

# ADVENT



# HERALD

Luke 9: 28-30.

"WE HAVE NOT FOLLOWED CUNNINGLY DEvised FABLES, WHEN WE MADE KNOWN UNTO YOU THE POWER AND COMING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, BUT WERE EYE-WITNESSES OF HIS MAJESTY . . . WHEN WE WERE WITH HIM IN THE HOLY MOUNT."

NEW SERIES. VOL. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

NO. 2. WHOLE NO. 582

## THE ADVENT HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT NO. 8 CHARDON-STREET, BOSTON,

(Nearly opposite the Revere House.)

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PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR.

ALL communications, orders, or remittances for this office, should be directed (post paid) to J. V. HIMES, Boston, Mass. Subscribers' names, with their Post-office address, should be distinctly given when money is forwarded.

\* For terms, &c., see last page.



## THE SABBATH.

O day most calm, most bright,  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,  
The indorsement of supreme delight,  
Write by a friend, and with his blood;  
The couch of time: care's balm and bay;  
The week were dark, but for thy light:  
Thy torch doth show the way!

The other days and thou  
Make up one man: whose face thou art,  
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;  
The working-days are the back part;  
The burden of the week lies there,  
Making the whole to stoop and bow,  
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone  
To endless death, but thou dost pull  
And turn us round to look on One,  
Whom, if we were not very dull,  
We could not choose but look on still,  
Since there is no place so alone  
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,  
On which heaven's palace arched lies  
The other days fill up the space  
And hollow room with vanities.  
They are the fruitful beds and borders  
In God's rich garden: that is here  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,  
Threatened together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King.  
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open;  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,  
And did enclose this light for us:  
That, as each beast his manger knows,  
Man might not of his fodder miss.  
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,  
And made a garden there for those  
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our Creation  
Our great Redeemer did remove  
With the same shake, which at his passion  
Did the earth and all things with it move.  
As Sampson bore the doors away  
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,  
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day  
We sullied by our offence,  
Wherefore that robe we cast away,  
Having a new at his expense,  
Whose drops of blood paid the full price  
That was required to make us gay,  
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:  
And where the week-days trail on ground,  
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;  
O let me take thee at the bound,  
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,  
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,  
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Herbert.

## Anticipation and Contrast,

BY THE REV. JOHN CUMMING, D. D.

(Continued from our last.)

It is predicted that the gates of it shall not be shut. There will be no thieves to keep without; and there will be no chance of plunder within. No police force will watch that city that hath foundations; no possibility of what is dishonorable or dishonest can be there. But shut gates does not mean defence, or merely not being open for admission. The expression is a classical phrase: "Shut gates" was a declaration of war, and "Open gates" a technical phrase that proclaimed the existence of peace. And when it is here said that "the gates of it shall not be shut," it simply means that there shall be no warfare, but perfect, perpetual, and pervading peace. How sadly does this contrast with what we see now! Our present festival of nations, beautiful as it is, is yet kept amid battalions of soldiers. What a significant symptom is here that the era of peace is not come! And men that walk with olive branches in their hands, know that the barracks are charged with soldiers, lest the very possibility of war might occur to disturb a peace which is conventional, not real; temporary, and by truce, not perpetual, and never to be disturbed. The greatest peace that exists in Europe at the present moment is a peace made up by compact: nations have not gone to rest, they are only bivouacked;

they are ready each for the battle again. Who does not know that in Europe every man stands with his hand on his sword-hilt, or with a lighted match by the cannon or great gun, ready for a battle which looms in the distance, the havoc and issue of which a statesman can calculate? All things show that the era and age of peace, real peace, lasting peace, peace passing understanding, is in the future, not here. The gates are still open: the soldier is still a reality: war is still a possibility: but the true way to put an end to war, and to make the army obsolete, is not, as some most foolishly imagine, to refuse the supplies to the Secretary at War, but to give men something better to do, something nobler to think upon. You can drive out a bad passion only by bringing a good one to bear on it; and, after all, if bad men were kept from war, they would only enter into something more mischievous. It is only in and from the truths of this book (the Bible) that permanent, real peace can be given to the humble heart. "Great peace have they that keep thy law."

But it is further added that there shall be no curse there. It seems severe language to employ, but however severe it may seem, it is true that we are all born under the curse. This is our state by nature: the world was cursed when man sinned: the instant that man lost his innocence, creation lost its beauty, its harmony, and its blessing. And that curse is to be seen by an inquisitive mind on every product that shall be exposed as the glory of the earth in the wonderful structure to which I have alluded.—There is not a rare or beautiful product of the forge; there is not an exquisite web or lace wrought with the greatest elaboration of the fingers of skill, that has not seen, in the history of its manufacture, tears, aching fingers, bowed-down backs, ay, and sickness, and famine, and consumption, and death! Little do we think, as we contemplate the beautiful creations of skill, how many heads have ached, and how many graves have been opened, whilst these were being manufactured, by the weary and worn-out makers of them all! It needs this to temper our excessive idolatry of these things. The curse rests upon the earth; it rests upon man that walks it; it rests upon all that man does. But in that better state there will be no curse. True, its glory is the purchase of blood, but that blood was shed eighteen hundred years ago, and the agony of him that shed it was ended when he cried aloud, "It is finished;" and the recollection of the price of glory will not make us mourn, but cause us to praise the love of him who shed his blood to restore forfeited paradise to man, and lost happiness to the human heart.

It is also added, that there shall be no more death; i. e., decay, disease, waste, wear, or tear. Blessed prophecy! "There shall be no more death." The most beautiful fabrics that we examine in the Exposition of all Nations, are decaying while we are looking at them. There is rust on the purest gold; there is tarnish on the brightest steel; there is a worm in the loftiest cedar; there is moth in the fairest and most costly robes. And if one looks to the history of the past, death shows that he has been the great agent in the era of that history. The purple of Tyre, and the cunning hands that made it, are all gone; the Phœnician weavers and the artisans of Memphis are all passed away, and nothing but their name is left; the products of the looms of Sidon, and the creations of the workshops of Tyre and Nineveh, have all disappeared, and nothing but the mere memorial remains; the skill, the secrets, and the creation of the artisans that Cambyzes brought captives into this country, and whose factories filled the whole valley of the Euphrates, from Nineveh to Persepolis, have all perished from the earth: the glory of illustrious Venice is gone; the blades of Toledo and Damascus have ceased to command the admiration of the world; the carved work of Verbruggen, and the lace and embroidery of Brussels and Valenciennes, are fading. Death, decomposition, decay, are carrying on their processes in the Crystal Palace, while we are expressing to our neigh-

bors the admiration that we feel as we view these wonderful structures. Death rides on the railway, walks amid the glories of the nations, breathes on the brightest, gathers the fairest: graves are his footprints, decay is his work, and disappearance from the earth and forgottenness the experience of all. But in that better rest there shall be no death. Its fairest things will not be its fleetest; its brightest things shall be its longest. Death shall wither no flower there: he shall not still one bounding heart; he shall not leave or show any traces of his presence. There shall be no spider to weave his web amid the branches, or caterpillar to gnaw the leaves of the tree of life: there shall be no interruption of that river of life which makes glad the city of our God, nor one element of sin, decay, death, sorrow, or tears in that New Jerusalem which cometh down from heaven.

It is further added, that "the nations of them that are saved shall bring their glory into it." "The nations of them that are saved," is the characteristic of those that shall be inmates of that better rest. The present great assemblage of the nations cannot be called an assemblage of the nations that are saved: would to God it could be really called so! They are met, it is true, not for battle, but in peace; and one regards this as a contribution towards permanent and lasting peace. But they are the nations, we fear, of some that live in scepticism, of others immersed in superstition, and of others that have no creed, or conscience, or faith, or hope, or holiness of any sort at all. There is wheat, but we fear there will also be many tares. Turk, and Greek, and Syrian, and Russian, from the east; English, Irish, Scotch, German, Portuguese, French, from the west, meet together, not on the ground of a common faith, but on the ground that we can applaud—a common brotherhood, sympathizing with the beautiful which God has made us to admire, and with the useful that God has made us to employ. And so far we rejoice at it. But if one could open the inner chambers of imagery, and look upon that heaving mass that rolled like a mighty torrent through the streets of London on the 1st of May, and could analyze every motive, object, thought, feeling, imagination, that were to be found there, alas! shall I be thought uncharitable if I fear, that if God looked down, he must have seen, in a vast proportion of it, what he saw in the antediluvians of old, "that the imagination of man's heart was only evil, and that continually?" But the worse they are, the more need have they to be prayed for; the more needful it is that they should see a beautiful example in us: and he who feels their moral and spiritual condition the saddest, is just the man who will set before them the example of whatsoever things are just, and beautiful, and true, and who will contribute most liberally to provide means for their spiritual instruction, regeneration, and amelioration. But these nations of them that are saved shall bring their glory into this new palace. At present, the glory of the nations is not true glory; but then the chief glory of the nations will be that which is indeed their glory. Lyons and St. Etienne are bringing their glory, namely, their silks; Bohemia brings its glory—its glass; Brussels and Valenciennes bring what they think their glory—their lace; Prussia is bringing its pottery; Italy its beautiful mosaics: Algiers its arms; and America—interesting peculiarity!—is bringing in a ship of war the trophies and the monuments of peace. Each nation brings what it thinks its glory, and perhaps that glory is a foretaste of the true glory that shall be. Is that sixtieth chapter of Isaiah a poet's dream? Is it a mere transcendental prediction? I believe that these glories, these literal glories, will be in that future state. I do not believe there is anything in a beautiful flower inherently evil; or that there is anything in God's curse inseparable from a precious diamond. All this earth wants is, not to have its matter annihilated, or transformed into something airy, visionary, spiritualized; but to have sin, and its corrosive poison, entirely and utterly purged from it, and to have the consecrating

footsteps of the King of kings upon its bosom, and then its deserts shall rejoice, and its solitary places shall blossom as the rose.

While the nations are bringing into this palace made with hands, what they think their glory, and what in its place is beautiful enough, let us try to bring a more excellent glory—not our bullets, and swords, and muskets from Birmingham; not our cottons from Manchester; not our pottery from Staffordshire; not our silks from Spitalfields—though in these things that nation that has the noblest religion, the open Bible—that has none it fears, and none to gain whose favor it would sacrifice truth—will bear its products to be compared with those of any nation in the world, and will carry off the palm too; thus demonstrating to all mankind that the nation that has the grace of God in its heart, shows the greatest cunning in its fingers, and the greatest skill in its artisans. Righteousness exalteth a nation in all its relations. But still we have something better wherein to glory. Those beautiful isles in the South Sea that the London Missionary Society has been instrumental in bringing to Christ—those enduring gems are worthy to be placed in the Crystal Palace, and fit to be compared with that magnificent diamond which is the admiration, the envy, the wonder of Asia and Europe. Those Hindoos whom our Missions have been instrumental in bringing to Christ are our gems and our diamonds; our Bible, our Missionary Societies, our City Missions, our Tract Society, —these are rich fabrics, these are the true glories of Old England, which, alas! alas! France, and Spain, and Germany, and Asia, and China, and India, are not prepared to appreciate. These would be very dull specimens to them; they would have no significance, because Christ has no beauty that the unpurged eye should desire him, and no comeliness that the unsanctified heart can admire. It needs the regenerated heart to appreciate the trophies of grace; such hearts will one day be everywhere. A day does come when all shall be truly regenerated, and shall admire and appreciate that as the greatest glory which reflects the image and bears the superscription of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

Such, then, is a brief contrast between the palace that occupies the newspapers, the thought, the conversation of the country; and that better and brighter one which shall occupy the admiration of angels, the thoughts and hearts of a redeemed and glorified universe.—(To be continued.)

## Every-Day Mysteries.

"I believe nothing that I do not understand," is the favorite saying of Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, a gentleman who very much prides himself upon his intellectual perspicacity. Yet ask Mr. Pettipo if he understands how it is that he wags his little finger, and he can give no reasonable account of it. He will tell you—for he has read books and "studied" anatomy—that the little finger consists of so many jointed bones; that there are tendons attached to them before and behind, which belong to certain muscles, and that when these muscles are made to contract, the finger wags. And this is nearly all that Mr. Pettipo knows about it. How it is that the volition acts on the muscles, what volition is, what the will is, Mr. Pettipo knows not. He knows quite as little about the sensation which resides in the skin of that little finger; how it is that he feels and appreciates forms and surfaces; why it detects heat and cold; in what way its papillæ erect themselves, and its pores open and close; about all this he is entirely in the dark. And yet Mr. Pettipo is under the necessity of believing that his little finger wags, and that it is endowed with the gift of sensation, though he in fact know nothing whatever of the why or the wherefore.

We must believe a thousand things that we cannot understand. Matter and its combinations are a grand mystery—how much more so life and its manifestations! Look at those far off worlds, majestically wheeling in their appointed

orbits, millions of miles away; or look on this earth on which we live, performing its diurnal motion upon its own axis, and its annual circle round the sun! What do we understand of the causes of such motions? What can we ever know about them beyond the fact that such things are so? To discover and apprehend facts is much, and it is nearly our limit. To ultimate causes we can never ascend. But to have an eye open to receive facts and apprehend their relative value, that is a great deal; that is our duty; and not to reject, suspect, or refuse to accept them, because they happen to clash with our preconceived notion, or like Mr. Pettipo Dapperling, because we "cannot understand" them.

"Oh, my dear Kepler," writes Galileo to his friend, "how I wish that we could have one laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa lecturing before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations, to charm the new planets out of the sky!"

Rub a stick of wax against your coat sleeve, and it emits sparks; hold it near to light, fleecy particles of wool or cotton, and it first attracts, then it repels them. What do you understand about that, Mr. Pettipo, except merely that it is? Stroke the cat's back before the fire, and you will observe the same phenomena. Your own body will in like manner emit sparks in certain states, but you know nothing about why it is so.

Pour a solution of muriate of lime into one of sulphate of potash—both clear fluids; but no sooner are they mixed together than they become nearly solid. How is that? You tell me that an ingredient of the one solution combines with an ingredient of the other, and an insoluble sulphate of lime is produced. Well, you tell me a fact; but you do not account for it by saying that the lime has a greater attraction for the sulphuric acid than the potash has; you do not understand how it is, you merely see that it is so. You must believe it.

But when you come to life, and its wonderful manifestations, you are more in the dark than ever. You understand less about this than you do even if dead matter. Take an ordinary, every-day fact; you drop two seeds, whose component parts are the same, into the same soil. They grow up so close together that their roots mingle and their stalks intertwine. The one plant produces a long, slender leaf, the other a short, flat leaf; the one brings forth a beautiful flower, the other an ugly scuff; the one sheds abroad a delicious fragrance, the other is entirely inodorous. The hemlock, the wheat-stalk, and the rose tree, out of the same chemical ingredients contained in the soil, educe, the one, a deadly poison; the other, wholesome food; the third, a bright, consummate flower. Can you tell me, Mr. Pettipo, how is this? Do you understand the secret by which the roots of these plants accomplish so much more than all your science can do, and so infinitely excel the most skilful combinations of the philosopher? You can only recognize the fact, but you cannot unravel the mystery. Your saying that it is the "nature" of the plant, does not in the slightest degree clear up the difficulty. You cannot get at the ultimate fact; only the proximate one is seen by you.

But lo! here is a wonderful little plant; you touch it, and the leaves shrink on the instant, one leaf seeming to be in intimate sympathy with the rest, and all the leaves in the neighborhood shrinking up at the touch of a foreign object. Or take the simple pimpernel, which closes its eye as the sun goes down, and opens as he rises again; shrinks at the approach of rain, and expands in fair weather. The hop twines round the pole in the direction of the sun, and

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look that she turned when he rose."

Do we know anything about these things further than that they are so?

A partridge chick breaks its shell and steps forth into its new world. Instantly it runs about and picks up the seeds lying on the ground. It has never learned to run, or to see, or to select its food; but it does all these on the instant. The lamb of a few hours old frisks about full of life, and sucks its dam's teats with as much accuracy as if it had studied the principles of the air-pump. Instinct comes full grown into the world at once, and we know nothing about it, neither does the Mr. Dapperling above named.

When we ascend to the higher orders of animated being, to man himself, we are as much in the dark as before, perhaps more so. Here we have matter arranged in its most highly organized forms, moving, feeling, and thinking. In man, the powers are concentrated, and the thinking powers are brought to their highest point. How, by the various arrangements of

matter in man's body, one portion of the nervous system should convey volitions from the brain to the limbs and the outer organs; how another part should convey sensations with the suddenness of lightning; and how, finally, a third portion should collect these sensations, react upon them, store them up by a process called memory, reproduce them in thought, compare them, philosophize upon them, embody them in books, is a great and unfathomable mystery!

(For the Herald.)

### Sketches of Travel.

#### No. XXIII.—THE PALACES OF ROME.

The Pope has also another palace for his summer residence on Monte Cavallo, the highest part of the Quirinal hill. It is called the "Palace of the Quirinal," or the "Palace of Monte Cavallo." "Cavallo" is the Italian for horse, and the name is given to the eminence on account of the colossal equestrian group, commonly called "Castor and Pollux," which stands by the side of the obelisk upon the summit.

A fine broad staircase leads from the courtyard to the apartments of the palace. Over the door of the large chapel is a bas-relief of the Saviour, washing the feet of the apostles. This chapel is fitted up in the style of the Sistine chapel. High mass is performed in it on great festivals, when the Pope resides here. Here also the Cardinals meet in conclave to elect a new Pope. When there is no choice, the votes are put through a hole in the wall into a small furnace contrived for that purpose. The square below is full of the Cardinals' carriages, with their several friends anxiously awaiting the result. When the clock strikes twelve, all eyes are directed to the top of the funnel. If they see smoke coming out of it, then they know there is no Pope for that day, and they all go home. But if no smoke appears, all are in a flutter to know who the new Pope is. We stood in the balcony where the new Pope is first shown to the people by one of the Cardinals, after knocking down the temporary brick wall in front of the window.

The French eagle appears on the walls in many places, having been put there when the walls were decorated for Napoleon. On the pictures were *Saul and David*, by Guercino, an *Ecce Homo*, by Domenichino, a *Madonna and Child*, by Guido, *St. Jerome*, by Spagnoletto, and the *Ascension*, by Vandyke. The gardens in the rear of the palace are a mile in circuit, laid out in a very stiff and formal style.

We also visited many of the private palaces for which Rome is celebrated. The plan is generally a quadrangle, with a large staircase opening into the court. The rooms of the first story are usually occupied as shops, or coach houses, or stables. The upper floors form suites running around the whole quadrangle, and often communicating with each other. Here are the apartments, and picture galleries, and audience rooms, and banqueting halls, wearing an air of faded magnificence, adorned with marbles, and frescoes, and gilding, but without much appearance of domestic comfort. Indeed, the greater part of the establishment seems designed for public exhibition, rather than family use, and some princely houses derive no inconsiderable part of their revenues from the fees paid by visitors.

The Palace of the COLONNA family has a fine saloon, upwards of one hundred and fifty feet in length, adorned with painting and sculpture, and having a raised throne at one end, with a gorgeous canopy overhead. Here we were shown a cannon ball thrown from the French batteries in Janiculum, in the revolution of 1849. The ball entered the windows, struck the marble steps of the throne at the opposite end of the saloon, shattered them somewhat, and then rolled about on the floor. The grey-headed old custode described the noise which it made, and the alarm of the family. It was two hours after midnight.

As we entered the large yard in front of the BARBERINI Palace, a company of French dragoons were crossing it. Six hundred of them are quartered here. It is celebrated for its winding marble staircase. The saloon of the first floor is remarkable for the frescoes on its ceiling, consisting of allegorical representations of the glory of the Barberini family. Through an iron door in the side of the stair-way, we were admitted into the private apartments, where among the paintings we saw three female portraits of exquisite beauty; the "*Fornarina*," by Raphael; "*L'Esclave*," by Titian; and "*Beatrice Cenci*," by Guido Reni. Here were also some fine portraits by Holbein, and landscapes by Albano.

The BORGHESE Palace is an immense building, and has the finest collection of paintings in Rome. They are arranged in nine apartments, adorned with gilding and marbles, and sparkling fountains, and finished with lounges, and chairs, and catalogues, for the accommodation of visitors. Here are some of the choicest works of Raphael, Correggio, Domenichino, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano,

&c. One of the most interesting is the *Entombment of Christ*, by Raphael. Two men are bearing the Saviour to the sepulchre. Around the corpse are Peter, John, and Mary Magdalene, with varied and characteristic expressions of intense grief. On the other side, the Virgin Mary has fainted in the arms of her attendants.

The Palace SCIARRA, has the most select gallery in Rome. One of the most beautiful pictures is "*Vanity and Modesty*," by Leonardo da Vinci. Another that generally fixes the attention is "*The Cheating Gamblers*," by Caravaggio.

The Palace DORIA DI PAMFILI is an immense building, entered from the "Corso," the principal street of Rome, and has a very extensive collection of paintings.

The Palace CORSINI, in the Transtevere, is one of the handsomest in Rome. It looks out upon Janiculum. Here we saw where Garibaldi's house was destroyed, but afterwards rebuilt. Among the paintings, I have noted a fine "*Ecce Homo*," by Guido; another by Carlo Dolci, and still another by Domenichino.

The Palace SPADA contains the celebrated "*Statue of Pompey*," a colossal figure holding the globe. It is supposed to be the statue which originally stood in the Curia of Pompey, at whose base "great Cæsar fell," thus apostrophized by Lord Byron:

"And thou dread statue! yet existent in  
The austere form of naked majesty,  
Thou who beheldest 'mid the assassins' din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,  
Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
An offering to thine altar from the queen  
Of gods and men, great Nemesis!"

The adjoining walls were pierced by the balls from the French batteries in the late siege.

The Palace ROSPIGLIOSI is famous for the "*Aurora of Guido*," a painting in fresco upon the ceiling of the casino, or garden-house. It was painted three hundred years ago, but is still bright and beautiful. In the adjoining room are "*The Expulsion from Paradise*," by Domenichino; the "*Triumph of David*," by the same artist, the "*Death of Samson*," by Lodovico Carracci, the "*Head of Guido*," by himself, and many others.

These may serve as specimens of the Roman palaces, of which no less than seventy-five are enumerated by Vasi.

### "And he brought Him to Jesus."

What Andrew here did with Simon, we are to do with our fellow-creatures,—we are to bring them to Jesus.

But can men be brought to him now?—Did he not say, I am no more in the world? How happy were they who lived when he was on earth! They could repair to him in every trouble, and tell him every distress. Ye benevolent neighbors! you could carry the paralytic, and place him beneath the very eye of mercy. You, anxious father! you could go to him, and say, "Sir, come down, ere my child die." You, Martha and Mary, as soon as Lazarus was afflicted, you could send to him, saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." And cannot you, my dear readers, cannot you apprise him of your desire or grief? Have not you at your disposal a messenger, that you can dispatch to him in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye? "While they call, I will answer; and when they speak, I will hear." And has he not said, Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world? and wherever two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of you? If these words be true, he can be, he must be, he is with his ministers and people now. Though no longer visible he is accessible. We may apprehend him as to his essential presence, by which he fills heaven and earth. We may apprehend him also as to his peculiar presence by which he is nigh to them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. He is to be found in the Scriptures; in his house, at his table; on his throne; in the garden and the field—

"Where'er we seek him he is found,  
And every place is holy ground."

But can we bring souls to him? Not efficiently. This is the work of God only. "No man can come unto me, except the Father that hath sent me draw him." And the sooner we are convinced of this, the better. We shall then make all our attempts in dependence on the agency of his Spirit; and thus honoring him, He will honor us. But we may do this instrumentally. For God makes use of means; and he employs men, and employs them not only to do good to their fellow-creatures temporally, but spiritually—not only to relieve their bodies, but to save their souls. And various and many are the ways in which we may thus bring men to Jesus. We may do it by intercession; for he hears prayers for others, as well as for ourselves. We may do it by the influence of example. Nothing speaks so loud as the eloquence of a holy, consistent, and lovely life. By this, wives may win their husbands

without the word; and servants may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. By this, all may be useful! All cannot be learned, all cannot be rich; but all may be exemplary. We may do it by instruction. Thus Andrew brought Peter. We have found, says he, the Messiah. And thus the woman of Samaria brought her neighbors, saying, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" By a word fitly spoken—a letter—an invitation to hear the gospel—the commendation of a good book—the diffusion of the Bible—the sending forth missionaries, supporting the ministers, whose office is to turn men from darkness to light, by all these, and many more, we may be the means of introducing souls to Jesus.

But why should we be concerned to bring them? Four things should make us alive to this work. First: To feel a concern for it, is an evidence of grace. There cannot be a better. Indeed, every other evidence is fallacious without this; and this is always to be found in a real Christian. For, however he may walk in darkness, as to a knowledge of his own interest in divine things, and draw the conclusion that he has no part nor lot in the matter; he never is insensible and indifferent to the success of the gospel and the salvation of souls. This makes the eye sparkle upon whose lid hangs the shadow of death. Secondly: To attempt it is a duty. A duty that cannot be declined, without the greatest guilt. A duty arising from the relation in which we stand to our fellow-men, as bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. A duty enforced by the will of God, clearly made known in the injunction, "as we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men;" for what good can equal this? Thirdly: To accomplish it, is the most glorious enterprise. What is the rescue of a whole nation from civil bondage, compared with the deliverance of one soul from the power of darkness, and translating it into the kingdom of God's dear Son? Can a trifle throw heaven into ecstasy? But there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. The work, therefore, is its own motive; its success is its own recompense. And so the apostle deemed it, "If a man err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Fourthly: To fail in it is no disgrace. Yea, failure here is infinitely more honorable than success in any other enterprise. But wise and good efforts are never in vain. If they are useless as to the direct object, they do good collaterally. If they relieve not the beneficiary, they bless the benefactor. His prayers and endeavors return not void into his own bosom. We are a sweet savor of Christ not only in them also that perish. The promise is not made to success—for this does not belong to us; but to exertion. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

But while we endeavor to bring others to Jesus, let us see to it that we have come to him ourselves. It is awful to think of being the instruments of his grace, while we are not the subjects.

"Great King of grace! my heart subdue;  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the victories of his word."

### Religion.

Human happiness is the aim of every one; but it is attained by but few. This is caused by the violation of certain laws, upon which all happiness is suspended. Divine revelation assures us that God created man for his own happiness and enjoyment, out of pure and disinterested love. He placed him in a lovely garden, whose atmosphere was fragrant with sweet-smelling flowers, whose trees were loaded with delicious fruits; the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were his. Indeed, his happiness was complete. He and his spouse stood in the presence of Heaven, clothed in innocence and loveliness. Angels looked down and were glad. The birds sang the praise of God. Yet all this happiness was suspended upon their obedience to their Creator. It is hard to conceive of two such holy beings consenting to the enemy of God. Yet they did it, and their ruin was complete. All their happiness vanished in a moment as smoke. They were driven from the garden, and were condemned to hard labor all their days. Terrible change! Man, by one act, has been transformed from a spotless creature and a dweller with God, to a vile wretch and a companion of demons. What must have been the feelings of our first parents as they looked back upon their past joy, and forward to their future sorrow! What wealth would have been given to reclaim their past pleasures! But the act was done, and justice was fulfilled, but with mercy; for had God consigned the world to oblivion, his character had remained the same, pure and unsullied. But he does not do this. He assures Adam of fu-

ture bliss if he but returns to him, and promises him an advocate in the person of Christ. But, notwithstanding this exhibition of God's goodness, man becomes more sinful, until God determines to destroy the world.

Then the Son of God, with his characteristic loveliness, descends from his throne, which fills all space, and which existed from eternity, and condescends to be born of woman, to be abused by his own creatures, and finally to be put to a cruel and ignominious death, after having suffered every conceivable pang. And for whom was this done? For you, for me, and for every one of us. What a lovely being must he be, and worthy object of our love, who has done so much for us! Cold must be the heart that cannot appreciate his kindness. But the work is done: he bursts the bands of death, and triumphantly ascends into heaven, leading captivity captive. What a delightful scene must his entry into heaven have presented! The work was finished, and man was redeemed. What a terrible thing then is sin, which has caused so much misery and ignorance in the world, supplied so much fuel to the flames of hell, and which cost the life of a God! After considering carefully these facts, how many incentives do we find to piety, and how few to vice! Oh! I am persuaded that no one but a fool and a hypocrite will cling to sin after reading the history of man. Would eternal torture be a cruel punishment to inflict on those who still continue in willful disobedience?

Religion makes men love each other, and seek each other's good; irreligion makes self the only object of one's regard. Religion purifies the heart and mind, makes a man angelic, comforts him in sorrow with the hope of an eternal peace, and makes him happy in this life as well as in the next; while irreligion corrupts the heart and mind, makes man a demon, and plagues him in sorrow with the prospect of eternal death. Religion draws the soul into sweet communion with God in this life, and gives us access to the heavenly mansions in the next; irreligion makes the devil the companion of the soul in this life, and forever in the next. My friend, which is true—virtue or sin? I leave it for your conscience to decide. Would you escape the consequences of vice? I can point you to Mount Calvary, there to beg the Lamb of God, in the name of his sufferings and death, to have mercy upon you. There wash his holy feet with tears of sorrow for having offended this amiable God. There let those sacred streams issuing from every wound wash you from your filth. Having put on the white garment of innocence, ever sit at his feet and learn of him. Thus, my friend, will you be safe from every enemy in this life; and thus will you safely enter the heavenly mansions, and there forever taste the joys that shall forever last.

### Origin of Idolatry.

Men are not satisfied with imagining for themselves unseen objects of worship. They wish to see their gods. We all find it more or less difficult to "walk by faith," [act on the belief of things unseen, as of realities,] not "by sight."

Hence the heathens set up, first rude stones, and then statues or pictures of their gods, to which they might show outward acts of reverence in honor of their deities; just as soldiers salute the Royal Standard in honor of the Queen, whose arms it bears. But, from showing such outward respect, they soon came to fancy that their details were, in some mysterious way, connected with those images, and that the power of their gods was in the images, so that the images were, to all intents and purposes, the gods themselves. Accordingly we find that God expressly forbade the Jews to make any image of him, or to bow down to, or worship the likeness of anything whatever.—And experience shows that whatever images are set up in places of worship, they generally become enticements to rank idolatry, "preaching" idolatry often more effectually by their very presence, than the minister can preach against it by his tongue. Yet Christians, thinking themselves safe, because they had renounced heathen idolatry, began themselves to set up images and pictures, to help them, as they said, in their devotion, by keeping the thoughts of what those images and pictures represented before their minds;—then they began to show outward marks of reverence to the pictures and images; and then (like the heathens) to fancy that those pictures and images were possessed of supernatural powers, and to feel towards them as if Christ and the saints dwelt in them.

Akin to this superstition of seeking visible objects of worship, is the tendency in corrupt human nature, (that is, of human feelings when not curbed and controlled by steady reason) to make worship itself consist in outward acts, rather than in inward dispositions. Each of these errors confirms the other, and they both spring from one root. We naturally look for some visible object to which to direct outward

acts of worship. Thus the eastern part of the heavens, the most sacred part of a church,—the cross, an altar, an image or picture,—become objects towards which men bow or kneel; otherwise many would feel as if they were bowing or kneeling to nothing at all. Again, an outward object of worship seems to call for outward marks of respect, and does not, of itself, seem to require more. "God is a spirit," present to our minds, and therefore they "who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth," as our Saviour told the woman of Samaria, when she raised the question where men ought to worship God. But a picture or image does not immediately suggest the thoughts of inward worship of any kind; still less, of the best kind of worship, inward purity and uprightness of heart and grateful love. It seems to us more like our fellow-men, who can see only the outside; and as the only way in which we can show it reverence, is by some outward gesture, so the more our religion becomes a religion of visible objects, the more it becomes a religion of outward worship. Both superstitions are, indeed, at bottom the same. The same tendency which makes men put the sign of an unseen object in the place of that object, makes them put the sign of inward worship in the place of inward worship. We are always apt to put the sign in place of the thing signified; more especially when by so doing, we can get rid of what is very irksome to us.

### The Influence of Man over Man.

The world is filled with the countless and interlacing filaments of influence that spread from each individual over the whole surface and frame-work of society. The infant that lies wailing and helpless in the arms of its mother, is already yielding an influence through the whole household, by his fretfulness, disturbing, or by its serene smiles, gladdening that entire home; and as with added years his faculties are expanded, and the sphere of his activity widens itself, his influence increases; and every man whom he meets, much more whom he moulds and governs, becomes the more happy or the more wretched, the better or the worse, according to the character of his spirit and example. Nor can he strip from himself this influence. If he flee away from the society of his fellows to dwell alone in the wilderness, he leaves behind him the example of neglected duty, and the memory of disregarded love, to curse the family he has abandoned. Even in the pathless desert he finds his own feet caught in the thorns and entangled web of influence that bound him to society, and his cords remain wherever he was once known, sending home to the hearts that twined around him sorrow and pain. Nor can the possessor expect it to go down into the grave with him. The sepulchre may have closed in silence over him, and his name may have perished from among men, yet his influence, nameless as it is, and untraceable by the human eye, is floating over the face of society. As in the external and visible world, the fall of a pebble agitates, not perceptibly indeed, yet really, the whole mass of the earth, thus in the world of morals every act of every spirit is telling upon the whole system of moral beings to which God has bound him. No man leaves the world in all things such as he found it. The habits which he was instrumental in forming, may go on from century to century an heirloom for good or for evil, doing their work of misery or of happiness, blasting or blessing the country that has now lost all records of his memory. In the case of some, this influence is most sensible. Every age beholds and owns their power. Such men have lived. The church yet feels throughout all lands the influence of the thoughts that passed, perhaps, in the solitude of midnight through the bosom of Paul, as he sat in the shadows of his prison, an old and unbefriended man—thoughts which, lifting his manacled hands, he spread in his epistles before the eyes of men, there to remain forever. They feel the effect of the pious meditations of David while roaming on the hill-side, an humble shepherd lad: of the family piety of Abraham, and of the religious nurture that trained up the infancy of Moses. Every nation is affected at this moment by the moral power that emanated from the despised Noah, as that preacher of righteousness sat among his family, perhaps dejected and faint with unsuccessful toil, teaching them to call upon God, when all the families of the earth besides had forgotten him. And if the mind, taking its flight from the narrow precincts of these walls, were to wander abroad along the peopled highways, and to the farthest hamlets of our own land, and passing the seas, to traverse distant realms and barbarous coasts, every man whom its travels met—nay, every being of human mould that has ever trodden this earth in earlier ages, or that is now to be found among its moving myriads, has felt, or is feeling, the influence of the thoughts of a solitary woman, who, centuries since, stood debating the claims of conscience and sin amid the verdant glories of the yet unforfeited paradise.

Williams.

### A Picture of Priestcraft.

It is not merely at the bedside of the dying that clerical meddlers come to curse or to "convey." It is not merely in public politics they presume, but intrude into the household business of every-day life, and invade the privacy of every man's home with loathsome and pestilent pertinacity. They will dictate to a father of a family what school he is to select for his sons, and quote canon law for the infraction of the simplest laws of human society and of God, the common Father of all, and founder of the sacred rights of paternity. What else is this canon law but an attempt to invalidate all human legislation, and to confound Christianity, in its relation to secular communities, with the exploded and superseded theocracy of the Jews? Are not the doctrines of Christ compatible in the view of the divine Redeemer with every form of government? Is not that the essence and boast of Catholicity? Whence, then, is the Vatican at war with every free country, with Belgium, with Sardinia, with England, at peace with the despots of Kaiser and the Czar? Catholic Poland is manacled by the encyclics of old Gregory, and ruthlessly delivered up to his brother Pope of Petersburg, while the Kaiser our own heavenly land is offered in holocaust of treacherous and ignominious homage to papal felony. Truly canon law reigns at Rome: a model land for prize legislation, where terror walks the streets, and the spy lurks at every keyhole; where social intercourse is a snare, and the domestic outbosomings of the family circle so much grist for the mill of the confessional; where the greetings in the market-place are noted down by the noonday devils of the police, and the shafts of venomous denunciation are shot at random in every man's pathway; the luxury of hidden woe, an indulgence of deepest dye; and a clandestine press the only outlet of the national despair. One channel alone was open for the energies of the country to find issue; the public robber was abroad; the brigand, like the owl of Sultan Mahmoud, blessed the clerical government for unprotected villages and the utter dissolution of society. The banded plunderers of Passatore have established a formidable competition with the sacerdotal speculators of the capital, and set up a rival canon law, equally disastrous, but not more at variance with the rights and immunities of the public. For, after all, what consolation is it to the dispossessed and defrauded citizens, that the brigand who makes free with their chattels and personal liberty wears a head-gear of conical shape, with a jaunty feather, and perhaps an image of the winking Madonna for luck, or robs and plunders in a hat shaped like a bee-hive, with a cross on the top of it, and calls it a tiara. A pair of apostolic keys thrust under the nose of the victim are found quite as efficacious as a brace of pistols to make folks stand and deliver. What matters it that the bands of Passatore are only native outlaws, driven to the sad trade of robbery by the forcible stoppage of every honest industry, and the crushing and withering effects of priestly dominion; while the bands which the other brigand has brought to act on the country are transalpine violators of international law, and regimented aliens who rob in uniform? The French gang, with the gallantry of their nation, are content to work as amateurs, but the Austrian footpads insist on their share of the spoil, and go halves with the priestly tax-gatherer, the Friar Tuck of Italy. Can this atrocious farce go on in the eyes of civilized mankind? No; by the God of justice! The end is at hand. The doom of the House of Hapsburg and of the popedom hastens to its final catastrophe, with swift and precipitate audacity. Broken and bankrupt both, they have both outlived the means of their respective livelihoods; and as they were equally lovely in their lives, so in their death they shall not be divided. The crash is inevitable. The whole human race is preparing to clap hands on their joint and associated downfall. Hear ye not the ill-suppressed throes of their agony, and the death-rattle in their throats? Are not the symptoms of their dissolution, the moribund groan of their decrepid senility, visible and audible to mankind? The funeral toll of St. Stephen's belfry is echoed by every steeple in broad Bohemia, in Hungary, in the cathedral of Lombardy, and the great bell of the Capitol begins to swing in sympathetic vibration. Bayonets and bankruptcy, bayonets and bigotry, the changes have been rung to the disgust and abhorrence of the whole family of man. Prussia, for very shame, must shake off the pestilent connection; even Turkey, tired of being the common jailer of Christendom, asserts the higher manliness of Mohammedanism, and taunts us with the lost glories of Godfrey and lion-hearted Richard. Free and independent America had, by the majestic organ of Daniel Webster, expressed the full scorn of the Western hemisphere for that wretched Russian flunkey, Joseph of Hapsburg, the Romulus Augustulus of the holy Roman Empire. To live and reign by the grace of God and Cossacks is a contemptible line of

livelihood, but the kindred existence of the popedom is reduced to expedients of still more despicable turpitude. The quackeries of miraculous imposture are the fitting concomitants and appliances of a system of which the rotten crutches are the crampulous Franzoni in Turin, the traitor Marilley in Switzerland, and that transparent Tartuffe, Montalembert, in France.

The cheers elicited by these eloquent sentences were tremendous; and when Father Gavazzi wound up with the following eloquent peroration, the excitement of the audience mounted to enthusiasm.

The French are incapable of a serious emotion, or they would feel the importance to England of the present movement, worthy of the great and thoughtful nation in which it occurs, and caused by no trivial alarm. Let France look to her own condition. By what insidious arts and persevering craft has she not been dragged down from her social position to be a mere instrument of papal tyranny abroad, with a Roman expedition, *à l'interieur*, in full progress at home.

Here began a splendid and highly poetical description of the great Norwegian whirlpool called the Maelstrom, buoyant on whose circling eddies the ship of France was very visible, though every hour sucked close and closer into the central vortex, where it was doomed to be engulfed and disappear. Such was its present position with reference to the Papacy. Was not the British vessel, sailing beyond the influence of this dreadful phenomenon, warranted in crowding all sail to keep farther aloof from the focus of destruction? England sees the degradation of its neighbor, sees the operation of priestcraft, and sniffs the pestilential odor of the Vatican in the breeze that wafted o'er the channel.

England instinctively feels that these foreign bishops bode no good either to her spiritual or temporal concerns. They come in flagrant violation or evasion of British laws; they enter not at the door, but, robberwise, by the window; emissaries of a power which, like the "Old Man of the Mountain," whose name is given to assassins, sends forth its satellites, if not to poniard kings, certainly to strangle the liberty of nations that are free; to act as a remora to the onward march of civilization; a clog to progress; a drag on the social wheel in its joyous gyrations. Discord has already been the first result; blood has been shed at Birkenhead.—What heeds the court of Rome the social evil of her handiwork? She seeks the pomp and pride of her delegates, reckless of consequences to the land they invade. Wherever there is wealth to gain, whether from the imbecility of her votaries when alive, or at the pillow of dying opulence, her agents are at hand—speculators when they are not spies. Men of England, bless your Queen for repelling, in the face of Europe, these skirmishers of the forlorn hope of a foreign power.

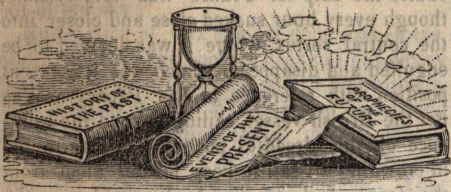
So ended the lecture, leaving the auditory to wonder, how such a mind as Father Gavazzi's should have been imprisoned an instant in the Romish Church. May he speedily break from its bondage, and employ his genius in a sphere where men love the light of Christianity, and shun error's gloom.

Pen and Ink Pictures of the English Pulpit.

### The Successors of the Apostles.

The London *Times* newspaper recently propounded a question which seems to be, indeed, difficult of solution. The writer in that journal asks:—"Are we ever to see the day when the Church of England shall be presided over by Bishops who regard the rich patronage at their disposal as a means of advancing the interests of the Church rather than that of their own families? Must despotism, and the love of pecuniary accumulation be forever the characteristics of men raised above their fellows for possessing superior sanctity of life and purity of morals?" If, after placing the ministers of the Church in the possession of princely livings, admitting them to the ranks of the nobility, and creating them legislators in the supreme court of the realm—if, after placing at their disposal the incomes of hundreds of parsonages for distribution, at their pleasure, among their friends, the *Times* and other upholders of State Churchisms expect to find these dignitaries displaying action other than the most worldly, selfish, and mercenary, they presume to engage in such a traffic as the disposal of church livings, the horrifying details of which are every week brought under the notice of the public, requires on the part of the mitred worldling not only an abnegation of the pure, benevolent precepts of the religion of Christ, but a renunciation of those beneficent and kindly feelings which are found often to characterize men who make no outward profession of Christianity. Find us among our business men a man who could be guilty of such transactions as the *Times* reports of the Bishop of Durham, and he will be suspected, mistrusted and shunned by his neighbors as an unworthy character. The *Times* says the Bishop of Dur-

ham, in presenting his son to a vacant Canonry, obtained for him £576 per annum more revenue than the Canonry was legally entitled to." Now, we are ignorant how such a transaction might be characterized in Church language, but in the ordinary terms of every-day life we should be apt to call it palpable, glaring dishonesty. And does this improve apostolic descent? If it does there must have been a strange degeneracy in the apostolic army. The *Times* goes on to say, and the language is powerful, coming from such a quarter, "In all other professions, there is no lack of disinterestedness and a feeling superior to mere pecuniary considerations. Our ministers are contented to serve us at a loss. The army and navy are filled by men who pay dearly for the privilege of serving their country. The secular clergy are generous and disinterested; but among Bishops, Deans, and Canons, we perpetually find instances wherein their own superfluities are preferred to the necessities of the Church; and the rules of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, framed in a spirit far too favorable to the idle, and too little considerate to the working classes, thwarted and eluded by reverend and right reverend gentlemen." Examiner.



## The Advent Herald.

"BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!"

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

All readers of the HERALD are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it God may be honored and his truth advanced; also, that it may be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety of judgment and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error, or hasty speech, or sharp, unbrotherly disposition.

### THE SABBATH.

(Concluded from our last.)

This brings us to the first advent, when the great Lawgiver himself visits his church. He asserts his prerogative over the Sabbath, either to change, abrogate, or perpetuate its observance, when he declares that "the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—Mark 2:28. Does he abrogate the Sabbath, or any of the ten commandments? On the contrary, he affirms the universality of the obligation for its observance, when he says, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."—2:27. It was not an institution for which God had adapted a given nation, but he had made it for the wants of the race. It was made for man, in every age, and in every clime. Thus he not only affirmed the perpetuity of the Sabbath observance, but he recognized the binding force of the entire decalogue. The ten commandments were written by the finger of God, on two tables of stone. The first table comprised the first four—those which have respect to our duties to God, our obligations to serve, love, honor, and obey him. The second table comprised the last six—those which express the obligations we are under towards our fellow men. Each table comprising a separate class of subjects,—the one our duty to God, and the other our duty to men,—the whole decalogue is summarily comprehended in the answer of our SAVIOUR to the question of the Pharisee, who, tempting him, said: "Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."—Matt. 22:36-40. There is here no abrogation; but, on the contrary, a re-affirmation of the whole of the moral law.

Under the Jewish dispensation there was no justification, only by a compliance with all the requirements of the law; "for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."—Gal. 3:10. The least disobedience must be followed by the death of the transgressor. Under the New Testament, our sufficiency is of God. He has made provision whereby penitent transgressors of the law may be restored to his favor. The law does not cease to be obligatory, but God helpeth our infirmities, so that though we violate the law, he will have compassion and forgiveness on those who truly turn from their transgressions. Without the death of CHRIST there could have been no such provision; but while "the letter" still "killeth" all who violate it, the "spirit giveth life" to all true penitents. The law which was graven on tables of stone still stands out as imperatively as ever, commanding the obedience of all, but the ministration of death which was in-

wrought therein—the pains and penalties from which there was no escape for the transgressor—has been done away by the blood of CHRIST, for all who accept him as their only and sufficient SAVIOUR. The law was a glorious ministration: for it asserted God's rectitude, and his hatred of sin. It was so glorious that even the face of Moses, was more than the children of Israel could gaze upon, when his countenance was covered with a glory which was to be done away and abolished. And PAUL well asks, if they could not steadfastly look on Moses because of the glory of his countenance which is abolished, how much more glorious is that which remaineth. (See 2 Cor. 3:6-18.) He does not say that which is substituted for it; but that which remaineth, when provision is made for the pardoning of transgressors. "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law."—Rom. 3:31. Now the sense in which the apostle here uses the term, "the law," is indubitably marked in Rom. 7:7: "I had not known sin but by the law; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet," which being a plain reference to the tenth command of the decalogue, plainly shows that the decalogue is the law of which he speaks. This law, then, is established by the gospel; and this can mean nothing else but the establishment and confirmation of its authority.

Having established the perpetuity of the Sabbath, having seen that the Sabbath in the decalogue is not specified in connection with any particular order in the reckoning of the septenary cycle; that the order adopted, was because of its national, and not on account of its universal significance; and that the "Lord of the Sabbath" was competent to make any change in the commencement of the cycle; the next inquiry will be whether there was cause for and an acquiescence in such change?

The "Lord of the Sabbath" came to the nation, whose deliverance from Egypt was commemorated by its observance, and they received him not. He would have gathered them in the arms of his love, but they would not. They rejected him; and consequently he rejected them. The nation, as a nation, ceased to be recognized as God's chosen people; and the national significance of the Sabbath ceased. But as to as many as received him, he gave them power to become the sons of God, and as his chosen people were to be thenceforth indiscriminately gathered from every land, the Sabbath still had a significance as expressed in the decalogue, and it was still to be observed—in commemoration of God's resting from all his works,—on such seventh day as the "Lord of the Sabbath" might designate.

In connection with its original meaning there was to be a greater event, than the escape from Egyptian bondage, for which a day would be needed to commemorate. The Jews crucified the "Lord of the Sabbath." While his crucifixion was hypocritically observing the day commemorative of their own deliverance, he was the tenant of the tomb. That day was not honored by his resurrection, but on the first day of the week he rose from the dead and became the first fruits of them that slept. Here was an event worthy of universal commemoration, and significant of the final resurrection of all the redeemed.

With the death of CHRIST, all those observances which typified his death ceased to be of any significance. But the Sabbath was no type of CHRIST, but of that rest which remains for the people of God, which is "of CHRIST." (Col. 2:17) and constitutes "the body" of which the Sabbath is a shadow. It not being a shadow of CHRIST, but of the rest which will be of him, its observance does not cease with his first advent, but with the coming of that rest which it foreshadows. That is still foreshadowed—the first Sabbath being commemorated by its observance, whether the seventh day for rest, is reckoned to fall on Saturday or on Sunday. But doubtless the Christians were censured for observing Sunday; and therefore the apostle speaks of the "blotting out of the hand writing of ordinances that was against us;" and he shows that we are not to be censured for not continuing to follow the Jews in their notions respecting those ordinances. The Sabbath had now ceased to be a Jewish ordinance and had become a Christian one, and must henceforth be kept on the day that would best commemorate the events for which it was instituted.

After this time we find no marked observance of the Jewish Sabbath. As apostolic practice is equally significant with apostolic precept, we find after this the recognition of "the Lord's day." It was the "first day" of the Jewish week, but was none the less the "seventh day," in succession after six days' labor. It being still the resting day at the close of a weekly cycle of seven, it still commemorated God's rest at the close of creation, and still foreshadows the millennial rest of the seventh chiliad.

It was on the first day of the week that the SAVIOUR twice honored his disciples by meeting with them. (John 20:19, 26.) It was honored as the "Lord's day," as the one in which JOHN, in the isle of Patmos being in Spirit was permitted a view

of his risen SAVIOUR. On the "first day of the week," the disciples came together to break bread, (Acts 20:7,) and on that day they laid by in store for their poorer brethren as the Lord of the Sabbath had prospered them. (1 Cor. 16:2.)

The first out-pouring of the Holy Spirit was on the Lord's day—the day of Pentecost being fifty days after the Passover, it fell that year on Sunday, which was thus honored by the Holy Spirit, as it had been before by the resurrection of CHRIST. These two great events, of more importance to the church than any national observance, and both being of universal interest, the day on which they occurred is clearly indicated by the providence of God, as the day to be observed by all Christians, as their day of rest.

In tracing back the history of the church to the resurrection of CHRIST we can find no period when it was not observed. No subsequent epoch is marked by its introduction. No era is distinguished as one marked by discussions respecting it, in which its observance was resisted as an innovation, as was the case with all additional rites imposed on the church during the rise of the papacy. And it is certain that the apostles and primitive fathers acted as if they understood that God had sanctioned a change in the reckoning of the week, so that its seventh day of rest should fall on what corresponded with the first day of the Jewish cycle. In proof of this the following testimonies will suffice.

MOSHEIM says: "In the first century all Christians were unanimous in setting apart the first day of the week, on which the SAVIOUR arose from the dead, for the solemn celebration of public worship. This pious custom, which was derived from the church in Jerusalem was founded upon the express appointment of the apostles, who themselves consecrated that day to the same sacred purpose; and it was observed universally, as appears from the united testimony of the most credible writers. . . . The seventh day was also observed as a festival, not by Christians in general, but by such churches as were principally composed of Jewish converts."—vol. 1, p. 45.

IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 101, who lived contemporary with the apostle JOHN, only about half a dozen years after his death, says: "Let us (Christians) no more sabbatize,"—that is, keep the seventh day, as the Jews did,—but let us keep the Lord's day. . . . Let every one that loves CHRIST keep holy the Lord's day, the queen of days, the resurrection day, the highest of all days."

THEOPHILUS, Bishop of Antioch, about, A. D. 162, says: "Both custom and reason challenge from that we should honor the Lord's day, seeing on that day it was that our Lord JESUS completed his resurrection from the dead."

IRENEUS, Bishop of Lyons, a disciple of POLYCARP, who had been the companion of the apostles, A. D. 167, says, that the Lord's day was the Christian Sabbath. His words are, "On the Lord's day every one of us Christians keep the Sabbath, meditating on the law, and rejoicing in the works of God."

DIONYSIUS, who lived in the time of IRENEUS, in writing to the Romans, A. D. 170, says: "We celebrate the Lord's day;" and he informs them that epistles of CLEMENT, their late bishop, were read in the church at Corinth, "while they were keeping the Lord's day holy."

CLEMENT, of Alexandria, A. D. 192, says: "A Christian, according to the command of the gospel, observes the Lord's day, thereby glorifying the resurrection of the Lord." And again he says: "The Lord's day is the eighth day;" that is, according to the reckoning, on the day that came next after the Jewish Sabbath, viz., the first day of the week.

TERTULLIAN, about the same time, says: "The Lord's day is the holy day of the Christian Church." "We have nothing to do with the Sabbath,"—that is, the Jewish Sabbath. "The Lord's day is the Christian's solemnity."

BARNABAS, who lived in the apostolic age, says: "We (Christians) keep the eighth day,"—that is, the first day of the week—"as a joyful holy day, on which day, also, JESUS arose from the dead."

PLINY, the younger, who was governor of Bithynia, A. D. 107, not ten years after the death of the apostle JOHN, writing to the Emperor TRAJAN, says: "They"—the Christians—"were accustomed on a stated day to meet before daylight, and to repeat hymns to CHRIST, as to a god, and to bind themselves by a sacred obligation, not to commit any wickedness, but on the contrary, to abstain from thefts, robberies, and adulteries; also, not to violate their promise or deny a pledge; after which it was their custom to separate, and meet again at a promiscuous and harmless meal"—that is, for the celebration of the Lord's supper.

What "stated day" that was may be learned from the foregoing testimony, and from the writings of the apostle PAUL.

Hence the fact, that their persecutors, when they wished to know whether men were Christians, were accustomed to put to them this question, viz., "Hast thou kept the Lord's day?" If they had, they were Christians. This was the badge of their Christiani-

ty, in distinction from Jews and Pagans. And if they said they had, and would not recant, they must be put to death. And what, when they continued steadfast, was their answer?—"I am a Christian; I cannot omit it."

JUSTIN MARTYR, in his "Apology for the Christians," addressed to the Emperor ANTONINUS, A. D. 147, gives the following account of the practice of Christians in his day: "On the day called Sunday, there is a meeting in one place of all the Christians that live in either the town or in the country; and the memoirs of the apostles,—that is, their memoirs, as is supposed, of the SAVIOUR, in the four gospels,—or the writings of the prophets, are read to them as long as is suitable. When the reader stops, the president pronounces an admonition, and exhorts to an imitation of those noble examples; after which we arise and begin to pray."—*Apol.* 1, chap. 67. He then describes the celebration of the Lord's supper, and the collection which was taken up for the poor: and closes by mentioning several reasons why they selected that day of the week for public worship.

AMBROSE, Bishop of Milan, says: "The Lord's day is sacred or consecrated by the resurrection of CHRIST."

AUGUSTINE says: "The Lord's day was by the resurrection declared to Christians; and from that very time it began to be celebrated as the Christian festival."

ATHANASIUS says: "The Lord transferred the Sabbath to the Lord's day."

EUSEBIUS was the great historian of the ancient Church. He lived in the third century, was a man of vast reading, and was well acquainted with the history of the Church from the days of the apostles as any man of his day. Till he was about forty years old, he lived in great intimacy with the martyr PAMPHILUS, a learned and pious man of Caesarea, and founder of a very extensive library, to which EUSEBIUS had constant access. He was a learned and accurate historian, and had the aid of the best helps for acquiring information upon all subjects connected with the Christian Church. In his *Commentary on the Psalms* he says: "On each day of our SAVIOUR'S resurrection, which is called Lord's day, we may see those who partake of that consecrated food, and that body (of CHRIST) which has saving efficacy, after the eating of it, bowing down to him."

"I think that he (the Psalmist) describes the morning assemblies in which we (Christians) are accustomed to assemble throughout the world."—Again he says: "Service is performed very early, and every morning of the resurrection day throughout the whole world." And again, after observing that the sabbatical law was addressed to the Jews, and that they often violated it, he says: "The Word (CHRIST), by the new covenant, translated and transferred the feast of the Sabbath to the morning light, and gave us the true rest, viz., the saving Lord's day; the first (day) of the light, in which the SAVIOUR of the world, after all his labors among men, obtained the victory over death, and passed the portals of heaven, having achieved a work superior to the six days' creation."

"The Scripture teaches that we are to spend the Lord's day in leisure for religious exercises, and in cessation and vacation from all bodily and mortal works—which the Scripture calls Sabbath and rest."

And again: "On this (Lord's) day, which is the first of light and of the true Sun, we assemble, after an interval of six days, and celebrate holy and spiritual Sabbaths,—even all nations redeemed by him throughout the world."

"And all things whatsoever, that it was the duty to do on the Sabbath,"—meaning the Jewish seventh day—"these we have transferred to the Lord's day, as more appropriately belonging to it, because it had a precedence, and is first in rank, and more honorable than the Jewish Sabbath."

THEODORET, speaking of the Ebonites, a party of Judaizing Christians, says: "They keep the Sabbath according to the Jewish law, and sanctify the Lord's day in like manner as we do."—*Harat. Fab.* 2, 1. "This," says Prof. STUART, "gives a good historical view of the state of things in the early ages of the Church. The zealots for the law wished the Jewish Sabbath to be observed as well as the Lord's day; for about the latter there appears never to have been any questions among any class of Christians, so far as I have been able to discover.—The early Christians, one and all of them, hold the first day of the week to be sacred."

Dr. CUMMING, in his *Apocalyptic Sketches*, says: "The Sabbath was observed by apostolic precept and apostolic example not upon the seventh, but upon the first day of the week." Again he says: "We find that immediately after the resurrection of JESUS, converts from the Jewish religion observed both the Saturday and the Sunday, though the Gentile converts unanimously observed only the first day of the week."

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame, a flatterer. Johnson.

"PROVE ALL THINGS."

BY J. C. RYLE.

"Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."—1 Thess. 5:21.

Reader, You live in days when the text before your eyes is one of the first importance. The truths it contains are especially truths for the times. Give me your attention for a few minutes, and I will try to show you what I mean.

There were three great doctrines or principles which won the battle of the Protestant Reformation. These were:—first, the sufficiency and supremacy of holy Scripture;—secondly, the right of private judgment;—and thirdly, justification by faith only, without the deeds of the law.

These three principles were the keys of the whole controversy between the Reformers and the Church of Rome. Keep firm hold of them when you argue with a Roman Catholic, and your position is unassailable;—no weapon that the Church of Rome can forge against you shall prosper. Give up any of them, and your cause is lost. Like SAMSON with his hair shorn, your strength is gone. Like the Spartans betrayed at Thermopylae, you are out-flanked and surrounded. Resistance is useless. Sooner or later you will have to lay down your arms, and surrender at discretion.

Remember this. The Roman Catholic controversy is upon you once more. You must put on the old armor, if you would not have your faith overthrown. The sufficiency of the holy Scripture,—the right of private judgment,—justification by faith only,—these are the three great principles to which you must always cling. Grasp them firmly, and never let them go.

Reader, one of the great principles to which I have referred appears to me to stand forth in the verse of Scripture which heads this article,—I mean the right of private judgment. I wish to say something to you about that principle.

The Holy Ghost by the mouth of St. PAUL says to us, "Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good." In these words you have two great truths.

I. The right, duty, and necessity of private judgment. "Prove all things."

II. The duty and necessity of keeping firm hold upon truth. "Hold fast that which is good."

I propose to dwell a little on both these heads.

I. Let me speak first, of the right, duty, and necessity of private judgment.

When I say the right of private judgment, I mean that every individual Christian has a right to judge for himself by the word of God, whether that which is put before him as religious truth is God's truth, or is not.

When I say the duty of private judgment, I mean that God requires every Christian man to use the right of which I have spoken;—to compare man's words and man's writings with God's revelation, and make sure that he is not deluded and taken in by false teaching.

And when I say the necessity of private judgment, I mean,—that it is absolutely needful for every Christian who loves his soul, and would not be deceived, to exercise that right, and discharge that duty, to which I have referred; seeing that experience shows that the neglect of private judgment has always been the cause of immense evils in the church of CHRIST.

Now the apostle PAUL urges all these three points upon your notice when he uses those remarkable words, "Prove all things." I ask your particular attention to that expression. In every point of view it is most weighty and instructive.

Here, you will remember, the apostle PAUL is writing to the Thessalonians,—to a church which he himself had founded. Here is an inspired apostle writing to young inexperienced Christians,—writing to the whole professing church in a certain city, containing laity as well as clergy,—writing, too, with especial reference to matters of doctrine and preaching, as we know by the verse preceding the text, "despise not prophesyings." And yet mark what he says: "Prove all things."

He does not say, "Whatsoever apostles,—whatsoever evangelists, pastors, and teachers,—whatsoever your bishops,—whatsoever your ministers tell you is truth, that you are to believe." No! he says, "Prove all things." He does not say, "whatsoever the universal church pronounces true, that you are to hold." No! he says, "Prove all things."

The principle laid down is this, "Prove all things by the word of God:—all ministers, all teaching, all preaching, all doctrines, all sermons, all writings, all opinions, all practices,—prove all by the word of God. Measure all by the measures of the Bible.—Compare all with the standard of the Bible.—Examine all by the light of the Bible.—Test all in the crucible of the Bible.—That which can abide the fire of the Bible, receive, hold, believe, and obey. That which cannot abide the fire of the Bible, reject, refuse, repudiate, and cast away."

Reader, this is private judgment. This is the right you are to exercise if you love your soul. You are not to believe things in religion, merely because they are said by Popes or Cardinals,—by Bishops or

Priests,—by Presbyters or Deacons,—by Churches, Councils, or Synods,—by Fathers, Puritans, or Reformers. You are not to argue, "Such and such things must be true, because these men say so." You are not to do so. You are to prove all things by the word of God.

I know such doctrine sounds shocking in some men's ears. But I write it down advisedly, and believe it cannot be disproved. I want to encourage no man in ignorant presumption or ignorant contempt. I praise not the man who seldom reads his Bible and sets himself to pick holes in his minister's sermons. I praise not the man who knows nothing but a few texts in the New Testament, and yet undertakes to settle questions in divinity which have puzzled God's wisest children. But still I hold with Bishop BILSON (A. D. 1575), that "all hearers have both liberty to discern and a charge to beware of seducers; and woe to them that do it not." And I say with Bishop DAVENANT (A. D. 1627), "we are not to believe all who undertake to teach the church: but must take care and weigh with serious examination, whether their doctrine be sound or not."

Reader, men may dislike the doctrine of private judgment, but there is no doubt that it is continually taught in the word of God.

This is the principle laid down in the eighth chapter of Isaiah, 19th verse. These words were written, remember, at a time when God was more immediately king over his church, and had more direct communication with it than he has now. They were written at a time when there were men upon earth who had direct revelations from God. Yet what does ISAIAH say? "When they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? to the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." If this be not private judgment, what is it?

This again is the principle laid down by our Lord JESUS CHRIST in the sermon on the Mount. Remember what he says:—"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruit."—Matt. 7:15. How is it possible that men shall know these false prophets, except they exercise their private judgment as to what their fruits are?

This is the practice you find commended in the Bereans in the Acts of the Apostles. They did not take the apostle PAUL's word for granted, when he came to preach to them. You are told, that they "searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so;" "therefore," it is said, "many of them believed."—Acts 17:11, 12. What was this again but private judgment?

This is the spirit of the advice given in 1 Cor. 10:15: "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say;" and in Col. 2:8: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit;" and in 1 John 4:1: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God;" and in 2 John 10: "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not unto your house." If these passages do not recommend the use of private judgment, I do not know what words mean. To my mind they seem to say to every individual Christian, "Prove all things."

Reader, whatever men may say against private judgment, you may depend it cannot be neglected without immense danger to your soul. You may not like it, but you never know what you may come to, if you refuse to use it. No man can say into what depths of false doctrine you may be drawn, if you will not do what God requires of you, and "prove all things."

Suppose that in fear of private judgment, you resolve to believe whatever the church believes. Where is your security against error? The church is not infallible. There was a time when almost the whole of Christendom embraced the Arian heresy, and did not acknowledge the Lord JESUS CHRIST to be equal with the Father in all things. There was a time before the Reformation, when the darkness over the face of Europe was a darkness that might be felt. The general councils of the church are not infallible. When the whole church is gathered together in a general council, what says our 21st article? "They may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained by them to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of holy Scripture." The particular branches of the church are not infallible. Any one of them may err. Many of them have fallen foully, or have been swept away. Where is the church of Ephesus at this day? Where the church of Sardis at the present time? Where the church of Hippo in Africa? Where the church of Carthage? They are all gone! not a vestige of any of them is left. Will you then be content to err merely because the Church errs? Will your company be any excuse for your error? Will your erring in company with the Church remove your responsibility for your own soul? Oh! reader,

it were surely a thousand times better for a man to stand alone, than to err in company with the Church, and be lost. It were better to prove all things, and go to heaven, than to say, "I dare not think for myself," and go to hell.

But suppose, that, to cut matters short, you resolve to believe whatever your minister believes. Once more I ask, Where is your safety?—Where is your security? Ministers are not infallible, any more than churches. All of them have not the Spirit of God. The very best of them are only men. Call us bishops, priests, deacons, or whatever names you please, we are all earthen vessels. I speak not merely of Popes, who have promulgated awful superstitions, and led abominable lives. I would rather point to the best of Protestants and say, "beware of looking upon them as infallible,—beware of thinking of any man (whoever that man may be) that he cannot err." LUTHER held consubstantiation:—that was a mighty error. ZWINGLIUS, the Swiss Reformer, went out to battle, and died in the fight:—that was a mighty error. CALVIN, the Geneva Reformer, advised the burning of SERVETUS:—that was a mighty error.—CRANMER and RIDLEY urged the putting of HOOPER in prison because of some trifling dispute about vestments:—that was a mighty error. WHITGIFT persecuted the Puritans:—that was a mighty error. WESLEY and TOPLADY in the last century quarrelled fiercely about Calvinism:—that was a mighty error. All these things are warnings, if you will only take them. All say, "Cease ye from man." All show us that if a man's religion hangs on ministers, whoever they may be, and not on the word of God, it hangs on a broken reed. Never make ministers Popes. Follow us so far as we follow CHRIST, but not a hair's breadth farther. Believe whatever we can show you out of the Bible, but do not believe a single word more. Neglect the duty of private judgment, and you may find, to your cost, the truth of what WHITBY says, "The best of overseers do sometimes make oversights." You may live to experience the truth of what the Lord said to the Pharisees, "When the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch." Reader, be very sure no man is safe against error, unless he acts on St. PAUL's injunction,—unless he "proves all things" by the word of God.—(To be continued.)

TRANSATLANTIC CONFLAGRATION.

The last English papers give an account of a fire, which must be interesting to those who are acquainted with the localities over which it swept. The drought of the season was remarkable, and in Scotland and the northern parts of England, the moors were as dry as tinder. From the practice of burning the heather in the spring for the purpose of obtaining a crop of tender herbage on the sheep farms, the fire was occasioned, and when started it swept over the country with a power perfectly unmanageable. Says the London Globe:

In some parts a man on horseback could scarcely have kept pace with the fierce march of the fire. It seized the dry twig-like arms of the heather—blazed up and on a roaring storm of fire—realizing to the full the wild pictures drawn by the American novelist, Cooper, of a prairie in flames. Seen in the darkness of a moonless night, with great masses of dark wall rocks rising above the crackling flames which shoot along their base, now ceased a moment, and fanned by a passing breath of wind, again blazed, roaring up—the scene was well likened to a siege by night of some strongly fortified town.

The fire was not confined to the dry heather and grass on the moorland; several corn and grass fields and some valuable meadows have been burned up. A considerable quantity of old peas in stacks were consumed; and there has been a serious destruction of game, especially of grouse now hatching their eggs. The flames sometimes spread more rapidly than a man could run, and the poor birds, sitting instinctively on their nests, were roasted to death. Of the woods destroyed in the highlands, the principal were the Farr Woods, the property of Col. Mackintosh, and a forest on the hill of Lochordie, six miles north of Dunkeld, more than a mile of which was swept away, and the reflection of the flames was seen fifty miles off.

Extensive tracts of the moorlands and mosses in South Lancashire and Cheshire were also devastated. Half a mile of forest belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, and two large plantations and the Rainford and the Bickerstaff game preserves, belonging to the Earl of Derby, were destroyed. The damage done to the property of the latter nobleman was very large. On Lindon moss a cottage and homestead was destroyed, and with it all the furniture and a cow. In Westmoreland, the property destroyed has been very great. The house and outbuildings of a farmer, named Dennison, at Whasset, were burned to the ground, and bonds to the value of £1,000 were destroyed with the furniture. On Shap Fells, a great number of sheep and lambs were burnt.

All the accounts agree in stating that there has been an immense destruction of game: sitting partridges and pheasants have been burned upon their nests, it being, in many cases, found impossible to scare them from their young; and the hares were seen in several instances, in great numbers together, screaming in anguish as the flames approached and consumed them. In Huntingdonshire, there was also a fearful conflagration, extending over lands to the distance of six miles, and with a breadth varying from half a mile to a mile. It destroyed hundreds, nay, thousands of acres of growing wheat, oats, potatoes,

and other spring sown produce, besides hundreds of thousands of turf, piled for fuel, and for sale in the metropolis and elsewhere.

THE CURSE OF FRANCE.

REV. LEON PILLATTE, at a public meeting in London in May, said:—"It has been said that Popery does not reign any more in France; and it is true that the people do not believe in Popery. More than ten years spent in the missionary career in France has shown me clearly, that Popery has lost its hold on the mind of the people—that it has fallen below the level of the public conscience. But there is something worse, if possible, than Popery, and that is, the moral stain which it leaves behind it when it departs from a nation. Sometimes it is the case, that a disease which attacks the body is not so bad as the effects which it leaves. I believe this is so frequently in typhus fever. And let me say, the typhus is far from being so bad a thing physically as Popery is morally. We are not Roman Catholics now as a nation; but Popery has made us what we now are. We have not yet washed away the mud with which it has covered us. My language is perhaps strong when I speak of Popery; but it is far from being so strong as my feelings about it. I was once held in the chains of Popery. I remember it. I have been under the grinding, iron rule of the priests. But my soul has escaped from the net of this destroyer of souls, and I am therefore authorized, perhaps, to speak of Popery as an accursed system, which has made France a nation of infidels."

My experience as a man has been very much like the experience of the nation itself. When a child, I was sent to the priests as to the highest Divine authority which was to teach me my duty. I went, listened to them, bowed before them, and believed everything. But I could not help reading, thinking, hearing, talking, looking about me, and seeing what was going on in the world; and when I detected falsehood in Popery, and not thinking that Christianity was different from Popery, but believing that Christianity and Popery was all the same thing, I gave up Popery and Christianity too, and became a thorough infidel. This is the history also of the French nation. When a child, France fell into the hands of the priests, receiving Popery instead of Christianity, and grew up in it; but the nation has detected falsehood in Popery, and given it up altogether; and, guided by VOLTAIRE and the Encyclopedists, become a nation of infidels. What do we want? The gospel! (Cheers.) Of revolution we have had enough—indeed, too much. In these fierce struggles much of the best blood of France has been shed, and the noblest hearts have been broken. Of glory in industry and the fine arts, we have had plenty. It is generally the share of heathen nations to have such glory also. The Greeks had plenty of it. Of military glory we have had enough—too much. I hate it, and cannot bear the thought of it. What do we want, then? We want the gospel. Oh, I wish I could communicate to every heart in this assembly the desire which I feel in my own to have the gospel preached throughout France.

THE CHRISTIAN.—The real Christian is the only prudent man. He has laid up in store for the winter of the grave. He has sown for eternity. He looks through all the future and provides for it all. He sees the evils that are before him, and from all of them hides himself in Christ. He is prepared to die, to be judged, and to be glorified. The presence of Christ will be with him in death—the righteousness of Christ upon him at the judgment, and the Spirit of Christ is sanctifying him for glory. He may have no treasure on earth; and no matter if he has not, he is only passing rapidly over it: and if he had, he could not take it with him.—But in heaven, his goal, his home, he has a treasure. It is where he is to be—where he will want it—where he can use it. This is the prudent man. Mark him. Imitate him.

THE ARAB IN THE DESERT.—An Arab had lost his way in the desert, and was in danger of dying from hunger and thirst. After straying about for a long time, he found one of the cisterns, or water-pits, out of which the camels of the traveller drink, and a little leather bag lying upon the ground. "God be praised," said he, as he took it up to examine; "they are undoubtedly dates or nuts; and how I will quicken and refresh myself with them!" In this sweet hope he quickly opened the bag, saw what it contained, and exclaimed in great sadness, "Ah! they are only pearls!"

A just and reasonable modesty does not only commend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies: like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colors more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.



## CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

BY O. R. FASSETT.

"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psa. 23:1-4.

(Concluded from our last.)

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," or "pastures of tender grass" (margin.) O how delightful the thought! His people and the sheep of his pasture he will bring to the enjoyment of that "new world where all is fair," where the ever green grass shall as a rich and beautiful carpet be spread over it forever; where perennial spring, with its lively and thrilling scenes, will be seen and enjoyed in a world without end.

"O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

"There generous fruit that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow."

"He leadeth me." Not only shall we see our Redeemer there, and enjoy the rich and unspeakable pleasure of conversing with him in that world of blessedness and light; but there, too, we shall walk with him. He will go forth at the head, and in the midst of his flock, to enjoy the refreshing, invigorating air, and animating scenes of "the new earth, paradise." We will range those blissful fields together with him. "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. 7:13-17.

"Beside the still waters." Those quiet and unagitated streams and rivers that intersperse and flow through the valleys of the new earth. No boisterous seas or impetuous torrents are there! no floods, nor fearful dashing billows to destroy the lives and property of its peaceful and quiet inhabitants! No swift and roaring cataracts pouring their swelling and impetuous waters over rugged and fearful precipices! but there the still waters glide and flow smoothly and gently along, making "glad the city of our God," and the countries of the redeemed.

"He restoreth my soul." When forfeited, lost, and lost forever as it were, "he restoreth" it! He reclaims it, rescues it from under the curse of the law, from the grasp of death, from the power of the grave! He restoreth it to its original purity and perfection as in Adam before the fall, when he stood up in the majesty and image of his God, the Lord of creation. Says David, "Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell." "Thou shalt redeem my soul from the power of the grave," and hence he could say, "My flesh shall rest in hope."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Here is language showing his confidence and trust, his triumph of faith in view of the darkest hour of conflict which the Christian is called to pass through. Hope cheers him even here, when the darkest cloud that hides the future shuts down upon him in the blackness of night!

This world in its present state might be justly considered but "the valley of the shadow of death"—for what is it but one of sorrow and death! We walk amid graves, and graveyards, the dying and the dead! Our kindred lie mouldering in dust, others are wasting by disease, and must soon pass away. Sorrow and mourning fill up the history in our world, and has for near six thousand years. But the language is more expressive of real and actual death—the tomb and the grave. Thus says Job, "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." Here he has reference, no doubt, to the grave, but he proceeds: "A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and when the light is as darkness."—Job 10:21, 22. What a description of the tomb and the grave! It is indeed "a land of darkness, as darkness itself." No light

there, the light of day is excluded: it is the blackness of night, where the "light is as darkness," and "without any order." How true! see the pallid and sunken cheek, the closed eye, the failing breath! see the mould, the worm and corruption!—see the loosened joints and scattered bones! what a wreck of what was once beauty and form! But now, alas, all is confusion and disorder—no arrangement, nor symmetry, or proportion there. Yet says David, "Though I walk" down in that dark valley, "I will fear no evil." What a triumph and victory of faith is this. I imagine the figure illustrative of this is something like the following: He, like a traveler on a pilgrimage, is passing down a declivity from the high lands above, where the rays of the setting sun still shine and give light; as he passes down into the deep valley below, the rays of the sun are more and more excluded, until at last, when he has made his full descent, the blackness of night overtakes him, and he is lost amid the surrounding darkness. So it is as we draw nearer and still nearer death and the grave. But David could say in view of this, "I will fear no evil" when I go down into that dark valley.

"Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." It was the promise of God and his oath in confirmation, upon which he leaned. He had "hope in his death," and that was of final deliverance when "the Son of Righteousness should arise with healing in his wings," and when light should break from the eastern horizon and light up that dark valley. "My flesh shall rest in hope." "Thou shalt redeem my soul from the power of the grave." "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness."—Psa. 17:15.

"For thou art with me." How pleasing and heart-cheering is the reflection, that Jehovah is omniscient and omnipresent, that he is everywhere taking cognizance of every minute circumstance, and that his eye watches over the very dust of his people, and that he has given the assurance that not a hair of their head shall perish. David could entrust himself into the hands of his Redeemer, though he knew that he must decay, die, and his dust commingle with its mother earth. The Shepherd of Israel, who never sleeps nor slumbers, now knows where lies the dust of him who uttered the sentiment of the text, though he has long since, many centuries, yea, near three thousand years, been mouldering and passing away. David knew that though he should thus die and be consigned in dust, yet that his Redeemer and Lord would still live and live forever, and would preserve and ultimately raise him from the grave; here was his trust. "My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure forever. . . . Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."—Psa. 102:11, 12, 27. So could Job entrust himself into the hands of him who has since declared himself to be "the resurrection and the life," and has since said, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. 1:18. "For," says Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job 19:25, 26. Here is faith and a joyful trust and confidence in God. And though this ancient man of God has long slumbered in the ground, yet his hope is not lost, nor is he forgotten. "The Lord will raise him up at the last day." The prophet Isaiah had the same faith of assurance when contemplating the same scene, and when called to die a martyr's death, for he says: "Thy dead shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew shall be as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."—Isa. 26:19.

IMPROVEMENT.—Let us as the people of God cultivate the same confidence and trust in our Redeemer, and exercise all faith in him as our great Shepherd and deliverer. He will supply us with all things necessary for us in the present life. God has promised "a hundred fold" here "with persecutions," and "in the world to come life everlasting." Let us be grateful for his past and present care and faithfulness, and trust in him in the future conflicts of life, and if called like those that have gone before us, to "pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death," let us "fear no evil," but entrust ourselves into His care who is "the resurrection and the life," and has the "keys of hell and of death," and who has said, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death."—Hosea 13:14.

The sinner sees from this discourse that there is here an experience that he has not yet attained, and which he greatly needs. He is harassed with present care and anxiety, and he looks upon the future with fearful forebodings. Death is a gloomy and sad place, for he sees no hope to cheer and light up its dark domain; and a coming judgment is a day of fearful terror, for he is not prepared to meet it. Oh

that such would hasten to Christ and hide under the covert of his wing, and then they will be sheltered and protected from every fearful gathering storm, and brought at last to the enjoyment of that pure world where sin and sorrow, sickness and death, can never enter. "They which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more; for they are equal to the angels: and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

## THE RELIGION OF CHRIST AND THAT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We live in a truly wonderful age, we have a great resurrection of old, dead, and exploded errors, both in the church, which ought to be "the pillar of truth," and in the scientific world. I need not specify, or particularize, much less enumerate, as every keen observer of the times, and every true admirer of undisguised truth will understand my allusion. These old errors in this new life are becoming very proud, and perverted science very popular; so much so, that in many places truth is driven away, or is even stricken down in our streets and churches. Falsehood clothes herself in the garb of truth, and religion itself, in a form of mere earthly aggrandizement, pomp, and formula, is becoming one enormous lie.

The subject of our piece is a theme which at the present time is engaging the attention of many minds, and well it may, for there is evidently a wide gulf between the religion of Christ and the religion of Christians who are proud, intolerant or self-indulgent. True Christians believe that the world is to be saved by *Christianity*, not by *churchianity*; by *realities*, not by *forms* and empty shadows; by simplicity, not by splendid churches, soft seats, and precise preachers. They know and feel that truth is from God, and can be found pure only in his word; they don't want to take any mere man's divinity. But that is not the case with our fashionable Christians; away they run, one and all, after human names, and thus they become mere exponents of other men's ideas; and moreover they will tell men "that they cannot be converted, except they become recipients of the same second-hand ideas as themselves!" Is this carrying out the Saviour's command to "search the Scriptures?" Search the Scriptures, and find the truth, not make a system of theology, and then go to the Bible and choose such parts as will give it the appearance of truth. If I wanted to study astronomy, or contemplate the heavens, should I look directly to the skies, or should I retire to some mountain lake, and study in the reflection thrown into its bosom? Would you? I think you would not, and that for the same reason that I should give, viz., that if even the lake was clear and pellucid, and the night very still, yet it is subject to accidents; and the slightest breath of wind might ruffle its surface, or some object might obscure the crystal clearness of its waters; and I should never have the image of truth. The stars would seem double and dim, the planets would tremble, and lose their brightness; and moreover, I should not have much credit for my astronomical knowledge, because if I spent my whole life in such investigations I should not have a true system. But suppose I was a student, and was studying that science for a diploma, and studied after that fashion; when I came for an examination, would not the professors laugh at both me and my system, and send me away without one, to learn wisdom by my folly?

We are studying religion here for eternity; and if we look to men for our system of truth, we may, and it is nearly certain we shall, see things double and dim; and when we come to be examined at that great examination, we may be laughed at when "our fear cometh," and sent away to suffer throughout eternity the remorse of conscience for having been such fools! Oh let us contemplate the form of religion, of truth in its native brightness, as is manifest in Christ; for what can it avail us to study truth in the obscurity of men's lives, in a dim, turbid reflection, in the troubled waters of a fashionable religion. Not that our great theologians are not good men,—they are; but Christ tells us to "search the Scriptures," and Paul warns us by the example of those who, "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise."—2 Cor. 10:12. Common sense tells us, that if we come into the habit of looking at the religion of Christ through a medium, or rather at the reflection in it, no matter how pure that medium may be, we shall soon lose the sense of its native power and glory. We shall be filled with a sickly, stunted, dwarf-like, superstitious theology, instead of the free, noble, healthful growth of the Scriptures.

What can Christians of the present day be thinking about that they are content to be so "lean," and feed on "husks," when there is "enough and to spare," in our "Father's house;" what can possess ministers that they practice this spiritual quackery on such a big scale, "healing the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly;" "crying peace, peace,

when there is no peace to those out of Christ?" This certainly is, so far as we are concerned, putting off to a more distant period the real prevalence of Christ's kingdom among us, and rendering the redemption of mankind from sin a thousand times more difficult and uncertain.

If we have the religion of Christ we shall "mount up on wings as eagles," we shall soar even above the lightnings of the tempest into the pure empyrean; but if we are content, and preach on other men's ideas of religion, we shall find ourselves in a prison of "systematic theology"—our wings will be clipped, we shall be degraded to that system, and we shall be, like thousands more in our churches, soiled with the bars of our prison, ever doubting, plodding, care-worn, self-seeking. Christ says, "These things have I spoken to you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

Yet in our short lives how many Bible Christians, in the strict sense of the word, shall we find? How many open, noble, trusting, cheerful, independent, heavenly, self-forgetting spirits among men? God knows how many, I don't. In all my journeyings and travels I found a "few," and they were very "far between." There is a glory and a power, a beauty and a depth of blessedness in the joy which Christ spoke of, but how seldom do we see it realized. And yet it is the only description of piety we have in the New Testament; this is the religion—the angelic experience which Christ intended, and the apostles believed was to fill the world. The experience of Christ's own joy is the only true offspring of Christ's own words, studied in all its native power and glory. And truly if all professing Christians had this experience, and lived in it, and upon it, the light and brilliancy of such religion would fill the world. This is the power of God's word to salvation, and no man ever believed and realized its living truths and felt otherwise,—that would be impossible, from their nature. Christ's religion is to live in and upon God's word; modern religion is to know about it; but all the biblical knowledge in the world will not strengthen the spirit. In short, we need a new baptism from heaven in the faith which appreciates the power of divine truth, and sees and feels its reality. If we had this faith we should be very different creatures. Any one of the great truths revealed in God's word, distinctly seen, and fully believed and appreciated, would change the whole character. It would possess the mind, enlist all the faculties; it would lift the soul from earth to heaven. Baptized into its power as a spiritual element, it would raise us above the fear of man, and the temptations of the world; make us insensible to fatigue, we should be ever ready for the "labor of love." That ought to be our spiritual existence, a powerful, practical life, and not a mere barren speculation.

The apostle Paul was a Christian of the first order, and a bright example for us; and why? simply because he saw and felt the truths of the gospel. He had a lively and spiritual sense of God's word, his mind was arrested and unchained beneath its influence, and he acted with an exhaustless energy for the salvation of his fellow beings. But Christians of the nineteenth century, they fall into a genteel lukewarmness—they get into a spiritual sleep—they dream of their richness in self-acquired virtues, they imagine that they are clad in a wedding garment, ready to meet the Saviour at his coming, when the awfully solemn fact is, they are sleeping in poverty, in rags, in nakedness. Ye men who "handle the word," "ambassadors of Christ," we charge you in his name, do your duty, clear your skirts of blood, arouse them if possible, by the apocalyptic call, "Repent," for the day of Christ is at hand. Let your minds be absorbed with one idea, and that the cross of Christ. If the world should think you mad, never mind, they said that Christ had a devil. Oh that we were all thus mad!—that we were thus transfigured with power and glory—that we had the wings of a seraph, the freedom and swiftness of a celestial nature. This is our privilege, and although it might darken the world to us, yet it would let floods of rapturous, heavenly light into our souls; we should see things in their true light, this world and its vanities would appear as such, and consequently have no weight with us. If Christians were to do this, we should have a new reformation, and we need it as much as in the days of Luther; there is the same anti-christ, and he feeds and lives by the hiding, corruption, ignorance, and inexperience of God's word. Do this and live, do it and the spirit of Romanism and formalism *must* die; they could no more stand against the powerful fire of the spirit of God's word, than the dead leaves in our forests can resist a mighty conflagration. No longer use the word of God merely as an external lamp to guide us in the path of duty; but as an inward fountain of light inciting us to the "labor of love." "Search the Scriptures." It is not what any man has felt, that can constitute power in our souls, but what the Spirit of God teaches us to feel—makes us to feel. We may have seen trees remain standing in the for-

est, long after they are inwardly and completely dead and rotten, solely by the strength and thickness of their bark; and just so a strong envelope of forms, with the "odor of sanctity," inherited from some great name, may keep the Christian and the church in the position of life long after the spirit has departed. Shall this reproach never be from the Scriptures, that they boast a power the world has never seen exerted? Do we expect the millennium, and is this imperfect, crude, sorrowful, uninviting, world-conforming religion, to be the realization of Christ's righteousness on earth? No! you believe that the religion of Christ will prevail—the Bible says it; then act the religion of Christ.

WILLIAM D. SANDS.

**INSTRUMENTALITIES FOR THE SPREAD OF TRUTH.**

BY J. W. BONHAM.

It is not so easy as some may imagine to travel from place to place, and sound the warning, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" and although the work is glorious, there are many obstacles and discouragements connected therewith. Imagine yourself a hearer of this message, travelling from city to city, and from town to town, alone, with no settled home or certain resting-place; in some of which you may, perchance, be viewed as an impostor, be looked on with suspicion, and pointed at as you pass along the streets. Or, if you please, entering a populous city, with its magnificent dwellings, wealthy inhabitants, commodious churches, with their lofty towers, pointing to the skies, and overflowing congregations; but with every pulpit door closed against you, and but few apparently desirous to hear the truth. Even lecture rooms, open for nearly every other purpose, unless the proprietor be a lover of money, and feels unwilling to lose the amount he may receive for their use, may, on some occasions, be closed against you. When you succeed in obtaining a suitable place, you must advertise, and issue bills announcing the subjects, and invite people to attend and listen to a theme in which the majority take but little or no delight.

What feelings crowd upon the mind, when you feel that you are alone, and have to commence a series of lectures on subjects the most important to a mixed congregation, the majority of whose minds may, for a time, be prejudiced. When you consider that, to be faithful, you must utter truths that will clash with their various opinions, and show the unscripturalness of theories, that have become as popular to the worldling as to the professor of religion—theories presented to the masses in the most attractive forms, and proclaimed by tongues the most eloquent and captivating.

While soliloquizing thus, feelings arise in the mind similar to those that may be experienced in a heathen land. But should he view the difficulties to be surmounted, and look simply at himself as the advocate of truths, which, although scriptural, yet unpopular; and the agent of a message of solemn warning, to be uttered in the ears of many, who will give no heed thereto, but reject it, he must feel sad, unless his self-esteem preponderates over his other faculties, and that his work appears as difficult as to attempt to roll back the flowing tide, hush the raging storm, obscure the lurid lightning's glare, or drown the rumbling thunder.

But then, the matter must not be wholly viewed in a human light, or the work as if to be accomplished by human greatness. For although many pulpit doors may be closed against you, lecture rooms refused, and heavily salaried, worldly-minded ministers block up your way, other pulpits will be opened, and other ministers will receive you cordially; and then, in addition, the truths we proclaim are Divine, our master, Christ, and the battle the Lord's. Jehovah frequently accomplishes his work by the use of the feeblest agency and instrumentalities, in order that he may have the glory. If we are weak, he is strong; if our message is unpopular, through his blessing it will accomplish all that God designed; and although some professors of religion may despise us, false brethren misrepresent us, and the obstacles in our way reach to the skies, through grace they may be surmounted. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

The doctrine of the Saviour's return is spreading in this country, in England, and in other parts of the world. All that is being accomplished is not being done by us, or under our auspices. God has various instrumentalities at work for the spread of his truth, and should we become extinct as a body, in consequence of unfaithfulness, the truth will live—the truth will have its faithful advocates.

All are familiar with some of the instrumentalities in active operation for the spread of the truth in this country. The valuable works and ably-written papers from the pen of D. N. Lord, have been extensively circulated in this country, and somewhat in England. They have been perused by ministers and individuals of influence whom we could, not reach, and have excited the attention of some to examine

the subject kept prominently in view, notwithstanding a short time since they looked upon the prophetic books as inexplicable mysteries. Many in the churches believe the truth, and cherish the "blessed hope," and, therefore, imagine not that in order to believe in the Advent near, it is absolutely necessary to sever ecclesiastical connections. Be not so narrow-minded as to imagine that there are no true believers in the Advent but those identified with us, and with whom we are acquainted.

The *Advent Herald* may be referred to as another efficient instrumentality, accomplishing considerable towards the spread of the truth of the Saviour's speedy, personal, and pre-millennial return; a paper conducted with ability, according to the conviction of competent judges. The *Herald* is not perused merely by Adventists, but by ministers and members of other denominations; and despite the malice of its enemies, and the crude notions of those who are ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of the truth, it exerts a due share of influence—an influence that such men cannot destroy nor counteract. True, they have tried to do so, but have most signally failed. The *Herald* is extensively circulated, and in some places produces a more salutary effect than the voice of the preacher; while, on the other hand, it reaches many places and families where preachers cannot go, or gain access if they could.

I will not, however, dwell longer on the means used for the spread of the truth in this country, nor spend time in referring particularly to those ministers of other denominations who cherish and proclaim the theme which is so dear to us; but we would not forget that such are in existence.

But may I not claim your indulgence, while I advert to the spread of the truth in England, and the machinery in operation there? It is true, that when I think of England, and how the best of causes has been trodden under foot and ruined by the fanaticism and misconduct of reckless men, my heart feels sad, and thoughts of gloom pervade my mind. In certain places interesting gatherings of brethren and sisters have been broken up, and with but few exceptions, churches, as far as they were identified with us, have to a certain extent become extinct, through the promulgation of strange doctrines, and the inconsistent conduct of their advocates. But I will not recriminate. Even there, as well as here, there is a bright side, and a few remain who are faithful and continue to look for the Lord.

During the few past years the subject of the speedy Millennial Advent of the Saviour, and accompanying events, has excited much attention in England. About eleven years since certain Christians in Scotland, who felt interested in the study of the prophetic word, issued the following:—"Prospectus of an association of Christian friends, united for the purpose of promoting the study and elucidation of the prophetic Scriptures, and of drawing the attention of Christians generally to the important subjects contained therein."

"As a blessing is pronounced in the word of God on the study of prophecy, which is as a light shining in a dark place until the day dawn and the day star arise, a few individuals, desirous of forwarding the great cause of truth, have concurred in the idea of forming an association of those friendly to this important object; and, accordingly, have considered it advisable to circulate the following prospectus amongst those who are likely to assist in so desirable a purpose.

"As the great day of the Lord approaches, and the distress and perplexity of the nations increase, it behooves all those who are looking for the appearing of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ, to have their lamps trimmed, and themselves prepared for the great events of that day; and it is difficult to conceive how these objects can be better forwarded than by the serious, diligent, and prayerful investigation of the word of prophecy, that we and others may not come under the condemnation of the Jews, who, neglecting the Scriptures of truth, became blind to the signs of the times, and rejected that Saviour who at his first advent came to redeem them from their sins; and so, in like manner, that day about which so much is written by the holy prophets, should come upon us unexpectedly, like a thief in the night.

"Without further preface, it is deemed advisable to submit, for the consideration and support of such as may be disposed to aid in its object, the following plan of a series of lectures, to be delivered in Edinburgh, on subjects connected with prophecy, to be entitled, 'The Edinburgh Lectures on Prophecy.'

Following this prospectus were the rules of the association, eight in number, and also the subjects of the proposed lectures, thirty-two in number, and embracing the whole field of the Advent question. I understand that the plan of the association has been harmoniously carried out, and that though the members of the association belong to different denominations, ministers are invited to deliver lectures annually, on stated subjects, and the lectures are published, for the benefit of the public, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Association for the Study of Prophecy.—(To be continued.)

**"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"**

Earth toils and groans; her night is dark,  
And thicker still the gloom appears:  
But, can the Christian's eye no spark  
Of brightness catch, when flow the tear?  
Shall wrong triumphant ever reign,  
And error rule with hideous sway—  
Each new device still fraught with pain  
For those who seek some better way!

Al no! amid the gloom a voice  
I hear in cheering tones resound:  
"Ye mourning souls, rejoice, rejoice!  
For evil reaches soon her bound.  
Darker the night may grow; so draws  
The morn of glory ever nigher:  
Lift up your head—eternal laws  
God's intervention soon require.

And He shall come, whose right it is  
O'er earth to reign with boundless sway:  
Chaos and light alike are His,  
And he shall bring the world's new day.

He caused the light at first to shine  
Where all before was dark and dim:  
He only contrasts can combine  
And make his work resemble Him.

For he is light, and life, and love,  
His impress in his works we find:  
Who formed and guides the worlds above,  
Shall not he rule the creature mind?

Peace, foolish child: thy Father's hand  
Checks but to guard thee from thy hurt;  
Be still, nor chide, but patient stand:  
He only can thy ill avert.

Kiss thou his rod, nor idly ask  
Why smarts thy flesh beneath the stroke,  
Thy lesson's far from Calvary's task,  
When vengeance on thy surety broke.

With wonder on that anguish gaze  
That quenched the human soul of Him  
Whose glory's bright and steady blaze  
Defies the glance of cherubim.

And as thou gazest, bow, adore  
Such majesty of deepest love,  
That Jesus from his glory bore  
To win thee hence to him above.

What! 'tis too low for thee to bow  
Where highest angels humbly kneel—  
Poor, vain one! must it then be thou,  
Round whom creation's laws should wheel?

Will thou that seat of power fill  
Whence shine the gleam thou canst not bear!  
Shall all be subject to thy will,  
And thou the Lord of glory there?

Not yet so mad thy blindness, praise  
To Him whom thou hast dared defy!  
Oh haste—thy cry for mercy raise;  
For lightnings fill the troubled sky,

And soon the thunderbolt must fall  
On pride's uplifted rebel head—  
God's Christ acknowledged be of all  
Who now his quaking footstool tread.

He comes, he comes! Faith pierces thro'  
The thick'ning darkness—He is nigh—  
O rebel mortal, woe to you,  
For terror glitters on His thigh!

But waiting ones! lift up your heads,  
Sorrow shall soon in gladness end:  
The morn of glory thicker spreads  
Its dawn—He comes, your mighty Friend!

Lord, may we patient wait, till Thou  
In glory cleave the thick'ning gloom:  
Our hearts glad subjects to thee now,  
Tho' heaven seem far off to loom:

Yea, wait, as those who know thy word  
Soon to return, has surely past:  
Who know a rich and full reward  
Shall crown their humble works at last.

Thus may we wait; our hearts meanwhile  
E'er in thy Spirit's training be,  
And, till thou come, the hours beguile  
In learning to be more like thee.

Thus shall the bud of glory here  
That hast'ning morn in freshness bide,  
And sudden at thy dawn appear  
In blooming beauty at thy side.

Then, Bride of Christ, no more repine,  
He whom thou lov'st but now is nigh.  
Watch—that the trumpet's welcome sign,  
Find ready all to mount on high,  
There Him to see, like Him in love,  
One spirit with the hosts above.

M. M. MONTGOMERY.

**Letter from P. B. Morgan.**

DEAR BROTHER:—In looking over the extensive field that spreads itself out before us, I can but feel greatly to rejoice in the encouraging prospect everywhere presented. The reports of our late Conference were deeply interesting to me; and although we have but few laborers to occupy the field, and reap this glorious, ripening harvest, yet, let our daily and fervent prayer be that God may raise up and send forth more laborers into his harvest. O let us pray fervently; for what we do must be done quickly. Yes, let all those who have the truth be diligent, be earnest, instant in season and out of season. Let the pastor feed the flock; let the evangelist speed his course, and proclaim the glad tidings to benighted men. Yes,

"Fly, fly on wings of morning,  
Ye who the truth can tell,  
And sound the awful warning,  
To rescue souls from hell!"

The plan recommended at the Hartford Conference, for the promotion and advancement of the cause, I most heartily approve, as being a good one. To advance this cause requires prompt, energetic, and harmonious action. However energetic we may be, without harmony of co-operation we fail in a great measure. I do hope that our brethren in their several fields, will awake to the importance of this matter. Let every one begin to work. "Curse ye Me-roz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Yours.

Portland (Me.), June 26th, 1852.

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NOTE.—Under the present Postage Law, any book, bound or unbound, weighing less than two pounds, can be sent through the mail. This will be a great convenience for persons living at a distance who wish for a single copy of any work; as it may be sent without being defaced by the removal of its cover, as heretofore. As all books sent by mail must have the postage paid where they are mailed, those ordering books will need to add to their price, as given below, the amount of their postage. And that all may estimate the amount of postage to be added, we give the terms of postage, and the weight of each book.

TERMS OF POSTAGE.—For each ounce, or part of an ounce, that each book weighs, the postage is 1 cent for a distance under 500 miles; 2 cents if over that and under 1500; 3 cents if over that and under 2500; 4 cents if over that and under 3000; and 5 cents if over that distance.

**BOOKS PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE.**

THE ADVENT HARP.—This book contains Hymns of the highest poetical merit, adapted to public and family worship, which every Adventist can use without disturbance to his sentiments. The "Harp" contains 434 pages, about half of which is set to choice and appropriate music.—Price, 60 cts. (9 ounces.) Do do bound in gilt.—50 cts. (9 oz.)

POCKET HARP.—This contains all the hymns of the former, but the music is omitted, and the margin abridged, so that it can be carried in the pocket without encumbrance. Price, 37 cts. (6 ounces.) Do do gilt.—60 cts. (6 oz.)

WHITING'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—This is an excellent translation of the New Testament, and receives the warm commendations of all who read it.—Price, 75 cts. (12 oz.) Do do gilt.—\$1. (12 oz.)

ANALYSIS OF SACRED CHRONOLOGY; with the Elements of Chronology, and the Numbers of the Hebrew text vindicated. By Sylvester Bliss.—232 pp. Price, 37 cts. (8 oz.) Do do gilt.—50 cts. (8 oz.)

FACTS ON ROMANISM.—This work is designed to show the nature of that vast system of iniquity, and to exhibit its ceaseless activity and astonishing progress. A candid perusal of this book will convince the most incredulous, that Popery, instead of becoming weakened, is increasing in strength, and will continue to do so until it is destroyed by the brightness of Christ's coming. Price (bound), 25 cts. (5 oz.) Do do in paper covers—15 cts. (3 oz.)

THE RESTITUTION, Christ's Kingdom on Earth, the Return of Israel, together with their Political Emancipation, the Beast, his Image and Worship; also, the Fall of Babylon, and the Instruments of its overthrow. By J. Litch.—Price, 37 cts. (6 oz.)

DEFENCE OF ELDER J. V. HIMES: being a history of the fanaticism, puerilities, and secret workings of those who, under the garb of friendship, have proved the most deadly enemies of the Second Advent cause. Published by order of the Chardon-st. Church, Boston.—283 pp. Price, (thin covers), 25 cts. (4 oz.) Do do thick covers—37 cts. (6 oz.)

ADVENT TRACTS (bound)—Vol. I.—This contains thirteen small tracts, and is one of the most valuable collections of essays now published on the Second Coming of Christ. They are from the pens of both English and American writers, and cannot fail to produce good results wherever circulated. Price, 25 cts. (5 oz.) The first ten of the above series, viz. 1st, "Looking Forward," 2d, "Present Dispensation—Its Course," 3d, "Its End," 4th, "Paul's Teachings to the Thessalonians," 5th, "The Great Image," 6th, "If I will that he tarry till I come," 7th, "What shall be the sign of thy coming?" 8th, "The New Heavens and Earth," 9th, "Christ our King," 10th, "Behold He cometh with clouds,"—stitched, 12 cts. (2 oz.)

ADVENT TRACTS (bound)—Vol. II. contains—"William Miller's Apology and Defence," "First Principles of the Advent Faith; with Scripture Proofs," by L. D. Fleming, "The World to come! The present Earth to be Destroyed by Fire at the end of the Gospel Age," "The Lord's coming a great practical doctrine," by the Rev. Mount Brock, M. A., "Chaplain to the Bath Penitentiary," "Glorification," by the same, "The Second Advent Introductory to the Jubilee," by the same, "Address to the Rev. Dr. Raffles on the subject of his Jubilee Hymn," "The Duty of Prayer and Watchfulness in the Prospect of the Lord's coming." In these essays a full and clear view of the doctrine taught by Mr. Miller and his fellow-laborers may be found. They should find their way into every family.—Price, 32 cts. (6 oz.) The articles in this vol. can be had singly, at 4 cts each. (Part of an ounce.)

KELSO TRACTS—No. 1.—Do you go to the prayer-meeting?—50 cts per hundred; No. 2.—Grace and Glory.—\$1 per hundred. No. 3.—Night, Day-break, and Clear Day.—\$1.50 per hundred.

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.**

THE BIBLE CLASS.—This is a pretty bound volume, designed for young persons, though older persons may read it with profit. It is in the form of four conversations between a teacher and his pupils. The topics discussed are—1. The Bible. 2. The Kingdom. 3. The Personal Advent of Christ. 4. Signs of Christ's coming near.—Price, 25 cts. (4 oz.)

**GREAT COUGH REMEDY!**

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

FOR THE CURE OF

**Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Asthma, and Consumption.**

THIS invaluable remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never before equalled by any other medicine. Other preparations have shown themselves palliatives, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large. See the statements, not of obscure individuals, and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated Surgeon, Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York city, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the throat and lungs."

Dr. Perkins, the venerable President of the Vermont Medical College, one of the eminently learned physicians of this country, writes that the Cherry Pectoral is extensively used in his section, where it has shown unmistakable evidence of its happy effects upon pulmonary diseases.

The Rev. John D. Cochrane, a distinguished clergyman of the English Church, writes to the proprietor from Montreal, that "he has been cured of a severe asthmatic affection, by Cherry Pectoral." His letter at full length, may be found in our Circular, to be had of the Agent, and is worth the attention of asthmatic patients.

The following letter is from the well-known Druggist at Hillsdale, Mich., one of the largest dealers in the State, and this case is from his own observation:

"Dear Sir.—Immediately on receipt of your Cherry Pectoral, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance of mine who was thought to be near his end with quick consumption. He was then unable to rise from his bed, and was extremely feeble. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I induced them to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street on my way home from the cars, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his arduous trade of a blacksmith.

"There are other cases within my knowledge, where the Cherry Pectoral has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this.

"Very truly yours, G. W. UNDERWOOD."

**HEAR THE PATIENT.**

"Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—Feeling under obligations to you for the restoration of my health, I send you a report of my case, which you are at liberty to publish for the benefit of others. Last autumn I took a bad cold, accompanied by a severe cough, and made use of many medicines without obtaining relief. I was obliged to give up business, frequently raised blood, and could not sleep at night. A friend gave me a bottle of your Cherry Pectoral, the use of which I immediately commenced according to directions. I have just purchased the fifth bottle, and am nearly recovered. I now sleep well, my cough has ceased, and all by the use of your valuable medicine.

E. S. STONE, A. M., "Principal Mount Hope Seminary."

"Hanover (O.), April 3, 1850.  
"Dear Sir.—I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your Cherry Pectoral has done for me. It does seem they might be benefited by the information. I had a lung fever, which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble, and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased. I had no more appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral. Yours with respect,  
"JULIA DEAN."

"I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case, and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The names of the physician and the patient are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.  
"SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT,  
"Pastor of the Baptist Church."

Prepared by JAMES C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by S. W. Fowle, Boston; Brown & Price, Salem; W. F. Phillips, Newburyport; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Durgin & Co., Portland; Cushing & Black, Augusta; G. W. Emerson, Bangor; W. O. Poor, Belfast; Allison & Gault, Concord; J. A. Perry, Manchester; James Green, Worcester; J. C. Brewer, Springfield; Lee & Butler, Hartford; Lee & Osgood, Northwich; G. S. Gorham, New Haven; W. E. Bissell, Norwich; Balch & Son, Providence; E. Thornton, New Bedford; L. Clapp, Pawtucket; J. T. Hal, Plymouth; T. A. Peck, Burlington; S. K. Collins, Montpelier; H. Gardner, Windsor; and by all druggists everywhere. [L 7-3m

THE ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, JULY 10, 1852.

Camp Meeting.

We propose to hold a camp-meeting in the vicinity of Boston, about the last week in August, in which we hope the churches in Worcester, Salem, Lynn, Lowell, Westford, Westboro', Fitchburg, Newburyport, Haverhill, Lawrence, Nashua, Providence, R. I., Hope, and other places, will participate.

We hope a committee from each church will unite with us in arranging the details of the meeting, so that all things shall be conducted in "decency and order."

It is designed that each church shall bring a tent, or provide for themselves in any other where room may be had. When not impracticable, it would be better for each church to provide a tent for themselves. A table will be set for strangers on reasonable terms.

The prime object of this meeting will be to arouse the churches and ministry to the great work of bringing sinners to Christ. We need a revival among ourselves in this great work.

Due notice will be given of the time and place of the meeting.

Counsel for Bro. B.

[We have received several letters responding to the request we made; but the following is so pithily expressed, has so much point to it, and is so expressive of the general advice received, that we give it.—B.]

Bro. B. wants counsel in reference to a certain "emergency." Suffer me to give mine opinion.

1. If they will stop, now and forever, then let them; but if they won't stop, and don't mean to, why then—stop 'em!

2. If they have employed "Caesar's bull-dogs," (as I once heard Needham call lawyers, &c.), and set them to hunt the innocent like a "partridge on the mountains," and the "dogs" would not, because they were fed, ("bribed,") and were then called off ("discontinued,") for fear they would not bite the intended victim; and still keep sounding the horn (slander and libels, by verbal reports and the press) through the land for another hunt, (suit, why, our advice is, just let the "dogs" loose again, and then let them call them off again if they can, or let them get bit!

3. If they have been permitted to hunt the field over for these fifteen years, and "pick up" and "dig up" all the "clubs" and "stones" they could not find, and throw them at the fruit trees, and one in particular, and still persist in digging up the ground to find some "buried hatchet," "with-out any handle," to cut it down, and then scold because their efforts are fruitless, why, we think that patience and forbearance, in their case, any longer, would cease to be a virtue; therefore we would advise that the "fence be put up" to "keep the black bull out."

4. If they will keep stirring up the "stagnant pool" of their own vileness, baseness, and corruption, so that its "fetid exhalations" are carried on every breeze that moves, to the annoyance of every friend of the cause, we think it would be a blessing to all concerned, if the proper authorities would bury them so deep in the "stagnant pool" of their own corruption, that that and they would cease to be a "nuisance" to all decent people.

The foregoing counsel is gratis, of course. SIMON.

Sunday School Libraries.

The Sunday School Union has recently published two new libraries. The first contains one hundred volumes, from 72 to 288 pages, substantially bound, with muslin backs; each volume is regularly numbered and ready for use, and with each library a catalogue of the same is furnished. Price, \$10.

The second library contains one hundred books, bound in seventy-five volumes, from 52 to 172 pages, with muslin backs and marbled-paper sides; each volume is regularly numbered, the whole accompanied by twelve catalogues. Price, \$5.

The books composing the above libraries have been selected with excellent taste and judgment. Sunday Schools desiring libraries, will find in the above just what they want. If any of the Advent Sunday Schools wish to procure either or both of them, if they will transmit their orders to us, we will see to the forwarding of the books.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—Having received a call from the brethren in Springfield, to become the pastor of the Advent church in that place, I have concluded to comply therewith, and, the Lord willing, shall commence my labors with them at Currier's Hall, Spring-street, near the United States Arsenal, on Lord's-day, July 11th. The cause there is feeble, having suffered much from distracting elements. Yet we trust there is hope; and we are well aware that without Christ we can do nothing, but in his strength we can do all things. We need the prayers of the faithful scattered abroad, that his truth may triumph, and many be added to the church in S., such as shall be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Yours as ever, J. P. FARRAR.

Boston, July 1st, 1852.

We are glad that our brother has concluded to locate at Springfield, and hope that Adventists in that vicinity will give him their co-operation and support. Bro. F. is worthy of the fullest confidence, and will prove, we doubt not, a blessing to those among whom he is to labor.—J. V. H.

ADVENT CHURCH IN PORTLAND.—We had the pleasure of spending last Sunday with this church, of which Bro. Morgan is pastor. There was a good attendance of both Adventists and citizens. We delivered three discourses, to which the best attention was given. Bro. M. is laboring among them with a commendable zeal, and with tokens of good.

Letter from Bro. Southard.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—It is a week to-day since I arrived at this beautiful spot, near which I first entered upon life, and where, at no very distant day, I shall, in all human probability, bid farewell to the trials and toils, the pains and cares, of mortality. To the kind friends who enabled me to sojourn at the South, I owe a debt of gratitude I can never pay. May they all be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. The question is often asked, whether my journey was a benefit to me or not. I reply, that I regarded it as a great privilege to be saved from the endurance of the severe winter experienced at the North, and to be where I could enjoy the open air. It is true, I have lost strength since the heat of spring commenced. I think, however, I am gaining again, slowly, under the influence of delightful weather, and all the privileges of a kind brother's home, where my wants are provided for by willing hearts and free hands.

I am able to write but little, but I shall be happy to hear from friends who may feel sufficient interest to correspond with me. I remain yours in faith, hope, and love. Lyme (N. H.), July 2d, 1852. N. SOUTHARD.

"The Phenomena of the Rapping Spirits, &c.": A revival of the Necromancy, Witchcraft and Demonology forbidden in the Scriptures: Shown by an exposition of Rev. 15—18 to be symbolized by the Frog-like spirits which were to proceed from the mouth of the Dragon, Beast and False Prophet. 'For they are the spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.'—Rev. 16:14.

This is the title of a pamphlet, which we have in course of publication. It will be about the size and price of the tract called the Approaching Crisis.

"Mesmeric and Spirit Rapping Manifestations, Scripturally Exposed," &c., by an "Impartial Examiner."

We have received a copy of this pamphlet, which goes strongly against these manifestations, and is so far right. But the author has failed to perceive the meaning of the word demon, on which the whole question of the nature of the agency turns. We have gone fully into this in the tract we have in course of publication. The tract here noticed may be had of R. T. Young, bookseller, 140 Fulton-street, New York, at \$2 50 per hundred, 50 cents per doz., or 6 cents single.

"Youth's Guide."

The July number (No. 3, Vol. 6) of this interesting and beautiful little monthly paper is published.

CONTENTS.

Table with 2 columns: Article Title and Price. Includes 'A Warning to Boys', 'Nobility of Mind', 'Keep out of Debt', 'Youthful Neglect', 'The Atmosphere', 'The Gold Sovereign', 'The Schoolmaster at Home', 'Enigma, &c. &c.', 'Richard Bakewell', 'A Sensible Landlord', 'Use of Cat's Whiskers', 'Suffering in London', 'Parental Government', 'A Dream of Death', 'Carelessness', 'For the Curious', 'Single copies', 'Twenty-five copies (to one address)', 'Fifty copies'.

Post Office Robbery.

For several months past, letters and packages containing money, directed to persons in Baltimore and elsewhere, from the region of Snowhill, Maryland, and other post-offices in that vicinity, as well as in different parts of Delaware, have, many of them, been greatly delayed, whilst others never came to hand. The annoyance was so great, that it became a matter of serious complaint, and was alluded to in the public prints. The attention of the Post Office Department was finally arrested and directed to the matter, with a view to detect and remedy, if possible, the evil.

The matter was given in charge of James L. Maguire, Esq., one of the special agents of the department, and we are happy to say he has, by perseverance and good management, been enabled to discover and arrest the cause of complaint.

Mr. Maguire having his suspicions, wrote several decoy letters, addressed to persons in Baltimore, in some of which he enclosed money, carefully marked. These were dropped into the mail at points where they would be required to pass through the office at Millborough. One of the decoy letters was dropped in at Snowhill, directed to Messrs. Metcalfe, Spurr & Co., Exchange Bankers of Baltimore. It contained a small amount of money, designated by peculiar marks. This was traced to the office at Millborough, but could not be found beyond that. A similar letter was also directed to M. W. Mearis, lottery dealer, in Baltimore, which was likewise traced to the same point. This was so folded up as to give it the appearance of containing money. These, with other baits directing suspicion irresistibly to Postmaster Hastings, induced Mr. Maguire to visit his office, and institute further examinations. He found that the entire Baltimore package from Snowhill, of the date containing the decoy letter to Messrs. Metcalfe, Spurr & Co., had been detained, broken open, and the money taken from the said letter. Other letters and packages which had been due in Baltimore and other places South, were also found to have gone as far as Millborough, but no further. The evidence had now become so strong, that Mr. Maguire openly charged Hastings with perpetrating the robbery. Finding it impossible to conceal his guilt, he acknowledged the offence, and restored to Mr. Maguire the letters which had been written as decoys to the gentlemen in Baltimore, with their contents, which Mr. Maguire easily identified. The letters had been broken open and the money taken out.

On further examination, a number of packages containing letters were found, and the letters broken open. Quite a number of letters and packages directed to Baltimore, Washington, and other points South, which had to pass through the Millborough office, for six or seven months past, have been entirely missing, and others detained several days beyond their regular time, thus causing numerous complaints and much dissatisfaction with the mail arrangements in that quarter.

Hastings is a man about thirty-eight years of age, has a wife and four interesting children. He professed to belong to the Methodist church, and claimed to be a great advocate of temperance, but confessed to Mr. Maguire, that the cause of his misfortune was secret drinking, to excess, of ardent spirits. He had previously borne a good reputation in the

community, and the only thing unfavorable to him that had caused remark, was an unusual and seemingly foolish extravagance. He gave dinners, and entertained with unusual liberality.

The scene at his arrest is described as almost heart-rending. His wife and children were bathed in tears, and nearly frantic at so unexpected a reverse in their fortunes. The prisoner was conveyed to Georgetown (Del.) jail, where, in default of \$5000 bail, he was committed to prison for trial.

Fluency in Conversation.

Roll an empty barrel down a hill, and what a rattling noise it makes! So with an empty carriage over the pavements. So also with an empty head. When it contains but a few scattering ideas, everybody can hear them rattle. You almost see them, when that fellow who carries such a head passes by you. Have you not such an individual in your mind's eye? We have. His name may be Dick, or Jim, or Bill, or Joe—but he is the same everywhere—he wags the same tongue, and shoots forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise, but everybody else thinks otherwise. Had he real knowledge, he would talk less and say more. Generally, a man of sterling talents talks but very little, yet every word tells. Addison was a person of that description. He was always embarrassed in company. Some of our best living authors—men of genius and talent—have been noticed for their paucity of words in common conversation. Yet men who know scarcely more than that twice two make four, are always rattling off words, and pass for persons of some consequence. They utter sentences without meaning, and words that puzzle an editor to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his presence we feel about as happy as on the brow of a cataract—only there is some sense to the latter. In an office or store, what is more trying than a person with a gift of gab?—what but a straggling musician under your window, or a fiddler in your garret.

Organ Grinders' Resort.

The large number of organ grinders now in our streets daily, with their instruments, and the death of one of their number by the hand of one of his fellows, has attracted the attention of the public, and the question is often asked—Where do these people come from? and where do they live? These two questions we propose to answer. First, most of the organ grinders are Italians by birth, or parentage. Second, their residence leads out of Ann near Cross-street, where is a place called Fulton Court. At the lower end of this court there is a large two-story wooden building, which once was a warehouse or a barn. This ancient building has been subdivided into four dwelling houses, and each house into six rooms, besides garret and cellar. Into this old building, subdivided as above, nightly congregate about two hundred souls, besides some forty or fifty monks in assorted toggerly, a large number of hand organs of different degrees of harmony, according to age and use, many of them accompanied with varied and curious fantoccini, also a host of tamborines, and some few other instruments called musical, from which they grind and force sounds harmonious or otherwise. Thus mixed up they live and multiply, and thus, by a sort of vagrancy, they force from a willing populace a doubtful existence, but apparently a happy one. The old men and women remain at home to take care of the little children and of the household, while all the others are out about the city and vicinity, with their instruments and monkeys.

They are established in families at the resort, each room having a married pair to preside over its occupants, and to board, lodge, and care for them. Each apartment is provided with a fire-place; the furniture consists of a table, a few chairs, or benches, and their bunks for sleeping are the least downy of any we have ever seen. The children are numerous, and of all ages. They appear healthy and dirty, and with infancy, almost, partake of the tastes of their parents. Little ones, not more than three years of age, sing, dance, and play the jingling tamborine with some accuracy. They appear to be in favor of early marriages, and to fulfil the command that the world must be peopled. The females are given in marriage at thirteen or fourteen summers. Their religion is Catholic, and they appear to respect and obey its precepts. So much for the organ grinders' resort in Fulton Court.—Boston Herald.

Discovery of a Cave.—A wonderful natural curiosity, in the shape of an extensive cave, has been found in Calaveras county, California, on the south bank of the south branch of Sutter's Creek. The following is a description by a visitor: "The entrance is through a small opening in the hill, just sufficient to admit a man's body. The descent is easy, the many projections of the rock affording ample means for safe footing. Neither is it of very great depth, the top of the platform not being more than ten feet from the entrance, whence it slopes gently down till the centre is reached, forming a chamber of about thirty feet high and about fifty long. The floor is composed of octagons, of calcareous formation, along which, in a narrow bed, silently glides a crystal stream, rising from a spring in one of the lateral chambers. The roof is divided into compartments, the centre being a large circle, from which depend clusters of stalactites of every variety, some crystalline, others opaque, while some again partake of a variegated hue, as if tinged by coloring matter in the rock through which they have percolated. The graining of the roof is as perfect as if moulded by the hand of art, terminating in massive pilasters, with richly adorned capitals, strongly reminding one of an ancient Gothic cathedral. From the main chamber branch two galleries, leading into small apartments, rich in groups of the most fanciful petrification, varying from the massive block to the most delicate and finely-pointed crystalline needle."

A Newly-Discovered Lake.—Some of the papers doubt the statement recently published, of a newly-discovered lake, of considerable size, within fifteen or twenty miles from the Falls of St. Anthony. The St. Anthony's Express gives a circumstantial account of the discovery:—"Calvin a Tuttle and John H. Stevens, two of the oldest and most reliable settlers in Minnesota, together with several others, including the writer hereof, some two weeks since spent three days in the exploration of this lake. They found it to be thirty or forty miles in length, and full fifteen miles in width, containing an area of four hundred and fifty square miles. They also found numerous islands in this lake, many of which they visited, and one in particular, that will be found on survey to measure full 3,000 acres. The explorers, furthermore, found the lake to contain an innumerable multitude of fish, and to be the resort of myriads of wild fowl, countless as the sands of the sea-shore. They found its scenery indescribably beautiful. They found, moreover, a splendid belt of timber skirted the borders of the lake, to the width of from three to five miles, rich in every variety of hard wood."

PLEDGES

To defray the expenses of publishing the Report of the late Trial, to be paid in case \$600 shall be pledged, and to receive pay in books. Herald office, 100 00 Chas. Wood, Worcester, 10 00 S. C. Berry, Rye, N. H., 19 00 H. Tauer, Buffalo, 10 00

Appointments, &c.

NOTICE.—As our paper is made ready for the press on Wednesday, appointments must be received at the latest, by Tuesday evening, or they cannot be inserted until the following week.

Bro. Sornberger desires us to recall the appointment of himself and Bro. Orrock at Stanbridge on the 14th.

Bro. Himes will preach in New York and Brooklyn Sunday, July 11th—Brooklyn in the a. m. Hester-street, P. M., and Seventh Avenue in the evening; Philadelphia, Sunday, July 12th, as Bro. Litch shall arrange. Intermediate places—Newark, N. J., Monday evening, July 12th; Morrisville, July 13th; Yardleyville, 14th.

Bro. D. T. Taylor will preach in Claremont, N. H., Sunday, July 11th; Waterbury, Vt., Sunday, 15th; Rouses Point, N. Y., Sunday, 25th.

Bro. Daniels will preach in Newark, N. J., the second Sunday in July, and in Morrisville, Pa., the third.

Elder Isaac Adrian will preach in Providence, R. I., Sundays, July 11th and 15th.

Bro. I. C. Wellcome will preach in the Town-house in Athens village, the third Sunday in July.

Bro. W. H. Eastman will preach in Grantham, N. H., Sunday, July 13th.

Bro. Sutherland will preach in Wallingford, Ct., the second Sunday in July.

Bro. A. Merrill will preach in Fairfield Sabbath, July 15th.

Bro. L. Kimball will preach in Bristol, Vt., Sunday, July 15th.

Bro. I. Adrian will preach in Conway the third Sunday in July.

The Lord willing, a camp-meeting will be held in Winsted, commencing Aug. 30th, to continue one week or more, upon the same ground occupied last year. The camp ground is about two miles from the depot at the terminus of the Naugatuck Railroad; and those coming by cars or stages will be accommodated with cheap conveyance to and from the meeting.

We invite every friend of Jesus, and all who are willing to seek eternal life through him, to meet with us in the tented grove, to worship the God of heaven.

Board and horse keeping on reasonable terms, with an invitation to the poor pilgrims to come and eat, without money and without price. S. G. MATHEWSON, HIRAM MUNGER, A. D. SMITH, MILLES GRANT, Committee.

A grove meeting will be held in South Weymouth about the 1st of August. Notices will be given hereafter. Bro. Chase Taylor and the brethren will arrange for the meeting.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Business Notes.

I. E. Jones.—The \$4 are received, and \$1 each credited to H. Hensinger, W. Moores, J. Bixby, and A. Means. This money was paid to Bro. Adrian four years ago, who handed it to Bro. Jones. From sickness in Bro. J.'s family, or some other cause, he did not discover, until within a few days, that the money had not been sent.

J. Taylor.—According to our books, \$1 only was credited at the time the paper was subscribed for, in March, 1850. As you say \$2 were paid at that time, doubtless the mistake was made by our clerk. We now credit you to the time you say. The other \$2 you mention, and \$2 now, have been received.

G. W. Brown.—Sent you books the 3d by express.

C. Grime.—The paper of F. R. Wilkins is paid for to No. 638—August 1852.

Delinquents.

If we have by mistake published any who have paid, or who are poor, we shall be happy to correct the error, on being apprised of the fact.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes D. WATERBURY, T. AIKEN, N. WHITE, Mrs. S. E. WHITNEY, Total delinquents since Jan. 1st, 1852.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

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Receipts from June 29th to July 6th.

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Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes P. E. Thayer, 606; L. Nichols, 586; E. L. Norton, 599; G. W. Haven, 580; Mrs. S. Pearson, 612; H. Hensinger, 586; W. Moores, 591; A. Means, 508; W. C. Peck, 606; W. H. 534; G. W. Mitchell, 554; S. Atkinson, 547; J. H. Smith, 572; R. Mann, 606; S. Temple, 580; J. M. Temple, 580; S. A. Fletcher, 632; J. Winchester, 580; L. Durant, 600, and Y. G.; A. W. Houghton, 612; Mrs. C. Chandler, 586; D. S. Osborn, 580; D. W. Jackson, 600; M. P. Lawson, 612; J. Cunard, 625; Amos Clark, 716; F. Hinds, 580; J. F. Allen, 606; D. Wetherell, 612; E. Wetherell, 612; G. Mather—books sent; W. C. Neff, 612; S. Floyd, 606; A. Clark, 604; C. F. Horn, 580; B. Trefethen, 554; M. F. Horn, 605; J. Earnshaw, 606; G. W. Erick, 606; Mrs. M. Walling, 612; Mrs. R. Tyler, 612; R. Willis, 612; E. H. Sherman, 606—you are right; O. Rockwell, 606; J. Prince, 588; A. Loomis, 585; J. Lougee, 612—each \$1. S. Gilman, 618, and Y. G.; A. H. Welch, 580; H. G. T. Harrison, 606; L. Bronson, 612; A. Weldon, 625, and Y. G.; G. T. Hemmings, 616; B. F. Carlton, 612; R. Richards, 586; J. W. Crooker, 610; E. McLeod, 607; J. Taylor, 612; Esther Hutchins, 632; A. Pettigill, 586; P. Ross, 632; H. Parker, 606; Wm. Bakers, 639; R. Files, 612; T. Pearson, 612—each \$2. W. Webster, jr., 588; W. Stanwood, 580; J. Partridge, 534—each \$3. A. Knowlton, 586; M. C. Butman, 606; J. E. Brown, 580; J. Hunt, 580; G. W. Wilson, 580—each \$1 77.