

ADVENT REVIEW,



And Sabbath Herald.

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

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"A Little While."

Oh, for the peace which floweth as a river!
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh, for a faith to grasp Heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seeds with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

"A little while," to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary steps through erring ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

"A little while" 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,
Then hail light's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking,
Beside the fullness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while" to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is at once both Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

Infidelity and Prophecy.

Is the Bible the book of God? Is it a record of divine revelations? Does God speak to man through its pages? Has it supreme authority?

These questions are important. If the Bible is a record of the divine will, the fact must be susceptible of proof, and it should be proved. If it is a miserable cheat, concocted by designing priests, or a mass of old wives' fables, imposed upon the weakness of credulous fools, that fact can be proved, and the sooner the better, for the subject is of moment, and the necessity for its discussion is urgent.

I know men say that if the Bible is *not* true, yet it is best to let the imposition pass unquestioned, because it exercises a wholesome moral influence upon rascals generally, who are kept from actual mischief in this world by fear of fancied punishment in the next. But the main question cannot be settled by such evasions. Ignorance is not the parent of true devotion, nor are lies, or pious frauds, the seeds of righteousness.

It is sometimes said that the Bible is an inspired book, and so is the Koran, and so are the Shasters, so are Shakespeare's Plays, so are Plato's Dialogues, and so are books generally,—all are inspired, all have truth, all have error, but all are behind the times,

and need to be improved by the addition of whatever new revelations may present themselves; and when all are completed, we are then to believe and obey just as much and just as little of any or all of them, as we please.

But this position does not quite satisfy me. Various modern authors offer me theories, fancies, opinions, and arguments. I take them for what they seem to be worth. But the writers in the Bible do not usually offer their opinions. They relate facts which they profess to have seen; they profess to reject fables and traditions, and they, over and over again preface their sayings with the words, "THUS SAITH THE LORD."

Shakespeare does not say that, nor Plato, nor Socrates, nor any of the poets or sages of ancient or modern times. Now, if the Almighty really speaks to us, we ought to listen and give heed. But if he does not speak, then we cannot accept these statements as either true, or wise, or profitable, for man to believe.

It is sometimes suggested that the writers of the Bible were a pack of credulous fools, quickly imposed upon, and easily deceived. But at this I demur. A fool never wrote Moses' Laws, Job's Discourses, David's Psalms, Solomon's Proverbs, Isaiah's Poetry, Daniel's Visions, Ezekiel's Prophecies, Paul's Epistles, or John's Revelations. The man who thinks fools could write such books, might well afford to try his own hand at it, and see.

Now these writers in general, though intelligent and of acknowledged ability, do not profess to offer speculations, or opinions, but they *base* their whole system upon alleged facts. If they had been fools they might have been imposed upon somewhat; but in general the facts were of such a nature that they could not be *mistaken* about them. And they either tell the positive truth, or else they were most outrageous and infamous liars. The Israelites either went through the Red Sea dry shod, or the man who wrote the story about it lied. Either the Jordan was divided before them, or the record of it is a falsehood.

Christ either healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, cast out demons, and raised the dead, or Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were impudent, lying knaves.

Jesus of Nazareth, whom Jews, Gentiles, and Christians all agree was crucified, either did really, truly, personally, and bodily rise from the dead, and ascend to Heaven, or the men who, at the loss of reputation, at the expense of every personal comfort, and even unto the suffering of violent deaths, bore testimony that they saw him, handled him, walked with him, talked with him, ate with him, and knew him "by many infallible proofs," and finally beheld him ascending heavenward, till a cloud received him out of their sight, were base hypocrites, arrant knaves, vile imposters, and persistent and determined liars.

There is no middle ground to stand on here. They saw what they said they did, or they lied. The Almighty spoke to the prophets, or they told falsehoods in the name of the God of truth. Either they bring to us the actual verities of divine revelation, or else the whole tribe of them, in all their generations, for hundreds and hundreds of years, were deceivers and prating knaves, who lied about the hell which they asserted that all liars should have part in, and deceived about the very words in which they declared damnation on all deceivers.

We cannot blink this proposition out of sight. The question must be met here and settled. Honest men do not wish to be deceived, and in these days men want facts, not fables; truths, not "raw head, and bloody bones" stories, by which to direct their lives.

I know the Bible is said to be the best of all the pretended sacred books in the world. But that argument amounts to nothing. If it is not true, it is false. If the Koran, the Shasters, or the spirit communications are true, then let us believe them, and turn Turks, Hindoos, or Spirit-rappers. Or if there is no revelation of the future, then let us make the most of the present—"let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

But let us not cling to a lie because it is better than a dozen other lies. If indeed the Bible is better than they are, that is no reason why it should be received if false. For it is not a mere harmless humbug, a collection of the writings of well-meaning but misguided idiots. It is either the word of the everlasting Deity, or else it is a cheat so outrageous and shameful that compared with it, the Koran is sacred, the Arabian Nights reasonable, and the Book of Mormon worthy of sincere respect.

The Bible is everything, or it is worse than nothing. It is the best book or the worst one in the world. It contains eternal truth, or the deepest error. It is pure gold, or base counterfeit. Which is it?

We must not prejudice this question. The Christian says he knows the Bible to be true, because he feels it is. The infidel says he rejects it because he has no such feeling. Both may be prejudiced. Either may be mistaken. A more conclusive style of argument than this must be introduced to decide this important question.

The question is not whether the English Bible is entirely, in all its jots and tittles, the word of God, for all agree that there may be in that mis-prints, mis-translations, and possible inaccuracies. And even in the Hebrew and Greek originals, there are errors of transcribers, and some slight variations of readings in different manuscript copies. And then there are recorded in it, not only the words of God, but also of men and of devils; and some of these words all admit to be false. But the question is, whether God, men, or devils, said the words and did the things there related of them. Is the account correct? Is the record true?

We need not inquire whether the Bible is a modern or an ancient book. Here there is no room for dispute. It is older than the art of printing, for it was the first book printed. It is older than the dark ages, for copies of it exist which were written long before. And about the year 176, Celsus, a heathen, or infidel philosopher, in writing the first book ever published against Christianity, entitled "*The Word of Truth*," quotes or refers to about EIGHTY PASSAGES which can now be found in the New Testament. He speaks of the histories of Jesus written by his disciples, refers to all the leading facts narrated in the gospels, and says "It is but *recently*, as it were yesterday, since we punished Christ." "It is but a few years since he delivered this doctrine, who is reckoned by Christians to be the Son of God."

And Porphyry, another heathen writer, about the year 270, wrote against the Book of Daniel, which he

allowed was written as early as the days of Antiochus, or about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian Era. A book cannot be quoted or refuted before it is written. Hence, as Celsus quotes the New Testament, it was written before A. D. 176, and as the New Testament quotes the prophets, they were written previous to it, and as the prophets quote the law, that was written before the prophets wrote, and as the Law refers to Genesis, and Genesis refers to no preceding book, it seems to stand at the head as the oldest of all. We shall not need then to discuss this question of age, as we can prove by Jews, Christians, and infidels, that the books which are called the Bible are very ancient works. But another question, namely, concerning the inspiration, the divine origin, and the authority of the Bible, is the one before us.

We know and admit that there is a God in nature, for there are things done before our eyes which no man has power to do. And the source of that almighty power, that ceaseless energy that rules and upholds and guides the universe, is what we call Deity. And so when power is displayed beyond all human might, we refer that display back to God as to its only author.

But what power do we find in the Bible? It is a book; men have written it; do they give proof of divine assistance in their work?—*The Christian*.

Heaping Coals of Fire.

Nor many years since, there was a Christian merchant in Mesopotamia, of great wealth, with the right spirit in him. A neighboring trader, who did not know much about the Christian merchant, published a calumnious pamphlet about him. The Christian merchant read it. It was very abusive, and wicked, and malicious. All he said was, that the man who wrote it would be sorry for it some day. This was told the libelous trader, who replied that he would take care that the Christian merchant should never have the chance of hurting him.

But men in trade cannot always decide who their creditors shall be, and in a few months the trader became a bankrupt, and the Christian merchant was his chief creditor. The poor man sought to make some arrangement that would let him work for his children again. But every one told him this was impossible without the consent of Mr. Grant—that was the Christian merchant's honored name.

'I need not go to him,' the poor bankrupt said. 'I can expect no favor from him.'

'Try him,' said some one who knew the good man better.

So the bankrupt went to Mr. Grant, and told him his sad story of heavy losses, and of heartless work and sore anxiety and privation, and asked Mr. Grant's signature to a paper already signed by the others to whom he was indebted.

'Give me the paper,' said Mr. Grant, sitting down at his desk.

It was given, and the good man, as he glanced over it said, 'You wrote a pamphlet about me once; and without waiting for a reply, handed back the paper, having written something on it. The poor bankrupt expected to find *libeler* or *slanderer*, or something like that written. But no! There it was, fair and plain—the signature that was needed to give him another chance in life.

'I said you would be sorry for writing that pamphlet,' the good man went on. 'I did not mean it as a threat. I meant that some day you would know me better, and see that I did not deserve to be attacked in that way. And now,' said the good man, 'tell me all about your prospects, and especially tell me how your wife and children are faring.'

The poor trader told him that to partly meet his debts, he had given up everything he had in the world, and that for many days they had hardly had bread to eat.

'That will never do,' said the Christian merchant, putting into the poor man's hand money enough to support the pinched wife and children for many weeks.

'This will last for a little, and when it is gone you shall have more; and I shall find some way to help you, and by God's blessing, you will do beautifully yet. Don't lose heart; I'll stand by you!'

I suppose I need not tell you that the trader's heart overflowed, and he went away crying like a child. Yet the right tack is the effectual thing! To meet evil with good, fairly beats the evil and puts it down. The poor debtor was set on his feet again; the hungry little children were fed. The trader never published an attack again upon that good man as long as he lived; and among the good man's multitude of friends, as he grew old, among all the things that should accompany old age, there was not a truer, heartier one than the old enemy thus fairly beaten. Let us all get upon the right tack!—*Country Parson*.

Wild Oats.

THERE is an ancient story of a man who owned a beautiful field which a wily stranger vainly sought to purchase.

The young man was firm in his refusal to sell the inheritance of his fathers. When every effort failed, the stranger at last offered to hire what he could not buy; and proposed to rent the land long enough to raise one crop to maturity, and get it off, and then the lease was to expire, the property revert to the owner, and all the stranger's right in the field was to cease.

The bargain was concluded, and the cunning scamp sowed the soil with acorns, from end to end. The first year they sprouted like leaves, the next year they grew like scions, five years after they were slender rods, ten years after they were thrifty saplings, twenty years and they were young trees, and so the crop grew on, until the young man became old and poor, and weary with waiting, and when at last, grizzled and gray, broken with many years, he sank into his grave, his once verdant field was a forest of lusty oaks, which lifted their giant arms heavenward to the sunshine, defied the summer drought and the wintry hurricane, and bade fair to survive the storms and changes of many centuries.

And yet the lease was unexpired. The one crop had not become mature, nor been gathered to the garner; but the thoughtless young man had lost his heritage; the land was his no more.

Just so in the fair, generous soil of youth, with its bounding pulses and its exuberant life, Satan says, 'Let me sow just one crop, and gather it in, and then, in a little while, when it is removed, I will ask no more. Pluck up the good seed sown at a mother's knee, buried by a mother's prayers, and watered by a mother's tears, clear off the rubbish that has grown up from the sweet influences of home, amid the gentle loves of sisterhood, and the kindly powers of piety and grace; away with all religious mopings and godly nonsense, clear the field for a new crop, just one; young men, you know, 'must sow their wild oats.' When this crop is off, then there will be time for other grains. Then, in mature life, plant the seeds of goodness, greatness, nobility, purity, and godliness; all these may grow,' Satan says, 'only let me first have one crop of wild oats.'

And multitudes give heed to his wiles and consent to his proposals. But of all the mad delusions of mortals, theirs is the worst. Nothing grows longer, or roots stronger than wild oats. And may God pity the man who has leased his soul to Satan for one such crop. I have seen wild oats sown and grown. I have seen the harvest. I have seen the fatal brand of lust upon the beastly countenance. I have seen the blear of drunkenness in the reddened eye. I have seen the restless twitching of the shattered nerves, I have seen the stiffened gait of the ruined debauchee, and the sneaking glance which told that nothing but brass could make him hold up his head before the world. I have seen the wasted form, the sunken cheeks, the hectic flush; I have heard the shattered voice, the hollow cough, the sad confession, the vain regrets! Aye, I have preached Christ through grated windows, and in gloomy cells, and through the long, stony corridors, whence bars and bolts shut out the freedom and the joy of life; and I have looked on fetters, and knelt by the side of the young man guilty of his brother's blood, and amid it all I have said, 'This is the harvest that comes of sowing wild oats.'

Yes, and there are dark, dishonored graves where lie the buried hopes of fathers, the joys of mother's hearts, the pride of brothers, and the love of sisters

fair, and in the rank and tangled weeds that sprout and flourish, feeding on the corruptions of the dead, we see the result of 'sowing wild oats.'

Young man, possessed of all the grand opportunities of youthful life in this swift speeding age, can you, will you, lend your soul to Satan for him to raise one crop of 'wild oats?' Will you sell your birthright for a summer's purchase? Will you, in the beastliness of lust, in the vortex of pleasure, in the red gleaming of the wine-cup, in the deadly hallucinations of narcotic drugs, in the poison of tobacco, in the pleasures of riot, in the foul pestilences of disease, in the madness of the gaming table, in the painted harlot's vile embrace, will you, can you, drown all there is about you of purity, and nobleness, and principle, and manliness, and become a poor, degraded, wretched thing?

Would you find your youth a fond delusion, your manhood a fruitless struggle, and your old age a vain regret? Would you spend a weary, worthless life, and see your sun go down at noon? Would you feel that existence has been a mournful failure, never to be retrieved? Would you come before the Giver of your powers, to receive his condemnation and his curse? Would you miss that glad and glorious immortality which is the heritage of all the sons of God? Would you come forth in the last harvest day, to shame and everlasting contempt? Then sow 'wild oats.'

You cannot eradicate the crop. The adamant chains that bind together cause and effect will link you to the results of your actions here. Some things are already done *beyond recall*. In God alone is there pardon for the *past*! In Christ alone is there salvation from the guilt already incurred. In the blood of sprinkling alone, is there cleansing from the deep stains that now pollute your soul. In the Holy Spirit alone, is there a renovating power that shall revive and renew the wasting vigor of your moral life. In God's word alone, is there a lamp to guide your feet in your perplexed and dangerous path. In God's love and grace alone, is there deliverance from all your iniquities. Rejecting these, you will bind the millstone of sin about your neck as with the chains of fate, and plunge hopeless in the fiery billows of despair. Beware what you sow. 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Gal. vi, 7-9.—*The Christian*.

The One Spot.

ONE single spot on the fair face of a sheet of the best letter-paper, will cause its rejection when the manufacturer assort it for sale. In obtaining recruits for the army, a single blemish in the eye, a little defect in the hearing, the loss of a finger or a toe, the slightest limp or halt in the gait, is the one fatal spot which causes rejection, however perfect the health in all other respects. A faultless specimen of manly vigor offers himself for examination, for the purpose of obtaining an insurance on his life, but at the very first trial of the pulse under the surgeon's finger, the certificate is peremptorily denied, because there is a fatal heart-disease lurking under that fair exterior. Here is a man who for a lifetime has had uniform good health; never dreamed but that he was perfectly well, but noticed for the first time an hour before, a little white pimple about the mouth, surrounded with several red ones, giving a dull hurting, causing, however, not the slightest apprehension; but meeting the family physician accidentally on the street, he inquires very carelessly, 'What is it?' On a close inspection, the experienced practitioner detects the existence of a 'malignant tubercle,' which he knows will rapidly spread with a discoloration, and end in death within twenty-four hours! as in the case of Miss M. A. B.—, last week; of Mr. Henfield, six months ago; and of Mr. Casey, awhile before that, all of Brooklyn.

These are spots, physical and fatal, all! There are moral spots just as fatal to character, health, and life itself. I knew a young wife, first at Rockaway, who could boast of family, fortune, education, health, and

great personal beauty; fascinating in her conversation, faultless in her intercourse with society, and of a benevolence so hearty and so free, that it was impossible for her neighbors not to love her with their whole hearts. But there was one spot, only one; and that not known, even to her husband; she would take opium—and died of its over-use at twenty-three. I have been delighted by the hour, in listening to the recitations and reading the manuscript poetry of Mrs. L., of Kentucky. Neither beautiful nor ugly, but the spoiled and educated child of a rich father. She had a genius and a power which won all hearts, purely. One morning I learned she was dying, although in perfect health the day before. At intervals of a year, the demon of a drunken debauch came over her. It killed her husband, one of nature's noblemen. The one spot! I knew a wife, living yet I think, a model of personal purity, of domestic industry, system, order and thoroughness. A slave to the care of her family of healthful, beautiful children, there was no sacrifice, no self-denial which she was not ever ready to make or practice for their comfort. Her husband, as the world goes, was all that could be desired as to industry, system, temperance, regularity, and order. It ought to have been a supremely happy family. It was wretched. The one spot was her insufferable ill-nature. It would be untrue to say that she ever came to the table without some expression of dissatisfaction. In twenty-six successive weeks, during which I daily sat at the same table, she never failed once to emit some venom either against the children, the servants, the food, or the weather, or something else. The whole house was kept in a turmoil, no single day passed without it! Her only son was driven to an engine-house, did not sleep at home "once in two years;" thence to the gutter; her daughters married for a home, and she went to an asylum in her old age. There are many young men with whom you cannot help being pleased; frank, courteous, magnanimous and kind; they always meet you with a smile and a welcome, and you know it is cordial and sincere. On inquiry, they "drink." The one spot! It blasts all things else. That daughter is beautiful, amiable, and courteous; in all she says or does, there is nothing to hang an adverse criticism upon. The moment she passes from her father's door, dressed in faultless taste, go to her room, and every article it contains, has impressed upon it the one spot of incorrigible sloven.

Let the reader this moment inquire, What spot have I? and begin at the instant to wash it out at any and every sacrifice, for they only who are admitted to the mansions of the blessed, are those "not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."—*Hal's Journal*.

Pocket-Deep.

Yes, say does your religion go pocket-deep? Were you converted only in the upper story—the old man only scalped, or was he killed dead? Does your religion teach only about that unruly member, so that cut your head off, and soul and body would both be damned; or, were you converted right down through, from head to foot, "soul, body and spirit," pocket, pocket-book and all? Not merely the coppers, three-cent pieces, and smooth fourpences; but those dollars and eagles, and V's and X's? Say, friend, when God converted you, did he convert house, barn, cellar, corn-cribs, potatoe-bins, meal-bags and all? You have been praying for a deeper work of grace. How deep will you have it?—pocket-deep? You have desired to feel more deeply. How deep?—pocket-deep? or do you only want to feel skin-deep? You don't feel as you want to. Well, perhaps you never will till you feel in your pocket more.

Just think about these matters, will you? You feel for your brother; well, just feel in your pocket. You feel for the poor; well, feel in your pocket. You feel for the chaste; well, feel in your pocket. You feel for poor preachers; well, feel in your pocket. And if you feel there you will make others feel, and feel very thankful too, that God has some servants whose religion is pocket-deep.

"Oh, I don't believe in talking so much about pecuniary matters!" You don't, eh? Ah, well; I guess your religion is not pocket-deep yet. Try again; get

a little nearer Him who "was rich" and "became poor" for you. You feel rather pleased when God's blessings come rolling into your purse and dwelling—that's all right, but the Lord Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now don't shrug your shoulders so; I'm not going to beg a sixpence from you; don't be alarmed, I wouldn't ask you to give me a dollar for all the money you have in the world. Don't fret; all I want to know is whether your religion is pocket-deep or not. Just think of it a little. I don't ask whether you would scatter everything to the four winds if you knew the Lord was coming so that you couldn't use it; but whether you are as ready to open "the bag" now, when it can be of use, as at some other time, when it will be scattered in haste and fear, and do no one any good, and perhaps will do much hurt, as has often been the case in time past. In a word, is your religion pocket-deep, or is it only skin-deep?—*Cross and Crown*.

I Am Weary.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over rough roads and up the steep hillside;
O, City of our God! I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on,
Day after day, for perishable meat;
O, City of our God! I fain would rest—
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments travel-worn and soiled with dust,
Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord my righteousness,
Spotless and pure in Heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety and scorn upon the earth;
O, City of our God! within thy walls
All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin—
Sinning, repenting, sinning still away;
When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel,
And find its guilt, dear Saviour, washed away?

Patience, poor soul, the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too,
His garments stained and travel-worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O, City of our God! we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

The Sea-fog.

Did you ever stand upon the shore and watch a heavy, white sea-fog rolling in from the ocean, hiding the water and filling the valleys with its smokelike clouds, while the sky was blue above, and the hill-tops clear and distinct above the mist?

It is a grand and beautiful sight, one of the ever-varying and glorious scenes which the dwellers by the sea enjoy. I remember such a sea-fog one beautiful day last autumn. We stood looking across a small bay to the opposite shore, which was high and rocky. At first we saw the water sparkling at our feet and dashing upon the sandy beach; but the fog rolled rapidly in, hiding the waves and the further shore, till only the houses on the summit of the hill were left to view, standing up in a white cloud against the blue sky, with the sunlight gleaming bright upon them. They reminded me of the pictures of the Celestial City in the Pilgrim's Progress, so beautiful and unearthly did they look. It seemed to me a beautiful emblem of the Christian's life on earth. The future here is hidden like the valley in the mist, while the heavenly mansions beyond are clear and distinct, and the sky above unclouded. We cannot see the path before us through the valley up to that home, but the home itself shines clearly visible above the mist in the sunlight of God's promise. And step by step, as we go onward, the path opens before us; the fog can never hide the one step which we ought to take next, nor the city where our journey is to end, however dark the path between may be. Only let us remember always to look up; for if we do not, we shall miss the glory and the joy of life, and see only the dim and dreary fog.—*H. P. A. in Am. Messenger*.

Marriage and the Sabbath.

Vestiges of Eden are rare; yet two institutions have survived the wreck, and have come down to us, witnesses of that happy and perfect condition in which they originated. These are the marriage relation and the Sabbath. As the bunch of grapes from Eschcol was a visible testimony to Israel of the fertility of Canaan, so do these divine appointments remind us of the felicity of Paradise.

The marriage bond lies at the foundation of domestic happiness, is the source of home joys and pure affections, without which the world would be far more blank, and miserable, and wicked than it is. Paradise lingers with us in a measure in the sweet and sacred relations of the family.

The other memorial of Eden is the Sabbath—God's reservation to himself of a share of the time measured out to men by the celestial clock-work—the motions of those heavenly bodies which are for times, and for seasons, and for days, and for years. And while the hallowing of one day in seven was an assertion of God's right and authority, and a memorial of his creative work, it was, at the same time, a rich benefaction conferred upon mankind. With what surpassing loveliness must that first Sabbath have been invested. With what splendor must the sun have issued forth as a bridegroom from the chambers of the east, and how must the primeval earth have rejoiced in his radiance. The rivers and lakes reflect his gladdening beams; the bright-hued flowers open their petals; the birds make the groves echo with their sweet melodies; and the parents of our race, untainted by thought or breath of sin, bow down in loving adoration and glorify their beneficent Parent. No jar or discord mars the full harmony; no sound of strife or wailing; no groan, nor shriek, nor sob, nor curse, vexes the air; but one grand, thrilling, universal chorus of praise and love, ascends to the King eternal, immortal, invisible. And even now, what is so redolent of Paradise, as the calm, bright Sabbath morn, when nature has just put on her robes of vernal beauty, and we enjoy a bright respite from care and toil.—*Sel.*

Rules to Promote Harmony in the Family.

1. We may be sure that our will is likely to be crossed during the day, so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature, as well as ourselves, and, therefore, we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family, as one for whose soul we are bound to watch, as those that must give account.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If, from sickness, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy suited to them.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and to encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to the servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for the "soft answer which turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not done the same and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation, not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be very gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect.
17. Never to judge one another, but attribute a good motive when you can.—*Christian Treasury*.

SHORT STEPS.—It is a short step from modesty to humility, but a shorter one from vanity to folly, and from weakness to falsehood.

The Review and Herald.

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

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, JUNE 5, 1890.

URIAH SMITH, EDITOR.

The New Volume.

THE Review this week enters upon its twenty-eighth volume. We commence it under favorable circumstances, and cheering prospects. An interesting, harmonious, and encouraging Conference has just closed. The laborers in the great harvest-field who have been more or less crippled by ill health the past year are coming up. The great subject of health reform is getting to be well-defined and clear, by the light of which all will be enabled to adjust their labors to their physical capabilities, and thus have the surest guarantee against breaking down, and becoming inefficient in the future. The reports from the churches which endeavored to observe the late period of fasting, in a manner that should be acceptable to the Lord, are very cheering and reviving. There is in all hearts, which are imbued with a spirit of the message, so far as we can learn or judge, a buoyant feeling of hope and courage, a calm reliance upon God, and trust in his gracious promises; a feeling that he has heard the prayers of his people, and is about to revive his cause, and work mightily for his name's sake, and that the time of release, the year of jubilee, is not far away.

While we rejoice in the truth, we are to remember that it is "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts." Just so far as we can have the Spirit of God with us, which is designed to guide and illuminate the church, so far we are almighty and invincible; for the apostle sets it forth as the privilege of the people of God to be strengthened with "all might" according to his glorious power. Col. i, 11. Let us seek this Spirit in large measure, and with all the more assurance, because he hath signified his willingness to grant it unto those that desire it, even as parents give good gifts to their children. "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," be the motto of all his people.

It is ours to be such a people as God can consistently use in carrying forward his work upon earth; it is then his to accomplish that work, in his own time and for his own glory.

It is ours to realize what manner of persons we ought to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God; it is his to bring that day, and crown us with redemption at last.

It is ours to change our characters, that they may be in all things conformable to his holy will; it is his to change our vile bodies at last, that they may be conformed to his glorious body.

It is ours to keep the commandments of God in letter and in spirit too; it is his to bring us through the gates into the city, and give us a right to the tree of life.

It is ours to be all that is meant by the comprehensive name of "Christian;" to be all that can be required of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; to maintain such characters before the world as are essential to constitute us the people of God; and it is his to bring us into the infinite reward that awaits the overcomers.

And if we fulfill the requirements that rest upon us, sooner would the heavens and the earth pass away, than that there should be any failure on God's part in the things that he has promised.

Do as well as we can, we shall all have enemies; and the better we do, the more and fiercer they will be. Our motives will be traduced; our purposes misrepresented, our actions defamed. Worldlings will deride our hope, and scoff at our conscientious efforts to fulfill our duty; and false brethren will aim at us their arrows dipped in the rankest virus of enmity and malice. But amid it all, in the strength of our Master, we can press steadily on, leaving the result to the great day of adjudication, which will soon settle all the accounts of the past six thousand years of the misrule of error and of sin.

But we are departing from the subject. We want the Review to be a great help to the church in the work here briefly outlined, and in spreading light among the people. We want it to be free from all bitterness, wrath, malice, and evil speaking. We want that every line of its weekly record should breathe forth the spirit of Christianity, meekness, truth, and love. We want all its correspondents to be deeply imbued with the Spirit of God, and to receive a fresh baptism into his will and work.

Then the Review will accomplish its mission. The great Head of the church will own its efforts as of service in his cause; and no weapon formed against it shall prosper.

Note from Bro. Bourdeau.

DEAR BERN. AND SISTERS: I reached this place last Wednesday, having endured the journey well, and was refreshed in meeting my brother, and the dear brethren and sisters in Battle Creek, whose hearts and doors were opened to receive me, and who are endeared to me by free and bountiful acts of kindness and benevolence in the past. May God bless this dear people, is my prayer. We were disappointed in not seeing Bro. and Sr. White, who had just gone to Monterey on a visit; yet we rejoice that Bro. W. has been sufficiently blessed to move out, soon we trust to be in the cause again.

Yesterday I was favored with the privilege of meeting with the Battle Creek church, and was interested and benefited. Especially was I interested in the spirit, order, and manner in which the Bible Class and Sabbath School were conducted. In the evening I was refreshed in attending the ordinances of the Lord's house.

It was a sacrifice for me to leave home, and part with the brethren in Vermont, and our farewell season with the church at Enosburgh was affecting. Yet it was blessed to realize the strong ties that bind us together, and that I should be remembered by them. And we all longed for the Lord to come to invite us where there will be no more parting. But I would be willing to sacrifice, and follow the footsteps of my blessed Pattern, that I may reign with him.

Brethren, pray for us who go to Iowa, that the prospering hand of the Lord may go with us.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

Battle Creek, Mich., June 3.

To the Brethren in Iowa.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN IOWA: You have doubtless seen in the Review, that our lots have been cast among you for the coming season; and as we have learned from dear and sad experience, the value of health, and as our usefulness among you will depend much on the vitality that we possess, we deem it a duty that we owe to ourselves, to you, and to God, to pursue such a course, healthwise, as will promote our health, and add to the strength and blessing that the Lord has given us in obeying the laws of our being. In order to this, several things are requisite, among which are the following:

1. A simple, plain, and nutritious, vegetable diet, free from grease and all other stimulating ingredients. Such a diet we use with wonderful relish, and it promotes clearness of mind, rest, etc.

2. Moderate labor. Experience and reason have taught us that this kind of labor accomplishes the most in the long run. We would not shrink from burdens, that the glory of God, and the good of the cause demand that we should bear; neither would we, on the other hand, labor to excess, in gratifying the wishes of well-meaning brethren to visit them promiscuously, irrespective of their real wants, or in holding late and protracted meetings, or in various other ways.

3. A full amount of rest. This we must have or we cannot labor. Nature must have a chance to recuperate. Let none, therefore, feel hard or disappointed, if we refuse to sit up late, nights, and to appoint business meetings, involving important matters requiring long investigations. We intend to hold such meetings, and do our visiting in the day time.

4. Proper beds and sleeping rooms. By this we do not mean feather beds. These we object to sleeping on in the warm season at least. Neither do we ask for sumptuously-furnished rooms; but we mean clean, and well-aired beds, and rooms into which we can let the pure and invigorating air of heaven, even though these should be in a log cabin.

5. But above all we need your confidence and co-operation. As to your confidence we hope to so comfort ourselves by the grace of God as to have it; and we earnestly desire and pray that our labors together may not be in vain, but may tend to our furtherance in the great work of preparation to meet the Lord at his coming.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

A. C. BOURDEAU.

Pray for Them.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE MESSAGE: Is there not a most imperative duty now resting upon us to remember in earnest and continued prayer those servants of God who declare this message? The Lord by his mighty hand and stretched-out arm has evidently interposed in behalf of several of the feeble ones, but does not the duty still rest upon us, as strong as ever, for us to bear their needs and wants before the throne of God's heavenly grace? I believe it does. And my prayer is that all the way from Iowa to New England, among the praying ones, a volume of prayer shall continually ascend in behalf of the preachers. God is good and merciful, but we must hold on to faith and prayer in order that his salvation, full, free, and glorious, may attend the word preached. Natural talents and ability are not to be undervalued, but then as the prophet says, "It is not by might nor power, but by MY SPIRIT, saith the Lord!" Oh that the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous may come up continually before God at this time.

We must pray for the brethren who go to labor in New England; pray for those who go to Iowa, amid the rebellion and anarchy which exists there, that the hand of God may be upon them for good, and that they may be instrumental in saving the honest ones; pray for those who go to Ohio, that the message as preached there this summer may be the means of gathering in many jewels to the Lord; pray for the work of God in Michigan, New York, and wherever this truth shall sound. Let there be no sectional feeling in any State or Conference, but may God make all our hopes and aspirations the same, as we "pray one for another." Oh that God, who hears prayer, may send out his light and truth now, and bless his people. Brethren, everywhere, pray for the ministers.

G. W. A.

Suspension of Thought.

DR. MULHOLLAND, practicing physician of this county, makes the following statement over his own signature of an incident that occurred in his practice in Milwaukee, Wis.

"In this city in 1859, there was a brick building in process of erection. As I was standing by, a hod carrier was just starting with a load of bricks for the top of the building. The boss workman called out from above, 'More bricks.' The hod carrier was just ready to respond 'Aye, aye,' when a brick fell from above and struck him on the head, breaking the skull and pressing it down upon the brain. He was carried a few rods to a surgeon's room, where he was trepanned, that is, the skull was raised from off the brain. This was about half an hour after he was hurt. The moment the skull was raised so as to allow the brain to act, he responded, 'Aye, aye,' in answer to the call of the workman for brick. Evidently these words were formed in the man's mind before the brick struck him. The pressure upon the brain suspended all thought. When the brain was allowed to act again, the mind took up its thread of thought right where it was broken off.

"DR. MULHOLLAND."

The above incident shows conclusively, that the action of the mind is entirely dependent upon the action of the brain. When the brain ceases to act,

thought is entirely suspended. Hence, of course, "The dead know not anything."

D. M. CANRIGHT.

Tuscola Co., Mich.

The Fast in Mannsville, N. Y.

BRO. WHITE: For fear that no one else will take it upon them to say a word in regard to the protracted meeting of the four days' fasting, prayer and humiliation, I thought I would try to write a few lines, as I feel that the season was too signally blest of God not to be publicly acknowledged. And first, we were glad the servants of God gave the appointment. We felt it as from the Lord. And second, we were glad as an individual member, and I trust I can say as a church to engage in it. We had just been deeply afflicted by the loss of our much-esteemed deacon, Bro. Wm. H. Brigham, by a shocking accident as appeared in his obituary by Bro. Taylor.

But I am happy to say that God, by his Holy Spirit, was with us from the beginning to own and bless. The church came out rather sparingly the first day, but God's manifest presence with us carried back a good report, and our number and interest increased to the end, when the Adams' Center church met with us and we had a heavenly sitting together and were mutually blessed while listening to the fervent prayers and warm exhortations, and a little appropriate singing.

We felt the best evidence that God was owning and blessing the effort. We all felt that the precious cause for which we were willing to suffer would commence to arise from this time, and the Lord would raise up his servants to that degree that they would be able to perform all his righteous will, while we as individuals feel like letting our light shine out through our works.

We feel the rebuke of the faithful and true Witness upon us as never before. We mean to heed it. We want its fruits, we want to be filled with all the fullness of Christ; nothing short will do, it is now or never, we feel. O ye doubtful, fearful ones; how long, think you, ye can halt between two opinions? Get up and out of the way before God moves you out of the way in wrath. The message is going. It will gather the honest. If you are not of them, do not deceive yourselves, and finally be found without the wedding garment on.

In conclusion I would say, Bro. C. O. Taylor was not with us, being gone on a tour in the north part of the State, and Bro. A. C. Bourdeau, whom we expected in turn, had other engagements.

Yours in love of the truth.

ABEL TUTTLE.

Mannsville, N. Y.

Report from Bro. Rodman.

SABBATH, April 7th, I spent in Ashaway, R. I., and tarried until the 19th. Preached to the little company there, and assisted in organizing a Sabbath School. There is a pressing together with the friends of Jesus here.

My wife has been sick, so I have been detained at home much this spring, but the Lord has had mercy, and she is recovering.

The 19th, went to Natick, preached twice; the 22nd, preached two discourses in Arctic, and spent the 28th in Abington, and found the church here in deep trial—preached two discourses with freedom. The 29th, I preached two discourses in Westford. April 30, and May 1st, devoted to conversation with former acquaintances on present truth. May 5th, preached in Abington; 6th, preached once and organized a church of ten members.

BRO. H. G. Buxton was unanimously chosen as elder. Bro. L. Aply, secretary and treasurer; and Bro. C. Webster, deacon. There were five others that have met with them, but they withdrew. One of them appointed a separate meeting; one withdrew because there were objections to his being received into full fellowship at present. Neither of them will be of any benefit to the cause of truth, unless they manifest a less bitter spirit. The Lord have mercy on them, and save others from a like course. Re-organized s. n.; this is well for them, as they have to pay rent, for a place of worship, of twenty-five dollars this year, a

burden they have not had before. The 7th, returned home, and spent the days of fasting with the church in Ashaway. It was a refreshing season. I believe the Lord heard and answered prayer. The 12th, our Sabbath School, Bible Class and meeting were all profitable seasons. Brethren here have secured a comfortable place for meetings, that will seat two hundred or more.

Sabbath the 19th, I spent in South Kingston, where there is a disposition to progress in the work, and all very much want to see and hear Bro. Cornell once more, and we hope we may some time. In South Kingston, s. n. for 1866 amounts to \$58.24. In Ashaway, the amount is \$36.40. There does not seem to be much apparent progress to truth just now, but it does not lose anything, and I believe there is an influence at work on the side of truth, that will keep it steadily advancing, if not perceivable by us always, and truth will soon bear away the victory. Oh for a share in its triumph at last!

P. C. RODMAN.

Ashaway, R. I.

Our Blessed Hope.

THE SAVIOUR is coming to save his afflicted people, to unbind the captive and let the oppressed go free, to give joy for heaviness, and beautiful garments for those of mourning, to cheer the lonely heart and dry the mourner's tears, to bring those loved ones from the land of the enemy, to re-unite the sleeping saints; in short, to remove the curse and bring again the happiness which was forfeited by the transgression of God's holy law in the fall of man. But notwithstanding all this, there are many who profess to be the disciples of their Lord and Master, and talk of his suffering for them, who still do not like to have the Saviour come. They see not the signs. It will not do to tell them anything about the Lord's coming. My father was speaking to one of the Baptist order about the coming of the Lord, when the man replied, "It isn't likely the Lord will come in a million of years." Why is this? Is it not because their hearts and treasures are here?

But blessed be the Lord, there are those who are anxious for that event. They will hail his coming with delight. To such he will appear the second time without sin unto salvation. They can now look forward with joy and sing,

He comes, the mighty Conqueror comes,
To wake the righteous dead,
And then on wings of love they'll soar,
Triumphant with their Head.

He comes to loose the galling chains
That bind the captive here,
He comes to cheer the lonely heart,
And dry the mourner's tears.

He comes to take the faithful hence,
To yonder world so fair,
How beautiful will be that home
Which Jesus doth prepare.

S. ELMER.

The World's Conversion.

THIS doctrine has been taught by professed Christians for a great while. But we do not see any indications of a better state of things. On the other hand, the world is growing more and more corrupt, according to the prediction of the apostle, evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse. And also according to the words of our Saviour, iniquity is abounding on every hand, and the love of many is growing cold. Men are turning from the truth and embracing fables. They love smooth things. All this is according to the word of the Lord. There is no intimation of the world's conversion.

While traveling in the cars, not long since, I listened to the conversation of two gentlemen upon the subject of temperance. Their conversation commenced by one asking the other what he thought in regard to the increase of drunkenness and crime. In reply, the other said he had consulted the police in different cities, and had learned that drunkenness and crime were greatly on the increase. And he further remarked, that he had been engaged in the cause of temperance for a great while, but did not speak of very great success.

He spoke in particular of a certain document, which he had drawn up for the benefit of the public, and remarked that when he had got it completed, or ready to have an act taken upon it, that he found that four-fifths of the legal voters were indulging in the use of those things for a beverage, which his document prohibited. What the final result was I did not learn; but the idea struck me, that the prospect for the conversion of the world must be rather discouraging to those who are engaged in its reform.

J. N. WILKINSON.

Peterborough, N. H.

Kind Friends.

WHAT a treasure they are! Did you ever think of it? Blessing you daily with cheerful smiles, loving words, little acts of kindness; giving you sympathy when sorrow casts its dark shadows over your pathway, and wise counsel when you seem hedged in with perplexities. You are surrounded with such friends. Have you ever thought of it? Have you ever thanked God for thus blessing you? for giving you these precious friends? Don't sit down and count your enemies, and think over how this and that one have wronged you. It may be that you were first in the wrong—but count your friends, if you can. Perhaps they have given you what seemed rather harsh rebuke, or reproof, well, what are friends good for, if they suffer us to rush into danger, without giving even a word of caution? Do you remember the incident of the two men who were painting some beautiful pictures where they had to stand on a scaffolding many feet high. One of them in viewing the painting which he had nearly completed, was so lost to all around him in admiration of his work, that unconsciously he had walked backward to the very edge of the platform, his companion saw his danger, another step and he would be dashed to pieces on the pavement, far, far beneath. As quick as thought he seized a wet brush and threw it against the painting; the man sprang toward his ruined picture, and thus was saved.

Was his companion an enemy because he thus ruined the grand painting which had cost so many hours of toil? No, for he did it to save the life of the painter. In like manner, our friends may at times frustrate some grand scheme of ours, to save us from danger, which we, in the fervor of delight or ambition, see not. Let us try to remember this, and let us seek to God for meekness to bear reproof, to listen to, and heed advice. It is no easy thing to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong; human nature stands up for dear self, and says, I think I know as well as any one else. But let us bear in mind that those who tell us of our faults, are our real, true friends.

I glance back over my life-path, and I see many friends, some gave me words of flattery, which pleased me for the moment, but it faded, died away, and was lost;—and those friends where are they? Echo answers, Where? Others gave me words of kind reproof, told me of faults which I saw not; and at times gave words of encouragement. I thank God for those friends. Those of them who are still treading the rugged paths of life are among my dearest friends, some sleep the sleep that knows no dreaming, but I hope to meet them when they gain that "Eternal rest, delightful home." Oh, we cannot too dearly prize our friends, and the kindest, the best, the most loving of all our friends will soon come to take us away from this dark earth, to dwell forever with Him in mansions of eternal light. We love the society of our friends, and what pleasure it will be to dwell forever with them, and above all, with that dearest Friend, in those realms of bright glory, where the weary, sorrow-stricken ones, the toiling, care-worn pilgrims, will rest that sweet, eternal rest.

M. J. COTTRELL.

Rochester, N. Y.

CRIME IN VERMONT.—A gentleman connected with one of the courts of Vermont, as clerk, informs us that there is at the present time more crime in the State than was ever known at any one period since the organization of the government, and that four-fifths of it is traceable to liquor. One county has some fifteen candidates for the State Prison.—*Boston Recorder.*

Walk in the Light.

"Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness." 1 Thess. v, 5.

The present truth, especially that portion which contains the evidences of the near coming of the Son of man, is often met with this objection, that we are searching into the secrets, and hidden things of the Almighty. We are told that we have no business to be searching the prophecies; that in doing so, we are sinning against God. Surely, this is a grave charge. To be found fighting against the will of God, walking contrary to his counsel and obeying not his law, is a grievous sin; and if we have done so, it is time we should repent. But how shall we settle this point? I know of no other way than that given by the prophet: "To the law, and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Our Saviour, John v, 39, says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." The apostle Peter, who was favored with a miniature exhibition of the kingdom of God, and of the time of its being set up; seeing the importance of our being acquainted with the facts, says in his second epistle, chap. i, 19, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts." Here he would set forth the importance of giving heed to the teachings of the prophets. He compares the light received from them, by us, to a great light that shineth in a dark place. They are given to lighten our pathway, down the stream of time. Suppose you were carried into a dark place or a cave of the earth, and there was placed in your hand a lamp; would you grope your way along in darkness giving no heed to the rays of light reflected from the lamp? or would you closely follow the light, and go no faster than it led you?

In Deut. xxix, 29, is found a very important testimony. We are accused of prying into the secret things of God; but this scripture fully exonerates us from this charge, and then what care we what men say about it? "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever." Yes, say they there you have it; I knew the Bible would condemn you; secret things belong unto God only, and yet you are trying to know them. But hold! Two things are set forth: 1. Secret things. 2. Those things which are revealed. What are secret things? Webster defines it thus. "Concealed from the notice of others; secluded; known only to God." Then the secret things of God, are those which he has not made known or discovered unto man. Those things he has purposely withheld. But what are revealed things? Those things which he has made known in his word, through the agency of his servants the prophets.

We read in another portion of the Scriptures, "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." And again, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." We are told in the word of the Lord that certain things are set forth as ensamples for us; some to admonish, some for reproof, and all of them are given for our learning, that we may be established in righteousness and godliness.

There are many texts of scripture bearing on this point which need not be noticed. With the light that we have shining from the word of God, we firmly believe that the scriptures, prophecies and all, are given for our learning, and instruction:

W. G. BUCKLAND.

Battle Creek, Mich.

MANY who have escaped the rocks of gross sin, have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness.

If we hide our talent in the earth, we shall lose our treasure in Heaven.

Comfort of Prayer. Psalm cxlvi.

My voice, O Lord, did cry
To thee who all my sorrow knows;
To thee when none was nigh,
My voice did all my wants and wishes pour
In supplication deep before thy throne,
My trouble and complaint it shows.
My spirit was o'erwhelmed within me sore,
My soul was had in thought, by those alone
Who in the dark had planned its overthrow,
And privily a snare had laid,
To hedge my way,—
Lord then my refuge thee I made,
Thou art my stay!

Attend unto my cry,
And quick deliverance show—
O Lord come very nigh.
Thou art my strength and portion in this land
Of desolation, where more strong than I,
Evil hath brought me very low.
Destroy, break loose the persecutor's band!
From prison bring my soul before it die;
Each fetter break, bend every bow!
Bountiful with thy servant be,
Be wholly mine,—
Let righteousness encompass me,
All praise be thine!

ETTA BOOTH.

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 Foster.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: What can we do to advance the cause of present truth? What labor can we perform? Are not these questions which are often asked by every devout and humble disciple of Jesus? I will suggest a few things which to me appear to be both incumbent and practicable.

First. We can enter into our closets and increase our acquaintance with God and our own hearts. This is a work which must be done by ourselves, and upon its being well done our usefulness depends.

Second. We are under especial obligation to become thoroughly established in the truth. Some will say, if we but cultivate the religion of the heart, it makes but little difference what system of doctrine we embrace. How can those who profess godliness speak so lightly concerning Bible truth? Do they not remember that in the good confession which their Master witnessed before Pontius Pilate, he said, "For this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth? Did not Paul assert that men were chosen to salvation through belief of the truth? And did not Peter declare that they purified their souls in obeying the truth?

The truth, as it is revealed in the sacred Scriptures, is the only system of religion which is suited to the conversion of wicked and fallen men; and those who alter the religion of the Bible so as to change its nature (though not its name) prevent its efficacy in the great work of salvation. The Devil in opposing the salvation of mankind has sought to corrupt the perfect theory of the Bible by which it is effected—then if we would escape the devices of the enemy, we must become thorough students of the word of God.

Third. There are but few ways in which we can do more good than by exemplifying a spirit of meekness. This formed a very distinguishing feature in the character of our divine Teacher, hence we hear him say, "Learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart." His zeal though great, was free from irritation; nor did it ever display itself in rash expressions. Even when contending with the Devil, no railing accusation was heard from his mouth. While living in the perils of the last days, we are often called to contend with error and evil-doing. The present generation presents to us a most lamentable and striking picture. Oh then let us ask the Lord for more wisdom, more righteousness, and meekness. Let us give heed to the words of the apostle to "be gentle unto all men, apt to teach—patient. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Devil, who are taken captive by him at his will."

Our Saviour asks the question, "When the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" We are plainly taught by our Lord that the number of true believers will be few; nevertheless I am persuaded that God has a flock, though a scattered one, who humbly wait upon their Lord. Then dear brethren and sisters, let us take courage and press forward;

for we know that Jesus is soon coming to gather his little flock, to whom he has said, "Fear not . . . for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Can we not adopt the language of Elisha to his servant when his fears were excited on seeing the Syrian host, "Fear not, for they that be with us, are more than they that be with them?" Satan and his evil angels are against us, but on our side there is an innumerable company of holy angels, sent forth as ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation. While a world lying in wickedness is arrayed against us, the saints are with us; and though they are a minority in number, they comprehend the excellent of the earth. They love what we love, and seek what we seek. But why do I speak of saints and angels as being with us? If we love God and keep his commandments, God himself is on our side, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

I would mention one thing more that we can do to advance the cause we love. We can pray. The evils which we cannot remove are not beyond the reach of Him who heareth prayer. In conferring the rich blessings of Heaven upon us, God will be inquired of, not only by our Advocate on high, but also by the remnant of Israel, his praying people on earth. Prayer is a labor which is in the power of all who desire to work in the vineyard of the Lord. There is no service, however, in which we engage where we have greater reason to expect to meet with hindrance. Satan is afraid of our prayers and hates to see us on our knees. He gets advantage of us by tempting us to inconstancy in our devotions, and also by diverting our attention when engaged in them. Seeing we know these exposures, let us put ourselves on our guard, and give no place to the enemy. Let us resolve to pray without ceasing; and pray in the Holy Ghost. A life of communion with God is a precious foretaste of Heaven. May the Lord help us to live exemplary lives, and do all we can to advance the precious cause of Jesus. Let us each work according to the ability and means which God has given us; and work while the day lasts, that when Jesus comes we may be found without spot and blameless—waiting for our Lord.

THIRZA M. FOSTER.

Vienna, Dane Co., Wis.

From Bro. Nicola.

BRO. WHITE: If I had language to express my feelings, I would like to tell what the Lord has done for us of late. When we came up to the time appointed for prayer and fasting, we as a church stopped our work, and met each day according to appointment, and also in the evening of each day. We tried to feel from the first, that we were uniting our prayers with the brethren and sisters all over the land for the object set forth. But we soon began to feel that we were a great distance from the Lord, but as we began to repent of our lukewarmness, and exercise zeal in the matter, the Lord helped us to see that we had failed greatly in not living up to the light we have had in many things; especially did we feel that we had failed at our own homes, in our own families, and as we began to confess our faults, the good Spirit of God came into our meetings, and they grew better and better. Truly we began to feel that these were solemn assemblies, for as on former occasions many of our young brethren and sisters might have been heard between meeting hours laughing, and in light and chaffy conversation, they were now heard agonizing with the Lord for a true knowledge of themselves, and confessing their sins to God and to each other. So our meetings went on until the Sabbath. We met at 10 A. M. for prayer, and while we tried to pray, we believed that God had heard his people's prayers for his afflicted servants, and if not already answered, would in his own good time, and we felt truly happy. Had a short intermission, then came together to confess our sins and give a more full expression of what the Lord had done for us during these meetings, and then commemorate the death and sufferings of our blessed Lord. And as children began to confess to parents, and parents to children, and husbands and wives to each other, and brethren and sisters to each other, and also to their unconverted friends, the Spirit of the Lord came into our midst and touched our hearts in a more wonderful manner than we had yet felt. There was scarcely a dry face to be seen in the entire assembly of about seventy-five or eighty grown persons, besides many children whose hearts were also filled with the love of God. Some of them confessed their sins for the first time, and said they wanted to go with their parents to the Kingdom. We were made to think that truly the Spirit of Elijah's God was here, turning the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers. When we came to wash each others' feet, and commune at the Lord's table, our hearts were again touched, to see those that had had hard feelings against each other for a long time, break down and confess their sins and embrace each other again in the Lord. Truly our cups were all full, and we felt that our hearts were joined together as never before. I would not forget to say that the Washington brethren, and

three from Mt. Pleasant met with us in these meetings and shared largely with us of the good Spirit of God. As our meetings closed, and we separated, we felt that we had been newly converted into the truth, and we felt to say from our hearts, that we would live better than ever before.

HENRY NICOLA.

Pilot Grove, Iowa.

From Bro. Cummings.

BRO. WHITE: This is the second day of our fasting and prayer. We have good meetings, and the Spirit of the Lord seems to be with us. The brethren and sisters take right hold and do their duty, —no reluctant ones. Since the division here, we have had very good meetings. There seems to be unity among the brethren and sisters. We mourn over the trouble we have had here. The cause of God has been marred very deeply by the enemy, and some that were engaged, and loved the truth, have given it up, and see no more beauty in it. Now they cry peace and safety, —no trials for the people of God. Paul says, "when they cry peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them." Sister W.'s views are in harmony with Paul. She says, "beware of those that cry peace and safety." The visions sound to me like the voice of the Good Shepherd. They reprove sin on every hand, and point us to the atoning blood of Christ for salvation, and teach us to deal faithfully with our own selves, and form characters for Heaven, to get ready for the coming of Christ; to trust in the Lord, to live faithfully, and lead a holy life. I want to live and obey this truth, and at last meet you with the children of God on Mount Zion.

A. W. CUMMINGS.

Marion, Iowa, May 10, 1866.

From Sister Moffett.

BRO. WHITE: I wish to say to the brethren and sisters scattered abroad, that I am still striving to walk in the light of the third angel's message; and although it has been nearly a year since I have contributed any thought to the columns of the Review, it is not because my interest has lessened in the cause of truth; but I can say that my interest and love for the present truth is greatly increasing. But in common with many of the brethren and sisters, I have it to say that the past year has been to me one of affliction and trial.

For the encouragement of others, I will briefly state some of my experience in this time, and what the Lord has wrought for me. I would say that I have been afflicted with the painful disease, neuralgia, for a number of years, and was suddenly attacked again last July, and in so powerful a manner that I was brought near the grave. I was taken on the 10th inst. with a pain in my right jaw, which soon spread through the right side of my face and neck, and notwithstanding the many means used to stop its progress, it increased so rapidly that in a week's time I was reduced so low that I could scarcely speak, and my head was drawn sidewise by a contraction of the nerves and muscles in my neck, and my sufferings were so great that I felt assured that I could endure it but a short time. While thus suffering, and praying, "Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me," the words of the apostle came with great force to my mind, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick." James v. 15. I then desired that those present should unite in prayer in my behalf. I told them I had faith to believe that God would answer their prayers, if they would but claim the promises. Then several prayers were offered up to a throne of grace for my recovery. Never did prayer sound sweeter to me than in that moment of pain and anxiety. Oh, what joy, faith, hope, and gratitude, filled my heart, when I began to realize that their prayers were heard and being answered. The first had not ceased praying when the pain began to lessen; when all had finished, I rose up in bed and could speak with my usual voice, and my head had its natural position, and the pain was nearly gone.

I then got out of bed, walked across the room to the table, picked up the precious volume, the Bible, and read aloud. Oh, what a change! One hour before, I could but whisper my request, and now I could read the promises of God aloud. We then retired for the night. I rested well, rose in the morning without pain, but weak, and still suffered from weakness and occasional pains in my face for a number of weeks. I still spread my case before the Great Physician, imploring his blessing on every remedy, and my health was improving rapidly. But I was soon called to pass through another severe trial. On the first of October last I received the sad news of a dear sister's death. When I received this sad information, I was still feeble in health, and as I had not heard of her sickness, I could not at first be reconciled. I thought of the many hours she had watched over me in sickness. Her words of comfort and cheerful smile, they were all in the past, and I had not had the privilege of repaying her in her last sickness. Oh, I thought I could not endure my trials longer, but must soon be laid in the grave also; as my health now was failing

instead of improving, and amid trials, persecutions, and the addition of my present bereavement, I for a time had no hope of recovering my health. But the love of God has sustained me in my trials, and if I am submissive to his will, and receive these afflictions aright, they will work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

I feel thankful for the light we as a people have received in regard to the health reform, and from which I have been much benefited; for as I have endeavored to live in obedience to the laws of life, and have given up the use of tea and coffee, relying on the Great Physician for overcoming grace, my health has improved within the past six months far beyond my expectations, so that at present, I enjoy the best health I have in five years, for which I have great reason to thank God.

Dear brethren and sisters, to you who have suffered like afflictions I would say, be of good cheer; our sufferings will soon be ended, and we shall reap if we faint not. The crown, the kingdom, and eternal life, are just before us, and though we are living in perilous times, God is able to deliver us, and in the language of Paul I would say, "Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, —and having done all to stand."

Your sister in the truth.

P. H. MOFFETT.

Seville, Mich., Apr. 25, 1866.

From Bro. Sutliff.

BRO. WHITE: Myself and companion observed the fast with the brethren of Durand, Wis. We arrived in time to attend the meeting on Wednesday, but not being acquainted with any of the brethren, by the time we found where the meeting was, it was out, and we met some of them on their way home. We had meetings every day at one o'clock until Sabbath, when we met at eleven. We had much enjoyment in these meetings, although there was some backwardness on the part of a few.

There are some in Durand who will no doubt stand on the sea of glass; and some I fear who will sell their birthright. One good sister wept as she said that the way was so straight that it seemed almost impossible for her to walk in it.

My prayer is that the Lord will visit Durand and help the dear ones to cut loose from the world, and any who are a hindrance to them in the discharge of their duty. Oh how trifling are a few years of self-denial and humility compared to an everlasting inheritance in the earth made new. That we may deny ourselves, take up our cross, and follow Jesus is the prayer of your companion in tribulation.

W. SUTLIFF.

Falls City, Dunn Co., Wis., May 15, 1866.

From Bro. Miller.

BRO. WHITE: I have a few lines to write which may encourage some. We as a church tried to observe, by fasting and prayer, the four days' meeting set apart by the Committee, and it has proved a blessing to us. I trust that we have been made to see our standing before God and each other. Many humble confessions were made, and the hearts of this little band united in the love of God. Others seemed to realize their situation and made a start at our meetings. Little children arose with tears in their eyes, requesting the prayers of the church; and after the close of the Sabbath we celebrated the ordinances of the Lord's house. The brethren were much encouraged, and still love to walk in the pathway of the just. May the Lord reward his people, is my prayer.

This church has adopted the Resolutions on Dress, that were adopted by the Battle Creek church, as published in Review, Vol. xxvii, No. 23.

H. MILLER.

Burlington, Mich., May, 1866.

From Bro. Graves.

BRO. WHITE: I would like to say through the Review that myself and companion are striving to keep all God's commandments and the faith of Jesus. We commenced about the beginning of the year, and have found the Lord precious to our souls. We hail the messenger with gladness that brings sweet comfort and peace to the lonely traveler. We love to read the cheering testimonies of the brethren, and then to learn of the dealings of God with his people in healing the sick, and also through the testimonies to the church. Oh let us be humble while we receive the showers of God's Spirit. They will serve to prepare us for the coming conflict, and for his kingdom. Yes, to reign with Jesus, to see him whom our souls love, and to be freed from a world of sin.

"I long to be there, and the thought that 'tis near, Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear, And fit up that kingdom of glory so rare, The earth robed in beauty, I long to be there."

W. M. GRAVES.

Galenas, Ill.

From Bro. Lawrence.

BRO. WHITE: The Lord has in mercy again visited his people in this vicinity, with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Several from four towns convened at the chapel for worship on the Sabbath appointed for fasting and prayer. The prayer recorded in Dan. ix, was considered as appropriately expressing our condition.

Some whose names are not enrolled with ours seemed benefited, and through their testimony caused some rejoicing, although the meeting was for the most part one of heart rending as evidenced by many tears.

It is believed that the church will soon arise and triumph.

H. W. LAWRENCE.

West Bangor, N. Y.

From Bro. Demmon.

BRO. WHITE: Like Pharaoh's chief butler I remember my faults to day. Bro. Miller's letter in Review brought one to mind. Although a day laborer at the age of fifty, yet I can do a little. As Bro. M. says, "It is the little bricks that help make up the pile." I remember the call that was made, and although late, I will respond by sending my mite, hoping that others will not be ashamed to also send in their tithes, that the Review be not crippled for want of means to publish these glorious truths which we as a people profess to believe.

Dear brethren and sisters, "faith without works is dead, being alone." And when we do the will of God from the heart, we are laying up treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt. The Review is doing a good work, making many glad hearts. Often one number has repaid me the price of the paper; let us sustain it.

THOS. DEMMON.

Port Andrews, Wis.

Extracts from Letters.

Sister Gorton writes from Farmington, Minn.: A little more than one year ago, through the instrumentality of our beloved Bro. John Bostwick, whose loss we are called to mourn, I was led to see and believe the truth of the third angel's message. I was reared by Christian parents, and in my youth sought to love and obey the Saviour. For nine years I have earnestly searched the Scriptures, that I might be able to know and do God's will in all things. But thanks be to his name, I can truthfully say that within the past year I have received more knowledge from God's revealed word, than in all these past years. We are now left without a messenger, but my daily prayer is, that each of our little band of Sabbath-keepers in this place, may be messengers for Jesus in this last great call of mercy. We, of Greenwood Prairie, were organized by Eld. Sanborn last summer. I believe all have remained faithful with the exception of one. Our neighbors, and some of those who have opposed us, are now anxiously inquiring the way. There is here a large field for labor. We do therefore earnestly beg that you will remember us at the throne of grace, that we may be enabled to point transgressors to the way.

Sister Steele writes from Boscobel, Wis.: I am a feeble, lone widow, with limited means, but feel to praise the Lord for what I have, and also for the many blessings bestowed upon me. He has led me through many trials and great afflictions, has often visited me with death, having buried two husbands, and having two sons in soldiers' graves. All the family I have left, is one son. I have been trying for more than twenty years to serve the Lord, but have often wandered from the path of duty, and feel myself altogether unworthy. I beg the prayers of God's people.

Learn of Christ who was sensible of injuries, yet patient under them.

SPEAK not well of yourself, nor ill of others.

Obituary Notices.

DIED, in Alma, Mich., March 29, 1866, sister Phebe Clark, aged 52 years, and 17 days. She embraced the truth under the labors of Brn. Canright and Van Horn while they were in Alma with the tent, and united with the church when first organized here. It was cheering to the Christian to witness with what fortitude, meekness, and patience, she was enabled to bear her severe and protracted illness, ever ready to praise God that she had been permitted to hear the sound of the third angel's message. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

JAMES GARGETT.

DIED, in Monterey, Mich., April 17, 1866, of consumption of the bowels, Willie, son of John and Isabella Francisco, aged two years.

JOSEPH BATES.

The Review and Herald.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., THIRD-DAY, JUNE 5, 1866.

The prophet speaks of certain ones who grope for the wall like the blind, and stumble at noon as in the night. His words, wherever they may apply, are at least very accurately illustrated by the bungling misstatements which Advent papers almost invariably fall into, whenever they have anything to say about Seventh-day Adventists. For instance the last "Voice of the West" notices the renunciation of the visions by B. F. Snook and W. H. Brinkerhoff, and says that they were "late elders of the Seventh-day Advent church, Battle Creek, Mich." This is a very entertaining piece of information for the church here. Will the Voice of the West please tell us when?

Prospectus of the Health Reformer.

The first number of a monthly periodical, with the above title, 16 pp., magazine form, with cover, will be issued at The Western Health Reform Institute, Battle Creek, Mich., August 1, 1866.

The nature of this Journal is sufficiently indicated by its name. It is designed to aid in the great work of reforming, as far as possible, the false habits of life so prevalent at the present day.

It will aim to teach faithfully and energetically those Rules of Health, by obedience to which, people may secure the largest immunity from sickness and premature death.

It will advocate the cure of diseases by the use of Nature's own remedies, Air, Light, Heat, Exercise, Food, Sleep, Recreation, &c.

It will conscientiously hold up the light on the best methods, so far as ascertained, of managing healthfully our physical frames, that we may be enabled to heed the apostolic injunction, to glorify God in our bodies as well as our spirits, both of which are equally his, and should be regulated according to his will.

It will not be denominational in its character, but will be adapted to the wants of all classes of people everywhere, who are interested in the great question of maintaining health by obedience to Nature's laws; and where such interest does not exist, it will endeavor to create it. We wish, therefore, to give it a wide and indiscriminate circulation.

It will be free from everything light, vain, and trashy, and from all matter which does not have some bearing, either immediate or remote, on the great question in hand.

And to make it more especially practical, and adapt it to the immediate wants of the people, a certain amount of space will be devoted in each number, to the answering of questions from correspondents.

In short, we aim to publish a first class Health Journal, interesting in its variety, valuable in its instructions, and second to none in either literary or mechanical execution. The year's numbers when bound, will furnish a volume of nearly 200 pages convenient in size, and filled with the choicest reading matter. We solicit subscriptions from all the friends of the Health movement, and ask them to lend their aid in extending the circulation of this Journal.

Price \$1.00 in advance per volume of twelve numbers. Address Dr. H. S. Lay, Battle Creek, Mich.

Difference Between Christians and Worldlings.

MANIFESTLY Christians ought to be far superior to worldlings in every virtue. They ought to be more refined and elevated in their tastes and feelings, more gentle and obliging in their conduct and words, and more neat and clean in their dress and habits. A short time ago I witnessed a couple of incidents which strikingly illustrated the difference between the two classes.

A town-meeting was held in a school-house where I was lecturing. The next day I went and took a view of the house. What a sight! Dirt, sticks, whittlings, papers, tobacco-juice and quids were strewn in great profusion all over the floor and seats. This was the result of one day's meeting.

Again, I attended a Conference meeting of Chris-

tian men, in Battle Creek, Mich., which lasted three days. At the close of the meeting not a stick, whittling, tobacco-quid, nor sign of it, nor hardly a bit of paper was to be seen on the floor. A few minutes' work with the broom, and the house was in as good order as before. These men had learned to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh. True religion always makes men better in every station in life.

D. M. CANRIGHT.

Come to Jesus.

WHAT a blessed thought that the door of mercy is still open for us! That Jesus stands beckoning for us to enter. And will we spurn his offer? Oh, no. Let us hasten at his call, before it is too late, before the door of mercy is forever closed against us. Come sinner, come, come with all your guilt, and open your heart to Jesus. He stands with outstretched arms to receive you and plead your case before the Father. Let us all wake up from our lukewarm state and put on the whole armor of God, and battle for the cause. Every one can do something. The joys of Heaven are worth striving for.

My daily prayer is that the messengers may be raised to health and strength and go throughout the land proclaiming the last message of mercy to a dying world. Time is short here on this sinful earth. The signs are thickening. We shall soon see our blessed Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven, and my prayer is that we may all be ready to meet him, and say, "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us."

ALMON BISBEE.

East Cleveland, Ohio.

Correction.

BRO. WHITE: Please give credit to the piece of poetry, "Our Coming King," to Sister Sarah N. Chadwick, Boston, Mass. I ought to have said "selected," but did not think when I sent the article to be published. Yours in love of the truth.

P. D. LAWRENCE.

Falmouth, Mass.

Note from Bro. Steward.

BRO. WHITE: I hope you are still enjoying the blessing of our kind heavenly Father. I cannot describe my feelings when I saw you so poor and worn down. How much I do regret that I ever by my course, added to your burthens and sorrows. I thank you for your faithfulness to me, and I will try as much as in me lies to stay up your hands. We hope to see you this way some time. May the Lord bless you and Sr. W. with health and strength to labor on in the vineyard. You have our prayers and warmest sympathies. Your unworthy brother in Christ.

T. M. STEWARD.

PREACHERS and teachers of all degrees may know the way to Heaven, yet never walk in it, just as a man may know every detail of the railway time-table and yet never take a journey. Men who spend their lives in preparing other people for Heaven, but never advance themselves toward it, may be likened to the inspectors, porters, and other railway servants, who are occupied in setting out travelers, but who themselves never see the ocean or the landscape."

Appointments.

THE third Annual Session of the Wisconsin and Illinois State Conference of S. D. Adventists, will be held at Johnstown Center, Rock Co., Wis., commencing Friday, June 22, 1866. Let all the churches report themselves by letter, and send their delegates duly authorized. The delegates should be at Janesville on Thursday, and others on Friday, when they will find teams ready to convey them to the place of meeting. All should come prepared to take care of themselves as far as possible.

In behalf of Wis. and Ill. State Conference Committee.

T. M. STEWARD, Sec.

THE next annual session of the Iowa State Conference of S. D. Adventists, will be held at Pilot Grove, Iowa, Friday, June 8th, 1866, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

Let there be a faithful representation by delegates, or letter, from all the churches.

Let delegates come prepared to give a written report of the standing of their respective churches, amount of s. s. funds, their gains and losses during the past year, and their pledges for the coming year.

Brethren, let there be a general rally from all parts of the State. Let us come prepared as much as possible to take care of ourselves. We trust the Lord's blessing will rest upon us.

IOWA STATE CONF. COM.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we will meet with the churches in the northern and eastern parts of Mich. as follows:

Oakland, Oak Co.,	June	9, 10.
Memphis,	"	16, 17.
Lapeer,	"	23, 24.
Tuscola village, evening,	"	27.
Vassar,	" 30, & July 1.	
Watrous ville,	July	7, 8.
Centerville,	"	9, 10.
East Thetford,	"	11, 12.
Tyrone,	"	14, 15.
Milford,	"	17, 18.

Meetings on the Sabbath commence at 10 A. M. Appointments for the other churches in the eastern district will be published in due time.

JOSEPH BATES.

OUR first Monthly Meeting of the churches of Charlotte, Windsor, and Oneida, will be held at the Oneida Center school-house, the last Sabbath in June. Come to this meeting, dear brethren and sisters with your hearts filled with the Spirit and love of God, that we may have a good meeting.

Cannot some of the preaching brethren meet with us? F. F. LAMARREUX.

PROVIDENCE permitting, I will commence a series of meetings in Memphis, Mich., Sabbath, June 23d, at 10½ o'clock, to continue as long as the interest may demand.

M. E. CORNELL.

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

L Martin 29-1, J Eaton 29-1, E E Hough 29-1, E Rathbun 29-1, C S Glover 29-1, S Tracy 28-23, Mrs M Chapman 28-14, O A Heath 29-7, T J Bosworth 29-1, Mrs E Lines 30-1, E Bird 29-1, W S Chamberlain 29-1, M Sutherland 28-14, L Ward 29-1, J Jones 29-1, Mrs J Blackman 29-1, E B Stevenson 29-1, M B Powell 27-1, W H Rathbun 28-1, each \$1.00.

B S Ward 28-22, J I Sweet 29-9, A Sanborn 29-6, A Coryell 29-1, Mrs L A Marsh 31-5, S M Stockwell 29-1, D Mellinger 29-18, A M Potter 29-19, J N Wilkinson 28-1, Mrs M Beach 30-12, G N Collins 30-1, A J Terrell 29-13, J Hart 29-1, W L Saxby 29-1, P E Ruiter 30-1, I C Willmarth 29-14, M Ricker 30-1, W H Place 30-1, C Chaffee 30-1, T N Elliott 27-1, each \$2.00.

M Stephens \$1.50, 30-1, W T Davis \$2.50, 29-1, W D Williams \$1.28, 28-14.

O M Robinson 29-1, 50cts.

Subscriptions at the Rate of \$3.00 per year.

R C Straw \$3.00 30-1, E Starbuck \$3.00, 29-15, R G Lockwood \$1.50, 29-1, Mrs J Smith \$3.00, 29-1, A W Maynard \$3.00, 30-1.

Books Sent By Mail.

Miss V Upton 50c, A Sanborn \$1.75, D Spooner \$1.00, Mrs M Beach 50c, Mrs H Bowen 22c, M M Saretht \$1.00.

Books sent by Express.

L A Marsh, Midland City, Midland Co., Mich. (Cir. Lib.) \$8.00.

Michigan Conference Fund,

John Langdon and wife, s. b. \$10.40.

Donations to Publishing Association.

A L Gnilford \$20.00. E Livingston \$1.00. A W Maynard \$7.00.

To Raise the Sum of \$700, for Bro. M. E. Cornell. Previous donations, \$60.00, J Boyd \$5.00, F Jeffery \$10.00, L M Gates \$5.00, H Hilliard \$10.00, A W Maynard \$5.00.

To Raise the sum of \$500 for Bro. R. F. Cottrell. Previous donations \$55.00, A W Maynard \$5.00.