



will be no more in the eyes of God than Jerusalem of old.

"The apostacy of the city of Rome from the vicar of Christ, and its destruction by Antichrist, may be thought so new to many Catholics that I think it well to recite the text of theologians in the greatest repute. First Malvenda, who writes expressly on the subject, states as the opinion of Ribera, Gaspar Melus, Viegas, Suarez, Bellarmine, and Bosius that Rome shall apostatize from the faith, drive away the vicar of Christ, and return to its ancient paganism. Malvenda's words are: 'But Rome itself in the last times of the world will return to its ancient idolatry, power, and imperial greatness. It will cast out its pontiff, altogether apostatize from the Christian faith, terribly persecute the Church, shed the blood of the martyrs more cruelly than ever, and will recover its former state of abundant wealth, or even greater than it had under its first rulers.'

"Lessius says: 'In the time of Antichrist, Rome shall be destroyed as we see openly from the thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse;' and again: 'The woman whom thou sawest is the great city, which hath kingdom over the kings of the earth, in which is signified Rome in its impiety, such as it was in the time of St. John, and shall be again at the end of the world.' And Bellarmine: 'In the time of Antichrist, Rome shall be desolated and burnt, as we learn from the sixteenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Apocalypse.' On which words the Jesuit Erbermann comments as follows: 'We all confess, with Bellarmine, that the Roman people, a little before the end of the world, will return to paganism, and drive out the Roman Pontiff.'

### Gems from Trapp.

BORN 1602, DIED, 1669.

1. Truth is the daughter of time; it will not always lie hid.

2. Crosses come thick;—be patient!

3. Let us labour to be like unto angels, "strengthened with all might," walking about the world as conquerors, able to do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us.

4. Let no man envy others their better parts or places, since they have them on no other condition but to be put upon greater temptations, hotter services. If we could wish another man's honor, when we feel the weight of his cares, as David once did of Saul's armor, we should be glad to be in our own coat.

5. We know not what we lose by making haste, and not holding up our hands as Moses did, to the going down of the sun. If God have begun to enlarge us, he will in due time do it to the full, if we should not be in straits sometimes.

6. David saw the features of his friend Jonathan in lame Mephibosheth, and therefore loved him. He forgave Nabal at Abigail's intercession, and was pacified towards Absalom at Joab's. Pharaoh favored Jacob's house for Joseph's sake; shall not God do as much more for Jesus' sake? Joseph was well pleased with his brethren when they brought Benjamin. Bring but the child Jesus in our arms, as Simon did, and he cannot but smile upon us. Were he never so much displeased before, yet, upon the sight of this his well-beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased, all shall be calm and quiet as the sea when once Jonah was cast into it.

7. Endure hardness. Never dream of a delicacy. Think not to find God in the gardens of Egypt, whom Moses found not but in the burning bush. Many love Canaan, but loathe the wilderness; commend the country, but look upon the conquest as impossible; would sit in the seat of honor with Zebedee's children, but not drink the cup of affliction.

8. No wearing the crown, but by bearing the cross first. Christ himself was not glorified, till first crucified.

9. "And He will thoroughly purge his floor." That is, his Church, called God's threshing-floor in Isaiah, because usually threshed by God with the flail of affliction. That is the way by which, or whereby, the Lord Christ doth purge his people, and separate between the son whom he loves and the sin which he hates. We may observe in this the difference between Christ and the

tempter. Christ hath his fan in his hand, and he fanneth us; the devil has a sieve in his hand, and he sifteth us. Now, a fan casteth out the worst, and keepeth in the best; a sieve keepeth in the worst, and casteth out the best. So Christ and his trials purgeth chaff and corruption out of us, and nourisheth and increaseth his graces in us. Contrariwise, the devil, what evil soever is in us, he confirmeth it; what faith or good thing soever, he weakeneth it.

10. When faith heals the conscience, and grace husheth the affections, and composeth all within, what should ail such a man not to be perpetually merry?

### Influence of Smiles.

A smile is indeed a thing of beauty.—Whether living on the face of gladsome youth or flickering on the dying features of worn out age, it holds its beauty still. Whether making loveliness yet more winsome, or rendering ugliness less repulsive than its wont, a smile yet holds its nature—yet it is beautiful. Magic lurks therein, and sways the human heart as words never can—quickens its quiet pulse, or soothes and calms the hurried throb as they may need. And beneath the encouraging influence of one sweet upholding smile the heart itself may change its mood—may yield its evil intent, if not cast out forever its evil promptings and its dark propensities.—And so may the smiles of derision madden beyond what the utmost words can do, even as the smiles of praise will spur humanity to great and noble deeds beyond the approach of all other promptings. Its silent power sinks in the heart, and heals some new made thrust, as sweetly and as gently as falls the dew from heaven. And the smile of love? It beams in the mother's eyes, as she sees beauty in her infant's face, and a silent laugh of unknown joy from her darling babe. It plays with stronger and more thrilling magic on the maiden's lovely countenance, as her heart's idol meets her far-seeing eye, and draws near to let her look of love lose none of its precious value in needless distance between them. And with deeper, purer joy, it comes to the wife's glad face when her husband's fond gaze tells her how much is gained since he first called her wife. Holy, beautiful indeed, are the smiles of fathomless and perfect love. Too seldom, indeed, does it live—too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it have birth—too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

### What is Faith?

"Faith," says the word of God, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Perfect definition! Man might exhaust the resources of his mind, and cover pages of print with explanations, and yet fail to give a definition so full and clear. Faith! the radiant witness, which is our best proof while here, that we belong to an unseen Saviour. Faith! The golden cord which binds every believer to that glorious One in our nature, who stands interceding for us at the right hand of God. Faith! the lamp which lights us through the shadows of earth, through the tangled paths and marshy pools, through the thickening mists of the last dark valley, until we stand among the mighty hosts, white-robed and star-crowned in the Father's house.

"Increase our faith," was the prayer of the disciples. Oh! what disciple has not need often to put up that petition to the Master? Troubles darken the sunlight. Sorrows come. Death changes the household song to a dirge. Peace folds her wings no more beside our hearth. The fine gold of earthly affection becomes dim. Moth and rust do as they list with our pleasures. "Lord, increase our faith."

Perhaps it is just the other way. Our bark is floating softly over sunny seas. Breeze and billow sing a lullaby in pleasant harmony. Fragrance of flowers and music of birds are borne from the summer banks beyond us. Then is the hour of danger. We "take no thought then of the morrow," though the little cloud so low in the horizon may mean a storm, and the pleasant undertone that makes such a sweet accompani-

ment to our songs may be the distant roar of breakers. O Christians! "at ease in Zion," pray for faith in the hour of prosperity.

A native of the bleak little island of St. Kilda, to the north of Scotland, was going for the first time to sunnier clime southward. As he gazed for the first on the green meadows and waving grain, his face showed delight and pleasure. Some of his fellow-travellers enjoyed his astonishment. "Saw you ever so fair a land?" they asked.

"Nay," said the islander, "there was naught like this in St. Kilda."

"Heard you ever of God," asked they, "in St. Kilda?"

"Of God! in my own St. Kilda, no one can forget God, for we hang continually upon his arm."

There was truth in the words of the simple-hearted islander. When a storm comes at sea, and the vessel rocks to and fro, and even brave old sailor-faces blanch, then, as by instinct, the most reckless call upon God. Then the most heedless plead the prayer: "Is thine arm shortened that it cannot save?" As the little one runs to its mother at nightfall so, when darkness gathers, we mortals fly to God.

### Fall of an Aerolite.

Mr. Denham, Chorley Rectory, near Lancaster, England, sends the following letter to the London Times:—"I was this day a witness of the fall of an aerolite of, I believe, unprecedented size. As I was driving my wife and children in the vicinity of my house, a rushing sound gradually increasing in intensity made itself heard until at last, with a roar and a scream, which still seem to ring in my ears, a flaming mass plunged itself upon the road at the distance of a few yards from my pony's head. My wife and two children were naturally much alarmed, so I directed some haymakers, who were at work in an adjoining field to dig for it, while I drove to a friend's house close by. The pony broke out into a profuse perspiration, trembled all over and showed every sign of the greatest terror. On my return to the spot, after an absence of about twenty minutes, I found that the laborers had succeeded in disinterring what proved a most magnificent aerolite, of such a size and weight as I do not believe to be on record. Its shape is an irregular ellipse, the major axis being 11 3/4 inches, the minor axis 7 5/8 inches; the weight is 83 1/2 pounds. The men who dug it up informed me that it had buried itself nearly six feet in the ground, and was red hot when they reached it. Indeed when I returned, it was too hot to be touched with impunity by the naked hand. While cooling, the crystals assumed, while constantly changing, the most beautiful prismatic hues."

Mr. J. H. Gladstone comments on the Rev. A. H. Denham's narrative of the fall of the aerolite. The unusual size of the meteoric stone "is not," he says, "unprecedented, for, besides the stone 'as big as a cart' that fell at Egospotamos, and other ancient instances, and the thousands of shivered pieces that fell from the great meteorites of L'Aigle, in France, and Weston, in Connecticut, there is in the British Museum a lump of meteoric iron from Plata two feet long, and said to weigh fourteen hundred pounds. Whatever the ultimate destination of the stone that buried itself at the pony's feet, it is to be hoped that such a fine specimen will be carefully preserved. . . . It will be well, also, if Mr. Denham could ascertain the angle at which it struck the ground, and the point of the compass from which it proceeded, as well as the nature of the soil that it penetrated for six feet—points of great interest, as bearing on the origin and velocity of these occasional visitors of the earth."

### A Mother's Warning.

We cannot refrain from publishing the following simple yet touching letter found in possession of a post office clerk recently arrested and now confined in prison, for an extensive embezzlement of money letters, in the post office in which he was employed, in one of our principal cities. It was written but a few weeks previous to his de-

tection. How prophetic are its words, and how pure the love of a mother! Had the timely admonition here tendered been heeded in season, the unfortunate son might now have been administering to the comfort and happiness of this dearest of earthly friends, instead of consigning her to the chamber of sorrow, and perhaps to a premature grave.

Although these solemn words of a mother's warning proved insufficient to arrest the downward course of her wayward son, we trust they may have the effect to deter others who may be placed under circumstances of responsibility and temptation, from venturing upon a similar course of dissipation and ruin.

Upon the envelope of the letter, were the following words: "Not to be opened nor read until you are in your room."

D— Aug. 4, 1861.

My Dear Son: After I returned home yesterday from B—, I felt sad and had a sleepless night, and I decided this morning to write you, and earnestly request you to read it calmly, and think seriously upon it. You wonder why I feel sad. It is because I think, George, that you are going too fast, and am fearful that unless you pause, and follow my advice, you will be ruined. Now don't start, nor condemn your poor mother, for I love you, and it is my earnest desire and prayer that you may be happy. In the first place, Mr. J— has opposed your going there on the Sabbath day, and unless you relinquish your going there every day or evening, he will oppose you. Now it is your duty to keep away at least three evenings in the week. Stay at home, retire early, in order to give you strength for your duties at the post office, and besides appearances will be for your benefit, and you will perform your duties better. If you will reflect but for a moment, you will see that I am right, for I have experience and can understand propriety better than you can in this case, because you are carried hastily away by the impulse of the moment.

Depend upon it I am right, and you will say so. Again, I am sad because you are spending too much money. You must be more prudent, or you will get into debt and lose your place. Think of it.

You must change, become sober minded, and lead a different life, and then you will be happy. O, my dear son, follow my advice, and make your poor afflicted mother happy by a noble and virtuous career. You are not a child, and should put away childish things, and be a man, a man of fixed principles, doing what is right, and shunning what is wrong, and by so doing you will establish a good name, which is precious. I again request you to save all the money you can, not so much on my account as on your dear brother's. We don't know but that he may come home from the war sick or wounded, and he will have to depend on you, and for every dollar you save for him, he will give you two. I write this for your own welfare and happiness. Think of it. Take my advice and seek aid from your Heavenly Father, by prayer, night and morning, and ere long you will have cause to thank your

Affectionate Mother.

—Holbrook's U.S. Mail.

(Original.)

### Early New England Adventism;

Or the views of the early American Christians respecting the Doctrines of the Return of the Jews, Conversion of the World, Kingdom of God, New Earth, Millennium, Prophecy, Fall of Antichrist, Time of the End, Second Advent of Christ, &c. By DANIEL T. TAYLOR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Danl. T. Taylor, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

NUMBER XXV.—INDIAN TESTIMONY.

It has been shown in a previous number that Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," and his fellow-laborers, did not fail to instruct the converted natives in the doctrine of our Lord's second coming, the resurrection of the just, and the things of the immortal kingdom. How literally and truly these converts clung to the views in a real sense is seen by the following, which I glean from "Experience Mayhew, M.D., Indian Convert; or some account of the lives and dy-

ing speeches, &c., of the Christian Indians on Martha's Vineyard, 12 mo. 310 pp. London, 1727." Mayhew was a missionary and preacher on the island, who, in recording an account of the "godly ministers" among the Indians, gives us the following concerning Hiacommes, who was the first Christian Indian and minister on the Vineyard in 1642, and who was ordained by such noted divines as John Eliot and John Cotton. Mr. Mayhew, it is said, being present at the funeral of Hiacommes' child "made a speech concerning the resurrection of the godly and their children to Life Eternal at the last day; which great truth these good people (the Indians) believing, mourned not as those that had no hope were wont to do," by which it would seem that the scriptural doctrine of the re-living of the dead was made the theme at funerals, and which doctrine being heartily "believed" by the simple natives, without any caviling or mystifying, was to them a source of great comfort. How different from funeral occasions now, when the dead are passed at once into glory, and the resurrection is scarcely mentioned as the believer's hope!

This took place in 1650; and to confirm this testimony it is said at the death of Jackan-ash, another Indian preacher, our Hiacommes himself preached his funeral sermon, whereupon Mr. Mayhew, who was present, took down and recorded the following strain, expressive of his faith: "Here, said he, is my deceased brother. Paul said this body is sown in corruption, but it shall be raised in strength. Now it is a pitiful mean body, but then it shall be a glorious body; yea, however, this body shall be consumed, and be as if it had never been, as it were turned into nothing, yet the power of God shall bring it forth again and raise it up an excellent and glorious body. Yea this body is now a precious body; for example's sake, though this body is but one, yet there are many people round about come together to see it sown. But if a man should go about to put one grain of wheat into the ground, there would not be so many people present at the doing of it as there are at the interring of this one body. And as you see there are many people present at the burial of this body, so shall there be many people present at the resurrection also. But it shall not be then as you see it is now; now every one is diversely appareled,—some after one manner and some after another, but all after a pitiful mean sort; but the righteous at the resurrection shall have all one uniform." Having finished his speech,—writes Mayhew, Hiacommes repeated at the grave these words, "This is the last work man can do for him, the next work God himself will do." Our informant also testifies that "when the Indian preacher spoke of the resurrection, he uttered himself with such fervency and confidence as would have become one who had himself actually seen the dead raised!" p. 11.

Hiacommes died in 1690, at a great age, after having done immense good among his people, and is described by his biographer Henry Whitefield, as being "of prompt understanding, of a sober and moderate spirit, and a man well reported." We think modern white preachers, who seldom if ever preach a sermon on the literal resurrection of the dead, who hardly believe the doctrine or grasp it in its full blessedness themselves, and so fail to present it as a source of comfort and hope to the mourner, might learn something of this "Poor Indian."

Many thousands of the Indians were converted to Christ in the seventeenth century, whose hope evidently lay in the resurrection at the coming of the Lord. Blessed Hope!

### Specimen of Welsh Preaching.

At a meeting of ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr.—invited several of his brethren to sup with him; among them was the minister officiating at the Welsh meeting-house in that city. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject on which they were discoursing was the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinion and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to style

of composition, &c., Mr.—turned to the Welsh stranger and solicited his opinion. He said he felt it to be a privilege to be silent when such men were discoursing, but he felt it a duty to comply with this request. "But," said he, "if I must give my opinion, I should say that you have no good preachers in England." "No," said Mr. L. "No," said he; "that is, I mean no such preachers as we have in the Principality." "I know," said Mr. L., "you are famous for jumping in Wales, but that is not owing, I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters." "Indeed," said the Welshman, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching." "Why," said Mr. L., "do you think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welshman. "You make them jump! A Welshman would set fire to the world while you were lighting your match." The whole company became very much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the Principality. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you; if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen indeed—oh! John Elias is a great preacher." "Well," said the company, "give us something that you have heard from him." "Oh no!" said he, "I cannot do justice to it;—besides, do you understand the Welsh language?" They said, "No, not so as to follow a discourse." "Then," said he, "it is impossible for ye to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen." "But," said they, "cannot you put it into English?" "Oh!" said he, "your poor meagre language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welshman can conceive;—I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it." The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do but something of a specimen; while they promised to make every allowance for the language. "Well," said the Welshman, "if you must have a piece, I must try, but I don't know what to give you. I do not recollect a piece of John Elias; he is our best preacher; I must think a little; well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man by sin—of his recovery by the death of Christ,—and he said:

"Brethren, if I were to represent you in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ, I should represent it somewhat in this way. Suppose a large graveyard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted. Within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave—the graveyards to swallow them and they must all die. There is no balm to relieve them—no physician there—they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner—all, all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy, the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene and wept over it, exclaiming, 'Oh that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds—I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls!' While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave that pause; and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, 'Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter? Can you look upon this scene and not pity? Can you pity and not relieve?' Mercy replied, 'I can see; and in tears she added, 'I can pity but I cannot relieve.' 'Why can you not enter?' 'Oh!' said Mercy, 'Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it.' At this moment Justice himself appeared, as it were, to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him 'Why will you not let mercy in?' Justice replied, 'My law is broken, and it must be honored. Die they or Justice must!' At this, there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the

Son of God, who addressing himself to Justice, said, 'What are thy demands?' Justice replied, 'My terms are stern and rigid—I must have sickness for their health—I must have ignominy for their honor—I must have death for life.' 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.' 'Justice,' said the Son of God, 'I accept thy terms. On me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter.'—'When,' said Justice, 'will you perform this promise?' Jesus replied, 'Four thousand years hence upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.' The deed was prepared, and signed in the presence of the angels of God—Justice was satisfied and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs, by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. 'Where,' said Justice, 'is the Son of God?' Mercy answered, 'Behold him at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross;' and then she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed saying, 'This is the day when this bond is to be executed.' When he received it, did he tear it in pieces and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, 'It is consummated.' Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended—it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity it expired! and there was darkness over the whole heavens: but 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men.'

"This," said the Welshman, "this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans."

### A Samaritan Passover.

The ascent of Gerizim and Ebal impressed us with the singular companionship of these two celebrated mountains. They remind one of twin brothers. Of equal height, with flattened summits and rugged sides, they are both equally renowned in sacred history. The honor bestowed on one was equalized by the glory conferred upon the other. If Gerizim was the Mount of Blessings, and Ebal the Mount of Cursings, yet it was upon the summit of the latter that Joshua reared the first altar to the Living God. But nature is less impartial, as flowers grow upon Gerizim, and thorns on Ebal. The former is chiefly celebrated as the Mount Moriah of the Samaritans. Upon its summits they erected a temple that rivalled that of Solomon's, but like that of the latter it is a heap of ruins, and desolation holds unbroken sway where once it stood. Having witnessed the Jewish Passover in Jerusalem, and being at Nablous at the time of the Samaritan Passover, we were anxious to witness the ceremony. The Samaritans had assembled upon the Mount to the number of one hundred and thirty, whom the priest informed me are all that are known to exist in the world. It was evidently a gala day, and the women and children were attired in their gayest costumes, and all were full of glee. The ceremonies commenced at five P. M., conducted by the venerable high priest and his two assistants.

The male part of the audience stood on a small mound chanting psalms and reciting portions of the Pentateuch. Everything had been prepared to slay and roast the paschal lamb. In one corner were six sheep without spot or blemish; immense caldrons of boiling water were near the altar to scald the sheep like swine, instead of flaying them in the ordinary way; and to the left was a circular furnace four feet in diameter and eight feet deep, in which the sacrifice was roasted. The going down of the sun was the appointed moment to slay the paschal offering; all eagerly watched the last rays of sunlight reflected from the highest peaks of Moab. At length the solemn moment came, and the lambs were slain; and worshippers bowed their faces to the ground, touching their foreheads to the earth, and after an interval of prayer, they rose, greeting each other with a holy kiss, and

then sprinkled the blood of the victims upon the forehead of the first-born child. The scalding of the sheep now begins, and then the fleece is removed, they are suspended upon a thick oaken stick, and with much ceremony placed in the furnace. When thoroughly roasted, they are withdrawn; the right shoulder is removed as the priest's portion, and the rest eaten by the people with bitter herbs and unleavened bread; and after the meal, which was partaken of with anything but religious solemnity, the ceremonies closed with a prayer and a chant.

It was an interesting spectacle for a Christian to witness, as illustrating the sacrificial law, but it is equally painful to reflect upon the blindness and unbelief of a people, whose prophetic writings, if only candidly examined, would lead them to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," and to the feet of "Shiloh, unto whom shall be the gathering of the people."—*J. P. Newman, in Methodist.*

### Pursued by Wolves.

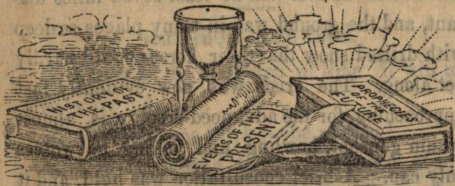
The following exciting adventure is told by an Abbassian chief, who, during the winter of 1852 was traversing a snowy steppe, with ten other mounted men of his tribe, well armed, and five prisoners—four Russian soldiers and a woman. All on a sudden, a strange howling noise was heard in the air, as the roaring of a dreadful wind, and they beheld a dark mass of objects, like a cloud on the horizon, spreading over the snow. Then they knew that they were pursued by a horde of wolves.

The horses were already fatigued with a long day's journey, but terror seemed to give them wings, for they tore along as if they knew their peril, and for a while seemed to hold their own. The nearest hamlet was at least seven miles distant, and the ground was in many places so deep with drifted snow that their horses could hardly get along. The crisis was now evidently fast approaching, for the advanced troop was almost within gunshot, howling and yelling as wolves only can. A brief consultation was held, and it was determined to sacrifice the prisoners one by one, so as to gain time for the rest to escape. The woman met her fate first; one of their number, stepping behind, drew his sabre across the hocks of her horse, hamstringing it, and causing both to fall heavily to the ground. Her shrieks as well as the cry of the horse in his death agony, rang through their ears for a moment, then all was still. They anxiously looked back, and found that this desperate expedient had enabled them to gain a considerable distance on their pursuers, but it was not for long; they were soon again on their heels, when a Russian soldier was sacrificed by shooting his horse; a second, third and fourth followed, and much time was gained and a considerable distance covered: still their insatiable foes pressed on, apparently more ferocious than before, for their appetite was whetted with the taste of blood. They now commenced discharging their firearms amongst them, but it was of no avail, for although many fell, the rest rushed on, and the course of the horde was not stayed. The horses of two of their number now gave up, and fell with shrieks that told they knew the fate that awaited them; and, although their riders were swift on foot, they could not keep their speed for any length of time in the snow, and soon became fatigued; so, bidding their comrades farewell, they resigned themselves to their destiny, drew their yataghans, and, shouting their battle-cry, died like men, fighting to the last.

The survivors were now within a couple of miles of shelter, but their horses were almost worn out, the leading wolves hardly a pistol-shot behind, and gaining upon them rapidly—another moment, and they expected to feel their fangs, when an old man whose two sons were also present, seeing the hopelessness of the case, bade his comrades farewell, and shouting out the imaan (Mohammedan creed) as a death-cry, felled his horse to the ground with the heavy butt of his pistol, as he could not rein up the scared animal, and offered himself a willing sacrifice to save the rest. On tore the survivors, now reduced to eight in number, and on followed their

pursuers, again only half-a-dozen horse lengths behind.

In spite of all their efforts, their doom seemed sealed, and their case hopeless, when the chief, giving an expressive look to the narrator, drew his pistol, and shot the man nearest to him through the head. He threw up his arms and dropped the reins; but, although stone dead, he sat firm in his saddle, the affrighted animal carrying him until a second discharge brought both to the ground. Again the pursuit was checked for a time, and the konak appeared in view. Luckily, the door was open, for it was deserted: men and horses rushed in, the door was closed, and a ponderous bar drawn across inside, when suddenly a loud, heart-rending yell was heard from without, above the howling of the wolves, and they saw through the chinks between the logs one of their comrades, whose horse had broken down and lagged behind, unperceived by the rest, surrounded by the horde, and fighting desperately, a moment more and he was pulled from the saddle, and both man and horse devoured before their eyes. Then the wolves surrounded the hut and, finding themselves balked of their prey, began to fight amongst each other, at times endeavoring to scratch away the earth under the logs, or force their way through the crevices; but the hut being substantially constructed, resisted all their efforts, and a deadly discharge of firearms was kept up from the interior, which thinned their numbers, and revenged our fallen friends; but the dead wolves were speedily devoured by the survivors, who remained howling and shrieking round the hut until the night of the second day, when a violent storm arose, and they took themselves off in the dark, much to the relief of the six survivors, who, seeing the coast clear, made the best of their way to their homes.



## ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

SYLVESTER BLISS, EDITOR.

The 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 disputation.

THE TERMS OF THE HERALD. The terms of the *Herald* are two dollars a year, in advance;—with as large an addition, as the generosity of donors shall open their hearts to give, towards making the A. M. Association an efficient instrumentality for good.

Correspondents, on matters pertaining solely to the office, should write "Office," on the envelope, to have their letters promptly attended to, if the editor be temporarily absent.

### Exposition of Daniel's Prophecy.

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE EPOCH OF THE PAPAL SUPREMACY.

24. From A. D. 538 to 1798.

These are the dates, to which we have ever looked with most interest since our first study of this prophecy. The objection to the last named dates consists in the fact that, whatever powers Justinian might have granted to the Papacy in writing, he had not then the requisite jurisdiction in Italy to make those powers serviceable, so that previous to A. D. 538, the grant, though real, was only nominal. Rome had been nearly sixty years under the yoke of barbarians; from 476 to 493, the Heruli exercised sovereignty there; and from 493 to 536 the Ostrogoths reigned by right of conquest "from the Alps to the extremity of Calabria." To those powers in turn, during all that period, the Pope was subordinate; and Justinian could not give supremacy to the subject of another prince, without first humiliating the opposing power. This was done by Belisarius, Justinian's general, in 536-8; but, one of this general's first acts was, by the command of the emperor, to depose Pope Silverius, and put in his place Vigilius, who, in 538, according to Bower, "was owned as

lawful Pope by the fifth general council, and the whole Christian world." (v. 1, p. 351.); and in this year the Ostrogoths raised the siege of Rome, leaving Belisarius in its undisputed possession. After this, however, the Pope was subjected to many indignities, and often realized his dependence on the Emperor, and Lombard princes. This date, as the commencing epoch, was confirmed by the events of 1798, just 1260 years later. The events of 1793 affected the power of the pope only within the kingdom of France; whereas it was his power universally, as exercised in Rome, that was to receive its check; and this was affected in 1798, when, by authority of Bonaparte, the Pope was conquered by the sword, and led into captivity.

The French had reduced Rome to such straits, that, on the 17th of Dec. 1797, "the priests of Rome went from temple to temple, and from street to street, proclaiming the end of the world."—*Life of Pius VI. vol. 2, p. 196.* Berthier entered Rome Feb. 15, 1798; and, says the writer above quoted, "From the very day of his entry, the ancient government may date the epoch of its overthrow; it nevertheless struggled for a few days in the arms of death. Such of the cardinals as had not already fled from the city on the wings of terror, were assembled in the council, and several were disposed still to uphold the authority of the Pontiff." But, finally, "with melancholy voice, they pronounced their absolute renunciation of the temporal government." Ib.

The Pope left Rome at 4 A. M. of the day of Gen. Berthier's entry, was first conducted to Sienna; which, being affected by the shock of an earthquake he "was hastily carried to a small country place, called by the name of Hell, which gave rise to the sarcasms of the undevout," (Ib.); and afterwards he was removed to France, where he died. The altar of liberty was erected in Rome, and the "Roman Republic" instituted. "Hardly was the new government formed, when there no longer existed a trace of the ancient; and no longer a cardinal was to be seen in Rome, except some who remained by reason of their age or infirmities," Ib.

As the gift of Justinian could not go into effect till 538, and as it virtually continued till, and was thus terminated in 1798, its duration was 1260 years. Since the last epoch, the Pope, though afterwards replaced in Rome, has continued there only as he has been upheld by foreign bayonets; which, and not he, have ruled in Rome.

WILLIAM MILLER, author of *Lectures on Prophecy*, entitled "Evidence from Scripture and History of the second Coming of Christ about the year 1843." (Troy N. Y. 1838, and Boston 1840) was the first who gave prominence to these dates in America. Referring to the evidences pointing to the commencement of Daniel's periods, he says: "These several marks, and combinations of events and circumstances, can nowhere be fulfilled in any manner agreeing with the prophecy, except in the conversion of the pagan kings to Christianity, which happened as soon as A. D. 508; then they must continue a short space," Rev. 17:10; which is shown in Daniel to be thirty years, the difference between Dan. 7: 25 and 12:11—the last number, 1290 years, beginning at the 'taking away' of Paganism, A. D. 508; the first number, 1260 years, beginning at the setting up of Papacy, A. D. 538, when the dragon gave his power, his seat and great authority, and when the ten kings gave their power and strength to Rome papal, and he exercised the power of the pagan beast before him. Papacy now killed heretics, as Paganism had Christians before." *Dis. on Prop. Chron.* p. 50.

Again Mr. Miller says: "If this time began when the emperor Justinian subdued the Ostrogoths and Arians in Italy, and gave power to the bishop of Rome to rule over all others, both east and west, and when the city of Rome was made the seat of the papal power, and when that power began to be exercised over the kings of the ancient Roman empire, and a war of extermination began against the saints, who would not yield obedience to the idolatrous worship of papacy, there it must have had its rise in A. D. 538; to which add twelve hundred and sixty, and it will end in A. D. 1798."

"For the year 1798 was reserved the final stroke, which broke the last link of papal dominion over the kings of the earth, and a consumption was fastened upon papacy which has caused them who worship the beast to gnaw their tongues with pain." "John says, Rev. 13:9, 10 'If any man have an ear, let him hear: He that leaeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword: Here is the patience and faith of the saints.' It is evident that the prophet is here telling every man, who is not a bigot or prejudiced against the truth, who has an ear to hear, how this power would come to its end of forty two months, spoken of in the fifth verse. As he would lead into captivity the kings and their sub-

jects during forty two months, so in the end, would they, the kings and their subjects, lead this power into captivity. This was literally fulfilled in 1798. The pope was taken from his throne on the 15th of Feb. 1798, and by the French army made a captive, and kept a prisoner until 1799, when he died in captivity in France. This power had wielded the sword of his civil authority over the kingdoms and states of Europe for many centuries, and has pulled down and set up at his will, and by the power of his armies had destroyed kings and their subjects. He must now be killed in like manner. When the 1260 years should be finished, his power would be killed, or taken away by armies, or by the authority of the kings. And sure enough, when the 1260 years had come to their end, behold, the power which the pope had exercised over others was now exercised over him; and he became dependent on the breath of Bonaparte for his mere nominal existence as a bishop of the church of Rome." *Dis. on the 1260 days*, pp. 37—39.

REV. JOSIAH LITCH, author of "Prophetic Expositions," Boston, 1842, says:

"The objection frequently arises, why not date the supremacy of the pope in 533, where Justinian gave him supremacy in the church? The plain answer is, the dragon was to give him his seat as well as his power. But while the Goths held Rome, the emperor could not give it to the pope. But in 538, when the city came again under the power of the emperor, the power was in his hands to give his ancient seat to the beast," Ib. p. 101.

"The saints were, by a formal act, given over into the hands of a blasphemous persecuting power; and the fall of the Ostrogothic kingdom opened the way for the carrying of that decree into effect. In A. D. 534, Justinian, emperor of Constantinople, published a new code of laws for his empire, regulating and settling some difficult points of jurisprudence. Among other edicts was one declaring the Bishop of Rome the head of all the churches. Thus the saints were, by a formal edict of the Greek emperor, given into the hands of the Roman Pontiff in 534. But Rome was at that time in the hands of an Arian monarch, and a most bitter enemy of the Roman Catholic church, and of the pretensions of the pope. . . . But in 538 "the Arian power was removed from Rome. The city also came into the possession of the same power which had constituted the bishop of Rome head of all the churches," *Address to the clergy*, p. 64.

"In 533, Rome, the seat of the dragon, was in the hands of the Ostrogoths. But in 536, Rome was taken by the Greeks. The Ostrogoths, however, only retired without the walls, and in their turn besieged the city until March, 538, when the war ended, and Rome was in the hands of the emperor, and he could give it to the beast, which he could not do before he possessed it. Hence 538 was the proper date for the 1260 days," *Review of Dr. Dowling* p. 78.

"The dominion of the papal power was taken away just 1260 years from the above occurrence. From A. D. 538 twelve hundred and sixty years will bring us to A. D. 1798. At that time General Berthier, a French general, with a French Republican army, entered Rome, took possession of the city, deposed the pope, abrogated the whole papal government, instituted in its place a republican form of government, and carried the pope a captive to France, where, in 1799, he died. Thus the dominion of the little horn, which was to continue a time, times, and the dividing of time, continued 1260 years; viz. from A. D. 538 to 1798," *Address* p. 65.

REV. APOLLOS HALE, author of a well written "Manual" in defense of the prophetic times, (Boston, 1843) very forcibly remarks:

"These provisions of the Justinian code could not go into effect in favor of the Bishop of Rome at the time they were issued, because Rome and Italy were then in possession of the Ostrogoths,—who, being strongly attached to the Arian faith, were as violently opposed to the religion of Justinian, as they were envious of his imperial wrath and power. It was not till the conquest of Rome, in March, 538, that the Catholic bishop could exercise the power with which he had been clothed by the emperor," *Manual*, p. 89.

Mr. Hale afterwards varied his view somewhat, in a Pamphlet entitled "Harmony of Prophetic Chronology" Boston 1846,—beginning this period in 541 and ending in 1801. He there says:

"Gibbon testifies that in 541, thirty years after the death of Clovis, 'the succession of consuls finally ceased in the thirteenth year of Justinian, whose despotic temper might be gratified by the silent extinction of a title which admonished the Romans of their ancient freedom' (M's Lib. vol. 3, p. 55). So that there was never afterwards any power resident at Rome, acknowledged as supreme, excepting

that of the Pope, till after the conquest by the French in 1798. The 1260 years, the period during which the saints were to be subject to the Papacy, beginning in 541, extend to 1801. Then the Justinian Code, so far as the Pope was concerned, was to give place to the Code Napoleon. . . . "The 1260 days or years must have ended with the 1290 in 1801,"—*Ad. Her.* Feb. 4, 1846.

Still later the same writer inclined to an earlier date. In an article in "Voice of the Prophets" for Oct. 1860, he says, "We consider the work of 533 as commencing the prophetic event from which the 1290 years are to be dated." Then speaking of the Greek struggle for independence, he says: "That uprising must be dated A. D. 1823. It marks the thirty years bound of the Angel of Prophecy from the termination of the 1260 years;" which would terminate that period in 1793; and, "the next bound passes 45 years, to the close of the 1335, and terminates in 1868,"—which would require a synchronous commencement of the three periods, instead of commencing the 1260, thirty years after the two others.

In the next number, however, in speaking of "the taking away of paganism, and the setting up of the papacy," he says in comparison with A. D. 508, of the 1290 and 1335 days: "The prophecy gives us good warrant for dating these periods at the completion of that double event, in A. D. 533, or 538 at the latest,"—"terminating in 1868—1873;" but adds that he does "not take the ground absolutely, that the Lord will come at either of those dates," but sees not "how these periods can be extended beyond."

EDWARD KING ESQ. F. R. S. &c., author of "Remarks on the Signs of the Times," 1798, said of the event of that year:

"Is not the Papal power at Rome, which was once so terrible, and so domineering, at an end? But let us pause a little. Was not the end, in another part of the Holy Prophecies, foretold to be at the end of 1260 years? and was it not foretold by Daniel to be at the end of a time, times, and half a time? which computation amounts to the same period. And now let us see, hear, and understand. This is the year 1798; and just 1260 years ago, in the very beginning of the year 538, Belisarius put an end to the empire and dominion of the Goths in Rome. He had entered the city on the 10th of the preceding December, in triumph, in the name of Justinian, Emperor of the East, and had soon after made it tributary to him; leaving thenceforward, from A. D. 538, no power in Rome, that could be said to rule over the earth, excepting the Ecclesiastical Pontifical power. It is true, that, after this entry of Belisarius, Rome was twice retaken by Totila and the Goths. But instead of setting up any empire there, he the first time carried away all the senate, and drove out all the inhabitants; and, the second time, he was himself soon defeated and killed, and Rome was recovered for Justinian by Narses. Still, however, no dominion, no power ruling over the world, ever had any seat there any more, except the Papal"—*Remarks &c.*

"We have reason to apprehend, then, that the 1260 years are now completed, and that we may venture to date the commencement of that period, not, as most commentators have hitherto done, either from Pepin's giving the Pope Ravenna, or from Charlemagne's determining and adjudging the Pope to be God's Vicar on earth, but from the end of the Gothic power at Rome," Ib.

REV. J. OSWALD A. M.—Lutheran minister of York Pa. author of "The Kingdom which shall not be Destroyed," Phil. 1856.—favors this date. He says:

"The imperial general, Belisarius, overthrew the Ostrogoths in Rome A. D. 538, and being recalled with his army, the Bishop was, I apprehend, left supreme in the ancient capital. The supremacy of the Pope was complete as early as A. D. 533, the same year that the institutes were published. The Greeks having driven the Arian Ostrogoths out of Rome, A. D. 538, the emperor's decree in favor of the Bishop of Rome could then go into effect," *The Kingdom* p. 97.

"Prophetic Popery commenced in the time of the Emperor Justinian, between A. D. 538 and 539. The exact year even may, I think, be ascertained with the utmost precision. Suffice it, however, to say, that it was Justinian and no other, who gave the Bishop of Rome the dragon's 'power, and his seat and great authority,' and the seat of that authority was Rome. But if Popery in the former half of the sixth century, then its years of violent domination were ended or numbered, in the latter half, or near the close of the eighteenth. What do history and fact teach us on this subject? History, which is prophecy fulfilled, teaches us, that A. D. 1798, the Papal power was entirely superseded by the French republican authorities, and fact ever

since demonstrates its great comparative weakness." *ib* pp. 138, 9.

REV. R. VALPY, D. D. author of "Prophecies relating to the fall of Rome" a sermon preached Aug. 13, 1798, before the Reading Association, in Reading Eng., according to the Editor of the Investigator, (Lond. 1836) vol. 5. p. 88, "makes the reign of Antichrist begin A. D. 538, and end A. D. 1798."

**God's Care for His Own.**

"Deliver thyself, O Zion, that dwellest with the daughter of Babylon. For thus saith the Lord of hosts; After the glory hath he sent me unto the nations which spoiled you: for he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye"—i. e. he inflicts an injury on himself. "For, behold, I will shake mine hand upon them, and they shall be a spoil to their servants: and ye shall know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me." Zech. 2: 7-9.

It is instructive to notice that much of the evil with which the nations have been overwhelmed, was a direct punishment from God, either for aggressions on, or contempt shown for the people of God.

The crime for which Edom was doomed to destruction was this: "For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off forever. In the day that thou stoodest on the other side, in the day that the strangers carried away captive his forces, and foreigners entered into his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem, even thou wast as one of them. But thou shouldst not have looked on the day of thy brother in the day that he became a stranger; neither shouldst thou have rejoiced over the children of Judah to the day of their destruction; neither shouldst thou have spoken proudly in the day of distress. Thou shouldst not have entered into the gate of my people in the day of their calamity; yea, thou shouldst not have looked on their affliction in the day of their calamity, nor have laid hands on their substance in the day of their calamity; Neither shouldst thou have stood in the cross-way, to cut off those of his that did escape; neither shouldst thou have delivered up those of his that did remain in the day of distress. For the day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen: as thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee: thy reward shall return upon thy own head." Obad. 10-15.

The same was the offense of Ammon:

"And say unto the Ammonites, Hear the word of the Lord God; Thus saith the Lord God; Because thou saidst, Aha, against my sanctuary, when it was profaned; and against the land of Israel, when it was desolate; and against the house of Judah, when they went into captivity; behold therefore I will deliver thee to the men of the east for a possession, and they shall set their palaces in thee, and make their dwellings in thee: they shall eat thy fruit, and they shall drink thy milk. And I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks: and ye shall know that I am the Lord. For thus saith the Lord God; Because thou hast clapped thine hands, and stamped with the feet, and rejoiced in heart with all thy despite against the land of Israel." Ezk. 25: 3-6.

The same was the offense of Tyre:

"Son of man, because Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Aha, she is broken that was the gates of the people: she is turned unto me: I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste: Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Behold I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causes his waves to come up. For thus saith the Lord God; Behold I will bring upon Tyrus, Nebuchadrezzar king of Babylon, a king of kings, from the north, with horses, and with chariots, and with horsemen, and companies, and much people." Ezek. 37: 2, 3, 7.

Such is God's care for his church that no nation or individual can trample on it with impunity; and his care for individual believers is no less watchful, and their oppression will be as certainly punished. "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea," Matt. 18: 6.

It is equally important, that Christians should never war against fellow Christians; for all those are "evil servants," who smite their fellow servants; those thus occupied, whatever their professions, can have no expectation of their Lord's near return; and "the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of." It then becometh all those who believe we are living in an age of the world when no one has any assurance for saying the Lord may not come any day, to "be kindly affectioned one to another"—putting away "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice"—being "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven,"—"not rendering evil

for evil," or "reviling for reviling," but praying earnestly for all men, and referring all things to the impartial judgment of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and out of whose mouth will proceed the sharp sword of retributive justice.

**Conference at North Springfield, Vt.**

The Conference at North Springfield Vt., last week, commenced the 8th inst. and holding over the sabbath, was one of much interest. The attendance was quite good, and the spirit manifested most encouraging. All present seemed actuated by one heart and one soul, and not an expression was uttered at variance with most hearty good fellowship. In this respect it was a model meeting, and as such was much commended by those present.

In accordance with previous arrangement, the time of the Conference was mainly occupied by the reading of essays, followed by discussion of the doctrines thus evolved; or rather by remarks on the same—no utterance being given to opposing sentiments.

Springfield, Vt., is mainly a farming country, on the west bank of the Connecticut river, about fifteen miles above Bellows Falls. North Springfield is about three miles north of the main village; which last is a manufacturing place of some importance, and in possession of a fine water power. The town of Springfield is intersected by the Black river, a good sized stream which it would be difficult to ford, and which has a natural fall or rapid that is a curiosity worthy of being visited. The stream after flowing a short distance over a rocky bed is compressed into a narrow, deep channel, and flows down an inclined plane, for a distance of several rods, between high rocky banks, with great swiftness; and when the sun shines, is continually over-arched by a rain-bow. We are not able to give the length of this rapid, the descent of the water, or its volume; which we hoped to do.

The friends in North Springfield, able to assist, are few in numbers, but their hospitality was unbounded. Though near five miles from "Gasset's station," the nearest depot on the Rutland and Burlington R. R., teams were sent to meet each train, during the several days, and the friends conveyed to and from the village free of expense. And the cordial reception given to those arriving, showed no merely formal greeting, but that the heart accompanied the act.

Our friends in N. S. have a neat good sized chapel, where Eld. I. H. Shipman has labored one-fourth of the time for a year past. His term of service there has now expired, and future arrangements are not yet made.

The people of the place showed an interest in the conference, by attending its meetings, and opening hospitable doors to strangers present. We noticed the Baptist clergyman—the only clergyman in the village—present at nearly all the sessions.

It gave us pleasure to renew many old acquaintances, and to form several new ones with those whose names we had long been familiar, and who thus seemed like old friends. We might individualize, and particularize kind acts; but thus doing never seems to us discreet or modest on the part of the writer, and such notice is usually disliked by the intelligent and high-minded when they find themselves thus referred to. Our friends, therefore, will understand that our remembrance of them is no less enduring and our regard for them no less real, than it would be, if we should call them all by name, and announce to the world what each one said and did. We shall fondly cherish the memories of those whose acquaintance it was our privilege there to make or renew, which we hope may not be limited to the changing shores of time; but as we nightly pitch our moving tent, may it be a day's march nearer the heavenly kingdom.

An incident occurred about the time of the commencement of the conference worthy of notice:—Two children, about eighteen months old, who were born within an hour of each other, in different families a short distance apart, were both taken sick with diphtheria and died within an hour of each other. The funeral of both was attended at the same time at the Baptist church. The funeral of another child, also, was attended at the same church during the conference.

A full account of the conference will be given in the minutes of the secretary, which we hope to commence next week.

**To Correspondents.**

Short and appropriate articles, of one column or less, are solicited from those who have well digested thoughts to communicate. Any writer whose article or enquiry is not promptly noticed, will please to call the editor's attention to the omission.

E. H. Brister. Is on file for insertion.

C. Green. We think under the circumstances it best not to print it. You will please explain to the writer that some might suppose it claimed to be a

real vision. There is no harm in telling such, but we think it impolitic to print many such.

D. Bosworth. Received just as we are ready for the press—shall give next week.

We are obliged to Bro. D. W. Flanders of Canada West for two new subscribers. Let each one who can endeavor to do the same.

**Our National Irreligion.**

The following is an extract from a sermon on our late national fast day, by Dr. Stevens of New York:

"Our national irreligion is a deplorable reason for humiliation and repentance. This though it might well be treated last as the climax of our national sins, I mention first because it is the source of most if not all our other public vices. A large portion of our population acknowledge no religion whatever. This fact is an anomaly in the history of humanity. I know of no parallel example among any other people ancient or modern. All others have had some forms of religion, individually observed. Probably one third or more of our population practically ignore any and every religion. They know no Sabbath except as a holiday, they enter no sanctuary, they have no forms of devotion, however slight or merely ceremonial, in their households. So far as any recognition of the supreme Being or the moral government of the world is concerned, they live and die like the brutes that perish. Heathenism itself is at least a manifestation of the religious instinct in humanity—there is some degree of moral earnestness in it, however perverted; as such we spontaneously respect it more than practical atheism. But here in the fullest light of Christian civilization, here for the first time in the history of the human race, millions of an intelligent population practically abjure all religious forms, acts, tokens whatever! In millions the religious sentiment, the very instinct, if such it be, seems inert if not extinct. Our population is 31,000,000, our 'accommodation' for church sittings are not 14,000,000. If on this solemn day of our national peril and mourning the whole people were to turn to the temple of God to seek his help, not one half of them could find room there. This mournful anomaly may arise from the fact, that we have no direct national recognition of religion—no state church. Religion enters but slightly if at all into the functions or even the ceremonies of the state. It hardly consecrates, even with extemporary solemnities, the high places of the national magistracy. But let us not err here. If a 'national religion' has its popular advantages, it has greater evils. In its best shape it must trench on the rights of conscience—the most fundamental doctrine of modern freedom and modern civilization. It tends to ecclesiastical oppression and priestly corruption. It promotes hypocrisy in high places. It seldom consists with a deep religious life among the people. It perpetuates traditional error, and is the heaviest drag now on the wheels of European progress. So far as our irreligion arises from the absence of a state religion, it is the abuse of a good thing. The sin of the church of this land is not, that it stands aside from the state, but that it stands too much aside from the lower masses of the people—that in apostolic freedom, it has not enough apostolic zeal, that, more powerful, morally, than it could be, if shackled by the state, it has not proportionately used its power in providing for the people. Know, you citizens of New-York, worshipping in your stately temples, that there are whole wards of your city, crowded with a morally festering population, with chapels not sufficient to receive a tithe of them. Is this the way you fortify the moral battle-fields of your great 'New world?' Is this your allegiance and loyalty to the kingdom of God among you? If it is replied that our church edifices bear numerically as large a proportion to our population as those of some communities which have established religions, I will not now pause to investigate the statistics. The stern fact still stares us in the face, that the people are less reached by their ministrations than the population of any papal or semi-barbarous land under heaven. If any of the latter are less supplied with religious edifices than we, they, nevertheless, bring more of the people to their altars, though it be at different intervals of their sacred days. They sway the people by other means of their religion. Precisely here we fail. Had we temples enough, yet we do not 'go out and compel' the perishing multitudes, to 'come in.' Our religion sits enthroned in our churches or vestries, or in our individual Christian households; it does not sufficiently go about like Christ doing good."

**"Let Go the Twig."**

During a revival in Scotland, a lady was awakened, and went to a minister and told him how unhappy she was. He said he was glad to hear it. She told him how she had read and prayed, and yet could find no peace. He told her it was not by anything she could do, but what Christ had done long ago, and finished on the cross, she could be saved.

Nothing relieved, she went to a recently converted friend, and said, "What have you done to get peace?" "Done!" said her friend, "I have done nothing. It is by what Christ has done, I have found peace with God." In yet greater distress she went home, shut herself in her room, resolving not to rise from her knees till she had found peace. Long she remained so, till, worn out, her poor body fell into a slumber. And she dreamed she was falling over a frightful precipice, but had caught a twig by which she hung over the gulf. "Oh! save me," she cried; and a voice from below, which in her dream she knew to be Christ's, said: "Let go the twig, and I will save you." "Lord, save me," again and again she cried, and again and again the same answer was returned, "Let go the twig, and I will save you." She must perish she thought, if she let go the twig. At length he said in tones most solemn and tender, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." She let it go, fell into her Saviour's arms, and in her joy of feeling herself safe, awoke. In her sleep she had learned the needed lesson. Her own doings were the twig. She saw she must let these go, and fall down into the arms of her Redeemer. She did so, and had peace.

Dear reader—"Let go the twig." Learn by heart this hymn, and make the language of it your own:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin a double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
"Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling—  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace.  
Guilty, to the fount I fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

ABIDE IN CHRIST.—President Dwight used to say to his class, as they went out from under his care: "Young men, it is not great talent, it is not great learning, that is to enable you to do good, but abiding in Christ." He then added: "The young man of whom we expected least all the way through the college, has now attained to the greatest excellence and usefulness, and has done the most for the up-building of the cause of the Master."—That man is Dr. Nettleton. His hopes were not bright; he was gloomy and despondent all the way through his college course; but he afterwards shook off this dark mantle, and richly exemplified the power and beauty of the religion of Christ, and wherever he went, Christ went with him, and glorified himself through an arm of flesh.

GOD IN ALL THINGS.—A person at dinner with Mr. Newton, of London, remarked that the East India Company had overset the college at Calcutta.

"What a pity!" said a gentleman present.

"No," said Mr. N., "no pity—it must do good. If you had a plan in view, and could hinder opposition, would you not prevent it?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, God can hinder all opposition to his plans: he has permitted that to take place, but he will carry on his own plan. I am learning to see God in all things: I believe not a person knocks at my door but is sent from God."

ALL ONE IN CHRIST.—Dr. Schaffler states that some months since, when the Syrian troubles first broke out, and a great deal of apprehension was felt among all classes at the Turkish capital, the native Christians held a communion season for mutual comfort and encouragement. The number of communicants was nineteen, representing eight different nationalities—viz., seven Osmanlees, two Persians, one African, one Israelite, one Irishman, three Americans, three Englishmen, and one German. There were, indeed, "Jew and Greek, Barbarian, Scythian," but all one in Christ Jesus.

ELEMENTS OF A GOOD CHARACTER. In a truly good character, we look, first of all, for integrity, of an unbending regard for rectitude; then for independence, or the habitual determination to be governed by an enlightened conviction of truth and duty; then for benevolence, or spirit of kindness and good will to men; and last for piety towards God, or an reverent regard for the will and glory of the great Jehovah.

**For Sale at this Office.**

Dr. Cumming's Great Preparation. First and 2d volumes.  
Dr. Thompson's Morning hours in Patmos.

Price of each of the above, \$1 per vol. Or they will be sent by mail at that price free of postage.

Extra edition of the Herald of Mar. 16th.—containing our articles on the Great Image of the Nebuchadnezzar's dream, in the 2d of Dan. 10 copies for 25 cts., or 50 for \$1.

## CORRESPONDENCE.



In this department, articles are solicited, on the general subject of the Advent, from friends of the Herald, over their own signatures, irrespective of the particular views which it defends. Views of correspondents not dissented from, are not necessarily to be considered as editorially endorsed. Correspondents are expected to avoid all personalities, and to study Christian courtesy in all references to views and persons. Any departure from this should be regarded as insulting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or unbecoming controversy.

From Bro. D. I. Robinson.

Bro. Bliss:—Religion is rather low here, and business stopped a good while. Recruiting is most lively. This great judgment war grows tremendous on our hands. The prophecies are fulfilling: every man's hand against his fellow, i. e. civil war—the worst kind. All nations are drinking, or likely to be soon, from one end of the earth to the other.—They “wake up all the mighty men” on both sides. They call for “all the men of war to draw near.” The implements of peace are being transformed to war—“scythes to sabres,”—and all rallying to the day of slaughter—to the valley of Jehoshaphat (judgment); for the great day of the Lord is at hand. “For I, saith the Lord, will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come.—For my determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, that I may pour upon them mine indignation, even all my fierce anger, saith the Lord.” Other nations have taken the cup; and shall we escape? Oh no. We have been a wicked nation, in profanity and pride; in sabbath-breaking and pleasure; in intemperance and speculation; but most in the crying sin of slavery. We sinned in first receiving slaves from the Dutch, in 1620; we sinned in not freeing them at the Revolution; we sinned in allowing twenty years of the slave trade; we sinned in allowing representation, for them, for the masters, instead of the slaves; we sinned in returning fugitives; we sinned in buying Florida for slavery, instead of freedom; we sinned in buying Louisiana for slavery; we sinned in receiving Texas with slavery and for slavery; we sinned in the Mexican war, for Texas and slavery; we sinned in receiving eight slave states with slavery; we sinned in driving out the Indians, by force, for slavery; we sinned in always siding with the slaveholder, instead of the slave; and now it has brought all this trouble upon us, and we deserve it. O God help us to repent of it all heartily, and do Thou forgive us, and help us now to abolish it, and rebellion together, forever, to the glory of God, and joy of all nations, world without end. Amen.

Yours truly,  
D. I. ROBINSON.

Brooksville, Fl., Sept. 15, '61.

From Bro. Charles R. Clough.

Dear Bro. Bliss:—I believe I can say truthfully that the Herald is a welcome messenger, and a great help to me in my search for religious knowledge.—I prize your expositions of Daniel's prophecy above the cost of the paper. I do love Bible truth, and I desire to see it shine out in all its resplendent glory. It is the pure, unadulterated truth, that we greatly stand in need of in these last days of peril.

I am glad to see a disposition manifested by you, to keep out of your paper many things that might otherwise prove an injury to the cause of truth and an injury to the paper, and which is intended many times, by the author, for the injury of others, instead of benefit.

Some things appear in the Herald, that I might wish better suited to my mind; but I am aware the time for the watchmen to see eye to eye has not yet come; and when I consider that I may possibly be wrong myself, the spirit in me that might otherwise lust to envy, is put to silence; so that I feel less inclined to find fault with your paper.

I do sorrow to see the church in such a divided state, when I cast my almost desponding eyes over this ruined world, and behold the dark, thick fogs of mysticism, together with the blighting and increasing attendant perils, sweeping with fearful and astounding velocity against divinely inspired truth, under a garb of reverence to God. My panting, anxious soul aspires after a fulness of the spirit of the world to come, and while possessing an increasing anxiety to be eternally emancipated from the piety-depressing and religion-destroying or distracting influences extant in this world of anarchy, I can cry out, in deep devotional ardor, “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.” O may that day speedily come when the Lord shall

“bring again Zion;” when “they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know” him “from the least even to the greatest.”—When “he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces: and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it.”

How is it, brethren? Are we laboring to be in readiness for the coming of the kingdom of Christ? or are we laboring to build up our own popular theories, regardless of the now torn, mangled and bleeding church, purporting to be the bride of Christ? Ofttimes am I reminded of a dream told to me by an aged sister in Lower Canada about 12 years ago, as follows, as near as I can recollect.—She said:

“I imagined myself seated in my room alone, and was feeling at the time very sorrowful, when of a sudden the door of my room was opened, and a very pleasant looking stranger came in. He seemed to be a messenger of glad tidings; but my heart was saddened when he stopped about midway of the room, and taking a clean silk handkerchief from his bosom he held it up, requesting me to look at it.—To my astonishment, he commenced in the middle of it and tore it to the edge each way, but leaving it hanging together at the edges. He then tore it into strips about one inch wide, in the same manner.—Holding it up by the two corners, he then said, In like manner will the advent church be torn up before Christ comes to judgment.”

The dream seemed to give her much sorrow, as she placed great reliance in dreams, and had great love for the church that was looking for Christ's speedy return to earth to set up his kingdom. I have been astonished to see such ideas as the sleep of the dead in the intermediate state, the annihilation of the wicked, and that of the day to be observed as a day of rest, distract and divide the professed followers of Christ. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. To those engaged in the cruel work of unholy division I would say, Listen to the Saviour, John 17:11, 12, “Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee: that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.”

Says the apostle Paul, —“Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you: but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.” 1 Cor. 1:10. Let us, brethren, take earnest heed to the admonitions of this divinely inspired servant of God, lest we plunge into the great whirlpool of divisions, and be borne down the deep and turbid tide of apostasy to the fearful and fatal vortex of absorbing perdition. Let us labor to show ourselves worthy to be called, in the day of the Lord, “The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord.”

I am your brother, looking for that day of redemption,  
CHAS. R. CLOUGH.  
Snidersville, Wis., Aug. 31, 1861.

Bro. J. B. Simpson.

Bro. Bliss:—I take this opportunity of addressing a few lines through the Herald, as I consider it is the best religious paper in the land. It sets forth the sufferings of Christ, the claims of the gospel, and the glory that is to follow, to them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and eternal life. It is some time since I have written anything for the Herald; but seeing the cause is progressing in Canada, I think it my duty to say a few words of encouragement to the friends of the cause, and those of like precious faith, scattered abroad throughout the land. It is always encouraging to me, when I read the Herald, and see how the cause is advancing in different parts of the earth, through the ministration of the word by those called Adventists.

We have had good meetings this year in Canada. We had, I think, as large a field meeting as ever was held in Canada West. It was estimated that there were fifteen hundred people present. This meeting was held in the Crooker settlement, near the Colver school house; and the Lord was with us. The word seemed to take effect, and many are asking the way to the celestial city. We solemnized the Lord's supper, and truly it was a refreshing time, and we did rejoice in hope of that day when we shall drink it new in our Father's kingdom. We were called to part, and leave each other for a season; but we rejoice that we shall soon meet in that convocation that shall ever be present with their Lord. The people were anxious we should have another field meeting in the same place. Accord-

ingly we gave appointment to that effect, and we had as many people present as before, and we had “the form of the fourth” with us. The grove was made to resound with the praises of God. Soon again came the parting time, and it was like taking our dearest friends from us to part with those we loved in the gospel; but we expect soon to meet again in the new earth when the Lord shall bring again Zion, and make the place of his feet glorious.

We had another meeting at Bro. William Lawrence's place, and the Lord was with us, and we had a good time. Brethren Crandell, Burtenshaw, Roach, and myself were present, to speak encouraging words and exhort the people to flee the wrath to come. Last Sunday had a meeting in the Spring settlement. A good time; baptized one; others are asking the way. May God help them to find the road and walk therein. Next Sunday I preach, D. V., at Bro. Borden's school house at 10 o'clock.—My time is taken up one-half at Bro. Borden's and one-half at Spring, for the present.

Yours looking for the glorious hope,

J. B. SIMPSON.

Westminster, C. W., Sept. 20, 1861.

From Bro. H. Jackman.

Thorn in the Flesh.

Bro. Bliss:—Having read the piece in the Herald of Sept. 21st, on Paul's thorn in the flesh, I tho't I would write a few thoughts on the subject. He commences the chapter by saying it is not expedient for him to glory: therefore he would come to visions and revelations of the Lord; and in this vision he says he knew a man that was caught up to the third heaven (meaning himself doubtless) and heard **unspeakable words** which it is not lawful (or possible, mar.) for a man to utter. In 2 Peter 3d chap. we find the place where he went to, that is the new heaven; for we read there that the first heaven was destroyed by water, and the second is reserved unto fire; therefore the new heaven must be the third. Now it appears to me that Paul in this vision stands as a representative of his people, that God showed him the eternal home of the true child of God, with which he appears greatly elated. Therefore this thorn—what is it? It is the man of sin, the son of perdition. And why was it a thorn in the flesh? Because, as I said before, Paul stood as the representative of his people. His people must pass that power in the flesh. Paul tells us that that power began to work in his day, but was not fully manifested; but would be afterward. Now my mind is that Paul saw this power in the way, between him and the consummation of the Christian's hope; and he besought the Lord thrice to remove that power out of the way, that his people might escape that awful scourge, and reach their home in peace and safety. Again, Paul is the only one that could say that that day should not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, meaning, I think, the same thing.

Having written these few thoughts, I hope it will induce some able pen to write on this vision of the apostle and make it plain, and oblige many of the readers of the Herald.

From your unworthy brother,

HOLLIS JACKMAN.

West Boscauven, N. H., Sept. 30, 1861.

From Sister L. S. Phares.

Bro. Bliss:—I hope that in the good providence of God, and the co-operation of the tried and faithful of Christ's kingdom, you will still be able to publish the Herald. It never was more necessary than at present, that we should have such a paper, surrounded as we are with everything that is calculated to divert the mind and to fill it with conflicting emotions. I have many reflections about the present state of the world. Sometimes I have tho't this country would be permitted to arise out of the present difficulty. Indeed I am inclined to be hopeful with regard to the success of the Federal army, from the simple fact that I believe them to be engaged in a righteous cause. And yet I am aware that we are nearing the final conflict. That the work of the unclean spirits may have commenced—namely, to gather the kings of the earth, and the whole world, to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

This is the national fast day, and as I did not send this letter as soon as I expected, I will add a little more. I had the privilege of attending a prayer meeting. It was a solemn season. Most of the churches are having meetings to-day twice or three times. I have been much interested in comparing the book of Ezekiel with that of the Revelations—especially from about the 32d chapter of Ezekiel to the close; and from about the 12th ch. of Revelation to the close. I hope that no one interested in the study of the Scriptures will fail to compare especially the 38th of Ezekiel with Rev. 20th. There are several passages I wished to point out, and to ask your opinion in regard to; but at

present I will leave this subject, and at another time, when I have more leisure, I should like to resume it. The papers for the last few days have but little in them of an encouraging character, with regard to the war. To-day was a solemn day here, and well calculated to inspire the heart to pray. The 35th Regiment of troops left for Kentucky, and more are preparing. I close with simply stating that I hope we will trust in God who alone can save.

L. S. PHARES.

Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1861.

Wine.

Mr. Bliss—Dear sir:—The letter you received last week containing one dollar, which proved to be unintelligible, was written by a blind person; and of a correspondence of many years this is the first instance of the kind. This by way of explanation. We now come to the contents of the letter. In answer to Mr. Penniman's question in the Herald of Aug. 17, Did the Saviour sanction the use of fermented wine as a luxury? you answer, The use of unfermented wine on this occasion. Permit me to ask, in Christian kindness, Can you prove what you here asserted as your opinion? The wine which Noah drank made him drunken. The wine given to Lot by his two daughters produced the same effect. When the mockers at the day of Pentecost attributed the powerful manifestations of the Holy Spirit to the effect of new wine, Peter's reply plainly teaches that new wine when taken results in intoxication. And is it not a reasonable inference—a natural conclusion—that the wine which the Saviour by miracle furnished for the wedding guests was the same in its nature, and the excessive use would have rendered it the same in its effects. Dr. Cumming in his first lecture on the Miracles says that the rain and the dew-drops falling upon the roots, fibres and branches of the vine, causing it to blossom and bring forth fruit, that the process of extracting the liquid from the substance and of fermentation were the same, only what Christ performed in a second takes a year to accomplish. He also says that the correct translation of the phrase, “And when they wanted wine,” is when the wine began to fail, and Webster and Worcester alike give the definition of wine as being the fermented juice of the grape; and does not this agree and perfectly harmonize with Scripture? and do you think an earnest seeker after truth, with no theory to sustain, can prove total abstinence by the word of God? Does it not recommend the use of wine as a medicine, while it pronounces woes on the drunken? My heart has often been pained of late by hearing professing Christians say they could not love a Saviour who would create fermented wine as a luxury. While such is the feeling of some of the readers of the Herald, is it not important the subject be carefully investigated, and the truth clearly presented, that they may trust without wavering Him who is too wise to err and too good to do wrong?

When the above is inserted, please omit the name.

Yours in Christian love.

We think wine is wine, whether fermented or not fermented. Fermented wine is wine subjected to the chemical change of fermentation. We do not think the use of fermented wine, as a medicine, sinful; but it would be sinful to be a wine-bibber, the same as it would be to be “gluttonous” in eating. The temperate man eats and drinks to live. The other class make eating and drinking an end of existence, and not the means. What the Savior created was wine, to all intents and purposes; but we think it not fermented wine, because it had not been subjected to the process of fermentation. It was as it was created, and not so made by fermentation.—Even if identical in quality with wine fermented, that would not make it fermented, but only like it. We still, however, think the wine the Saviour made would not intoxicate. This is our opinion only.—We have no proof to offer, and are indifferent whether any one considers it correct. We give it only as our opinion—fully sensible of the impossibility of proving either the one or the other.

We make out the P.S.

Ed.

From Sr. R. Kitchen.

Bro. Bliss:—I would be deprived of several comforts of life, before I would of the Herald; for, the hope it inspires in me of the Bridegroom soon coming enables me to look beyond all these troubles, makes me want to do more to spread the news thro' the Herald, as we have no Advent preaching here.

R. KITCHEN.

Cincinnati, O.

“As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.” Matt. 7:12.

Judge them kindly, kindly, kindly,  
Mark what spirit ye are of;  
See that Satan don't ensnare you;  
Walk ye in the bonds of love.  
Fellowship's the bond that's knit



## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

## Learning Lessons in the Fields.

School was over. The village children rushed into the open air, joyful at their freedom, and, after the first burst of pent-up fun was over, they began to turn to their homes. "Come, Patty, let us go by the green lane and Farmer Pike's wheat-field," said Jane Smith to her little sister, "the high road is hot and dusty. I like to go that way, for we can get woodbine in the hedge, and I shall make a wreath for my hair."

The children went slowly on, for the evening was fine; at length, however, they reached the stile that led to Farmer Pike's fields. "Now Patty, we must not touch the wheat," said Jane to her sister, as she stretched out her hand to pull some; "that would be wrong, you know, for it does not belong to us; if we took this wheat the farmer might be angry."

"Perhaps God would, too," said Patty; "please hold my hand, and I shall not touch it."

The little girls had not walked far before they met the old farmer himself, leaning on the shoulder of his grandson Harry; but there was no hurry in their manner, as would have been the case if they had been doing mischief; so, dropping a courtesy they both said, "Good evening, grandfather," for the village children loved the old man so well that they often called him by that fond name. Many a good turn Farmer Pike has done for his neighbors, but the oldest man or woman in that place could not recollect that he had ever done a bad one; so he was a general favorite, and his old age was cheered by the attentions of his family, and made bright by the prospect of that heavenly home, which Christ has prepared for all those who believe in him. Seventy winters had brought grey hairs on the farmer's head, but no cold chill had fallen on his heart.

Harry, a boy of eleven years, was the companion of his grandfather's walks, delighting to listen to the old man's words and support his feeble steps, or, as he called it, to be "grandfather's walking-stick."

"Well, my little birds, so you have escaped from the cage and are flying home to your nest," said Farmer Pike, as Jane and Patty approached. "You have done with lessons for to-day, I suppose. Mine are never done; I was just learning one out here in the fields."

Patty looked up in wonder—old Farmer Pike learning a lesson, and without a book. The farmer guessed the reason of her surprise and said, "My book has golden letters and tells me much about the wisdom, power, and goodness of our Father in heaven."

"You mean the corn-field, sir," said Jane.

"Exactly so; shall I tell you something about it?"

"Oh, please sir, do," cried both children; and Harry looked as glad as either of them to listen to a page from his grandfather's lesson-book.

"Let me see; where shall I begin?—The children know the uses of wheat, I must tell them something about how it grows. You are all fond of bread, I am sure, and of cakes and puddings when you can get them, and so are young people in other parts of the world. Now God is so good as to give some kind of bread-making plant to almost every country of the globe. Here we have our wheat and barley, the colder north has oats and rye, while the sunny lands of the south are not left without rice, maize, and millet. Thus God provides food for his children, giving each climate the kind best suited to it.—Asia is the native land of rice, America of maize, or Indian corn; but as my friends here live principally upon wheat, I shall read to them from the golden page of my book. Come now, little Patty, pull one of those long stalks, and let us examine it."

The child obeyed, and held the yellow corn in her hand.

"Was this field always full of wheat?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, no," replied Jane, "last autumn Harry's father ploughed the ground and sowed the seed."

"Just so, Jane; and each seed contained the germ of roots and stalks. After the seed had been hidden under ground a few days it began to put out tiny roots, which drew support from the earth, and soon after a delicate green shoot appeared above the surface. This feeble shoot consisted of a bundle of leaves folded round the future spike, which, in this beautiful cloak of green, was able to resist all the cold of winter. In this we have a proof of God's goodness and power."

"And please, grandfather, tell us," said Harry, "does only one stalk of wheat grow from each seed?"

"Sometimes a great many more. I have read of a gentleman who, to make an experiment, divided and re-divided the stalks which grew from one seed until he had five hundred plants, and, at harvest-time, 576, 840 grains of wheat."

"If I am a sailor by and by, grandfather, and happen to be cast on a desolate island, like Robinson Crusoe, I shall try to save a few grains of seed-corn, and then I may be able to have plenty of bread in a year or two."

"Very well, my boy, but I hope you will never have to try a home on a desolate island. Do you remember the change that took place in this field last spring?"

"Yes, grandfather; the stems grew very long and the green leaves which had covered them during winter faded away; I suppose the warm sun made the corn throw off its cloak; then the ear came, at first covered with little flowers, and it is now filled with seeds. But, grandfather, why are the stalks of straw hollow?"

"Well, here is another proof of the wisdom of God. It was needful to have the stalks narrow that they might not take up much room; tall, that the ear might be raised above the damp of the ground and enjoy the bright sunbeams; strong and flexible, so as to bend to and fro with the wind, and be able to bear the weight of the ripe grain without breaking; now a hollow tube is the only shape that would answer all these purposes. And these knots add to its strength, besides enabling it to regain its upright position after it has bowed before the breeze. Besides, the hollow tubes admit the ascent of the sap. When the grain is fully grown the knots become hard, so that the sap ceases to flow, the straw and ear become golden-colored and bend down ready for the reaper's scythe. But my other lesson-book, my best book, tells me that God has done it all, for it says, 'Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.' Now, children, this is your sowing-time; every truth that gets into your heart is a grain of good seed, every untruth a weed. Take care what seed you sow, for reaping time will come and weeds injure the plants they grow near. Remember, too, that my field would never be filled with plenty, but for the blessing of God and the industry of man. You must also be busy both with head and hands, and never fancy, as some foolish people do, that it is no matter how idle or how wicked they are while young; for my two books tell me that whatever we sow we shall also reap, the same in quality, but greatly increased in quantity."

The sun was sinking in the west, the shadows grew longer and longer every moment, so the old farmer bade the little girls run home, telling them he would be very glad to see them in a few days at the gleaming; and, watching them till they were out of sight, returned slowly to his humble but happy cottage.—*Child's Companion.*

## Fanny's Gray Kitten.

"Do you see her run?" said Fanny, and the little gray kitten almost flew into the hall, closely pursued by "Old Kitty," her mother. "Now she is away through the kitchen yard. See her run up the cherry tree; how can she get down? Mew, did you say? Will you be helped down? Oh you prefer to creep down a little; and now, with a leap, away you go again. See her jumping up against the wall. There, she has him! Keep out of the way, then, Mr Fly; you should know her claws are very sharp, and if she catches you, she will eat you up. There, now, she has upset the

work-basket, and is driving hoop with the spoons and thimbles. See her look so cunningly with the thimble in her mouth.—She means it for laughing, I know."

"Gather them up, Fanny; kitty is not a good housekeeper; she gets things out of their place, but never puts them back again."

Hark, she is crying; what can the matter be? Her bright eyes spied a fishing rod and line hanging upon the kitchen wall. In her thoughtlessness and ignorance, she jumped to catch it, and the hook passed quite through her foot. The cruel barb is hidden in the flesh, and she cries piteously. Old Kitty has been enjoying herself watching her frolics, but now she runs and mournfully joins the cry.

"Call William to get out the hook." William came, and carefully held the hook with the pincers, so it should not pry on poor Kitty's foot, and broke off the part attached to the line.

But the barb is in yet; what shall we do?

Kitty is in great pain; she mews, and tries to pull it out with her teeth. William covered her head so she could not bite him, and then, carefully as possible, but with kitty crying sadly, pushed it through.—Now your trouble is over, Kitty; learn to look and think before you jump for every line again.

Fanny's little gray kitten is not alone in play with hooks and lines—with tempta-

The lad who visits the saloon, and listens to its low stories and vile jests, is playing with a line whose hook will very likely fasten upon him and drag him into a drunkard's ignoble grave. The youth who disregards a mother's love and forsakes a father's advice, is playing with a dangerous line, a fatal hook.

The boy who disregards the Sabbath, and seeks companions among the vicious, who secretly, perhaps, practices "the manoeuvres of a traveling circus," or is engaged in boys' theatre, is playing with a line whose hook will surely and fatally draw him away from virtue and self-respect. The youth who sets lightly by the Bible, and listens eagerly to the sneers and cavils of bad men, is playing with a line and hook whose barb will pierce his soul, drawing him from the rock of truth and honesty into the whirlpool of delusion and ruin.

Oh! ye children of the Sunday-school, and youth of our happy land, flee these temptations—these barbed hooks. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

## The Child's Prayer.

Into her chamber went  
A little girl one day;  
And by a chair she knelt,  
And thus began to pray:  
"Jesus! my eyes I close;  
Thy form I cannot see;  
If thou art near me, Lord,  
I pray thee speak to me."  
A still small voice  
She heard within her soul:  
"What is it, child? I hear;  
I hear thee—tell me all!"

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,  
That thou wilt condescend  
To tarry in my heart,  
And ever be my friend.  
The path of life is dark—  
I would not go astray;  
O, let me have thy hand,  
To lead me in the way!"  
"Fear not; I will not leave  
Thee, poor child, all alone."  
And then she thought she felt  
A soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all  
The living pass away:  
The aged soon must die,  
And children even may.  
O, let my parents live  
Till I a woman grow;  
For if they die, what can  
A little orphan do?"  
"Fear not, my child!  
Whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee e'er,  
Until I bring thee home!"

Her little prayer was said,  
And from her chamber now,  
She passed forth with the light  
Of heaven upon her brow.  
"Mother, I've seen the Lord—  
His hand in mine I felt,  
And oh! I heard him say,  
As by my chair I knelt:  
"Fear not, my child!  
Whatever ills may come,  
I'll not forsake thee e'er,  
Until I bring thee home!"

## APPOINTMENTS.

Elder B. S. Reynolds will preach (D.V.) at Montgomery Centre, Friday, October 18th, and hold meetings over the following Sabbath; and in Clarenceville, C. E., Wednesday evening the 23d.

Elder Himes will preach in Waterbury, Vt., Oct. 21; Cabot, Vt., evenings, Oct. 22 and 23; Champlain, N. Y., Oct. 24 and 25, and over the sabbath.

Elder Samuel Heath will preach in the Advent Chapel, Hudson st., Boston, Sabbaths, Oct. 20th and 27th.

London Ridge, Sunday, Oct. 27th; West Alton, Friday, Nov. 8, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue over the Sabbath. Will brethren remember this meeting, and do what they can in order to see the work of the Lord again revived in West Alton, "while it is called to-day."

T. M. PREBLE.  
Concord, N. H., Oct. 14, 1861.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

## BUSINESS NOTES.

M. B. Laning. We have none of the Pulpit Harp and can only supply the pew edition at present; which we will put at the same price as the pocket ed.

J. M. Orrock. Mrs. M. L. Clark owes \$1.08. We credited \$2 to F. Newcomb, to 1862, Sept. 14.

R. Hutchinson. Mrs. A. A. Knowlton was indebted \$1.75, which we have cr. her and chd. you—cr. you 75 c. for hymns.

Geo. W. Burnham. Sister A. Phelps handed us at conference \$4.26, collected at Low Hampton for you; which awaits your order.

B. Dudley, \$1. Sent book and two tracts, and cr. 16 c on Herald to No. 1030. The history and Bible, are for sale in N. Y. and not at this office.

## A. M. ASSOCIATION.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1861.

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| M. B. Laning, Kersey, Pa.                 | 1.00  |
| "Mill. Aid Society" in Shiremanstown, Pa. | 3.00  |
| "New Kingston, "                          | 3.00  |
| Mrs. Willard Wood, Derby Line, Vt.        | 1.00  |
| From Philadelphia, by J. Litch            | 10.00 |
| Osmund Doud, New Haven, Vt.               | 5.00  |
| A friend at Conference (N. S., Vt.)       | 10.00 |
| S. Bliss                                  | 2.00  |
| R. Hutchinson, Waterloo, C. E.            | 1.00  |
| Paul Hardy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.            | .50   |
| Tasker Williams, Mendon, "                | .50   |
| Lucy Chittenden, at Conference            | .25   |

## Special Proposition.

"A friend to the cause" proposes to give one hundred dollars towards the six hundred needed to publish the Herald weekly the coming year, provided the amount be made up by other contributors. This is not designed to interfere with the pledges of annual payment, below.—Paid on the above, by

"A Friend of the cause" \$10.00

## ANNUAL DONATIONS.

It is desirable that there be raised by donation five or six hundred dollars each year, by annual subscriptions; and the following may be a suitable form of pledge for that purpose.

We agree to pay annually in furtherance of the objects of the American Millennial Association, the sums set against our respective names.

|                                   |      |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| Samuel Prior, Yardleyville, Pa.   | 5.00 |
| Stephen Sherwin, Grafton, Vt.     | 1.00 |
| Martin L. Jackson, Milesburg, Pa. | 2.00 |

My Post office address in future will be Yarmouth, Me.  
O. R. FASSETT.

My P. O. address is Rouses Point, Clinton Co., N. Y.  
DANL. T. TAYLOR.

## RECEIPTS.

UP TO TUESDAY, OCT. 15.

The No. appended to each name is that of the HERALD to which the money credited pays. No. 1023 was the closing number of 1860; No. 1049 is the Middle of the present volume, extending to July 1, 1861; and No. 1075 is the close of 1861. Notice of any failure to give due credit should be at once communicated to the Business Agent.

Those mailing, or sending money to the office by other persons, unless they have a receipt forwarded to them, are requested to see that they are properly credited below. And if they are not, within a reasonable time, to notify the office immediately.

Those sending money should remember that we have many subscribers of similar names, that there are towns of the same name in different States, and in some States there is more than one town of the same name. Therefore it is necessary to give his own name in full, and his Post-office address—the name of the town and state, and if out of New England, the county to which his paper is directed. An omission of some of these often, yes daily, gives us much perplexity. Some forget to give their State, and if out of New England their County, while some fail to give even their town. Sometimes they live in one town and date their letter in that, when their paper goes to another town; and sometimes the name of their town and office are different. Some, in writing, give only their initials, when there may be others at the same post-office, with the same initials. Sometimes, when the paper goes to a given address, another person of the same family will write respecting it, without stating that fact, and we cannot find the name. And sometimes those who write, forget even to sign their names! Let all such remember that what we want, is the full name and post-office address of the one to whom the paper is sent.

D W Flanders 1081, Geo Thompson 1087, Wm Story 1087, S Ebersol 1081, J Johnson 1148, E H Brister 1098, S Minor 1075, Mrs M H Hyatt 1082, Mrs Mary Gorham 1082, A Phelps 1075, A Culver 1086, H Bundy 1049, Mrs D Winchester 1049, J A Winchester 1101, W H Eastman 1081—each \$1.

W A Cook 1068, M H Mayer 1101, M B Laning 1127, B T Morrill 1104, C A Towne 1127, J Clark 1075, O Doud 1127, Dr C O Town 1075, S H Chaffee 1086, S K Baldwin 1088—each \$2.

Silas Howland 1065, \$3.