columns. Let us, gospel and liberal friends, contribute to the maintenance of THE SHAKER in every way open to our influence—financially, intellectually,



prayerfully—and the heavens will give us credit.

“Oh! Zion, in thy fearful struggles  
With Error's galling chain,  
Can I behold thy strength go down,  
Or see thy beauty wane?”

### Christian Culture. No. 3.

W. H. BUSSELL.

#### COMPLETENESS.

All persons who view themselves in the light of the divine truth are constrained to acknowledge various deficiencies in their character—mental, moral, and social. Admiring friends, in writing the biography of the *great man*—hero, statesman, or philosopher—would fain gloss over defects in their idol, or shut them out entirely from the public gaze. But there they are, nevertheless; and there is no one, whatever his merits may be, but is subject to the keen-eyed scrutiny of some critic, who may be actuated by the desire to bring out the *whole truth*, or, possibly, by envy alone,

“To draw his frailties from their drear abode.”

The inference from the above paragraph is the old-time truth, that all are “miserable offenders,” and need, alike, to enter upon the work of self-purification and perfection.

The perfecting of the human character is not a sudden nor brief process, but the work of long years of steady effort; and that, for the sufficient reason that this character is to endure forever. Hence, nothing is more essential, in the very commencement of the work of christian culture, than the spirit that looks with calm eye beyond every intervening obstacle to the glorious consummation. One imbued with this never hears

“The lingering knell that tells his hopes are dead,”

but is ever cheered by the all-animating voice, “Come up hither, and I will show thee the beauty and splendor of the heavenly city.”

Faith and hope in an individual may be more or less strong in proportion to original, natural development, but their strength does not depend entirely on this. The constant inflow of the divine inspiration into the spirit, will animate one with greater courage and far stronger hopes, than the most powerful arguments presented to the reason can do without this. In fact, these inspirations are themselves the most convincing arguments that can be presented to the human mind, so far as a knowledge of God and man's future destiny are concerned. As the inspirations of the common air and light, impress upon the soul a consciousness of physical life that requires no other persuasive force, so will those deeper inspirations that are intended to renew the powers of the moral and spiritual being impart a consciousness of their own eternal nature.

Too great stress cannot be laid upon these in moulding and completing the christian character. “Ye must be born

from above.” The grace of humility, which forbids one to exalt himself above another, is cherished, strengthened, and confirmed by the constant inflow of the Christ-life into the soul. Where would be the dignitaries of the world, both political and ecclesiastical, if this universally pervaded the hearts of men? Oh, from what heights would many fall, were this the case! Not nine days only, the time which Milton's Satan occupied in making his descent from the battlements of heaven, but years might be needed for some to gain their proper level! Gentleness can attain its true sweetness of character only by making its abode where the mild beams of the heavenly light continually shine. Patience, that turns all the trials of life into the greatest blessings, receives its sparkling crown only after it has finished its course of discipline, which its panoply, drawn from the celestial armory, has enabled it to accomplish. Charity, the lovely attendant of Faith and Hope, shows her divine origin whenever and wherever she makes her appearance. When one admits her as his permanent guest, she readily makes his dwelling her abode. She diffuses throughout, the joyous radiance of her own countenance; introduces the order, peace, and quiet that reign supremely in the blest regions whence she descended; makes her presence felt by all who approach her; and sends abroad the influences which it is her delight to make others feel.

In a word, health, which imparts soundness to the limbs, fullness to the muscles, an agreeable tone to the nerves, and vigor to the brain, is known in its completest power, only when the forces that are imparted by spiritual inspirations are conjoined with those influences which come from earthly life-sources. This union of forces was recognized by the Apostle John, in the words, “Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayst prosper and be in health even as thy soul prospers.” Bodily health and vigor cannot properly be dissociated from the intellectual and moral forces. In fact, body and spirit are one, and ever must be connected in the most intimate union, whether that be the result of the combination of the grosser elements during the earthly life, or of the more refined elements in the celestial spheres when the earthly union shall cease.

#### Commune Life.

HENRY GEORGE.

How little is communism understood! and how few of us are fitted to live the life of communists! We are here enjoying the necessaries of life, not because we are more worthy than others of the human family, but rather as creatures of circumstances. When we see our brothers and sisters of the outside world suffering for want of food and clothing, our sympathies ought to go out to them abundantly, and not grudgingly. How many of us, to-day, thrown on our own resources, and left

to our own appetites, would be much better than those with whom we occasionally come in contact? I think, surrounded as we are with all physical comforts, we are very apt to forget our former conditions, and the circumstances which brought us here. We should try and use our privilege so that when we are called to account for our stewardship we may hear the saying of “Well done, good and faithful servant,” for we are only holding treasures in trust for those that come after us, and have no right to use them to exalt ourselves. If we would live a commune life, we must curb our selfishness; live to make others happy; and by doing so, we are indeed made happy ourselves. “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” This truth is realized by every one that tries the experiment.

Take, for example, two school-boys; one has an apple. Selfishness says, keep it, and eat it when alone. Generosity says, share it with your play-fellow. Then follows the conflict. If Generosity triumphs, then he is made happy; if not, mean, sordid Selfishness brings discontent.

When I reflect upon the uncertainty of riches—in affluence to-day and penury to-morrow—it makes me thankful for the heaven-born principle of commune life. As our song says, “the strong shall help the weak along;” which may be taken literally. I believe we may enjoy, in this world, a heaven, inasmuch as we are willing to give up self and work for the benefit of the whole human family.

May we not weary in well-doing. May we show a light that is steady, not flickering; living a fully consecrated life, that will fit us for the much larger commune we are on our way to join.

Shakers, N. Y.

#### Words Fitly Spoken.

SARAH A. NEAL.

When we reflect that the power of speech was given to humanity as a means of communication, and intended only for a blessing, and know that it frequently proves the contrary, we heave a sigh of regret that greater wisdom is not manifested in the use of language. But we yearn more for those words fitly spoken, behind which only truthful motives are concealed, and which would be more than “golden fruit” set in “silver pictures,” to those tender natures born to thrive only in the sunshine of kind words.

Humanity is largely diversified; all are not sufficiently strong to bear the trials of life alone; neither have they intuitive judgment to always direct their own course wisely. And how many of the weaker class glide unconsciously into the road to desperation and sin—left finally with only a “forlorn hope” of ever finding salvation; and all for the want of those kindly words “fitly spoken” in season, to aid the soul upward. And where will the responsibility ultimately rest? On the poor un-

fortunate sinner's soul? Heaven spare it.

But words are but the mediums of our thoughts; and how important it is then that we always *think* so kindly and correctly that our thoughts can be fitly illustrated in words, without injury to even the most tender. Were this always the case, then indeed would our language become like a garden of blossoms, ever looking upward to meet the smiles of approving Providence. The erring would no longer remain the estranged exile, roaming amid the shadows of sorrow and despair; for gentle words and pleading tones would savor of reclamation, while the grieved and despondent would be taught to look up and behold the “silver light” behind the darkest cloud. Oh, we say, “it would be joy to be there!” But, shall we anticipate this descending of heaven to earth? Hardly, while we remember that even in this, our christian land, we sometimes forget our allegiance to christianity, and wander away into harsh tones, unpleasant words, and the rendering of a language that would sound unbecoming even in heathen territory, much more so in a professedly christian neighborhood, leaving those who most need, to mourn the loss of those words which, “fitly spoken,” would be the bearers of blessings like those only that are spoiled by the trammels of description, but are better known through the sympathy of hearts. Scripture teaches us that from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and while this may be true at times it is an indisputable fact that the mouth often utters what the heart recognizes as not its own; for were it otherwise, the drama of life would be relieved of very many heart-breaking scenes which now appear as prominent features, the legitimate results of shallow words, broken vows, and false friendships. But we plead:

Gentle angel, help us keep  
All our vows intact and true;  
Teach us how to think, and speak,  
To live, and love, as angels do.

Then will “fitly spoken” words always grace our society, and *true friendship* will be an eternal outgrowth.

SOUND.—A well-known Shaker minister, in present service, thus successfully hits the mark: “When I say or do that which I should not, it is not the minister's saying nor doing,—it is me, X. Y. Z. When I so arrange my words and deeds that they accord with Christ's spirit and our gospel instruction, then *the minister is paramount, and should be respected!*” How very careful elders and ministers should be!

#### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

*The American Agriculturist* is a very worthy monthly. Its subscription price is \$1.60. We will send THE SHAKER and it together during 1877 for \$1.50!! Now take advantage of our offer, and get both for less than quarter cost. Address the *Publisher of THE SHAKER.*

To our surprise, two editions of “Shaker Child's Prayer” are exhausted!



## What shall I do to be a Shaker? No. 4.

RICHARD FLETCHER.

Or, what shall I do to be a christian? is not a common question around here. "What shall I do to be saved?" is a favorite text with "revivalists," who stir up many people to echo the question, without knowing exactly *what* they wish to be saved from.

Can God save them from the danger signaled from so many pulpits, in language almost RED with hell-fire and damnation? Can He save them while they carry around enough secret, unconfessed sin to burn in their memory for years, adding a little fuel every day by fresh sinning? "O, weak human nature cannot help it. Miserable sinners that we are, thank God that we are not in danger of losing our souls by growing vain-glorious and self-righteous."

A certain amount of sinning—enough to keep fashionable robes of righteousness comfortably filthy—acts like a safety-valve with them to keep christian virtues from pressing them too near the kingdom of heaven before they have got enough of earthly pleasure.

Let no one think—not even Mr. Moody, nor other zealous laborers for good—that genuine christianity will ever have a majority here below. It never was popular; never will be. Enthusiastic dreamers might as well content themselves for the failure of plans for wholesale reform, by reading Matt. 7:14: "Narrow is the way that leads to life, and few are they who find it."

Reader, do you smile at the question before you? Do you think, with a passing shrug of pity, "What are those simple people preaching virtue of celibacy, in *these* days, for? If there is any virtue in it, the very ones who need it most are least willing to practice it. Why do they dream of bringing peace on earth, of making nation forgive nation, as Sunday-school children are taught, *in these days* when man's God-given ingenuity develops, faster than ever, into terrible forms of weapons and agents for bloody war?—when youths' papers advertise seven-shooters for children's toys, forsooth? As for community form of living—never! Why, we can't share church privileges together, a few hours in the week, without envyings, quarrels, and breaking up; much less could we live under the same roof with dear gospel friends."

To the few who care to think a moment on these things, we say: By daily life, as well as printed word, we do urge celibacy in its strictest sense, because there never was greater need for spreading its healing virtue over degenerating humanity than to-day, and you know it. We urge all mankind, who are able, to live as brothers and sisters, because Christ revealed the grand nobility of loving God and man with a height, depth, and breadth of feeling that dwarfs natural affection into comparative selfishness.

We urge peace between neighbors, towns, states, and nations, because war is simply devilish.

During the heat of a revival, you can easily take an "anxious seat," ask for prayers, join a church. You cannot be a christian next week without checking many hasty, unkind words, curbing a quick temper, driving off unworthy thoughts; in short, without denying your SELF in many ways your conscience will suggest. Begin with lowest appetites, that link us to the animal creation. Do desires for pleasing sense of taste, never carry you to excess? Do we eat that which is *not* nourishing, but stimulating, or merely cloying to the palate? Do we drink that which does not satisfy thirst?

Some say, "Your ideal of religion is too high—beyond the power of mortals to attain on earth." So was Christ's revelation too heavenly for earth. Jesus of Nazareth lived and preached a life of virginity, non-resisting peace, universal love, and fraternity of goods.

It would be very difficult for a merchant to do business on a ready-cash-down system. Most merchants laugh at the idea of up-and-down-cash dealings right along. They call sixty days' credit the same as cash! Sad abuse of honest language it is. Yet all acknowledge a cash system, without debts, trusting, etc., a noble ideal. So in religion, a high ideal is needed.

Sonyea, N. Y.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH UNION, KY., March, 1877.

*Editor of Shaker:* The February number of THE SHAKER came duly, and was, as usual, fraught with words of precious truth. It is, indeed, a feast to me, and I never stop until its contents are well learned. One article especially attracted my attention: What shall I do to be a Shaker? We are frequently in receipt of letters of inquiry, from individuals desirous of information in regard to our faith and practices, and we often feel at a loss how to reply, in consequence of our ignorance of the motive that prompts the desire. Hence, my approbation of the article referred to, which I think is sufficient to enable every one who reads it, to get a correct knowledge of the essential requisites to be a Shaker. Then each one can answer for themselves, "Am I willing and prepared to make the necessary sacrifices?" We are often called upon to meet applicants for admission into our society, who are totally ignorant in regard to our faith, and often without any religious feeling whatever, but come exclusively from worldly considerations; and to all such I would respectfully say, our institution was not designed for a home for the outcast and bankrupt, but for sin-sick souls, who desire salvation from the evils of a corrupt nature. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," consequently faith should be our starting-point,—the foundation upon which we build. Faith in God's order, in the confession and forgiveness of sin in that order. I have this faith, and deep is the thankfulness of my heart that I have been led into it; that I have the inestimable privilege of being numbered with God's people. I desire a fire that will purge me of dross until nothing remains but pure gold. Yea, I will endure the furnace-heat, anything that will enable me to eradicate evil, and obtain a pure heart, without which, no one can see God. I am aware my success depends upon

my personal efforts; merits of a mythological atonement will not do me nor any one else any good. That is the rock upon which thousands are stranded. To the extent we live the Christ-life, does Jesus become our savior. Whatsoever we sow, that will we reap; then will it not be wisdom in us all to sow love, mercy, and charity? I shall labor to do so. Nothing is so conducive to happiness as a good conscience, and to acquire and keep one, we must live up to the highest light we have in the faithful discharge of every known duty; doing so will bring a peace of mind which all the wealth and fame of this world can never give. Holiness is "the pearl of great price," more to be valued than all the gems of Golconda's mines; and yet, how few attain it! Why? Simply because we are not willing to pay the price. Shakerism demands the renunciation of everything pertaining to the natural order, and the adoption of the spiritual, the heavenly. The carnal life must die; and, in proportion as we crucify it, will we rise into newness of life. My faith is that souls have to be quickened ere they are prepared to receive the truth. It is as useless to present truths, however beautiful or sublime, to the spiritually blind, as to "cast pearls before swine." I do not mean that we are not free agents, for that would do away with individual responsibility and lead into extremes from which the soul recoils in horror. Every soul possesses within itself the germ of a divine life, which, if cultivated and allowed to expand, will develop and unfold our spiritual natures, until we will be prepared to walk, as Jesus did, in obedience to our father's commands. So, brethren and sisters, the matter rests with ourselves. Will you be saved, or will you not? Will you choose the narrow way which leads to a world fairer than finite mind can conceive of, or do you prefer to enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are only for a season, and receive the condemnation that is sure to follow? Will it not be wisdom in us to choose the better part, which cannot be taken from us, and thereby secure an inheritance with the saints? Let us who profess to be Shakers live according to our profession. Let the spirit of Christ rule our hearts and govern our every action. Let us prove the sincerity of our faith, by our daily life and conversation. I feel it a sacrilege for persons to remain on consecrated ground whose every breath is a violation of Zion's laws. The inmates of our father's house should keep clean hands and pure hearts,—avoid even the appearance of evil. Let us be an honor to our calling, an example to the world. O that every one could feel as I do about this matter. As a good brother expressed in our meeting last Sabbath: "O that a spirit of conviction might fall upon our people, to awaken them to an interest the cause demands!" My heart echoed a response to that prayer. A thorough understanding of our principles will convince any candid, unbiased person of their merit; and, if lived, will produce a purity of life that can never be excelled. I feel an especial interest in the young. I have been young myself,—am not old yet. Words cannot express the intensity of my solicitude for the young of my own sex,—those who dwell with believers. Let me impress upon your minds the great importance of cultivating, in early youth, those pure principles of mental and moral excellence which are so necessary to elevate and adorn the female character. Be emulous to excel in every good thought and deed; imitate the virgin purity of our great exemplars, Jesus and Ann, father and mother of the new creation. Be obedient to those who teach you to be useful, and you will never regret, in the future, the folly of a misspent life. This counsel is given in much love, with the prayer that it may fall upon some heart prepared for the seed. In conclusion, my prayer is, "Let me be a true, genuine Shaker," which embodies every christian virtue.

JOSEPHINE McLAUGHLIN.

LETTERS FROM A GOSPEL FATHER TO HIS GOSPEL DAUGHTERS.

ENFIELD, N. H., March, 1877.

*Beloved Sister E.:* Your kind favor of the 14th, containing a graphic report of your journey and mission to W., is received, for which receive my thanks. Such tokens of sisterly remembrance are always appreciated; they bear to me more than a narrative of events or the common parlance of a letter; a spirit, an influence accompanies them, which speaks to the soul and tells of home and home relations, than which no intelligence so affects the mind nor operates so deeply. It penetrates the soul. No subject gives ideas more inspirational, sensations more pathetic and emotional. Home and home friends, the pure, christian brotherhood and sisterhood, where confidence reposes, where our great interests center, where love finds an habitation and dearest objects on which to rest, where everything is a gem, everything wears beauty of the brightest colors, richest shades, and most inviting charms! Where can thought alight more satisfactorily than upon home? and upon what objects more endearing than those of sympathizing, affectionate friends? There is nothing of the ideal higher; the image of God is there,—yea, more: there God manifests himself the most perfectly to our senses. There is a sacredness, there is something enchanting in home that is real, genuine; and in the dear ones there, are our loftiest ideals of angels. We there find a power stronger than all other powers combined; an affection unfathomable, knowing no limits. Here are the ministrations of the highest, here is heaven, here are our saviors. Hence, how great our obligations to beautify, to strengthen, and make everything about us peaceful, glorious, and perfect! How necessary to bring all things into harmony, ever to maintain order, heaven's first gift; never trespass upon the law of love! Under no circumstances should we depart from principle; always true, always kind and obliging, ever ready to alleviate distress, comfort the afflicted, strengthen the weak, and forgive the erring and penitent; always open to conviction, and equally free to impart knowledge to the ignorant, and aid those who are in need of assistance. Thus, beloved sister, our path becomes that of wisdom, always pleasant, and the duties of life never unendurable tasks; thus, the yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden light. Accept my sincere love and that of my companions. Please bear this to all our dear friends in Shaker Village.

Your brother, ABRAHAM PERKINS.

ENFIELD, N. H., March, 1877.

*My gospel daughter, Alice:* I assure you your kind, neatly-written letter was not only acceptable, but fondly appreciated. It seems you have been reading the good book; many excellent and saving truths are hidden there. It pleases me that you search for them. If you persistently and confidently seek truth, you will find it to your salvation. It is a resurrecting, saving power; it contributes both peace and love, and ministers to our wants of every gospel grace. Dear child, in your character make this principle conspicuous. Be open to conviction, and truth will abundantly flow in, and the treasures of heaven will be your inheritance. You mention regrets that you had not been earlier called and gathered into the Shaker church. When the door was opened for your admission, you stepped in; that was your time,—the right time; it could never have been better. It was so in my case. It is equally true with all who hearken and obey when the call of God reaches them. Your ears are blest; do not close them; continue to hear, and be as faithful to obey; and your cup of blessing will be full. No advantage will ever avail any soul who is found in opposition to the laws of God, or to the plan of salvation as revealed to the lost family of Adam. When we mur-



mur, or complain of the cross, we act as the adversaries of heaven. We should realize that the order of heaven is divine. It is too often the case that those who feel the testimony of the cross bearing against their carnal lives are found speaking ill of divine order and throwing obstacles in the way, thus preventing the beaming of light, obedience to faith, and submission to the dictates of conscience. Every soul should make this a point,—never stifle emotion, never allow an influence whose tendency would cause another to act contrary to religious convictions. These are basic principles of success in life. By the acts of another, no one can be justified nor condemned. Remember, the voice of God has reached your soul; you have heard it. It now remains with you to make your election sure. And now, dear child, accept my thanks for your interesting report to me of meetings, companions, etc.; remembering me in kindest love to them, to your elders, and to all my friends; and accept for yourself my love and prayers forever.

Yours truly,  
ABRAHAM PERKINS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., March 20, 1877.

Bro. Geo. Albert: I was much surprised while reading THE SHAKER this forenoon to learn how unexpectedly rich I had suddenly become by your little article in THE SHAKER for March! Only a few days since, and we heard the Covenant read, by which we were informed that we were not the owners, individually, of a single dollar! Now, dear editor, what reply can we make to a revenue or other government officer should he come to collect income tax, where, by an article of agreement, signed and sealed, we represent we are not worth one cent? [Send him to Harvard, Alfred, Canterbury; or let him read our apology! Ed.] And then, by our paper, we proclaim to the world we are worth millions of money! Is there not a probability of a misunderstanding between officers and ourselves? If not, please inform us how we can get a few thousands to help us out of our present difficulty. To some, both statements may appear correct; but how can we harmonize them? To some outside of our societies, we appear very rich; but, to me, this is not the case. When one devotes all he has and is to the "cause,"—consecrates himself to a Shaker's life,—instead of being a millionaire, he finds himself without one cent he can call his own! Yours truly,

GEO. M. WICKERSHAM.

[Our "Notice to assessors" will partly explain how we blundered, what we did it for, and how generously we are paid for so doing. Ed.]

My dear Editor: Had a soldier returned from an engagement in the late war as badly crippled as my manuscript from its engagement with the compositors of your February number, he would have been entitled to universal sympathy. Their first shot put a *period* to the existence of a poor, little, innocent comma, at the end of the twelfth line; their second transformed *love* into *love*, in the fourteenth line; and their third gave the *coup de grace*, by distorting *haste* into *hosts*, in the eighteenth line. How would it do for you to employ a professor of Chinese literature as proof-reader? Or better still, perhaps, engage the grand high commission at Washington, who have solved the presidential conundrum, to sit permanently on a board for determining the true intent and meaning of manuscript contributions to THE SHAKER [by E. T. L. Ed.], with full power to go behind the returns? Most truly, as ever, yours,

E. T. LEGGETT.

[This is from one of the "goodest" children. Ed.]

WEST GLOUCESTER, ME., }  
March 20, 1877. }

Dear Bro. Albert: I saw a notice in THE SHAKER for March that, on receipt of name and stamp, you would send "The Shaker

child's prayer." I thought that I would avail myself of the opportunity of procuring one while you had a supply. I like what you have written to the children, and I hope that you will write some more. I am also very fond of the music. I am your affectionate child,

JOSEPH BRACKETT,  
79 years of age.

#### SOCIAL LIFE TOPICS.

SPEAK KINDLY.

From the Cook's Manual.

It pays to speak kindly, in every case, Use words that are truthful, yet seasoned with grace.

With the spirit of malice no good can be done,

'Tis only by love that the erring are won.

Pray, what do we gain when we try to pay back,

Or the christian-like spirit of patience we lack?

In the first case our measure is folly, we know,

For the soil of impatience, no good thing can grow.

It pays to speak kindly, if no other gain, The spirit of love and good-will we maintain;

And are sowing the seed of a harvest to come,

Whether evil or good, we must gather it home.

#### WASHING-DAY AMONG THE SHAKERS.

My dear Sister C.: Permit me to ask, if you ever read the lines of an old ballad referring to washing-day? They begin as follows:

"The sky with clouds was overcast,  
The rain began to fall;  
There is no luck about the house—  
There is no luck at all."

And then the rhymer goes on to say:

"For 'tis thump, thump, thump,  
And scold, scold, scold," etc.

I should have been pleased, had you been present with us on our last "positive Monday," our washing-day, and for two reasons: First, to act as an artist in sketching the several scenes as they occurred.

Secondly, to note the spirit of kindness which prevailed during the performance of this duty.

The big bell on the house-top began to call us to duty at five o'clock a. m., and I imagined that there was a sort of sympathy in its first tones; for the weather was intensely cold; but as it swung to and fro in the air, its massive ding-dong seemed to appeal to our honor; (for no one feels as well to enter the laundry out of season, or after her companions have been at work for half an hour.) All were in season, however, except one, this morning, and she canceled tardiness by industry the remainder of the day. One, two, three, four—eight—ten—twenty baskets of goods stood waiting the cleansing operation of a Shaker Washing Machine; while as many as twelve sisters were employed for seven hours, at least, as assistants. But what is the matter? The engineer is running to and fro, anon to the loft above, with a pail of hot water, where are two tanks, each capable of holding twelve barrels of water, usually heated by steam and conducted through pipes to the laundry below; but King Frost has breathed his icy breath into the main pipe and congealed just enough of the crystal fluid to obstruct the passage of steam.

All business is suspended for an hour, at least; yet, believe me, we did not scold nor fret; on the contrary, we planned how to fill the time more profitably, and each sister went to perform some little household duty, which was necessary to complete before night. Thus no time was unimproved and no cheerfulness lost.

After our prudent engineer had administered hot applications sufficient to start the

circulation so that hot steam pressed into the water-tanks above, and boiling-tubs below, a dense fog arose, another petty annoyance, caused by the mingling of the cold air from without with a warm, artificial atmosphere within. Now, were it not that we adhered quite faithfully to our favorite maxim—"A place for everything, and everything in its place"—and you know the place for many things on washing-day is in the center of the floor; without care we should have seriously jostled against a variety of baskets and bundles; but on this eventful day every bundle seemed to have a positive friend, and every basket an owner. We had learned by previous experience, that a current of air from two opposite points would speedily remove the greater part of such a vapor, so we searched for the doors, intending to open one on the east and the other on the west side of the room; but every aperture was as hermetically sealed with ice as a can of fruit ought to be from air, and it was quite impossible to open either door. After several fruitless attempts, and a hearty laugh at our defeat by fog, we tried the effect of a good fire.

All this occurred before breakfast; a plenty of "thumps" were present, but not a single scold could be heard; and I think it safe to say that there was not even an impatient spirit among us, for, holding in memory the influence of our Sabbath devotions, and the practical christian vows we had made together, we were able to reconcile all the temporal difficulties. But the end is not yet; our washing machine next appeared to be frost-bound and out of joint, merely because we had made everything else right, and there was room for another trouble! A few drops of oil and a little hammering soon coaxed this into good-humor. The "Shaker Washing Machine" has rendered us too much valuable service in the last ten years to permit us to underestimate its many excellences. We have learned of only one article which will in any way take its place in our appreciation, and that is the "Shaker Laundry Soap." With this soap, we are able to cleanse goods with far less hand-rubbing; linens, cottons, woolens, and the finer fabrics, silks, laces, muslins, etc., are cleansed thereby without injury. We have ourselves proved that paint, printer's ink, writing ink, and many stains of long standing are removed by a proper use of this soap. Perhaps you have heard of the article, and so I will return to my story of washing-day. When our washing machine was all right, and in motion, we anticipated success. For an hour every pulley and shaft seemed to operate like magic; but suddenly the wringer in the north-west corner (a very cold place) was seized with the epidemic and refused to move; the application of oil, even, nor of much kind treatment would effect a cure. The main-belt had been newly but improperly laced; the same was relaced, and we succeeded in starting the wringer! But there is only one right way to do everything, and we were obliged to pause many times, for nothing would succeed, except a thorough repairing of the belt in question. Finally, good luck attended us, and by one o'clock p. m., our washing was completed. The garments had been mill-washed, boiled, rinsed, wrung and hung to dry, not by one poor Bridget, however, but by a dozen pairs of willing hands dictated by cheerful hearts. I have somewhere read that cold and badly-cooked dinners are another annoyance on this ill-fated day; we, on the contrary, found a warm dinner awaiting us, and kind sisters who prepared the same, manifestly pleased to enhance our comfort in some way.

By the way, I have taken the liberty to write a Shaker parody on the washing-day lines.

There is no place for fret nor scold—  
There is no place at all;  
If we the christian motto hold,  
We love and work for all.  
So thump, thump, thump is labor sweet,  
Whatever be the day;—

Wherever virgin sisters meet,  
All scold is swept away.

Kindly yours, E. M. H.

REPLY.

E. M. H.—Valued Sister: Please accept many thanks for the kind report of your laundry experiences. As I read it, I seem to be brought into closer sympathy with you and the scenes you present. One word about the fossil rhymes you instance; for I am happy to believe that the leading fact noticed in the ballad does not very forcibly apply to your companions of the laundry, and that on that day of unusual perplexity, the utmost good-humor prevailed! At least, this is what I infer from the tenor of your statement, which, I opine, is one of the happy results of practical religion—a religion which should be as apparent in the laundry on Monday, as in church on Sunday. Ah! when its presence blesses every enterprise, everywhere, then the word *s-c-o-l-d* will become obsolete, or die for want of breath.

And you all heard the bell that morning, did you? Oh! that big bell! How often has it seemingly repeated one significant couplet with a prolonged echo to its reluctant hearers, thus:

"If one would thrive," clang! clang!

"He must rise at five," ding, dong, bell!

We can easily imagine with what clear, sharp tones this injunction rang out upon the frosty atmosphere of the morning in question. All honor to those who discipline themselves to retire, as well as rise early, for "early to bed and early to rise, makes one healthy, wealthy and wise," said Poor Richard, who was quite right, for this habit renders persons heroic as well as healthy and able to obey the summons, to shake off dull sloth, and thus early emulate one of the first principles of self-denial which Shakerism embraces. But I am thinking, my dear E., that the mental picture which you have given me, does not wear a wintry aspect at all. It is so gilded with sunlight, or good cheer, that I can hardly perceive a cloud in your domestic sky, and am persuaded to believe that your companions were unusually good on that uncommon day! Now, as no picture is complete without a little shade, so I wonder, ah! I wonder what those amiable sisters would have done, had they been forced by circumstances to perform the same amount of washing with mercury as many degrees below comfortable, and all without a "Shaker Washing Machine," which you so heartily recommend, a convenient wringer, "Shaker Laundry Soap," beside other facilities which would take space to name! Think you that they would have borne the invasion of the frost-king without a murmur? Further, it seems that no member of your party was blamed for the series of mishaps realized, consequently no one was censured; hence, there was no temptation to even *hum* the ancient tune to which you refer, and much less to *scold*. Is it the absence of temptation which develops the christian, or makes a genuine Shaker?

Methinks, I hear your ready reply: "Nay, emphatically nay." Are you not yet aware that all good Shakers are bound by their consciences, by their honor as professed followers of the doctrines of the New Testament, wherein the right use of the tongue is so ably treated by the sainted apostle James, to heed these instructions, and strive always to govern the unruly member, which the apostle declares, "is a world of iniquity?"

I am aware that this is our profession, and also, that in our imperfect, undisciplined state, we often fail of living fully up to the scriptural truths quoted; and, though I am confident that you each did your best, under the circumstances, I still claim that with all of your perplexities you were most felicitously situated, compared with the conditions of many of our sister-companions who toil abroad; and the question which I urge is,



would you be able to exchange localities and surroundings and be *as kind, as peaceable?*

Ah! I recall now that you stated as fact, that you each had spent the previous Sabbath in a worshipful spirit, that you renewed your covenants with God, and made your pledges to do right in his presence together, which gave you power over the tongue in emergencies; thus, you can rightfully say with the apostle, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

In this spirit I easily perceive how possible is success; for they who have God in all their thoughts, obey the sacred injunction of "Hands to work and hearts to God," and are thereby able to govern not only the tongue, but every other faculty, in any locality where duty calls.

Sincerely thine, C.

Epitomic History of the Watervliet Shakers.

D. A. BUCKINGHAM.

No. 1.—Of the destitute condition of the believers soon after settling at Watervliet, as found on record.

During the year 1778, the believers at Watervliet suffered exceedingly for food, and in temporal matters generally. It was a time when money was scarce; and, being poor, they had no means to buy. It being a fixed principle with them never to run in debt, even for the necessaries of life, their existence became somewhat precarious. Their food consisted principally of rice and milk. A little fish, mostly sturgeon, was everything of the meat kind they enjoyed for several months. Had little or no butter nor cheese. This simple fare was their main support during the spring and summer of said year.

Their chief employment was planting, sowing, and harvesting. They toiled hard for their scanty pittance, and became so reduced in flesh that they looked more like walking skeletons than laboring men. Oft-times, they were so weak and faint, they could not work. Hard labor and want of nourishing food were telling mightily upon them. At one season, their breakfast consisted only of a small bowl of milk-porridge for each, and their suppers were made up of the same material. For dinner, in addition to the bowl of porridge, they enjoyed a little cake—a piece two and a half inches square for each person. One day a couple of the brethren went to the river to catch herring, and one of them was so pressed with hunger that he ate, while yet raw, the first two fish he caught! Their house-room was also limited. Had but little convenience for lodging, and were obliged to sleep upon the floor of their apartment. Some few had a blanket to cover them; others had none. As the crops began to mature, and potatoes were in eatable condition, their fare was better, and life became more endurable.

During the same year, a famine prevailed at Lake George. The citizens of Albany made quite a donation of provisions to the sufferers there; and the brethren of our little social band were employed to carry the said donation to Crown Point. On their way

thither, they stopped at a small hut in the woods, by the roadside, to obtain a little refreshment. They found there an old woman, with three small children. On making their business known, the woman replied, "I have not had a mouthful of meat, bread, nor potatoes in my house for the past three months." When asked what she subsisted upon, she replied, "When the brier-leaves began to mature in the spring, I gathered, boiled, and ate them with my milk, for I have one cow, and that supports us. This is the way we have lived for three months past?"

With the money the brethren received for carrying said donation, they purchased bread and flour, and our people were soon comfortable. Their crops came in more bountifully than was expected, and by the smiles of providence upon them, they soon began to improve in health, strength, and in many earthly comforts. They were often exhorted by Joseph Meacham,—a very influential and leading member among them, who was afterwards styled Father Joseph,—to bear their sufferings with patience and fortitude, for the time would come when they and their children would have plenty and to spare.

Shakers, N. Y.

The Cloud of Witnesses.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

I leaned upon a burial urn,  
And thought how life is but a day;  
And how the nations, each in turn,  
Have lived and passed away.

The earth is peopled with the dead,  
Who live again in deathless hosts;  
Who come and go with noiseless tread,  
A universe of ghosts.

They follow after flying ships,  
They flicker through the city's marts,  
They hear the cry of human lips,  
The beat of human hearts.

They linger not around their tombs,  
But far from churchyards keep aloof;  
To dwell in old familiar rooms,  
Beneath the household roof.

They waken men at morning light,  
They cheer them in their daily care;  
They bring a weary world at night  
To bend the knee in prayer.

Their errand is of God assigned,  
To comfort sorrow till it cease;  
And in the dark and troubled mind  
To light the lamp of peace.

There is a language whispered low,  
Whereby to mortal ears they speak;  
To which we answer by a glow  
That kindles in the cheek.

Dear shadows, fairer than the day;  
With heavenly lights they wrap us round,  
Wherein we walk a gilded way,  
And over holy ground.

Oh, what a wondrous life is theirs,  
To fling away the mortal frame;  
Yet keep the human loves and cares  
And yearnings still the same.

Oh, what a wondrous life is ours,  
To dwell within this earthly range;  
Yet parley with the heavenly powers,—  
Two worlds in interchange!

Oh, balm of grief, to understand  
That whom our eyes behold no more  
Still clasps us with as true a hand  
As in the flesh before.

No longer in a gloom profound  
Let memory, like a mourner crape,  
Sit weeping by an empty mound,  
Whose captive hath escaped.

So, turning from the burial urn,  
I thought how life has double worth,  
If men be only wise to learn  
That heaven is on the earth.

THE SHAKER.

Monthly—60 cents per annum.

A DUAL ADVOCATE OF CHRIST PRINCIPLES.

Lift up the Standard.

The world complains mostly of Shaker celibacy, because it is not of the world. Even from our bitterest enemies, however, we find vice paying tribute to virtue, by the remark: "Their virgin celibacy is a very high order of life!" This is a *verbatim* sentence from the *expose* of a rabid secessionist. But why find so much fault, when forced finally to so much admiration? Why is Jesus, the Christ, so much admired? Was it not, and is it not for the same reasons that the Shakers are persecuted in public, and admired in the closet of prayer? Should not like causes be honored similarly! Jesus, his disciples, and the Shakers are not such antipodes that they should be used so differently. Jesus offered salvation on the same terms which the Shakers now do—"Stop your sinning!" "Live unto God, die unto sin!" But our celibacy runs *crosswise* unresurrected human nature. Did the same of Jesus agree with this nature any better? And yet, for the same specialty, the world adores Jesus—or pretends to—and dreads the Shakers! O, consistency! The gospel of Jesus relieved the poor of their poverty, and demanded that the rich should reverse the rule of robbery, and take from them only that which made them uncomfortable, by adding of their stores! Just so with the Shakers, where none are rich, and certainly none are poor. But while the world pretends an admiration of this leveling work of Jesus and Pentecost, they do not want to admire these features in the Shakers.

The *Prince of Peace* is worshiped *mentally*; and the Shakers *condemned* practically, because they do just that which made Jesus the *Prince of Peace*! Hence, the world honors General — as a *christian* gentleman; and the Shakers, who would not help him slay ten thousands, are by it unhonored, unworthy to be called *christian*; and yet, wherein does Gen. — resemble Jesus, the Christ! O, consistency, fie!

Is there not good reason in our being more radical than all other so-called christians; and to *raise up the standard* of christianity in its true colors. Therefore, say we: Live as you please; but do not confound marriage, nor sexual lusts with the celibacy of Jesus, nor of those who live like him. Selfishly

heap up the good things of this world; but do not think yourselves worthy to be fellowshipped with those of old, nor to-day, who truly say and practice: "Lo! we have left *all* to follow thee!" Have your wars,—of household, state, and nation; but do not, for christianity's sake, think for a moment there is any Christ about them, nor that any *christian* ever did or will engage in them. These are some of the radicals of Shakerism. They are arrived at by simple acts of self-denial toward the lusts of the flesh, the lusts for money, pride of life, and lusts for power! "Can these Shakers be christians?" \*\*\*

The Shaker,

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BE LAWFUL.—If leaders do not regard this, who can they expect will do so? A Shaker eldership is a place of *care*, example, practical wisdom, and deep, parental solicitude; not one of mere authority, right or wrong; but of meekness, charity, long forbearance. True, wise elders drown differences of brethren, with their sunshine, wisdom and love.

BE PRUDENT.—If those who are first in care of temporal things are not the greatest servants unto prudence, who can they expect will be? The doctrine of "Don't do as I do, but as I say or wish," never worked any better among the Shakers than elsewhere. An honest trustee will be first in prudence, first in the comforts, and first in the burdens of the heart, of his brethren. A real honest Shaker trustee truly feels and acts like the poorest man or woman in the commune. How is this?

BE PURE.—If, by our words or deeds, we are not so, do we not belie our profession? and do we not testify against mere profession, without practice?

BE PEACEABLE.—This follows as a matter of course; and means a peace wrought by righteous elders, trustees, and golden-rule-loving brethren and sisters. It does not mean the consequences of inequality, insult, tyranny, and subjugation—where these are, he who preaches peace, preaches in vain.

BE BROTHERS.—All the trouble that *can* arise, after fully consecrating one's self to the fundamental principles of Shakerism, comes from the neglect of compliance with the "golden rule." Would it not be a healthy question for us all to ask ourselves: "How would we bear our conduct, if practiced *on us* by others, as we exercise it on others ourselves?" \*\*\*

The Shakers.

The friends have often asked us to give our ideas about universal celibacy as promulgated and practiced by the Shakers. Without touching upon any other portions of the creed of this honest, industrious class of thinkers, our answer is that if what they promulgate is really the truest and best to live by, as they claim, then every human being in christendom should adopt it; which, if they did, as a sequence, in about thirty-five years, the average of human life, there would not exist a human being on the face of the broad earth, with the exception of a few oldish-



looking stragglers, who may have outlived the general average. Complete and total annihilation would be the inevitable result.—*L. Judd Pardee, a spirit, in Voice of Angels.*

There is no doubt that Shakerism answers a wise purpose. There are features connected with the same that excite our admiration, and they surely have a beneficial effect on the outside world. Of course, no one supposes that the whole world will become converted to that faith.—*R. P. Journal.*

Thus again, we are called to add "line upon line" in regard to our testimony of celibacy. And this is not the only instance in which "spirits in prison" have needed light on gospel economy. We believe the first of the above articles to be a genuine communication from the spirit-world, and it proves that spirits are only transferred mortals, and do not know very much more for the transfer. *L. Judd Pardee* is a spirit-editor. In this life, he knew fully as much of Shaker testimony as he appears now to know. Only a short time since, a life-long student of communism, a master-mind in logical deductions, wrote of the Shakers: "Your reproductive organs are the offending members," etc. This is wrong. We never have promulgated universal celibacy; and confine our preaching to those only "who are able" so to live. This is reasonable. While we testify that the reproductive functions have been worst abused of any, it is not on this account that we abstain from their lower, primitive uses. If every engagement of them would produce a perfectly "sound mind in a healthy body," and these every child has a right to demand, and none other should be conceived nor born,—even then the practice is "of the earth, earthy," and has no part with "the Lord from heaven," is unworthy of Christ; and those who practice sexual indulgences and engage in reproductions are not christians! We have no controversy with worldly reproductions, *per se*. If they were better than they are, the gradation to a Shaker life therefrom would be easier and more plentiful. We practice celibacy, well-knowing that the vast majority of the world cannot be, is not fit to be candidatures of Shakerism! We do not preach celibacy as right for all, very few of the all being worthy or capable of it. But we stand with outstretched hands to welcome all who "are able, for the kingdom of heaven's sake," to live like him who was the pattern of christians,—a specimen of the heavens on earth. Who will accept our invitation? And who will do us the justice, the right, to present us correctly before the world of readers? *R. P. J.*, we thank you. *L. Judd Pardee*, spirits disembodied, and yet embodied, take notice, that we not only do not preach universal celibacy, but consider the number able and worthy to be candidates therefor, to be so few as scarcely to keep our organizations in healthy conditions! And who is to blame? \*

See "Particular Notice" on page 34, this No. of THE SHAKER.

### Are the Shakers Spiritualists?

[From "Plain Talks."]

We are the most radical spiritualists of our day. We are thoroughly convinced of spirit communication and interpositions, spirit guidance, and obsession. Our spiritualism has permitted us to converse, face to face, with individuals once mortals, some of whom we well knew, and with others born before the flood. All spiritual phenomena commonly occurring in the world had an inauguration among us, long before the "Rochester Rappings." By our spiritualism we are become confirmed infidels to the foolish *bodily resurrection theory*; to the untrue and disappointing *atonement doctrine*; to the monstrous *trinity* scheme; to the cruel *predestination* belief, and all the man-made creeds of the popular churches professing christianity. We are sure these things are untrue, and we have had hundreds of testimonies from those who, when in the body, were as firm in the belief of their verity as any can be now, but who were bitterly disappointed on arrival in the spirit world. We have progressed beyond mere physical phenomena to learn that these are very insignificant, compared with the truths leading to the higher life of the spirit. "Walk in the spirit, and not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." We are preparing to enter the ranks of spirits who, before their departure from earth, or since, learned to practice the injunctions of christianity, thorough self-denial to all sensual pleasures. Thousands there really need their bodies to be as happy as before death; while tens of thousands obsess mortals here, that through the indulgence of their bodies in intemperance, tobacco, theft, trade, lusts of the eye, and the lascivious indulgence of the flesh, and the elements of anger, etc., they may and do obtain pleasures, which death has placed beyond their natural reach. Spiritualism is a light; let no one use it so that their light will become darkness. And let spiritualists not prostitute the name by living in the fruitful nor unfruitful works of darkness, since they are called to be the children of light, and to be lifted up for a guide to their, as yet, not so favored brethren.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

We begin in this number the publication of a series of papers by *D. A. Buckingham*, the venerable presiding elder of the society at Watervliet. Beginning almost at the earliest date of the Watervliet settlement, these papers will bring us down to the present time; and will give, in epitome, the history of what is now SHAKERS, N. Y. We have long desired such an undertaking by some competent hand, and we shall be greatly surprised if our readers are not greatly interested. We ask particular attention to the grand differences of conditions under which the gospel, according to *Ann Lee*, has been kept and now is kept.

Many are very anxious to place children under the protecting wings of Shakerism. Orphans, made so by death, or worse, have for many years been accepted by us, and we have had large hopes that our gospel would recreate them before original nature took command. In more than ninety-nine of one hundred cases we have been mistaken! Confidence in the power of our system has made us very careless of the pedigree and antenatal conditions of children. Our carelessness has wrought us an incomputable ruin. Those who have confidence, that by putting the children of gross parentage among the Shakers, they will grow up to be angels, may be assured, that our sorrowful experience is, that they are wrong. Often before school-days are over, exhibitions of devils as big as woodchucks, at least, are illustrated. We must have the best manufacture of humanity, or we cannot long exist as a flourishing institution. The very best of us had an origin sufficiently poor to magnify Shakerism to any considerable degree, and to keep us continually fighting outspurts of unheavenly dispositions.

Under the head of "Correspondence" will be found some of the early fruit of answers to the question: "What shall I do to be a Shaker?" We commend the whole letter, zeal, and consecrated ability of *Sister McLaughlin*; which, so long as it is continued, will be worthy of intense emulation. The honor of suggesting answers to the above question, belongs to *Eldress Johanna Kaime*; and the wonder is, it was not prosecuted before. We hope it is not as difficult for sincere inquirers to get verbal answers from novitiate elders, as for us to get written ones!

We hope, ere long, that we shall all become properly educated spiritually, in regard to our duty to our fellows. We hope to realize, that whatsoever is done for the furtherance of THE SHAKER'S spread, maintenance, and improvement, by those of its faith, will not be done grudgingly, nor as an especial favor. If THE SHAKER is an organ for the promulgation of truth, it is duty that we yield all selfish interests for the accomplishment of that end. Some may be bold enough to say sometimes: "Oh, Lord, don't you remember, when we helped your cause?" It is our cause; let us sustain it.

NOTICE TO ASSESSORS.—*Friends*: We entirely lost sight of your unwelcome presence, when, in the March number of THE SHAKER, we enthusiastically told to the world, how very rich every Shaker was, and how very unselfish with it all. We here enter an apology and explanation to you, and to those beloved deacons of the Shaker church who have, by our blunder, done what we have long waited for—written articles for THE SHAKER! In fact, it greatly relieves the pangs we feel for the mistake, to receive so many good

christian threshings from so many excellent christian deacons. We amend the objectionable paragraph by saying "millions of dollars' worth of more than money"—gospel riches! upon which, friendly or unfriendly assessors, you cannot affix your tax, amen! You have ever rated Shaker property highest compared with their neighbors', and to this extent have persecuted us for our faith's sake. Accept our apology and explanation, and, gospel friends all, please forgive us.

### THE CHILDREN'S GROTTO.

*My dear boys and girls*: Among the best things to be made into thoughts by you, is CAREFULNESS. Have a care for all things with which you meet. With your friends and companions, be full of care to use them as you like to be used. With the lower animals have a care of kindness as I have heretofore written you. Remember to be careful of your books; they cost money, and somebody, or many, have to be careful to get the money. Be careful of your clothes: how wrong to be careless of what costs so much time to earn money to buy, and labor to make! A rent in a garment, carelessly made, not only makes work you might have saved for those who love you, but disfigures the garment before it should be so, and inspires you to care less for it than before! Is this not so? I love to see a boy or girl, who is not ashamed to wear well-mended clothes, particularly when they have been careful of them before they came to mending. I know I cannot expect you to be like older folk, but you may be even more careful than some older ones, who were careless when they were children! Do not go in the water with your boots nor shoes when you can avoid it; water destroys leather. Be careful of your food, do not waste it. There is enough food wasted every day, by those who were careless when children, to feed all the hungry in the world! God has been, and now is good to all. There is enough for all to eat, drink and wear, and to spare. If all would be careful,—full of care for those who have not been so fortunate, then all would be cared for, and this would be a happier world. Be careful not to be selfish! Whoever is very selfish, is a robber of that which belongs to another or others; and is wasteful and careless of God-given blessings. Be careful of your health, of your voices; and shun evil companions; thus have a care for your hearts. Do not let angry nor cruel thoughts stay one moment in your minds. How shall you get rid of them? Why, sing a song, talk to a flower; think of some sweet, pretty circumstance that happened yesterday; run, jump at the sun, or try to catch a star; do either, and your angry thoughts are gone by this exercise of care. Be very careful to be good as you know how, and be assured God will care for you. G. A. L.

### EVERGREEN SHORES.

*JOHN KAIME*, aged 85, at Canterbury, N. H., Feb. 26, 1877.  
*JACOB WALKER*, aged 72, at North Union, O., Feb. 19, 1877.  
At Harvard, March —, *John Osment*, 75.  
At Harvard, March 28, *Joseph Swazey*, 59.

### BOOK TABLE.

SHAKER DOCTRINE. Any one who desires to know precisely what the Shaker doctrine is, should procure and read a copy of a neat little pamphlet written by *Elder George Albert Lomas*, and printed at the office of THE SHAKER, Shakers, N. Y. The title of this pamphlet is, "What Shall I do to be a Shaker? or Plain Talks upon Practical Religion, being Answers to Earnest Inquirers." It is



a curious production, and gives a better idea of the teachings of those peculiar people, than can be elsewhere obtained in the same compass.—*Albany Evening Times.*

We have received from the publisher, C. C. PEARSON, Concord, N. H., a noble volume, entitled, "A Practical Treatise on Vocal Physiology." It is the result of years of study, by that musical adept and scholar, Dr. Chas. Alex. Guilmette. It is recommended to universal study by the first musicians of our country, and will soon bear fruit of as just a criticism over the waters in other lands. That it has long been needed, every one who reads it, will be at once convinced. We have given it a casual reading; but will only be satisfied by a thorough acquaintance. We recommend this work to every Shaker in our land, and to all the Shakers of the future. That it will be extensively appreciated, there can be no doubt. Shaker societies may address N. A. Briggs, our publisher, with advantage, in ordering it. Its price is \$1.50, only.

Society Items.

A fire at South Union, Ky., Junior Order, destroyed the cow-barn with all its contents. Loss some thousands. The work of careless, smoking tramps. Cattle saved.

North Union, O., is contemplating the sale of some lands contiguous to the city of Cleveland, for some public benefit. If we correctly situate it, their price, \$300 per acre, is very cheap. Scarcely any but municipal authorities appear to have money nowadays.

We are glad to learn of the convalescence of Bros. Steadman and Allard of Enfield, N. H., and sorry to hear that Elder H. S. Kellogg of Enfield, Conn., lies dangerously near the confines of our world at present. And yet, why do we say dangerously?

From all accounts, "THE MINISTRY'S HOME" at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., resembles one of those many mansions of the upper regions. Be it so.

Don't let any society neglect the perusal and study of Dr. C. A. Guilmette's *Vocal Physiology.*

THE USEFUL GLEN.

AN INVALUABLE HINT.

Soon the farmers generally will be engaged in plowing. We wish, now, to inform farmers of a fact so simple that they will wonder why they had not thought of it before. A fact so useful to know, that it will, on trial, be considered invaluable. Believing that it belongs to farmers without the restriction of a patent, we first make it known. It is the discovery of R. M. Wagan, of Mt. Lebanon Shakers, N. Y. It wholly concerns the coulter. Invariably this has been applied obliquely, pointing away from the plow. Reverse this position of the coulter, give it a drawing instead of a pushing cut, and strange as will appear on trial, you save at least one horse-power! We never use a knife in cutting as we apply and use the coulter. Run your knife through a bar of soap as the coulter is commonly used in the sod; then draw your knife through the soap, and some idea of this invaluable hint will be apparent. By making this public, we preclude the possibility of its being patented. Now, farmers, send our publisher a club of subscribers for THE SHAKER; for, on trial of the above hint, you can well afford to do so.

STABLE FLOORS.

The *Scientific Farmer* says of stable floors that it is common to pitch them back from one to four inches for purposes of drainage. This is all wrong. Any inclination to the rear is injurious, for the reason that the

toes of the animals are thereby turned up, and the back sinews, especially of the fore-legs, kept in a sort of unnatural tension. If there is any pitch at all in the floor, it should be to the front instead of the back.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Number of pounds to the bushel recognized by the United States.

Wheat . . . . .	60
Shelled corn . . . . .	56
Ear corn . . . . .	70
Rye . . . . .	56
Oats . . . . .	32
Barley . . . . .	47
Irish potatoes . . . . .	60
Sweet potatoes . . . . .	56
White beans . . . . .	60
Castor beans . . . . .	46
Clover-seed . . . . .	60
Timothy-seed . . . . .	45
Flax-seed . . . . .	56
Hemp-seed . . . . .	44
Millet-seed . . . . .	50
Peas . . . . .	60
Bran . . . . .	20
Coke . . . . .	22
Blue-grass . . . . .	44
Buckwheat . . . . .	50
Dried peaches . . . . .	38
Dried apples . . . . .	24
Onions . . . . .	55
Salt . . . . .	70
Stone coal . . . . .	80
Malt . . . . .	38
Plastering hair . . . . .	8
Turnips . . . . .	55
Unslacked lime . . . . .	30
Corn meal . . . . .	48
Fine salt . . . . .	55
Hungarian grass-seed . . . . .	50
Ground peas . . . . .	24
Charcoal . . . . .	30
Hominy . . . . .	60
A box 24x16 in. 22 in. deep, holds 1 barrel	
16x16 1-2 8 1 bush.	
8x11 1-2 8 1-2 1 peck.	
4x 4 1-2 4 1-4 1-2 peck	

TEA AND COFFEE.—Shaker sisters not yet having been entirely eliminated from the former; nor Shaker brethren thoroughly disgusted, as yet, with the latter, we charitably offer the following for their benefit; making no objection to the extension of the prudence:

"A method has been discovered for making more than the usual quantity of tea from any given quantity of the leaf. The whole secret consists in steaming the leaf before steeping. By this process, it is said, fourteen pints of good quality may be brewed from one ounce of tea."

"Delmonico uses one and a half pounds of coffee to a gallon of water, pouring the hot water upon the coffee, which is placed in a strainer. The coffee is never boiled."—*New York Herald.*

LIFE THOUGHTS.

EQUALIZATION OF EMOTION.—There is no worldly gain without some loss; so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it; if thou art degraded from honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness has blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowance against the loss, and thou shalt find no loss great. He loses little or nothing that reserves himself. Compassion is an emotion of which we

ought never to be ashamed.—Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—*Blair.*

Mere physical good-looks fade with the years, bleach out with sickness, and yield to the slow decay of mortality. But the beauty that has its origin in kind dispositions, noble purposes and great thoughts, outlasts youth and maturity, increases with years, and like the luscious peach which comes to us in autumn ripeness, covered with the delicate flush of purple and crimson, is never so beautiful as when waiting to be plucked by the gatherer's hand, silently witnessing to the full, the rich perfections time works out.—*Yates Co. Chronicle.*

Spiritualism teaches the golden rule of righteousness, and its certain reward in eternal happiness; it tells us that evil deeds are sure of their punishment; and it at the same time brings the great revelation to man that all will be ultimately saved to enduring happiness, through expiation, suffering, and purification of the spirit.

Time to me this truth hath taught—  
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing—  
More offend from want of thought  
Than from any want of feeling.  
If advice we would convey,  
There's a time we should convey it;  
If we've but a word to say,  
There's a time in which to say it.  
—*Charles Swan.*

Let us be assured that the noblest life makes the happiest death; and that he lives the noblest who sacrifices most for his fellow-men, whose life is most devoted to what he conceives to be the truth.—*Rev. David H. Clark.*

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everyone has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more

abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Alexander's Messenger.*

HOW TO TREAT INSECT STINGS.—

The pain caused by the sting of a plant or insect is the result of a certain amount of acid poison injected into the blood. The first thing to be done is to press the tube of a small key firmly on the wound, moving the key from side to side to facilitate the expulsion of the sting and its accompanying poison. The sting, if left in the wound, should be carefully extracted, otherwise it will greatly increase the local irritation. The poison of stings being acid, common sense points to the alkalies as the proper means of cure. Among the most easily procured remedies may be mentioned, soft soap, liquor of ammonia, (spirits of hartshorn,) smelling salts, washing soda, quicklime made into paste with water, lime water, the juice of an onion, tobacco juice, chewed tobacco, bruised dock leaves, tomato juice, wood ashes, tobacco ash, and carbonate of soda.

If the sting be severe, rest and coolness should be added to the other remedies, more especially in the case of nervous subjects. Nothing is so apt to make the poison active as heat, and nothing favors its activity less than cold. Let the body be kept cool and at rest, and the activity of the poison will be reduced to a minimum. Any active exertion whereby the circulation is quickened will increase both pain and swelling. If the swelling be severe, the part may be rubbed with sweet oil, or a drop or two of laudanum. Stings in the eye, ear, mouth, or throat, sometimes lead to serious consequences; in such cases, medical advice should always be sought as soon as possible.—*London Garden.*

DARWINISM.—Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvelous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this as a sample:

"I have known three generations of the Darwins: grandfather, father and son. Atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend: 'Omnia ex conchis;' everything from a clam-shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his 'Origin of the Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descendants from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of a man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad and ter-



## GOD'S BLESSING.

CANTERBURY, N. H.

1. As the dew of the morn - ing, Or as bright riv - ers roll; So so does God's  
2. As the dawn of the morn - ing, Or a heav - en - ly ray; His glo - ri - ous

bless - ing Flow in - to my soul. I'll walk in his pres - ence As  
bright - ness Il - lu - mines my way. I'll sing of his fa - vor, I'll

one great - ly blessed; On whose soul the love of His work is im - pressed.  
mer - it his love; By hon - est en - deav - or My loy - al - ty prove.

rible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence of the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and the deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."—*Hartford Courant*.

THE SHAKER, G. A. Lomas, Editor, Shakers, N. Y., is the official monthly organ of the united societies of that faith, and a very good-looking and intelligent exponent of its material and spiritual interests. Founded by that Christly woman, Ann Lee, originally a Manchester (Eng.) factory-girl, whom they regard as the spiritual peer of Jesus, this wide-spread order of modern socialism presents many features of absorbing interest to students of love and labor reform. THE SHAKER is sent, post-paid, to any address, for 60 cents per annum.—*The Word*, Princeton, Mass.

SOUND CRITICISM.—In his sermon at the Tabernacle, Rev. Phillips Brooks said, as reported, that, "the great part of life, after becoming a christian, will be spent as before; we shall buy and

sell and get gain; but the purposes are all changed." How the life remains the same, when the purposes are changed, we do not see. If religion does not change the life, what good does it do to change the purposes? We of course would not judge of a preacher's whole doctrine by a single sentence; but this statement is a good picture of the practical effects of the popular religion. With all its professions, rites, and observances, it makes no special or permanent improvement in a person's character and conduct. A man is persuaded that he has had his heart or life "sanctified," when there has been no change in the impulses or aims of either; and the result is, that though there are very good people in the church, the main difference between the "ins" and "outs" is a certain flavor or conceit of piety. That religion makes no change in the life, and we can buy and sell and get gain—and a good deal of it—as well after as before becoming christians, may be popular and pleasing gospel; but to our view religion must go deeper than that.—*New Age*.

THE story of Lot's wife, whether we accept it literally or allegorically, suggests a wholesome truth. We might as well be pillars of salt, or something far less valuable, as to be forever looking backward with regrets. Continual right-doing in the present is the best reparation for an unsatisfactory past. The angular duties of to-day may be ripened and rounded into pleasures if

we put the wine of loving hearts and the strength of willing hands into them. And the wayside pleasures, so insignificant of themselves, sometimes, that we fail to notice them, often assume the dignity of duties when relatively considered. And when the busy day has given place to the leisure of twilight, instead of groping among the yesterdays for the wan face of a dead or dying sorrow, or gazing with horror upon the hateful features of some sin committed in the fever of passion or the blindness of ignorance, were it not better to take kindly thought for the morrows? Whose sorrows shall we soothe? Whose heavy weight uplift? Whose bitter cup sweeten? Ah! time has healing and wondrous compensations for the brave and faithful who journey on unmindful of their own heart-aches and wounds without cause.—*A. A. W. in New Age*.

GERMINATION FROM OLD SEED.—In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked off, in order to gain, after an improved modern method, silver still left in that dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it, the seed of a species of glaucium, or poppy, was found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the melting ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown to modern botany, but which is described by Pliny and others as a frequent flower in ancient Greece.—*London Examiner*.

## A Mystery.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees  
Wound through its meadows green;  
A low, blue line of mountains  
Showed the open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all  
Clear into sunlight sprang;  
I saw the river of my dreams,  
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,  
But well the ways I knew;  
A feeling of familiar things  
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag  
Could lean the blasted pine;  
Not otherwise the maple hold  
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foothills  
The mountain road should creep;  
So green and low, the meadow fold  
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;  
Their place the mountains took.  
The white, torn fringes of their clouds  
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim  
Was pressed by feet of mine;  
Never before mine eyes had crossed  
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,  
Walked with me as my guide;  
The skirts of some forgotten life  
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?  
Or glimpse through æons old?  
The secret which the mountains kept,  
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed  
A tender hope I drew,  
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,  
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,  
And soften all surprise,  
And, misty with the dreams of earth,  
The hills of Heaven arise.