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IMMORTELLLES

— OF —

LOVE.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

87858

“What cannot be trusted is not worth having. * * * We cannot love
apart, nor live except in each other's love.”—*Soul Seer.*

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Dedicated to

OLIVE,

WHO HAS TAUGHT ME THE LAW OF LOVE.

DEAR READER:

Herein you find radical sentiment in beautiful dress—axiomatic thought, with argument implied. It is the product of calm inspiration, and offered without a misgiving, for I ask not praise or blame, but simply to awaken candid inquiry into the natural laws of our being.

The incidents herein related are actual experiences, and belong therefore to our great human wealth. A *multum in parvo*, having a sunny philosophy, comprising our social life as it is and as it should be, the sweet and hopeful prophecy buds in my soul, that it will be a little moral giant in reform.

It is for all—men, women and children. It breathes in its moral intelligence the hope that those who have suffered, and find here a balm for their wounds, may be encouraged, and remember—

—— “There is rain in the sweet heavens
To wash us white as snow;”

and that those who are inexperienced and welcome life as a mellenial dawn—as young folks in their innocence oft imagine—may discover here lessons of warning and of aspiration, and early learn that nobility of character accrues from a just and righteous life.

The present actors in the drama of human history are entering a social revolution, pregnant with higher civilizations, paving the way as with a “bleeding sacrifice” that shall try all our souls.

That my souvenir of loving faith in these principles may add speed to the agitation and blossom the very crown of thorns that the faithful shall wear, is the sincere and devout heart-wish of the author.

J. O. B.

“MOUNT OLIVE,” GLEN BEULAH, Wis.,
Summer, 1873.

IMMORTElLES OF LOVE.

MORNINGS of Heaven have dawned on the world!
Justice is principle in action; her heart-beat is sounding down the centuries.

Freedom the most possible to the individual; monopoly the least possible.

Equal rights the limit of freedom; and this the duty of government.

The activity of all the forces of human being to secure the highest and best in life.

Mar not the casket of the immortal spirit by starvation; but summer-bloom all natural affections and aspirations.

Carry the balm of love to the thirsty, and purify the Social Heart, clear as a crystal with a drop of water in it.

IT thunders! it lightens down the rain-chains!
The great deep is opened up!
The battle of souls is on us!

The State is sold for messes of pottage!
 Legislation presumes to undo God—
 Manufacturing human rights!
 It worships mammon! has no conscience!

The church is rotten clear to the heart!
 Gloom is in the pulpits and pews!
 The holy water on the altars is frozen!
 The incense is the breath of fashion!
 It hath no spirit of prophecy!
 No seership! no gift of tongues!
 No healing balm! For a pretence
 It would deaden God in a Constitution!
 But Divine wrath stabs it
 From roof to corner-stone!

Get out from under the church's rafters,
 And rest under the stars!
 Oh, this courtship of God's groves
 With mossy rocks for shrines!
 Oh, this freedom of the soul
 Under the dome of nature's temple!
 Oh, this heart-beat of the Infinite,
 Trembling in my soul!
 Oh, this faith in love and goodness,
 Though planets run lawless thro' the sky!

Breakers ahead! volcanic valves!
 The electric blood of revolutions!
 Social divorces to alarm the soul-sleepers!
 Passion's Iconoclast,
 And the rustle of an angel's wing!

The sweat pours from the great brows!
 The crown of thorns is blossoming!
 Whole nations are rotting down!
 Plough them under a thousand feet!
 Give the farmers of Heaven a chance!

O tillers of the soil!
 O miners of the valleys and mountains!
 O sailors on the seas!
 O mechanics, inventors, teachers, artists!
 O clam-diggers, boot-blackers, hod-carriers!
 O railroad builders, river drivers, lumber sawyers!
 O house carpenters and chimney sweepers!
 O street scavengers and rag pickers!

* * * Know ye not
 That God has come down to see
 Where your bloody sweat stains red
 The lintels of the capitols?

O prisoners, petting squirrels and birds in your cells!
 O insane, wild for the wine of inspiration!
 O inebriates, mad for the fire-springs that damn the
 gods!

O orphan minstrels of the city's streets,
 Sleeping on the door-steps of the mansions!
 O blasted souls, adrift on life's dead sea!
 O sorrowful women whom the lords of lust have
 ruined!

O bruised and broken-hearted in a million homes!
 * * * Lo! the dissolving views
 Are out-waves from angels' breathing,

In hot haste to redeem us!
 See that banner woven in the factories
 Of the spirit country, covered o'er
 With emblazonry of hope to mortals!
 How the words fire-flash and burn!
 Read them, O prisoners of earth-lands—
 Read the order of the New Republic!

LIFE inalienable!
 Self-governments!
 International unions!
 Courts of equity without statutes!
 Reform, not punishment!
 Peace congresses of nations!
 Free trade!
 Labor and fraternity!
 Sexual equality!
 Regeneration by holy generation!

MAN is soul of woman's soul,
 And love is its completeness;
 And never will it lose control,
 If it is full of sweetness.
 Home is rest with happy care,
 And many are its pleasures,
 If all the children living there
 Are ever welcomed treasures.
 Life is all one honey moon,
 When free from empty fashion,
 If husbands keep their wives in tune
 By chastity of passion.

ECLIPSES of soul!—Oh, what revelations!
 What enfolding within itself and trembling rest!
 What great thought thence cometh with hope,
 And deep communion with the Infinite
 As night for stars, so outer gloom for inner glory.
 Saddest hours are soul-recuperations,—
 The time to see the faces of the gone before!
 Doth darkness hinder the morning of day?
 Doth the storm prevent the return of sunshine?
 O darkness and the storm, fold me in your arms!
 Ye reveal me to myself where my love is!
 O eclipse of Faith, hiding the sun-face of Truth!
 O world of doubt, crossing the path of progression!
 O shadow-isle of uncertainty,
 Veiling in the vision of immortality!
 O night of error, when we sleep for the morning!
 O angel of death! O life in the darkness of rest!
 O horoscope of the Divine Government!
 O key of spiritual mysteries,
 Turning in the locks of science!

BUDS that were frozen all winter in snow,
 Have risen again from the dead,
 And early this June they are all in the blow
 Of a delicate blue, white and red.

Alas! comes a frost with a cold chilling breath,
 That touches them close to the ground,
 And over half of them, just gone to their death,
 Are lying all scattered around.

And buds on the trees, swinging up in the air,
In winds of a cloud-curtained morn,
Are dropping off fast, till they're almost bare,
And only a remnant is born.

Most precious of buds are the angelic norms,
Our human affection would hold,
That fell untimely by the internal storms
That blight with the cruelest mold.

Oh, where have they gone in so brief a time?
Did angels attract them above,
To grow on the tree of life, safe in the clime
Of frostless, sweet Edens of Love?

Shall we be forgiven the foeticide act
By which they were wilted and chilled,
And sorrow, up there, o'er the painfulest fact,
That buds in the budding were killed?

Shall we know them there, in that heavenly land,
With joy or repentance of heart,
When thinking that ever a humanly hand,
Could thrust with a murderous dart?

Will angels report ev'ry mischievous thing,
Once done in our ignorant years?

Will mem'ry thereof give an edge to the sting
That opened the fountain of tears?

O motherly Love! canst thou heal all the wounds
That famish life's tree to the root,
Until the new law in our marriage abounds,
That buds shall enflow'r to the fruit?

PEOPLE — I love them; they me;
 But cannot afford too closely.
 This hugging one to death
 By the anaconda of Flattery—
 Too much by half!
 A shining distance, sir,
 Makes one patriotic.

I cannot entertain all the beggars!
 They will suck me up,
 As sponge the water!
 I brunt the world by force;
 Put on the don't-care
 To gain a place:
 Then touch me voraciously
 If you dare!

In my soul is another soul
 To make a large soul;
 And I swear by the Eternal,
 Ye shall not destroy that.
 Stand off! I will bless some of you,
 And dot the deserts in you with green isles.

You say you touched me? Why, I did not even
 feel your elbows in such a crowd.

So intent in my business, my nerves are taut, like
 cables in the wire bridge, indifferent alike to patrician
 or plebian, saint or sinner.

The feeling is down in my pocket, sir, when I am
 traveling.

That crowd in my way? I shall pass it, if I have

to walk on men's shoulders. You may be in the front, and you, and you; and so we all will make progress, when each tries to get ahead.

Miss you ?
Ask the shadowed light
Of the pensive night,
If it misses its stars,
When a veil is over their silver bars.

Miss you ?
Ask the mystic dulse
Of the constant pulse,
If it misses a heart,
When a distance divides its counterpart.

Miss you ?
Ask the tears of eyes,
Or the soul of sighs,
If a something is missed,
When in dreams the sweetest of lips are kissed.

Miss you ?
Ask the loving breast
Of its faith and rest,
If it misses a calm,
When it thirsts so strong for its healing balm.

MURDERING is the business of the people!

Beasts, birds, fish, all are murdered!

The pelted ox is in the car; he is crazy at the mad
rush;

How wild and big his eyes!

He snuffs murder ahead!

A man knocks him down, and stabs him!

Dead so quick?

His carcass is decently cut into slices,

And eaten by civilized cannibals!

Is there no other way to live?

Angels! are there any slaughter houses in your
country?

O chemists, psychologists, ethnologists!

Try your skill at extracting vital pabulum from all
things,

Without destruction of life.

Save us the universal crime of murdering

And devouring the innocent!

WARS! wars! whence come they? How long is
their reigning?

Ask your national law that demands human butchery
To keep up a majesty over its enemies!

Ask the priests of the pulpits who are teaching atone-
ments

To appease the wrath of an implacable Deity!

Ask the schools that are curdling the blood of the
pupils

With accounts of battles that disgrace all our
histories!

Ask the Sunday schools that instruct little Christians
To reverence what's written in the old Hebrew
Scriptures,

Of the plagues and the battles that Jehovah once
ordered!

Ask the mothers who warred against husbands'
oppressions,

When children were forced into life without welcome!
Ask the milk of the mothers that is poisoned by
passion,

So building the battle in the blood of the infants!

Ask the fashions that raid upon honor and virtue,

And the cannibal diet on which we are living!

Ask the drink of the still, full of misery's anger,

How the brains grow mad for the onslaught of
murder!

O God, what a farce! what a damnable error!—

This worship of blood in the hells of Saint Custom!

What a tax! what a sorrow! what a hellish maneuver!

What a horrible sight—this supporting vast armies

To maim, to destroy, and make orphans and widows!

What a culpable mischief this bounding of nations

With guns to provoke them and murder invaders!

It is cowards that war, and fear prompts them to
fighting,

And to haste of the battle for a life-preservation!

We act in our anger what we conspired in secret.

But genius is never a bearer of armor;

No magnet is here to attract its provoking;
 The Republic of Man is a manhood self-governed!

Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory!
 That shall come to our dear mother world,
 When the lightning of truth bright'ning
 With the ages as they roll,
 Pulsing, pulsing
 Tides of love from soul to soul,
 Shall dissever all oppressions,
 And destroy all false concessions
 To a party, sect or clan;
 Shall abolish all relations
 Of the boundaries of nations
 That enslave our brother man!

Oh, the glory! Oh, the glory!
 That shall come to our dear mother world,
 When the spirit we inherit,
 Striking valiant 'gainst the wrong,
 Shouting, shouting
 Equal rights to all belong!
 Shall emancipate the races,
 And shall consecrate all places
 Holy in a common cause,
 Till there is a heart communion
 Of humanity in union,
 Ruled at last by higher laws!

LIBERTY! God's generosity; man's chief abuse of himself—as if stealing and murdering would gain it!

Is it mine—all riches, all dominions? See here, how by self, liberty turns to oppression!

Sovereign, do you say? Nay, a function in the social body; related and therefore responsible.

Free is air, water, soil, wealth of mines and forests; and the best legislation is every one's privilege of use, as possession without monopoly.

Beware of Theocracy that presumes to define by stern rule the way we all must walk in!

Tastes and attractions are diverse as organizations; and the beauty of living is freedom to live out our highest aspiration with the same respect for others' rights.

Some are polygamous by birth,—the ante-natal psychologies of races and associations made them so; some, monogamic; some, celibates.

It is the greatest victory of self-hood to allow what suits the ruling genius of each and all; and the best law of the land is to prevent the raid of the oppressor and the free luster.

Take, then, the responsibility of your own deeds, and, remember, that society too, has claims here for the security of its virtue through your nobility, that the liberty the angels have may be ours at last in the subordinate administration of the passional to the spiritual; which is the glory of self-government.

COURTS of law—what of their justice? I was in the spirit in the business hours:

I saw a man in the prisoner's box, tried for stealing corn, when hungry.

The scowl on the forehead of the judge sealed the severity of his honor; and the jurors cast the same in their teeth, as the lawyers applied the penalty of the law in the decency of gentlemen!

Even his lawyer knew he had stolen the corn, but sought to clear him, not for mercy's sake, but to prove his own smartness.

The poor man was condemned and thrust into prison to satisfy the majesty of law; and the muling church said: Better that his family starve than one jot or tittle of the statute be unfulfilled!

And I saw the magnetic threads outward going from the souls of these honorables, and lo, they were forged into knots of chains, bound upon defenseless men and women. And I heard voices ask: Who have robbed health and beauty from the wives of the administrators of law and order? Who have stolen strength from the nerves, thought from the brains, love from the affections?

And an accusing spirit answered: The courts are mockeries! The greater sin of soul-stealing goes unpunished in human codes! But justice doth not tarry for our night, and her legislation is—The freedom of the soul to possess a righteous citizenship.

RULES do not apply to all cases: Sometimes the golden, sometimes the iron, as the wisdom of circumstances requires.

Lo! these are the commandments of the Spirit:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor better than thyself.

Thou shalt give to him only when his necessity demands it.

Thou shalt deny him when he would abuse thy charity.

Thou shalt enlighten him till he shall no longer ask of thee.

Thou shalt economize all the forces of thy being.

Thou shalt subordinate all thy possessions to the uses of human happiness.

Thou shalt neither receive nor give what will injure the affections of the soul.

Thou shalt preserve in purity all the functions of thy body.

Thou shalt not murder a soul by slander or lying.

Thou shalt deny thyself for the good of life, and develop thyself in perfectibility of character.

RELIGION—has it specialties? One Christ only; one Sabbath day?

My child is my Savior, saving me by example of innocence.

And God is so divine everywhere! all days are sacred!

And all places the Palestine of angel visitants!

Come, heathen philosophers, into the free temple of religion!

What think ye of our new Mary and Jesus?

FAITH—a force, a function, a magnetism, the pulse of the soul and the will of the spirit.

Sun-faith, arrowing beams through space, kissing all the planets at once; night-faith in the stars; floral-faith in the summer rains; child-faith in mother to soothe all aches.

O Faith! O Spring of Immortality! O Angel of Freshness! Come to me!

I am a boy again on the green banks of a river.

Mystic hands upon the church's walls, spirit voices, spirit bodies materialized, raps on the tables and hearts, photographs of immortals, nations in revolt against their governments!

And I am an equal miracle, and can mold matter easy as the beetle rolling up its miniature mountain to lay its eggs in.

Ninety and nine thousand years hence, I shall have completed my study of chemistry; then a few of us intend to make a world of our own, somewhere.

Faith that works by knowledge laid the solar-walks; and why not add another planet to produce human beings after our kind?

My hand now on the Bible of Nature, I swear by the gods of the ineffable, that I will rule the earth with its millions of instinctive creatures in me.

I will be master of self, of appetite, of passion, of doubt, of envy, of fear, of emulation, of the elements, of circumstances.

I glory in the strong sea-wave that rolls and rolls,

mad for the wind, lashing the rocks, driving the fleet of ships into port.

Ride me so, O Fate, but I shall be the General in this battle.

Blow, tempests! burn, fire! freeze, ice! kill, O devil of suicide! I am immortal over all your deaths, and will put you all in prison for service!

THIOUGHTS are ourselves in emigration from the isle of self:

Mind-waves from the life-boat's ploughing on the still deep.

Do not filthy dreamings report affection's lure;

And miserly thinking, oppressive rule?

From the corridors of heaven they echo—

Hail pattering on the home-roof!

Accusing spirits whisper them in their councils,

And station sentinels on the high towers of faith

To ward off their embodied demoniacs.

I study my relations to habit, as the philosopher the sun—

By the vaporous colors in the analysis of the solar spectrum.

My thoughts weigh me; write my biography.

Let us build a stairway with thoughts for rounds

Up the pillars of Truth.

SLANDER hurting you? Then you may deserve it! If giving not its occasion, why disturbed? Is it your venom that needs vent?

Sit under the gnarled oaks in the cold, and see how they stand up against the wind. Thence cometh their fine solidity.

There is philosophy even in slander: It takes its hydra-head in, like a turtle when you touch it, and will snap at you if you plague the monster.

Let it alone and it will let you alone: Nobody will meddle with you when you are known as independent of abuse: Why hinder your journey by stopping to whip so feeble an enemy?

You are not fit for liberty if you do not pay its price: Out of tribulation cometh heaven: High commissions, among the gods, too, depend on honorable scars.

CRITIC I was for a beautiful woman,
 And spared not a shred of her patient endeavor;
 But coldly I said—'tis not fit for the printers!
 Reviewing at length my precipitate folly—
 For she wept and declared, ne'er again will I try it—
 An angel appeared in the calm of the evening
 And lovingly talked to my heart in its sorrow:

My brother, the least of the artists above you
 Is higher by far than you are to this pupil.
 What if her art be the ugliest daubing?
 What if her song be a dissonant music?

What if her poem be an ideal jumble?
 I'm growing her so to a loftier effort!
 And in the hereafter you'll be honored to know her.
 Not skill for the market is what I am after,
 But opening up her long-slumbering genius.
 So chill not my flow'rets in their earliest sprouting,
 But tenderly touch them with hopeful persuasion;
 And lo! on the morrow I'll show you a beauty
 That earth will be proud of to love and to worship.

JEALOUSY-green-eyed-leer of self! Oh, the sick-
 ening distrust! Oh, the slow suicides!

The dagger in the heart freezes there! Injured in-
 nocence cries, I wish I were dead!

Oh, the dead in the grave-yard of jealousy! Doubt
 is the supervisor, locking and unlocking the iron
 door of hell!

Oh, the deeps of hell!

Jealousy is the madness of selfishness, the image of
 its hideousness mirrored in another, the reflex action
 of its own lust, the mood of insubordinate passion on
 fire of envy.

Mistake it not for love.

Call not prudence jealous, when refusing the peril
 of false alliance.

Protection to virtue is heaven's sentinel at the gate
 of angels' faith.

Jealousy's eyes are very sore: She sees you in self-
 reflectiveness: She says, O miserable sinner!

She has owl's eyes: Light dazzles them so she is
 blind, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

What shall we do for our sister? Have you any love-salve to loosen the films?

Suspicion of one's honesty engenders the evil feared.

Will you call a man a thief until he is proved otherwise?

The accusing mistrust suggests the temptation.

Put a man on his honor, and all the good in him is active to keep your confidence.

I love you means I trust you in love's purity to use.

SOcial common sense is the best part of religion. I detest this heartless preaching—this pious daub! this hot-bed civility, put on for effect!

Do you not know that the common fashions of virtue breed the promiscuities that alarm you so?

Why do you court my society when you feel I prefer a genial distance?

Why are you jealous, complaining I do not give you extra attention?

Do you think I am so easily caught? Your suspicion neutralizes my admiration.

We shall both be more agreeable to each other apart. We can rid ourselves so of a magnetic poison.

Do not make a brew of your soul; it sours us all.

VICES of life react—a ghost of repentance from the tombs!

God has two methods—moral heroism and misery:

The first is the angel of ministration from an immortal continent:

The last is a mourning warner—God's dark wing of safety!

Is vice then equal to virtue, one and inseparable?

Is evil a lesser good? is truth to-day false to-morrow?

Principles do not change; relations may.

Have I a right to perjure right? to disease myself?

To circumscribe my neighbor's sphere of usefulness?

How justly nature reacts against departure from her order!

Right side up! says the tree; roots down, limbs up!

Wise as this? The lover of righteousness

Cannot favorably affirm to the good of evils.

No violating God's law, my moralist?

But the law breaks us! grinds us fine!

Cheat not thy soul with over-actions, nor under-actions.

The rule of wisdom is the golden mean.

The pure in heart are vigilant watchers over all its impulses.

The holiest angels pain the most over defects of character.

Our business is to perfect the human race,

Not to perpetuate its miseries

By an apology for their causes; by self-indulgence.

There are two roads to a social hell:

Soul-starvation and sensuous gluttony.

There is one road to a social heaven:

Temperance in all things.

PROFIT and loss!

Hast trampled on others' rights?

Seduced the innocent?

Outraged justice?

* * Be honest once;

What is the profit?

PRAY now the prayer of a tried soul:

Sufficiently wise and morally courageous to
to be true

To nature in every relation of life.

* * * Honestly willing

To give to another

What by natural right is justly due.

TRUTH is soul-conviction, straight-forward speaks
without an oath; walks with firm step; the confidence in the heart makes the face sunny.

The voice is round to fullness; cuts clean, with music in its ring.

Let me look into your eyes; I can tell the rest—whether you can be trusted.

Why worry for truth? It goes fast as the world round its axis. Can it be injured? can it not take care of itself? Trying to steady it, O minister? Let the ark steady you!

Why so much expenditure to born a soul before it is gestated? What can you do with your spiritual abortion? Why belabor the people who cannot understand you?

I tell you the world is just as good as it can be,

down under the freezing fogs from the pits of Doubt. Out with you—this trying to do God's work! The trees are never anxious about growing; why should you be? Give vent to upward feeling!

Truth will have birth in due season,
If you let it grow in the light of reason.

There are three ways by which to grow the world higher: By iconoclasm—legislation—beauty of example. Which of these is best?

Oh, it is grand—this personality of yourself, coming and going at will—all the universe in you epitomized!

BLASPHEMER of the laws of life,
What is that stomach cloud? that slime?
That rotten phosphorescence?
Askest thou for God's light to enter,
Whilst eaten with worms of the still?
The mental mirror fouled, hell is close!
So builds the castle of death!
Behold the prisoner of scorn—
In the cell of despair!
But love never dies; she is so kind!
The prodigal son hath his home in reserve.
Return by the straight route:
First pure! * * *
O Temperance! we will build an altar to thee,
And girt it round about
With cherubim of Fidelity.

GOD-doubter, presuming to improve divine formations! If this passion-wheel is so large and that moral-wheel so small, what is the best policy for safety? Cut down the large wheel to the small one, or bigger the small till it is big as the bigger?

If the steam is great, strengthen the engine for swifter power.

Is passion heavy? Load up the dome-brain with high thoughts; and the world will hail its Hercules who destroys all enemies of man.

The mind-faculties are all lovers: orb them by fellowship: The all-over soul cometh of balance.

Level up, not down; round out, not in.

The line of waves of sound and light, and thought, too, and love, is from soul-centers circling wider, swashing the shores of eternity.

Then the freest love is compatible with the purest morality.

ANTECEDENTS, the data of Christian judgment?
It is so nice to belong to honorable stock!

Did you ever study the genealogy of your Jesus—how the voluptuous Judah by a harlot became a lineal father? How the polygamous David stole descent by slaying the husband of a fair woman? How Mary, without the Jewish law permitting, was found with child of the Holy Spirit? How the manger cradled him? How the trade of a carpenter schooled him? How the cross was honored by his martyrdom?

Did you ever think when your foot crushed a cater-

pillar, that it might, with your mercy, have been a beautiful butterfly?

Did you ever read about the log huts of your ancestors, and their sheepskin garments; and the origin of the red pimples just under your eyelids?

Alas! I am all mixed up by the blood of all races, ignoble and royal, bond and free, legitimate and illegitimate!

My dear Christian friend, lend me some of your family virtue; for I am a sinner; and am so busy at reform I have no time to think of bloody atonements to make me a saint!

COMPENSATION has traveled long enough on stilts; board the cars!

Some there are who think they honor you by enjoying your speech or book without paying for it.

It is mercy to pull out the rotten teeth; and the ministration of Divine Providence to let mean souls starve till they learn good manners.

The greed-mongers of money are also social leeches, sipping dry the fountains of friendship.

Cast them out as unprofitable servants; blast the barren fig tree; lop off all dead branches from the Tree of Industry.

Every one must be a worker or die; for speculation is disreputable; labor is capital, and compensation to pocket and to heart is ratioed to what we give.

I tell you, too, that Love never found herself in so bad a scrape as when she married a stingy man!

I was sleeping on a sofa,
Dreaming of my recent trophy,
How by faith in right so cheery,
I had blest the sad and weary—
How my soul with patient labor
Had revived my dying neighbor—
How to hearts all sore and riven
Better views of life had given,
Rising by the mystic lever
Of a loftier endeavor;—
When, inditing my decision,
I was rapt in blissful vision,
Till it seemed I'd reached the margins
Of immortal Eden gardens,
And were under the reposes
Of the angels' loving roses,
Where I heard a gentle breathing
As if hands were noiseless wreathing
Something sweet for very beauty
Which was styled the Crown of Duty.
Then as sunbeams ope the daisies,
Or the morn night's curtain raises,
I awoke in rest unbroken,
Too celestial to be spoken,
Music in my senses trilling,
All my soul with rapture filling,
And I rose a bold defiant,
In the right a moral giant,
Guided by the holy angel
Who had named me her Evangel!

Our compensation to love;
 The wronged are benefactors.
 A brother fell! * *
 Temptation sealed him!
 A proud man scorned him:
 The proud man's wife was sick:
 The fallen man was the physician of her choice.
 She was healed in body;
 He was healed of proud flesh!
 Love's justice is ever repeating itself.
 If Josephine is forsaken,
 Even for a nation's heir,
 Napoleon's star will set!

O gods of temptation, try us!
 O knowledge of our weakness, humble us!
 O tears of moral pride! O hot tears of remorse,
 Drop on the granite of our nature till it crumbles!
 O love-vine! climb over the ruined walls,
 And bloom on the other side!
 O love! our hearts were not strong enough
 To hold the anguish any longer!
 Here they are, pleading for the balm
 Of the spring-buds on the tree of Forgiving Love!

HABIT!—is it your master?
 The silken thread of a kite drew over the little
 wire,
 And this the strong cable of Niagara's bridge.
 Repeating falsehoods in jest?

The speech organs will be slimy!
 Neglect is the law of weeds,
 And truthfulness of words the law of integrity.
 Sincerity is modest; how frank is her face!

THEORY is so easy, and so many of us get fooled!
 Owing to misplacements in the social uteri, we
 have apes preaching the gospel, monkeys practicing
 law, physicians playing possum when caught killing
 their patients, and the delectable pleasure of tyrannical
 reformers at home!

It is only the reaction of nature from the universal
 custom of marrying and begetting children, regardless
 of the popular idiocy of health and conscience.

Angular folks are extra zealous in reform, outside
 of themselves; and have a special sympathy for the
 heathen.

When socially paralyzed from the over-strain, they
 suddenly petrify as fossils for the next century cabi-
 nets.

The farthest off from harmony preach the most,
 pray the most, swear the most.

It is one of the methods human nature has to
 express personal defect and right itself by experiment.

Let me tell you a strange thing: By accident a
 loving woman married one of these unreformed
 reformers! She was poetical and warmed-souled. He
 was a theorist, scolding her vehemently for want of
 zeal in Woman's Rights!

HEART to the democratic head, woman will pro-
voke us

To loftier manhood by her example:
More a lover, because freer loved;
More a mother, because a stateswoman;
More a wife, because of independence;
More an angel, because a human student.

the harvest home of ages,
Ripe with beauty,
Oft foretold by ancient sages,
Charged with duty,
When the sexes, in election,
Shall in each find safe protection,
Charged with duty!

Never more to soul untruthful,
For the bestial,
But developing the youthful,
So celestial,
Till the love that they inherit
Shall materialize in spirit,
So celestial!

Death destroyed by living hoiv:
So related,
That earth's children, now so lowly,
Are translated;
Changed unconscious at life's portal
Into forms of the immortal—
Then translated!

FLOWERS have souls; they will grow in the winter,
When loving hands shut off the cold.

How clean and sweet beside the outside snows!

Give human nature freedom, room and love,

And how beautiful! * *

The lilies open upward to drink of sun-fonts;

The tarry leaves are turned down; the pure white

With its golden heart is queen of the lake.

O passion-lily of my soul!

ROBIN red-breast in the niche of a tree; a nest in
the hollow of it for two squirrels; flies laying
their eggs under the whites of the leaves; a school
pic-nic under its shadow: what a world of love here!

O birds! O squirrels! O flies! O boys and girls!
O the singing, chirping, buzzing, playing!

My ears close to the grass, I hear music in its
growing.

Up through the branches far away I am looking,
and the green embosses the green of the immortal
world beyond, where are lakes, and rivers, and seas,
and islands, and happy people.

Let us cure diseases of spirit and body by music.
O angels, baptize us in the Bethesda of music!

Ye insane, intemperate, prodigal, weary-hearted,
soul-weepers, come to the omni-healing asylum of
music!

PROPHIECY is ingrained in the tissues of life—in the very blood and nerve root.

The seer knows the end from the beginning: Is not effect aforesight discerned as easy as its working cause?

I know a Horticulturist who laid his face close to a sprouting apple tree, and clairvoyantly saw it in full size, six years in advance, and tasted its fruit! His are all extra qualities, because he is a prophet.

See that spider—how it weaves out its thread ahead, as a feeler for a bridge: Is it a prophet, too?

My soul is all eye, seeing in a circle, as far future as past, when opened by spiritual light.

The angels live in the realm of causation, and are all prophets: When we counsel with them in pure fidelity to spirit laws, they will tell us wherein is the path of danger and of success.

DARK! no hand to withhold you?
 Dark! no eye to behold you?
 The pavilion of shadow is the tent
 Of angels on their vigils bent!
 O young man! in your covert hiding,
 I see your mother! she is gliding
 Thither! there she is! She appears
 With a mantle on; * *
 And her face is wet with tears!

ELECTIVE affinities! I think them the righteousness of nature; that God is building so a body to live in.

All the gases courting each other, forming beauty in the womb of chaos: How splendid—the chemistries!

Wonder if our world's great heart ever makes a mistake, or *promiscuizes* her lovers?

Sweeter is the nectar of the maples for the frost on the roots.

Do you like the black specks on the gold of the lily's petals? and the inimitable pink on the sea shells?

I think it was all elective; and the plaint, too, of the cuckoo, so lonely searching for a mate in the spring.

Nature knows no divorces; so I feel confident our Mother and Father will never orphanize me, their great baby.

If you pretty please, have no more non-elects in society, that you may damn somebody.

The soul elects, not the body; this is only its crystalline home to live in—the most beautiful thing in the universe.

The soul is eternal, maker and lord; hence needs not the care of its incidents. The enduring part has not the claim for our sympathy equal with the transient.

What may be good for the soul may be injury to the body. You must not gaze long at the sun with the naked eye: You can safely devote your soul to light.

Were all the loves of the soul focalized outwardly to the body,—what think you, would it not burn?

I tell you the spiritual life has to be toned very delicately through media, in adaptation to our needs, else the inspiration will destroy us as lightning the roof it strikes.

So there is quite a difference in degree between the functional freedom of the soul and the functional freedom of its body.

The bee may cull its honey anywhere; but the hive must be stationary and sound to treasure it up.

The soul draws what belongs to it for conservation of needs; extracts the elements of health from the bosom of all souls and is content. Now it is qualified to bless the hungry, as it feeds itself; shed its fragrance, as it is gathered with holy economy into the secret chambers of its orderly house.

To grow the immortal angel—this is the mission of earth-living; and all the essences of life are God's mechanics here, as dew and sunbeams are to the plants.

Nature is so wise! She denies for the sake of gaining the most. She prohibits by the unwished-for peril of motherhood; by unsexing you, O virgin woman, if you offer the casket so; by gathering diseases from the diverse alkali to warn you, O man, against departure from the economy of chastity of habit.

And if we follow attractions always, where were the virtue of self-denial and the glory of the greatest victory in earth or heaven—that of passion disciplined

to a delightful ministration to the gods of physical beauty and moral intellect?

What! free, my friend, to appropriate the sphere that attracts?

Is the beauty my neighbor hath bloomed by care mine to pluck because I admire? I would not so do were I pure in heart.

The most loving are most sought; and so the greater peril, if freedom is license.

These are the questions of Love at the bar of Justice: What will protect your innocency? What will ennoble your life with sweetest graces?

Here she loveth as bird its song, as dew its prismatic hues.

Doth she graft incongruities—unlikes—as roses to thistles?

Pure water to pure water, and it is pure still; and love to love grows cleaner, brighter as gold in the using.

These are the signs of adultery that have no marital forgiveness:

When the body is offered a sacrifice to courtesy; when woman revolts against her ensnarement; when the seed of lust is planted which she abhorreth; when the alliance bringeth disease.

O Unsexologists! garnishing the hells to make them respectable!

The libertine a gentleman, and the woman—what?

A hand for him, and a dagger for his victim!

With my daughters in the parlor, and she in a mad house!

I am sad to-day, because of human vampires; they were born starved! The habitual thought of the man, that all women are his to use whom he can control, his wife having no prerogative over the rest, impregnates illicit commerce in the very germ! And if she, poor woman, loves him not fully—as she cannot under his usurpations—but has her heart in another bosom, behold, a vampire is born, sexually insane!

What sex? It makes no difference. It is a parasite! I cannot afford the magnetic depletion. Stand off! you would eat up my very heart, were I to offer my services so. Off! I tell you. The hells made you, O heir of angelhood! You I will save, but not by indulgence. Enter the generative heaven of angel ministry, and be spirit born anew. So shall your hells be quenched by the pure river of the water of life.

Out! ye damnations!—ye false marriages!—ye nightly prostitutions! We are to have a Paradise right where the damned gods have reigned a thousand Christian years!

Woman cannot appropriate what is unwelcome; cannot factorize it into generative reciprocity. The seed lies there dead, breeding poison; instinctively he hates it and her with loathing, and she has lost, too, her own self-respect.

Have I told you a secret of marital sorrows? and will you learn wisdom, O social prisoners, that regeneration begins in freedom and is molded in love?

Is every impulse of feeling a moral aspiration? every whim of a child encourageable?

For my happiness, says the inebriate, sipping the

cup; for mine, says the gambler, wittingly stealing money; for mine, says the libertine, poisoning the fountains of life!

Benevolence in motive is not always wise in deed.

Pleasure may not be profit; nor policy, gain.

True love never asks, What may I have therefor? never thinks, What may I enjoy? If you seek the sweets of love to reserve it, so much of it is lost to you!

Self-denial is self gained.

Married in moral love, each lives for the other.

Any personal neglect to myself injures you: I am impelled to fidelity. What can I do to make you healthful, useful, peaceful?

The living sacrifice is reciprocal: your ambition of love to confer its blessing, awakens my loftiest ideal of manhood.

Competitors in this nobility, we court the hours, and sun all tasks with good cheer.

Responsibility is involved in every impulse of our being.

Each step hath its ring of solemn judgment; each breath its woe or joy.

The man who plants a tree owes it his care; who enters a circle owes it respect; who assumes a social relation owes it his protection.

There is a beautiful rule that covers many ways: The privilege of health with odor of example.

So if the parties consent and there is no trespass on others' rights?

Do you ask me? Well, I must first look into your souls—both yours and hers.

I see—harmless in purposes, with self-denial pleading at the altar of virtue.

This is the law of spheres, remember: No alikes in all respects. Two cannot be loved with the same emotions. Is the sensuous magnet the stronger? Think, now! Yielding, you will follow it away from the weaker.

Bring to bear your honor; your sense of righteousness.

And ask yourselves: Will it contribute to healthful beauty of mind and body, moral content to the affections, serenity of conscience in the after-reviews?

Is there strength of protection, fidelity of friendship to guard against the coming peril, and save the feebler spirit from the cold?

There are watching stars, and the sweet silence hath ears! Yes, and the pulses of angels' hearts touch yours, inquiring if each physical pleasure arrays the character with a whiter vesture; will the reaction jar, or tune, the melody of the years of eternity?

And here I leave you both alone, under human light that shadows heaven, under the claims of our dear humanity, under the eyes of angels that weep so much over our strange world, to prove to us that purity with liberty is the bud of love in their happy land.

See it—that snake's head peering in the tree? The long creature is coiled up in that niche! The bird

above it, on the top branch singing, is in a tremble,—drawing nearer to the charming reptile!

Shoot a bullet into the monster's head! What business has he there? But the bird falls with it, so strong is the lure! Dead? No, but it will never sing so sweet again!

Ho! rescue that minstrel maiden from the Serpent of Lust! The daring brings the world's reward of filthy names stewed in the vats of scandal! But no matter; the right is sure to win at last.

Now loosen the magnetic power that she may be free to dare all sin with the melting fires of song.

Ah, ha! you were precipitate, trusted too strong; unsupported, she fled in peril into the rear fort of Matrimony! The consecrated water there is fresh from Lethean springs: You will be forgotten now, and gratitude will change to scorn, for her husband demands an animal's right, to swallow body, soul and song!

It is so, my brother, and you must expect it—that friendship will sour in the sloughs of selfishness; be just and merciful, for the soul is holy still, though slimed in its misfortune.

What an insult is this to heaven—that our incidents shall supplant our virtues!—that the happy freedom of young life shall lose its genius of hope in a relation naturally divine, but artificially enslaved by the iron-masked goddess of St. Custom!

O angel of Freedom! sun-god of a New Day, purpling the clouds till the night of our social death laughs at its dreamings! O angel, starred all over,

with great light blazing from thy forehead, ride on in thy chariot of conquest!

We shall hear thy spirit rap at the outer gate of our guarded life! see the trailing beauty of thy tread in the black aisles of marital bastiles! hear thy voice that commandeth—Emancipation!

Hark! files are sawing on the chains! sighs are turning to whistles and groans to songs!

'Tis coming up the grades of the great highways, orient, golden, eternal in glory—the Morn of Freedom!

STEALING virtue? There is no law for it! If forced to yield, the purpose of the heart remains: It is no prostitution of soul, but the calamity of our social life.

A poor wife in bonds, hating her immolation, is holy still: A woman in poverty, driven to this suicide of passion, weeping over the pollution of the casket, has an angel side left, kept fresh by tears.

Oh, these precious diamonds, trodden under profane feet! Oh, these martyrs of love unrequited, crucified in the Social Golgothas to show our criminality before the pitying angels, and how true is woman's affection to purity in darkness and filth, in woe and death!

Oh, the stormy hours of wrath to come, that shall reveal the keepers of the prisons!

Oh, the beautiful doors in heaven, opening soon to let the truest angels of earth come in!

Oh, the Liberty, hastening to bloom the lilies in the mud!

RELATIVES in a quarrel about legacies and boundary lines, with envy of each other's success!

Try to amend by a religious revival, confessing you are incorrigible sinners, and you will be believed this time!

Kindreds by blood degenerate by mixing into fools; and magnetisms chemically morose themselves that have no electric fire of contrast.

Let me out beyond the old homestead to grow: West, South, anywhere, but the ruts where our little go-carts snailed along when we were boys and girls.

Strangers are often nearer kin in soul than a whole family of cousins.

Ask the swarming bees if it is not so; and the parent eagles that drive their young out of their territory to build on other cliffs among the storms.

Nature's changes and crossings lose no love; they conserve it, as diverse currents the health of the sea.

This clan-life of family and nationality—how it dwindles and fades as we sail away out toward the farther-continent of the Universal!

MMAGDALENE! O my sister, Magdalene!

When a child all the people loved you much!

You were beautiful then, and happy all day!

'Twas but yesterday when you wandered from home!

We all hunted and found you sleeping in the woods!

Not a soul had a harsh word, darling, not a word!

Those tired feet were so sweet to rub in our warm hands!

Your soiled garments all torn disgraced not the least!
 We all kissed your hot cheeks so fevered with your
 tears!

You are a woman now, and a want has led you to
 wrong!

You have sold your virtue for bread—all for the
 bread!

Not a person seeks you for love; they say you are
 lost!

Every door is shut against you—my Magdalene!

Oh, the judgment coming soon, with its recompense!
 All the lost ones required then at our hands and
 hearts!

O my Magdalene! I found you in the busy street!
 Let us talk right here,—this curb-stone is friendly to
 us!

We are watched; the crowd do call us guilty as them-
 selves!

Take my arm; no place allowed in all the markets
 round

For a righteous deed; a house yonder that opes its
 door!

It is mine; come in; I love you, O my Magdalene!
 I was tempted, but have overcome at last;
 So rest here safe!

The elixir of life

Is not found in experiment with love

In affinities, incongruous and mixed!

I will show you the primal of a good life:

You must carry up the earthly as sun the dews
To rainbows in the cloud for a fresher shower.
There is promise in the flame of your freest love,
When its heat doth enflower the intellect
And exhale its healing balm in the Edens
Of morality; and when two souls, with heads
Bowing to the blast, are locked arm in arm,
Closer entwined for the trial of it,
Know now what a betrothal is, in truth,
And the preciousness of its righteous care.

O Magdalene! come to the landing!
Come from life's merciless stranding!
Come from the waves of heart-sadness,
From the breakers of Jealousy's madness,
And find how divinely related
Are souls that in freedom are mated.

Did I once condemn you, as pilot,
And call you a miserable harlot,
When you were drowned in the brine
Of a deeper temptation than mine?
Did I repulse you when trying
To get your unlawful supplying
Of love that refuse you a living
In a world of our Father's great giving?
When you loved in a more righteous passion
Than is known in the houses of fashion?

Here's my hand—'mong the breakers, my sister,
More honorable far for its blister.

Up, strong on my bosom reposing,
 Your arms round my neck fast closing,
 Your cheek to my cheek, coldly dripping,
 Your lips to my lips for life-sipping.
 Attracted from passion's unresting,
 Return as a dove to her nesting,
 And live to encircle the lowly
 In love of the free and the holy.

MAD souls—so many of them! crazy as a herd of
 bellowing cows before the fresh blood of the
 culinary ox.

Feel damn, full of cursing, relapsing into abandon?
 Your soul says thus—I am starving!

She is lashing you with the scorpions of spiritual
 hunger which you have bred in her bosom; and
 you wonder at adulterous excesses, as the famished
 eagle gorging on the flesh of its victim.

O famines! O gluttonies! O insanities! O riot-
 ings of lust, the wild dance and scream! O customs
 that transfix us on these rocks of ruin!

Go to God's All-Cure of Love; feast the eyes with
 beauty; drink down to the pure of soul! and ask,
 How deep?

What is this misgiving in my soul? this doubt of
 all things? this paled night of slumberless despair?

The city is a wilderness to me: men are trees dead
 in the heart, and women are petrified mosses.

The clouds look cold; the sun, angry in their

chinks; the ground sullen, as if rocking above volcanoes.

You better keep away from me!

It is good for me—this hating of things out of joint—myself sent by express.

Your social torrid breeds too much; ice is palatable in sultry weather.

Am I cold? It is only in body: the soul is cleaner for it.

Does not the motherly earth bare her bosom to the freezing wind, to extract the cold? Lo! in the morning the beautiful frost, and then the pleasant day of autumnal summer.

What is this philosophy that pains me so? Souls in love are mutual mirrors: Do I see unfaith's quality of myself reflected in you?

Ah, I have found it—the scalpel that cuts out the spiritual cancer in my naughty heart:

My mistrust engenders its occasion. My fear brings the result I dread. My suspicious thinking creates by you the action that hurts me so. The fevered imaginations of my burning love, not yet in poise of self-control, recoils to its wintry counterpoise of fierce discontent, so cold you are driven for safety into the sunlight of another soul.

The soul-starved are soul-starvers!

Open me to heavenly love, that I may let out the cold that so freezes us! Put your hand into my heart and take out its polished bars of ice!

VIRGIN in purity, her heart was full of beautiful
pictures of life:

She did not dare to open it.

Did you break the seals by the throbbing of her hand,
As you held it, till its palm trembled in yours,
And a blush on her cheeks reported the sunbeam in
her soul?

O man! bethink in the silence of honor, as she trills
to love:

Would you for worlds stain such chastity?

If you feel a passion to foul that fountain,

If you ask it by word, or look, or thought,

You are the serpent in Eden!

Her instincts read you; she loves you less for that;

And that night, even if she escape your coil,

She weeps—for you first and then for herself—

Poor girl, whom the angels know so well!

* * * When the habit is pure to health,

A maiden's instinct is clean as the white of the sky
Embossed with rainbows in the cloud:

The trust of your words fortifies her integrity.

The rill is not harmed for the filtering sands;

Nor is her soul tarnished for contact

In life's battle against temptation.

She acquaints herself with young men from very love,
And her presence awes them to worship of her
virtues.

So shall she select whom her heart entwineth—

The immaculate soul of manliness.

Upon your peril, forbid not the bans!

MARRIED? What for? a wife to brew and lust
with?

A husband to lean upon? O starved souls!

O body-lumps of muscles with spiritual gout in the
nerves!

O rotten stumps of early beauty!

O wrinkles on the face of despairing hopes,

Plowed much deeper on the soul!

When first married, demanding,

Excessive in affection:

What the products, O parents,

Mourning o'er the waywardness of your children?

This sin-tempting to marry so!

O Saharas in our parlors!

Living for self destroys it!

What if an angel visit that home, and one is saved
from slavery to rejoice in the free love of spiritual
purity; does not the demon of Suspicion plat a
crown of thorns upon that brow—jealous even of the
ministering angel?

And Fashion is shocked;

But Nature's not mocked!

She frees her strong souls

As morn the night ghouls!

Under the roofs, under the darks,

Under the hoofs of human sharks,

A woman is immolated
 In the death that's never dead!
 O horrors and fears!
 O sorrows and tears!
 Lest a child may be born of such lusts
 On her bridal bed!
 O shams of pretension!
 O arts of prevention!
 O crime unrepenting!
 O hell unrelenting!
 Living despite the stabs beguiled,
 And the after plagues of a murderous child!
 O these miscarriages
 Of our false marriages!
 O these pollutions
 Of home prostitutions!
 O these spell-bounds
 Of these hell-hounds!
 O this heart-riven
 That's never forgiven!

 Whence the drunkard?
 Passional forces exhausted by excess:
 Artificial stimulus to supply the waste:
 I thirst! cries the foetal child!

 Whence the hypocrite?
 From a loveless conception
 With deceptive modesty!
 From a churchal recluse
 That hides the secret!

Whence the tyrant?
 From masculine authority
 With a forced maternity!

Whence the human vampire?
 From lust's command
 In insatiate demand!

Is such a union
 The safeguard of the innocent?
 The fire of one passion
 Inflames its neighbor's fury!
 Lust is a mother and her harlots
 Are jealousy, revenge and malice!
 Shall these be kept in the same fold
 A lamb with wolves
 All torn and cold?

By being a brute he has lost his privilege!
 Test his love now by stern denial,
 And feel how bitter is his rebuke!
 Learn thus what is yours to save,
 What is his, when the prize is gone!

A beautiful woman is weeping!
 She is pale and haggard!
 She has even staggered,
 While frightful dreaming in her sleeping!
 What is your history, also?—

When weary and lonely, I would be caressed, my husband mistakes my love, overwhelms me with passion, and I react into fighting disgust. Was it my mother's mistake? I came unasked, and therefore ask nothing he would give! May be I am the fruit of marital prostitution in parentage, unsexing by transmission, for my child is also defective!

O sister of fate!
 Necessity's fate!
 Mismatched and martyred in birth,
 Your soul is still precious in worth!
 If this suicide inherited
 Is never well merited,
 It may be a wise plan
 To be untied from that man,
 And be married in love
 To an angel above!

When we grow, it is either apart or together:
 If apart, why bridge from hell over hither?
 The chasm knows no foreclosing
 While self' in free lust is reposing!

The world is constantly making its subjects
 For polygamous Abraham
 To damn!

What a mourning of the Pharasee Scribes
 Over the sweet Hagers of the slave-tribes
 That are nearer kin to the angels of virginity:
 Ishmaels are born of a tri partite consent,

Begotten outside of the days of Lent,—
Wild men of moonlight nativity!

Is this our social sin
That bubbles up from within?
It is nature seeking equilibrium—by regrets!
The concubinage which our false marrying begets!
Our passional fits
By such haphazard hits
Rollick down the muddy rivers of generations,
To freshen and cleanse the respectability of nations!
When the healthful Plebeians,
Singing the peans,
Of a conjugal insanity—
The whites, blacks and yellows,
Half-civilized, out-lawed, free fellows,—
Bound in to regain a doomed humanity!

O horrors of these secret leases!
O horrors of this descent of species!
Cities of assignation where all the virtues rot,
Where the fire is not quenched and the worm di eth not!
Mad with the wrath of jealousy!
Insane for the syphilis of damnation!
Sprinkled red on the pillars of legislation!
Mingle therewith the fire-water of intoxication,
And meet with revengeful satisfaction
What money will buy to save from starvation!

Congressmen, business men, old men with gray and
silver locks,

Young men with spotted faces, dressed in gay and
 seedy frocks,
Men churched in hypocritic sin, their faith in Christ
 confiding,
And pious bigots saying prayers, as to this hell they're
 sliding,
And many a genteel father of a fashionable daughter,
Are patron travelers thither to this den of moral
 slaughter!

Thrust in thy sickle, O angel of the Just!
Reap quick the harvest of the seed of social lust!
Reap the marital fruiting that was nurtured by our
 sighs!
Reap the masculine trespass and monopolizing lies!
Reap the battle impending on the land and on the
 sea!
Reap the revolutionizing of our nation's liberty!

Mother-Nature is weeping; her heart is bleeding;
she is clothed in dyed garments; she has reached the
red gates of the fountains of life; and this is her
commandment:

No more children by unwelcome!
No destruction of germs!
No fruit that is not loved!
No union that is not holy!

FOCI to an orbit, two of them, else no motherhood
to planets, no motion, no growth!

Nature abhors perfect circles; she loves angles, too,
blended with them.

Hate legitimate as love: Moses was the minister-
ing angel of Jesus.

The lightning loves the cloud, out of which to drive
down to us the rain of blessing.

Compromising for a peace? Sin and un-
sin in coition?

Gods of sedition, jar the harmony!

Oh, for the sublime morality of righteous indigna-
tion, sending daylight through a black-mailed heart!

This is the rotating process, rounding off excrescences
to the ellipses of character.

Patience, then, my soul, patience! The thorns will
not hurt when the roses shed odors to their tips.

Yonder lake is still; the bending heaven embosses
it with pearl.

Too long so and the water sours, and is full of
vermin.

It needs wind and cold rain to preserve it.

Nature abhors a long equilibrium; she acts by the
unbalance of electric forces; and so is growth.

When the air is a dead harmony, look out for a fall
in the mercury.

The soul will contract a moral scurvy, if it cannot
relax from satieties.

When you feel monotonous, an all-over surfeiting,
go right away!

To the woods, ho! to the birds, to new scenes, new society, new experiences.

Fearful of the results, O coward? Not trust your companion, or yourself, in the art of growing young?

What is the market value of such love?

Give length of wire in the helix of affection, and its magnetic power is increased.

Free to shed its perfume, if such love could visit the sun, every ray of light would report its constancy.

INTUITION knows the secrets
 Of the hidden souls of nature:
 Finds the threads that lead to fortune:
 Reads the histories of nations
 On the dust of ancient battle:
 Traces thought from love to motive,
 Weighs it in the scale of Justice.

The immortal dweller in us
 Fashions all the plastic substance
 Of the house in which we're living,
 Like the bird its nest in summer.
 Oh, how beautiful I'll make it!
 Says the faithful spirit artist.
 But the dolting crowd derides it,
 Daubs upon it filthy mortar,
 Till the artist in a passion
 Scowls as angry cloud of thunder,
 Crystalized upon the features.
 So we are not what we're seeming;

We are better than our seeming.
Look ye then with eyes of mercy,
O ye builders of the human,—
Look with Intuition's vision
Down into the soul of Beauty!

Sad I pondered on my love-life
And my right of its possession,
For I saw that others claimed her,
Passioned with an equal ardor.
Loved she this man for his music;
This for goodness; that for honor,
This for bravery; that for wisdom.
So I asked, Where's my advantage?
Am I only just a lover—
Ranking with your other lovers,
Estimated as I must be,
Lacking in the things you worship?

In the sorrow of my question,
Fast asleep I sunk in vision,
And I heard an angel saying:
Much below par, my dear brother?
If so, and art still her loved one,
All her love is pure, unselfish,
And thy union is eternal!
Were her love but for thy person,
For thy beauty or thy manner,
It might savor some of envy,
Or a lustful idol-worship;
If art loved without a reason,

Loved despite thy human weakness,
Oft deplored in heart-misgiving,
Thou art hers in soul relation.
Love ineffable in nature
Cannot classify affection.
As the billows grow in water,
As the breeze is in the blowing,
As the heat is in the sunlight,
As the heart is in the bosom,
As the faith is in the trusting,
As the life is in the body,
As the soul is in the spirit,
So her love is thine forever!
Not for character she loves thee,
Not for price of man's position—
Nay, the riddle thou art solving
Is the life of love in loving!

Stiffly circumspect and moral!
Any soul here to feel after?
Any weakness for our mercy?
Any sin to be forgiven?
Any love that's worth the loving?
Passioned in his erring brother—
Goods and evils in a compound!
Prodigal of time and money!
Did you notice, too, his weeping
At the news of the misfortune
That befell the passing stranger,
When his pocket-book was stolen,
And his life was next the forfeit?

He's a poet—playful, sunny.
 I have seen him in his sorrow,
 The sublimest of repentance.
 What's the matter with our brother?
 Wants a criticism, think you?
 Living free, he oft encounters
 Barricades of meanest customs;
 So he is a fevered swimmer,
 Into Melancholy's Ocean!
 His is madness of the lion,
 Biting bars of his dark prison!
 His Archimedes' strong lever
 Lifting up the world to freedom!
 All the pure and modest women
 Love so much this sinless sinner!
 All the lynxes of the churches,
 All the hollow stumps of churches,
 All the fashionable ladies,
 All the men of creedal honor,
 All the ministers of pulpits
 Are so savage to this brother!
 But the angels trust him, weeping,
 Trust in love the soul-exchanges,
 Trust the good that yet will triumph:
 So there is another party—
 Angels of forgiving mercy—
 To rebuke, O pious Christians!

There are minds that see the flower
 In the stalk before 'tis budded;
 But accusers see it only

When it's open in the blooming:
 Then they pay for first neglecting
 By a jostling 'gainst the gard'ners!
 But nobility's fair flower
 Bows and opens all its petals,
 Shedding perfume without measure,
 For the world's eternal blessing!

See the grapevines dipping rootlets
 Into soil beyond the fences:
 See the grasses peeping greenly
 Out between the chinks of granite:
 See the flocks of sheep and cattle
 Lying close beside the river:
 See the starved-soul nestling nearest
 That strong soul of faith in goodness!
 See the wives and husbands freely
 Following the spiritual magnets,
 Not regarding e'en their pledges!
 Whither is this social drifting?
 What will come from this strange mixing?
 What's the meaning of this battle?
 What are spirits doing with us?
 I am prompted in my honor
 To install the best example:
 I'm resolved to beat my brothers
 In the privileged test of duty,
 In the ownership of freedom,
 In the mutual love of giving,
 In the trust of faith's reviving,
 In the life of souls uniting,

In the angels'holy unions,
In the innocence of virtue.

Once I saw a wife so weary,
Sad and pale and often sighing;
But her husband was all vigor,
Roughly strong and coarse in fibre.
Did he live at the expenses
Of her vital forces, think you?
When she met that noble stranger
Of large soul and generous feeling,
Who had suffered by oppression,
And had gained a higher freedom,
Loving virtue for the trial;—
When she met the noble stranger—
I will tell you all the story!—
'Twas not lawful, I remember,
But she did rest in his presence,
Rest her head upon his bosom,
Rest upon that great-souled bosom,
Rest a moment, leaning gently,
Sighing so and weeping strangely!
Can you tell me now the meaning
Of that clinging and that resting,
Of that sighing and that weeping?

Love hath polarized its center
Inspirational in freedom,
With its tangent of ambition
For the circuit-faith of motion.
Let her dance in swift cotillions

With the planets in their orbits,
Holding safe the central magnet
By the freest revolutions.
Let her bathe in sunny fountains,
In the bloom of angel-summers,
In the fragrance of their roses,
In the healthful balm of Eden.
All the deeps of distant spaces,
All the charms of starry bowers,
All the glory of the heavens,
All the hearts in angel bosoms,
Only blend in closer union,
Trusting souls that love each other.
Dearest when the love is freest,
Fairest when it scatters blessings,
Strongest when the love of freedom
Keeps the purity of passion,—
Nearest when progressing highest,
Like the lark that sings the sweetest
When the dew is on her pinions.
Back she comes with inspiration,
Laden with a light magnetic,
With the health of beauteous girlhood,
With a heart of sweet attraction,
Resting on a throbbing bosom,
Calm as star on crest of evening,
In the loves of soul-responses,
Every touch a trill of rapture,
Only known and felt by lovers
Who are free, and pure, and holy.

HUMAN sighs! south winds from Paradise, fanning
our savage wills.

Woman's impassioned breath melts the snow-flakes
in us—neutralizes the acids; her tears trouble us so,
we return home to the warm fireside of our lost affec-
tions!

She has nothing to say: is still as Venus in the
evening sky: her bosom heaves in tidal emotion in
that night of confidence; and we rise to a splendid
daring.

Enchantress of our ambitions, she makes society
as the floral soul doth its ministering petals.

What stings the cup down so deep, flowing in
purple courses? What wounds it so every lunar
month? What has red-stained these Sybilline Leaves
in Hymen's bower to give the oracle of warning—
My maternity must not be stolen?

Weep freely, scarlet angel!—the red rain is so wel-
come in marital anxiety! precious pain, prismic ere
the daylight hath revealed it.

In honor keep her secret, O husband with a soul:
Cover her in your bosom safe as the bleeding red-
breast in her nest under mated wings: She will be
healed so.

Heaven hath ordained you the Gabriel of Righteous-
ness to guard these mystic gates against all trespass,
yourself the fiercest enemy! Open and shut lovingly,
lest the hinges fail in the swinging, to your everlast-
ing shame and sorrow!

Have you such a husband, O trembling child?
Trust him! the batteries are locked secure, even when

the storm is abating: The steam under the passional valves where the fire burns is under wise governance: Be calm—no evil lurketh where the Conjugal Angel of moral courage keeps the key.

She will be so beautiful afterwards—covering you almost from sight in her gratitude, like the boughs of the balsam hiding its support under the firry green, heavy with weeping showers.

How that angel with noiseless tread unlocks the consecrated chamber! and the Bride descends to meet the Bridegroom!

There is divine right of commerce when sacred to health and purity; and the child of love is our new Christna!

WOMAN loves but one in fullness of soul-confidence. She is so obstinate in her love; demands complete and solid possession, capturing you all over, if you advance so! She draws you stronger than you calculated.

Do you apologize to escape by saying, I am not worthy? She hates that and storms it out of you. Why, she takes you for a perfect jewel; sees no lack in you, feels none; gives her whole self to you. Be a hero now, and you have won a queen!

Can you help loving her, so free, so earnest, so confident, so beautiful?

Have you, O man, measured a wife as you did your harlequin, and thought her no more to you than a convenience at night? It is quite different, sir, and

your reserve is a sure revelation of bad odor. She may discover it! What will you do? my dear unfortunate!

Go wash thyself in the Jordan of Repentance; secrete thyself for a season among the balsams of Temperance; sprinkle thy whole person with the dews of Prayer; thence come, clothed in chaste garments, and offer, brave in conscious worth, an unstained hand with a star in it, and she will overwhelm thee with gratitude, kaleidoscopic in beauty and prolific in affections as the bosom of the floral valley among the mountains.

She will be to thee ever the same in soul; but changing by emotions in eye-flashes and cheek-tings, in attire and manners, in kisses and weepings over you—my bonny bird!

Do you not see that dream playing on her face as she lies beside you, left to faith's sweet abandon? What is she dreaming of? Why, you have waked her by looking inquisitive so; and you have no more surprise, for she locks her arms around your neck, saying, O my darling, all I can do is to love you!

Mistress of the household, the little things are so large in importance now; never before so beautiful a home, however humble, so kind, so economical!

Ah, do you see the wrinkles coming to that brow once as clear as the azure of morning? Care for you, for money, for the dear children, is also busy plowing there; but the rifts are full of gold dust which Love dusted freely, and a new light haloes the head

and face, such as angels have in the autumns of their country.

Not changed? Only in riches of soul that draw forth a lofty ideal. She has not forgotten to say at evening, Do not stay out late, my dear. She has not ceased to fold herself in your bosom, reaching up her hand to your beard, and drawing you down to her lips with the familiar whisper of betrothal—I love you, oh, so much!

I told you you had won a queen; and you have found her so, yea, the angel God gave to you; and have you returned her fidelity, and kept your heart close to hers all the time, responsive to each as delicate harp strings to the music of the zephyr?

WIFE, O my wife! I am sad and weary: See where I have been stabbed by him I sought to bless!

Would that I were known as you know me.

Let me hide just one night in the center of your heart where the pulses are.

The Satan of Envy cannot find me there!

There I nestled so safe, and heard the angel of music sing:

In your heart of hearts you'll find me,

Where the tendrils, pulsing, bind me,

Sweet as flower that hugs the dew:

In your mind I'm always thinking,

All my being closely linking—

Closely linking life with you.

In your grief of soul-emotion,
When the storm is on life's ocean,
And you drink its bitter bane,—
When the waves of trial, beating,
Come with Slander's hollow cheating,
I am guarding 'gainst the pain.

In the hours of silent sleeping,
As the stars are o'er you weeping,
Every beam a vigil dart,—
When you then in dreams have started,
Searching for the dear departed,
Close beside you is my heart.

In the labors for a living,
In the charity of giving
Mutual competence and cheer,
I am there with constant caring,
In the sweat and conquest sharing,
Sharing, too, the hope and fear.

In your sicknesses and sorrows,
In the shadows of the morrows,
Dark'ning o'er your busy life,—
In ambition's lofty trying,
Rising by a self-denying,
I am still your loving wife.

VIRTUE! what so anticipates the joy of marriage?
 O virgins, known in heaven! already are you
 plighted by the fatality of love's providence, ere your
 eyes felt the glow of the soul's reflection.

The blooms of the cheeks, the thought-sprays upon
 the brow, the gurgles of healthful laughter, are
 splendid recommendations.

When mated by outward seals, the recollections of
 pure habits are the securities of mutual faith.

The calm of integrity is so beautiful; the gleams
 of faces so respondent; the high purpose so laconic!

Your wife clings closer to you, O man of heroism.

Your husband is proud of you, O wife of purity.

Attraction is so strong in this court of love, that
 bands of Hymen's angels cluster there to see if earth
 can not yet equal heaven!

The first and after repose in each other's arms are
 all hallowed to happy memories.

MARRIAGE—all things sexed—organics, forces,
 thoughts, affections—polygamous or mono-
 gamic.

Unconscious elements selecting and rejecting with-
 out revised statutes, in continuous potency of com-
 merce.

Minerals jumbled into promiscuities.

Grasses and grains in communes; forests in Chris-
 tian fellowship; many stamens for one pistil; many
 planets for one positive sun; many flocks for one
 master sire.

All life risen in the human—here is male and female, the mold and pattern; the heterogeneous and polygamous coronated.

Man and woman in lordship; the animal subordinate to the rational; sex-commerce focalized to dual unity; variety in singleness of power; scattered enjoyments intensified to oneness for concentrated perfection—the marital crown of life:

Relative but not interrelative; contrastive subordination of temperament; forces reciprocal; duality in unity: progressive in ascending circles—physical, intellectual, industrial, economical, sentimental, moral, spiritual: the two consorts one angel, with eternities of love ever before them.

The tapped maples begin to decay; the young apple trees, stirred at the roots too often, are blighting!

The blooming girl is married! A loss of rosy cheeks, a satiety of companionship, and—I want to go and see my mother!

Weeping early in the morning, a walk alone among the trees in the evening, and—what if I should die?

The poet has lost the muse; the artist, his skill of soul-engraving; the minstrel, that strain of divine cadence: dreams of the beautiful are all dead!

I asked my experienced sister, What is fashionable marriage? and she said, A choice of spiders!

The white marble and the lie engraved on it: the consumption, infanticide, death of bodies and morals.

Oh, choice of spiders!

Married according to statute, before fashion's shrine
—for what?

Caste, money and lust?

The church said, *Amen!*

They lived in pollution; their first born died, their
second, their third, their fourth wronged also, bearing
through life the psychometric brand of hate.

And the church said, *Continue!*

Married without priest or magistrate, themselves
the seal in defiance of courts, their souls the record
in trust.

Both humble, serious, weighing responsibilities,
faithful, pure minded and free: their children loving,
beautiful, noble.

Which of these, O philosopher, is approved in the
judgment of angels and of all good men and women?

Wherefore this challenge to the State?

Because it presumes to equal the soul's necessities
and compel reverence to the idolatry of law which
sensuous men have enacted as the full measure of
human circumstances and conditions.

What! debauched men at the sacred altars of soul-
affections, pronouncing fate over what angels have
sealed and forging legislative chains to bind the free-
will offering of love?

Out of the sunshine, O prostitutes of Higher Law!

First, last and ever, the soul's rights are holy to
love whom it must.

Change your law to supply this demand, and it will
be respected: Presume nothing, protect everything

divinely human, and virtue will thus be fortified as the sun-orb in walls of light.

Be patient for this little span of life whose disciplines temper to higher trust.

The spiritual, like the century plant, is long in quickening and growing, and therefore the more beautiful and enduring.

It is hidden deep—precious—all there is of life—worth all trial to develop it.

Suffer rather than inflict suffering: Such martyrs are the crowned of God.

Concede, then, but jeopardize no principle.

The bending reed does not break for the wind, nor is the obliging soul a loser for its trial.

Talk over the grievances dispassionately; forbear and wait; guard words and their accent, for the tones of the voice are diverse as soul-emotions.

Essential defect is not in act, but condition.

Life in circumstance is the woven thread of the soul from the loom of affection to the garment of use—all there is of the liberty of fate.

If pilfer is in my desire, and scandal, and lust, and Propriety curbs them, be I any less a spiritual idiot?

Tell me why this longing of soul? this unwelcome gulf, not yet passed, over which we look so wistfully? this pleading—Do you love me?

Oh, ho! the soul's keys are not all touched; they need the free breath of love to make music in the home of faith.

Look there! my friend, see that courting self-hood, that reserve which checkmates its companion!

You have not found in his soul the thither shore; why then attempt to bridge the gulf yet?

The demons of Jealousy that haunt the stream of passion must first be conquered.

The springs thereof yet change with the using: Did you note the content of his spirit when solaced by others?

He that looketh abroad for his loves is a wanderer still in the desert; the sexual variety but aggravates the thirst: It points back, an index, to something that divides you.

The dove of affection cannot rest except in the ark of its own construction: When met in fullness, the going forth is never in hunger, but carrying the peace-branch to the starving.

So I will give you a rule of conduct:

In your soul prefer the presence of your companion in witness of your acts rather than absence.

Forgive me—said with earnest love—always heals some wound.

Study causes, too, whether you are marital in conditions of organism: There may be selfishness at the root.

Divorce, also, reports its cause, but not the full measure of marriage: Greater is the harvest than the seed-sowing.

Is there a child between you—a dear unfortunate?

And it is not responsible for this calamity! It has a right to parentage and its protection, to sunshine in the morning of life.

Add not sorrow to this misfortune: Its right first, then yours.

Parental love is the next out-wave of the conjugal: keep its center secure!

But the Angel of Divorce is righteous, too: When justice is outraged and life is perilled and the good of life is imprisoned, this is her gospel:

Separate hands that are clammy with love's death.

Separate brains that naturally think apart, and hearts whose touch is poison to each other.

Separate the innocent from the beast of legal adultery.

Separate the pair whose best productions are demented.

Obey God and live!

Keep the commandments of Love!

Whom man hath joined together, God will put asunder; and the promise is theirs:

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

And the Angel of Soul-mating hath a gospel, and this is the chain of pearls by which she links them in one:

As God hath united you by the higher law of love, I charge you both to watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

For if you cease to love and protect, God hath divorced you!

As this woman is your wife she is your equal in all the rights and blessings of life.

Have no secrets which are not hers; keep her confidence.

Reverence her virtue.

Preserve her health.

Defend her equality.

Appeal to her wisdom.

Study her needs and be generous.

Worship her with all your heart, mind, might and strength!

As this man is your husband, you both are one social body.

Consider his care.

Ennoble his fidelity.

Embosom his trust.

And the good he calls out in you return in fullness.

Make the honeymoons perpetual!

I pronounce you wife and husband, married according to the law of God.

Whom Love hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

SOCCIAL Life puzzles me; all my philosophy is gone!
 She was pale and sick,—the angels' oracle in the high tower of Inspiration: The doctor said, It is consumption, she will not live!

Wandering lonely and forlorn, she met a stranger;

he was strong; they were as the panting hare and the laughing brook. Three months so, and she was well, robust and happy; and then they repelled with the vigor that they attracted; being in magnetic equilibrium.

And I had another lesson: A poor Sybil was social, but wilting in the desert of passion's barrenness. O horrors of those meetings! the heat burned up the oasis in her soul.

Mutual wisdom said, Depart from each other! So he found response in another, keyed to cooler intellect that schooled him to self-control and moral grandeur. The Sybil wept and sighed till a modest stranger of reserve, sphered as the Balm of Gilead with healing, entered her home—protectorate, brother and soul-companion.

Love mounted her throne now, vined with roses; and under her mild scepter they lived in the bloom of beautiful unity.

Her soul, enlarged and free, embosomed itself in sweeter friendship with her first husband, and they loved as sister and brother, as mother and father of their own dear children.

Then I said in my heart, What right have I of social dictation? I cannot tell the ways of the wind, nor of the water-arteries down in the deep earth. I will cease to tear myself over the proprieties of Custom, and rest in the divinity of God's laws, praying for wisdom with charity to institute a Social Life whose offices of instruction shall balance our transmitted and acquired vacuums of soul, each the chooser

or refuser of what is personally good or ill, and government demanding it, that the demons of divorce may find no place in our fair world to devour the innocent, and the angels of liberty to the forces of love may arch our manhood and womanhood in moral excellence clear and deep as the wondrous sky.

Amiable, modest, friendly; they married; but they loved not!

Each soul famished and turned to bitter hate, and the furies held carnival on the bridal bed!

As I wondered, there was given me another riddle: She was beautiful and sweet as an angel; he was acrid, firm, licentious. They loved and were happy, for his soul purified itself in this fountain of Adaptation.

So I said, Philosophy is folly; Love has eyes to see without spectacles; and it is none of my business to prevent a social regeneration!

Chained by law to one he did not love, he grew cold and sour, saying, There is no God, no hereafter; life is a burden; and he planned his own death by poison.

One more night, he said, just to make the measure of a full grief!

But the night was daylight in his soul; for his sister angel was before him, starred on her forehead, and in her hand a bud which she placed upon his sad heart, where it bloomed.

He is a dear old man now; calm as sunset, and his

sleep is a child's; for his sister comes to him to open his vision; and he sees through the veil a sweet home for him, when deemed worthy of departing for it.

Wherefore so wilted, O womanly child? Even this reveals your secret?

She opened the chamber of sorrow to her spiritual sister—the chamber of soul, where she married a home!

They wept together!

Love's sympathy was not enough; the pale one needed man's positive will in the calm of honor.

Could you have heard the voice of that sister as she called her husband! It had the mellow undertone of trust.

A whisper, a look, a kiss, was her commandment to breathe his strong love upon her sinking spirit.

Two faces met upon that manly bosom, both grateful—a triune circle, as two buds on one stalk, nurtured for the bloom of innocence.

The commingling tears that fell there! the prayer of faith! the good of goodness in that hallowed hour!

An angel's voice was heard then; and it said, Behold, my brother, for this I will give thee a green flower that shall spring out of thy bosom!

LOVE is equal to all things!
 She opens rocky hearts with the wand of faith;
 Perennial springs flow out,
 And melancholy is green with hope.
 She brings her summer solstice of truth
 Far into the arctic zone of doubt;
 And bergs of ice melt into happy isles.

He was self-willed, impulsive, but tender-souled.
 That is mine, she said, mine to develop and love—
 My century cactus, so beautiful at last!

Impatient, weary, acrid, all day long,
 He brooded over imaginary inconstancy,
 Till the fever of mistrust turned to freezing!
 At night she encircled him in her love;
 Bathed him with her warm tears;
 Kissed away confessional sorrow;
 Placed her head upon his bosom,
 And dipped out all the cold!

Measure the sunbeams, the star-spaces, the ocean-
 springs where the fishes drink, the cycles of eternity
 and the relations of love!

I will tell you something to think of:

I love you because I cannot help it!

Hear it in this silence which the sunlight might
 envy.

My hand in your hand, my lips printing hearts on
 your lips, and our hearts side by side.

I am covered with liquid pearls, under the spray of

immortal fountains: I am so near to you I forget I have a body: I looked to see if I were clothed, and lo, myself imaged in you as whiteness to the light!

Is love selfish, then, because it clings to its own? Selfish when thus developing the best specimen of angelhood?

Is she not just, when refusing the greed of self? most worshipful in the council of war, when buckling moral armor on the breasts of young men and maidens?

Does love say, I am willing he should go if another can make him happier?

The consent with candor and sympathy may win back the wayward heart.

But touch the consenting heart and see if there is no tremble.

It is the voice of woman's nobility with instinct sensing a widening gulf between her and her husband!

Perfect love implies no fear, suggests no contingency, thinks of no departure, argues no conditions that will delight a separation.

When these come unsought, she mournfully accepts the terms and is kind.

Love's conjugal circle is primal to all circles; even an angel must stand outside of it, else the harmony is jarred.

Let me fold you in my arms, beautiful girl. I will give you strength of will, and you will revive my boyhood romance.

By this look you will not forget me.

When I am Uncle Silver Gray, and you are a woman, I will come to your house and rest—a pilgrim then and your angel afterwards.

Oh, a child's love of a child's love! As a child is, my purposes are holiest when I love the freest.

Touch a single petal of love's affections impurely, and paradise is lost!

I will tread reverently amid the beds of beauty: Though my feet be dusted with the incense thereof, not a color shall be marred.

The bower where I repose shall ever after know me, and the clusters of vines will bow to me, for I have kept my integrity.

Love and obey him! is this the order? War to the hilt where rights are unequal!

What! masculine superiority at the home circle? It will sour its very incense!

Man obeys woman without knowing it, when Love and Justice clasp hands.

Woman obeys man in laughter, as she denies; she loves him so.

Where love is is no statute, no sheriff, no prison. It is all the divine obedience of liberty, just as the green of the earth obeys the sun and rain.

Is that love which has to be watched lest it die out? when the hand-touch wakens anxiety, and the eye has an unsteady gaze?

Is it art? the option of will? a mathematical calculation? a boughtable quality of character?

Has it grievances to report and self-excuses for its follies?

Doth it cunningly test the fidelity of its friend by the coquetry of experiment?

Has it a pledge to keep itself safe, with durability dependent on a fair promise?

Is intense ardor of attention the treasury of its constancy?

As the hazle in the hands of the water-witch finds the living spring, so soul finds the depth of love by its signs.

Children walking in the dark feel stronger if mother or father speaks encouraging words.

By some miracle, Love descended from heaven into our world, and she finds it so cold betimes, so gloomy, she asks for a hand to hold hers, and never tires of hearing—

I love you!

It should be said often with its own eloquent cadence.

There is a fire-touch of soul to letters that are covered all over with kisses. If intelligent, too, and magnanimous in spirit, how healthful! Placed in the bosom, where no thievish, spotted hand dares to go, the very lungs breathe deeper and freer.

Send me long love-letters, bristling with brave and lofty thought.

I dare all things when the trill of your voice keeps repeating—

I love you!

Advice will not help you much in the art of winning.

If repellent to whom you proffer attention, your effort only intensifies suspicion.

Recede to a focal distance, as the earth does in summer, about three millions of miles; you may win so if you belong to that solar system.

You must study the law of social attraction planetarily—by the inverse squares of distances.

Space is annihilated after all, for the room makes a place to fill up and show how vast is the power of love, widening out as sun-waves.

Who shall separate us? Try your skill, O Hate! O Persecution! O Envy!

You can frost the body of my beloved, O Death, but I tell you her love under the snow is just as warm!

If you hide her among the green leaves of the shrubbery in heaven, and many lovers sue there for her hand, she will soothe me with the whistle of an Indian maid; and I shall go there, and she will wait for me, even if it be a thousand years, my own Columbia!

Wind from the lungs of the South, and all last year's seeds are in bloom.

How easy to the eye is the green specked with varying colors of floral republics!

How the young hearts beat in the sun of such inspiration!

The physiologist who wrote that the human breath

is poisonous, being the gas of carbon, must have been badly married!

When an apostle breathed on the spiritual inquirers, they received the Holy Spirit.

That could not have been from rotten teeth or a stomach diseased with theological dyspepsia.

My whole philosophy is nullified. Your breath is healing to me: I am fresher for a bath in it.

Is this the fragrance of the soul's flowers, and your lips their petals?

Breathe on me again: So close all day with you and a life with angels.

Oh, this spiritual breathing!

Dam the water pool and it sours; choke the soul's intuitions to love what is lovely and it grows morose and dies mourning.

Will you iron-case the spring of love lest another thirsty soul may drink and be refreshed?

The effort to monopolize it changes its channel, and it is soon lost to you!

Oh, the suicide of souls under the name of law and order!

We are so selfishly afraid that we shall not have any honey, we dare not trust the industrious bee in culling it from all the free flowers!

Nobility of character, congenial surroundings, the luxury of comfort—these the tests of love?

Love enters the lowly cottage where is not a green thing, and sings a song.

Love finds the rough diamond in the drunkard and
washes it all bright with her tears.

The prodigal son is imaged in a mother's soul.

That is love which kisses all sin away into everlasting
forgetfulness.

Love is the privilege of purity.

It and the lily!—both are born through waves
of trial: They are so clean with beauty!

Oh, how good is the human soul! how holy to feel
it growing within me!

There 's a pure white lily
That is blooming in the earth,
A beautiful lily—
And it hath immortal worth—
The lily of the soul.

There 's a pure white lily
That is drinking heavenly rain,
A beautiful lily,
That 's without a scar or stain—
The lily of the soul.

There 's a pure white lily,
And its petals are unfurled,
A beautiful lily,
For the glory of the world—
The lily of the soul.

There's a pure white lily
 That is fresh with Eden's dew,
 A beautiful lily,
 Of a freshness ever new—
 The lily of the soul.

There's a pure white lily
 That will blossom best above,
 A beautiful lily
 In the angels' home of love—
 The lily of the soul.

HUMAN life hath so many mysteries!

I thought I was wise, when manufacturing policies for other people. Let me tell you what I have seen, and you will not wonder at my conversion from a ministerial respectability to a disreputable decency.

I have seen a man of iron will, blue as December's sky, when too cold for snow, revive at the hand-touch of his frail wife; and that is a mystery worth experiencing.

I have seen a woman, soul-starving amid a profusion of luxuries and kindnesses; and that is my riddle for you to guess.

I have seen a maiden trustingly love her indifferent seducer; what was it she found so precious?

I have seen a poor and sickly woman, destitute of means, contented and happy; do you know the cause? She loved her husband.

I have seen an old lady, mismarried a whole life-

time, sunny and hopeful; if you wish to understand the mystery, ask her spirit-mate who sings in her dreams!

I have seen a prostitute of greater philanthropy than her Christian scorers; is she not our sister?

I have seen a reformer who visits the prisoner, clothes the poor, feeds the hungry.

He told me his history; was disappointed in love; married unhappily; and I knew then why he became a Shaker.

I have seen him weep, and heard his deep sigh.

Lover as he is of humanity, so good and generous, there is a blank in his soul; but he is patient; and he has told me about a Spirit Bride!

A spiritual brother was in a foreign land, disappointed in ambition, sad, forsaken, sick.

A sister of mercy cared for him tenderly.

The physician said, He will die!

The hour of midnight so heavy! but she is by his side watching.

He had been in a dream far away. Waking he said, Tell my wife and child that I died in their love!

His head drooped so gratefully on that woman's neck in free weepings and confessions.

Their souls met. Love's sweeter breathings neutralized the fevers. He grew stronger and rose rejuvenated.

So I learned that love is the medicine of health.

Another brother was brain-weary, lonely and

despondent: A gloom hung over him: He thought of suicide!

O terrible hour of smothered hopes! Was he insane?

A sister of free loving soul found him so; placed her hand in his; laid her unstained bosom upon his in purity of heart.

What! not forsaken—in this cold world? he said.

She refreshed his parched lips with kisses, as rain the wilted grass; and the cloud of melancholy broke into shivers of light.

He was saved!

So I learned that love is the antidote of insanity.

A husband drooped and departed; she, faithful wife, was still there watching the pale form.

There was a funeral; the body was confined; prayers were said, but she heard them not.

An angel mantled her in the trance-light of Christ's power.

She rose from her revery; at her command they left her alone with the angels.

Her tears were electric with sympathy; they fell upon the white face; she took that hand again in hers, and called on her departed; it was love calling!

Her beloved heard and glided back upon the life-cord scarcely severed, and lived again!

So I learned that love is the resurrection of the dead and the key of immortality.

Oh, the mysteries of human life!

A man in love with a modest girl of an obscure family. Pride of position forbids the banns. He calls her his lost Pleiad.

Was his love?

She drooped, and died of a heart fever.

Was not hers love?

Then he came to himself and was sad. People asked, What is the matter with him?

He could not sleep, for he was thinking of that pensive angel guarding over him.

A war broke out: He wanted to drown his grief.

For my country! he exclaimed. Was that so? Ask that pensive girl in spirit life!

Reckless and brave, he won laurels,—first as Colonel, then a General.

Was he happy now? Could you have looked under that brass-buttoned vest, and heard the reveille of that heart!

In a great battle he was mortally wounded at the front. They carried him to a shading tree in the rear.

As the red blood throbbled from its artery, he caught some in his hand, and threw it skyward, shouting, I come!

From his bosom he took a miniature, and looked at it till his eyes glazed in death; and never was a smile so magnificent on a soldier's face.

But for that modest girl of obscure family, who would have led a nation to victory and glory?

Oh, the mysteries of human life!

A beautiful woman, married to an aristocratic,
walking corpse!

Money and society made steel of the iron chain!

The church said, What an exemplary woman! The
angels wept!

I sell my soul for daily bread! was her confessional.

But a loving soul must have some avenue to express
its goodness: She devoted herself to benevolence;
gave food and clothing to the destitute, and educated
the prodigal children.

Thousands blessed her name, and revered the
dust she trod upon.

But for that marital sorrow, who would have cared
for the poor and ignorant?

Her loving friend, so faithful, slipped the coil and
was a ministering spirit, visiting my lady's chamber!

She saw him, heard his voice, touched his hand, and
was welcome in her heart.

Her husband, ever jealous, did not know it, but
thought that beautiful man was dead!

But for that departure in manhood's prime, where
were the spiritual devotion and freer communion of
souls?

Oh, the mysteries of human life!

He was a young man of genius, dissipative in habit,
persuasive in manner; a libertine, he enticed the
sylph of goodness.

They were legally married.

He forgot he had a wife when in the presence of his paramours.

Those hours of revelation!—Oh, the fright of her soul as it pondered upon his infidelities!

She was the mother of a demented child—product of his vices and her sorrows!

Pity mingling acids in the wormwood!

The tears that wet the pillows! the air that was heavy with sighs! O my God!

What will not a wife and mother endure when she feels her high responsibility?

The world looked on indifferently; it was so common!

From the fashionable saloon to the black sea dungeons of sots;—this is the way—the usual way. The brothel shunned him as he went down into hell's putridities and sores.

In that blank moral night, as she sat brooding and cold, a light burned upon the stained wall—a rosy light that glanced thence upon her forehead—a blazing star!

An angel was in her room, clothed with a white vesture, telling her of the great world-love beyond these vales of marital miseries.

The very throbs of her heart were heard there! One hour of such communion was her eternity.

A new appointment! said the angel: The price of trial is usefulness: I consecrate your brain to free thought, your soul to free inquiry and love, your hand to social revolution!

The angel vanished as the spirit light was absorbed

into her inner life—henceforth the shrine of Purity's offering.

Faithful to the order of the heavenly guide, she severed the iron chain that bound her married to the body of this death!

At its recoil, the shock awaked him to thought and thence to conscience's pain that preludes repentance.

Even the broken links seemed precious in her hands. No longer his wife, married soul-full to another, she stooped to save the wretch of her agonies. She was his sister, and he her brother; so they lived in the same house.

Then the sin-sick man died; she administered the balm of tender sympathy; she and her husband were the mourners, paying a tribute of genuine respect even to the debased casket whence the thankful angel had escaped to begin a better life.

Did you know that, even for these deeds of goodness, the world scorned and rebuked her with criminations?

She dared do right in mercy to the last.

That beauteous queen of bravery, persecuted, imprisoned, scarred and healed, is known among her angelic associates.

Her sisters follow her from death to life, from ruin to hope, from hate to love; and her mantle will be wide enough to cover them all, when she passes the crystal gate of immortality!

SHE does not love me now! Aha! poor Mercurius? Here is a glass to see hearts in! What's there? Ho! a dark spot—cancerous Selfishness, incurable by the doctors!

Had you loved even our dear humanity—the out-cast, the sorrowing, the good of the weary ones, the beauty of intellect wrecked by your neglect,—she would have held to you pendant as the green wood-bine close to the water spouts of the cottage.

You have starved her, and whine over the famine, O mendacious husband!

What! you advanced so high and worthy in the market, fit for the company of angels; and she so low and dead, delving in the kitchen, your waiter of honorables, your former slave to his passions now transferred to new recruits?

The meanness of your motive defeats your project!

By her example of fortitude and the heroism of her purity preserved, she will sometime awe you into silence. You can never rid yourself of her! There is an indissoluble cord that links her and you together, and Justice weaves it! Yet a few years of estrangement in experience with affinities and you burn into penitence and weep into tenderness; but she will forgive you all the time!

Bring her forth early, promptly! She is your wife, mother of your children, the plighted of first vows, a paragon of charity in heart. She asks equality—science, books, paintings, songs, a purse—and your full worship.

How she will bloom before you! how precious the

memories of your fidelity when she sits enthroned in queenly excellence, the love and pride also of the people!

SPRING birds with amorous singing just as the trees are budding: why so silent afterwards?

Because of those eggs, waiting for the inside melody. You have wondered why married people change so: The birdies will tell you why.

The great gulf of the maiden courted and the woman married, is the same as the difference between dreams and their realities.

Exactly so, sir—what we dream of?

That depends on magnets.

Revelling in single blessedness? Well, you know the rest from observation, soon to be experienced unless you repent, that the value of the revelry is ratioed to the money you have. You can be courted till late in the afternoon; the evening is engaged for fresh recruits. Pitiabile life at last—all alone!

Is it not something worth all tasks to repeat in our children the prowess of other times? Love them in their growing, and the silk of industry will be cables of affection holding them around us at the sunsets of life, under the falling leaves of the trees we planted on our day of marriage.

A green old age, like the evergreen moss covering all the gray of the solid granite. is patriarchal.

CONSTANCY is as precious oil pressed from olive trees that grow in the Gethsemanes of Prayer.

The fragrance thereof is the righteousness of Faith.

It hath consecrated me to the worship of the virgin mother whose name is Love.

I have found the guardian of my eternal years; and my song is dedicated to thee, O Sacred Heart:

The morning, impearled in the dew drops of night,
 Baptizes the world in her roseate light,
 And prints on the undulate lips of the sea
 The kisses that dance from the main to the lea;
 But sweeter in love is the soft cooing dove
 That brings with her kisses the Olive of Love.

From Purity's bosom is blossoming now
 The buds of a wreath for an innocent brow,
 Whose odorous sphere is an echoing bell
 Entrancing the soul in a magical spell;
 But sweeter in love from the Eden above
 Is the bloom in my heart of the Olive of Love.

Reposing in beauty beneath the watch-stars
 That lift us aloft in their fiery cars,
 Are islands celestial by sainted ones trod,
 Arrayed in the peace of the glory of God;
 But the islands above are not equal, my dove,
 To the beautiful leaves of the Olive of Love.

To Heaven I gaze thro' thy soul-speaking eyes,
 And see where the holiest paradise lies;

I feel thy heart beat as in musical rills,
 Till my own with a holy divinity trills,
 While the play of its love, like the fountain above,
 Refreshes the branch of the Olive of Love.

ILLEGITIMATE children! nearly all of us—born
 so!

Does the bond of un-wedlock nullify the law of
 maternity, when the seed is planted? does nature re-
 fuse to mold the illegal germ, O Prudes and Lusto-
 crats?

Abortions have depleted the soil; the mother re-
 volts; the father acts the tyrant: The child is sickly,
 shaded with suicidal bias; for they stabbed the embryo
 with murderous thought.

The other child made its involuntary advent with-
 out permit of priest or magistrate: It was souled in
 passion's phlegm; muscular; saved from lust's slime
 in gestation's sacred months; resolute to surmount all
 difficulties.

Which of these is legitimate in the Judgment of
 Generations?

If within wedlock's enclosure is the death-damp of
 fear and of fœticide—if without, is moral abandonment
 with alarm of the world's scorn—there cometh thence
 no angels whom heaven appoints.

The abandon of passion maketh the charlatan; the
 alarm of passion, the coward.

Love that protects the trusts of the future hath a

calm of soul, a strength of embrace, an assurance of fidelity which the eye speaketh.

There is a stern divinity in nature. This is the heirship she confers and the generation she demands for the world's rejuvenation:

Children of health, muscled and brained and nerved in beautiful solidity, athletic in hope, sunny sphered, brave with power of character.

That fear may not shadow them under the veil of the most holy place, that recklessness of purpose may not becloud the moral crowning, that doubt may not mold them in restless uncertainty, theirs is the right of nature's dowry to the sweet recognition of parentage in soul, and law, and custom—the nurtured fruit of spiritual and civic marriage—the welcome children of love in the inner and outer courts of life.

Love sanctifies all things to hallowed uses.

Nature hugs with force the seed when it is ripe by the potency of every organ of mind and body.

This planted, the child of accident may be heaven's opportunity.

The intensity of intent may exclude the flash-light of the ministering angel.

The instinct of motive is also transmissible; so the perpetual habit of temperance is the health of generation.

Three things are necessary in this gospel of the gods—yea, four: a natural marriage, a conception of every faculty, circumstances to arouse resisting heroism and an unfaltering faith.

That act, O man, reports you a husband and a father.

For this privilege of woman's choice, you owe her eternal worship and all your property proffered her and the beautiful one of your mutual pledge.

No guilt is so rank as indifference after immortality hath set its seal!

Conceptive immortality—O startling truth! O precious reminder of virtue!

All the heavens are watching! all the earth is waiting!

Those umbilical cords pulse also in the wombs of the mother-angels!

Beware how you stir those roots!

Beware! Shall the cry of murder go up to heaven? murder of the innocent! the bud torn out to die, and a matron spirit from very mercy to nurture it up there in her own bosom?

What is sown must be fostered with the tenderness of the Over-Soul of wisdom and love.

O Life-builders! bring suitable material to the little angel—protection, affection, attention; and blessed art thou among men! blessed art thou among women!

GENERATION!—Study its laws—the laws of life and duty.

Is there no better way than the accident of experience?

Oh, the lessons of the past!

Who shall be my father? asks the spirit of Love.
Who my mother?

The richest crops from good seed in good soil; the fairest flower from the select rose-bush tended with care; the soundest fruit from the matured tree which no worm hath eaten; the sprightliest animal from the healthiest, swiftest blood; the sweetest song from the egg of a loving bird.

These are nature's nobilities whom the Lord of Improvement hath crowned as the perfect standards of generation.

Select with care, O maiden of purity.

Consult your heart; yea, your intellect, your hope, your ambition for maternity, your affection, your virtue.

Pray without ceasing; reflect, consider—not only what is agreeable, but prudent; beautiful, but physical; genial, but healthful.

Rough diamonds wear well; rude muscles are strong; steady nerves are safe; broad chests have deep lungs and vigorous hearts are nestling in them.

The symmetry of the shoulders, the elasticity of the limbs, the resolution of the lips, the curvature of the cheeks, the whiteness of the teeth, the aquilinity of the nose, the eye-color and lashes, the brow, and its breadth and height, the fibre and gloss of the hair, the towering of the coronal brain, the habits of life, the tone of the voice, the electric of the hand!

What a life-book to read, waiting for the second edition! What a prayer of intellect at the altar of Love!

Mingle the light and dark, the orange and brown, and note the temperamental coloring for the rainbow

of future life' and yet, O child of Hope, nature's chemistry no art can equal.

Know that the glow of crimson and bright green of the sea-shells were limned by the pangs of emotion as their tenants gloried in the splendor of conquest.

How beautiful the dyes of the dying dolphin! This is the temperament of soul-emotion.

As you think, as you love, as you seek, as you act, so the characteristic coloring in the child of promise.

What so sacred as the secret springs of generation? what so holy as the purity of their health? what so God-like as to obey the highest wisdom?

Love, but check its affection until the sober angel of science has measured the inner and outer courts of marital worship.

One alone among the sinewy youths is to be thine; be wise, therefore, and trust.

It is for you to offer the heart, and him his heart in his hand.

The seal of wisdom to the warranty deed of Love is marriage.

The hour is hallowed to prayer; the law of temperance in all things has been obeyed; the purpose is holy; a welcome child is conceived in spirit; the bending heavens of angels are silent as the stars.

The power of the highest shall overshadow thee, and that which shall be born of thee shall be the Beauty of Holiness!

Guard the sweet bud from chill wind and frost.

There is gestative gospels in food and drink; instinct selects as bee the blossom's nectar.

Savior-making is your privileged art, O happy mother.

Be heroic; positive to harmful influences.

Walk where crawls no reptile; ride where reels no drunkard; visit where no disorder can mar the soul's serenity.

Be negative to the good, calm and free to angel light as open flowers at noon-day.

It is possible to born the beauty of heaven in our world; and what a maternal glory!

What cannot the angels of this life and the next do for our race, when fathers and mothers are mediumized to the spiritual of all the laws of their being?

Entrance the eyes with the beautiful, the ears with the musical, the intellect with the rational, all the senses with the affectional.

Place your hands, if need be, upon the active organs of great brains and sip life for the new soul as the rose does honey from the bountiful dews.

Love the dear one in its holy of holies; it will print a dimple on the cheeks and arch the brows so splendidly.

O young mother of prayer, enfolded so safely in the arms of a true-souled husband, bring up all the forces of your being to the mount of spiritual transfiguration, thence to furnish life-supply in the development of practical character, and you shall hear the angels say,—

This is my beloved child!

BEAUTIFUL is the spring-bloom of childhood; what so responsible as to preserve its native nobility for the battle of life?

Be select in food, and drink, and raiment, and shelter.

Songs, too, and toys, and smiles, and kisses are psychologizers of character.

Would you wean your child away from vicious associations?

Be yourself its playmate; a fellow-student and exemplar.

Would you teach it to love its home? Make it loving in your soul: guard little words and looks.

Turn its nascent mind out to the soul of things.

Use God's medicine of pure air, and water, and sunlight.

All life a school; all of us pupils; and intuition, inspiration, conversation, our lessons; and the practice of knowledge our religion.

What the discipline? The commandment of confidence, kiss for a blow, love-look for a frown, frolics in water, sunbaths, gymnastics, amusements, concerts with the birds, plays with the child-angels!

I think, when we practice so the new life, there will be no more crying of children when they are born.

Let us love on—the world will yet find its HOLY OF HOLIES!

DAUGHTERS kept in ignorance of the most important functions of their being; learned afterwards by just the sufferings their mothers endured!

Trying to preserve the virtue of a child's wonderment, that it was bought at a store and brought home in a band box!

The secrecy you install generates a vicious curiosity to pain over the dreaded mischief.

A hidden experiment asks, What are these strange avenues that attract me so? In the heyday of a rompish daring, the syren of temptation stabs the innocent; the girl comes home weeping; the youngster braves it out, familiar at last with the street of ill fame, where he riots and rots before the scarlet goddess of Syphilis!

Early and late, O parents, instruct your daughters and sons to reverence all that God hath made.

Let us endow a new professorship in the schools—an Esoteric Anthropology—that marriage may be a holy sacrament of all the soul's affections.

Bloom of affection, sweet June-life, kisses quickening germinal passion, as bees carrying pollen from flower to flower.

The frost chills, and the cold night hugs the petals.

The curculio stings the embryo fruit, the mill-dew rots it, the spider-webs throttle it, millions of tiny apples fall before the luckless wind.

Is this the fate of lovers?

Lo! October's apples, large and luscious, one to a thousand blossoms!

And this the philosophy of life? the fruit of the orchard unfulfilling the promise of its summer?

But is nature defeated? Can an apple grow from a tree not first sweetened in bloom?

There is never a sunny old age without an early free heartedness.

COMMERCE—of suns with planets, of primaries with satellites, of comets with magnetic atmospheres.

Ships whitening all seas, as lilies the lakes, for exchange.

Nations holding industrial exhibitions and peace jubilees; the wild tribes supplying healthful electrics, as mountain streams to the thirsty city.

Day lying on the bosom of Night; Summer asleep in the arms of Winter.

The flowering anthers dusting the stigmas for impregnation: Love's floral art of making beauty, fragrance and fruit.

All circles of being risen in the human, prophetic of angelhood; Spirit with Soul married; body the child of their constant commerce and polarity of attraction; thoughts, motives, hopes, ambitions, the products of their industry—keepers of the seals of immortal identities!

Hand touching hand, heart to heart in pulsation, eye to eye that glances love again, poetry of graceful manners; honor sound as a merry bell!

So happy all, the social feast gladdens every spring of health.

This is the sex-commerce of the angel-minded; the magnetic freedom that rescues from Love's starvation.

Let us build temples for social worship, as they do in heaven, where the pure can be purer still for the interchange of souls.

REFORMER he was. A few streaks of gray were in his beard; his garments were dusty and worn.

Care-rifts were plowed into his forehead; his step was firm with a slight tremble from weariness.

I saw him gaze up, as if beckoning the angels, and tears swam in his eyes till he could not see for very glory.

I asked him, Have you a home? He bowed his head, and those tears fell on some wilted grass, and lo, in an hour it was all green again!

Then I asked again, Have you money? and he was silent.

So I entreated him—What is the hidden spring of so much fortitude?

From a secret pocket over his heart he drew forth this letter, and its touch was electric, for it was fresh from a loving hand:

New Years, 1873.

My Dear ——:

A happy New Year! I am so glad to learn of the good you are doing. Whilst so happy in our love, I sadden to know that so many are deprived of its blessedness. Be calm and not anxious, and you will have good inspirations. My heart goes out to you in your travels, working so hard for us all. I have faith in you, and love you with all my mind and strength. Could you see down deep in my soul, how I love you! More to me than all else, I love you better than myself. Twenty years—almost twenty—we have been married, and our love is fresh as the morning. Be happy! think not of the past—that, too, is beautiful—let us

live in the present. I can be happy only as you are so. Though poor in purse, we are rich in love. When your sweet heart beats against mine, all is calm. I can go no where without your rest of soul with me. My arms around your neck and I am with you in spirit. Do you feel my heart? We cannot love apart, nor live except in each other's love.

Ever your ——.

CONFESSING to the wise and prudent,
 Brings sunshine out of the storm.
 Let the soul out of its prison quickly!
 Keep not back a single secret thought!
 Duplicity is the soul's detective!

The fear even of hurting one's friendship
 By confessing our weakness, wounds it deep.

Out with it, my dear!
 Tell all, said a beautiful wife,
 Locked fast in his arms,
 Both sad for the strange alienation.
 All was told in truth;
 Hearts wept, but they budded again.

Be watchful, for words
 May wound in the tender of heart.
 Be instant in prayer,
 Lest mistrust may slay thy beloved!
 O weeper of soul,
 Confess and forgive in thy love!

The spring-fonts must flow,
 Or lost is its channel to you.
 Afraid you'll not last,
 Unless you reserve in your strength?
 So small as all that,
 O man, with a heart and a will?

Try vivants tableaux
 Of love in all ways of your art;
 Enchant eyes and ears,
 Tastes, feelings, and cheerfulness, too.
 The fear of a loss
 Enfeebles the holiest trust.

Pour out your strong soul,
 As sunbeams to green every thing.
 The deeper the pulse
 The larger the blood courses round.
 The well doth fill up
 With freshness as water is drawn.

PURITY is the heart of wisdom, the standard of value in the angel-markets.

Think you this precious diamond is purchasable in a social Golgotha, where every merry feeling is crucified? where piety is disease?

Let me read to you from the Book of Life:

Every human organ, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, is centripetal in the sexual.

The heart's pulsation, the lungs' magnetic breathing, the intellect's thoughtfulness, the senses' emotions, all

the functions are representative angels of ministration within the sacred chamber of sexual commerce.

If this is falsified, in instinct or habit, all the body is infested with robbers—obsessed—prostituted!

If true to the watch-light of reason, it is the Congress of Affections assembled, legislating on this order—Repeat us in perfectness of beauty!

This is the heaven of eternity; the millennium of two mated souls; the beginning of a new human race.

Would you have right to this tree of Paradise, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations?

Install the court of Perpetual Chastity by reverent obedience to the laws of your being!

YOUNG forever!—this is immortality!

Never think of growing old!

O Innocence, that keeps us fresh! O Confidence,
That hangs rainbow dews on the weeping willows!

Over all crosses love spreads mosses;
Tho' the snow falls where the rocks are bare,
The crystal spray hath a rollicking way;
And the mosses are green 'neath the silver sheen!

What restraint of want ever made one younger?
What gluttonous life ever satisfied hunger?
What interference can correct soul-election?
What yielding to fraud can embosom affection?
What possible hope for th' immortal and real,
That buds not in freshness from the new ideal?

Love is the blood of the spirit that is borning
 Her angel body in this wasting temple,
 * * * Early in the morning;
 And if through its heart-valves a few pulses creep,
 Death will lie down with us in love's dreamings fast
 asleep!

ANGEL of my pilgrimage—she speaks:
 O mated soul! the sun is not nearer to summer
 than you to me.

As your love-life is so am I manifest.

Your sphere is the loom by which I weave a body-
 guard familiar to your eyes.

Your moral self is reflected in me; you see me dark
 or light, as you are dark or light within.

When you were fearful and unbelieving, you thought
 me inconstant; now you love me better, trust me
 more, and call me your heavenly guardian.

The change is in you; the trance of mind to brighter
 vision clears it of the mists of self.

NIGHT! the stars are out watching, the dews falling.
 In the inner chamber resting; the mantle of
 dreams around me; I am a child again, playing as in
 other days.

By my side, O beloved; your rest in mine and mine
 in yours.

I dreamed we were under that maple tree again,
 wiser grown, the silver in our locks!

Our hands clasped; our heads dipped towards each other's; we relived those early hours when there we plighted the vows we have kept.

No words were spoken; but our souls said, We will wed in the spirit life!

We woke together, and a sunburst of morning poured its sweetness upon us.

All day our faces were lit up with the glory that fell on us that night we were registered for union in our new home with the angels!

IRON-sinewed-face, drooping brow of wrath, voiced to harshness, ice-incased, the touch of his sphere was clammy.

The demon of slander went forth from his heart; she stood on his forehead, and the reaction of her spring upon her victim indented her hideous claws deep into his flesh.

The cup he drank turned to mold upon his lips.

The anger he harbored set the visual angle to his hardness of nature.

Jealousy daubed its slime upon his cheeks.

Affections chilled, the childred fled from him, and pure women shuddered passing him in the street.

Why did I ask the question, So ugly, man of vices?

One night he died, and was roughly buried; the years waned, and he was forgotten. Sad and heart-sick over the evils of life, I sought my room and prayed for the angel of Patience to economize all the virtue of my tears falling upon my heart.

And I was in the deep sleep of the night-visions.

An angel came; he was genial as the morning; beauty sat on his forehead; on his lips were the dews of innocence; the palms of his hands bore the imprints of hearts; love's flower of faith bloomed from out his bosom; he was vested in white; his voice was mellowed to tenderness, speaking great truths.

He came nearer, and lo, that man of evils once, the angel of graces now!

What has wrought this change? I asked.

Love! said the angel weeping.

When cold, starved and dead, I took the hand of a departed sister; she led me to a fountain which is Purity; she bathed my forehead with her hands and washed away the prints of sin; she spoke sweet words to my soul, and I felt a rising purpose; she kissed my black lips, and I loved again; she touched my heart with hers, and a new life was mine!

I heard your prayer for the angel of Patience. Despair not: Love is the savior of the world.

Keep her eternal trust!

DEPRIVATION is the basis of hope.

When a loved one departs, there is an inquiry for a hereafter.

We pass the dream-vales of death.

We meet an angel returning with the elixir of immortality.

Sweet faces with tear-pearled eyes beam on us.

O zephyrs from the spirit-groves! O freshness from the rivers of God! O love from the loves of angels!

On the green earth I lie, so soft, so still. I am in a great deep of thought.

Whisper to me, sweet grass! Sing to me, babbling brook! Kiss me, clustering vine, hugging the rock's solid breast!

Delay not, for you bless me only for an hour, and are gone!

The water dries up, the mountain crumbles, the sea recedes—and I?

Nature clothes herself so beautiful, then dies—and I?

Never the same stream flows, nor the same flower blossoms, nor the same wave undulates on the lake. This comes; then that; then what?

I am living in a vast sepulchre—on the decay of buried cities, once populous, now silent; walking with death that ever lives to die! And what is my fate?

I was an infant once, a youth of age now, and growing old! Wilt thou approach nearer, O Death, that I may know thee better?

I slay death every day, but every conquest hardens the shield of this body, to break the easier.

Is there no spot outside this ruin where I may stand—the master?

Who owns me to divide me so—this inheritance of myself?

O unseen world, you seem to love me best! Ye weave me up, and unweave!

The summers fade, the stars set, the pearly dews vanish; is this my destiny also—dissolved?

Let me change places with this broken rock; is not

this the order? A thousand years old? a million? an eternity? Then why not I? Am I not your equal?

But why a past or future where I can know nothing? Why confine me to the last half of the nineteenth century? Where is thy justice, O Divine Justice, in instituting a blank where I never was, or can be?

Waking this morning I was conscious of yesterday, and, thence another yesterday, and so on, days, weeks, months, years; and is there any end to the life-circle?

The form of my friend is dead—cold—pulseless! The eye is glazed, the brain is still, and a sweet smile plays on the pale face!

I came down from heaven, says Jesus. So did a sunbeam. And why not my friend? why not I? and ascend in the upward arc of life? We brothers, Jesus, the sunbeam and I!

Grave of my friend! let me rest here!—what memories return!

Though but the old garment riven and rotting, which the green clover is weaving up for its beauty, it is a tie to my own soul unstringing—a cable of love, with two hearts pulsing in it—carriers of the news between the world where he lives and mine but half lived out.

No hope is buried with the sacred dust; death's touch quickened all its springs.

Have I ever wounded the dear departed? I know my tears have a healing in their flow.

The incision in the bark of yonder tree is grown over, like the kiss of lips bridging the mistake with that loving souvenir—Forgive me!

The mark is left; but dearer is the trust for the healing of the wound.

Will I know my friend by the scars? Will not these bind me closer to him for the sake of justice?

Weary ones, tired of earth, do you wish also to die?

Cut off hands, feet, head—have you got rid of self?

O this finding ourself stranded, tempest-tost in the transit of worlds, on the rocks of discontent, wrecked by rashness!

The safe way thither is obedience to the laws of life. Will you break the shell of the egg to aid the process of incubation, open the buds to help the flowering, or harvest the grain in the milk for an earlier crop?

Haste out of the body is spirit-abortion! Our earth-life is for angel-gestation: When patiently endured and finished, pass higher—plump, full, golden!

All things grow beautiful as they leave us.

There is so much love above us, we must go.

Call us in the eventides, O angels!

We shall wake from sleep at the whispers of your love!

CONTENT thyself, O my soul, with a little.

The ground sparrow asks only for a shelving sod, and the flower cup a tiny space; but how full the songs in the air and fragrant the aromas!

Why so many acres to support my little self?

A spot as big as the periphery of my body, from the tips of my hands and feet round to my head, is all I need of tillage land.

When I drop this earth-garment that encases my spirit, let some loving friend gratefully plant it underneath my own dear spot, and see if do not show you what is beautiful!

Embalm no dust; make the most of the transition; and, if you have spirit eyes you will see me imaged in the fruit tree you must plant upon my grave. I shall be there with you! I, the risen angel, tuning the wind to the merry whistle of my boyhood!

ENTRANCED? Everything is familiar, yet strange, old, yet new! There is a great glory in all I see—light everywhere!

What are those sunbeams, falling like a golden veil with silver stars in it over all your person? What is that transparent body I see through it, so beautiful an Angelo would forget he is a painter, for rapture of the vision? What that heart descending to me, now on my bosom pulsing, absorbed into my heart till all my being is angelized?

Have I indeed beheld you, companion of immortal years? Death will be the minister, pronouncing us married according to the laws and usages of the spirit world!

HARVEST-home!—The boughs are jeweled with fruit; the migrating birds are in concert of departure; the grains bow their golden crowns to the

monarchs of the soil; gray is the beard of the mountains; the leaves of the purpled forest are sailing in the rivers.

Is nature dying?

There is life under the husks, under the whitening sods, under the icy shims of the dark coves.

Let sunlight in next Spring, and see how nature repeats her infinite goodness.

The frost of years trails over our foreheads; it snows upon our locks; dim are our eyes from beauteous visions; our ears are dulled to earth's sounds for the rapture of heavenly music; there is a sacred tremble in our frames, so great is the rush of light.

Is the shadow creeping on—the shadow of our guardian angel forecast in our journey together?

Growing old at the fireside? Nay, younger; we are the youngest children!

Beautiful was our morning of love. Hope dropped her tears on the lips of the roses then.

A happy wedlock; how loving was the coo of our doves! They were in the nest, enfolding wings upon their mother's heart.

But the doves have fled; the nest is vacant; we are alone again, as when first we plighted our vows; how dreamy all the hours!

Hand in hand we sit under the same maple, old and wide spreading; and we are courting each other as before, with promise this time to marry up there!

Our hearts are full; when will the accoucheur enter to loose the vital cords?

O resplendent sunset, all the sky a liquid gold! The

hill-cloud is a cradle; which of us shall first be rocked to sleep?

We are both in it—tenderly! tenderly!

The sun-god pauses to feast his eyes on the happy mates at the door of heaven!

There is a song in the still air!



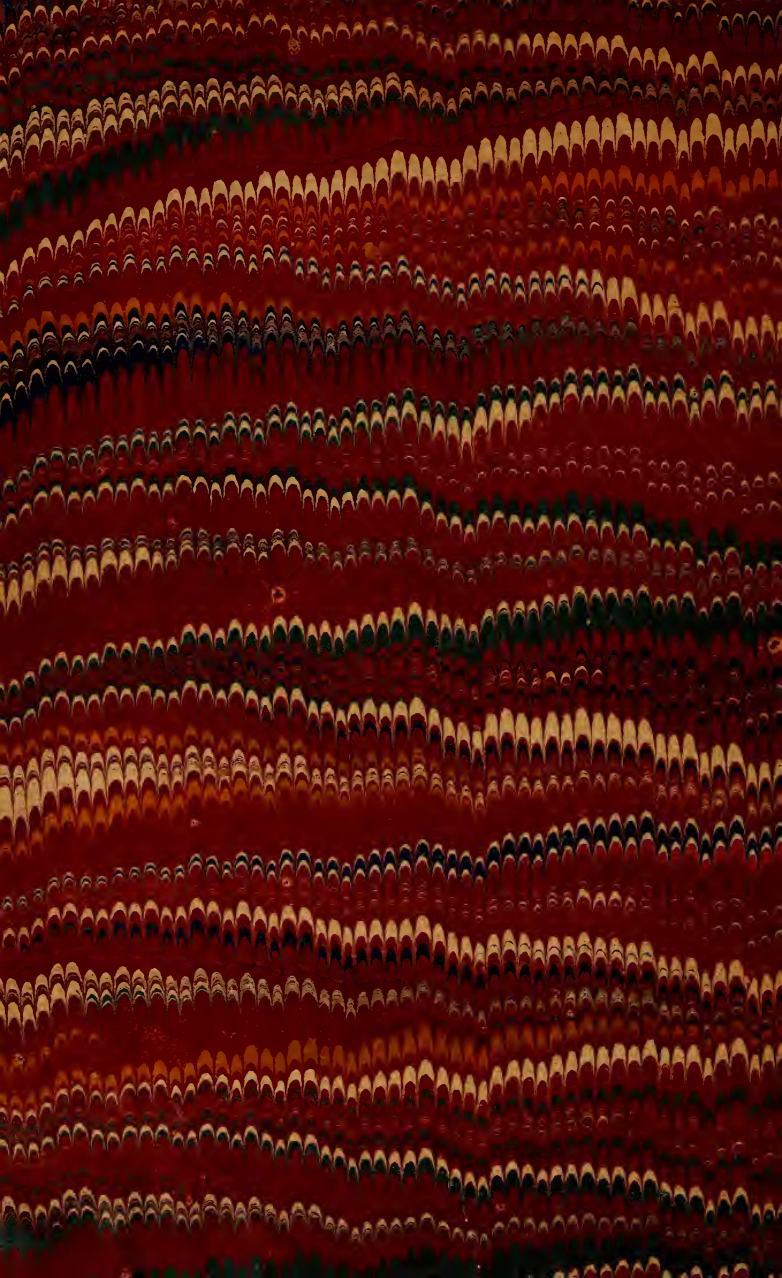
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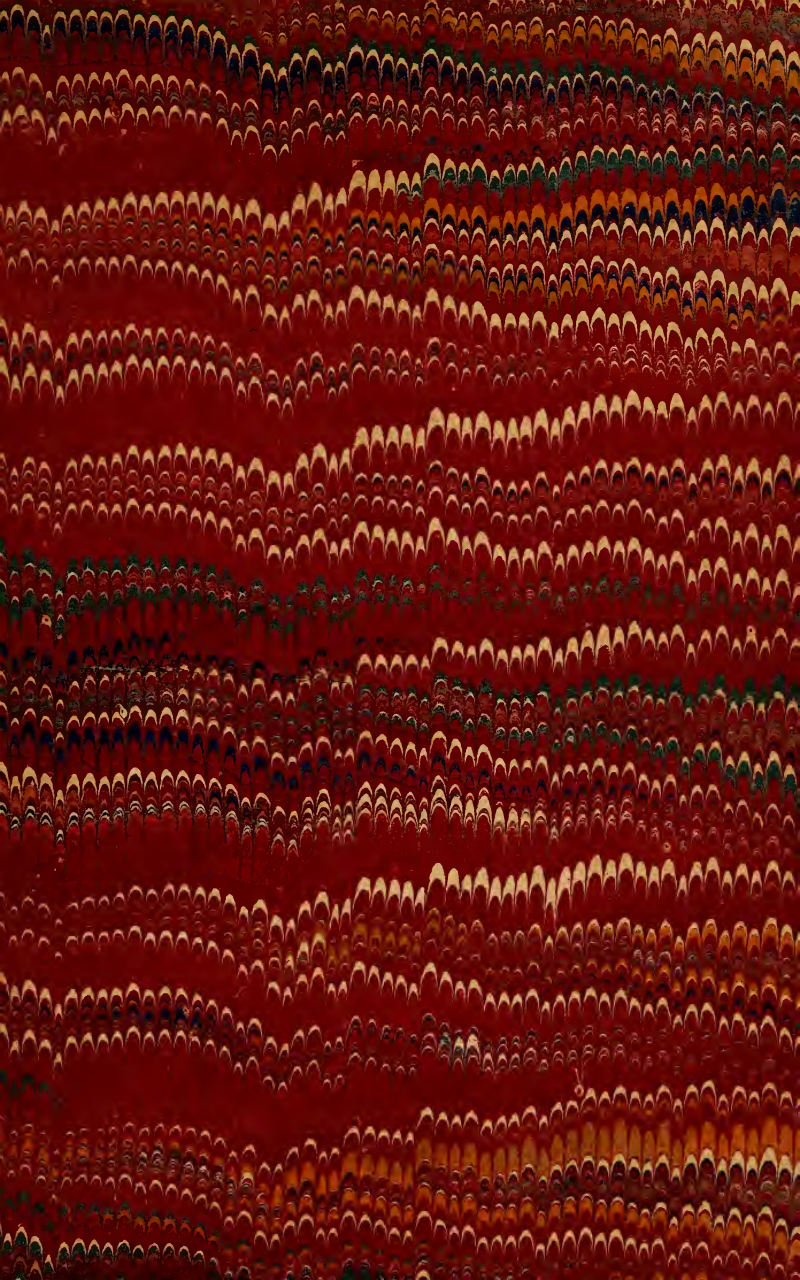
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