

THE ADVENT REVIEW,

AND SABBATH HERALD.

"Here is the Patience of the Saints; Here are they that keep the Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus."

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Divine Consolation.

It is by providential dispensation
We pass beneath the rod;
But in each pang this brings us consolation:
They are all known to God.

He watches o'er us with a kind protection,
Through every changing hour;
With all a Heavenly Father's pure affection,
To shield us by his power.

'Tis not in vain that we endure affliction;
For they fulfill their part,
In mercy sent as Heaven's benediction,
To purify the heart.

'Tis then the soul for heavenly aid is pleading,
Its loneliness to cheer;
When earthly scenes are from our view receding,
'Tis then that Heaven draws near.

Some longer stay to act in life's relation,
While some sleep in the dust:
His ways are past our narrow penetration;
Yet in him we can trust.

There's many a cloud that dims our mental vision,
Yet he knows what is best;
If we our all resign, from fields elysian
The heavenly Dove brings rest.

There's joy unbounded when we hold communion
With Him who rules o'er all,
And feel that he with sweetest filial union,
Will us, his children, call.

Earobed in white, with heavenly luster shining,
The jewels of his love,
With wreaths of beauty round the brow entwining,
Will reign with him above.

Let life, with suffering, be my portion given,
Or in the grave my rest,
If I but have, at last, a place in heaven,
A home among the blest.

ANNIE R. SMITH.

Willon, N. H., June 24th, 1855.

ON DRESS.

FROM MR. WESLEY'S ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE
CALLED METHODISTS.

I. 1. MANY years ago I observed several parts of Christian practice among the people called Quakers. Two things I particularly remarked among them, plainness of speech and plainness of dress. I willingly adopted both, with some restrictions, and particularly plainness of dress; the same I recommended to you when God first called you out of the world; and for the addition of more than twenty years' experience I recommend it to you still.

2. But, before I go any farther, I must entreat you, in the name of God, be open to conviction. Whatever prejudices you have contracted from education, custom, or example, divest yourselves of them as far as possible. Be willing to receive light either from God or man: do not shut your eyes against it. Rather be glad to see more than you did before, to have the eyes of your understanding opened.

Receive the truth in the love thereof, and you will have reason to bless God forever.

II. 1. Not that I would advise you to imitate the people called Quakers in those little peculiarities of dress which can answer no possible end but to distinguish them from other people. To be singular, merely for singularity's sake, is not the part of a Christian. I do not, therefore, advise you to wear a hat of such dimensions, or a coat of a particular form. Rather, in things that are absolutely indifferent, that are of no consequence at all, humility and courtesy require you to conform to the customs of your country.

2. But I advise you to imitate them, first, in the neatness of their apparel. This is highly to be commended, and quite suitable to your Christian calling. Let all your apparel, therefore, be as clean as your situation in life will allow.

I advise you to imitate them, secondly, in the plainness of their apparel. In this are implied two things: 1. That your apparel be cheap, not expensive; far cheaper than others in your circumstances wear, or than you would wear if you knew not God. 2. That it be grave, not gay, airy or showy; not in the point of the fashion. And these easy rules may be applied both to the materials whereof it is made and to the manner wherein it is made or put on.

3. Would you have a farther rule with respect to both? Then take one which you may always carry in your bosom: "Do every thing herein with a single eye;" and this will direct you in every circumstance. Let a single intention to please God prescribe both what clothing you shall buy, and the manner wherein it shall be made, and how you shall put on and wear it. To express the same thing in other words: let all you do, in this respect, be so done that you may offer it to God, a sacrifice acceptable through Christ Jesus. So that, consequently, it may increase your reward and brighten your crown in heaven. And so it will do if it be agreeable to Christian humility, seriousness, and charity.

4. Shall I be more particular still? Then I exhort you to wear no gold, no pearls, or precious stones: use no curling of hair, or costly apparel, how grave soever. I advise those who are able to receive this saying, Buy no superfluities, no mere ornaments, though ever so much in fashion. Wear nothing, though you have it already, which is of a glaring color, or which is in any kind gay, glistening, or showy: nothing apt to attract the eyes of bystanders. I do not advise women to wear rings, earrings, necklaces, lace, (of whatever kind or color,) or ruffles, which, by little and little, may easily shoot out from one to twelve inches deep. Neither do I advise men to wear shining stockings, glittering or costly buckles or buttons. It is true these are little, very little things: therefore they are not worth defending: therefore give them up, let them drop, throw them away, without another word; else a little needle may cause much pain in the flesh, a little self-indulgence much hurt to your soul.

III. 1. For the preceding exhortation I have the authority of God in clear and express terms: "I will that women (and, by parity of reason, men too) adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered (curled) hair, or gold, or pearls, (one kind of precious stones, which was then most in use, put for all,) or costly apparel; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." 1 Tim. ii, 9, 10. Again, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting (curling) the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of

God, of great price." 1 Pet. iii, 3, 4. Nothing can be more express: the wearing of gold, of precious stones, and of costly apparel, together with curling of hair, is here forbidden by name; nor is there any restriction made, either here or in any other scripture. Whoever, therefore, says, "There is no harm in these things," may as well say, "There is no harm in stealing or adultery."

2. There is something peculiarly observable in the manner wherein both St. Peter and St. Paul speak of these things. "Let not your adorning, (says St. Peter,) be that outward adorning; but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." The latter clause is not added barely to fill up the sentence, but with strong and weighty reasons. For there is a direct contrariety (as little as we may suspect it) between that outward and this inward adorning; and that both with regard to their source and with regard to their tendency. As to their source, all that adorning springs from nature; a meek and quiet spirit from grace: the former from conforming to our own will and the will of man; the latter from conformity to the will of God. And, as to their tendency, nothing more directly tends to destroy meekness and quietness of spirit than all that outward adorning whereby we seek to commend ourselves to men and not to God. For this cherishes all those passions and tempers which overthrow the quiet of every soul wherein they dwell.

"Let them adorn themselves," saith St. Paul, "not with curling of hair, or with gold, pearls, or costly apparel, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. The latter clause is here likewise added, for plain and weighty reasons. For, 1. That kind of adorning cannot spring from godliness, from either the love or fear of God, from a desire of conforming to his will, or from the mind which was in Christ Jesus. 2. It no way tends to increase godliness; it is not conducive to a holy temper. But, 3. It manifestly tends to destroy several of the tempers most essential to godliness. It has no friendly influence on humility, whether we aim at pleasing others or ourselves hereby. Either in one case or the other it will rather increase pride or vanity than lowliness of heart. It does not at all minister to the seriousness which becomes a sinner born to die. It is utterly inconsistent with simplicity: no one uses it merely to please God. Whoever acts with a single eye does all things to be seen and approved of God; and can no more dress than he can pray, or give alms, to be seen of men.

3. "O! but one may be as humble in velvet and embroidery, as another in sackcloth." True: for a person may wear sackcloth and have no humility at all. The heart may be filled with pride and vanity, whatever the raiment be.

4. But can you be adorned at the same time with costly apparel and with good works. That is, in the same degree as you might have been, had you bestowed less cost on your apparel? You know this is impossible: the more you expend on the one, the less you have to expend on the other. Costliness of apparel, in every branch, is therefore immediately, directly, inevitably destructive of good works. You see a brother for whom Christ died ready to perish for want of needful clothing. You would give it him gladly; but alas! it is *corban*, whereby he might have been profited. It is given already, not indeed for the service of God, not to the treasury of the temple, but either to please the folly of others, or to feed vanity, or the lust of the eye in yourself. Now, (even suppose these were harmless tempers, yet) what an unspeakable loss is this, if it be really rue, that "every man shall receive his own reward,

according to his own labour," if there is indeed a reward in heaven for every work of faith, for every degree of the labor of love!

Secondly. 1. As to the advice subjoined, it is easy to observe that all those smaller things are, in their degree, liable to the same objections as the greater. If they are gay, showy, pleasing to the eye, the putting them on does not spring from a single view to please God. It neither flows from nor tends to advance a meek and quiet spirit. It does not arise from, nor any way promote, real, vital godliness.

2. And if they are in any wise costly, if they are purchased with any unnecessary expense, they cannot but, in proportion to that expense, be destructive of good works. Of consequence, they are destructive of that charity which is fed thereby; hardening our heart against the cry of the poor and needy, by inuring us to shut up our bowels of compassion towards them.

3. At least, all unnecessary expenses of this kind, whether small or great, are senseless and foolish. This we may defy any man living to get over, if he allows there is another world. For there is no reward in heaven for laying out your money in ornaments and costly apparel; whereas you may have an eternal reward for whatever you expend on earth.

4. Consider this more closely. Here are two ways proposed for laying out such a sum of money. I may lay it out in expensive apparel for myself, or in necessary clothing for my neighbor. The former will please my own eye, or that of others; the latter will please God. "Now, suppose there were no more harm in one than in the other, in that which pleases man than that which pleases God, is there as much good in it? If they are equally innocent, are they equally wise? By the one I gratify the desire of the eye, and gain a pleasure that perishes in the using; by the other I gain a larger share of those pleasures that are at God's right hand for evermore. By the former I obtain the applause of men; by the latter the praise of God. In this way I meet with the admiration of fools; in that I hear from the Judge of all, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

5. Brethren, whatever ye are accounted by men, I would not have you fools in God's account. *Walk ye circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise; not in those ways which God may possibly forgive, (to put things in the most favorable light,) but in those which he will certainly reward. In wickedness be ye children still; but in understanding be ye men.* I want to see a visible body of people who are a standing example of this wisdom, a pattern of doing all things, great and small, with an eye to God and eternity.

IV. 1. But we may be assured the wisdom of the world will find out abundance of objections to this. Accordingly, it is objected, first, "If God has given us splendid fortunes, if we are placed in the higher ranks of life, we must act suitably to our fortune. We ought then to dress according to our rank, that is, in gold and costly apparel." Not to insist that none of you are of this rank, I answer, Where is this written? Our Saviour once occasionally said, "Behold, they who wear gorgeous (splendid) apparel are in kings' courts;" but he does not say they *ought* to be even there: he neither enjoins nor countenances it. And where is this either enjoined or allowed by him or any of his apostles? Bring me plain Scriptural proof for your assertion, or I cannot allow it.

2. "But did not God give express command by Moses that some even among his chosen people should be adorned in the most exquisite manner with gold and precious stones and costly array?" Indeed he did; he expressly commanded this with regard to Aaron and his successors in the high priesthood. But to this I answer, first, this direction which God gave, with regard to the Jewish high-priest, can certainly affect no person here. Secondly, the Jews and we are under different dispensations. The glory of the whole Mosaic dispensation was chiefly visible and external; whereas the glory of the Christian dispensation is of an invisible and spiritual nature.

3. "But what then are gold and precious stones for? Why have they a place in the creation?"

What if I say I cannot tell? There are abundance of things in the creation which I do not know the use of. What are crocodiles, lions, tigers, scorpions for? Why have so many poisons a place in the creation? Some of them are for medicine: but whatever they are for, in whatever manner they may be useful, they are certainly not to be used in such a manner as God has expressly forbidden.

4. "But, if all men were to dress plain how would tradesmen live?" I answer, 1. God certainly considered this, or ever he gave these commands. And he would never have given them had he not seen that, if they were universally observed, men in general would live better than they otherwise could; better in this world, as well as that to come. But, 2. There is no danger at all that they should be universally observed. Only a little flock in any civilized nation will observe them till the knowledge of God covers the earth. 3. If those who do observe them employ the money they thus save in the most excellent manner, that part of what only before served to fat a few rich tradesmen for hell, will suffice to feed, and clothe, and employ many poor that seek the kingdom of heaven. But it is not this, it is not a regard to trade, or the good of the nation, that makes you disobey God. No: it is pride, vanity, or some other sinful temper, which is the real cause of these sinful actions.

5. "But we cannot carry on our own trade without dressing like other people." If you mean only conforming to those customs of your country that are neither gay nor costly, why should you not "dress like other people?" But if you mean "conformity to them in what God has forbidden," the answer is ready at hand. If you cannot carry on your trade without breaking God's command, you must not carry it on. But I know no trade which may not be carried on by one who uses plain and modest apparel. I fear you love these things, and, therefore, think them necessary. Your heart carries away your judgment. If you were not fond of them you would never dream of their necessity.

6. In one single case these things may be necessary, that is, unavoidable, namely, that of women who are under the yoke of self-willed, unreasonable husbands or parents. Such may be constrained to do in some degree what otherwise they would not. And they are blameless herein, if, 1. They use all possible means, arguments, entreaties, to be excused from it; and when they cannot prevail, 2. Do it just so far as they are constrained, and no farther.

V. 1. And now, brethren, what remains, but that I beseech you who are not under the yoke, who are under God, the directors of your own actions, to set prejudice, obstinacy, fashion aside, and yield to Scripture, to reason, to truth.

2. You are surrounded with saints of the world, persons fashionably, reputably religious. And these are constant opposers of all who would go farther in religion than themselves. These are continually warning you against ~~nothing~~ into extremes, and striving to beguile you from the simplicity of the gospel. You have many more dangerous enemies than these, Antinomians, who, when any Christian practice is enforced, come in with the cuckoo's note, "the law, the law;" and while they themselves glory in their shame, make you ashamed of what should be your glory.

3. You have been, and are at this day, *in perils among false brethren*: I mean, not only those of other congregations, who count strictness all one with bondage; but many of our own; in particular those who were once clearly convinced of the truth; but they have sinned away that conviction themselves, and now endeavor to harden others against it; at least by example, by returning again to the folly from which they were once clean escaped. But what is the example of all mankind when it runs counter to Scripture and reason?

4. You who have passed the morning, perhaps the noon of life, who find the shadows of the evening approach, set a better example to those that are to come—to the now rising generation. With you the day of life is far spent; the night of death is at hand. You have no time to lose; see that you redeem every moment that remains. Remove every thing out of the way, be it never so small, (though indeed gay or costly apparel is not so,) that might any way ob-

struct your lowliness and meekness, your seriousness of spirit, your single intention to glorify God in all your thoughts, and words, and actions. Let no needless expense hinder your being, in the highest degree you possibly can, *rich in good works; ready to distribute, willing to communicate*, till you are clothed with glory and immortality.

Our carcasses will soon fall into the dust: then let the survivors adorn them with flowers. Mean time let us regard those ornaments only that will accompany us into eternity.

5. You that are in the morning of your days, either your form is agreeable, or it is not. If it is not, do not make your person remarkable; rather let it be hid in common apparel. On every account it is your wisdom to recommend yourself to the eye of the mind, but especially to the eye of God, who reads the secrets of your heart, and in whose sight the incorruptible ornaments alone are of great price. But if you would recommend yourself by dress, is any thing comparable to plain neatness? What kind of persons are those to whom you could be recommended by gay or costly apparel? None that are any way likely to make you happy: this pleases only the silliest and worst of men. At most, it gratifies only the silliest and worst principle in those who are of a nobler character.

6. To you whom God has intrusted with a more pleasing form, those ornaments are quite needless.

"The adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill."

That is, to express ourselves in plain English, without any figure of poetry, it only tends to drag them faster into death everlasting, who were going fast enough before, by additional provocation to lust, or, at least, inordinate affection. Did you actually design to raise either of these in those who looked upon you? What! while you and they were in the more immediate presence of God! What profaneness and inhumanity mixed together! But if you designed it not, did you not foresee it? You might have done so without any extraordinary sagacity. "Nay, I did not care or think about it." And do you say this by way of excuse? You scatter abroad arrows, firebrands, and death; and do not care or think about it!

7. O let us walk more charitably and more wisely for the time to come! Let us all cast aside from this very hour whatever does not become men and women professing godliness; whatever does not spring from the love and fear of God, and minister thereto. Let our seriousness shine before men, not our dress: let all who see us know that we are not of this world. Let our adorning be that which fadeth not away, even righteousness and true holiness. If ye regard not weakening my hands and grieving my spirit, yet grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Do you ask, "But what shall I do with the gay and costly apparel, and with the ornaments I have already? Must I suffer them to be lost? Ought I not to wear them now I have them?" I answer, There is no loss like that of using them: wearing them is the greatest loss of all. But what then shalt thou do with them? Burn them rather than wear them; throw them into the depth of the sea. Or if thou canst with a clear conscience, sell them, and give the money to them that want. But buy no more at the peril of thy soul. Now be a faithful steward. After providing for those of thine own household things needful for life and godliness, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the sick, the prisoner, the stranger, with all that thou hast. Then shall God clothe thee with glory and honor, in the presence of men and angels; and thou shalt "shine as the brightness of the firmament, yea, as the stars for ever and ever!"

How to Ward off Danger.

It was a remark of Patrick Henry, that a wise man will look danger in the face, and gaze for it; and that he should not listen to the siren song of peace, when there is no peace. The world at the present day seems to fancy that if they can only close their eyes from beholding the evil that is coming upon all the ungodly, that they have effectually screened themselves from all personal harm, and averted the danger from them. A young brood of quail or partridges, on being frightened, will each insert their

head under a leaf, and because they can then see no danger, they fancy themselves in perfect security. The same principle is more strikingly exemplified in the calf of the buffalo, on the western prairies. When pursued by the hunters, the calves often are left behind the herd; and being frightened, and having no place to secrete themselves but in the short grass, at that season of the year but about six inches high, they will close their eyes, and dropping on their fore feet, they thrust their head down into the grass; and thus because they see no danger, they feel perfectly secure, although they stand upright on their hind feet, and can be seen in that position for miles on the smooth prairies; and while thus *securely hidden* they can be approached and quietly taken.

Man, with all his boasted reason and superior knowledge, practically believes the same. He often attempts to make lies his refuge, and under falsehood to hide himself, but the overflowing scourge will sweep away his refuge of lies; and he will find to his vexation, that his bed is shorter than that he can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it; so that his covenant with death will be disannulled, and his agreement with hell will not stand. The wicked "say to the seers, see not, and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits, get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us." They fancy they can ward off danger by crying "peace and safety;" and disprove the coming of Christ, by doubting of the promise of his coming; and saying "in their hearts, my Lord delayeth his coming." "Bread of deceit is sweet to them." They love to have the prophets prophesy falsely, and to be deluded by deceitful assurances of peace and safety; and the voice of those who proclaim to them the truth, is as a knell in their ears. It is thus that the world refuse to examine the question respecting the Saviour's return; they are mad with those who proclaim it: and why? If they knew it was not so, it would pass by them as the idle wind; it is because they are afraid it will be so; and being opposed to the coming of the Son of man, they think they ward it off by closing their eyes to the evidence, and shutting their ears against the truth. And they are accordingly delighted with the preaching of those who delay his coming, as though the great God would not do just as he has purposed. Miserable men, the danger is just as real, though you see it not. The last sands of time are as surely running out, as if you were open to conviction. That great event is as surely hastening on with all its fearful rapidity, as though you did not disbelieve it, for all your doubts and skepticisms will be no block to arrest the progress of the wheels of the Almighty's chariot. Unless you can demonstrate that it is not so, you are periling your souls by your rejection of it: your mere disbelief will not affect the truth of it in the least. There is but one security for you; flee to the ark of safety while its doors are yet open, and before the last trumpet shall sound. Make your Judge your friend, and cast yourself unreservedly on his mercy. Examine this question without any reference to your former views, or any of your preconceived opinions. Search for the truth as for hid treasure, and be prepared to embrace it, however at variance with your own opinions it may be. Cast aside all will of your own, and be prepared to say respecting the Divine purposes of God, "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Feel that God has a right to rule, and rejoice that he does so, and with such a temper of mind, God will lead you in the way of all truth. He will open your understandings, that you may behold the glorious things which are written in his law, and prepare you to meet your God in peace.—*Selected.*

Early Christians.

It must be profitable often to contemplate the situation and study the character of those who, with simple faith, breaking away from the companionship of their fathers, brothers, and friends, openly declared themselves followers of the despised Nazarene, whom his own nation had rejected, and the Romans had executed with more severity than if he had been the vilest of criminals, and more scorn than would have been shown to the meanest of slaves.

Faith in an ascended Saviour could not be exercised till Jesus left his disciples alone, but not comfortless. O that we could realize the intense interest of the disciples' meeting, the evening after the ascension. A few hours before, Jesus had been bodily with them—now he was gone, never to return. In the morning they had walked by his side, now they must walk forth amidst those who had put him to death. His gentle tones yet sounded in their ears, but they can never hear them again. For a few weeks they had often sought him out, or been unexpectedly rejoiced

by his company; now the impression is stamped upon their inmost souls, *he is gone.*

As their agitated souls became calm, what a train of recollections would pass through their minds. What earthly prospect could be more forlorn than theirs? What could the adherents of an executed malefactor expect from a world leagued in bitter hostility against them? How would they recall the impressions of their early life, when they had risen to their daily toil, and patiently dragged the net, or swung the hammer, or tilled the earth, or counted the unwilling tribute of their conquered brethren, and would they not be tempted to say that all the wonderful scenes of the last few years had been a dream? But the fact that they—one hundred and twenty of them—were gathered together from so many different places and employments, would show that some real and powerful cause had produced this strange effect. They can never be as they once were. A fate as terrible as that of Judas would have been the lot of each who should prove a traitor to the cause of their crucified Master. But to go forward in defense of that cause seemed to be rushing on the points of countless weapons, all aimed at their unprotected bosoms. O what a terrible, yet what a delightful extremity! Being driven from all earthly confidence, they are thrown upon the immovable Rock. Being stripped of all earthly armor, they receive in its stead "the whole armor of God," which neither fire nor steel can injure, and in which all the ingenuity of men and devils cannot harm them, while they face the foe and "resist the devil."

In this fiery furnace, how nearly was all their dross consumed. What a lovely Christian character was formed! What simplicity of faith, what purity of love, what warmth of zeal, what unflinching courage, what unailing patience!

The Pentecost was 50 days from the Passover: and as their risen Master had been with them forty days from his resurrection, there was an interval of ten days for prayer and meditation, before they opened their lips to proclaim that the despised Jesus was the only Saviour of the world. This precious season was just what they needed. They had time to realize their own helplessness, and they spent the time in earnest and united prayer. We are sure that no dispute as to who should be greatest, was ever named, but to be confessed; or even thought of, but to be deplored. The day of Pentecost assembled its thousands from Europe, Asia and Africa. The sweet spirit and persuasive words of Peter convinced them that he preached the truth. Though strangers before, they were now made one by the blood of Christ. The new and soul-stirring truths they heard so enchain their attention that they stayed together till many of them had exhausted their provisions. How, then, were they to be supplied? The answer was ready. One member of Christ's body could not suffer want while others had plenty.

Those who had lands or other property converted them into money, of which all shared freely. The circumstances which led them to have all things common, did not continue long, but the same brotherly love prevailed during two or three hundred years.

As a single illustration of this fact, we copy from Waddington's Church History, an extract from Lucian, a pagan of the second century, who takes occasion to ridicule Christianity, by telling a story of one Peregrinus who had been exalted from Armenia—his own country—for the most horrible crimes. He thence wandered into Palestine, and became acquainted with the doctrines of the Christians, and pretended to embrace them. Being a man of talents and education he acquired great influence among the unlearned body of true disciples, and in consequence, soon attracted the notice of the Roman Governor, and was thrown into prison for the faith he professed. Here, says Lucian, "there came Christians deputed from many cities of Asia, to relieve, to comfort, and encourage him. For the care and diligence which the Christians exert on these occasions is incredible: in a word, they spare nothing. They sent, therefore, large sums to Peregrinus, and his confinement was an occasion of amassing great riches; for these poor creatures are firmly persuaded they shall one day enjoy eternal life; therefore, they despise death with wonderful courage and offer themselves voluntarily to punishment. Their law-giver has taught them that they are all brethren, when once they have passed over and renounced the gods of the Greeks, and worship that master of theirs who was crucified and regulate their manner and conduct by his laws. They despise, therefore, all earthly possessions, and look upon them as common. Therefore, if any juggler, or cunning fellow, who knows how to make his advantage of opportunity, happens to get into their society, he immediately grows rich; because it is easy to abuse the simplicity of these silly people."

We trust that no Second Advent believer will be

troubled, if we are looked upon in the same light by the proud philosophers of the present day, who have no more faith in Christianity than Lucian had. Let us contemplate the character of Christianity in its freshness and purity, and seek the honor which cometh from God only, and we shall continue to be despised by the world.

Perfect Love.

"HEREIN IS OUR love made perfect; that we may have boldness in the day of judgment. Because as he is so are we in this world." Thus wrote the beloved disciple. Yet how strong the opposition of the human heart to this same blessed doctrine of a perfection in the love of God. The usual objection is, we are such poor, imperfect creatures that it is impossible to be perfect here. True, if by perfection we mean such a state as that of Adam in the garden of Eden. That will never be ours, until we see him as he is, and are changed into the same glorious image. But if the perfection of the Christian is what the above text says, "love made perfect," produced by the indwelling of the spirit of Jesus Christ by faith, producing love to Christ, and obedience to his teachings, why may we not be thus perfect? Err we may, but sin we must not; if we do we are of the devil. For any Christian, under the plea of the weakness of human nature to commit a known violation of God's law is to bring himself into condemnation and a snare of the devil. He is of the devil and not of God; and his only way is to confess, penitently, confidently and obediently his sins, and God will be faithful and just to forgive (him his) sins and to cleanse (him) from all unrighteousness." The mystery of godliness is, "Christ in you the hope of glory." If Christ be not in us, we are so far from having a good hope glory, that we are reprobates. If Christ is in us we are like him in this world, and have perfect love, and boldness in the day of judgment. We shall rejoice in the prospect of the coming of Christ to make us perfect in the resurrection of the just.

The word of God declares, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" and it is only unbelief which says he will not do it. Believe then, and be saved.

Duty in View of the Day of the Lord.

JOEL ii, 1, 12-18, 27, 32. "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand. Therefore also now, saith the Lord, Turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God; for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him; even a meat-offering and a drink-offering unto the Lord your God? Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly: gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts; let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them; wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God? Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people. And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God and none else; and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call."

Thus the Lord calls upon his ministers, and upon his children, in view of the coming of the Lord: and how are his admonitions regarded? Do the priests, the ministers of the Lord, thus weep between the porch and the altar, and cry to the Lord to spare his people? or are they, on the contrary, ridiculing the idea of expecting the Lord immediately to appear? Although the Lord has said, [Joel ii, 30, 31,] "I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come;" and those signs have been seen, yet they know it not. And instead of using their exertions to call the attention of their fellow-men to the indications the Lord has thus hung out in the heavens, their efforts are too often to persuade those who stand on the

verge of the judgment that all is well, and that nothing betokens the approach of the day of the Lord. They heed not the injunction of the Apostle, "For-sake not the assembling of yourselves together, but exhort one another daily, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

THE REVIEW AND HERALD.

"Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."

ROCHESTER, THIRD-DAY, JULY 10, 1855.

Commencement of the Volume.

This number of the REVIEW commences Volume VII. The past year has been to us one of affliction, disappointment, embarrassment and sadness, yet we have toiled on amid sickness, sorrow and death to do what we could for the REVIEW, to make it as useful as we could. In our feeble efforts to feed the flock of God, through this medium, we have doubtless erred many times; but the Chief Shepherd is our witness, that the glory of God, and the salvation of the flock, have been the objects of our labor. And here we wish to express our grateful thanks to the real friends and supporters of the cause for their christian forbearance, and their aid in time of affliction and need. May the blessing of God attend the liberal efforts of his servants in this life, and may they share a rich reward in the life to come.

The last volume, of thirty-two numbers, contains much valuable matter. In it the important subjects of the Law of God, Man not Immortal, Atonement, the Three Angels of Rev. xiv, &c., have been clearly and ably set forth by the different writers. We hope the volume now commenced will also contain as great a variety of important matter. Besides the lengthy expositions of Scripture, we want many short articles on present truth, and present duty, and stirring epistles on experiences, or exhortations to obedience. The REVIEW should go forth bearing light, food and comfort to the scattered flock of God. Let the church, especially those called of God to feed the flock, speak freely and often through its columns, their communications breathing the spirit of truth, humility and love, that a portion of each number may be like a precious conference meeting to those scattered ones who cannot meet with those of like precious faith.

We commence the present volume under encouraging circumstances. Our health is gradually improving. The friends of the cause are anxious to establish the Press on a proper basis, which will release us of much of our present care and responsibility, and enable us to devote more time to the interests of the REVIEW.

The Cause.

The cause of truth and Bible holiness is onward. What if it be a shaking time? This is necessary to sift the church, and shake off dead weights. The real friends of the cause, who have the root of the matter in them, stand firm, and are ready to act their part in the cause. We were much cheered in meeting with many of the true friends of the cause in Oswego Co., at the Oswego Tent meeting. The Lord was with us in that meeting. We had one of the most blessed and powerful prayer-meetings in Oswego, that we have witnessed for years.

Our meetings in this place (near Buck's Bridge, St. Law. Co.) have been cheering. About 600 came out in the rain last First-day to hear. We stay here over next Sabbath. Brn. Wheeler of N. H., and Hart and Philips of Vt. are here, and are in the work. If it be pleasant weather, there will be a great crowd out to hear on First-day. There is quite a company of firm believers in this vicinity, most of them from the Wesleyan Church within a few years. They have received all three messages at once, and are doing well on them. God bless them, and let them have their "penny," though they may not have "borne the burden and heat of the day."

There are calls for meetings in two places in this part of the State that we are obliged to pass by. The Lord has opened the way for the presentation of the truth to the people and calls on us to cry aloud and spare not, to lift up the voice like a trumpet, and shew his people their transgressions. May God help his people with faith and energy to do their duty in this last message. There are now five Tents in the field. God seems to bless this mode of convening the people to hear. The cause is onward, and God's people will finally triumph.

The Office.

The present prospect is, that the sales of Books will nearly clear the Office from debt the coming Summer. The series of Tracts we had in contemplation now being completed, we shall not have to publish more till those

on hand are sold, which, when sold, will clear the Office of debt.

A Good Work Accomplished.

VOLUMES I and II of our Tracts and Pamphlets are now completed, and ready for circulation. Volume I embraces the works on the Law of God and the Sabbath, and Volume II those on the Signs of the Times, Prophecies of Daniel, the Sanctuary, Three Angels of Rev. xiv, and Man not Immortal. Both contain about 800 pages. These Tracts have been written with great care, and cover nearly the ground of our faith. They can be obtained of those who travel with the Tents, or at the Office, for \$1 for both Volumes, or \$75 per 100. A good work is accomplished in preparing these Tracts so that we can now present the main reasons of our faith in a body, and in an acceptable style. Brethren, let them be circulated.

TENT MEETINGS.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—We have now closed our third meeting in Me. We commenced in Brewer, some two miles from the city of Bangor, June 15th, and continued to the evening of the 17th, according to appointment in the REVIEW. Our meetings were thin, but peaceable until the first day of the week. In the afternoon it was judged that we could not accommodate more than half that came. Many of the young men and boys soon began to manifest a disorderly spirit. They seemed for a while to disregard the earnest entreaties of our brethren, to cease their loud talking and singing, that the meeting might be conducted with order and propriety. Some of their fellow-citizens interposed their authority also. But after all there was at times a manifest unwillingness, especially with the big boys, to lose such a good opportunity as they then seemed to have, of showing the faculty and judgment of their parents in training up children in the way they will go, in these last days. 2 Tim. iii, 2. Many that were present seemed very anxious to hear, and with ourselves were at times much annoyed by their disorderly conduct. At 6 P. M., we came together again and enjoyed a quiet waiting before the Lord. I hope our labor was not all in vain in Brewer. I trust the brethren and sisters who labored so unceasingly to have the sacred truths of God spread out before their neighbors and friends, will not lose their reward.

Our next meeting was in Canaan, 40 miles from Bangor. On our way there we passed through Palmyria, and called on your aged father and mother. They pressed me to tarry longer, and seemed much disappointed when I told them I could not stop long enough for them to prepare a supper for me. They were expecting to see you during the season.

Our Tent was erected in Bro. Robert Barnes' front yard, a very pleasant and quiet place. On First-day our congregation numbered about 500. They listened attentively, and many acknowledged the Sabbath of the Bible. A lawyer from Palmyra, while listening to a discourse on the Sabbath, said to one of our Brn. near him, you have the truth on that subject. The church was refreshed and much cheered, especially so, to see their neighbors and friends come up to the meeting to hear for themselves. The church in C. have been passing through a series of trials which will ultimately prove for their good if they hold fast their confidence in God.

Our third meeting which closed last evening was held in Brunswick, some 70 miles from Canaan. One of the citizens gave the Brn. permission to erect the Tent on his building lot in the town. Thus it stood undisturbed. The towns of Brunswick and Topsham are so contiguous that we held our prayer-meetings (with one exception) in the latter at Bro. S. Howland's, and then passed over the river to the preaching meetings in the latter. The people at first came rather cautiously, but increased in numbers and interest to the close, and listened with attention, and we trust to some profit. A number of the church were here from Portland. They with the brethren and sisters here were strengthened and much encouraged to continue their efforts to help spread the precious truths of God, designed for these last days. Many pressed around the stand to examine our books,

quite a number were furnished with them, which enables them to continue to investigate and learn our position in the third angel's message.

Bro. Barr has gone on with the Tent to erect it on Paris Hill, for our next, and probably last meeting for the present in Me. We thank and praise God for his unceasing care, and kind protection he still manifests for his church and people, and restraining the powers that be, until the 144,000 are sealed with the seal of the living God.

JOSEPH BATES.

Topsham, July 3d, 1855.

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the station house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the city of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts, passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable, either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighborhood; and the greater that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose from time immemorial."

"Very probably—and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. "You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergyman, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture; all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very formidable manner; and spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus, especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the station house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little Wicket Gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveler of liberal mind and expansive stomach.

A large number of passengers were already at the station house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of the persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change in

reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man with a huge burthen on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood setting forth toward the Celestial City as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a Summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles in the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the back-ground. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burthens, instead of being carried on our shoulders as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage car, and as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit, as well of the illustrious potentate above mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerous employed about the station house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt the directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why no;" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brakeman; but to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the Prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon, that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which—(not to startle the reader)—appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen. "Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this? A living creature? If so, he is own brother to the engine that he rides upon?"

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know

Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine, and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo—bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm. "This shows the liberality of the age. This proves, if anything can, that all mosty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist. I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travelers in the old pilgrim guise, with cockle shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burthens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon they gazed at us with such woful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew ten-fold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelope them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large antique edifice, which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door, and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveler, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burthen fell from his shoulders, at the sight of the cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-in-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, and Mr. Only-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers indeed, joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burthens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double track; so that unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been em-

ployed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids every soul of them—prim, starched, dry and angular—and not one of them. I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown, since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I, much comforted, "then I can very well dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious perhaps to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests for ever upon the valley; a radiance, hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader has ever travelled through the dark valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightening speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track, (a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented,) the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal foeries of this kind had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along the valley as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping place.

The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake, inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half extinct vol-

cano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence also is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern mouth, whence, ever and anon darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque into which the smoke seemed to wreath itself, and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming itself into words almost articulate—would have siezed upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with mis-shapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes, as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity that the laborers at the forge and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several, who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion on their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of them—an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy—I called to him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes. "But I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing, no fun going on, nothing to drink and no smoking allowed, and a thrumming of church music from morning till night. I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day soon. A pleasant journey to you."

While he was speaking, the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas lamps, as before; but sometimes, in the dark of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well nigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

(Concluded in our next.)

Let God be our Refuge.

God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts: for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our

thoughts, and his ways than our ways. Man in his best estate, comes so infinitely short of being able to comprehend the purposes and plans of his Creator, that the ways of God often seem dark and mysterious; and we cannot understand his dealings with us. Yet every humble and devoted Christian feels full confidence in the love and wisdom of an allwise Providence, so that whatever may betide, he has a refuge to which to flee from every storm and tempest. Without a God to control the universe, all created nature would return to its original chaos. And when we reflect on our own weakness, and limited comprehensions, we can but feel how our own existence depends upon the constant care of that superior Being. He knows what is for our good, although we at the time, can see only evil. God sees when it is necessary to chasten and afflict us, to keep us low at the foot of the cross; and if He chasten us not, we have reason to fear we are not sons of God. Without disappointment and trial in this life, to remind us of our dependence, and helplessness, we might forget God, and trust in an arm of flesh. How often can the child of God look back to scenes of disappointment, when his wisest worldly plans were frustrated to his then great dismay, and see that it was the kind hand of God that thus safely guided him, and shielded him from certain evil, into which his own unaided wisdom would have plunged him. Present good is often found to be our greatest evil; and so the reverse. We thus see the necessity of looking to God for guidance and direction in all our plans and operations. So long as God is with us, we have an assurance that all things will work together for our good. If we trust implicitly in him, no permanent evil can overtake us. He that heareth the young ravens when they cry, and arrays the lilies of the field in all their glory, is not insensible to the wants of his creatures, whose confidence is in him. He is, and is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him; and none will seek him in vain. His invitations are, Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light. Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Ask, and it shall be given you: seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. Enter ye in at the strait gate. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before your eyes: cease to do evil; learn to do well—seek judgment; relieve the oppressed—judge the fatherless—plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow—though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat—yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price. Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live—and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

With such a kind being for our Benefactor, who is so able and willing to save all who trust in him—and who will so surely be faithful to perform all he has promised—how ~~un~~ inconsistent must those be, who neglect his counsel, and trust in their own wisdom to guide them. ~~Can~~ ~~be~~ from man whose breath is in his nostrils.

The Victory over Death.

THE issue of the conflict between the saints and death was decided when the Lord arose. He met the enemy on his own territory, his own battle-field, and overcame. He entered the palace of the king of terrors, and there laid hold of the strong man, shaking his dwelling to its foundations as he came forth, carrying away its gates along with him, and giving warning of being about to return, in order to complete his conquest by "spoiling his goods," and robbing him of the treasures he which had kept so long—the dust of sleeping saints.

The first act of spoiling the strong man of his goods begins at the resurrection. Of this we have already spoken generally; but the subject is so largely dwelt upon in Scripture, that something more special is needed. For it is a hope so fruitful in consolation to us who are still sojourners in a dying world like this, and yet so little prized, that we must not pass it slightly by.

Let us look at it in the aspects in which the apostle spreads it out before us in the 15th of his first Epistle to the Corinthians.

The vision which he there holds before us, is one of glory and joy. It is a morning landscape, and contrasts brightly with present night and sorrow. It draws aside the veil that hides from view our much-

longed-for heritage, showing us from our prospect-hill the excellence of the land that shall so soon be ours—plains richer than Sharon, valleys more fruitful than Sibmah, mountains goodlier than Carmel or Lebanon. The *then* and the *now*, the *there* and the *here*, are strangely diverse. Here the mortal, there the immortal; here the corruptible, there the incorruptible; here the earthly, there the heavenly; here the dominion of death, there death swallowed up of victory; here the grave devouring its prey, there the spoiler of the grave coming forth in resurrection-power, to claim each particle of holy dust, undoing death's handiwork, spoiling the spoiler, bringing forth in beauty that which had been laid down in vileness, clothing with honor that which had been sown in shame.

"The trumpet shall sound, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed!" All this "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Other changes are gradual, this sudden. There is the ebbing and the flowing; there is the growing up into manhood, and the growing down into old age; there is the slow opening of spring into summer, and of summer into autumn; but this shall be unlike all these changes. It shall be instantaneous—like the lightning's flash, or the twinkling of an eye. He who spake and it was done, shall speak again, and it shall be done; he who said, Let there be light, and there was light, shall speak, and light shall come forth out of the grave's thick darkness.

"This corruptible shall put on incorruption!" There will be an entire casting aside of mortality with all its wrappings of corruption, with all its relics of dishonor. Every particle of evil shall be shaken out of us, and "this vile body" transfigured into the likeness of the Lord's own glorious body. We entered this world mortal and corruptible; all our life long we are imbibing mortality and corruption, becoming more and more thoroughly mortal and corruptible; the grave sets its seal to all this, and crumbles us down into common earth. But the trumpet sounds, and all this is gone. Mortality falls off and all pertaining to it is left behind. No more of dross or disease in our frame. We can then defy sickness, and pain, and death. We can say to our bodies, be pained no more; to our limbs, be weary no more; to our lips, be parched no more; to our eye, be dim no more.

"O death, where is thy sting?" He that hath the power of death is the devil, the old serpent, and he torments us here. Singavehim hissing, and the law gave sin its strength; but now that sin has been forgiven and the law magnified, the sting is plucked out. The stinging begins with our birth; for life throughout is one unceasing battle with death, until, for a season, death conquers, and we fall beneath his power. But the prey shall be taken from the mighty and his victims rescued for ever. Now sin has passed away, and what has become of death's sting—its sharpness, its pain, its power to kill? It cannot touch the immortal and incorruptible!

"O grave, where is now thy victory?" A conqueror all along hast thou been—never yet baffled—thy course one perpetual triumph—he ally of death, following in his footsteps; not only smiting down the victim, but devouring it, taking it into thy den, and consuming it bone by bone, till every particle is crumbled into dust, as if to make victory so sure that a retrieval of it would be absolutely impossible. Yet thy victories are over; the tide of battle is turned in the twinkling of an eye. Look at these rising myriads—thou canst hold them no longer: thou thoughtest them thy prey, when they were but given to keep for a little moment. See these holy ones, without one spot, not one stain on which thy sting, O death, can fasten; not a weakness, which might encourage thee again to hope for a second victory! All thy doings of six thousand years undone in a moment! Not a scar remaining from all thy many wounds; not a trace, or disfigurement, or blot—all perfection—eternal beauty! And look at these other holy ones, also glorified! They have not tasted death, nor passed down into the grave. Over them thou hast had no power. Thou hast waged war with them in vain. They have seen no corruption, and they remain monuments that thou wert not invincible. They have defied thy power, and now they are beyond thy reach!

Ah, this is VICTORY! It is not escaping by stealth out of the hands of the enemy, it is conquering him! It is not bidding him to let us go; it is open and triumphant victory—victory which not only routs and disgraces the enemy, but swallows him up—victory achieved in righteousness, and in behalf of these who had once been "lawful captives."

And the victor, who is he? Not we, but our Brother-king. His sword smote the mighty one, and under his shield we have come off conquerors. The wreath is his of victorious battle, not ours; we

are the trophies, not the conquerors. He overcame. How? By allowing himself to be overcome! He plucked the sting from death. How? By allowing it to pierce himself! He made the grave to let go its hold. How? By going down into its precincts and wrestling with it in the greatness of his strength. He brought round the law which was against us to be upon our side. How? By giving the law all that it sought, so that it could ask no more either of him or of us.

How complete the victory over us seemed for a while to be! yet how complete the reversal! These enemies are not only conquered, but more than conquered. No trace of their former conquests remains. We not only live, but are made immortal. We not only are rescued from the corruption of the grave, but made incorruptible for ever.

Victory, then, is our watchword. We entered on the conflict at first, assured of final victory by Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die;"—by Him who to all his many promises of spiritual life and blessing added this, "and I will raise him up at the last day." When taking up sword and shield, we were sure of success; we could boast when putting on the harness as he that putteth it off in triumph. Victory was our watchword during every conflict, even the hardest and the sorest. Victory was our watchword on the bed of death, in the dark valley, when going down for a season into the tomb. Victory is to be our final watchword when re-appearing from the grave, leaving mortality beneath us, and ascending to glory.

"Then shall Jehovah God wipe away tears from off all faces." Isa. xxv, 8; xxx, 19; xxxv, 10; lx, 20; Jer. xxxi, 12; Rev. vii, 17; xxi, 4. We shall weep no more. The furrows of past tears are effaced. Tears of anguish, tears of parting, tears of bereavement, tears of adversity, tears of heart-breaking sorrow, these are forgotten. We cannot weep again. The fountain of tears is dried up. God our Lord wipes off the tears. It is not time that heals the sorrows of the saints, or dries up their tears; it is God; God himself; God alone. He reserves this for himself, as if it were his special joy. The world's only refuge in grief is time, or pleasure; but the refuge of the saints is God. This is the true healing of the wound; and the assurance to us that tears once wiped away by God cannot flow again.

"The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." Isa. xxv, 8. Rebuke, reproach, persecution, have been the church's lot on earth. The world hated the Master, and they have hated the servant. The "reproach of Christ," [Heb. xi.] is a well-known reproach. Shame for his name is what his saints have been enduring, and shall endure until he comes again. But all this is to be reversed. Soon the world's taunt shall cease. They shall scorn no more; they shall hate no more; they shall revile no more, and no more cast out our names as evil. Honor crowns the saints, and their enemies are put to shame. It is but one day's reviling before men, and then an eternity of glory in the presence of God and of the Lamb. Then the name of saint shall be a name of glory, both in earth and in heaven.

Why shrink then from the world's reproach, when it is but a breath at the most, and when we know that it so soon shall cease? Why not rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus, when we know that all that afflicts us here is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us? The morning, and the glory which the morning brings with it, will more than compensate for all. Let us be of good cheer, then, and press onward, through evil report as well as through good, having respect unto the recompense of reward.

"Creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." That morning which brings resurrection to us brings restitution to creation—deliverance to a groaning earth. The same Lord that brings us out of the tomb, rolls back the curse from off creation, effacing the vestiges of the first Adam's sin, and presenting a fresh memorial of the second Adam's righteousness. Happy world! when the curse is obliterated, when the bondage is broken, when the air is purged, when the soil is cleansed, when the grave is emptied, and when the risen saints take the throne of creation to rule in righteousness with the sceptre of the righteous King.

Resurrection is our hope; our hope in life, our hope in death. It is a purifying hope. It is a gladdening hope. It comforts us when laying in the grave the clay of those whom we have loved. It refreshes and elevates when we remember how much precious dust earth has received since the day of righteous Abel. How sweet that name—RESURREC-

TION! It pours life into each vein and vigor into each nerve at the very mention of it!

It is not carnal thus to bend over the clay-cold corpse and long for the time when these very limbs shall move again; when that hand shall clasp ours as of old; when those eyes shall brighten; when those lips shall resume their suspended utterance; when we shall feel the throbbings of that heart again! No, it is scriptural, it is spiritual. Some may call it sentimental; but it is our very nature. We cannot feel otherwise, even if we would. We cannot but love the clay. We cannot but be loth to part with it. We cannot but desire its reanimation. The nature that God has given us can be satisfied with nothing less. And with nothing less has God purposed to satisfy it. "Thy brother shall rise again." "Them that have been laid to sleep by Jesus will God bring with him."

We feel the weight of that mortality that often makes life a burden; yet we say, "Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life." We lay within the tomb the desire of our eyes, yet we cling to the remains, and feel as if the earth that struck the coffin were wounding the body on which it falls. At such a moment the thought of opening graves and rising dust is unutterably precious. We shall see that face again. We shall hear that voice again. Our risen friend shall be in very deed—form, look, voice—the friend that we have known and loved. Our risen brother will be all that we knew him here when, hand in hand, we passed through the wilderness together, cheered with the blessed thought that no separation could part us long, and that the grave itself could unlink neither hands nor hearts.—H. Bonar.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Bro. Carter.

DEAR SIR:—We now have regular preaching by the F. W. Baptists. The Elder tries to show us our errors, and says this Millerism is leading to infidelity at the rate of locomotive speed. He says if we will keep the first day he should have no objections to our keeping the seventh; but was honest enough to acknowledge we would be breaking the commandments, for we are commanded to work six days; and he also says, either we or Job are wrong, because we believe in the unconscious state of the dead, and then quoted Job xix, 26. Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; and then to prove everlasting conscious misery, quoted 2 Thess. i, 9. Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power. In order to come out of Babylon, brother and sister Bodwell requested a dismissal from the church. The Elder then said that it was better to keep children and try and beat something into them than to let them go out into the world. They have finally dismissed themselves. One of their Brn. seemed to sympathize with us; he said he could not vote for them to go into the world. I then replied I did not think it would be going into the world, because they left a nominal church. He said he thought so, unless we belonged to some branch of the church. I replied if we obeyed the Lord's requirements we then belonged to the church of Christ, without the aid of man's creeds. He then said he should like to see us united and have our officers. I replied we were of one heart and one mind, and had our regular prayer-meetings on the Sabbath, and when it should be necessary to choose officers we should do it according to the Bible rule and bind them with gospel cords. They have their regular preaching, but no other except monthly meetings, and then our little band oftener makes the majority. I would say we are willing to be called poor, despised Millerites if we can only be rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. I would also say the *Review* and *Instructor* are welcome messengers here.

Yours waiting for the Kingdom.

A. G. CARTER.

Rubicon, June 18th, 1855.

From Sister Elmer.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—For the encouragement of others, especially of parents, I would write a few lines; and should it any way encourage the dear saints I shall be doubly compensated. Several years ago it came forcibly to my mind that the seventh day was the Sabbath. I could not see how such reasoning as is brought to support the first day could lay aside the claims of so plain a commandment as God had given us, but still I did not keep it. It seemed as though I could not, as I was alone. I soon quieted my conscience by reasoning thus: if I keep the Sabbath I shall be disturbed by those who keep the first day, and I too shall disturb them. A poor excuse indeed. Thus I went on as before until one

day I saw a piece on the Sabbath, written by Bro. Bates. I then commenced keeping it. After I had kept a few Sabbaths, being opposed, and as it did not meet the views of my husband and children, I was tempted to think I might be wrong, and in order to make peace again I kept the first day; but my disobedience was severely tried, for I thought if I kept the seventh day I might be wrong, and to keep the first day I was afraid was not right; but very soon I became established that the seventh day was the Sabbath, and O what light burst into my mind. The Bible was indeed a new book to me.

My eldest daughter likewise kept the Sabbath with me, and it was not long before my companion joined us. And now how anxious I was that the rest of my children might embrace the truth. But I almost despaired of my other daughter's receiving it, she was so accustomed to the popularity and fashions of the world; but I commended her into the hand of God, and at a protracted meeting, for the first time I beheld her on her knees. I will not attempt to describe my feelings nor the joy that filled my heart as I joined the fervent prayers that ascended the throne of grace for her. From that time she kept the Sabbath. Time passed on. I still endeavored to persuade my two sons of the necessity of embracing the last call of mercy; but when I saw their indifference and heard their vain reasoning in order to evade the truth, my heart was pained, and I would go to God and often in the anguish of my spirit implore his aid. One thing which I feared would prove a snare to them was, they were striving for an education. The youngest of the two went to the select school with an intention of going through college; but while engaged at his studies the Spirit strove with him. He became so troubled that he finally left school, requested to have his books sold, and after a thorough investigation he came out decided on the side of truth. And now I could say, "My son is dead and is alive again, was lost and now is found." Thus the Lord has dealt with me. Oh! for a heart to praise him more; for he is good, his tender mercy endureth for ever. I do desire to be consecrated entirely to his service. And now I would say, you that are parents, let your earnest prayers go up night and day for your children. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed shall doubtless return again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Your unworthy sister,

SUSAN ELMER.

Buckland, Mass., June 25th, 1855.

From Sister Gray.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—The *Review* is meat and drink to my soul. I would do with one meal a day for the sake of having it. It is truly a welcome messenger. I have kept the Sabbath one year last February. Before I began keeping it, I trusted in what my preacher said, but when I read for myself I did not know how to make the Bible harmonize, but the third angel's message makes all plain. I think all that live out this precious faith are in the narrow and difficult path that leads to life everlasting.

We are enjoying our blessings while persecuted on every side. My prayer is that we may come off more than conquerors through him who died to save us.

Yours in truth and love.

NANCY GRAY.

June, 1855.

From Sister Cooper.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—I esteem it a great privilege to have the *Review* and read the epistles from the dear brethren and sisters of like precious faith. I feel that I am growing stronger and stronger all the while. The way seems dark sometimes, yet Jesus is at the head, and why need we fear. Praise the name of the Lord, those that put their trust in him need not fear, for he is true to his promise. He has said in his word he would be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God, and he has been more to me than an earthly father could be. I think the cause of truth lies very near my heart. My sister and myself are mostly alone. We meet with sister Dorsey every Sabbath, and pray with and for each other, and the Lord verifies his promise to us. Truly this world is dark and dreary, and I long to be at home. I see the need of patience, and my prayer daily is, Lord, give me patience, that my heart may be established, for truly the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Yours looking for deliverance at the appearing of Jesus, by doing his will.

ELIZA A. COOPER.

Bath, June 22d, 1855.

From Bro. Pierce.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—In the course of the providence of God it has been my lot to change my place of residence, and I am now living in a community where there are no Sabbath-keepers; yet, I still feel the claims of God resting upon me. Having begun, I feel a determination to press my way onward, God

being my helper, till grace shall crown me victorious in the kingdom of immortal glory. When the Sabbath arrives, I retire as much as possible from the world, and with my own dear little family endeavor to remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. I never before appreciated the blessings that those enjoy who have the privilege of meeting from time to time and from one Sabbath to another with dear brethren in the Lord, and counselling and comforting each other, while we are waiting, in this our time of patience, the glad-approach of our coming King. I feel more than ever the need of the *Review* and of reading the doctrines that it inculcates, and also the communications from the brethren and sisters. I feel the necessity of living a holy and godly life. Dear brethren, let us take the whole armor of the Christian warfare and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Let us have our lamps trimmed and burning, and we be as those who are waiting for the coming of their Lord. Let us not sleep as do others, but let us be up and doing, working out our own salvation with fear and trembling.

I feel that if some of the Lord's messengers could come this way that in all probability there might be believers raised up here who would stand bold for the truth. O Brn, pray that the Lord will send faithful laborers into his harvest. It rejoices my heart to hear from brethren and sisters who are determined to overcome by keeping the commandments of God and the testimony of Jesus. Press on, dear brethren. The time of trouble is near. The day of the Lord is soon to be revealed, when your faith and mine, which is more precious than gold, is to be tried. O I want to live so that when our Lord shall come I may be admitted with all of the ancient worthies and the apostles of our dear Lord, and all of the dear saints of our own times, to celebrate the marriage supper of the Lamb. I want to hear the loud voice of the third angel. "Come out of her my people that ye be not partaker of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Yours in waiting for the coming kingdom.
Eldora, June 11th, 1855. A. PIERCE.

From Bro. Hebner.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—I am often led at the return of the Sabbath to exclaim, How good the Lord is in giving us his holy Sabbath, that we can rest from the cares of this world and be refreshed in body and in mind. Those only who keep the Sabbath holy unto the Lord can be truly refreshed in mind. I am still striving by the strength of the Lord assisting me to keep all his commandments and the faith of Jesus, although deprived of meeting with those of like precious faith. I do rejoice that God has said that he would gather his people together. Then, dear brethren and sisters, those of us that have been lonely pilgrims and strangers on earth, and have been deprived of meeting with his dear saints here, shall rejoice together in his everlasting kingdom.

The *Review* is certainly a welcome messenger to me. The truths it advocates, and the communications from the dear saints are food to my soul. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.

Yours in love of the present truth.
Pickering, June 22d, 1855. JOSIAH HEBNER.

From Bro. Sheffield.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—I now write to inform you that Brn. Stephenson and Hall have commenced Tent operations in this State, and the way seems to be opening for the third message to spread in Wisconsin. There appears to be more of a desire to hear on the subject than has been manifested heretofore. Preachers of the different denominations are exerting all their influence to keep the people from going to hear on the subject, but notwithstanding all their efforts there are some that will investigate, and where they do they generally become satisfied that the whole law of God is binding on man, and sin being the transgression of the law, the wages of sin being death, there is no immortality out of Christ. The beauty of the words of the Apostle thereby became apparent; viz., Life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel. E. S. SHEFFIELD.

Fort Atkinson, June 18th, 1855.

From Bro. Sanborn.

DEAR BRO. WHITE:—Through the tender mercy of our heavenly Father I am able to write you. I feel much encouraged to perseverance in the divine life, placing all my confidence in God, and relying solely upon his precious promises. O how precious is the word of God to those who love him.

Dear brethren, let us walk uprightly before the Lord, hearken to what his word says, and do all there commanded. Do not think it strange that in these days God has a peculiar people, for he has always had such a people somewhere. Let us be active, living, working people of God, praying for and

exhorting each other daily. May God help us all to show our faith by our works, that when our dear Saviour comes our work may be done and we all receive a crown of life.

Yours looking for the soon coming kingdom.

Jefferson, June 25th, 1855. ISAAC SANBORN.

Extracts of Letters.

SISTER S. C. Courter writes from Windsor, Mich., June 24th, 1855:—"Bro. Frisbie came here I believe in Feb., and gave us the message of Rev. xiv, 9-12. As I had been a professed follower of the Word for above twenty years, I was led to examine my foundation for keeping the first day. I found I had been breaking God's holy law which I had been trying to keep. I was led to weep over my folly and blindness and start anew. I have come to the conclusion that I will believe nothing but what my Bible teaches. I want to keep all of its precepts, conquer every sin and have my robe washed in the blood of the Lamb. I have to mourn over my sins and shortcomings, but my only hope is in the Saviour of sinners."

Sister E. S. Deaker writes from Hammondsport, N. Y., June 1855:—"My hope grows stronger in God. My trials and afflictions, which are many, let me bear without a murmur, knowing that if I am persecuted for doing the will of God I shall have a reward. I hate the congregation of evil-doers, and will not sit with the wicked. I will make haste and delay not to keep all the commandments. When I think of my brethren and sisters I am ready to weep. I know that I love them. May we journey on till we meet the dear Saviour and his holy angels in the clouds of glory."

Bro. H. S. Stickle writes from Snethport, Pa., June 24th, 1855:—"I am trying by the grace of God to keep all his commandments. I thank him that the truth has been revealed unto us. Three years ago I started to serve God, and joined the Methodist church, and two years ago I came out of Babylon. It is one year since I first heard the Advent doctrine, and six months since I have been trying to keep God's Sabbath. There are six in this place that keep the Sabbath, and some more that believe it is the right day to keep. We have to fight tradition and the devil, but if God is for us he is more than all that can be against us. I thank God there are some willing to come out from the world and be separate. Let us go on our way rejoicing in the Rock of our salvation."

Sister A. B. Taft writes from Nelson, N. H., June 24th, 1855:—"It is not a year yet since I began to try to keep the Sabbath of the Lord. When I came out decidedly to keep the holy Sabbath, I was as it were born again. The Bible appeared to me a new book. I then gave myself up entirely to the Lord, to do with me as he saw fit, and I was willing to do just what he had for me to do. My first duty I felt was with my husband. I told him my feelings and my desire to keep the seventh day. He thought it would make it bad in the family to keep different days, but he was willing I should keep the seventh if I would keep the first day too; but I cannot keep it in sincerity, for I cannot find in the word of God that there is any command for us to keep the first day of the week, neither do those who keep it bring one word to justify themselves, only they suppose it was kept by the apostles, and the day of Christ's resurrection is greater than the day of creation, &c.; but I want to know who said so besides man. I cannot find that it is taught by Christ or his apostles."

Terms of the Review.

With the terms with which we commence the present Volume, the *Review* can probably be published without embarrassment, and without donations from the liberal. We think the advance pay system, (with those who can pay,) is the only proper one. If subscriptions are renewed yearly, and paid in advance, and the names of delinquents be dropped from our book, there can be no occasion for anything like a *don*, which seems so out of place in an Advent paper. It should be understood that the cost of a periodical is affected by the amount of its circulation. For example: The *Review* with 4000 paying subscribers can be furnished weekly for \$4000, or \$1 a year to each subscriber. With 3000 subscribers, \$3500, and with 2000 subscribers, \$3000, or, \$1.50 each subscriber. As only about 1500 of our subscribers have paid for the last Volume, the friends of the cause have decided that the terms be stated at \$1 a volume, the poor half price, and to active preachers, widows, orphans, &c. (who are the Lord's poor), free, and that the names of delinquents be dropped. With one half the circulation of the *New York Tribune*, the *Review* could be better furnished at 28 cts. a volume, than it now can for \$1. We state these facts for the benefit of those who may think the terms of the *Review* high. When our circulation will allow it, we shall reduce the price. If we make mistakes in erasing names, (as we have been informed of some already,) we shall be happy to correct them when information shall be given.

TENT MEETINGS.

PROVIDENCE permitting, there will be a Tent-Meeting in the vicinity of Hardwick, Vt., (where brethren may decide) to commence July 13th, at 5 o'clock P. M., and hold over Sabbath and First-day.

Also at Braintree, Vt., to commence the 20th, at 5 o'clock P. M., and hold over Sabbath and First-day. These are designed to be general Meetings. Brethren will bring their provisions and bedding with them, and come prepared to engage actively in the service of God. Bro. and Sr. White design attending these meetings. JOSIAH HART. F. WHEELER.

P. S. Those who desire Tent-Meetings in their vicinity will please address Josiah Hart, Northfield, Vt. Some have supposed that the expenses of a Tent-Meeting would be sixty or seventy dollars. This is a mistake. The expenses of each meeting will average only from ten to twenty-five dollars. J. H.

VERMONT TENT.—Brethren in Me., Mass., N. H. and Conn. have taken the Vermont Tent and have paid me the amount which Vt. Brn. paid towards the Tent last year. The Tent being left at Boston last Fall, it was thought best to have it remain in that section, and purchase another for Vermont, to save transportation. I have purchased another Tent on which there is Ninety Dollars yet to be raised, which it is expected will be handed in this season. JOSIAH HART.

Note from Bro. Marsh.

BRO. WHITE:—I wish to correct a mistake in the date of my letter published in last paper. It should read Northfield, Mass., instead of Northfield, Vt.

If you or any of the Brn. come to this part of Mass., viz. Franklin Co., I wish you would call and make us a visit. ZEBINA MARSH.

BOOKS SENT.—I Sanborn, (by Express,) H O Nichols, (by Express,) A Pierce, F C Castle, Wm. McAndrew, A M Curtis, C Pangburn.

Those of our subscribers who have been surprised at not finding their money for Vol VII received in last paper, will please see that it is received in this No. the first of the new Vol.

AGENTS.

MAINE.		NEW YORK.	
N. N. Lunt,	Portland.	J. Byington,	Buck's Bridge.
S. W. Flanders,	Canaan.	A. Ross,	Caughdenoy.
Cyprian Stevens,	Paris.	David Upson,	Moreland.
S. Howland,	Topsham.	R. F. Cottrell,	Mill Grove.
W. T. Hanniford,	Orrington.	John Wager,	Orangeport.
Wm. Bryant,	Wilton.	L. Carpenter,	Oswego.
C. Dingley,	E. Pittsfield.	A. H. Robinson,	Sandy Creek.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		E. A. Poole,	Lincklaen.
J. Stowell,	Washington.	J. A. Loughhead,	Elmira.
S. Bunnel,	Claremont.	John Hamilton,	Fredonia.
MASSACHUSETTS.		PENNSYLVANIA.	
O. Nichols,	Dorchester.	M. L. Dean,	Ulysses.
O. Davis,	N. Fairhaven.	J. H. Heggie,	Alleghany.
Wm. Saxby,	Springfield.	C. H. Barrows,	PortAlleghany.
VERMONT.		A. Southwick,	Snethport.
R. Loveland,	Johnson.	MICHIGAN.	
H. Bingham,	Morris-town.	Albert Avery,	Locke.
S. H. Peck,	Wolcott.	Ira Gardner,	Vergennes.
Lewis Bean,	Hardwick.	David Hewett,	Battle Creek.
Edwin Churchill,	Stowe.	C. S. Glover,	Sylvan.
E. P. Butler,	Waterbury.	A. B. Pearsall,	Grand Rapids.
Josiah Hart,	Northfield.	A. A. Dodge,	Jackson.
R. G. Lockwood,	Waitsfield.	Wm. M. Smith,	"
Jesse Barrows,	Iraburg.	A. C. Morton,	Delhi.
Alonzo Lee,	Derby Line.	J. M. McLellan,	Hastings.
E. Everts,	Vergennes.	OHIO.	
H. Gardner,	Panton.	J. B. Sweet,	Milan.
S. Willey,	Wheelock.	WISCONSIN.	
CONNECTICUT.		E. S. Sheffield,	Koskonong.
EL H Chamberlain,	Md'town.	P. Hall,	Rosendale.
A. Belden,	Kensington.	CANADA EAST.	
		B. Hills,	Melbourne

Letters.

J Young, F Miller, R Townsend, H S Boyd, S Hammond, M A Beasley, J Barrett, S Pratt, F J Owen, S A Taft, S S Miller, M T Carpenter, J G Grems, R G Whitcomb.

Receipts.

I B Woodin, M E Copp, O W Clark, R T Payne, E P Bellow, S Lamson, S Pierce, L Flint, L Chester, J Dorcas, J W Stewart, H S Wells, J Palmer, Wm H Graham, J J Spaulding, J F Eastman, W Littlejohn, J Walker, H Edson, A Woodruff, J Hebner, E Richardson, A Fenner, D Hewett, F C Castle, A Coburn, P D Lawrence, S Duncklee, S F W Gove, E Everts, J Stone, H Kingsbury, A Dunbar, J Hart, D Phillips, A J Rolins, B S Lane, J Wilder, H S Stickle, S Markille, R Palmer, A B C., E Cobb, J Bailey, E Elmer, Wm. Madill, L Chandler, J E Titus, Wm. McAndrew, R Lockwood, (for A Hall,) A Allen, D Howard, D Phillips, G Kimble, B Graham, A Graham, R Ralph, L Harlow, E T Hodge, R Iown, A Hazeltine, G W Sheldon, A Whitney, P Miller, Jr., A M Curtis, Wm A Raymond, P Cash, A Nellis, L A Colby, C Pangburn, each \$1.
Wm. Harris, M Edson, each \$3. N Bayne, R Lockwood, R G Lockwood, M Tyler, I Rathbun, S Treat, E P Burditt, A Lover of Truth, G Cramer, A P H Kelsey, S Cooper, I Ring, H Patch, P Barrows, each \$2. A Friend in Canada \$1.75. M Southwick \$1.50. G W A., (for E Fredenburg) \$1.25. J Hoff, \$0.62. I Drake, W B Putnam, P A Dorsey, E A. Cooper, G W Wheeler, W Lee, each \$0.50. M Steere \$0.25.

To pay Arrears on Vol. VI.

I Sanborn \$5. J A Laughead \$0.25.

FOR TENT IN WIS.—I Sanborn \$5. W Lee \$1.- C Smith \$0.50.