

ADVENT REVIEW

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"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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The Light House Watcher.

MANY a soul on life's dark ocean,
Void of helm or oar,
Batling with the waves' commotion,
Seeks a quiet shore;
Brother Christian, thine the labor
By the light of love,
To assist thine erring neighbor
To the port above.

Like the light house watcher, keeping
Every beacon bright,
Waking, while the world is sleeping,
Wrapt in thickest night;
There is many an ocean ranger,
Out upon the shoals,
Friends and comrades are in danger;
Save their precious souls.

Hold the light for one another,
'Tis the Lord's command
Seize thy shipwrecked, drowning brother
With a manly hand,
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction,
Lift him from the wave.

Hold the light up higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid,
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade;
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag, nor falter,
Till thy work is done.

Hurting a Child's Heart.

THE last sentence in Old Testament inspiration is, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; AND HE SHALL TURN THE HEART OF THE FATHERS TO THE CHILDREN, AND THE HEART OF THE CHILDREN TO THEIR FATHERS; lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." The following beautifully written story is a very good comment on the above text. It is taken from the N. Y. *Principia*. Those upon whom rests the arduous task of training children—than which earth has no duties more important—will be instructed by it. Perhaps some may here read a delicate reproof. Parents and guardians should ever have a molding influence among the junior members of the household, and to this end Patience and Forbearance will be the most powerful agents in conciliating the affections of children. Let us all remember that inspired saying, "He that WINNETH souls is wise."

"I don't expect anything of my children!"
The tone was fretful, with a quality of accusation. The face of the speaker wore an injured look.

A boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, sat reading. He moved uneasily, as if pain had disturbed him, but he did not lift his eyes from the page on which they were resting.

"The harder a mother slaves for her children the less they care for her."

The boy moved again; almost with a start, as though the pain felt an instant before had suddenly increased.

"All children are thankless!" so the speaker kept on, talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy.

"Not all," answered the friend. "I have a mother, and I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so."

"There are exceptions to all rules. And, besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart, indeed, into which she did not inspire love."

"Love begets love. That is the old trite story; and as true to-day as it was a thousand years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless towards their parents—if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and treating them with neglect, the fault, in most cases, rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in their children's eyes."

There followed this a dead silence for some minutes. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this, and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

"Edward," said she, "I don't like boys in my bedroom. Go down stairs." This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone of voice had changed considerably.

The boy arose without hesitation, and left the room. "I don't think it's always good to talk before children," remarked the lad's mother, as soon as he had retired.

"A proper regard for our language and conduct before children," was answered, "is a theory of the gravest consideration. They have keen instincts—their eyes are sharp—they read us, and know us sometimes better than we do ourselves."

"They are sharp enough, I suppose; but not quite so sharp as all that," was answered. "I'm not one of those that make children of much importance."

"Our estimation in the case will not alter the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children so will they be to us. Love begets love, and kindness, good-will. If we do not hurt them wantonly, they will not, in turn, wound us by neglect."

"Hurt them wantonly! I am not sure that I get your meaning."

"Are you much surprised that Tom Baldwin made his escape from home, at the first good opportunity?"

"Well, I looked for it, I must confess; but that don't excuse him. He's proved himself an ungrateful boy, after all his mother has done for him. But, as I said a little while ago, all children are thankless. I don't calculate on anything from mine. They'll grow up and scatter themselves east and west, getting off as far from home as possible; and I'll probably be left to an asylum in the poor house when I get old and helpless."

"You talk in that way before your children?" said the friend.

"They know my sentiments."

"So I inferred. In that way you hurt them. You put their future on trial, and write out a verdict of condemnation, when it is impossible for them to vindicate themselves against your cruel charges. I saw your boy stand and writhe a little while ago, under your sharp thrusts at him. He was no party to Tom Baldwin's unfilial act; and it was a hard thing in you, my friend, to make Tom's delinquency the occasion for smiting your own son, whom you may bind to you, if you will, by triple cords of love, not to be broken; or push away to a distance, where he can feel no warmth, and no attraction. Take care! You are on dangerous ground."

"Oh, you make too much of children," was answered, but with a little obstruction in manner.

"They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions. Tender to love, but hard or resentful toward all unkindness. They are creatures of feeling rather than thought, not generally holding malice, but rarely losing the memory of pain from unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that, in a large number of cases, where children neglect their parents in old age the cause lies just here."

"All of which is simply vindictive," said the lad's mother, "and a poor compliment to human nature."

"Human nature doesn't often suffer unjustly through hard judgment," was answered. "But I am not offering an apology for her short-comings, only look after the cause. To prevent is better than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed. Is it not much the wiser course for us to make sure of our children's love in future by offering them love in the present?"

"You speak as though I didn't love my children." A crimson stain marked the woman's cheeks. There were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick temper.

"Every feeling has its sign," was calmly replied. "Love, anger, dislike—each expresses itself in a different way. And these signs every one knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Why is it that Edward feels that you do not love him?"

"Who says that he feels so?" the mother asked. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face.

"Must it not be that you withhold, too often, the signs of love?"

"I shall get angry at you, if you talk to me any longer in this strain."

"No, my dear friend, you must not get angry with me. Too many sweet memories of the past are shared between us. Bear with me, now, as one who holds you in her heart. Shall I relate to you an incident that occurred in my house, only yesterday? It is under the warrant of this incident, that I have ventured on the plainness of speech which has disturbed you."

The red spots faded off from the mother's cheeks. The keen light went out of her eyes.

"Go on," she said, her voice dropping from its sharp key.

"Edward had called to see the children. We always like to have him come. He is never rude, nor coarse in his manners, but gentlemanly in bearing beyond what is usually seen in lads of his age. I have more than once compared him with my oldest son, and wished that John resembled him in many things. The two

boys were in the parlor alone. John, I am sorry to say, is not always to be trusted. He is over curious, and apt to meddle with things that should be sacred from his touch. Recently, he has become interested in insects, and has begun to collect and preserve them.

"There was a vase of wax flowers on the parlor mantle-piece, the ingenious maker of which had placed several imitations of moths and beetles among the leaves. The vase was covered with glass. John's new formed interest in entomology had given a special attraction to these wax moths and beetles; and on this occasion he went so far as to lift the glass covering, that he might obtain a closer view. In venturing to do this, one of those accidents that so frequently happen with children and grown people, when they are not doing just right, occurred. The glass shield slipped from John's hand, and cracked to pieces on the floor. The noise startled and excited me. I went hastily to the parlor and saw at a glance the damage which had been done, and also comprehended the cause of the disaster. Edward looked pale and frightened, John flushed and grieved. Repentance and self condemnation had come with accident. Even through my indignation, which could not be stayed, I saw that. Hard words were struggling to come through my lips, but I repressed them. Experience warned me to keep silence until I could speak calmly, and under the influence of reason.

"I stood for a few moments looking at the shattered glass, and then, without trusting my lips to say anything, went out for the dust-pan and brush. I was glad that I had controlled myself. It is my experience that scolding almost always does harm; and even where it works correction of bad habits, I am certain that a different way would have been better. I was quite self-possessed when I returned. As I stooped to gather up the broken fragments of glass, John came up close to me. I did not speak to, nor look at him. Edward had drawn back to a distant part of the room. Silently the work of collecting the pieces of glass went on, John standing near me all the while. It was done, and I was about rising, when I felt his arm across my shoulder. 'I'm so sorry,' he said, in a penitent voice, laying his face down against mine, which I had turned towards him. 'It was wrong to touch it I know; but I thought I would be so careful. I can't tell what made it slip out of my hand.' 'Accidents are almost sure to happen to us, my son,' I answered, gently, but seriously, 'when we are not doing what is just right. Let this disaster stand as a lesson for the future.' 'You shall take my money and buy a new case, mother,' he answered, in a spirit of manly justice that was grateful to my ears. 'If this little experience will make you more careful about doing right,' I returned, 'none of us will very deeply regret the accident.' He put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I kissed him in return, and then went out, thanking God in my heart, that he had helped me to self-control in a moment of trial, when passion would have hurt my boy.

"Not long afterwards I heard the boys talking together. Edward said, 'if it had been my mother, she would have scolded at me, until I was mad enough to break everything in the house. Why didn't your mother scold you?' 'Because she loves me, and knows that scolding wouldn't make me half so sorry as I am.' 'I wish that my mother loved me,' said Edward, in a tone of voice so sad and longing that it brought tears into my eyes."

The mother of Edward caught her breath at this. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak; but she repressed what was in her thoughts, and kept silent.

"Of course your mother loves you," answered John. So the friend continued. "But Edward said, 'No, I'm sure she doesn't love me.' 'Why do you say that?' questioned John. 'If she loved me she wouldn't be always scolding me, and hurting me by hard words, no matter what I do. Oh, John, if I had such a mother as you, I'd be the happiest boy alive! I'd do anything for her.'"

There was silence for some time. It was broken by the friend, who said:

"Forgive me for having told you this. The wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy. Forgive what may seem an exaltation of myself above you. He who knows my heart knows that in it there is no pride of superiority. He knows how weak I am,

how often I fall short, how often passion gets the better of reason; how near it was to bearing me down yesterday. It was in His strength that I overcame, and helped my boy, instead of hurting him. In His strength you may overcome also, and win the love of a child whose heart is athirst for your love, as is the drooping flower athirst for the dew and rain."

The mother of Edward bowed her face into her hands. For a little while, her body shook with half-choked sobs. Then she looked up at her friend. Her eyes were wet, her face pale, her lips curved with pain and grief.

"You are not hurt with me?"

"No, no," she answered. "Not with you, but with myself. What have I been doing? What madness has possessed me? I know that love begets love—that in Mrs. Howitt's beautiful words, it has readier will than fear. I know, also, that hardness begets hardness; that driving is more difficult and far less certain than leading. And yet, knowing all this, I have sought to rule my children by passion and force; to drive instead of leading them into the right ways. No, no. I am not hurt with you. For all this plain speaking, which I so much needed, I thank you from the depth of my heart. If it is not better with both me and my children in future, it will not be your fault. But it shall be better!"

And it was better. How quickly all changed under a new order of home government. Love and kindness found swift obedience where anger and harshness had met obstruction. Sunshine dropped in through a hundred places, which had been closely barred against its sweet influences; and Edward, wondering at the pleasant change, drew nearer and nearer to his mother, and felt that she loved him.

O, love! sweet to all hearts. Ye who should give of its treasures, see to it that your hand fail not in its dispensation. It has signs peculiarly its own, which are never mistaken. If you would win love, hang out the sign.

The Recent Wonderful Phenomena in Heaven and Earth.

THE following selection, sent us by a brother, appeared recently in the columns of a secular paper in New York city, but is more valuable than if it originated with the Advent press. We think its author shows a degree of sagacity amounting almost to prescience, which verifies the Saviour's words that "the children of the world are wiser in their generations than the children of light." Doubtless an All-controlling Power is speaking to the wayward sons of men in the multiplied and singular phenomena of the present time. All who read with care the Book of God, may learn that war, famine, pestilence, earthquakes, fearful sights, &c., are but the dread precursors of the judgment of the great day, and the ushering in of the reign of peace. As if in mercy to cause the inhabitants of earth to stop and think, while it may do them some good, God sends these portentous heralds among the people.

Reader, are you learning the lesson? g.

"Earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes and similar violent operations of nature are not uncommon in this uneasy hemisphere. The whole western slope of the continent is a region of 'violence, fracture and fire.' Two or three movements of the earth are felt every year on the Pacific side—now at St. Louis, and again, at San Francisco. And as a volcano is an almost necessary result of an earthquake of any consequence, we may say that we have also our two or three volcanic eruptions, either on the land or thousands of miles out under the sea. Four earthquakes were felt on the continent in 1864—ranging from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from Canada to Panama. In the present year we have had already an even larger number. Hurricanes also are almost a feature of life in the tropical region of America—progressive whirlwind storms of the most terrific power. Sometimes these invade the temperate zone also, and last year one made a

swathe all across the northern section of the United States.

But recently a great number of these wonders of nature have occurred within a short period of each other—so short a period as naturally to suggest some relation of cause and effect. On the 6th of September there was a terrible hurricane at Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, and on the 22d, an earthquake at Porto Rico. On the 23d of the same month Mt. Hood, in Oregon, began to discharge volcanic matter, and the internal disturbance thus indicated was also seen in a very considerable earthquake that on the 8th instant rocked the houses of San Francisco to and fro in a very free and easy manner. Several celestial wonders have also come in this same period. Some accident of a stupendous nature evidently occurred in the sun in September; perhaps a fiery crust caved in over an immense space, making visible nine thousand miles of a darker central substance. That is the magnitude of the darker part of a spot now visible on the luminary—the length of the whole spot darker and lighter together, being twenty-nine thousand miles. In the same eventful September a new planet was discovered in the heavens; and only the other day we had that ever fresh wonder, an eclipse of the sun.

We do not assert the relationship of these phenomena, but no man having full regard to the history of science will venture to deny that such relationship exists. We cannot see, perhaps, that a great wind storm in the West Indies has anything to do with the agitation of the molten masses beneath the crust of the earth on the Pacific shore of our continent; nor can we say how a volcanic demonstration of nature's gigantic chemical processes may be associated with shadows seen on the sun. But it is known that the disturbances in the sun directly influence the electrical conditions of the earth, and to the influence of those electrical disturbances no one can assign a limit. They cannot be without their influence on such a purely atmospheric phenomenon as the hurricane. Between the disturbed electrical conditions of the earth and the central fires there is also an evident connection. Tremblings of the earth—shocks, volcanoes—are always preceded by changed electrical conditions; and when considerable, this changed condition has even a remarkable influence upon animal life. And it should be remembered, in connection with all these phenomena, that only so long ago as when the attempt was made to lay the Atlantic cable, the earth was swept by a remarkable electric storm.

This period of remarkable phenomena comes just at the close of another sort of a storm. It follows a great war, and with us, perhaps, precedes a pestilence. Perhaps it is one of the ancient errors of the human race that earthquakes and eclipses accompany pestilence and war. Wars certainly come oftener than eclipses or even comets, and earthquakes shake countries that are otherwise in the most positive peace. It may be convenient to assume this connection when we cannot explain war in any other way, and there is some use for such an assumption in our war. Reflecting that Southern men made it, it would seem almost as if their action must have been influenced by some uncontrollable madness, as wide spread and general as the air. But in the case of pestilence, and especially such a pestilence as the cholera, science has made the connection obvious. Certain states of the atmosphere unquestionably favor the spread of that disease, and these states may possibly result from the same electrical conditions that associate the natural wonders with each other. Undoubtedly the physical life of man is thus "subject to all the skyey influences." Medical science can see very well that the influence of an eclipse, a comet or an electrical storm, if it changes the condition of the atmosphere, will enable an epidemic to sweep off a whole section of the human race; and it acknowledges as true, this ancient notion, so often denounced as a superstitious error. But now we denounce as superstitious error the other ancient notion, that the eclipse and kindred phenomena affect also our intellectual life. May not the next hundred years of science prove that also to be a truth?

If a man be not interested in Christ, he may perish with, "Our Father" in his mouth.

Renewed Strength.

You are tired. Perhaps you have been hard at work all day till your weary bones ache. Well there is the arm-chair, the well supplied table, the comfortable bed: you can rest, and be strong again.

But it is your mind that is tired. You have studied too long, and thought too much; and so your ideas become confused. Go and enjoy the woods or the sea-shore, or walk out under the quiet stars. You will rest, and be strong again.

But perhaps it is neither body nor mind which is weary, and yet you are tired. Your heart and soul and spirit are weary of their strife with sin within, and evil without. Then go to Him who calls the heavy-laden, and he will give you rest. Go to your closet, and pray; and you will be strong again.

All our work on earth is done against resistance, as all motion is carried on against friction.

Physical effort is continually opposed by weight and inertia, by obstructions which consume the strength; and a man can not work with hands or feet, with nerve or muscle, without a constant renewal of his bodily energies. God has provided the means for this renewal in food and sleep.

Mental effort must militate against lassitude. The brain grows weary, and refuses to grapple with the difficulties which lie before it; and man must renew his vigor of mind by change and recreation.

Spiritual effort has to contend against depression and discouragement; and if man's bodily strength needs renewal in contending with the forces of Nature, and his mental energy needs renewal in its conflict with "this fleshhood," which else "as a soaked and sucking vesture would drag us down," much more does our soul's strength and courage need renewal in wrestling "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And provision is made also for this greater need, even "waiting on the Lord," that is, *prayer*, whereby the soul casts off its weariness, and comes into fellowship with the Almighty.

Let me transcribe Dean Trench's beautiful sonnet:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in thy presence, will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched ground refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distance and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear:
We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others,—that we are not always strong;
That we are even overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

Voltaire's Nurse.

"Some years ago," says the Rev. D. E. Ford, in his "Damascus," "a gentleman, well known and highly respected in the religious world, narrated in my hearing the following incident:

"While on a tour with a college companion, the latter was seized with an alarming illness at Paris. A physician of great celebrity was called in, and requested to recommend some confidential and experienced nurse. He mentioned one, but added, 'You may think yourself happy indeed, should you be able to secure her services; she is so much in quest among the higher circles, that there is little chance of finding her disengaged.' The gentleman at once ordered his carriage, went to her residence, and, much to his satisfaction, found her at home. He briefly stated his errand, and requested her immediate attendance. 'But, before I consent to accompany you, permit me, sir,' she said, 'to ask you a singular question. Is your friend a Christian?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'indeed he is—a Christian in the best and highest sense of the term; a man who lives in the fear of God. But I should like to know your reason for such an inquiry.' 'Sir,' she answered, 'I was the nurse that attended Voltaire in his last illness, and, for all the wealth of Europe, I would never see another infidel die.'"

Resurrection Hymn.

'Tis the very same Jesus,
'Tis the very same Jesus,
'Tis the very same Jesus
The Jews crucified.

CHORUS—But he rose, he rose, he rose
And went to Heaven in a cloud.

One Joseph begged his body (Repeat),
And laid it in the tomb.

CHORUS—But he rose, &c.

The grave it could not hold him (Repeat),
For he was the Son of God.

CHORUS—And he rose, &c.

Down came an angel (Repeat),
And rolled away the stone.

CHORUS—Then he rose, &c.

Poor Mary came a weeping (Repeat),
And looking for her Lord.

CHORUS—But he'd rose, &c.

Two men in shining raiment (Repeat),
They sat within the tomb.

CHORUS—But he'd rose, &c.

Oh! where have you laid him (Repeat)?
For he is not within the tomb.

CHORUS—But he rose, &c.

Go tell to John and Peter (Repeat),
Their Jesus lives again.

CHORUS—For he has rose, &c.

Go preach to every nation (Repeat),
And tell to dying men.

CHORUS—That he rose, &c.

But oh! he said he'd come again (Repeat),
And take his people home.

CHORUS—Then we'll rise, we'll rise, we'll rise
And go to meet him in the cloud.

Spiritualism in New Zealand.

THE article below, sent in by Bro. Cornell, shows what progress "the doctrine of devils" is making among the heathens. The prophecy that these spirits of darkness should "go forth unto the kings of the earth, AND OF THE WHOLE WORLD," Rev. xvi, 14, does not lack for a fulfillment. The next verse says, "Behold, I come as a thief." Who is so blind that he can not discern this "sign" of the impending day of God?

On sufficient payment, the tohunga will even undertake to call up the spirit of any dead person. We give the story of a young chief who had been killed in battle. He had been very popular, and much respected in his tribe, and at the request of several of his nearest friends the tohunga promised to evoke his spirit, that it might answer certain questions they wished to put. The priest was to come to the village of the relations, and the interview was to take place in a large house common to all the population. The chief was the first of his tribe who could read and write. He kept a register of any remarkable event that occurred in his village. The book containing it could not be found, though his friends had searched unceasingly for it, both for its own interest and its writer's sake. The hour appointed by the tohunga came, and at night all those interested met the priest in the house agreed upon. Fires were lighted, which gave a flickering light. The priest retired to the darkest corner. All was expectation, and the silence was only broken by the sobs of the sisters and other relations of the dead man. They were heart-breaking in their violence, while the grave silence of the men showed that to them it was a serious interview. The brother of the chief now and then wiped his eyes as they filled with tears.

About thirty persons were seated on the floor, among whom was the Englishman who relates the scene, and who found his incredulity giving way before the solemnity of the occasion. The fire gradual-

ly burned down to mere glowing charcoal, and the light was little better than darkness, when suddenly a voice came out of the gloom: "Salutation! salutation to you all! salutation! Salutation to you, my tribe! Family, I salute you! Friends, I salute you! Friend, my pakeha friend, I salute you!" The feelings of the assembled persons were taken by storm. A cry expressive of affection and despair, such as was not good to hear, came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately, and really handsome woman, of about five-and-twenty. She would have rushed in the direction from whence the voice came, had not her brothers forcibly restrained her. She lay then fainting and moaning on the ground. At the same instant a young girl who was also held back by main force, cried out,—"Is it you? Truly is it you? They hold me, they restrain me, they watch me; but I go to you. The sun shall not rise! The sun shall not rise!" She fell insensible on the rush floor, and, with the other girl, was carried out. Then the spirit was heard again,—"Speak to me, the tribe; speak to me, the family; speak to me, the pakeha!" At last his brother said, "How is it with you? Is it well with you in that country?" The answer came in strange, melancholy accents, like the sound of wind blowing into a hollow vessel. "It is well with me; my place is a good place." The brother asked him if he had seen persons whose names he mentioned. "Yes; they are all with me."

There were some more questions and replies, and directions by the spirit as to the disposal of his gun and his large tame pig. Then the pakeha asked where the missing book could be found. Its exact position in the thatch over the door was given. The chief's brother rushed out and found it, and brought the book in his hand. Soon after the spirit said suddenly—"O tribe, farewell! My family, I go." A general cry of farewell arose from all present. "Farewell," again cried the spirit from deep below the ground. "Farewell!" again from high in the air. "Farewell!" once more came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. All the people present dispersed, and quiet had been restored to the village, when the report of a musket broke the silence. The villagers, hastily armed, rushed toward a flame which was springing up, where a shed had been hastily set on fire to make a light. In the verandah of the house next to it an old man supported the dead body of the young girl who had said that she would follow her chief to the other world. She had secretly procured a loaded musket, pulled the trigger with her foot, and leaning on the muzzle, she had destroyed herself.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Nothing Lost.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that since the creation of the world, not one single particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes; it may have floated away in smoke and vapor, but it was not lost; it will come back again in the dew-drop of the rain; it will spring up in the fiber of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over it and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation, we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

"THAT IS ALL I WANT."—A missionary preacher, on the banks of the Ganges, declared that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," which was overheard by a poor heathen sailing down the river, who at once stopped his boat and demanded to hear that again. After it had been repeated several times, the poor man cried, with passionate vehemence, "That is all I want!" and accepted at once the offered salvation.

How often that preacher had given his Gospel message apparently in vain! "Thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

DISPUTATION.—One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.—*Locke.*

The Review and Herald.

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

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895.

URIAH SMITH, EDITOR.

"Contend for the Faith."

THESE are the words of the Apostle Jude, evidently written for the people of God in the "last time." In the third verse of his sententious epistle this "servant of Jesus Christ" says: "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye SHOULD EARNESTLY CONTEND FOR THE FAITH which was once delivered unto the saints." "Contend for the faith!" How suggestive an expression! The Apostle in looking down the vista of time, amid the perils of the last hours of probation, saw the antagonistic principles of Truth and Error arrayed in close combat, and hence his admonition to the soldier of the cross. If not before, we have now reached a crisis where we can determine the necessity of the Apostle's exhortation. The people of God are compassed with dangers, and the combat deepens. Trials always test the valor and faith of the Christian; and it is by these that many stumble and fall; still the Holy One of Israel has declared he would have a "tried people." Jude, by the prophetic Spirit, saw the Lord's children in conflict with the enemies of truth—he saw them in violent encounter with the powers of darkness, the beast and his image, and in addition to this outward pressure, he saw traitors and cowards in their ranks, "spots in their feasts of charity," so he cheers them on to the contest and says, "Contend for the faith!"

We do not suppose this refers so much to certain Christian graces, and emotions of the mind, as it does to the letter of the truth. Joy, peace, and love, are a natural result of being obedient to all the commandments of God. God's people are made the depositaries of his truth, and this makes them extremely unpopular, and lest in an evil hour they should prove recreant to their high trust, he tells them to contend for the faith. The doctrinal views of Seventh-day Adventists are such as to render them obnoxious, and make them a sort of target for opposers to shoot at. But the man who can breast opposition in a Christ-like spirit, who can stand the shock of attack without beating an inglorious retreat, such an one is morally brave, and for him there awaits a "crown of rejoicing." The words of the Saviour are, "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." And again, "Strive (i. e. agonize, or strain every nerve,) to enter in at the strait gate." Says Paul, "I press toward the mark." And he exhorts the church to "Fight the good fight of faith;" "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" "So run that ye may obtain;" "Strive together for the faith of the gospel;" "Labor therefore to enter into that rest;" "Stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong."

These are only a few of the strong terms which the Bible uses to excite us forward in this glorious work. And let God's people press together and there is no fear of the result. For

"The Hand that bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well."

On to Mount Zion, is the watchword which seems to pass from the highest in command to the lowest subaltern in the ranks. Let the Devil pit his legions against the columns of Prince Immanuel, we will press forward; He who wrought out salvation for us is our leader, and in his strength we are well able to go up and possess the land. This is a period of endurance, and "eternity's years will tell for our faithfulness now." We are to be like the Highland trooper who "never learned to beat a retreat!" Satan, by some wily feint or bold attack, will seek to get the vantage ground, but God's people must buckle on the armor and trust in Him who is higher than the heavens, and "over all, God blessed forever."

Brethren, let us all "contend" for that faith which was once delivered to the saints.

An Explanation.

WHILST the brethren so kindly remember the sick preachers at "Dr. Jackson's hospital," by their tokens of liberality and Christian regard, it is proper that a few words of explanation be given, that all may act understandingly, and without prejudice or partiality, and as I took the liberty a short time since, in connection with the donation of Bro. Root, to make a suggestion for the benefit of our afflicted preachers, I will now take the responsibility of saying what seems to me proper under the circumstances.

In the first place, it should be understood, that the object of donating to these ministers, under the present circumstances, should not be for the purpose of increasing their personal wealth or capital stock, (if by rare chance they happen to be possessed of any such tangible substance,) but rather for the purpose of paying the heavy expenses they have to incur during their stay at Dansville, and the support of their families meantime.

This being the prime object in view, it may be seen from some of the receipts given in the Review, that there is a considerable inequality in the distribution of donations among the several ministers, considering their respective expenses. The expense of Bro. White and family, and the team that they have the use of, is about forty dollars per week; and Bro. Loughborough's, including his family expenses at home, is about half that amount. Hence, money that is sent in for our invalid preachers, when not otherwise directed, is distributed between them in the ratio of their expenses. Those brethren, therefore, whose liberality has been thus disposed of, will understand and appreciate the reason for so doing. Other brethren, doubtless, to avoid what might seem to be showing partiality, have divided their bounties equally between Bro. White, Loughborough and Bourdeau, which in fact, under existing circumstances, is very unequal.

Bro. Bourdeau went to Dansville early in the Summer, since which time he has been receiving liberally from the hands of his brethren. He has now so far recovered his health, as to be able to leave the institution, and go home. The brethren have nobly and generously provided for him during his stay at Dansville, so that his expenses there have been amply paid, and something over, for which, together with the measure of health restored to him, all should feel thankful. He is now at home, comparatively free from expense. Not so, however, with Bro. White and Loughborough. They were sent to the "hospital" at a more recent date, and though they have been kindly remembered thus far, it should be borne in mind that their expenses are very heavy, and probably must be so for some time to come. Pardon me then, brethren, for suggesting, that in making future donations for invalid preachers, we observe the true principle of equality.

Bro. Bourdeau's kind and Christian heart will excuse you for the present, from further drafts upon your benevolence, and also pardon me for saying what I have. Neither will Bro. Loughborough consider himself slighted, should he fail to receive as much from your liberality as Bro. White. I make the foregoing statement that, in this important matter, the brethren may act understandingly, and without fear, prejudice or partiality.

Let the ball keep rolling. Meantime let thousands pray that God may interpose speedily in behalf of his afflicted servants.

J. M. A.

Dedication.

PROVIDENCE permitting, the new Meeting House at Norridgewock, Maine, will be dedicated by appropriate religious services, on Sabbath and first-day, Dec. 9 and 10. It is but little more than eight weeks since the timbers of this house were growing in the distant forests, and the foundation stones were in the mountain quarries. The workmen have been engaged on the house only five days each week.

The good hand of the Lord has been with us, to prosper the work so that our large and commodious house is nearly finished. The house is 38 by 55, and so well finished that it will compare well with any

house in this region. When completed and furnished, the entire cost of lot and house will be about \$1900. We now expect to follow up the dedicatory services with a two or three weeks' course of lectures.

J. N. ANDREWS.
M. E. CORNELL.

Self-Denial.

I ONCE read a work upon Natural Religion, published, I think, by Fowler and Wells, of New York, in which a comparison was instituted between natural religion, so called, and that which is revealed in the Bible. In most things a perfect agreement was found, the author giving natural or philosophical reasons for obedience to the revealed commandments of God. But when he came to the precept of self-denial, given by our Saviour, he found, as he thought, the two systems of religion at variance. We may readily guess which system he thought was wrong. I view his work as an insidious attack upon the Bible, finding much in it that is reasonable, for the sake of finding something in it that is unreasonable, making reason, falsely so called, condemn it. "Self-denial," said he, (I quote from memory,) "forms no part of the creed of natural religion. On the contrary, nature teaches us to enjoy the greatest amount of good, possible."

He reasoned like this: The unrestrained indulgence of the appetites and passions is productive of pain, and not of permanent pleasure. Therefore to control them agreeably to the laws of nature, is to seek and obtain their highest gratification. This is self-enjoyment, not self-denial. Again, individual sacrifice, in certain things, tends to the good of society in general, producing the greatest amount of happiness in the aggregate. Seeking the greatest good of society is not self-denial, but the gratification of our highest natures—our moral and social sentiments or propensities. Hence self-gratification, and not self-denial, is the true teaching of natural or philosophical religion.

Now I submit that all this reasoning against the doctrine of self-denial is founded upon a misapprehension of the doctrine as taught by our Saviour. The doctrine of self-denial is entirely distinct from the doctrine of penance or self-inflicted punishment. The Scriptures speak against "voluntary humility," "will worship," and "neglecting of the body." In the indulgence of our appetites we are called only to temperance; and temperate and healthful use tends to the highest enjoyment of our senses, as well as of the mind. Only that which is hurtful is excluded. Consequently, in this we are to deny ourselves of no real good. And in regard to sacrificing for the good of others, properly viewed, it is our highest enjoyment. So we are not called to needless suffering at all. All suffering to which we are called is for the attainment of good, and imparts the highest rational enjoyment to the benefactor.

Christ is our pattern in self-denial and in suffering. He made the greatest sacrifice possible. But he did not suffer without an object. It was for the attainment of good. It would make men happy; and this he esteemed his happiness. "The joy that was set before him" made it his pleasure to "endure the cross." His humiliation in leaving the glory he had with the Father, and taking our nature, his life of toil and sacrifice, and his cruel and ignominious death, were a practical illustration of his remarkable saying, which, but for the "apostle to the Gentiles" and the "beloved physician," would never have come down to us, namely, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our Saviour did not suffer without an object, a joy in doing good to others. And he will finally "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." We are not called to suffer without a like object.

But suffering and self-denial are two things. With regard to suffering, it is written for our encouragement, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." But by self-denial I understand a renunciation of our own will, and submission to the will of God. This does not always and necessarily bring suffering. On the contrary it often brings the greatest joy. In harmony with this idea is the rendering of the passage by Mr. Campbell: "If any one will come under my guidance, let him renounce himself and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. xvi, 24.

Self-renunciation and cross-bearing is the glory of the Christian, as it is the glory of Christ. And as no one is called to suffer, but for the purpose of doing and receiving good, it is in perfect harmony with the laws of our individual and social being. Let every one live temperately, and enjoy the greatest amount of individual, physical, and mental good. Let each seek the good of others, toiling and suffering, if need be, for its attainment, and enjoy the highest social and rational good, the blessedness of proving a blessing to others. But let no one, without an adequate cause, deny himself of any real good, thinking that mere suffering will recommend him to God. The poet, I think, was right, when he said,

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

R. F. C.

The Gospel to the Gentiles.

"To whom we gave place by subjection; no, not for an hour: that the truth of the gospel might continue with you." The first converts to the Christian faith, were mostly Jews. The first great outpouring of the Holy Spirit was at Jerusalem, and here was established the first Christian church.

These converts were made up mostly of the people of Israel, among whom were some of every other nation almost; but all were more or less under the influence of the rites and ceremonies of the Hebrew people.

Not being called at once to drop these rites and ceremonies, they were in great danger of incorporating the customs and forms of the Jewish church into the church just entering upon its existence, and thus in its incipient stage, marring the beauty and comeliness of the church of Christ.

The converted Jews were bigoted in their attachment to the customs of their fathers, and even the ardent and impulsive Peter, could hardly himself believe that the Gentiles could come upon the platform of the newly established faith, upon the same footing with the favored children of Abraham; and even his vision of the sheet, let down from Heaven, having upon it such symbols as conveyed to his mind most impressively the idea of a free gospel, and a Gentile church, we say even this proof did not so fully convince him of his bigoted prejudice for his peculiar customs, and against his Gentile neighbors, but that he occasionally faltered in his testimony to his brethren on this subject.

At this period, so interesting, not to that age alone, but important to all succeeding ages and times, we may say at this time, when such a danger impended as this, of a Judaized Christianity being bequeathed to the Gentiles, we see the wise plan of raising up a bold, prudent, learned, yet wise, common-sense man, to vindicate the truth, and clear it of Jewish forms.

It mattered not to him, how many or how devoted his opponents were; whether they were apostles or laymen, true or false, he saw through them all; and with wisdom and sound argument he sustained the right, and all in so noble and truthful a style, as convinced and won and pleased his brethren.

Peter, James, and John, chief of the apostles, admired his talent, loved his tender spirit, and bowed to his just reasoning, and yielded to his scriptural conclusions.

Alone he battled against Judaism, sometimes set upon by false Judaizing teachers, at others by mistaken friends; and victorious over them all, his opponents yielded; the mistaken and bigoted but true-hearted Christian, confessed his error, while the heretical errorist sought only to evade the logic and force of Paul's convincing eloquence.

Considering the time when Paul was placed in the field of labor, considering his talents, natural and acquired, his industry, his zeal, his prudence and foresight, his firmness, his amiability and Christian virtues, and the wide influence he exerted in his own time, and down to the present, we cannot too highly extol the wisdom of God, in granting to the church such a man, at the very time when he was most needed.

J. C.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Trust in God, and Do the Right.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though the path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Medical Superstition.

YES, Bro. Clarke, you are right. To die without a doctor is about as terrible to the people in general, as it is to the Romanist to die without a priest. The doctor flatters the patient and friends with the hope of recovery, till death actually occurs; and then the minister at the funeral tells the people they are not dead. The doctor says, They will not die; the priest responds, They are not dead—two assertions equally false, and received by the people with equal credulity.

But one would think that, in respect to the doctor, at least, they would soon learn their error by experience. It is said, "Experience teaches a dear school." Still it would be better to learn in that, than not to learn at all. But some fail to learn in this school, because of the superstitions they have imbibed. They will follow the beaten track, though they might see that it ends in death. They must have a physician in case of sickness in their family; and will employ the same one, while one after another of their families is laid in the grave—a physician too that dare not profess to cure the disease, but pronounces it incurable.

Six, out of two families, five children and one adult, treated by the same doctor, had just been laid in the grave, when my son's little boy was violently attacked by the same disease, diphtheria. Our friends, who were acquainted with the disease, visited him, and having seen his symptoms, told my son he must make up his mind to lose the boy, but advised him, by all means, to send for a doctor immediately; and one who had just buried three children and his wife, who all died of that disease, advised him to send for his favorite physician—the one that had doctored all his family to death but one, (and afterward that one,)—recommending him as one understanding the disease as well as any one. But my son and his wife had made up their mind, that as all died with that disease who had a doctor, it would be no worse if one should die without a doctor—a decision marvelous indeed to our friends. They began to treat the child with water, according to the recommendation of Dr. Jackson, of "Our Home," Dansville, N. Y., and letting him abstain from food till the symptoms were changed. Five days passed in painful, critical suspense—the boy wavering, as it were, between life and death—when the joyful change came; and in a few more days he was out to play, and has had more than his usual health ever since. We thanked God that he had blessed the proper means to the recovery of our much-loved Freddy, and hoped, too, that our neighbors would learn a lesson; but instead of learning it, they turned about and said he did not have the diphtheria; that if he had, he certainly would have died.

Since people will follow the fashion, even to the gates of death, what marvel is it that they choose the traditions of men, in preference to the truth of God?

R. F. C.

They are Wide Open.

THE catalogue of crime for 1865, presents an appalling record. Murder, robbery, violence, drunkenness, immorality, defaulting, and a general looseness in society, seems to be the order of the day. May God in mercy pity his cause, and deliver his children from the general defection. An eastern religious journal says:

"The floodgates of vice and crime. Never perhaps, so widely opened before, in this country. And, alas! how they are thronged! And by all classes of society—the old, the middle aged, the young. The sight is pitiable to behold; it is truly heart sickening.

"Look at the crowd of reeling drunkards—an army of men little less than that which saved the Republic. Read the annals of crime of every possible description and of the deepest turpitude. Forgery, robbery, and murder are the order of the day. The Devil seems to be let loose, and hell to be mad to devour the sons of men."

"This is For Your Health."

A FEW weeks since we gave a valuable table from Dr. Coles, author of the "Philosophy of Health," on the comparative nutrient value of animal and vegetable foods. Herewith we present another table with remarks from the same clear-minded writer. Those who are interested in the Health Question will appreciate such reading. Let the documents be circulated.

G.

"The following table, containing a few leading articles, shows the proportion, to each one hundred parts, of Azote, the flesh-forming principle, of Carbon, the heat-forming principle, and of Alkali for the formation of bone, contained in each article:

100 PARTS.	AZOTE.	CARBON.	ALKALI.
Wheat, about	21 . . .	62 . . .	2
Barley "	14 . . .	68 . . .	2
Oats, "	11 . . .	68 . . .	3
Beans, "	81 . . .	52 . . .	3
Peas, "	29 . . .	52 . . .	3
Potatoes, "	3 . . .	22 . . .	1
Beef, Veal, Mutton, . . .	25

"The lean meats contain no considerable amount of carbon or alkali; they abound only in azote, the basis of fibrine. The fat of meats abounds in carbon. The breadstuffs and some other vegetables, abound in both principles, and contain them much more largely than the meats.

"The objection to quadruped animal flesh consists mainly in its stimulating properties; which tend to inflame the blood, oppress mental activity, and enhance the grosser animal passions. This stimulus depends, probably, on the electricity which abides in the flesh after its vitality becomes extinct. It is electricity which keeps the constituent elements of the flesh in union; as electricity departs, these elements gradually lose their attraction for each other, and entire dissolution is the final result.

"In taking the meats, we take into the system the electric properties of dead animal flesh. These electric properties are not pure, like those of pure atmosphere; but consist of electricity recently the agent of their animal nature and developments, which still retains its animalizing agencies; which, being received into the system, becomes incorporated with, and a part of our own nature. How much better, then, that we content ourselves with that bread which from the beginning has been correctly denominated the 'Staff of Life.'

Meeting at Palestine, Iowa.

DEAR BRO. WHITE: I wish to say to the brethren through the Review, that Bro. Ingraham arrived here on the 6th ult., and commenced meeting on the 8th; but the congregations were small at first, owing to his rather unexpected arrival, and the frequent disappointments we have had heretofore. But as the news circulated that the meeting was in progress, the people came in till the house was well filled with attentive hearers; and as he moved out under the blessing of God, giving the warning note of the soon coming of our blessed Jesus, it awakened quite an interest in the neighborhood, and cheered up the little flock with the hope of soon beholding Christ's smiling face, and dwelling in peace at home.

On first-day evening we met to attend to that humbling ordinance of washing the saints' feet, and also the Lord's Supper; and as we bowed in obedience to His gracious command, we could say—

"Oh, how good it is for us to be blest,
And dwell where loving Jesus is!"

Then at night Bro. Ingraham spoke on the Ministration of Angels, which was entirely new to many, if not all present, and judging from my own feelings and conviction, I would say to the brethren, Walk careful-

ly, not mightily; lest they take their flight and you be left alone surrounded with the long dark night, without a ray of light to cheer the surrounding gloom; but in your darkness be left to drink the unmixed wrath of God. O, brethren, let us live so as to have their company, receive their instruction, their guidance, and their care. After bidding us adieu, Bro. I. took his departure for Lisbon, with the prayers of the brethren for his speedy return.

Yours in the hope of the soon coming of Jesus our Lord.

C. M. HOLLAND.

Palestine, Iowa, Nov. 20, 1865.

Passing Away.

THE following selection from the *Gospel Herald* will administer comfort to those sorrowing hearts which are being torn by the afflictive dispensation of death. It is true our friends are "passing away," but not long will it be so. The Lifegiver will come—the death-march will cease—and God's dear ones now locked up in the cold embrace of the fell destroyer, will awake to life and immortality. Glory to God! brethren, "we're going home, to die no more." G.

Every season of the year has its lessons and suggestions. Every season is adapted to particular moral wants, as well as physical. There are lessons in each which not one of the rest contains. The Fall has its lessons, its suggestions, its emblems, and they are found in neither Winter, Spring nor Summer. It hath a voice of its own, a language of its own, a power of its own. It is its own peculiar preacher, and what powerful sermons! Whence does it speak? From yon blue sky; from those hazy hills; from these drooping flowers; from these seared and rustling leaves; from those twigs and limbs bare once more of their green and beautiful foliage. "Passing away!" say they. Nothing was ever spoken more plainly, more emphatically. The minister says it with no more force when he administers before the coffin remains; when he reads a funeral service at the tomb; when the shoveled earth sends back its hollow echo from the grave.

These days are wonderfully emblematic of death. They warn us how short is the summer of life. They point to the seared forest and say, "We all do fade as a leaf." They point to the withered grass and say, "Which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

Passing away! The flowers are drooping; and leaves are falling; the days are dying; the nights are fleeting; suns are waning; weeks are gliding; years are passing; and graves are opening every where to receive our mortal dust. Death levies on mortal life; infancy drops in its mite, ripe manhood brings its tribute, old age withholds not its offerings—all, all, is scattered at the King's feet. All die. Death breathes in the zephyrs of Summer, and shouts in the blasts of Winter. Daily do men die—in all seasons do men die, for "Thou bringest all men to thy banquet," and—

"All seasons are thine own, O Death!"

But we fear thee not, O King. A King died who lives forever more. He conquered thee. He led thee captive. He took thy sting away. He turned a great light into the tomb. He showed to us immortality. He wrought out for us eternal life. He has prepared for us a rest. A mansion he has built. He will come again. He will take us home; and thou dark King, lift up thy scythe, thrust in thy sickle, cut down our dust; but Jesus is mightier than thou. He is thy conqueror. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords.

It is well that men be admonished of their frailty; that every falling leaf, every withering blade of grass, every frail and falling flower, should remind him of that end which surely cometh, and that land whence no traveler returneth. So noble are the ends of life, that we should often meditate how few the hours to fulfill the ends.

Let all who have lived to see the Summer close—close forever with many a fellow-mortal—let all resolve to fortify their lives with stronger purposes, and to ornament them with a practice decked out with every jewel of the Christian graces.

Passing away! it is true. But it is blessed to pass away from life's crosses that we may in the final gathering receive Heaven's crown.

"Never Mind."

WHAT'S the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on and "never mind."

Travel onward; working, hoping,
Cast no lingering glance behind
At the trials once encountered,
Look ahead, and "never mind."

What is past, is past forever;
Let all the fretting be resigned;
It will never help the matter—
Do your best, and "never mind."

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and "never mind."

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real value,
Pass them by, and "never mind."

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will keep you, "never mind."

From An Aged Disciple.

BRO. WHITE: I will say at the age of seventy-one years, I feel deeply interested in the truths of God's word. For eight or ten years past I have been searching the Scriptures to find what they taught, and therefore came to the conclusion that my religious teachers had not been correct on all points; but my prepossessions were such by educational training that I had a hard struggle to give up what I believed and practiced for half a century. But when I fully resolved to strive to obey God in all things, I found the needful help, I also found as is common in such cases, reproach, opposition, and some persecution, but I realize that the servant is not yet above his Lord. Oh, for more Christ-like patience to endure all things as seeing Him who is invisible, and by grace overcome from moment to moment. I realize it is of the Lord's mercies that probation is continued, whereby I may more fully work out my salvation with fear and trembling. O, what a privilege that we may come to Him in confidence and say, "Our Father." How glorious and compassionate the plan of salvation through his Son, whereby we are redeemed from death with the offer of eternal life! Truly Jesus is precious. I realize that it is through his merit and intercessions I enjoy the unmerited influence of the Holy Spirit to reprove, comfort, and purify. I never felt a stronger obligation to honor God by keeping all his commandments, (the fourth not excepted,) so as to have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city, where there will be no more sin, suffering, or death.

Yours in hope of the Gospel.

ALMADEA WRIGHT.

Chateaugay, N. Y.

Retaliation.

THE principle of retaliation was not instituted as a universal rule in the requisition of an "eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Amidst the rich provisions of the Mosaic law for the orphan and widow, for hospitality and general humanity, this law was introduced as a preventive of evil.

The debasing influence of the Egyptian brick-yards, and the foul discipline of heathenish idolatry, had so thoroughly degraded the ignorant, headstrong Jews, it was necessary to apply the sword of justice in the strength of fear. But when the world was prepared, her paths made straight, and the glorious heraldings of Zion's bards fulfilled, the Prince of peace lifted up his voice and proclaimed, "Overcome evil with good."

And whenever this law has been acted upon, that imperative Christian admonition to "love your ene-

mies," has harmoniously united to illustrate the sanctifying influence of a holy life. Joseph loved—his brethren hated. Which exhibited superiority of usefulness and power? Joseph's love subdued his wicked brothers, and disarmed them of all fear when trembling before him in conscious guilt.

The magnanimity of David quelled the murderous animosity of Saul. While engaged in his inveterate pursuit, Saul being delivered into David's hands, he harmed him not; but after Saul departed from the cave, David cried, "My father! see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in mine hand, from that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in my hand; and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my life to take it." "And Saul lifted up his voice and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I." In this instance the iron purpose of revenge was softened, the execution of bloodshed prevented, and the most bitter adversary humbled to concession and tears.

"My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" said the king of Israel to Elisha, when the bands of Syria "opened their eyes in the midst of Samaria." "Thou shalt not smite them; set food and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their masters." The Prophet's reply is worthy of great admiration, when the foul errand is considered which caused them to be led blind into Samaria; and the effective result again exhibits the power of that royal law, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." "So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel."

How very different the result of this generosity from that of the conduct of king Rehoboam, when the congregation of Israel besought him to make lighter the grievous yoke which his father had put upon them, how easily he might have conciliated the people, instead of following the counsel of conceited youth, and the malignant tyranny of his own heart. By gentleness he might have saved his kingdom from anarchy and ruin. While Elisha received the blessing of meeting evil with good, Rehoboam added evil to evil, ruled amidst tumult and wars, and left the nation in a state of rebellion, lasting separation and captivity.

A circumstance in the life of John the Evangelist, after his return from banishment, beautifully portrays the power of kindness. In visiting and consulting the prosperity of the churches, he observed with interest an intelligent appearing man who numbered one of their members. After a time he became intemperate and corrupt, through the influence of bad company, and was thus led away, when he joined a band of robbers, of whom he was made chief. When the venerable apostle heard these sad facts, his grief over the prodigal led him to expose himself in the robbers' haunts. When he was captured, he said, "Lead me to your captain." The bandit fled at his approach, but the apostle pursued, crying, "My son, why flyest thou from thy father, unarmed and old? believe me, Christ hath sent me." At these kind entreaties the robber trembled and wept, and at length returned to his companions in the church, and lived an exemplary Christian life.—*Goodrich's Ecclesiastical History.*

Diversified as are human natures, and various as are the means of acting favorably upon them, and bringing their souls to Christ, *retaliation never gained a victory.* While kindness, prayerfully and faithfully exercised, will prove the efficient means of opening the fount of goodness in the most obstinate, self-willed heart, and if the balm exists on earth, will cure it of *enmity against God.*

ETTA BOOTH.

IS HIS PURSE CONVERTED?—A Methodist laborer of Wesley's time, Captain Webb, when any one informed him of the conversion of a rich man, was in the habit of asking, "Is his purse converted?" Without the conversion of his purse, the good captain could give no credit to the conversion of the man. In this he agreed with Dr. Adam Clarke, who used to say, "He did not believe in the religion that cost a man nothing."

The religion that costs a man nothing is no religion at all; and the being converted, *all but the purse*, is no conversion at all.

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 Bro. John Matteson.

SEPT. 26, myself and two brethren, started west, having fitted ourselves for the intended expedition. On the third-day we came to the Des Moines river, having traveled about seventy miles. Here we were sadly disappointed. The numerous lakes in the surrounding country, which last year teemed with game, were now mostly dry. The early game had all froze out last winter. Then our brethren earned here above \$130.00, a piece in three weeks: but now there was nothing to do.

This is a beautiful country, but wood is scarce. Twenty miles southeast, lies Jackson, by Spirit Lake, where the first Indian massacre occurred in 1857 under Inkpaduta. A little further north is the Minnesota river, and the fields that witnessed such cruel scenes in 1862. It is strange to think of the awful deeds and Heaven-daring crimes which have so recently been committed. Above 2,000 peaceable beings were murdered in cold blood by the red man; and 30,000 panic-stricken individuals fled from the tomahawk and scalping knife. Eighteen counties were made empty; and had it not been for the interposition of a merciful God, the Indian warrior would no doubt have carried out his purpose, to wit: to drive the white man beyond the Mississippi.

When I consider these things, I cannot help thinking of that fable, the conversion of the world. During twenty years the government had spent their thousands of dollars, and put forth many efforts, to civilize the Indians. They plowed their fields, built houses for them, and fences, furnished them with everything that is necessary for a comfortable living, sent missionaries to preach the gospel, and yet after all this, those fiends butchered the gray-haired minister whom they so often had assured of their friendship! The tenderest appeals, the most sacred ties of friendship, the pangs and screams of innocent sacrifices, would never touch those hardened hearts. Nay, when children, who had been shot down, rose up again, with the blood streaming down their face, they would knock them down with the butt of their muskets. Our millennial friends had better go to work in earnest now and try another twenty years! If these savages harden their hearts against the gospel, by what means are they to be converted? Does not God's word say that such "shall utterly perish in their own corruption?" Or, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy?"

Now the Indians are held in check by our soldiers. There is a fort here near the Des Moines, and one every six miles down to Sioux City. Nevertheless small parties of Indians will sometimes break through to steal and murder.

Oct. 4, we came back again, and I have since been working some for farmers. Blue Earth City is a thriving village, with a beautiful surrounding country of the most fertile soil. Houses are being built as fast as possible, and yet there is hardly room for the people, who are pouring in like a river. But religion and morals are rather low. On one of their Sabbaths I heard a political speech, which they called a sermon. The reverend preacher assured the people most eloquently that this Republic would stand forever! He exhorted the returned soldiers to be brave men that they might march under the stars and stripes when that flag should float under the banner of Prince Immanuel! The choir then sang, "The boys are coming home."

I tried my best to find a place to hold meetings, but some of the officers of the School-board were Spiritualists, and they said that all such protracted meetings were dangerous to the peace of the community. One of them had attended our lectures in another place, and he said it only excited and disturbed the people. There was only one more place in town fit to hold meetings—a hall owned by a Spiritualist. I went and hired that, but when, according to agreement, I came next Sunday to hold meeting, he had gone off, and I was told that a lady medium was engaged to come and lecture in the hall.

There are many Spiritualists here, and when I went away from this place, the words came to my mind, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit." Still I have no doubt but the Lord has some honest souls here also. Five miles west of the village there are a few who are endeavoring to live out the truth, with whom I met on the Sabbath. The Lord met with us, and we have been blessed, but I could find no opening to spread the truth further. Those who request preachers to come to such places, ought to look a little closer to the state of affairs before they put a brother to many inconveniences and large expenses which they are neither able nor willing to share.

Lately we have had much stormy weather. Oct. 26, I

started to see a Norwegian brother who lived thirty miles off, and had requested me to come and see him. I arrived there Sabbath eve, having walked through the mud and water, some places knee deep, and faced a severe snowstorm all the afternoon. He is very lonesome and has not been to meeting for the last year. I spent the Sabbath with him, and we enjoyed its calm hours, and were refreshed from the Lord.

Sunday morning I walked sixteen miles to a Norwegian settlement where I had appointed meeting. I preached three times and visited six families. Some were interested, but most of them so prejudiced that there was no prospect for further meetings. The weather was also unfavorable. They were all new settlers, and a very dirty set of people. Here I had to sleep on a dirty floor, under dirty bed-clothes. Sometimes with four or five children and creeping things innumerable, and eat victuals mixed with dust and different things. And beside all this, I have had a cold for the last three weeks, and have still. Yet I have good courage and rejoice in the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God." But I cannot help but think, what a great blessing those enjoy who have a clean home, and live in it.

Nov. 3, I went to Rice Lake, and there got on the stage to Albert Lea. Sabbath morning I went out to find a brother near Clark's Grove. I found him, and the brethren had appointed meeting here. Here is a large settlement of Danes, above fifty families, which are mostly Baptists. There are also many Norwegians living here. I found eleven Sabbath-keepers here, and eight came to meeting. Most of them have recently embraced the Sabbath. Some of them came eight and some eleven miles to meeting. But although they live so far apart they have kept up meeting all Summer. This is truly persevering. We had a good meeting, and were refreshed in the Lord. It is somewhat difficult to hold meetings here because the people live so far apart. Moreover my name has been duly published, and every one carefully warned not "to give ear to that deceiver when he should come." It was therefore thought best that I should spend a week visiting. I did so, and the Lord blessed my efforts. Next Sabbath we met again, and six new Sabbath-keepers met with us. We had a heavenly season. The Spirit of the Lord was there and we had freedom. All hearts were moved. They confessed with many tears that they had long resisted the word of God, but they would do so no more. It was joyful to see souls weeping and praising the Lord for friends for whom they had prayed, with whom they were now united sooner than they had ever expected. Sunday we had two meetings and enjoyed some blessing. In the afternoon I went to the Baptist meeting, and after they got through, I asked permission to tell what my Saviour had done for me. Some were ashamed to say no, others opposed. They took a vote and permission was granted. Then some went out, but most remained. The Lord gave freedom, and his Spirit moved many hearts, for which I feel to praise him. I hope it may be the beginning to remove prejudice, and the commencement of a good work. Pray for us, brethren, that the Lord may also here do great things for his people. I intend to stay as long as circumstances may demand.

JOHN MATTESON.

Clark's Grove, Freeborn Co., Minn.

From Bro. Martin.

DEAR BRO. WHITE: I can truly say that I feel to sympathize with you in your afflictions, and I desire, and pray, that the good Lord will overrule this affliction for his glory and your good. I do hope and trust, that God will raise you, and his other dear servants, from your feeble condition, and strengthen you to once more declare the solemn truths of the third angel's message. Oh how solemn the time in which we live! The brethren and sisters in this region remember you in their prayers. May God bless you and yours abundantly, and may we meet at last in the everlasting kingdom, to part no more forever.

In hope,
Bennington, Vt., Nov. 15, 1865.

LEWIS MARTIN.

From Bro. Evans.

BRO. WHITE: I wish to say to those of like faith, that the Review and Bible are my only preachers; but thank the Lord, when the Review comes it brings me precious news of other places where the Lord by the hand of the messengers is causing the people to receive the truth; and I look forward in hope that the Lord will send some help this way. Since I received present truth it is very easy to understand the word of God. I was always taught to keep the commandments of God, and when by the instrumentality of Eld. Cornell I found out that I was breaking that law, my heart sank within me to think that I had broken the Sabbath of the Lord my God. But now, praise the Lord, I feel to rejoice that from that time until the present, my delight has been in the law of the Lord, which time has been ever since Eld. Cornell lectured at Memphis. I then left the M. E. Church, where I held the offices of class leader, and recording steward, for the honor of being a Sabbath-keeper, and that all

alone, until by the aid of the Review and some publications which I received of Bro. Cornell, two others are now keeping the Sabbath. We are twenty miles from any other one that we know of. Pray for us, that our faith fail not.

DANIEL S. EVANS.

From A. W. Smith.

BRO. WHITE: It is with a heart of gratitude to God for his goodness, that I write a few words to let the brethren and sisters of like faith know that I still love the cause. And my prayer is that the truth may spread through the length and breadth of the land. I wish that some of the preachers could come here, for I believe there are some honest ones, who if they could hear a course of lectures, would come out on the side of truth. It has been most two years since I have heard any preaching by a Seventh-day Adventist, except what I get through the Review; that comes as a messenger of peace to cheer me in my loneliness. I see many dark and lonely hours in trying to keep the Lord's Sabbath here. There are no Sabbath-keepers in this place except myself. About seven miles from here there is a sister, and that is the nearest one that I know of. Although the road be dark, I believe through grace I can conquer, and by the grace of God I am determined to press forward to the end, for such only have the promise. I desire to be with those that are ready and waiting for the Lord, who will come to redeem his children. I love the appearing of that dear Saviour, who has died that we poor sinful mortals might live.

A. W. SMITH.

Hartford, Wis.

M. W. & M. A. Neal, of Osceola, Iowa, writes: We are still striving, by the assisting grace of God, to overcome the evils of this world, and to be prepared for the soon and glorious appearing of our dear Saviour. We, in our lonely situation, ever hail the weekly visits of our Review with joy. We would be glad if a messenger could come this way and preach in this part of the country. The people, though generally quite worldly-minded, appear to be the most ready to hear we ever saw them. We think good might be done here.

God loves that his people should put his bonds (his promises) in suit; and he who does so shall find God near him though friends should leave him and the world be in arms against him.

Obituary Notices.

DIED, at Charlotte, Mich., Nov. 28, 1865, Sr. Anna Maria Clark, aged 38 years.

Sr. Clark embraced the Sabbath of the Lord, at the tent-meeting in this place, a little more than three years ago. Benevolent and kind to all, she was loved by all. Her life was consistent with her profession, and with a firm hope of a part in the first resurrection, she fell asleep.

Funeral discourse by the writer from 1 Thess. iv, 14.
I. D. VAN HORN.

DIED, at Oneida, Eaton Co., Mich., Nov. 2, 1865, of continued fever, Sr. Eunice C., wife of Bro. F. F. Lamoreaux, aged 38 years and 10 months.

Sr. L. was firmly established in the present truth, having kept the Sabbath of the Lord for more than ten years. Faithful to her God, and confident in the Christian's hope to the end of her life, she now sleeps in Jesus.

"Sleep, dear sister, kind and tender,
To friendship true,
While with feeling hearts we render
This tribute due.

"When the morn of glory, breaking,
Shall light the tomb,
Beautiful will be thy waking,
In fadeless bloom."

Discourse by the writer from 1 Cor. xv, 22, 23.
I. D. VAN HORN.

DIED, at sea, of dysentery, Sept. 11th, 1865, on board the ship Richard S. Ely, of New York, five days out from Shields, England, on her passage to New York, Joseph Anson, only son of Joseph and P. M. Bates, aged 35 years.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air:
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there."

JOSEPH BATES.

Monterey, Nov. 26, 1865.

The Review and Herald.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS COMING!—The little folks of course must be remembered on these occasions. This is right. I would suggest, however, that, instead of filling the children's stockings with candy, sugar-birds, and rubber-dogs, and telling them that that mythical creature—old *Santa Claus*—came down the chimney or through the key-hole, and paid such respect to their suspended hosiery, you had far better send to this Office and procure for them one or more of the following named, really beautiful, interesting and valuable little books; viz: *BETHLEHEM AND HER CHILDREN*; *MORNING STAR*; *SWEET STORY OF OLD PROMISED ONE*; *JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN*; *HISTORY OF PAUL*; *SKETCHES FROM JERICO*.

The "merry Christmas" and "happy New-year" that the little ones would enjoy on receiving such a nice present from "father" or "mother," would pay ten times the cost. And, perchance, above all, you might thereby start a bud in their young minds, that would grow into love for heavenly and divine things and eventually ripen into immortality. Try it.

We will send these books, postage paid, at from 40 to 45 cents each.

Then if you would remember that older boy or girl of yours, or that young man, or young woman for whom you have such a tender regard, by the presentation of a suitable Christmas or New Year's gift, just send us \$2.75 and receive, postage paid, the *HAND BOOK FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT*. This is just the book for the young. It is all that its title claims for it; viz: *How to write; How to talk; How to behave; How to do business*. J. M. A.

"EFFECTS OF CLIMATE.—Wilkinson, in that unique and most admirable work, 'The Human Body and its Connection with Man,' thus characterizes some of the effects of climate upon the human features: 'The inhabitants of the regions of gusty winds have weather-beaten faces and lines as of the tempests blown howling into their skins. Mountain races have stony or granitic features, as of rocks abandoned to the barren air. The people of moist and marshy places look watery and lymphatic. Those where extremes of temperature prevail for long periods are leathern and shriveled, as though their skins had given up the contest with Nature, and died upon their faces.'—*Am. Phren. Jour.*

Is it not on the above hypothesis also by which we are to account for all the physiological phases we behold among the human species,—as size, stature, complexion, &c? Have not climate, diet, and the ordinary habits of life, wrought out these varied physiological differences? This is what ethnologists generally suppose. a.

CORRECTION.—The types told a wrong story last week in giving the place of worship of the brethren in Chicago. They said, "No. 25, West Monroe Street." It should have been, "No. 250," &c. We correct per request.

Appointments.

PROVIDENCE permitting, I will meet the brethren—
At Vassar, Tuscola Co., Mich., Dec. 16, 17.
" Watrousville " " " " 23, 24.
" Centerville " " " " 30, 31.
The brethren will please make arrangements for these meetings as shall be most convenient for all.
I. D. VAN HORN.

PROVIDENCE permitting, I will meet with the church at St. Charles, Mich., Dec. 23, 24.
Also, Centerville, Tuscola Co., Mich., " 30, 31.
D. M. CANRIGHT.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Waukon, West Union and Elgin churches, will be held at Waukon, commencing Friday evening, Jan. 5, 1886. Our brethren and sisters are cordially invited to attend. Cannot Bro. Ingraham be present? G. I. BUTLER.

No preventing providence, I will preach in Tafton, Grant Co., Wis., on Sabbath and first-day, Dec. 9, 10, commencing Sabbath morning, 11 A. M., and in the evening; on first-day, 11 A. M., and in the evening. Any from Brodsville wishing baptism, will come prepared with change of raiment, as others wish to be baptized at this meeting.

Providence permitting, I will also meet the Sand Prairie church, in Quarterly Meeting, the 16th and 17th of December. Meeting to commence with the Sabbath. Come, brethren and sisters, determined to seek meekness and righteousness that we may be hid in the day of the Lord. Will some one meet me at Blue River Station, Thursday, Dec. 14th.
ISAAC SANBORN.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the church at Clyde, Ill., will be held the last Sabbath and first-day in December. The brethren at Crane's Grove, Elk Horn, and Erie, are especially invited to meet with us. Eld. Wm. S. Ingraham is expected.
J. W. ANDREWS.

Business Department.

Business Notes.

Who is it? Some one writes from Milwaukee, Wis., inclosing \$3.00 for Review; \$1.00 for Miss Eunice Sherman, and the remainder for the writer. No name signed.

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 receipted pays. If money for the paper is not in due time acknowledged, immediate notice of the omission should then be given.

E Goodwin for E Lake 29-1, M Johnson 29-1, M Hoag 27-3, S V Albertson 29-1, Mrs A N Town 28-1, H F Phelps 28-1, J A Palmer 27-11, W Adams 29-1, A Prescott 28-1, A H Huntly 28-1, L H Priest 28-1, E P Giles 28-5, P Allen 28-1, H W Lawrence 29-1, W Caviness 28-1, A Robinson 28-1, E Sherman 28-1, A Coventry 28-1, L M Gates 28-1, D Upson 27-1, M Bean 29-1, each \$1.00.

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G H Cushman 28-1, G A Fuller 28-1, H Hazeltine 27-18, E Bush 28-1, each 50c.

G Lowree 25c in full, M Bounds \$1.17 26-6, S R Twist \$1.75 28-8, E S Decker \$4.00 31-1, C Russel \$3.00 29-23, L Marsh \$1.44 27-1, J Ballard \$1.56 27-1, L Burdick \$1.00 27-1, Dr O Corbon 88c in full, A Hazeltine \$1.50 28-1, M Fairbanks \$3.00 29-1, S Chase \$1.50 28-1.

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Cash Received on Account.

C O Taylor \$1.00, S H King \$7.00, J Fargo \$10.00, T Paton \$5.00, J Titus \$10.00, A J Richmond \$2.00.

Books Sent By Mail.

M Bounds 83c, Mrs A Nellis \$1.25, J Parmalee \$1.00, G L Holiday \$3.76, E F Hunter 20c, Eld L L Howard \$1.25, N J Kilgore 35c, S R Twist \$1.25, J Strong 15c, O A Richmond \$2.42, J S Coney 17c, Mrs A C B Symon 17c, Mrs S Smith \$2.63, C Weed \$1.25, A True \$1.25, B Hill 50c, C Schawapps 43c, E Degarmo 57c, Mrs H B Haywood \$1.40, A A Farnsworth \$1.50, S Chase \$1.50, R Loveland \$1.50.

Michigan Conference Fund.

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Gen. Conf. Missionary Fund.

A J Richmond \$2.00.

To Pay Expenses on Draft Publications.

G G Green \$1.00.

For Bro. White.

Mary A Mills \$2.75.

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