

ADVENT REVIEW,



And Sabbath Herald.

VOL. XXVI. BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865. No. 25.

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

The Advent Review & Sabbath Herald

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
The Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association.

ELD. JAMES WHITE, PRESIDENT.

TERMS.—Two Dollars a year in advance.

Address ELDER JAMES WHITE, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Prayer for Help.

LORD of life, on thee we call,
Suffer not our souls to fall,
Let us make thee, Lord, our all,
Save us by thy grace.

While the tempter with his charms,
Strives to draw us from thine arms,
Lord with might the foe disarm,
Save us by thy grace.

On thy waiting flock below,
Who are striving thee to know,
Of thy saving love bestow,
Save us by thy grace.

Oh we know not how to pray,
Oft from thee we're prone to stray,
Struggling in the narrow way,
Save us by thy grace.

In these last, these perilous days,
From the ribald scoffer's ways,
Scorning Christ and all his praise,
Save us by thy grace.

And the Devil comes amain,
Strives our struggling souls to gain,
But thy promise still we claim,
Save us by thy grace.

Soon the trumpet's thrilling sound,
Cheers the saints from all around,
And wakes the slumberers from the ground,
To immortality.

C. H. ROGERS.

Mauston, Wis.

Prompt Obedience.

SOME seem to think it a mark of intellect, to be somewhat skeptical. They think it would be weakness to accept truth unhesitatingly; yet it is evident that they apply this principle especially to religious matters. They have this doubt, and that scruple, and after they are thoroughly convinced of the truth they have so long battled, they take time to settle down in a dignified manner (as they suppose,) and drop their errors, one by one, as a thief would stolen property, which is found in his hand:

Suppose that Saul, when Jesus appeared to him, as he was journeying to Damascus on his errand of bigotry, had thought to himself, "Well, now, it will be weakness for me to come right down at once," and had stopped to cavil a little, and had detained the Lord to remove a few "prominent objections" to something or other, and had attempted to detain him awhile to have an argument with him, think you that we would have heard of Saul of Tarsus? Instead of stopping to sustain his dignity by advancing objections, we see the self-renouncing Saul at once drop his hatred and malice against the church, and instantly he cries out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

So young Samuel, when called by name in the night,

thinking it was Eli who called him, answered immediately. Suppose that he like many young people had dreaded to leave his snug warm bed, and had still refused to respond when called, think you that he would have been noticed in the Bible?

Or suppose that the children of Israel had dallied and objected, when directed by Jehovah to be ready against the third day to hear his voice from Mt. Sinai proclaim the decalogue, do you think that one of them would have been left to record their history?

We as a people believe we have among us the gift of prophecy. Certainly we do. We have directly from God instruction as to diet, instruction as to health, but how slow we are to receive it! That young physician believes in the gifts most firmly, yet he is still pressing on in his accustomed way, and poisons which have been pronounced poisonous by the authority he acknowledges divine, I say, those poisons are still in his list of remedies; and he still hugs his system as closely as he did before. Does he believe in the gifts of the church? Oh yes! so do his patients, some of them, and in their sickness the physician is consulted much more than the work on health, which is within reach, and is by them considered of highest authority. Certainly, that book is of high authority; but then it would not look dignified to break off from our old systems all at once.

Hydropathic treatment of healthy and unhealthy bodies, is no doubt good, and would cure much of our sickness, and would prevent a vast deal more; but then we have no bath-room, and our well water is hard, and it is so inconvenient, especially in cool weather; and now our family are all sick, we must of course have the doctor, and he would not like to have us dictate to him! Now what shall we do? I'll tell you what you will have to do—suffer the consequences of your negligence, and when you can get more comfort, it will be in prompt obedience.

Suppose that an enterprise is undertaken by those whom God has placed at the head of the work,—how many there are who without considering the advantages our leaders have of knowing the mind of the Lord, will immediately question the propriety of such an enterprise; and have not many reason to reflect on the part which they have taken in the past, against the will of God; and in view of these things, who of us can say, we have no need of repentance of our sins against those placed over us.

It has been observed that large bodies of men are slow to move; as a large army, for instance; but it certainly seems clear, that a well-disciplined army will make good progress, and applying this principle to the church in a figure, may we not conclude that a well-concerted plan on the part of our leaders, if met by as prompt and unhesitating obedience on the part of the body, would produce like results, and can we expect prosperity, while we yield a slow, hesitating, objecting obedience?

I do not say a man can change his habits of living in one day, or one week; but he certainly can commence and be at work, and have his heart upon the work, and be progressing in the work; and let us (while we praise the Lord for the light he has granted us through our leaders,) be careful to obey and esteem those whom God has chosen and honored, by placing them in responsible positions.

No doubt could we see our own hesitating and sluggish obedience, as clearly as it is seen by angels, the view would fill us with shame and sorrow, and it would also incite us to prompt and decided action.

Had the filthy heathen nations of Palestine, seen the thorough and hasty preparations being made in the camp of Israel, a few days previous to the descent of Jehovah on Mt. Sinai, they would have thought that people very superstitious indeed, to take so much pains to cleanse themselves from all impurity, and to fit themselves to appear with decency before the Lord on the day appointed; but when the day arrived, and those sublime manifestations of the Creator's power appeared, no doubt those scornful heathens, would with tremulous voices, have said, truly, your God is a consuming fire.

A frequent and free use of water upon the whole body, removing the filth which accumulates, may seem a small matter; nay, it may seem a "non-essential" in the eyes and minds of some. Well, no doubt the Hottentot thinks the same; but if God has spoken, he does it that we may hear.

It may seem a "non-essential" to some, as to what kind of food we eat, and how often, and at what times, and quantities we partake; but if God has given us explicit directions, it is that we obey.

It may seem a "non-essential" to some, whether a person administers or receives poisonous medicines when sick; but if God has spoken, it is for an object; he does not speak in vain, his word does not return to him void.

It is evident that there is a tendency on our part, because the will of God is made known to us so quietly, and with so little show of authority, that we need not think it quite so binding, nor quite so important, as if it came accompanied with the solemn and awful manifestations of that day, when the Lord appeared and addressed Israel, standing upon Sinai. But if he instructs us so mildly, let us obey before those tones of love are changed to the thunders of final judgment.

J. CLARKE.

Rome a Persecutor.

IN conversing with well-read and dextrous Roman Catholics, I find them disposed to deny that their church has ever been a persecuting power. They endeavor to hide the church behind the civil governments of those countries which were under its influence and control. Say they, The church did not put men to death; it only decided on points of faith, deciding what was heretical; it was the civil power, which for its own safety and preservation executed heretics, as persons endangering the peace and well-being of the state.

It is well to have historic facts at hand to meet such bold assertions and sophistical arguments. The following from the History of the Reformation, vol. iii, p. 274, is to the point:

"The year after the accession of Charles VIII, son of Louis XI, a sickly and timid child, Innocent VIII, had assumed the pontifical tiara, 1484. He had seven or eight sons by different mothers; and hence, according to an epigram of the times, Rome unanimously saluted him with the name of father.

"There was at that time on all the slopes of the

Dauphinese Alps, and along the banks of the Durance, a new growth of the old Waldensian opinions. 'The roots,' says an old chronicler, 'were continually putting forth new shoots in every direction! Bold men called the Roman church, the church of devils, and maintained that it was as edifying to pray in a stable as in a church.'

'The priests, the Bishops, and the Roman legates uttered a cry of alarm, and on the 5th kalends of May—the 27th of April, 1487, Innocent VIII, the father of the Romans, issued a bull against these humble Christians. 'To arms,' said the pontiff, 'and trample these heretics under foot as venomous serpents!'

'At the approach of the legate, followed by an army of eighteen thousand men, and a number of volunteers who wished to share the spoils of the Waldenses, the latter abandoned their houses and took refuge in the mountains, caverns, and clefts of the rocks, as the birds flee for shelter when the storm begins to lower. Not a valley, nor a wood, nor a rock escaped their persecutors; everywhere in this part of the Alps, and particularly on the Italian side, these poor disciples of Christ were hunted down like beasts of prey. At last the Pope's satellites were worn out; their strength was exhausted, their feet could no longer scale the steep retreats of the 'heretics,' and their arms refused to strike.'

R. F. C.

"Behold the Day Cometh That Shall Burn Like an Oven!"

BRO. WHITE: I send you an article taken from an old number of the World's Crisis, which I think, on account of the truth it contains, and its special applicableness to the present time, will be read with interest by the readers of the Review. I would say, also, that the writer of that article has commenced keeping the commandments of God, (or trying to,) the fourth not excepted; thus we see that the present truth is still at work in the minds of some of the honest ones, for which we have reason to thank God, and take courage. My prayer is, the Lord speed the right.

D. W. JOHNSON.

WERE it not a fact, that life is brief, that death may suddenly unclot us of mortal life, it is fearful (without a good foundation,) to realize, that we are standing on this world's meager sea, whose very waters are kissing the shores of eternity, and the next wave may bring us to the shore, where our life voyage in time will be ended. Our long day's work will then be done, not as individuals only, but a whole world's work completed. As a world, and as individuals, no repairs in the past can then be made. Our vessel can never reverse its course, or traverse its long path again; only one voyage is vouchsafed to man, only one for the world; if this prove a failure, it is an eternal failure. The morning of the world is gone, its noon,—its sun has been sinking lower and lower, until but a speck of its disk is visible.

The song-bird gathers its wings, and bids farewell to her home work; its little nest in the bough is left far behind, while she seeks some sunny spot; but it is only till the cold winds pass away, and the snow melts from the green sod in its native bowers, then she returns to work and sing, as before. But when man lays down his work, he may never resume it again. There is no retrograde hour in his probation. If he darkens one bright spot for his fellow, he may not stay to repair it. If he jostles one car from the rail, it drags a whole train with it; but on, on he whirls, leaving in his track weeping and desolation. As circle after circle is formed in the water, by dropping a pebble into its clear fount; so one sin may gather in its train a multitude, an army of effects, that will be felt long after the transgressor has stepped from the stage. Sinner, beware! Backslider, pause! lest not only thorns be planted in an earthly pillow, but the blood of the ungodly be at last found in thy skirts.

Ungodly deeds and words, like spectres, haunt the midnight hour, and the couch of death, but will speak in a voice of thunder, when man stands before his Judge. And thou, hoary-headed world, although so

old in guilt, so august in numbers, think not to escape the vengeance of a long-suffering God; thy crimes have reached unto Heaven; the very soil is polluted with blood, the air is burdened with the sighing of the prisoners, the clank of the chain has entered the ears of the God of Sabaoth; the tears and groans of past ages are not forgotten; dissembling and lying, treachery and pride, have filled thy cup, and thou must fall.

The earth, once destroyed by water, is reserved unto fire, and the perdition of the ungodly, but a little reprieve is granted. Thy fate lingers; a beam of mercy falls across thy pathway, but the gleaming after the harvest is almost ended; the precious are being taken from the vile, the day of his preparation is almost over. Many have been buying the eye-salve, and, thank God, are no longer blind. There are a few that are keeping the word of his patience, holding fast their crown. Some are rich with the gold tried in the fire, and have bought the white raiment. In short, the bride is almost ready. Then the kingdom must be given to the Mighty Conqueror and his chosen. Awake! doomed world, from thy slumbers, prepare to meet thy God! for behold he cometh with vengeance and a recompense.—*Vesta N. Cudworth.*

Naaman, the Leper.

A LEPER stood at the prophet's door,
For he had been assured,
If he came to the holy man of God,
His leprosy would be cured.

But then he thought within himself,
"What can the prophet mean?"
For he said, "Go wash in Jordan's stream
Seven times, and be thou clean."

And as he turned to go away,
He reasoned with a sneer,
"Are not Abana's waters best?
Then why my journey here?"

But by and by to Jordan went,
And oh, the wondrous power!
For leprous Naaman was made whole,
From that eventful hour.

And thus it is with those who slight
The Saviour's dying love,
Who set their hearts on things below,
Instead of those above.

And some extol the gospel high,
And speak of sins forgiven;
But fain would climb some other way,
But the narrow one to Heaven.

How many at the present day
Against the Lord rebel!
Mark out the way they choose to go,
And say, "It's just as well."

The fourth command is made so plain,
That all may understand,
Yet still they keep another day,
For which there's no command.

They tell us that perhaps the first,
Is seventh after all;
Yet if we keep the seventh day,
We sure from grace will fall!

They say the holy law of God
Long time ago was slain,
But when they get the Sabbath out,
They're all alive again.

And then again the world is round,
Which makes time vary so,
When to commence the Sabbath-day
Is not for us to know.

And thus they twist and change about,
Until it's plainly seen,
What they have raised is far too frail
A prop on which to lean.

Why don't they keep the sacred hours
Which their Creator blest,—
When that command is just as plain
As any of the rest?

The ten commands are binding still,
And perfect is that law;
And though men count it o'er and o'er,
They ne'er can find a flaw.

The law will judge us in that day,
When all is brought to light,
And they who are obedient now
Will have a perfect right

To enter through those gates of pearl,
Within the city fair,—
Eat of the fruit of life's fair tree,
And all those glories share.

SUSAN ELMER.

The Experiences of a Smoking Clergyman.

AMONG a lot of Temperance Tracts sent me by a friend, one was headed, "*Dost Thou Smoke, Bill?*" I read it, and it made me feel uncomfortable. Some copies of it had got into circulation among my people before I was aware.—A fine young black man came to me one day, and, after bowing and scraping and bidding me "good morning," asked, "Will massa please gie me one little tract?" "Yes, Quamina, and welcome; which will you have?" "Dat one called, '*Does You Smoke, William?*'" He thought it would be too vulgar in my presence to say "Bill;" politeness led him to say "William." I gave him the tract, but I felt I would rather he had asked for any other than that, and my uneasiness was increased. The tract was evidently exciting some attention. It condemned among the people their pastor's habit. One night, soon after Quamina's visit, having knocked out the ashes of my last pipe before retiring to rest, a colloquy took place between my conscience and myself, which is faithfully reported. I scarcely ever felt more despicable in my own eyes than I did at that moment. *From this night forth I vowed that I would never spend another penny for tobacco!* So ended the colloquy.—Having asked God to forgive me the great sin of which I had been guilty, and to grant me grace and strength to carry out the resolve I had just made, I went to bed. The next day was the commencement of a great struggle. At the usual time for taking the pipe, the craving for it was very strong. I managed to resist it, however, by putting to myself a few plain questions, such as, "What is the matter with you? Why are you restless and unhappy? Have you a headache?" "No." "A toothache?" "No." "Have you pain in any part of your body?" "No." "Are you cold?" "No." "Hot?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Thirsty?" "No." "Then why, in the name of all that is rational, are you not contented, and even thankful to God for the exemption from pain which you enjoy?" In this manner I lectured myself against the unnatural craving. Every time I resisted the appetite, I felt that I had achieved a victory; that I was rising higher in the scale of being; that my moral strength was augmented; that I was getting more into harmony with God's laws and my own conscience; and that my example, with regard to the youth of my congregation, was becoming more worthy of me as a Christian missionary and pastor. Ere long the craving ceased; the appetite died away; I was emancipated! And now I would not be again enslaved for "all the world calls good or great." Most devoutly do I thank God for my deliverance!—*National Baptist.*

Spring and Autumn.

A FEW months ago were heard the lovely birds singing their beautiful songs at the return of Spring. The warm rays of the sun had melted away the snow of the dreary Winter, and the green grass began to show itself upon the hills, and low in the valleys the forest began to show a lovely hue of green, and soon its branches were covered o'er with spreading foliage; and all things seemed to be smiling at the return of Spring.

Soon the lovely flowers are seen, and their rich fragrance fills the air around us. The farmer plants and sows his seed, and watches to see the fruit of his labor.

The Autumn comes at last. October is here with its cold frosts that nip the verdure from the trees and vines, and oh! how changed is the face of nature. The forest's foliage is struck with death. Its red, yellow, and brown complexion tells us it is dying. Soon the Autumnal breezes will blow through the forests, shak-

ing the branches and robbing them of their once lovely green but now dead and dying leaves, laying them low upon the ground to moulder back to the earth from whence they sprang.

Such is man. He appeareth for a little moment, and then passeth away. "His breath goeth forth; he returneth to the earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." The lovely flowers are all faded away: they bloomed for a moment, but have now ceased their loveliness and beauty. Such is youth: he cometh forth like a flower; and is cut down, and borne away to the silent tomb, and friends are left to mourn. Yea, how many sad hearts have been made, and tears have fallen for the loved dead since the singing of the Spring birds a few months ago. Such is this mortal life, and such this sin-cursed earth since God's holy law was broken, and the tree of life shut away from man. Thus sin entered into the world and death by sin.

A curse is on the ground,
A poison in the air:
Oh, well may we long to be free,
And for a world where all is fair.

And we have the promise of a fairer clime than this; for the Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost; and upon that promise we build our hopes; upon this rock we plant our feet, and stand secure. "I will come again," says Jesus. "Amen," the weeping bride replies. "Behold I come quickly, saith the Amen." "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus," responds the Church. Let "thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven:" for this we daily pray.

Oh! the glorious restitution. And with it comes the resurrection and the tree of life; the restituted earth, and the royal diadem; the crown of life, with life eternal. The curse is gone; the earth is green; the trees put forth their leaves to wither no more; the flowers blossom to fade no more; and man lives to die no more.

"The city comes! Life's river runs!
Oh! speed the day! for this we pray.
The morning cometh, oh! see it hasteth,
Oh! come, my Saviour, come away."

ABBY MUSSEY, in *Voice of the West*.

Christian Life.

DID a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds,—some signal specimens of doing or enduring or suffering,—we might account for the failure, and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of a multitude of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford or Brainerd or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom,—make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force,—are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudencies, little foibles, little indulgencies of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feeling or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions or private dealings or family arrangement; to little words and tones; little benevolencies; or forbearances, or tenderesses; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulnesses; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality and method, and true aim in the ordering of each day,—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes you

green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, comprised of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great, save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—*Bonar*.

Solemn Warnings.

SOMETIMES, in dark caves, men may have gone to the edge of unspeaking precipices, and, wondering what was the depth, have cast down fragments of rock, and listened for the report of their fall, that they might judge how deep that blackness was; and listening,—still listening,—no sound returns; no sullen plash, no clinking stroke, as of rock against rock,—nothing but silence, utter silence! And so I stand upon the precipice of life. I sound the depths of the other world with curious inquiries; but from it comes no echo, and no answer to my questions. No analogies can grapple and bring up from the depths of the darkness of the lost world the probable truths. No philosophy has line and plummet long enough to sound the depths. There remain for us only the few authoritative and solemn words of God. These declare that the bliss of the righteous is everlasting; and, with equal distinctness and simplicity, they declare that the doom of the wicked is everlasting.

Dear friend, I must be faithful to your soul. You and I will meet, before long, at the judgment-seat of God. You shall not be left in doubt as to whether I think sin is damnable, or whether I think damnation, once begun, is reversible. I stand here to speak the word of God to you. I stand here to declare to every one of you, that whatever hope there may have been for men who may have lived before the gospel was known upon earth, and whatever hope there may be for the heathen to whom the gospel has not been carried, there is no hope and reversion for you to whom Christ has been preached, and to whom all the avenues of salvation have been opened, if, having counted the blood of the atonement an unholy thing, and having trampled it under your feet, you die unbelieving!

Stop, then, now; and especially because it is so easy to stop. I surround you with the generosity of God. I take the sheeted robe of Christ's love, more glorious than the sun, and throw it about you. I surround you with divine gentleness and meekness and mercy. So stand in the presence of Christ, and not in your own filthy rags. May God help you, and bring you, finally, to the land of eternal truth and glory! Amen.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Freaks of the Late Meteor.

Last September's Meteor, Seen in Illinois, Brings up at the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. James Lumley, an old Rocky Mountain trapper, who has been stopping at the Everett House for several days, makes a most remarkable statement to us, and one which, if authenticated, will produce the greatest excitement in the scientific world.

Mr. Lumley states that about the middle of last September he was engaged in trapping in the mountains, about seventy-five or one hundred miles above the Great Falls of the Upper Missouri, and in the neighborhood of what is known as Cadotte Pass. Just after sunset one evening he beheld a bright luminous body in the heavens, which was moving with great rapidity in an easterly direction. It was plainly visible for at least five seconds, when it suddenly separated into particles, resembling, as Mr. Lumley describes it, the bursting of a sky-rocket in the air. A few minutes later he heard a heavy explosion, which jarred the earth very perceptibly, and this was shortly after followed by a rushing sound, like a tornado sweeping through the forest. A strong wind sprang up about the same time, but as suddenly subsided. The air was also filled with a peculiar odor of a sulphurous character.

These incidents would have made but slight impression on the mind of Mr. Lumley, but for the fact that on the ensuing day he discovered, at a distance of about two miles from his camping place, that, as far as he could see in either direction, a path had been cut through

the forest, several yards wide—giant trees uprooted or broken off near the ground—the tops of hills shaved off, and the earth plowed up in many places. Great and wide-spread havoc was everywhere visible. Following up this track of desolation, he soon ascertained the cause of it in the shape of an immense stone that had been driven into the side of a mountain. But now comes the most remarkable part of the story. An examination of this stone, or so much of it as was visible, showed that it had been divided into compartments, and that in various places it was carved with curious hieroglyphics. More than this, Mr. Lumley also discovered fragments of a substance resembling glass, and here and there dark stains, as though caused by a liquid. He is confident that the hieroglyphics were the work of human hands, and that the stone itself, although but a fragment of an immense body, must have been used for some purpose by animated beings.

Strange as this story appears, Mr. Lumley relates it with so much sincerity that we are forced to accept it as true. It is evident that the stone which he discovered was a fragment of the meteor which was visible in this section in September last. It will be remembered that it was seen in Leavenworth, in Galena, and in this city by Col. Bonneville. At Leavenworth it was seen to separate into particles or explode.

The Power of Words.

THERE is a passage in the Bible which teaches that what comes out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes in; and we are told in the same book that it is better to live upon very plain food with those that love us, than to feed upon luxuries which are given with unkind words. Now I believe that almost all brothers and sisters, parents and children love one another. But in some families they think it is very silly to say anything about it, and you might pass a week with them and never hear a single affectionate word. They never say to each other: "I love you," or "That is right, dear," or "You are a good boy." They do not like to say "Thank you," if they can help it, and if you were to ask them why they act thus, they would say: "What is the use of always saying soft things? My friends know that I love them; when things are all right, I have nothing to say, when they are all wrong, it will be soon enough to speak." Now you children do not believe this. You are very fond of kind words. You like to be reminded of all the pleasant things. If you have beautiful eyes and a homely nose, you will like much better to hear your mother say, "There comes my bright-eyed little girl," than to hear her always greeting you with: "Good morning, Miss Snub-nose." Both expressions have truth in them, but one is a pleasant truth and the other is not.

Wants.

We want a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner tables, behind your neighbor's back as in his face. We want a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of the dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give little for the religion of the man whose very dog and cat were not the better for it.

To make them effectual, all our public religious measures, institutions, benevolent agencies, missions, need to be managed on a high-toned, scrupulous, and unquestionable scale of honor: without evasion or partisanship or overmuch of the serpent's cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money which sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned. In short, both the arms of the church, justice and mercy, must be stretched out, working for man, strengthening the brethren, or else your faith is vain and ye are yet in your sins.—*F. D. Huntington, D. D.*

It is the vice of the unlearned to suppose that the knowledge of books is of no account, and the vice of scholars to think there is no other knowledge worth having.

The Review and Herald.

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

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865.

URIAH SMITH, EDITOR.

The Loud Cry.

EVERY day we come a little nearer to that long-wished-for hour, the loud voice of the Third Angel's Message. Time may sometimes seem to hang heavily on our hands, its wheels may roll too slow for our impulsive natures, but in due time the mighty manifestation will come. Yes, the whole earth will yet be lightened with the glorious effulgence of God's saving truth.

Says the apostle, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and have the faith of Jesus," and here also is the PATIENCE of the saints. A great work now devolves upon the remnant, and how are we "straitened" till it is accomplished. But a little from this and Zion will "arise and shine," for the coming glory of the Lord will rest upon her. Yes, weary, waiting, suffering pilgrim, Jesus will come. Not long shall the faithful dwell in these low boggy grounds of sin; and once delivered, we shall have rest in the paradise of God. As the poet exclaims,

"Oh that beautiful home!"

And the loud cry will come. Pentecost, "the former rain," will be as far exceeded by the "latter rain," the great "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," as the shouts and triumphs of a 144,000 will exceed those of a "hundred and twenty." Our trials will at last end, and Heaven's bright morning rays will beam out on the pathway of the righteous.

O ye pilgrims to Mount Zion, take courage and look up, for the great reviving is nearing; then will the battle-marred armor of the Christian warrior be laid by, and the plaintive notes of the mourning saints be exchanged for the song of Moses and the Lamb. Who would not be a Christian then? What an inviting prospect awaits the patient overcomer,—He shall inherit all things."

Our compassionate High Priest is now for a little season in the Holy of Holies, but soon his ministration will be finished, the saints of God will be sealed, and Jesus will come forth "to bless the people." Who will be in a watching position to discern the tinkling of the bells on his garment? Not those who are immersed in the cares of this life, surely. May it be ours to have our lamps trimmed, and our loins girt about. "Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound!" Yes, Heaven's latter rain, in "showers of rain to every one grass in the field," (Zech. x, 1,) will soon ripen the great harvest of saints, and the "covenant of peace" will be formed with those who go to be guests at the marriage table of the Lamb.

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hos. vi, 3.

Lord, speed the glad day!

G.

Was There any Rainbow Prior to the Flood?

IN Gen. ix, 13, God said to Noah, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Infidels profess to see many difficulties in this passage, and argue therefrom that the Bible is not a book from God. Say they, The rainbow is the natural effect of the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays falling on drops of water, and as the same cause always produces the same effect, therefore there had been rainbows from time immemorial. Learned men, partly acknowledging what skeptics say to be true, have endeavored to answer their objection by rendering the original words for "do set," in the above text, "do appoint." This, all must admit does not amount to much, unless we take it in the sense of the old adage, that "a poor reason is better than none."

Our view of this place is that the causes which combine to produce a rainbow never existed before the

flood, and this gives force to God's language to Noah, "I do set my bow in the cloud," &c. But what pertinence would there be to this institution, and what force would it give to the covenant which the Almighty then entered into with the inhabitants of the earth, if the rainbow had been a common visitor to this world for sixteen hundred and fifty-six years? for this was the earth's age at the flood.

We have lately been reading Prof. Bush's view of this subject, and although he differs somewhat from his brother commentators, we think his position is mainly correct. After referring to the common view, and presenting the usual arguments in its support, which he partly admits, he then makes this admission, which is explanation enough. He says:

"Yet we incline upon the whole to regard this as the first appearance of the celestial arch. Such we think is the natural impression produced upon the mind of any one who reads the narrative without reference to any existing theory upon the subject, and no one can doubt that the effect would have been far more vivid and striking had this been the first time the splendid sight had met his eye."

A little further on he says again:

"In fine, as it is impossible to prove that the rainbow had actually ever appeared before the flood, we believe the most interesting light in which this glorious spectacle can be viewed, viz., as a great memento of the divine veracity, has been conceded away to the cavils of infidels; and that by looking upon it merely as an effect of natural causes that have always operated, we shall be apt to lose the force of its moral bearing in connection with the event in which it originated."

If it be inquired how the earth received sufficient moisture to cause it to vegetate, if there was no rain before the deluge, we reply, doubtless according to the arrangement which the all-wise Creator established in the beginning. Moses, in giving a synopsis of the creation in Gen. ii, 4-6, says: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

Here it is said that before God caused it to rain upon the earth, in the state of innocence, "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." And probably it continued to do so till that mighty catastrophe, the flood. The above is a fair scriptural deduction, and those who think that the phenomena of rain and rainbows were common before the deluge, will please bear in mind that the *onus probandi* lies with them.

G.

Teachings of the Spirits.

HERE is a clip from the Banner of Light, in the issue of Nov. 11. By it the reader may determine the attitude of Spiritualism toward the Word of God and our holy religion. Certainly no spirit but one whose abode was in Tartarus would utter such sentiments as the following. It bears the impress of Satan's hand, and is quite plainly "a doctrine of the Devil." Listen to a few questions and answers:

Q.—Why does it say in Genesis, 'He that sheddeth the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed also?'

A.—If that has any meaning at all, the meaning is so very small that it is of no account."

Q.—Who wrote that?"

A.—It is very hard to tell,"

Q.—I suppose Moses wrote it."

A.—We suppose he did not."

Q.—Why do you think he did not write it?"

A.—Because it was written long after he passed from earth. That is proof enough."

Q.—I don't think so."

A.—Of course not."

Q.—The Bible tells us Moses wrote those words."

A.—Your Bible tells you many things that are false."

Q.—How can you prove that it is false? Can't you tell me whether God had power enough to inspire men like Moses to write truth or lies?"

A.—There are different degrees of inspiration. You know that every word that is written, every thought that exists, either spoken or unspoken, written or unwritten, is inspired by God. Moses was no more inspired than you or I. Now do not charge us with blasphemy, for we probably have as much reverence for things sacred as you possibly can have, but we have very little for that record you speak of."

Q.—Can you tell me what nations are most governed by the Bible?"

A.—That you know as well as we do. Perhaps we shall say those who are the most bigoted."

And so on *ad infinitum*. . . Another spirit, professedly of one slain in battle in the late rebellion, in referring to the belief of his friends that they must wait till the "resurrection of the body" before they saw him, says: "Oh, what a wild mistake! Why, the brain that gave birth to such an idea as that, ought to be annihilated; ought to sink into oblivion." And another one being questioned as to the existence of God, replied: "I aint seen him, though. No sir, I aint. I don't know where he lives; guess he don't live anywhere."

The foregoing is a fair specimen of the blasphemous teachings of these spirits of darkness. In reference to our duty concerning it, the prophet's admonition is: "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? to the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, IT IS BECAUSE THERE IS NO LIGHT IN THEM!" Isa. viii, 19, 20.

G.

A Prediction.

THE following prediction is found in the History of the Reformation, vol. ii, pp. 189, 190. It was doubtless made upon the strength of Bible testimony, the writer himself possessing a good degree of that Spirit which anciently spoke through the prophets. The prediction is being accomplished in the closing messages of the gospel. But we give the extract:

"The [Roman] church, apparently full of vigor, supported by treasures, governments, and armies, but in reality exhausted and feeble, having no love for God, no Christian life, no enthusiasm for the truth, found itself face to face with men who were simple but courageous, and who, knowing that God is with those who contend in behalf of his word, had no doubt of victory. In every age it has been seen how great is the strength of an idea to penetrate the masses, to stir up nations, and to hurry them, if required, by thousands to the battle-field and to death. But if so great be the strength of a human idea, what power must not a Heaven-descended idea possess, when God opens to it the gates of the heart. The world has not often seen so much power at work; it was seen, however, in the early days of Christianity, and in the time of the Reformation; and it will be seen in future ages."

The writer refers us to two great epochs of the Christian age, its commencement, and the beginning of the Reformation—and the third, though the writer did not probably see it so clearly as we now do, can refer to no other work than that which, in God's providence, is destined to consummate the Reformation and close the proclamation of the gospel. In other words, nothing can fulfill the prediction but the angel messages of Rev. xiv, 6-12, especially the third and last, which bears unmistakable evidence of being expressly designed to close both the Reformation and the Christian age; bringing the Reformation to a final test, calling upon all to choose between obedience to the authority of the beast, or the great Roman apostasy, whose corruptions and departures from the truth made the Reformation necessary, and obedience to the word of God, especially to those portions of the commandments and the faith which have been changed and trodden

under foot by the Roman church, and preparing the remnant of the Church for the advent of Him who is seen, as the next event, seated upon the "great white cloud."

As it was in the primitive days of Christianity and of the Reformation, so it is now; the popular church has "no enthusiasm for the truth," while "those who contend in behalf of God's word," have "no doubt of victory." It is not a human, but a "Heaven-descended idea" that is leading them, pointed out by the spirit of prophecy 1800 years ago; and the full assurance that God is always with those who venture out upon and defend his word, gives them a courage to which others are strangers.

R. F. C.

Has the Moral Law Been Abolished?

THERE are many who hold that all law existing in the former dispensation has been abolished and superseded by the gospel. They go to the writings of the apostle Paul for something to justify their bold and blasphemous position, of whose writings Peter has affirmed that some wrest them, as they do the other Scriptures, to their own destruction. Paul himself was aware, it seems, that the same class who say in their hearts, "There is no God," Ps. xiv, would try to prove from his teachings, concerning justification through faith, that, under the gospel there is no law. Therefore he raises the question in order to give it a decided answer, and put the matter forever at rest, with all that will acknowledge his word as authority. Said he, "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid. Yea, we establish the law." Rom. iii, 31. The Greek word which is here rendered "make void" is the same which is rendered "abolish" in 2 Cor. iii, that passage which is resorted to to prove that that which was written and engraved on stones was abolished. The question then is simply this: Does the faith of the gospel abolish the law? If opponents would heed his decided negative to this question, they would cease to contend for the affirmative, and no longer try to make Paul contradict himself.

R. F. C.

Report from Bro. Ingraham.

BRO. WHITE: Just after I started on my Iowa tour, I learned that my brethren had raised money to send me to the "Water Cure" Institution at Lyons, Iowa. They felt somewhat opposed to my entering upon my field of labor in my weak condition. But with the promise that I would return if my health did not improve, they consented to let me come. To the praise of God I can say that my health has somewhat improved, and I have had strength to meet all of my appointments up to this time except Eddyville, which was not reached in consequence of the stage not connecting with the cars.

My first appointment was at Knoxville. The church in this place had been passing through trials, and were not prepared to take that active interest in the cause of truth, that ought to be manifested by the professed followers of Jesus. I spoke to them with some freedom, and they were encouraged by my coming. I left here for Sandyville. Bro. Benn Auten with his team accompanied me to this place. The going was very bad; the White Breast river, which we had to ford, was so high that it covered our wagon box completely, and run over the seats; but having a stout team, and a good driver, we had no trouble in crossing. Our meeting at Sandyville was encouraging. The brethren showed a disposition to hear and work.

Sunday morning I met with the people in the Morrison neighborhood, where I remained a number of days, preaching in the time ten discourses. The interest increased to the close of the meeting. If I could have stayed a few days longer, I think a number would have decided to obey God and keep his commandments. My next meeting was at Eddyville, which I missed, the stage being behind time, and when I reached Pella, the cars had been gone about fifteen minutes.

Thursday, 26th of October, I met with the brethren at Fairfield. Had a prayer-meeting at three o'clock, and preaching at the court-house in the evening. The weather was rainy, the going muddy, and some of our

brethren, living across a large creek, which had swollen so high that they could not cross, our congregation was small, but we had a good time, and felt like journeying on to our heavenly home.

Sabbath, 28th, commenced meetings at Mount Pleasant, in Bro. Fairfield's neighborhood. Stayed three days, and preached five times. The Lord was present to aid in proclaiming his precious truth. It was a season of rejoicing, and we felt that our hearts were knit together in love. This church has established an honest character in the place, and there is an interest to hear the truth among the people. Four were baptized on Sunday, and one on Monday. From this place we started for Washington, with Bro. Robert Kilgore. We had many sloughs to go through on our journey; one of them was so bad that our horses broke both whiffletrees and the tongue of the wagon, and left us in the mud. But we soon repaired and were on our way.

Our meeting in Washington was in a very rainy time, and not many out the first night. The second evening, in consequence of some misunderstanding about the court-house, it was claimed by the brass band, and we held our meeting at a private house. We should have had a good attendance the last evening, if it had not been for the trouble about the place of meeting. Last Sabbath and first-day I spent at Pilot's Grove. This meeting was the best I have had in the State. Brethren present from Mount Pleasant, Washington, and Palestine. Here I had good freedom in preaching the word. I find this church to be in harmony with the body. There is a disposition to hear among the people.

Monday morning I started for Palestine. From Pilot's Grove to Palestine, by way of the bridge, it is about forty miles, and only seventeen to go by the way of the old ferry. We took the shortest route, and when we got to the river we found the skiff on the opposite side, and the owner gone. We had to wait on the bank of the river until night, or find some way to cross. Finding a tree that had blown down and broken into three pieces, the longest log was right for a raft; the other short ones we tied together with a grape vine, and threw poles across, and soon Bro. McReynolds was in full sail across the Iowa river; but the current was so rapid, and the stream so wide, he drifted down the river about a quarter of a mile before he landed; but soon he was back with the skiff, and we are now holding meetings in Palestine, all safe.

Pray for us.

WM. S. INGRAHAM.

Palestine, Iowa, Nov. 9, 1865.

Report from Bro. Sanborn.

BRO. WHITE: I left home the 19th of October, and came to Brodsville, Grant Co., Wis., to attend the discussion between Eld. Baughman, Methodist, and Bro. L. G. Bostwick, where they had previously held the discussion for three evenings, then Mr. Baughman adjourned it to the 23d of October, at which time, however, he did not appear, and the general decision of the people was, that he did not venture to renew the contest for fear of his case. There are now ten or eleven Sabbath-keepers at Brodsville. Two weeks ago I came here, just as Bro. Bostwick had closed a series of lectures of four weeks, having had large congregations, with good interest. On account of a heavy snow storm, the first week I came, I have preached but few times, and yet about fifteen have decided to keep the Sabbath, while others are deciding, and some are fighting against it, and the dragon carries on the war against the "remnant of the woman's seed who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." Rev. xii, 17. As I find great interest in other neighborhoods, I expect to remain here several weeks longer. I hope to have the prayers of all the faithful, that God may establish many of the people here in the third angel's message, that they may be sealed with his people, and stand at last with the Lamb on Mount Zion. Rev. xiv, 1.

ISAAC SANBORN.

Tafton, Grant Co., Wis., Nov. 17, 1865.

There should be a close connection between preaching and sunshine. Preaching, like the sunshine, should be clear and warm, and like the sun should reach all men.

Gleanings.

We extract the following from a work entitled, "American Antiquities," a chapter of which is devoted to proving that the antediluvians were of greater stature than the people of the present day.

"That the antediluvians were of great stature, is strongly supported by a remark of king Solomon's, found in the Book of Wisdom, in the Apocrypha, 14th chapter, 6th verse, where he calls all the inhabitants of the earth who were destroyed by the deluge, 'proud giants,' whose history, by tradition, handed down from the family of Noah, through the lineage of Shem, was well known to that king, the wisest of men in his day and age.

"And even after the flood, the great stature of men is supported in the Scriptures in several places, who were, for some generations, permitted to live several hundred years, and were all accordingly of great stature. Whole tribes or nations of gigantic inhabitants peopled the country of Canaan, before the Jews drove them out." p. 156.

Charles von Rotteck, the celebrated German Historian, makes the following statement in regard to a popular fable:

"Moses, who proclaimed so loudly the majesty of God, and inculcated so impressively his moral commands, has—and this is quite difficult to explain (?)—been silent upon the immortality of the soul. The zeal for this doctrine, which made its first appearance after the Babylonian captivity, was founded not upon Scripture, but merely upon tradition." *Hist. of World*, vol. i, p. 330.

WM. C. GAGE.

"Sunshine."

THE following "clip" on the Health Question, is an editorial in the last issue of the Phrenological Journal. Perhaps there is more to this "sun-cure" theory, than many have imagined. If the sun is good for plants, why is it not also good for humans? a.

By the use of this term we do not mean merely sunlight, but the direct rays or shine of the sun. Mankind are dying for the want of it. We build our houses, to be sure, with a world of windows, but they are chiefly put in to make a handsome display outside. We are careful to curtain them inside and blind them outside so as to shut out the precious rays of the sun. It is a good argument in favor of curtains and blinds, that if the light be let in too strongly it will fade the carpet. So far as carpets are concerned this is true, as they are generally made, but can we have no colors in carpets which the light will not seriously affect? If carpets fade by letting the light in, there is another thing that fades by keeping the light out, viz., the human being. On the shady side of the street, the hospital and prison, cholera, scrofula, bilious complaints, and nervous diseases are more frequent and fatal than on the sunny side. We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time should be on the side where the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant that will not set her plants, if she have taste enough to grow them, in the east window in the morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in a west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible, out of the rays of the sun. The plants in obedience to natural law are kept healthy, while the children and mother being kept in the shade, suffer in consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great curative agent, and we apprehend that the time is not far distant when there will be sun-baths. Corridors with glass roofs will be so adjusted that persons can properly remove their clothing and take a bath in the sun for an hour or two, much to the improvement of their health. The chief advantage of going to the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desired merely to keep cool, we should stay in the

shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements;" it is much hotter in the country, for the breeze that plays there in mid-day brings only heated air in from out-doors. But in the city the breeze brings air in from the shady side of the street, and the lower rooms of a city house are consequently much cooler in mid-day than the exposed houses of the country.

Our soldiers, who were able to bear the labor and fatigue of war, are invigorated by the out-door life they lived. We know a young man in New York who came back from the war and resumed his former occupation of book-keeping, and lost thirty pounds' weight in six weeks. It would do him good to be a farmer.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny sick boys than to put them on a farm for three or four summers and let the sun bathe them the livelong-day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny, and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.

Our attention has recently been called to this subject by a series of articles in the New Jerusalem Messenger, by Dr. John Ellis. We commend the subject to other physicians, to preachers, teachers, and parents. Be not afraid of sunshine.

Faithfulness

In whatever we are called to do is very desirable. However humble the sphere in which we act, we should faithfully perform each successive duty, in its time and place, thus filling each our sphere.

We find the principle invariably true, that, in proportion, as we are faithful in secular matters, so are we in those that are spiritual. Those who are thorough and prompt in the duties and obligations of this world, naturally are faithful to meet all their moral and spiritual responsibilities in the family and church relations.

An enlightened judgment of the responsibilities devolving upon each member of the church, would fit each to faithfully perform their individual duties in such a manner as to meet the approbation of our heavenly Father. Truly if each were engaged in their individual work, the great enemy would be kept out and peace and harmony would prevail.

Sister White in writing (a few years since) to the Oakland church, in referring to the words of Zeph. ii, 8: "Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, seek righteousness, seek meekness," says, "This is not to sinners, but to believers, those who have wrought his judgments in the earth." She says, "When Sabbath-keepers tend to this individual work, then sweet union will be in our midst." Shall we not faithfully set about this individual work?

A very little impurity renders a dwelling unfit to receive our guest, so, is it with the heart. If an evil passion is cherished there, Christ and the Father cannot take up their abode until it first be renovated from all that is impure. Let us be faithful to get our hearts right, free from all the feeling, spirit, and practice that is not in perfect keeping with the commandments of God and the precepts of Jesus. Then will our hearts be a fit dwelling-place for the Holy Spirit.

If each will engage heartily in this individual work, then God's faithful messengers will be free from the distracting, crushing burden of settling difficulties in the churches. Then they can go out free to carry the light of the present truth to those in darkness. The truth will spread, the third angel speed on his way, and many souls be fitted for immortality. May this be our happy experience as a people, and may we truly be "they that keep the commandments of God," and that have "the faith of Jesus."

F. M. BRAGG.

Cambridge, Oct., 14.

CHEERFULNESS is the promoter of health. Repinings and murmurings of the heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent; soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.—Addison.

Beyond.

Beyond life's fitful fever, Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's shadowy river, That dark and sullen stream;
Beyond this land of sighing, Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying, Beyond the mouldering dead;
Beyond the days of mourning, Beyond the years of grief,
Beyond creation's groaning, And panting for relief;
Beyond the darkening shadows, Beyond the gloomy vale,
Beyond the scenes of trial, Where flesh and heart do fail;
Beyond the spoiler's ruin, Beyond the tempter's wile,
Beyond the lion's roaring, Beyond the serpent's guile;
Beyond the fear of sinning, Beyond the chastening rod,
Beyond the thought of grieving, A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the doubt and darkness, Beyond the realm of night,
Beyond the hopes uncertain, That mock with fitful light;
Beyond the transient greetings Where joy and sorrow thrill,
Beyond the fears of parting Which oft the spirit chill;
Beyond the dreary mountain, Beyond the weary moor,
Beyond the emptied fountain, With disappointments sore;
Beyond the fiery desert, Beyond the furious foe,
Beyond the tedious pathway Along which pilgrims go;
Beyond earth's desolation, and Satan's blighting power,
Beyond man's proud oppression, Beyond the tyrant's hour;
Beyond earth's fallen glory, Beyond earth's fleeting joy,
Beyond earth's sinful story, And mortals' vain employ;
Beyond all real sorrow, Beyond all fancied woe,
Beyond all fearing morrow, Or grieving if it go;
Beyond all mortal yearnings, For love, and peace, and rest,
Beyond all earthly longings, For union with the blest;
Beyond all human madness, Beyond all worldly strife,
Beyond all transient gladness, In blest, eternal life;
Beyond earth's weary burden, The cross, the scourge, the rod,
The saint shall rest in glory, The saint shall dwell with God;
In brightness undecaying, In beauty fading not,
Oh, pilgrim, are you praying That this may be your lot?
[H. L. H.]

Meeting at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

BRO. WHITE: According to appointment Bro. Ingraham arrived here the 27th ult., but on account of the inclemency of the weather, had no meeting until Sabbath morning, when the few Sabbath-keepers in reach of meeting, and some of our neighbors, all hungry for the word of the Lord, listened to a discourse on faith and works, or living faith; showing that God's people have always been a working people; and we lament that we do not always have that "faith which works by love." Afternoon, listened to a discourse on Dan. xii, 10, clearly proving that this is indeed the time of the end. First-day morning, an attentive congregation listened to a discourse from Acts iii, 19. Afternoon, repaired to the water, where four youths, children of our brethren and friends, were buried with the Lord in baptism. It was a solemn and impressive sight, and was remarked by one that "it looked like a burial." Surely if the religious world did realize that Christ did die, and was really buried, and that the slain sinner is to be buried with their Lord in baptism, God would not be mocked with any substituted bogus baptism invented by the man of sin.

Evening, met again, and listened to a discourse on the ministration of angels—their character and work, both of good and evil; and the interest manifested by them in the destiny of the human race, more particularly of the great interest manifested by the heavenly angels in the salvation of God's people, in which they seem to take more interest than man, the recipient. While a Lot would stand at the door and entreat and compromise with his wicked neighbors, the angels would pull him in and shut the door against them, and when he would linger in the doomed city, they would hurry him out ere the wrath of God was poured out upon it. So in the case of the patriarchs and worthies mentioned in the holy Scriptures, the angels assisted

in important movements, or critical situations, in which they were placed. Surely God did care for and send his angels to assist his people in ancient times. Does he not have the same care for them now, and do not the angels have the same interest in our salvation as in theirs? Yes. Says Paul, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. i, 14. Oh, that we could realize their presence, and aid them. Methinks we would be more watchful, and walk softly before the Lord, that they might not be grieved and turn away from us.

Second-day, repaired to the water again, and witnessed the burial of an old lady in the liquid grave, from which she arose with joy in her heart, and praise on her lips. She had been a member of the M. E. Church over fifty years, enjoying a good conscience; but when the commandment came, sin revived and she died, and was baptized, having waited, with others some time for a fit opportunity to show her faith in the death, burial and resurrection of the Saviour.

Evening, met again and heard a discourse on the saints' inheritance. Truly may those "rejoice always" that are Christ's; being "Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise." We feel that this has been a profitable meeting to the church, and to some of our neighbors who are investigating these truths. This church has no sympathy with any rebellious spirit, but feel to mourn and lament the unfaithfulness of those in whom we have had the utmost confidence. Our continual prayer is that they may see their errors, and wander no further from the Lord, but return ere it is too late, that God may have mercy on them. Pray for us, that we may stand firm, and live so that the light may shine out, and God be glorified in us and others that may be led to see the truth.

A. A. FAIRFIELD.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Nov. 7, 1865.

Snakes in the Grass.

"Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowd around us."

A WORD TO STUDENTS IN COLLEGES AND SEMINARIES.

UPON no class of persons does the habitual reading of this branch of our literature exert a more pernicious influence, than upon the young men connected with our colleges, and other institutions of learning. We have heard it asserted by those whose positions enable them to judge intelligently in this matter, that there is scarcely an instance on record, where a young man, who habitually and regularly peruses works of fiction during his undergraduate course, ever received that degree of mental discipline which is necessary for a successful entrance upon the great duties of life, and which it is the aim of a collegiate course to furnish. And, indeed, it is hard to conceive how the case should be otherwise, for, besides the enormous waste of time, which is a necessary consequence of any considerable indulgence in novel reading, the mind, accustomed to follow some sentimental hero or heroine through all sorts of silly, unheard-of adventures, and to revel amid scenes of fancied pleasure and happiness, takes little delight in attempting to grapple with the more profound truths of philosophy and mathematics, even when it is not wholly incapacitated to do so.

It is a lamentable fact, that at least half of the young men who graduate each year at our colleges, hardly possess even the rudiments of a sound and substantial education. Many, after spending three or four years within the walls of a university, possess, in return for their time and money, little besides their "diploma," to which, certainly, in our day, no great importance can be attached. We hazard little in saying, that the evil in question may, to a very great extent, be traced to the "popular novels," which form so important an element in the composition of the student's libraries in many of our colleges. And so long as our young men are content to spend the precious moments, which ought to be devoted to the acquisition of substantial knowledge, and to fritter away the knowledge which God has given them, in poring over books worse than profitless, to the neglect of all that is useful and instructive, just so long are we to expect superficial thinkers, instead of profound thinkers; mere triflers instead of men.

The indirect tendency of nine-tenths of the popular novels of the present day, is to inculcate false views of life, and to corrupt instead of cultivating the imagination. They weaken the judgment, the reasoning powers are unhinged, and all the perceptive faculties destroyed or greatly vitiated. More than this, all the generous affections of the heart, and all the nobler sensibilities of human nature, become blunted and seared, under their blighting and withering influence! The intellect is greatly injured, by their creating a distaste for nobler and more solid reading. Men do not like to go from the splendid palaces of kings—from the soft and lascivious saloons and drawing rooms of dukes and counts, into the common walks of life—no, they would rather luxuriate amid the splendid castles and enchanted scenes of the novel writer! It is truly painful to see in some reading-rooms, popular works of fiction, novels, and romances, and works positively infidel in their tendency. Such libraries and reading-rooms are a curse instead of a blessing to the community. Many a young man has been ruined for time and eternity, by this corrupting literature.

No book or periodical, whatever its merits in other respects, which takes the name of God in vain, or uses it profanely or irreverently, which contains a profane oath, an impure or libidinous thought, or speaks lightly of the word of God, should ever be allowed in a family or reading room. A parent ought never to allow a fascinating writer to say that behind the screen to the eye of a child, which he would not permit any one to breathe into the ear.

Byron, Scott, Shakspeare, are more or less defiled by profane and impure allusions, dashes or exclamations, that offend the ear of modesty and virtue. What Christian father or mother would allow Shakspeare, if he were now alive, to associate with a blooming circle of sons and daughters, or read his plays, just as they now stand in the best editions? Is it possible for them to pass through the youthful mind and not leave a foul stain behind? Read the "Personal Recollections of Charlotte Elizabeth," and see how narrowly she escaped the loss of both body and soul, by poring over Shakspeare's corrupting fascinations.

Says the Rev. O. B. Waters: "Shakspeare's morality seldom rises above the supreme selfishness of the heartless world, and often sinks into its grossest forms. He has exhibited ambition, avarice, revenge, jealousy, and all the groveling passions of the human soul, with all the skill of art, but where are those opposite graces of the spirit which alone can antidote their influence.

"The tendency of nearly all his writings is to quicken into inordinate and morbid activity, that faculty which phrenologists term Amativeness, already strong enough to need firm and wise restraint. No one can deny, moreover, that with all his excellencies, there is among his plays a great amount of senseless frivolity, unworthy of a thoughtful, earnest mind.

"Besides, who has counted up the passages where he is positively vulgar, and covertly, or openly, licentious? Not a few there are, I am sure, that are most grossly so. What a sink of pollution, vulgarity and licentiousness, is, for instance, the Merry Wives of Windsor. While no one of his plays, even the best, can give you a model, and scarcely an instance, of those exalted and self-denying virtues, which spring only from a heart-felt sympathy with the spirit of the Bible.

"His powerful and exciting delineations of love have without doubt, ruined many a soul. If those instances were recorded, where the works of Shakspeare have had an influence, either directly or indirectly, in exciting the passions to such an ungovernable strength, that men have been led into crime and misery, what an account would be placed to their score."—D. F. Newton, Author of Home Thrusts.

AN EX-SLAVE applied the other day to a lawyer in Maryland for the restoration of his boy of sixteen, who had been legally apprenticed by his former master. In reply to the lawyer's question whether he was capable of taking care of the boy, the father said: "Well, massa, I ruther tinks I'se capable as him; for, you see dat ole massa has done gone and hired the boy out fur fou' dollars a month, and put de money in his pocket, and I spec's I's capable of dat kind of kere, any ways."

All That is Needful.

"ALL that is needful, is to keep our own hearts right." These were the words of a friend in speaking of the prevalence of crime in our land, and our unavoidable contact with unprincipled people; and they brought up a train of thought like this: Yes, all that is needful, is to keep our own hearts right, but this is a work not easily accomplished, a work which we are unable to do in our own strength. But there is one whose grace is sufficient, and he has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive." This is a precious promise; and he is faithful to perform. May we ever feel the need of asking.

We are too apt to forget our need, too apt to trust to our own strength, to stop and dally with the tempter, when we should flee to Jesus and plead for strength and wisdom. And this is just what pleases Satan. If he can get us to trust in our own strength, he knows that he is sure of the victory. He is willing then that we should be Christians in name, he does not come to us with some great temptation by which to draw us from the narrow way; but instead, he will whisper, you are safe, you need not go to your closet just now, and thus try to flatter us, and make us think we have no need to ask. He well knows that if we do not ask we will not receive. Oh, let us pray earnestly for a deep sense of our need to ask.

MARY J. COTTRELL.

Ridgeway, N. Y.

Letters.

"Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another."

This department of the paper is designed for the brethren and sisters to freely and fully communicate with each other respecting their hopes and determinations, conflicts and victories, attainments and desires, in the heavenly journey. Seek first a living experience and then record it, carefully and prayerfully, for the comfort and encouragement of the other members of the household of faith.

From Sister Moon.

BRO. WHITE: I desire to express my thanks to the people of God for the many words of encouragement and advice that they give through your excellent paper, the Review. Myself and husband are alone in this place in the Advent faith. At times when I have allowed myself to reflect upon our lonely situation, and the many trials that we encounter, I have felt a little cast down; but on the Review's coming to hand, I would be sure to find a "word fitly spoken" in it, and then all gloom would depart, and I would return thanks to the Lord for the precious words with which he causeth his children to comfort one another.

We have been keeping the seventh day for nearly three years, and I am truly thankful that we were led to examine this subject, for thereby we were not only led to obey the command of God, but to find out many other truths that we otherwise could not have received. We have no preaching here (according to our faith,) except what we get from your publications, but they are powerful and convincing. Oh, what a blessing they are to us lonely scattered ones. I crave an interest in your prayers, that we may be able to counteract the evil influence that is cast around our children, so that they also may be brought through to the kingdom. Pray for me that I may overcome.

Yours seeking for immortality.

MARY F. MOON.

San Lorenzo, Cal., Oct. 2, 1865.

From Sister Phippeny.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: How it cheers my heart, after going through the toils and troubles of a week, to take up a new number of our excellent paper, and there find the rich thoughts and feelings of some "ready writer." No matter what the state of my feelings is before taking it up, there is always something that seems to be written especially for me. How I prize the Review, and how thankful I am to all that contribute to its columns.

I thank God for the blessings of life, and I thank him for the hope of eternal life. Though I am poor in this world's goods, yet I would not exchange my hope of an inheritance in the kingdom of God, for all the treasures of this world. Though I may have to stem the tide of opposition alone, I will humbly crave sustaining grace from an All-wise Creator, knowing also that I have a dear Saviour pleading for me. I know that I am an erring creature, but, glory be to my great Redeemer! in him I have a place of refuge.

Oh, how I love present truth! and how thankful I am that I ever heard the last warning message. I have often thought that though I was a professor of religion before I heard it, had it never reached me, I should

long ere this been far back in the world and its follies, for the very reason that I would not be likely to stand, where there was no foundation to stand upon,—nothing but immateriality in the world to come. Where is the beauty or glory of such a doctrine? Give me the teachings of the word of God. That teaches us something far different—something that we can look forward to with anticipation of hope and joy; where all is a glorious reality. How I long for the joys of a better world. There may be trials of a stern nature awaiting us, but by the help of God I will be an overcomer.

The little band of Sabbath-keepers at Ithaca are still striving for the victory. All is union and peace in the church, though I think it would do much good if we could have some messenger here soon, as there are many that need the word of life preached to them. Bro. and sister White, with the other invalids that left Battle Creek, were remembered on the appointed fast-day. Earnest petitions ascended to the throne of grace for their restoration to health again. May the blessing of God attend them, and may we soon hear of them in the field again, for truly the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Yours, striving for a home in the earth made new.

R. F. PHIPPENY.

Ithaca, Mich.

SISTER BREWER of Maiden Rock, Wis., writes: I have been taking the Review eighteen months, and by reading the truths contained in that excellent sheet, three have commenced keeping the commandments, and two have subscribed for the Review. We feel very anxious to have a messenger come this way, and give a course of lectures, or preach, as there are some desiring baptism. Will some messenger, who may be nearest here, please answer, either through the Review or by letter?

A. C. Thompson of Wilna, N. Y., says:

The truth never looked more precious to me than now; and it is still my prayer that my lot may yet be cast with the true people of God, when I can have the privilege of attending meeting. I often think of the lonely ones on the Sabbath, and wonder if they feel like me. I desire an interest in the prayers of God's dear children.

Obituary Notices.

DIED at West Bangor, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1865, of heart disease, Leonard, oldest son of H. W. and M. Lawrence in the 16th year of his age. He has been low with the above disease at different times, five weeks ago he was taken down again. He was taught in early life to love and obey the Saviour. The principles were never forgotten. He took hold of the truth like one of riper years. He was a great sufferer in his last sickness, yet he bore it calmly and patiently, without a murmur, retaining his full vigor of mind till the last. He left words of advice and warning to his young companions; bade father and mother, brothers and sisters, farewell, and fell asleep.

Sermon by the writer.

C. O. TAYLOR.

FELL asleep in Jesus, at Rouse's Point, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1865, Ezra Stratton, aged eighty-four years. He loved the Advent doctrine from the first. In 1845 he left the Methodist society and identified his religious interest with those looking for the Lord. In 1852, his mind was called to the Sabbath of the Bible; and while he at first thought himself too old to change his rest-day, yet on seeing that his God required it, did so, and rejoiced in its light. He loved the hour of prayer, was a great lover of song, a kind husband, a good father.

Sermon by my brother D. T. T., on the resurrection of the just. We hope to see him in that morning.

C. O. TAYLOR.

DIED, at Adams' Center, N. Y., Oct., 14, 1865, of diphtheria, Monroe H., youngest son of H. and O. Bunce, in the 21st year of his age. He had a kind heart and a good spirit. He loved pleasure too well to give his heart to God while in health, yet when brought low, did so, and left an evidence to his weeping friends that all was well.

Sermon by the writer.

C. O. TAYLOR.

DIED, in Girard, Mich., Sept. 27, 1865, Luther H. Pierce, after a long and painful illness of two years and nine months, aged 44 years.

DIED, in Girard, Mich., Oct. 5, 1865, of billions fever, after an illness of two weeks, Emeline Maria, daughter of Luther H. and Sarah A. Pierce, aged ten years and one month.

SARAH A. PIERCE.

DIED, in Portland, Me., Nov. 7, 1865, of lung fever, terminating in diphtheria, Irwin Parker, aged 8 years and 1 month. Funeral attended by Bro. L. L. Howard.

U. S.

The Review and Herald.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865.

"Remember Them."

Who? Those servants of God and the church, who in consequence of their arduous duties, are well nigh rendered inefficient to the cause. The present afflicted state of some of the messengers affords a rare opportunity for sympathizing brethren and sisters to "fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. vi, 2. Let God's people at this critical juncture resolve themselves into a sort of Aaron and Hur society, through which by their prayers and means they may cheer the afflicted watchmen, and give outward expression to inward zeal.

Brethren, the duty of the church, is an important question now.

A Word from Dansville, N. Y.

By request of Bro. and sister White we left Battle Creek, Nov. 7th, for this place, which we reached the day following, accompanied by Edson and Willie their two sons. Having been connected with, and interested in the welfare of this dear family for about four years past in pleasant relations, it has seemed good to most cheerfully comply with their request and come to their assistance in this their time of affliction.

Our meeting was of the most happy character, considering the circumstances; yet we felt sad to witness such indications of weakness in Bro. White, in step and tone of voice, in contrast with the many pleasant seasons of welcoming them back to their own home after labors in the wide harvest field.

We are rejoiced to find sister White so well, considering her care and anxiety. Bro. White is much reduced in flesh, but seems to be hopeful of a sure recovery. We find these servants of the Lord still trusting in the strength of the Arm on which they so long have leaned, confiding and hopeful in God who doeth all things well.

The rest and treatment which Bro. Loughborough is receiving is doing a work for him which he has so much needed. The Lord has not forsaken his trusting ones. He hears the prayers of his commandment keeping people. Pray on, brethren and sisters. Let us be possessors of vital piety as we pass along on our pilgrimage journey to the kingdom of God, where none of the ills which human nature is heir to can ever enter.

ADELIA P. VAN HORN.

Letter of Condolence.

DEAR BRO. AND SISTER WHITE, AND BRO. LOUGHBOROUGH: In behalf of the brethren and sisters of the church in Monterey, whose names are subscribed to a subscription list, we herewith present to you a draft for sixty dollars to help defray your extra expenses.

We continue to sympathize with you in your prolonged and sad affliction, and still continue to pray that God will graciously regard the petitions already offered for your recovery to health and strength, and renewed labor in his precious cause.

In much love.

JOSEPH BATES.

Monterey, Nov. 8, 1865.

NOTE. We would tender our grateful thanks to the brethren in Monterey for their expressions of sympathy for us, and for the above mentioned draft which was duly received, and which is to us good proof of the genuineness of their sympathy. God is hearing and answering the prayers of his people, and in his own good time will restore his servants to labor in his precious cause.

JAMES WHITE.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Dansville, Nov. 14, 1865.

We must all be smitten with the rod of God; but in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy, and makes the rod to be medicinal, and, like the rod of God in the hands of Aaron, to show forth buds, and leaves, and almonds, hopes and mercies, and eternal recompenses in the day of restitution.

Note from Bro. Nicola.

BRO. WHITE: Elder Ingraham met with us according to appointment in the Review, and preached to us four times, and brought to our minds things new and old; this encouraged us much, and inspired within us a new desire for the heavenly kingdom. We would be glad to have Bro. Ingraham return and labor more among us; we think his sober manner, both in the desk and out, would be a great help to the people of God in this State, as a number of the young, especially, have cherished a light and trifling spirit. "Like preacher, like people."

Our prayers and means are pledged to the support of those who can present the message in its clearness, and at the same time have perfect confidence in the things they preach.

My prayer is that God may raise up more such sober men to preach the last solemn message.

H. NICOLA.

Pilot's Grove, Iowa.

A Hint.

BROTHER, if your wife and children are striving to induce others to see the truth, by lending them books, or persuading them to take the Review and Instructor, don't always "throw cold water on their hopes" by saying you do not believe such a one will embrace the truth, or such a one will take the paper. "Be not faithless, but believing."

L.

A Request.

CANNOT Brethren VanHorn or Canright, or both, on their return to Tuscola, come this way, and hold a Quarterly Meeting here and at St. Charles, and give a few lectures, if the interest would demand? Come, brethren, and feed us with a few crumbs from our Master's storehouse and we will assist you on the way.

Yours in love,

D. W. MILK.

Chesaning, Mich.

Writing Ink.

"THE Family Christian Almanac," issued by the American Tract Society, gives the following recipe for making (as it says), "one of the best writing inks." It may be of use to some of our correspondents.

G.

"Aleppo galls, in coarse powder, 8 oz.; logwood chips, 4 oz.; sulphate of iron, 4 oz.; powdered gum-arabic, 3 oz.; sulphate of copper, 1 oz.; crystallized sugar, 1 oz. Boil the galls and logwood together in twelve pounds of water till half the water evaporates; strain the decoction through a hair sieve, and add the other ingredients; stir till the gum is well dissolved; let the mixture stand 24 hours; pour it into glass bottles, and carefully cork them."

"The World's Crisis and Times of Restitution," a new magazine just started in San Francisco, Cal., speaks out its views (and ours, too,) in reference to Spiritualism. It says:

WHAT NEXT!—As the war of the rebellion is now apparently at an end, the inquiry comes forth, what is the next event of interest to transpire? As this is an age of rapid progress, shall we now look for better or worse times? The prophet has spoken on this point, and we may be sure that his word is truth. He says, "This know, also, that in the last days * * * evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." Hence, whoever looks for a better state of things before the coming of Jesus will be disappointed in his expectations. But "what next?" In what way will evil manifest itself? We think the enemy of all righteousness has chosen SPIRITUALISM as the great anti-christian system with which to deceive the church and the world, and lead them to utter ruin, if they follow its teachings. This is Satan's grand attack upon Christianity. By means of this he intends to revolutionize the whole world, socially, morally and politically. Let us keep entirely clear from the whole thing, as an abomination in the sight of the Lord, if we expect to be saved.

Heart-Words.

An old writer has truthfully remarked, that we may say what we please if we speak through tears. Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending. Hence when we are most tender, at heart, our words are most powerful. Hence one great reason why our words have so much more power during a revival than at other times. Our hearts are more tender than they usually are—we feel more, and it is easy for the impenitent to see and feel that our hearts are interested in their behalf. They feel that our words are not mere lip-words, but heart-words.

Appointments.

Monthly Meetings.

West Monroe, Oswego Co., N. Y., Dec. 2 and 3.
Adams' Center, Jeff. Co., N. Y., " 9 and 10.

I shall be in the northern part of the State from Nov. 24 to Jan. 10, 1866. Any letters directed here, or to Rouse's Point, Clinton Co., will reach me.

C. O. TAYLOR.

THE next Quarterly Meeting for the church at Irasburgh and Charleston, Vt., it is thought best to put by till the first Sabbath and first-day in January, 1866.

This meeting will be held at the house of Bro. Enoch Colby, in Charleston. We hope to see our brethren from C. E. at this meeting; also others from other churches.

It may be expected that Elder A. Stone or Elder A. C. Bourdeau will meet with us.

In behalf of the Church.

A. S. H.

PROVIDENCE permitting, I will meet with the church at Burlington, Mich., Sabbath and first-day, Nov. 25, 26.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

Business Department.

RECEIPTS.

For Review and Herald.

Annexed to each receipt in the following list, is the Volume and Number of the REVIEW & HERALD to which the money received pays. If money for the paper is not in due time acknowledged, immediate notice of the omission should then be given.

T M Foster 28-1, E Fellows 27-20, L Lurger 29-1, Eld A Clark 29-1, S Woodhouse 29-1, M Lewis 29-1, S H Macroft 29-1, Mrs H Withington 29-1, Josephine Taylor 28-1, R D Waterman 28-1, J Byington 28-1, C H Barrows 28-1, J W Sawyer 28-1, H A St John 27-23, L Woodhouse 29-1, each \$1.00.

Mr. McMillan 28-25, Elvira Wick 29-1, Catharine Hinds 28-11, A F Fowler 28-1, Enos Rew 28-20, J Luddington 29-21, D Scott 28-1, Louisa Mann 28-19, J S Hodge 29-1, C G Campbell 28-13, J Leland 28-8, B F Brockway 28-10, Addie Enney 29-1, J Mears 29-1, each \$2.00.

John Taylor 27-23, A S Osborn 28-24, S W Fenix 28-1, J S Brooks 28-1, each 50 cts.

D P Bisbee \$1.50, 28-14, I G Soule \$5.00, 29-1.

Subscriptions at the Rate of \$3.00 per year

M Phillips \$3.00, 27-1.

Cash Received on Account.

A S Hutchins for A C Bourdeau \$41.00.

Books Sent By Mail.

D B Fox 10c, Erville Bellows \$1.00, I E Givens 12c, I Ingles 12c, A H Clymer \$1.76, L H Winslow \$1.25, E G Rust 38c, W J Mills \$1.00, C W Martin \$3.00, L A Bramhall 88c, Hattie A Lowry \$2.50, J S Hodge \$1.00, E Rew \$3.36, A Enney \$1.69.

Gen. Conf. Missionary Fund.

Enos Rew \$1.64.

Michigan Conference Fund,

Church at Burlington \$20.00, church at Charlotte \$20.00, church at Hillsdale \$19.00, church at Parkville \$11.68.

For Bro. White.

E Lobdell \$10.00, E Root \$16.67, N Orcutt \$5.00, L E Dibble \$10.00, D W Milk \$6.66, brethren in Monterey \$40.00, Oliver and John Mears \$16.00.

For Bro. Loughborough.

J P Kellogg \$20.00, E Lobdell \$10.00, E Root \$8.33, N Orcutt \$5.00, D Seely \$3.00, L E Dibble \$4.00, D W Milk \$3.34, brethren in Monterey \$20.00, Oliver and John Mears \$16.00.

For Bro. Bourdeau.

Oliver and John Mears \$16.00.