GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!: A HOME-BORN BOOK OF HOME-TRUTHS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649593477

Get Thee Behind Me, Satan!: A Home-Born Book of Home-Truths by Olive Logan

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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GET THEE

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A HOME-BORN BOOK OF HOME-TRUTHS.

OLIVE LOGAN

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NEW YORK:
ADAMS, VICTOR & CO.,
98 WILLIAM STREET.
1872.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by ADAMS, VICTOR & CO., In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

> Poole & Maclauchlan, Printers, 203-213 East Twelfth Street, New York.

TO MY BEST FRIEND,
MY COMPANION AND GUIDE,
MY HUSBAND.



INTRODUCTION.

It seems to me that there is a useful career, just at this moment, for a woman-book which shall breathe the spirit of true love, and the sweet sanctities which grow out of Christian marriage: A book which shall stand for the progressive and liberal women of our day, who love home and hate the abominable doctrines which have distracted and broken our ranks: A book which shall speak for the good and the true, and indicate the right paths of usefulness, duty, and achievement, and which shall strike home upon the loose principles that certainly are gaining ground respecting marriage and home life.

With regard to home and love—sweetness and light; our sunny parlor; our cheerful hearth; the circle of loved ones there.

With regard to progressive ideas—purity, truth, and woman's honor before everything.

With regard to all forms of error, whether merely false and feeble, or strongly gross and licentious— "Get thee behind me, Saran!"



GET THEE BEHIND ME, SATAN!

I.

DOES the poem about "The Old Oaken Bucket" strike you as sickly sentimentality?

"Utterly puerile, such a poem," I once heard a critic say; "what deeper expressions of love, what fonder outpourings of the heart could the poet have lavished on a human being, than he does on this sloppy, old, verdigrisy, dilapidated wooden pail?"

I never loved a bucket; yet I acknowledge that I am uncommonly fond of a Table.

This particular one Husband bought at second hand for five dollars—years ago, when he was a struggling young author, and was fitting up a sanctum down-town. It is a large oval table, covered with black leather—so large indeed that it was never carried in at any door, but adopts a sort of locomotion of its own and rolls in;