

The Advent Review

AND HERALD OF THE SABBATH.

"Here is the patience of the Saints: Here are they that keep the Commandments of God, and the Faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12.

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WATCHERS.

"More than they that watch for the morning." Ps. 130:6.

As watchers that wait for the morning,
And watch for the coming light,
Anxiously keeping their vigil
Through the long dark hours of night,

So we've longed for our Saviour's coming,
Through the weary night of years,
And watched for the dawn of the morning,
Till our eyes are dim with tears.

Still the clouds hang dark o'er the mountains,
Thick clouds of error and sin,
And closed are the gates of the city,
Lest Jesus should enter in.

So long have the people been fettered
By the sin-chains not yet riven,
They care not for love that would free them,
For the gift that God has given.

They turn a deaf ear to our warnings,
Our message they will not hear;
Oh! watcher on Zion's hilltops,
Say, is not the morning near?

And if still we must wait for its dawning,
This promise our hearts shall keep—
That they who in tears have been sowing,
With joy shall the harvest reap.

—Hattie Noyes, Canton, China.

THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

The following rich extract is from an English layman's letter addressed to Dr. Raffles, on a hymn composed by him for the "Jubilee Year of the Missionary Society." The reader will perceive that it was written before the abolition of American slavery. But, with the exception of this, all the evils of which the writer speaks, have been intensified ten fold since the article was written. The hymn rejoices in the hope of the world's speedy conversion. The writer says:—

But ere I draw this letter to a close, let me ask you one question, Do you considerately believe that the earth is on the advance to such a consummation as your hymn describes?

I am writing to you with the map of the world suspended before me, the map of this world, of which Satan is the god, and whose right to it, *de facto*, the Bible does not dispute, but recognizes. Will you, in your study, travel with me over the map or ground plot of the great usurper's dominions, and tell me where it is that you have discovered the cause of such jubilant acclamations as your hymn so joyfully, so sweetly, breathes? for I confess that this map is to my eye, like Ezekiel's roll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

Where shall we begin? With the dark places of the earth, which, by universal consent, are full of the habitations of cruelty? Poor Africa! I will not seem as one that mocketh, by asking you whether you find it there—whether, from the Isthmus of Suez to the Straits of Gibraltar, you can find a resting-place for the foot of your happy muse. Well, then, shall we coast it down the western shore, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Cape? Oh! you exclaim, let us hasten on; for these shores are dyed with blood, so deeply dyed, and the stain so continually, hourly renewed, that the Atlantic waves cannot efface it. Back, then, along the eastern shore, with a sigh, a tear, and a groan, for poor Madagascar as we haste along, and another for Arabia, miscalled "the happy," and its stony and its desert region, as we pass up the Red Sea to the point from whence we

started. I ask not if we have yet found a spot where we could pause for a moment to chant our "Jubilee Hymn."

Let us, then, cross this mighty continent—we shall need no guide. The Pagan, the Mahometan, and the Christian slave-driver, have marked ten thousand roads for us athwart the otherwise trackless deserts, and we have only to follow the track strewn with the bones and wet with the blood of poor Africa's children. Should these be not enough to guide us, let us listen to the cracking of the whips, and the shrieks of agony which fill the sultry air, the groans of the fathers, the wailings of the mothers, and the plaintive cries of the hapless children. But we must hasten on—all, all is dark, dark as midnight, gloomy and cruel as the caverns of hell.

But the Cape! you say—the Cape of Good Hope! Well, we will return to the Cape, and to some other sweet oases in the great desert of the fell tyrant's dominions before we part company. At present, let us hasten on; surely we may not spend many moments in that frightful continent of South America, which seems to look across the ocean to the continent we have left, and defy it to a rivalry of cruelty and woe.

From the Isthmus of Panama to Cape Horn, and from Cape Horn to the Isthmus of Panama, all, all around and within, is true and faithful to its allegiance to its hellish master.

Onward, then, onward to the land of the "pilgrim fathers." We need not tarry, I hear you say, in the Gulf of Mexico, to look either to the west on Guatemala, or to the east on Cuba, St. Domingo, or the islands, which for ages have almost concentrated in themselves the groans of creation. Nor will you, I am sure, desire to linger in the slave States of the South, where the "Jubilee Hymn" could not even be heard were it sung by ten thousand voices, for the cry of bitter woe which would drown its notes—where the brutalized tyrant of the South imports and breeds human slaves for his own use and that of the free-born sons of the pilgrim fathers of the North. Haste we, then, from the sickening scenes which your eloquent tongue and your eloquent pen have often in vain endeavored fully to describe.

And have you the heart to sing the hymn in the land of slave-holding Christians, among men who, even if they believe the black has been washed in the blood of Jesus, will buy and sell him, grind and oppress him, flog, torture, and murder him; and who, if you or I, or any other who knows what liberty means, should take him by the hand and call him brother, would hand us out of the pale of civil and Christian communion; and if we should be bold enough to propose to proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, in any other than a spiritual sense, would not scruple to hang us up at the nearest convenient tree?

Linger here, my dear sir, and sing with such a people your "Jubilee Song" if you can. I could not join you if I would; my voice would falter, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth, I should choke with indignation.

Oh! but, you say, they have divines. I know they have, and many sound and good ones; and greater will be their condemnation. But they have among them one whom a monthly journalist describes in most glowing language, one who has just sent across the Atlantic a book called "Anastasis," written to prove that *there is no resurrection of the body*; that all the resurrection there is or ever will be, takes place simultaneously with the dissolution of the soul and body—a mere resurrection of the principle of animal life, and that this principle of animal life will, at the moment of death, pass into the spiritual bodies of the unseen world. I see you quiver, and well you may. Let America emancipate

her negro slaves; and then let her talk of freedom. Let her burn in the marketplace the books of professors, which deny the resurrection of the body; and then let her talk of her divinity. Let her close the doors of infamy in which the 15,000 hapless victims of the sensuality of the citizens of her capital hide their shame and their sorrows (first comparing the number of these unfortunates with that of the adult male population of the city); and then let her talk of religion and morality. Meanwhile, it is no place for the strains of the "Jubilee Hymn," and it is almost a relief from the nausea caused by the scene we are hastening from, to have to pass through the Canadas, and such of the tribes of North American Indians as have escaped the cupidity of the degenerate sons of the "blessed pilgrim fathers," and, crossing the Straits of Behring, to enter upon the vast regions of Asia. But where can we stop? In Siberia, or either of the Tartaries, Russian, Independent, or Chinese? in Turkey, Arabia, Persia, Thibet, Hindostan, or China? All, all belong to the god of this world; all, all are peopled by the children of disobedience. And what of the great islands of the sea, Samatra, Java, Borneo, New Guinea, and that continental island, Australia, and its companions, Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand—what but the same sad, dark, and gloomy scene?

"Oh! but," you say, "we may stop in Oceania among the sweet little islands of the Southern Sea—isles so green, so tranquil, so simple, so happy." You need not press me; I sigh for something to remind me of Paradise, however faintly, however feebly. Well, I have brushed off the fly-spots which were mixed in with the happy little isles, and which had increased to my eye their apparent number. Yes, they are green and lovely, and seem almost as if they were rescued from the rent-roll of the great usurper by the hand of the faithful missionaries of the cross; as though the sword were beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook, and the reclaimed savages would learn war no more. But, dearly as we all love to be deceived by that which soothes and solaces, can we, I ask you, can we venture to stop even here to sing your sweet song of triumph? It must not be at Tahiti, poor Tahiti, surely—rescued, well-nigh rescued from the jaws of the dragon, to become the prey of the great papal harlot and her infidel paramour.

And what will be the fate of the rest of the islands of the Southern Ocean, whether Christianized or Pagan, God only knows; but he who calls himself the Vicar of Christ has marked them out for his own. They are part and parcel of his new diocese of "Oceania," and Rome has friends powerful enough and willing enough to aid him in bringing them under the pastoral crook of the hireling shepherd, as we have alas! seen to our sorrow.

Who is ignorant or unobservant of the strides Rome is making, of the energies she is putting forth to subdue the world to her dominion? He who sees it not must be blind indeed, with the records of the Propaganda open for his perusal, and the scenes at home and abroad acting before his eyes. And who, with the Bible in his hand, knows not of the doom that awaits the man of sin, when he shall come in like a flood, and the standard shall be lifted up against him? When come to the full—when ripe for destruction—the Lord shall consume him with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of his coming. But till Antichrist falls, I have no heart for the "Song of Jubilee." Come the day, and I trust then to join you in it; when the universe shall hear, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluiah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come,

and his wife hath made herself ready Amen. Alleluiah!

But we have yet another part of the globe to travel over ere we have finished the map. It is the seat of the beast itself—civilized, Christianized, enlightened Europe. Let us be here rather more minute, and take a glance at the different kingdoms, as they are composed of infidel, papal, patriarchal, Protestant, and papal-protestant materials. Shall we begin with infidel Turkey? Pass on quickly, you exclaim. Shall we stop, then, in equally infidel, though nominally papal, France? Pass on. Italy? Austria? Spain? Portugal? The islands of the Mediterranean? I am not mocking I assure you I only want to take in *detail* that which may mislead or mystify if spoken of in the *aggregate*. Well, then, Russia and the lately revived kingdom of Greece, who taught by the patriarch, and not by the pope, deem it an abomination to worship the *image*, instead of the *picture*, of the Queen of Heaven—the mother of God?

True it is, that, as we travel northward, we escape from the denser regions of Christian idolatry; but are you willing to pause in Germany, Belgium, or Holland? in Prussia; Denmark, or Sweden? I deem you would rather be hastening on to the land of liberty—the land of Bibles—our own beloved island, the ocean queen. Oh! what a relief! Here, at least, we can breathe after what we have passed through

—"Such regions dolorous—a universe of death! Where all life dies—death lives."

Here, at least, we may breathe freely. But where, oh! where shall we find a resting-place to sing the "Song of Jubilee?" for here, surely, if anywhere on the globe's surface, it may be chanted, and with lute and viol. Where shall we begin the strain? Let us search for a suitable spot. Surely, we shall find it where those who represent the aristocracy of the land are gathered in one peerless assembly; surely, among those whom the people have chosen to represent the great community. I would not speak of dignities or of those in authority with irreverence; but I ask you; what would be the reception of the legislator who should propose, in either of those august assemblies, to frame a law on such a simple cardinal principle as this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and adduce the authority of Jesus of Nazareth as his warrant for introducing a bill framed on such an obsolete maxim?

Shall we look for the spot in the ranks of our brave soldiers, and invite the accompaniment of the trumpet and the drum? or among our gallant sailors, in some interval of cessation from oaths and blasphemy? Shall we find it with the conductors of our daily press, which leads while it follows the opinions of its millions of readers? Shall we find it in our commercial or manufacturing towns, or among our rural population?

You know something, sir, of both, and could give a description of each which would make us hide our heads for shame and sorrow. Oh! what a tale do the beer-shops of our agricultural districts tell! And were it seemly to speak of those things which are done of the world, the fair-spoken, respectable-looking, well-dressed world, by our cities and towns, in secret, where could we hide our heads or conceal our shame? You are not ignorant of the statistics of crime, soul-polluting, soul-destroying crime, which have been furnished to the public, of one town, for example—a town where the gospel is proclaimed continually with eloquence and with power, but a town which vies with the great metropolis itself in a sin which increases beyond the ratio of the increase of its vast population.

I have before me a pamphlet, in which the philanthropic writer endeavors to grapple with the monster which is ruining its thousands, aye, sending its tens of thousands of our youth, our baptized youth,

down quick into the pit—a pamphlet in which the writer avails himself of facts supplied by one of your fellow-laborers, a devoted minister in your town of our denomination—facts which would seem incredible were they not given on unquestionable authority. Let this one speak for itself; but had it ten thousand voices, it would not tell one ten-thousandth part of the sorrows, the unutterable sorrows, which it is the key to. Hear it, ye men of pleasure! hear it, ye deceivers and deceived! ye who are hastening with the gospel sounding in your ears to the pit of destruction, and dragging with you the souls of your wretched associates in crime! There is spent in the town of Liverpool alone, in the course of a single year, upon one sin, so emphatically called in the Litany of the national church “a deadly sin,” two hundred thousand pounds.

Ponder this one fact, with which you are already acquainted; follow it out through all of its details, causes, and influences, and I need not ask you whether you select such a town as this for the “Jubilee Hymn”—a town devoting the wealth it once earned in the service of Moloch, during the bloody days when its docks were crowded with slavers, to the service of Moloch’s great compeer and rival, the dissolute Belial. Such a town! and can we flatter ourselves that Liverpool stands *alone*? The statistics of crime tell, but too plainly, that it is rather but a sample of the mass of our civic population. Need I lift up the curtain which conceals the condition of the great metropolis, “the monster city,” as it has not been unfitly called? That curtain has been drawn aside by able and powerful hands; and what scenes of sickening corruption have been disclosed!

“It must be admitted,” says a writer whom I have already quoted, “though the admission bring sorrow to the heart, that by far the great majority of men in every land are still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. In heathen lands, vice assumes the most brutal forms, and gathers to itself innumerable victims—it is savage, cruel, relentless; but in those countries where civilization has advanced, there exists a refinement in vice which renders its approach more subtle and its blow more deadly. In the former, it is open and undisguised; in the latter, it is noiseless and secret. In the former, it is bold and daring, giving its victims the chance of escape; in the latter, it has a stealthy pace, and, serpent-like, winds its folds around its victims, the more securely to crush them to the heart, without a ray of hope.

“The history of the world furnishes abundant proof that, as civilization has advanced, vice has become more refined, and has brought down certain desolation and ruin. Do not Greece and Rome present examples? and is not the truth of this remark manifest in this country, the land in which so much has been done and is doing to extend and perpetuate the blessings of religion and virtue? The great metropolis itself, in its leading thoroughfares, in its lanes and alleys, in its winding courts, testifies to the truth of the remark. Take but any of the vices with which London is deluged: mark well all its machinery, regard the *modus operandi*, and it will be discovered that fiendish arts and infernal contrivances are employed to entrap its victims. More especially is it so in reference to the vice of uncleanness, which holds an almost undisputed sway throughout the length and breadth of the land. Horrid and systematic schemes, intricate, but not the less fatal, are continually practiced, which have disturbed domestic peace, drawn thousands into ruin, and entailed a lasting disgrace upon the country.” But the subject is too fearful, too revolting, to be dwelt upon, though too fearfully true and significant to be suppressed. I speak as unto the wise. Judge ye.

Is there no spot, then, where Satan has relaxed his grasp of the territory he has won? Look at the wide sea, which has become almost as populous as the dry land—“the great highway of the world,” which no longer separates man from man, but brings all nations into familiarity with each other. Is there one man more proverbially godless than another—is it not the poor mariner? Thank God for the “Bethel flag.” But oh! what is still the condition of the tens of thousands of every nation, who live in the bosom of the great deep; who fear neither God nor devil, and who look for a final state between Heaven and hell? not fit, as they deem, for the one, because of their wickedness, nor deserving of the other, because of their bravery. Oh! could the dif-

ferent seaports of the world disclose the amount of guilt which every vessel that enters them leaves with its cargo, what a tale would they relate! It is said of our own seamen, that “the curses and imprecations of those they have injured in distant lands are poured upon them, and our country is denounced as the scourge and bane of the world.” What must be said, then, of the crimes of other nations who pretend not to rank with us in the scale of morality?

But while we are on the ocean, let us slack sail, and linger a moment, not for a jubilant hymn, but for a mournful dirge. Would the waters of the great Atlantic stand on a heap, a wall on this side, and on that, as did the waters of the Red Sea in olden time, what would the pathway disclose, the pathway of “the middle passage”? what but the countless bones of millions of poor Africa’s sons and daughters—of those who have found a place where the wicked cease from troubling—a refuge from woe—woe past, present, and to come, at the bottom of the silent deep.

Do I hear you say, This can only tell of by-gone days? Would it were so. Thank God, oh, thank God! that we have washed our hands of the guilt of the hellish traffic in human flesh, and that we do what we can to atone for our past atrocities. But what is the state of that traffic at the present moment? Though more than thirty years have elapsed since the slave-trade was declared piracy by the law of England, and though millions have been spent by us for its suppression, the slave-trade has, instead of diminishing, doubled in amount, and every year witnesses the drainage from Africa of 500,000 of her hapless race, of whom the great proportion find a welcome—oh! how welcome, how sweet a grave—in the heart of the deep.

It is a stupendous fact; but could we hear the groan of one poor, agonizing wretch, as it ascends from the hold of the slave ship—one shriek, one moan from the agonizing mother, one wail of the little child—the fatherless, motherless, homeless child, as it goes up to the ear of Him who records it all against the day of reckoning, it would leave an impression far deeper even than the one astounding fact, that half a million of such sorrowful creatures are yearly doomed to drink the cup of woe handed out to them by their fellow-man—one groan, one single groan, would drown the “Song of Jubilee,” if raised by a thousand voices. But who can count the groans, the shrieks of mourning, lamentation, and woe, that every moment are heard, by day and by night, along the great pathway of the world?

Well is it for us that we cannot see, that we cannot hear, what we are impotent to heal. The heart would give way in its frantic struggle to stay or avenge it.

“No eye but His could ever bear
To gaze all down the drear abyss,
Because none ever saw so clear
The shore beyond of endless bliss.”

No, the groans of creation are anything but jubilant; and well may we exclaim, “O Lord, how long!” The great creation groaneth and travaileth, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God, waiting for the appearance of the Lord, the Head of the new creation.

“Oh! that the months would roll away,
And bring the coronation day.”

But it is time that I brought this letter to a close. Before doing so, I must fulfill my promise of visiting with you some of the little oases in the world’s great desert. Bless God, there are many of them—sweet “little spots inclosed by grace, out of the world’s wide wilderness;” and there is no part of that wilderness where they are not to be found. In the frozen shores of the Arctic regions—in the burning sands of the deserts, in the east and west, in the north and south, on Greenland’s icy mountains, on India’s coral strand, in every country and in every clime, in the quiet village and in the busy town, in the palace, in the cottage, in the mansion, and in the garret and cellar, in the houses of parliament, and in the houses of correction for indigent poverty—God has a seed to serve him, and he is still gathering them out of the world that lieth in the wicked one, by the preaching of the gospel—by the evangelist at home and the evangelist abroad—from every kindred and nation and people and tongue.

Great is the honor he puts upon Britain in making her a quiver for his arrows. The Bible Society, the Missionary Societies, the Tract Society, like three sister graces, look lovely apart, but oh, how lovely in their

blended beauty! What has not God wrought by means of their work of faith and labor of love (and by America, too), notwithstanding our national crimes, in the one great cause of “spreading the knowledge of Christ among heathen and other unenlightened nations.”

Well, here, you say, here we may surely sing with a joyful heart. True; but it must not be a strain that tells of “the world’s jubilee” in the absence of the world’s rightful Lord—of the earth’s deliverance from bondage while “the god of this world” is triumphant, and making the whole creation groan. It must not be of a time anterior to that when the cry shall be heard, “The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever.”

Tell me not that it is the preaching of the gospel that will do all this. It is only the province of the gospel to *announce* it. “The gospel of the kingdom” is one thing, “the kingdom” itself is another thing. The invitation is not the feast. We have come to talk about the gospel as though there were something cabilastic in the word. We have come to regard it very much as the Jew regards the law, or the papist the crucifix. It is a message—it is an announcement—it is not that of which it testifies—it is *not* the kingdom of Christ—it has done, and is doing, and will yet do its appointed work, *gather out* the little flock to whom it is the Father’s good pleasure to give the kingdom. But it will do no more. It will not heal the sick, for it is not its province. It will not give sight to the blind, nor hearing to the deaf, nor feet to the lame, for it is not its province. It will not raise the dead, for it is not its province. It will not cause waters to spring forth in the desert, nor make the wilderness flourish and blossom as the rose. It will not dethrone the god of this world, for it is not its province. It will not close the door of the world’s great hospital—

“The lazar house, sad, noisome, dark, wherein
are laid

Numbers of all diseased, all maladies
Of ghostly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverish kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.”

But all this is to be done; and when the number of the elect is complete, that number known only to Him who keeps the book, “the Lamb’s book of life,” in which their names are written—when the last of the little flock shall have heard the Shepherd’s voice through the instrumentality of the preaching of the gospel—then the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we (the living) shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And then the kingdom shall come, and God’s will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven, and the groans of creation shall cease.

Let the angel speed, then, his flight through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, and say with a loud voice, “Fear God, and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.” For then shall come the restitution of all things promised from before the foundation of the world. For, concomitant with and consequent upon the second coming of Christ, shall be—the resurrection of the sleeping saints—the change of the living saints—the casting out and binding of Satan—the destruction of Antichrist—the gathering of Israel—the deliverance of the creature from the bondage of corruption—the kingdom of Christ and his saints. And then shall the Redeemer see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. And we shall be satisfied too, “if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection of the dead,” awake in *his* likeness, and share in *his* glory.

I do not know that I can better close this letter than in the closing words of “the declaration of the faith of the Congregational churches:” “As Christ would have us to be certainly persuaded that there shall be a judgment, to deter all men from sin, and for the greater consolation of the godly in their adversity, so will he have that day unknown to men, that they may shake off all carnal security, and be *always watchful*, because they know not *at what hour the Lord will come*, and may be *ever prepared to say, ‘Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’—Amen.*” And to this I add my *Amen* also.

Hope and Duty of the Church.

BY MATTHEW HENRY.

Matthew Henry was born in Flintshire, England, in 1633. He was a pious dissenter, and deservedly eminent as a commentator of the Scriptures, Wm. Romaine declaring, “There is no comment upon the Bible, either ancient or modern, in all respects equal to Mr. Henry’s.” We give extracts.

ON Luke 12:45, 46: “Our looking at Christ’s second coming as a thing at a distance, is a cause of all those irregularities which render the thought of it terrible to us.”

On watching: “To watch implies not only to believe that our Lord will come, but to desire that he would come, to be often thinking of his coming, and always looking for it as sure and near, and the time of it uncertain. To watch for Christ’s coming is to maintain that gracious temper and disposition of mind which we would be willing that our Lord, when he comes, should find us in. To watch is to be aware of the first notices of his approach, that we may immediately attend his motions and address ourselves to the duty of meeting him.”

On 2 Pet., chapter 3, of the final fire he says: “It is yet to come, and will surely come, though we know not when nor upon what particular age or generation of men; and therefore we are not, we cannot be, sure that it may not happen in our own times.”

On John 18:19: “It is meet that disciples should be warned of the haste and end of time, and apprised as much as may be of the prophetic periods of time.”

On Rom. 8, Henry makes “the creature” to mean “the whole frame of nature, especially that of this lower world; the whole creation, the compages of inanimate and sensible creatures;” the vanity and bondage and corruption is the curse to which the whole creation is subject, now “hastening to a total dissolution by fire.” He says: “The creature that is now thus burdened shall, at the time of the restitution of all things, be delivered from this bondage into the glorious liberty of the children of God. They shall no more be subject to vanity and corruption, and the other fruits of the curse; but, on the contrary, this lower world shall be renewed, when there shall be new heavens and a new earth, 2 Pet. 3:13; Rev. 21:1; and there shall be a glory conferred upon all the creatures which shall be (in the proportion of their natures), as suitable and as great an advancement as the glory of the children of God shall be to them. The fire at the last day shall be a refining, not a destroying, annihilating fire.” Compare with this Ps. 96:10-13; 98:7-9; “Let the heavens rejoice,” &c.

On verse 19: “At the second coming of Christ there will be a manifestation of the children of God. Now, the saint’s are God’s hidden ones, the wheat seems lost in a heap of chaff; but then they shall be manifested. . . . And this redemption of the creature is reserved till then; for as it was with man and for man that they fell under the curse, so with man and for man shall they be delivered. All the curse and filth that now adheres to the creature shall be done away then, when those that have suffered with Christ upon earth shall reign with him upon earth. This the whole creation looks and longs for.

Verse 23. “We groan within or among ourselves. It is the unanimous vote, the joint desire of the whole church; all agree in this. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. The groaning denotes a very earnest and importunate desire, the soul pained with the delay, . . . groans, not as the pangs of our dying, but as the throes of a woman in travail, groans that are symptoms of life, not of death.”

2 Pet. 3. “That time which men think to be the most improper and unlikely, and therefore are most secure, will be the time of the Lord’s coming. Let us then beware how we in our thoughts and imaginings put that day far away from us; let us rather suppose it to be so much nearer in reality by how much further off it is in the opinion of the ungodly world.”

“The first coming of our Lord Jesus Christ was what the people of God earnestly waited and looked for; that coming was for the consolation of Israel. How much more should they wait with expectation and earnestness for his second coming, which will be the day of their complete redemption, and of his most glorious manifestation.”

“They (the wicked), will still attack us till the end of time; till our Lord is come,

they will not themselves believe that he will come; nay, they will laugh at the very mention of his second coming, and do what in them lies to put all out of countenance who seriously believe and wait for it."

On Luke 18:8: "Now when he comes will he find faith in the earth? The question implies a strong negative; no, he shall not, he himself foresees it. . . . In general, he will find but few good people, few that are really and truly good; many that have the form and fashion of godliness, but few that have faith. Even to the end of time there will be occasion for the same complaint; the world will grow no better, no, not when drawing toward its period. Bad it is, and bad it will be, and worst of all just before Christ's coming; the last times will be the most perilous. In particular, he will find few that have faith concerning his coming. It intimates that he will delay his coming so long that wicked people will begin to defy it, and to say, 'Where is the promise of his coming?' They will challenge him to come; Isa. 5:18, 19, and Amos 5:18, 19; and his delay will harden them in their wickedness. Even his own people will begin to despair of it, and to conclude that he will never come, because he has passed their reckoning."

On Matt. 25: "As Christians, we profess not only to believe and look for, but love and long for, the appearing of Christ, and to act in our whole conversation with regard to it. The second coming of Christ is the center in which all the lines of our religion meet, and to which the whole of the divine life hath a constant reference and tendency."

On Dan. 12:10, Henry, though looking for an extensive proclamation of the gospel, looked not for its universal reception, but says: "As long as the world stands, there will still be in it such a mixture as we now see there is of good and bad. We long to see all wheat and no tares in God's field; all corn and no chaff in God's floor; but it will not be till the time of ingathering, till the winnowing day comes. Both must grow together until the harvest. There is no remedy but that wicked people will do wickedly; and such people there are and will be in the world till the end of time."

On Rev. 22:20: "This is Christ's farewell to his church, and the church's hearty echo to Christ's promise. Come, Lord Jesus! Thus beats the pulse of the church, thus breathes that gracious spirit which actuates and informs the mystical body of Christ, and we should never be satisfied till we find such a spirit breathing in us, and causing us to look for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. What comes from Heaven in a promise should be sent back to Heaven in a prayer. Come, Lord Jesus, and put an end to this state of sin, and sorrow, and temptation, and gather the people out of this present evil world!" So writes the pious Henry in a commentary, the superior excellences of which, says, Dr. A. Alexander, are admitted by "thousands of judicious theologians," and of which Dr. Adam Clarke affirms, "It is always orthodox!" Henry died in 1714.—*Ancient Landmarks.*

Wm. M. Tweed.

THE most noted of modern swindlers and defaulters has finally met his reward, and, considering his crimes, his punishment is not severe. The city of New York, of which he was for some time the mayor by virtue of his influence with the lower classes, had great difficulty in bringing this man to justice. All that money and talent could effect was brought to bear in his defense; but the God of Heaven has strengthened the right, and justice is at least partially vindicated. Let good men thank Heaven that crime and lawlessness are not yet wholly licensed, even in New York. A powerful influence for good must follow the conviction of this prince of modern swindlers. The *Commercial* has the following interesting sketch of his commitment to jail, which it entitles "The Last Act." JOS. CLARK.

The old jovial, hearty manner which characterized him in the days of the Tammany Ring regime was gone, but still no spectator looking at him would imagine that he was conscious that in a brief hour he would be clothed in a convict's dress and be in the company of outcasts and the scum of society.

A keen observer, however, could readily perceive, by an occasional tremor of the mouth

and anxious glance of the eyes, that the wretched man, dissemble as he might, in his heart of hearts keenly felt the horror of his miserable situation. To an intimate friend of his who accompanied him and kept with him to the last, he said: "Well, my enemies to-day have, I guess, pretty well exhausted their malice against me," adding, with a faint attempt at a smile, "But perhaps I ought to be grateful to them for affording me the pleasure of a carriage ride and a sail." The principle topic of conversation that occupied the attention of the party on the short trip between the pier and the island, was the prospect of speedily obtaining a stay of proceedings and an order for a new trial. Upon this subject they talked earnestly, and expressed the utmost confidence of a favorable issue.

The shrill whistle of the steamer broke in upon the discussion, and announced to the convict that he had reached the destined place of his abode for the ensuing twelve years of his existence. At this point, Tweed's courage seemed to fail him, and his bloodshot eye and furrowed face showed that he was suffering terribly. As he passed along the gangway, his step was faltering, and his gait unsteady, and he kept his gaze steadily fixed upon the ground. He looked indeed like a man going to execution. The few spectators who witnessed the party coming on shore watched with eager curiosity the movements and appearance of the prisoner, and as he passed by them uttered remarks, coarse, jocular, or sympathizing, as their humor prompted.

While marching from the landing to the penitentiary, the prisoner kept whispering to his son, who, bowed down with shame and sorrow, walked by the side of his unhappy father. It is understood that the friends of the family did all in their power to persuade young Tweed not to accompany the party to the penitentiary, but that their entreaties were unavailing, Mr. Tweed saying that he would not desert his father until the prison walls shut him out from his sight.

At the entrance to the penitentiary the counsel and his attendant company were met by Warden Liscombe and his deputy, McDonald. Deputy Sheriff Shields informed the prisoner that the hour to part was come. Tweed said simply, "Very well," and immediately shook hands with his friends, bidding them farewell. Then the last bitter trial to the convict's feelings was come. With evident agitation he turned to his faithful son, and the two again and again embraced. Then Deputy Sheriff Shields formally handed over Tweed to the custody of Warden Liscombe, and the keeper McDonald, taking him by the arm, conducted him along the corridor leading to the barber's shop, and in a moment he was lost to the sight of his friends. Immediately on entering the shop, he was placed before the desk, when the clerk proceeded to interrogate him.

In answer to the usual questions, the prisoner gave his name as William M. Tweed, his age as sixty, his occupation, a statesman, and affirmed that he had no religion. He was then asked what was the religion of his relatives, to which he replied, "The Protestant." This criminal was accordingly put down as a "Protestant." He was then weighed, and it was ascertained that his weight was 263 pounds. Afterward he was taken to the bath, as are all other criminals, and after a thorough cleansing, and the shaving of the head, he was arrayed in the usual penitentiary uniform. Tweed, it is stated, brought with him letters from two New York physicians, asserting that he was a fit subject for the hospital rather than a cell. Accordingly, an examination of the prisoner was made by Dr. Alexander E. McDonald, chief of the medical staff of the island. The doctor, however, pronounced him fit for a cell, and he was accordingly at once taken to cell No. 34, second tier, which bears the usual card-board, on which are inscribed the name, age, and occupation, of the prisoner as given by himself, his offense, and the sentence meted out to him.

Upon resigning charge of Tweed, Deputy Sheriff Shields proceeded to the apartment in the prison known as the reception-room, in order to obtain from the proper officer a receipt for the body of his prisoner. Young Tweed accompanied him. During the time, while the receipt was being made out, the keeper, McDonald, came into the room, and, addressing himself to a boy in convict costume who had charge of the clothing department, said to him roughly, "What's the matter with you to-day? you seem to be excited. Can't you get me that larceny jacket?" at the same time going to one of the cells and taking down a striped flannel jacket and coarse shirt, with which he went out. The criminal's unfortunate son, as he heard the words larceny jacket used by the keeper, turned deadly pale, a tremor shook him, and he staggered against the desk upon which, with bowed head, he was leaning. Not long after this incident, the announcement was made that the convict was in his cell, and one of the guards almost simultaneously declared that the boat was ready to start on her homeward trip. The deputies, accompanied by Mr. W. M. Tweed, Jr., and the representatives of the press, started for the river for Pier No. 26. On landing at the pier, Mr. Tweed and his friends entered the carriage in waiting for them, and were driven rapidly away.

THE New Testament opens with "Peace on earth, good-will to men;" and these were the last words that rang through the air before the vision faded: "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And all between these two magnificent notes rolls the anthem of God's mercy—"Whosoever will."

JESUS teaches all his servants by his example where their ministry is to begin—namely, with the doctrine of repentance.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Composed by a poor journeyman in Denmark; translated for the REVIEW by J. MATTHESON.

WHAT is poetry?
Precious gems of mind extending,
On the wings of angels wending
Through this world of darkness, sending
Light to make us free;
Dreams of glory bright descending,
All that's great and good commending,
With life's duties gently blending,
In sweet harmony.
Gracious light from God in Heaven
To poor wanderers kindly given,
Strengthening souls by sorrow riven;—
This is poetry.

What is poetry?
Nature in her freshness shining,
Fragrant flowers in beauty twining,
Happy birds from tree-tops chiming
In sweet melody.
Wreaths of waves the ocean cresting,
Dewdrops on bright roses resting,
Myriad stars the heavens vesting,
In their majesty.
Sunny arrows, lightning wonders,
Fearful, strong, volcanic thunders,
Light our northern heaven that sunders;—
This is poetry.

What is poetry?
Scenes from ancient times and places,
Deeply interesting traces,
Gathered from the copious pages
Of man's history;
By the strength of art now winging,
Now from chisels loudly ringing,
Or by form and color bringing
Life's true imagery.
Lightning trained to make grand speeches,
Steam on land and sea to teach us
Lessons, which all nature preaches;—
This is poetry.

What is poetry?
Every word of Jesus given
To the worn and tempest riven
While by pain and sorrow driven,
To his cross we flee;
Sacred blood from Jesus flowing,
Heavenly love within him glowing,
While his head in death is bowing,
All to make us free;
Happy angel voices singing,
Heaven's bright dome with vict'ry ringing,
Glory to the conqueror bringing;—
This is poetry.

Bible Thoughts.

"AND as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning." Acts 11:15.

This is one of the many repetitions of the Pentecostal scene which occurred in early days. Most unscriptural is the statement of some, that the gift of giving the Spirit at Pentecost was a thing done once for all, not to be repeated, and that we are not to pray for nor expect such things again.

The whole of the Acts of the Apostles is a direct refutation of this piece of human fancy. Wherever the apostles went, there was a repetition of Pentecost, whether at Jerusalem, or Samaria, or Antioch or Corinth. Every conversion is a repetition of Pentecost; it is doing the same thing for an individual soul as was done for three thousand there, by a similar process, and by the same power—the power of the Holy Ghost.

Let us note the different expressions used concerning him and his work in the history of the early church. "Baptized with the Holy Ghost;" Acts 1:5; "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you;" 1:8; "they were filled with the Holy Ghost;" 2:4; "I will pour out of my Spirit;" 2:17, 18; "He hath shed forth [poured out] this which ye now see and hear;" 2:33; "ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost;" 2:38; "they were filled with the Holy Ghost;" 4:21; they received the Holy Ghost;" 8:17; "God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost;" 10:38; "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word;" 10:44; "on the Gentiles was also poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost;" 10:45; who "have received the Holy Ghost;" 10:47; "the Holy Ghost fell on them;" 11:15; "John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost;" 11:16; "the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost;" 13:52; "when Paul laid his hands on them the Holy Ghost came on them;" 19:6.

Such are the different ways in which the baptism of the Holy Ghost is represented—such the different figures under which the bestowal of this great gift on us is set forth—a coming down, a pouring out, an anointing, a shedding forth, a coming upon, a falling on, as water is poured on us, as oil anoints us, as showers fall upon, as fire descends upon, so does the Holy Ghost come in contact with, and operate upon, us and within us.

In one sense, then, Christ is the life of the church; in another sense, it is the Holy Spirit. The church is a body which the Spirit fills, energizes, quickens; without

whom, no external, or ecclesiastical, or governmental organization is of any avail.

In our day, we look to externals, to pecuniary prosperity, to numbers, to bulk, to bustle, to schemes; or to talent, to intellect, to eloquence, to learning. What are these without the Holy Ghost? The spirit of the age, no doubt, is slow to recognize this purely supernatural element. The idea of human progress and development which has taken possession of men cannot co-exist with it. The settled conviction of our age, that men are finding their way upward by self-reliance and personal energy, and that the world is quite able (only give it time and scope) to regenerate itself, is utterly at variance with it. But in spite of all this, such is God's idea of a church, its root, and life, and constitution, and work. This book of the Acts reveals to us more of a church's true life, of a soul's true life, than all the philosophies of earth, all the refinements of the most advanced or the most stereotyped theologies of the day. The all-pervading, all-animating thing which makes a church what it is, a Christian what he is, is not a principle, or an idea, or a creed, or a dogma, or a rite, or a sentimentalism, or a sacrament, but the personal Spirit—he who is emphatically called in the Scripture the Holy Ghost. Without him, all churchmanship is vain—all creeds, all ceremonies, all services, all edifices, all altars, all liturgies, all pictures, all processions, all solemnities, all devotions, all genuflections, all chantings, are utterly vain.

1. *Beware of superficial religion.* No mere surface work or sentimental excitement will avail with God, or stand the coming test of the great day of the Lord. The primitive religion was deep and real: it penetrated every recess of a man's heart, every region of his being.

2. *Beware of an ecclesiastical externalism.* A goodly order of things in the church is right, but woe be to the man who trusts in this. Israel trusted in this, and cried, "The temple of the Lord are we;" but what availed all their outside completeness? Did it not deceive them, and make them lose sight of the awfully sifting words, "Ye must be born again"?

3. *Beware of seeking anything less than the baptism of the Holy Ghost.* Our whole life is to be a reception of this Spirit. He is to be continually coming down on us and filling us. Let us open our mouth wide that he may fill it. Let us beware of anything that would present itself as a substitute for the living Spirit. Many such things may we expect in these last days from Satan as an angel of light.

4. *Beware of grieving the Spirit.* There is great danger in this. Israel was continually guilty of this crime, and so is the church. "We do always resist the Holy Ghost." Let us not by unbelief, or error, or inconsistency, or backsliding, or apostasy, grieve or quench this Spirit whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption.—*Christian Treasury.*

HOW TO MEND THE WORLD.—"My dear, good mother used to say, If we would find fault with people less, and pray for them more, it would do them more good and ourselves too."

So said my friend, and I fancied that in this I saw one secret of her life. Of course, I do not know what her prayers may have been, for her prayers, like her alms, were in secret; but she certainly found fault with people very little. And if she followed one part of the precept, it is fair to infer that she did the other also.

"It reminded me of the man who exclaimed, 'I have tried everything with that boy; I have tried indulgence and severity, coaxing and kindness, and scolding and whipping, and nothing does any good.'"

"Have you tried praying for him?" Somehow after a little while, the boy grew better, and his parents more in sympathy with him. But then, we believe in praying for our children. Let us consider the rest of the world—any one who seems wrong, any one who troubles you or who ought in some way to be different or to be better. You may not be able to talk to him or her; it will never do to talk of him, against him. What is left but to pray?—*Observer.*

If we had a keen vision, and a feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow, and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence.

The Review and Herald.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, JAN. 6, 1874.

JAMES WHITE,
J. N. ANDREWS,
URIAH SMITH.

EDITORS.

Visit at Battle Creek.

I HAVE had the privilege of our attending recent General Conference, and also of participating in the meetings which have followed the Conference. These have all been occasions of great interest. There has never been a series of meetings at Battle Creek, which I have attended, which have been equal to these. They have been of great profit to me personally, and many others can testify to the same fact in their own cases. The glory belongs alone to God, for his arm alone is able to bring salvation to his people. But it is proper that we acknowledge the instrumentality through which he has wrought for us.

He made the coming of Bro. and sister White an occasion of great good to those who attended these meetings. They spoke with great faithfulness and plainness, and they had great freedom in their testimony. I have been very grateful to God for the strength and encouragement they brought to my own heart. I feel like consecrating my all to God in a far more perfect manner than ever before.

There never was a time when there were so many evidences that God's hand is set to this work as at the present time. There is now a chance for every one, in an especial manner, to take hold and work for God. Shall not all respond by entering heartily into the work? Most earnestly do I pray that God will qualify me for a part therein. I return again to Massachusetts to labor in every way that the hand of God may indicate. I am grateful for all his mercies to me. My courage is good. I know something of sorrow, but I find the Lord present to help. He gives me strength and hope and the consolations of his grace, and I feel that all that I have and all that I am shall be devoted without reserve to Him who loved me and gave himself for me.

J. N. A.

The Hour of His Judgment Come.

THIS will be true when the message of Rev. 14:6, 7, is fulfilled; for so it declares: "Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his Judgment is come."

Whenever God's word announces anything concerning the Judgment, every mind should give attention, every ear should listen. This is something which concerns all mankind. Other subjects may not interest, because they may treat of things with which we have no especial connection. Not so the Judgment. All are concerned here. For between us and the future world, the searching ordeal of the Judgment inevitably lies. None can escape it. Every member of the human family must pass its trying test, and receive from its decisions a sentence that will determine his or her condition for all that period covered by the fearful word—Eternity!

Let us then not carelessly nor irreverently inquire what, and when, the Judgment is, to which we are brought by the message before us.

This Judgment is a part of the gospel; for the everlasting gospel is what the angel was sent to preach, and all that the prophecy brings to view of his preaching is this appeal to all the people to fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his Judgment is come.

In the gospel scheme, then, where does the Judgment have a place? and what is it? The gospel is the good news of pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ. And this salvation is secured to us by the following acts on the part of Christ:—

1. Coming down to earth to establish, as prophet and teacher, the new covenant with his people.
2. Dying as our sacrifice.
3. Ministering before the Father, as our priest and mediator, during the gospel age.
4. Coming again in the clouds of heaven to raise the righteous dead and change the righteous living.
5. Clothing them with immortality, and giving them positions of surpassing glory in the kingdom which he shall establish, which shall never end.

But the great event which determines for us all the momentous question who shall be the subjects of Christ's eternal kingdom, is the Judgment of the great day. This fixes the destiny of every

one. Paul says that we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done whether it be good or bad. 2 Cor. 5:10. And he to'd the Athenians that God had appointed a day in which he would judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he had ordained, whereof he had given assurance unto all men in that he had raised him from the dead. Acts 17:31. And when John, in prophetic vision, saw a great white throne, and One sitting thereon before the glory of whose face the earth and heavens dissolved and disappeared, he saw the dead stand in the presence of that Being, and receive judgment according to the things written in the books.

Among the great events of the gospel, the Judgment thus holds an important and prominent place. It transpires at the conclusion of human probation. It declares the result of the working of the plan of salvation for 6000 years.

The gospel is one gospel, but it embraces distinct and separate truths, which, at different times, become leading themes of its proclamation. Thus, in the first years of what is known as the gospel dispensation, the burden of evangelical preaching was a crucified and risen Saviour; or, the fact that Christ had appeared in the flesh as a sacrifice for men. In the days of the great Reformation, it was, Justification through Christ, without the intervention of a human priesthood. As we draw near the end, when the Judgment is impending, and the everlasting kingdom of Christ is to be established, taking such only among the living as are ready to enter therein, this fact, as a matter of course, and from the very nature of the case, rises into prominence, and becomes the leading idea to be urged upon the attention of the people.

So in Matt. 24:14, when the kingdom is about to be established, it is called, "This gospel of the kingdom;" the same gospel as at the beginning, only bringing out more prominently the establishment of the kingdom which the gospel embraces, and which is then soon to be set up. And in the passage before us in Revelation, it is the everlasting gospel; but it here brings to view especially the Judgment, which is the great event impending when this message is given.

By the expression "everlasting gospel," we are not to understand a gospel which is to be preached everlastingly, and never end, but one, the work and results of which are everlasting, being accomplished once for all.

The proclamation of Rev. 14:6, 7, is therefore a second advent proclamation, and can be in order only when the second coming of Christ and the Judgment are near at hand.

This consideration alone effectually bars all attempts to apply this message to any movement in generations past. But as some, in obedience to a prevailing impulse which inclines people to locate all important events "not in your day or mine," attempt to find this message in past ages, even going as far back as the days of the apostles, we inquire if anything has transpired in those ages which can be urged as a fulfillment of this prophecy.

The apostles did not proclaim the hour of God's Judgment come. It would not have been true if they had proclaimed it. Instead of this, they pointed to the future for that event. Paul reasoned before Felix of a Judgment, not come, but to come, sometime in the future. Acts 24:25. And he told the men of his generation, not that a day had come, but that one was appointed still in the future, for that purpose. Acts 17:31. He also expressly wrote to the believers in Thessalonica, that Christians should not expect that day till after the long period of papal apostasy. 2 Thess. 2:3.

The temporary preaching of the millennium near the close of the 10th century did not fulfill the prophecy. For those engaged in that work did not proclaim the hour of God's Judgment come. It would not have been true if they had proclaimed it. And, moreover, that movement was based on a mistaken application of the prophecies respecting the thousand years.

The reformers did not fulfill this prophecy. Martin Luther held and taught that the Judgment would not come for 300 years from his day. The "Fifth Monarchy Men" of Cromwell's time did not fulfill it. For that movement was unscriptural and fanatical, limited in extent, and brief in duration.

But we come to our own time and find a movement which shook the churches of all Christendom. We find men moved as if by a divine impulse, giving utterance to a definite and specific proclamation through Europe, Asia and Africa;

while a thousand ministers took up the theme in the more enlightened lands of England and America. We find them sending forth the tidings to every missionary station on the globe.

And what was it? The announcement of the advent near; the proclamation of the soon coming of Christ, and the end of the present dispensation. The great Advent movement of the last 33 years cannot be ignored. Many may affect to regard it as a very insignificant affair, and reserve their heartiest terms of contempt for occasions of its mention. But it matters not that multitudes are blind to the importance and significance of this movement. The scribes and Pharisees saw in Christ himself only a malefactor worthy of death. But the sound has gone forth, and who has not heard it? This is enough.

Those who were engaged in preaching the soon coming of Christ between the years 1840 and 1844, claimed to be giving the first message of Rev. 14. And the movement answers to the prophecy in every particular.

1. It answers to it in time; for it has come forth at the very time when all prophecy and all signs show that the end is at hand.

2. It answers to it in the nature of the message proclaimed; for it points to the Judgment.

3. It answers to it in extent; for it has gone to all the world.

Now, no movement ever took place at the very time when such a movement was predicted to occur, and accomplished the very work specified in the prophecy, without being a fulfillment of that prophecy.

In the great Advent movement of the present generation, therefore, we have a fulfillment of the first message of Rev. 14, which announces the hour of God's Judgment come. The nature of this Judgment will be considered in our next.

U. S.

Elder Preble on the Thirteenth Chapter of the Sabbath History.

IN a former article, we showed what kind of an answer Eld. P. makes to the twelfth chapter of the History of the Sabbath, the chapter with which his attack commences. We now briefly state the contents of chapter thirteen, and the reply made to it by him.

ANALYSIS OF CHAPTER XIII.

EXAMINATION OF THE FIRST WITNESSES FOR SUNDAY.

1. Contradictory statements of Mosheim and Neander. Mosheim affirms the apostolical institution of first-day observance. Neander declares that the festival of Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance. Maclaine's Mosheim, cent. 1, part 2, c. 4, sect. 4. Rose's Neander, p. 186.

2. The ecclesiastical writers of the first century, the age referred to by Mosheim and Neander, are the proper standard of appeal to determine which is right. These are Barnabas, Pliny, and Ignatius, the only writers outside of the New Testament, prior to A. D. 140, who are supposed to mention the first day of the week.

3. The Epistle of Barnabas quoted, and shown to be a forgery on the testimony of Mosheim. Eccl. Hist., cent. ii., part 2, c. 2, s. 21, and Hist. Commentaries, cent. i., s. 53, and of Neander, Rose's Translation, p. 407, Prof. Stuart in Gurney's Hist. Sab., p. 86, Dr. Killen, Anc. Church, p. 368, Prof. Hackett, Com. on Acts, p. 251, Mr. Milner, Hist. Church, cent. i., c. 15, or Kitto, Cyc. Bib. Lit., art. Lord's Day; Relig. Encyc., art. Barnabas, Eusebius' Eccl. Hist., b. 3, c. 25, Sir Wm. Domville, Ex. of the Six Texts, p. 233, Coleman's Anc. Christianity, c. 1, s. 2, and specimens of the Epistle itself cited in proof of its spurious character.

4. The Epistle of Pliny quoted, and shown not to designate the day of the week used for divine worship. He says merely that they were accustomed to meet on a stated day. Coleman says that whether this was the first or last day of the week does not appear. Buck's Theol. Dict. makes it entirely indefinite, art. Christians. W. B. Taylor speaks of it in the same manner as Coleman, ob. of Sabbath, p. 300. Boehmer asserts that it was the Jewish Sabbath. Mosheim's Eccl. Com. cent. i., s. 47.

5. The epistle of Ignatius to the Magnesians examined. Only three of the fifteen epistles ascribed to Ignatius are acknowledged by critics as genuine, and among these is not found the epistle to the Magnesians which contains his reputed testimony in behalf of Sunday. Dr. Killen, Anc. Church, pp. 413, 414, pronounces them all a grave imposture. John Calvin condemned every one of them, Anc. Ch. p. 407. Prof. Hudson does not acknowledge the epistle to the Magnesians as genuine. Future Life, p. 290. Domville, Ex. of the Six Texts, p. 237, and Robinson, Ed. Researches, c. 6, likewise speak of the doubtful character of these epistles. But were the epistle to the Magnesians genuine, it would say nothing about Sunday had not the word day, *ημερα*, been fraudulently inserted in the text. For proof, see Kitto, Cyc. Bib. Lit., art. Lord's Day, Morer, Dialogues on Lord's Day, pp. 206, 207, Domville, Ex. of the Six Texts, pp. 250, 251.

The first of these points is, that Mosheim and Neander contradict each other, one asserting that first-day observance "was founded upon the ex-

press appointment of the apostles," and the other declaring that it "was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intentions of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect." Eld. P. replies by attempting to show, first, that Mosheim is more worthy of credence than Neander, and, secondly, that after all there is no contradiction between them.

To show that Neander is less worthy of our confidence than Mosheim he quotes the translator of Neander's last edition to the effect that the changes in the work were so extensive that he could not use the translation of the former edition, but must translate this edition anew. This Eld. P. offers as proof that Neander changed the doctrine of his first edition. But Torrey does not affirm this. Many years having elapsed since his former edition, he wished to combine new matter and to present the entire work in a new form, and for this reason re-wrote his history. Neander never repudiated his first edition as untruthful or unworthy of credit.

But it is claimed that Neander virtually retracted the statement that Sunday was always only a human ordinance, by omitting this language in his last edition. The truth is, he maintains therein precisely the same doctrine on this point as in his first edition, though he states it in language less calculated to offend the observers of Sunday. Thus he states the several things which made up the observance of Sunday in the early church.

"Sunday was distinguished as a day of joy, by being exempted from fasts, and by the circumstance that prayer was performed on this day in a standing and not in a kneeling posture, as Christ, by his resurrection, had raised up fallen man again to heaven." *Torrey's Neander*, vol. 1, p. 295, ed. 1852.

This is Neander's entire summary of Sunday observance in the early church. It is exactly what the early fathers describe it to be. And no Sunday-writer will deny that if Neander has truthfully stated early first-day observance, it was indeed only a human ordinance, for not one feature of this above-named Sunday-keeping was ever commanded by the apostles.

Eld. P.'s remarks, p. 394, that Neander was born of Jewish parents, and that he changed his book when he became better acquainted with Christianity, are therefore of no account, for his first edition is as plainly opposed to Judaism as is his second; and his second maintains the same doctrine respecting the Sabbath and first-day as does the first.

But another method of setting aside this testimony of Neander is to assert that he did not mean to deny that the apostles established a divine command for Sunday as the Christian Sabbath, but meant to assert that they did not establish a divine command for Sunday as a Catholic festival! But Neander expressly denies that the apostles either constituted or recognized Sunday as a Sabbath, and he represents Sunday as a mere festival from the very first of its observance, and established only by human authority.

Eld. P.'s final method of disposing of Neander's testimony is to show as well as he can (395) that Mosheim, in affirming that Sunday observance "was founded upon the express appointment of the apostles," and Neander in affirming that "it was far from the intentions of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect," do not contradict each other! Neander also declares that it was far from the intention of the apostles "to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday." This was manifestly written to head off the modern seventh-part-of-time theory by which the fourth commandment is made to sustain and enforce Sunday. Eld. P. tries to parry this blow by saying that Neander meant to say that the apostles did not transfer the stoning system, and the prohibition of fires, which is a most absurd supposition, as it makes Neander refute what no person ever maintained! Eld. P. has not the fairness to state the fact that the History of the Sabbath determined the question between Mosheim and Neander by quoting and examining all the writers who lived in the age covered by the statements quoted from them. Whoever will candidly do this will see that Neander states the truth rather than Mosheim.

Next, Eld. P. states that I impeach the fathers, and compares my work to that of infidels who attempt the overthrow of the authenticity of the Scriptures. Pages 395, 396. But the synopsis of chapter 13 enables the reader to see just how the writers of the first century were treated in the first edition of the History of the Sabbath, and the reasons and authorities for what was done.

Thus the so-called epistle of Barnabas was shown by the strongest evidence not to be his production; the epistle of Pliny was also shown to be no evidence in support of Sunday, and the allusion to Sunday in Ignatius was proved to be an interpolation.

Eld. P. does not bring before his readers any of this evidence, but gives a long, rambling reply. Pages 396-406. I give all his points. On page 397, he wishes to know why I spoke of Mosheim as speaking in behalf of early first-day observance as a divine rather than as a historian. My reason is that divines when writing in behalf of Sunday take liberties with facts that historians dare not take. As an example of this, I cite the fraud of Gilfillan, exposed in the REVIEW of Nov. 11, 1872, page 172; and, to come nearer home, I refer to his own extraordinary quotations, as shown in the REVIEW of Dec. 9, 1873, page 204.

He asks why then I cite Mosheim as witness in the case of Barnabas. My answer is, that as I was showing that there was nothing to sustain Mosheim's strong Sunday statement, it was entirely pertinent to show that even Mosheim regarded the epistle of Barnabas as written by a later hand.

He asks how I can say that there is nothing to sustain the Sunday testimony of Mosheim when Justin Martyr speaks of Sunday as he does? My answer is, that Mosheim testifies respecting the first century, while Justin Martyr speaks of things in the middle of the second.

He quotes authorities to show that the epistle of Barnabas is an ancient document, all of which I freely admit. It was not written by the apostle of that name, but was written, probably, about the middle of the second century. But now comes something very remarkable. Eld. P. says (p. 400):—

"One more of your witnesses we will bring to the stand: 'Justin Martyr, A. D. 140,' and see what he will say about the epistle of Barnabas."

And so, after thus saying that he would give Justin's testimony concerning Barnabas, what does he do but quote from notes written by a modern editor of his Dialogue with Trypho. Justin himself never alludes to the epistle of Barnabas. If Eld. P. supposed these notes were written by Justin, his blunder is most extraordinary. But if he knew them to be the work of the editor of Justin's Dialogues, and there is no reasonable doubt that he did, then no words of mine can fitly set forth such dishonesty. As Eld. P. again sneers at my reference to doctors of divinity, I cite his present use of Justin as a further illustration of their course when Sunday is concerned.

The synopsis shows that the History of the Sabbath proved Ignatius to have said nothing respecting Sunday only as it has been interpolated into his epistles. Eld. P. does not meet this point at all—for no man can do it—but contents himself in quoting from Domville a classification of the epistles of Ignatius, but which has no bearing upon the case. He also quotes two pages from Reeves to the effect that genuine writings should be not condemned because there are some spurious ones, but he does not touch the point at issue at all. I am not specially at variance with this quotation.

Such is the force of Eld. P.'s impeachment of chapter 13. It is of value in one thing. He convicts himself, in quoting the editor of Justin as though it was Justin himself, of extraordinary ignorance or of inexcusable dishonesty. J. N. A.

National Perils.

L. M. VERNON, D. D., in *The Methodist*, of Dec. 27, 1873, speaking of the late speech of Victor Emanuel, at the opening of the Italian Parliament, says:—

"The Government finances have long been chronically ailing. This same disease bore the late Sella-Lanza ministry to the tomb. The new ministry had wrought slight amelioration, and now many hopefully looked that the magic of 'majesty' might evoke light out of the troubled darkness. But alas! arithmetic is no respecter of persons. Figures are democratic. Neither will scrip rise, nor debts down at the wave of the scepter. The king could only ask new 'sacrifices,' meaning new taxes. These unhappy, yet necessary, words depressed the bourse in every important Italian city. Increasing armies of defense by increasing national debt and decreasing national credit is seen to be perilous—deferring only the evil day. But in this suicidal course Italy has much European company. It is to be hoped that upon a common evil will rise a common remedy."

That is to say, Italy is groping its way through "troubled darkness," respecting which the only prospect is that it will grow darker still. Italy, with "much European company," is pursuing a

suicidal policy. National suicide is national overthrow. Italy, with many other European nations, is doing the "perilous" work of "increasing armies of defense by increasing national debt and decreasing national credit." This state of things is a "common evil," and the "evil day" is only deferred.

All that is written and said by rulers and statesmen, in these days, upon the present troubled state of the nations was summed up in prophesy 1800 years ago, in these words: "Distress of nations with perplexity." Luke 21: 25. And when, among many other things, this feature also should come out in startling relief, we were bidden to understand that the climax of earth's misrule and mismanagement had come, and that He whose right it is to reign was about to return in power and glory in the clouds of heaven to take the kingdom to himself.

U. S.

Our New School Grounds.

YESTERDAY the writings were drawn conveying, to those that have charge of school matters here, a site for our proposed school buildings. These grounds lie in front of the Health Reform Institute, on the opposite side of the road, and comprise twelve acres. They were purchased of Mr. Erastus Hussey; and it is not too much to say that they form the most beautiful site for school buildings that can be found in the city of Battle Creek. They are tastefully adorned with a large number of fruit, evergreen, and other ornamental trees; and by their high, commanding position, when suitable buildings are erected, a person can easily view at a glance nearly the whole city.

We consider this a very rare chance indeed. We have been able to secure just such a site for our school as we have earnestly desired, where the liberal donations of our people may be suitably expended. Our buildings will be away from the noise and dust of the business street, and yet within easy access of all. The grounds will be ample, the air pure, and the surroundings inviting.

The purchase of this site will save the necessity of moving the Institute, which would have been necessary had the Fair Grounds been purchased, as it was once contemplated. Here will be a saving of several thousands of dollars.

Our institutions here will all be within easy access of each other, and within easy access of the church. This is an item of no small importance. In short, we feel exceedingly grateful that our anxiety in regard to the selection of a proper site is so happily terminated. When Bro. White left for California, we had little hope that it could be obtained without paying an exorbitant price. But the way has opened, and the grounds are secured.

The purchase of these grounds would not have been consummated at this time had it not been for the clearing away of difficulties in the church, during the last two months. It will be plainly seen that we expect to hold our ground in Battle Creek, which has been a matter of some doubt in the past. This purchase is a very important step in this direction. The increase of our school and our publishing work makes it necessary that school buildings be erected next season. Our school now numbers upwards of one hundred and twenty, and we could not accommodate a great many more in the present building. The Publishing Association will soon need it for its own use.

The winter season is the right time to make preparation to build cheaply. We must soon purchase material and get it upon the ground. It will be seen by this that we "mean business." This will greatly gratify all true friends of the cause. Such desire to see something done. We do not want this to drag along, but want to keep the ball moving right forward.

This will make it necessary that our friends, who have so liberally pledged during the past summer, should pay their pledges. Not far from \$25,000 were subscribed to be paid in 1873. This is New Year's day, and not quite \$10,000 of this has been paid in. We should like that balance of \$15,000, friends, as quick as you can send it on; for we want to go to work now. We have no censure to cast in this matter. Money matters have been very close this fall, and you did not know as there was any special need of it. Now you will all rejoice that the way has opened for it to be immediately used. And if there are any who signed sums for 1874, who can just as well pay now, we should be very glad to have them, though they are under no obligation to pay till

one year from to-day. But the burden of our expense will fall upon us the coming season.

We have no doubt but those who so liberally pledged will now pay those pledges. They cheerfully signed those sums and will cheerfully pay them. Send them in, friends, and you shall soon receive your certificates of stock; for the Educational Society will be legally organized within a few weeks, at most. The purchase of this site makes that step now necessary.

So one step after another is taken in the great work in which we are engaged. It does not go backward, but forward. So it will, till it shall end in the triumph of God's truth.

GEO. I. BUTLER.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 1, 1874.

Counterfeit.

PROBABLY no generation has ever entered more extensively into the work of counterfeiting than the people of the present age. Bank bills are counterfeited. Gold and silver coin are counterfeited. Every useful article is immediately followed by something worthless purporting to be the genuine. Bogus concerns are gotten up in the various cities throughout the country to allure the unsuspecting to give of their means without receiving an equivalent. And thus unprincipled men enrich themselves at the expense of others.

Not long since, I received an article of jewelry for which the lady paid seven dollars. She wished it converted into money, and placed in the missionary cause. The jeweler examined it, and pronounced it worthless.

The world is full of such counterfeits and deceptions. A very few get value received. The prophet describes this time as follows: "The good man is perished out of the earth; and there is none upright among men. They all lie in wait for blood. They hunt every man his brother with a net."

But the worst of all counterfeits that exists is a counterfeit religion. A man may be deceived in jewelry and a thousand other things and never learn the deception, because he has never applied the test, and there is nothing very ruinous in this to him who is thus imposed upon. And even if he should learn the deceit practiced upon him, he may be able to survive the loss. But it is not so with the hope that relates to eternal things; for "every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

This will be terrible, for there will be no opportunity to remedy this deception at the day of Judgment. It is then forever too late. The importance of examining ourselves while we have an opportunity to learn our true condition cannot be overestimated. The test should be applied by ourselves while here in probationary time. The heart should be examined when there is an opportunity to reform. But if left wholly to our own selves, without the Spirit of God to enlighten our minds, and to make our own choice of circumstances under which we may be placed, and consult our own preferences as to the manner of examining ourselves, we should never learn the amount of selfishness there is in our hearts. For "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and who can know it?" Therefore we read, "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings."

A man may donate large sums to the cause of God and do very many commendable things, and be called very religious and liberal by those that know him, yet selfishness be the ruling principle in his heart. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity it profiteth me nothing."

Love or charity never murmurs or complains. It suffereth long and is kind. And whenever the true spirit of love enters the hearts of individuals, if they have a complaint against any, as Christ forgave, so will they forgive. It envieth not. Charity vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, but will rejoice in the prosperity of others. In lowliness of mind will esteem others better than themselves. There will be no room for an unsanctified imagination to dwell upon a thousand evils that do not exist. It rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth. It does not live in a kind of goodish way without any regard for righteousness and equity, but the principles of morality and rectitude will be exalted. The individual who possesses this spirit will honor that which God honors, and despise that which reproaches his Maker, bearing all things, enduring all things, believing all things.

Charity never faileth. It elevates fallen humanity to become a partaker of the divine nature. It is a golden cord, like the telegraphic cable in the ocean, let down through this world to unite us with the throne of the Eternal. The heart goes out after others. It takes delight in doing good to our fellow-men. It cannot live without works of a disinterested, benevolent character.

God's providence often changes our circum-

stances to test us. We come in contact with the afflicted under such circumstances that we may benefit ourselves at their expense or benefit them at our own expense. God permits this, that our true characters may be developed, and we thus behold the motive that actuates us. If we have a disposition to sacrifice our personal ease and comfort, which perhaps will cost more than means, it will then be made manifest. If selfishness reigns there, it will be discovered. The heart will flutter between selfishness and disinterested benevolence until one or the other gains the victory. It is then we approach the mirror, and behold ourselves as we really are. If we have been deceived in the real condition of our own hearts, now will come murmurings, envyings, jealousies, with surmisings, &c., &c.

Conversion is not the work of a moment. It is learning, whatever state we are in, therewith to be content, and overcoming every selfish principle, getting out of the narrow, bigoted feeling which all centers on "me" and "mine," and having, on the contrary, a large and liberal soul.

Hannah More, the late missionary to Africa, now sleeping in Northern Michigan, spent months at our house in New England, and was contented while she could be doing for others. Deprive her of that privilege, and she would immediately become uneasy, and feel that she could not remain longer. It had become second nature to her to do for others. Take this from her, and she was out of her element.

This is the true missionary spirit. This is the change of heart that should be wrought in every one who names the name of Christ, and this will be accomplished in the hearts of all who will yield themselves to God and his truth. The work of grace transforms and molds the character according to the likeness of our divine Lord and Master. And if the work fails to be accomplished in our hearts while living here upon the earth, we shall fail of everlasting life. We may flatter ourselves with the thought that we have a well-grounded hope in God, yet our religion will prove to be the counterfeit, and life will prove a failure.

James says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

In Luke 14: 12-14 we have a key that explains why works of this class are a test of Christian character. Here is a practical test we can apply daily. Does our soul go out after others? Are we anxious to engage in that kind of labor that brings in no reward in this life? Are we anxious to sacrifice our means, our ease, and if need be our comfort, to make others happy? Do we know the afflicted and needy in our neighborhood? and are we often found ministering to their wants? Perhaps the answer would be that "we are so hurried with work that we have no time." And is not this very work that so takes up our time, as the saying is, "to get a living," which virtually means, To keep good what we have and add to it.

If this is the case, we possess a spurious article. We have the counterfeit; and it will not stand the test of the Judgment. We have not the spirit that led Christ to die here upon the earth, that led him with meekness to wear the crown of thorns, and when he was reviled to revile not again, and when he suffered, to threaten not, but to commit himself to Him who judgeth righteously. It is when this spirit actuates the person that it will give him freedom in God and a life of usefulness in God. It is then we can labor for others successfully, and God will crown the effort with his blessing.

S. N. HASKELL.

Present Opportunity.

TO-DAY, the ambassador of Jesus Christ stands pleading with thee, O sinner. His heart overflows with love. He knocks at the door of thine heart. Wilt thou open the door, and admit the heavenly messenger?

To-day, Jesus pleads before his Father for thee, lukewarm professor; and the angels beckon thee on to victory. The Spirit of God is already near thee; and thine eyes are moved to tears; and thine heart is tender. Wilt thou repent and reform.

To-day, thy sins are set in order before thee. The heavenly messenger has softened thine heart; but it is not yet purified. The showers have softened the soil. Now is the time to pull up the weeds.

To-day, he stands knocking at the door of thine heart. Wilt thou remove the rubbish, and open wide the door? Perhaps some vile habit, or some unruly passion, or unhallowed desire, or bitter feeling, closes fast the door, and shuts out the heavenly guest.

For six thousand years Jesus has stood pleading for sinners. A few have accepted his mediation, and the work is nearly accomplished. As we near the end, we more highly prize the great atonement soon to culminate in victory. The resurrection is near, and the final reward.

To-day, we hear the startling voice of the angelic message, calling to all who love God and his word to come out and separate themselves from error and sin; calling to all who love purity to rally around the standard of the cross, and by lives of obedience, humility, purity, and holy love, to win the approbation of God.

JOS. CLARKE.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

NOTHING but leaves!
O Saviour! can it be
My worthless life
Is like that barren tree?
No ripened fruit appears;
Alas! the Spirit grieves
Over a life which yields
Nothing but leaves.
Lord, look in mercy down on me!
Spare thou, another year, this tree!

Nothing but leaves!
I've wrought no kindly deed,
No blessing brought
To those who are in need.
My hands have idle been;
I have no garnered sheaves;
My hoarded treasure, all
Is naught but leaves.
Although no fruit doth yet appear,
Oh! spare this tree another year.

Nothing but leaves!
On me thy light is shed;
Thy blessing still
Is resting on my head.
But should the Reaper come
To gather in his sheaves
My aimless life would yield
Nothing but leaves.
Lord, canst thou yet a season spare
And let this fig-tree be thy care?

Nothing but leaves!
Prune each unfruitful bow,
And rob the earth
Of all that charms me now.
Bright scenes of pleasure lure
My feet to turn aside,
From paths of truth and grace
I wander wide.
I would be thine, of thee I'd learn!
Earth yields but leaves, to Heaven I'll turn!

Nothing but leaves!
It shall no longer be!
A better way
By faith in Christ I see.
For me his blood was shed;
For me the Saviour grieves;
No longer shall my life
Yield naught but leaves.
Some precious fruit I fain would bring
To offer to the Heavenly King.
ARVILLE B. GARDNER.

Progress of the Cause.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him,

Report from Bro. Waggoner.

I HAVE not hitherto reported to the REVIEW, because I have not been preaching much, and have not known just what course I should pursue.

I left Battle Creek Nov. 24, in answer to a telegram, to attend a funeral in Green Lake Co., Wis. Spoke three times in Mackford, once in Markesan (beside the funeral sermon), and once in Marquette.

Having worked very hard during the summer, I improved the opportunity of visiting kindred and friends in Wisconsin. But my visiting season was not spent in idleness. For more than two years, I have had in my mind to write on a certain subject, but could not find time to devote to it; and so I have made my proposed time of rest a time of diligent writing.

I visited Baraboo, having some mind to labor there; but after carefully examining the ground, decided not to do so. I spoke but twice while there. I feel a strong desire to have the truth preached in Baraboo, but not under present circumstances.

Also visited Sauk Prairie. Found there some friends of my younger days; and I think there is an opening there for the proclamation of the present truth.

At present, I am holding meetings in a school-house in Hundred Mile Grove, Dane Co. An explanation is needed in regard to this locality. Though the church was named the Hundred Mile Grove church, it is not at the Grove, nor are there any Sabbath-keepers at the Grove, nor in its immediate vicinity. There appears to be a good interest to hear, and I pray that it may bear fruit to salvation.

I have not forgotten the good meetings in Battle Creek, but regretted that I could not longer remain there to share in the further blessing received by God's people. My prayer is that this may be the beginning of a general revival of the good work.

My post-office for the present is Lodi, Columbia Co., Wis.

J. H. WAGGONER.

Michigan.

COMMENCED meetings at Kendall, Van Buren Co., Mich., Dec. 8; and although the weather most of the time has been unfavorable, there has been a deep interest manifested on the part of the people to listen to the truths presented. Have now given twenty-five discourses.

At the close of the meeting Sunday evening, Dec. 28, twenty fully committed themselves to keep the Sabbath of the Lord. The people are considerably stirred in the

region round about, and several urgent calls are made for meetings.

I desire to understand duty, and to bestow labor where there are those that will receive the truth.

H. M. KENYON.
Van Buren Co., Mich., Dec. 29, 1873.

Minnesota.

BRO. ELLS and myself came to this place about the first of October, under the most discouraging circumstances. We labored here about four weeks. The first week was one of good interest, after which, on account of press of fall labor and bad weather, our meetings were very much broken up. Still we held on, visiting from house to house, talking and praying with the people. Seven decided to keep the Sabbath. These were all women. There is a great amount of skepticism among the men.

At the end of four weeks, the necessary preparations for a Minnesota winter called us home. Providence favored, and in four weeks I was back again. The ministers had been making their attacks upon our views in our absence, but had lost friends by it. They had promised a sermon on the Sabbath question; but all at once the trustees of the meeting-house decided that a discussion in the midst of a religious interest would not do; and so it was postponed till next summer (?) they say.

Others are convinced. Secret opposition is very bitter. One good sister says she believes this is the remnant people of God, and would be glad to know that all were praying for her. Let earnest prayers go up to God for victory. Opposition is her lot, as also the lot of some others. Pray for us here. I seek wisdom. May it be given.

We have, up to this time, used the Baptist meeting-house, but can have it no longer. There are now nine, all women, who have made up their minds to obey the truth. If their husbands do not unite with them, they will find it somewhat difficult. But let us pray for all such. Grace will surely be given. Be faithful, sisters. You may win your husbands and save your children.

H. F. PHELPS.

Etna, Dec. 28, 1873.

The Bible a New Book.

THE third angel's message was first proclaimed here in St. Helena, Cal., last August by Elds. Cornell and Loughborough. They labored about seven weeks, with good success. We have now thirty-six names to our covenant, and nearly all are active workers. We hold meetings twice a week, and notwithstanding we are alone the most of the time, we have interesting meetings. Each seems to understand that it is an individual work, and God helps us to move forward.

We also have a Sabbath-school and Bible-class organized, which bid fair to be a source of much good. Our Sabbath-school children number thirty-four.

We had been fast asleep all the days of our lives in regard to the truths of the Bible, until Brn. C. and L. came here. Now the Bible is a new book to us, and of more importance than all others. May God continue his blessings upon us, and may the labors of his servants be rewarded throughout the land.

E. J. CHURCH.

The Confession of Sins.

THE confession of sin is certainly a Bible duty. Yet in this, as in almost everything else, there seems to be danger of either misunderstanding or misapplying the truth.

Some of the reasons that underlie this duty are, Man deliberately sins; he should, therefore, deliberately renounce and put away his sins. And as sin is an injury, both to its possessor and to those against whom it is committed, destroying peace and friendship, the only way to restore broken confidence and repair the damage done is to confess the wrong, and make that restoration that the case demands.

These are inseparable, because a man cannot confess and obtain pardon while he holds the price of iniquity yet in his hands. Now, there are various grades and classes of sins, and the rule that is to govern us in confessing our sins is this: Sins are to be confessed in the same order and to the same extent that they are committed.

1. There are secret sins, those sins that are committed in secret where no eye but that of God is upon us. Every sinful thought, every wicked purpose that forms itself in the mind, and every lustful and unlawful wish that clamors in the heart and that seeks gratification under the cover of darkness, these are secret sins. And there is no principle either in reason or in revelation that demands that those sins that stain and pollute the soul should be publicly confessed, and thus thrown out upon the world to corrupt and taint others.

Facts are not moral only when they are moral facts. And, as we are affected with the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our

ears, the less we know of the iniquity of others, the better it is for us. This truth is fully demonstrated in the great amount of evil done in publishing low literature. These sins are to be confessed only in secret in the presence of God who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men.

Undoubtedly there are those, and perhaps many, who stumble over this first lesson of Christian experience. Being convicted of sins, the cross of humble confession is too great, and they do not make a start. If this first duty is understood and discharged, it gives strength for more advanced lessons and duties. And this is the way with all duties; exercise gives strength.

Again, we are to confess only our own sins, not those of others. And it seems a mistaken idea that some get, if they think evil of any one, that they must express that evil thought, or else they are hypocrites. The thinking of evil of any one of our family, a brother or neighbor, does them no evil; it is the speaking of evil that injures. And the breathing out of our sinful thoughts, feelings, and passions, is Satan's own way of scattering firebrands, arrows, and death. The speaking of evil of any one is never a duty unless the cause of virtue and humanity demands it as a warning to save others.

2. We have private sins—those sins that are committed in private life, where only one or at most but a few are witnesses. Those sins may be committed against members of our own families, against a neighbor, or even a stranger; or two or more persons may be confederate in sin, and a knowledge of the same be confined to themselves alone. Now in confessing this class of sins, there seems no need of going either upon the house-tops or into the streets of a city to proclaim what we have done. It is enough that we go to the injured one, or to the persons in whose presence we have sinned, and there confess the wrong and repair as far as we can the damage that has been done. And to do this properly, we should be as much in earnest and as explicit in confessing as in committing our sins. Apologies are not confessions; and we should never say, if I have wronged you, if you were offended, if I used improper language, I want you to forgive; but we should say, I know that I have wronged you, I know that I have abused you.

Neither should we expect that a single word is quite enough to cover a long period of evil treatment. Nor yet should we be discouraged if perfect confidence is not at once restored although our confession is hearty and genuine. The restoring of confidence that has been broken is like the planting of trees that have been pulled up by the roots; it requires time for them to become rooted again, so restoration of confidence requires time and evidence of reformation.

3. There are public sins—sins that are committed openly, and in the light of day. These sins cannot be confessed secretly, but are to be renounced and put away in a public manner. No person can go about the streets of a city or over the country publishing lying and slanderous reports about a neighbor, or even the least of Christ's disciples, and then go into the closet or to the man injured and obtain pardon. In other words, no person who commits a public sin, of whatever kind it may be, can obtain either a secret or private pardon. And in seeking redress from wrongs that have been done, whether private or public, or in reproving the sins of others, the same rule is to be observed as in confessing sins. Private wrongs are to be privately righted, and public sins are to be openly rebuked and punished.

E. GOODRICH.

Edinboro, Pa.

How the Scriptures Comfort Believers.

How precious to the believer are some of the apostles' words that breathe a spirit of trust and confidence in God. There are times when the full soul seems pressed beyond measure, and, opening the sacred word, the eye rests upon some passage that is peculiarly fitting in its nature to bring consolation and peace. It is not that the words are new; we have read and heard them read over and over again; they are familiar to our ears; but the Spirit now bears witness with our spirit that these words of comfort are for us.

This is the work of the blessed Comforter that Jesus promised to send to all those who should believe on him, even the spirit of truth, of which it is said, "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." John 16:14. Thus are the Scriptures made effectual in bringing us into closer fellowship with God the Father and Christ his dear Son. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Rom. 15:4.

A part of the work of the Spirit is to comfort believers. When perplexed and troubled with earth's cares, we read of Paul's experience in the same, but that he was not distressed, nor in despair, not forsaken, nor yet destroyed; and we feel that our own afflic-

tions are so light in comparison with the ancient worthies that we can only look upward, even through the blinding tears, and rejoice that our tribulation is but for a moment, and is not worthy to be compared with the exceeding great and precious reward; for which cause we faint not. "Though our outward man perish," or the things external might cause us to be faint-hearted or to disbelieve, "yet the inward man is renewed day by day," "while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." 2 Cor. 4:18.

Not disappointed because things temporal do not afford the happiness we might desire, we look forward in the blessed hope of being partaker in the endless joys of eternal life. Oh, the glorious thought! But for this, the heart would faint; but with the prize in view, we can struggle on a little longer. May we so strive that the day of God may not find us unprepared.

M. E. P.

Saginaw Co., Mich.

Strength for the Day.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deut. 33:25.

Believer, hast thou not felt it so? Hast thou not found plants distilling balm growing beside sorrow's path—succors and supports vouchsafed, which were undreamed of until the dreaded cloud had burst, and the day of trial had come? Trouble not thyself regarding an unknown and veiled future, but cast all thy cares on God. Our sandals are proof against the roughest path. He who is "the God of all grace" is better than his word. He will be found equal to all the emergencies of his people, enough for each moment and each hour as they come.

He never takes us to the bitter Marah streams, but he reveals also the hidden branch. Paul was hurled down from the third heavens to endure the smarting of his "thorn," but he rises like a giant from his fall, exulting in the sustaining grace of an "all-sufficient God."

The beautiful peculiarity of this promise is, that God proportions his grace to the nature and the season of trial. He does not forestall or advance a supply of grace, but when the needed season and exigency comes, then the appropriate strength and support are imparted. He does not send the bow before the cloud, but when the cloud appears, the bow is seen in it! He gives sustaining grace for a trying day, and dying grace for a dying day.

Reader, do not morbidly brood on the future. Live on the promise! When the morrow comes with its trials, Jesus will come with the morrow, and with its trials too. Present grace is enough for present necessity. Trust God for the future. We honor him, not by anticipating trial, but by confiding in his faithfulness, and crediting his assurance, that no temptation will be sent greater than we are able to bear. Even if you should see fresh clouds returning after the rain, be ready to say, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Insufficient you are of yourself for any trial, but "your sufficiency is of God." The promise is not, "thy grace," but "my grace is sufficient." Oh! trust his all-sufficiency in all things. See written over every trying hour of the future, "So shall thy strength be!"—John R. Macduff.

A Terrible Affair.

WE have not yet seen a list of the killed and wounded; though a faithful record is kept. No steamboat disaster, no railroad collision, or wreck at sea, ever equaled its horrors. The groans of the victims, and the ghastly wounds of the dead and dying appall all hearts. A few skillful surgeons are doing all they can to relieve the sufferers. But many are perishing for want of care.

A well-appointed hospital has been prepared with lint, bandages, and healing medicine. But there is lack of ambulances and nurses. Special invitation is given to every lover of humanity to minister to the pressing need, and, if possible, to prevent such a catastrophe in the future. It was a seeming trifle that caused the trouble, but a ferocious object nevertheless. It is described as an unruly member, which no man can tame, a world of iniquity full of deadly poison, set on fire of hell, scattering firebrands, arrows, and death. Sometimes it is smoother than oil, but it has secretly drawn swords, and the poison of asps is under its lips. It has belched an epidemic over the whole world.

Whoever lives through the pestilence must take sanitary measures at home. To the rescue, then, one and all; for if we cannot restore the dead to life, many of the wounded may yet be saved, and more calamity averted. There is balm in Gilead, and a great Physician, who can extract the poison and heal the wounds. Let us all take his prescription, and help cleanse this "world of iniquity," and put out this "fire of hell," by bridling our own tongues in obedience to "the great Head of the church."

L. A. CARTWRIGHT.

Honest Confessions.

In "Congregational Lectures," by Robert Halley, D. D., Eng. Part I, Tenth Series, a work of no small repute in the denomination, are the following ingenuous words. It is a pity that the Baptists are in a position in which the blow must be received so squarely. But it is not so much a regret that, in rebounding, it strikes as effectually the doctrine of sprinkling for baptism.

After filing a bill of exceptions to the practice of immersion, the lecturer says:—

"The Christian law of the Sabbath (as our Baptist friends concur with us in interpreting it, and as I honestly believe they rightly interpret it) will carry us a great deal farther than we are required to go in order to justify our mode of administering the rite of baptism. Between the law of the Sabbath, as the Christian church almost universally construes it, and the law of the Sabbath in the letter of its enactment, the difference is far greater than that which exists between the immersion and the sprinkling of proselytes.

"The Sabbath is essentially a rest, a day of cessation from ordinary labor, enjoined, not of Moses, but of the fathers, instituted at the creation of the world, hallowed by the blessing of the Creator on the placid survey of all his works, the only precious relic of the religious institutions of paradise, the only day exempted from the dreadful curse of exhausting toil. Consecrated to rest, it is the memorial of the complacency with which God looked upon the world as complete on the seventh day. The spirit of the law is accredited in the devout obedience of one day in the week; but than the seventh day there is no other Sabbath of positive enactment."

It is a fallacy to suppose that the spirit of the law can be kept, and we disregard the letter. The letter can be observed and not its spirit; and that obedience will be accredited by the Lord, if in exact conformity with his word.

If God says, The seventh day is the Sabbath, and men observe the first day in preference, knowing the letter of the command, it is will-worship, and cannot be accredited. It would seem that the lesson of Lev. 10: 1, 2, would be sufficient to deter any one from taking any such position. One would suppose that the sons of Aaron, the high priest of God's appointment, would escape the penalty for presumptuous sin, if any one. "And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord."

They must have reasoned like this: The spirit of the commandment is to burn the incense; any fire will do that, and we will not be particular. But what says the Lord? "I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and before all the people I will be glorified."

Let us now see where this advocate of sprinkling and Sunday-keeping again places himself:—

"We commemorate the resurrection of our Lord by the hallowing of the first day of the week instead of commemorating the repose of creation on the seventh; but to commemorate the resurrection of Christ by the religious observance of any day, we have no express command in all the Scriptures. There is no such positive law in the church. The primitive Christians met to break bread on the first day of the week at Corinth [Who says so?], at Troas, and I doubt not in other places; but that they observed the day as a Sabbath we are not told; nor, if they did, that by it they commemorated the resurrection of Christ. Our Baptist friends may have no doubt of the fact, neither have we; but in the New Testament, our only code, there is no enactment, there is not even distinct information. To commemorate the resurrection of Christ by the festival of the Sunday is no more a positive enactment of Scripture than to commemorate his death by the fast of the Friday."

In considering the above, who can see the difference between the sin of Nadab and Abihu and that which men commit to-day? God commanded them not to offer strange fire, but that which was consecrated. They kept not his commandment, and died. Neither God nor Christ have commanded us to keep the first day of the week as a memorial of anything or for any other purpose; but God did consecrate the seventh day to religious worship. Now, if we do what God has not commanded, and by this means neglect to do what he has commanded, shall we not as surely perish? If we do it wittingly, we cannot escape.

It is a true statement, and we are obliged to Mr. H. for the admission, that the fast of Friday is obligatory for the same reasons that Sunday is considered so; and the Catholic church is right when she says that such holy days as the Sunday, Ash Wednesday, passion day, and good Friday, all rest on the same foundation, viz., the ordinance of the church.

But let us read still further:—

"What then is the law of the Sabbath? By its letter I am commanded to observe the seventh day in commemoration of the creation of the world; but as in its spirit I observe another day in commemoration of another event, in doing so, I can appeal in justification to no positive law respecting the change; for of such a law there is not a shadow in the New Testament. It is true this reasoning will not apply to Seventh-day Baptists."

God be praised for that! nor S. D. Adventists either. Both know that these twin relics of popery must stand or fall together.

"The Sabbath is not like the passover, Mosaic, not like circumcision, restricted to the family of Abraham, but the law of Adam, the law of his posterity, the law of all the world, founded upon a positive command, more express, as well as far more extensive, than any which enjoined baptism or the Lord's supper."

What words are these! but how few will follow their obvious import. The truths of the last quotation are almost self-evident, and scarcely need an argument to prove them so; yet thousands will go directly contrary to an express command of God that they may keep their own tradition; and I quote now an apology; it can be called neither a reason nor an argument, but it is the best for the doctrine of sprinkling or the Sunday-Sabbath that can be adduced:—

"Sprinkling is surely as much baptism as observing the first day of the week is hallowing the seventh."

Conclusion: Sprinkling is baptism. Now let us prove Sunday-keeping the same way. Sunday is as truly the Sabbath, or, in other words, the first day is as surely the seventh day, as sprinkling is baptism. Conclusion: The first day is the seventh day, and Sunday is the Sabbath. If these points are not clear to every one, then the densest fog will not make a clear day, nor the foulest mud, clear water.

I wish the Baptists would get out of the way, and not be stumbling-blocks longer. I feel, like Mr. Halley, to hold them in some degree responsible, which he certainly does, in the following words:—

"The principles of the Baptists led numbers of people into the religious observance of Saturday. Such I think is their proper tendency; and in abandoning Sabbatarianism our Baptist friends appear to me to surrender in practice the whole argument which they painfully elaborate by their philology."

That Baptists do thus stultify themselves is a plain truth, and it is humiliating indeed to have so grave a charge come so close home to them. It is true, and the point cannot be well evaded, that the same process of reasoning that would prove sprinkling of divine appointment, or even admissible as a mode of baptism, would also prove Sunday-keeping the fulfillment of the requirement to keep the seventh day. This Mr. Halley directly says:—

"Their right to substitute the first day for the seventh, in order to commemorate the resurrection of Christ, without a particle of Scripture law, is an authority for substituting sprinkling for immersion, even if they can prove we make the substitution with which we are charged."

But the right to do either, we deny. No man or body of men, in church capacity or otherwise, have a right to substitute an institution or tradition of their own for an express command of God. No man or body of men ever yet did it without meriting the displeasure of God. It is a presumptuous sin, which they commit at imminent risk. This the Judgment will surely reveal.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments," not substitute something in their place, which he has not commanded. This the Pharisees did with the fifth commandment; Matt. 15: 6-9; Mark 7: 13; the Catholics, with the second and fourth; and the Protestant world, almost universally, with the fourth, to keep their own tradition. It is nothing else, as this man candidly admits. To keep God's commandments "is the whole duty of man." "For God will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." As in all the past, so may we not now forget that when God commands, obedience is required. D. H. LAMSON.

Armada, Mich.

Courage in Every-Day Life.

"MORAL COURAGE" was printed in large letters and put as the heading of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York for a constant reference:—

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect

for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

The Difference.

A BROTHER who has lately embraced the truth in California, writes:

I have lived forty-seven years and never united with any church before. I could not understand the Bible; and when I saw men and women experience religion and join some church, and then go right on in the same course of life as before, without any perceptible change, it looked to me that there was something wrong somewhere.

Again, I would look at my neighbors, and I could see no difference between the church members and those outside; I thought I could find the best people outside if there was any choice. So I had concluded to remain as I was and take my chances. God only knows how thankful I am to him for sending his servants here to preach the truth. They seem dearer to me than any other friends on earth.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surprising strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had slipped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot prints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumbled by a shining head.
My singing pruned from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.
—The Aldine.

Praise versus Censure.

THE judicious use of praise is a powerful means of gaining the affections of children. An encouraging smile, a gentle pressure of the hand, a word of commendation, will sometimes do wonders in the way of winning young hearts. Captain Basil Hall thus describes the effects produced on board of a ship by the different modes of government adopted by two different commanders. "Whenever," says he, "one of these officers came on board the ship, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him to discover what might be wrong; to detect the smallest thing that might be out of its place; in a word, to find as many grounds of censure as possible. This constituted, in his judgment, the best preventive of neglect on the part of those under his command, and he acted in this severe way from principle.

The attention of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be directed chiefly to those points which he could approve. This latter Captain would remark to the First Lieutenant, as he walked along: "How white and clean you have the decks to-day. I think you must have been at them all the morning to have got them in such order." The other, in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and clean

as the drifted snow: "I wish, sir, you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings," pointing to a bit of rope-yarn, not half an inch long, left under the truck of a gun.

It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault; while, to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared to be a punishment to himself. Accordingly, under the one administration we all worked cheerfully, not doubting that every well-meant effort would meet with hearty approbation. But, with the other, our duty being performed in fear, seldom went on in much spirit. We felt no personal satisfaction in doing things right, from the certainty of getting no commendation. What was most singular was that these men were both as kind-hearted as could be, or, if there was any difference, the fault-finder was the better-hearted of the two."

Captain Hall adds: "It requires but little experience of sailors, soldiers, children, servants, or other dependents, to discover that this good humor on our part toward those whom we wish to influence is the best possible coadjutor to our scheme of management, whatever that may be."

We close by saying to teacher and parent, avoid these three errors—partiality, disregard to the feelings of the young, and a spirit of fault-finding, and practice the opposite virtues, and it will seldom be difficult to secure a favorable reception in school or family for almost anything you may please to purpose.

ACCURACY.—Boys, listen to what President Tuttle says: I saw a young man once in the office of a Western railway superintendent. He was occupying a position that four hundred boys in that city would have wished to get. It was honorable, and it "paid well," besides being in the line of promotion. How did he get it? Not by having a rich father, for he was the son of a laborer. The secret was his beautiful accuracy. He began as an errand boy, and did his work accurately. His leisure time he used in perfecting his writing and arithmetic. After a while, he learned to telegraph. At each step, his employer commended his accuracy, and relied on what he did, because he was sure it was just right.

And it is thus with every occupation. The accurate boy is the favorite one. Those who employ men do not wish to be on the constant lookout, as though they were rogues or fools. If a carpenter must stand at his journeyman's elbow to be sure his work is right, or if a cashier must run over a book-keeper's columns, he might as well do the work himself as to employ another to do the work in that way, and it is very certain that the employer will get rid of such an inaccurate workman as soon as he can.

NEVER do we do more, and in a holier way, than when we know not how much we do. Never do we do worse than when we know what and how much we do, for it is impossible that we should not be pleased with ourselves.

THE world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority, and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside.

Obituary Notices.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."

DIED, in Vermontville, Franklin Co., N. Y., Nov. 16, 1873, sister Fannie Norman, in her thirty-third year.

Sister N. embraced the present truth about two years and a half ago. She met with great opposition from some of her friends, and, through distracting influences, yielded her faith for a time, but soon saw her error, retraced her steps, and became more firm and decided than ever, and so continued up to the time of her death. Her Christian experience was ever consistent and satisfactory, but especially near the close of her life; and we believe she sleeps in Jesus. Her family and the church suffer a great loss, but do not mourn without hope.

S. B. WHITNEY.

DIED, near Springfield, Bon Homme County, Dakota, Dec. 23, 1873, Sarah E., wife of S. C. Conrey, aged thirty-eight years. For about fifteen years sister C. had been trying to live the life of a Christian. She leaves a husband and eight children to mourn their loss. They have the sympathies of a large circle of friends. The funeral exercises were conducted by the writer. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 49. May the Lord protect the bereaved family.

F. A. ROBY.

