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The "Come" of Rev. 22: 17. BY D. T. TAYLOR.

To whom does the word "come" in the above mentioned verse refer? Are sinners alone invited by it, or is Christ invited? Does it mean come to Christ, or does it mean come, Lord Jesus? The following comments upon the passage by apocryphal writers, selected from my library, show it to have been understood very differently from the usual and popular view, which makes it solely a Gospel invitation to the race of men at large; and the splendid passage is, by these authors, made a beautiful adventual text, constituting a royal welcome to the coming King, poured out from the lips of the whole church, and from the Holy Spirit, also, which, at this stand-point in the vision, is about to finish its office-work below, turn its back upon the world, and go up with the Bride. I have taken this view of the text for years, and regard it as worthy of special notice, and exactly suited to our times.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, for they look for, and hasten unto the coming of the day of the Lord, and let him that heareth answer, Come. And then, at my coming, I will fulfill to him my words. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isa. 55: 1. (Note or heading: "That the coming of Christ is the great object of expectation to the church, and that this revelation is to serve to the end.")—Rev. W. H. Hoare on Apoc. p. 149. 1848.

"The Spirit saith, Come; For by his Spirit alone in the heart can we wish for his coming; his Spirit can alone desire, can alone prepare us for his coming; and the Bride, his church, also in waiting, says come,—even as a bride looks for the coming of her Lord, and makes herself ready for that coming. They that love his appearing, is the very mark of his elect; they are ever looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God. And they that are heavy laden also, that thirst after righteousness to which they feel that they have not attained, they also may come," etc.—Rev. Isaac Williams, on Apoc. p. 484. 1852.

"And all godly spirits, and Christ's holy church, and chaste spouse, wished him to come, and ye that heare, pray for his coming; and let every man that zealeth, and thirsteth after spirituall graces, approach and come unto him," etc.—(Lord) John Napier on Rev. p. 319. London, 1611.

"The Spirit, or Holy Ghost, who directs the church, and the Bride of Christ, or the church

herself, cry to me, saying: Come, hasten the general judgment, put an end to the labors of your servants, and admit them into the heavenly city. Whosoever heareth this cry of the Holy Spirit and the church, let him also say, Come; let every one join in the same request, because it is for the ultimate and greatest blessing. And if any one thirsteth after the water of life, after the glory which I give, let him come and meet me, let him hasten to me in fervor and sanctity. And he that will, let him take the water of life freely."—Sig. Pastorini on Rev. Fourth Edition, 1807, p. 391. By Bishop Malmesley, a Roman Catholic. 1771.

"The former part of this verse appears to be expressive of the earnest desire of the redeemed for the second coming of the Saviour. The Holy Spirit, who in the economy of the redemption, acts as the Comforter and Sanctifier of the elect, joins with the Bride, the Lamb's wife, in an ardent wish and fervent aspiration for the accomplishment of the Lord's gracious promise to 'come again and receive his people unto himself, that where he is, there they may also be;' and the same thing is repeated, verse 20. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. But verse 17 comprises a most free and gracious invitation to him that is athirst, and to whosoever will to take the water of life freely. The words are precisely of the same import as Isa. 55: 1" etc.—Lectures on Apoc., by W. Jones. p. 607. 1830.

"Here our Saviour shows the true effect of this revelation in the hearts of the faithful, viz., earnestly to desire his second coming: The Spirit in their hearts, and the Bride, that is the whole catholic church, wish and long for his second coming. And let him that heareth say come; that is, every one that heareth and believeth these glorious things should also desire the same, and long for the performance of them, praying daily, Thy kingdom come. These are short and abrupt sentences, full of holy affection. Our Saviour lets the church know, that he is to send no new Scripture, or messages of this sort to them; they have no more to expect but his second coming upon the accomplishment of this prophecy. As Malachi in his last chapter closes the canon of the Old Testament with a promise of Christ's first coming, and refers the people of God to the law of Moses and to the prophets till then; so Christ here closes the canon of the New Testament with a promise of his second coming. And let him that is athirst, viz., after righteousness,—say come, that is, desire and pray that Christ may come and receive all the faithful into heaven."—Samuel Oradock on Rev. p. 253. 1696.

"Hearing Christ say that he should come quickly, verse 7, 12, the Spirit and the Bride express an earnest wish, and a most affectionate desire after his coming; by the Spirit may be meant the Spirit of God in the hearts of his people, who not only convinces them of, and acquaints them with the coming of Christ to judgment, and gives them reason to expect it, but fills their souls with the love of his appearing; so that they look and long for it, and hasten in the breathings of their souls after it; . . . even all the elect of God; . . . the Lamb's wife, these wait for the Bridegroom's coming, and most earnestly desire it, as there is good reason for them so to do, since his appearing in itself

will be a glorious one, being in his own glory, and his Father's, and the holy angels; and seeing then will be the solemnization of the marriage-day between Christ and his church, etc., and let him that heareth say come likewise; or express his wishes and desires in the same earnest and affectionate manner, that Christ would hasten his second coming."—Dr. John Gill on Rev. pp. 688—89. 1763.

"These kinde of abrupt sentences, full of affection, serve to stir up like affections, desires, and wishes in us. Here the Lord Jesus commends unto us the studie of this prophesie by the example of the Spirit and of the Bride: they say Come, that is, from this prophesie they look for my coming, and that I fulfill the same. Therefore ye also that heare this prophesie ought to have the like desire. By the Spirit and Bride may be meant the spirituall Bride, sanctified by the Spirit of God. By the Bride I understand the church, especially the triumphant. She desires me to come, that is, to fulfill the prophesie, and to return to judgment, that she might be glorified through a final redemption: like as the souls under the altar did desire the full deliverance of the church from all the miseries of this life. Or we may understand the Spirit properly of the Holy Ghost, who spake to the churches in the Epistles in which it is oft repeated, Hee that hath eares let him heare what the Spirit saith unto the churches. In this sense the Spirit is said to wish the coming of Christ, by a *metalepsis*; because it is the Spirit that makes the Bride to desire Christ's coming; in which sense also it is said, Rom. 8: 26, that the Spirit maketh intercession for us, that is, stirreth us up to make our requests and to cry, Abba Father. Come to the full glorification of thy Bride. This is the reason of the wish, for the coming of the Lord shall be the full redemption of the church: the which, seeing we all doe expect, wee must also wish for the coming of the Lord, for as the apostle intimates, it is a note of God's children to love his coming, 2 Tim. 4: 8, and let him that heareth, etc. This is the consequent of the former, as if he should say, if the Spirit and the Bride long for my coming, then also let him that heareth the words of the prophesie say Come; that is, ardently desire my coming for his redemption. Thus he would have us continually to pray Thy kingdom come. By which we daily desire that the Lord Jesus by his coming would wholly destroy the kingdom of Satan and perfectly set up his own," etc.—David Parcus Com. on Rev. pp. 593-4. Amsterdam, 1844.

"In the eleventh place is brought in speaking the church, wishing the coming Christe unto judgment. For sins our Lorde Jesus Christe is so good, so benign, and holisome, whome all this booke hath promysed to come, and to deliver the church of saintes afflicted in this worlde, now is resited the desire of the same his church, wishing and calling the Lorde, sayeng, Come. For anone we shall heare the Lorde promysing and saying, Be it, I come quickly: and the church agayne reporting, Amen: even so come Lorde Jesus. And that the spirite within our body crieth busily to the Lorde for our deliverance and glorifieng, the Apostle mentioneth much in the 8 to the Romanes. Notwithstanding that by the spirite may be understand every spiritu-

all man also. And therefore Aretas he nameth them spirite, sayeth he, which are accounted worthie of the spirituall marriage, and the Bryde, the church itselfe: Thus sayeth he. Of the Bryde we have spoken many times in this worke, so that we nede not be tedious in repeting the same. Howe be it with a wonderfull desyre all the godly covet that the Lorde wolde come unto judgment. To the wicked that day is terrible and abhorred, to the godly most joyfull and wished for. For the godly perceave that they shall once be delivered from all evylles, and plentifully rewarded with all good thinges, that the glory and veritie of God shall be avanced and established, that all ungodlynesse shall be abolished, and the wicked by the just judgment. Whereupon St. Peter, in the 3 chapt of the Actes, calleth this day the restoring and performing of all such thinges as God hath at any time spoken by the mouth of his prophetes. In that same day therefore shall all the promesses of God even of the greateste matters be fulfilled throughly. Therefore sayeth the Lorde in the gospell: Lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nere. They that mourne and are desperate—like cast down their heads,—the Lorde biddeth us life up our heades, to be cheerefull and of good hope. For we shall certainly be delyvered and glorsified, which have been in the world a laughing stocke and had in derision of all men. . . . The godly shall rejoyce in him whome they see coming, shewing the woundes wherewith they are redeemed. Lyke as therefore the desyre of saintes was greateste when the first coming of our Savior approached nere, as in Symeon alone appeareth, Luke 2,—right so at the second coming of Christe unto judgment all saintes with uncessable voyces shall crye, and continually do crye, Come, Lorde Jesus, come and deliver us, come and maynetayne thy glorie and church, almoste braughte to naught; come our Redeemer and Savior so wished and looked for, despatch us from evilles, grant us the good thinges promised."—Henry Bullinger, pastor at Zurich. A hundred sermons on the Apoc. pp. 691—93. 1561.

Hymns 810 and 811 on Revelations XXII, 17. The church in her militant state Is weary, and cannot forbear, The saints in an agony wait To see Him again in the air; The Spirit invites in the bride Her heavenly Lord to descend, And place her enthroned at his side In glory that never shall end. The news of his coming I hear, And join in the catholic cry, O, Jesus, in triumph appear, Appear on the clouds of the sky! Whom only I languish to love, With fulness of majesty come, And give me a mansion above, And take to my heavenly home."

Charles Wesley, M. A. Short Hymns on Select Passages of Holy Scriptures, in two volumes. Vol. II, p. 138. London: 1796. I have been much stirred in my heart and comforted in reading these golden commentaries of holy men of old as well as modern times; so much so that I could not refrain from copying them for the readers of the Crisis, with the wish that every other one of our Advent papers would see fit to reprint them, and thus spread them before those in America who wait for the Lord to come from heaven, that they may be

quickened in their ardent desires for the appearing of the Bridegroom. Gentle reader, do you love his appearing?—*World's Crisis.*

Phenomena of Camphor in Water.

When small pieces of camphor are dropped on the surface of a glass of water several curious phenomena may be observed. They immediately commence to rotate, and move about with remarkable energy; varying sometimes in rapidity, but usually conducting their gyrations in a strange and erratic manner. In order to obtain the best effects, some precautions are necessary: thus, the camphor should be tolerably pure, the piece employed should be cut and separated from the larger lump with a perfectly clean instrument, and contact with the fingers should be scrupulously avoided. Moreover, the glass should be quite clean and the water pure. When these conditions are satisfied, the phenomena are really very striking, and well merit more attention than is generally devoted to such things. If, instead of using a torn or cut fragment from a lump of camphor, one or two fine crystals are detached with a clean needle-point from the cork of a phial in which camphor is kept, and these are let fall on clean water, they at once begin to move about with wonderfully increased rapidity, darting away in various directions, as if shot from some miniature engine, or, endowed with life and a will of their own; each crystal quivering and rocking on the water with an apparent high degree of indignation at its forced contact with the humid surface. This fury gradually diminishes, and a regular dance begins; the various particles select partners, to some of which they will seem to cling with pertinacity; whilst others will, either remain indifferent, or, if attracted, will only stay a very short time in embrace, and wander again in search of more congenial floating associates.

In describing the method of separating and placing the camphor on the water, we laid some stress on the fact that everything should be quite clean, and that the fingers should not touch the camphor in any stage. The reason of this is obvious. If, whilst camphor is actively moving on water, the most minute particle of certain greasy substances touch the water, instantaneously, as if by some magic, the camphor is deprived of all motion. The scene of previous activity is changed into immobility. This curious property has been made use of to detect grease in quantities so extremely minute as would appear almost fabulous, for camphor cannot be made to rotate on water containing the most infinitesimal portion of grease.—*London Photographic News.*

The Dignity of Labor.

Very much has been said, at different periods of the world's history, about the dignity of labor; and orators and politicians have turned many pretty periods, and rounded sentences with sonorous allusions to the "bone and sinew of the land." The admiration and adulation of these gentry is partly true and partly false, and too often their sentiments are uttered for sinister purposes. In either event, whether the after-dinner speakers mean what they say or not, no lover of his race can withhold his hearty admiration for the sturdy, law-abiding, hard-working mechanic, who toils with the sun, and wrests from his trade a modest but certain support. The little picture of his home, beautified by the taste of his equally frugal wife; the children who share his hearth and cot; these have been held up to public view, and have been admired and dwelt upon with pleasure, as they should be. This is one aspect of the mechanic's social position; and another is that one in which, by the universal consent and vote of his fellow-citizens, the artisan aspires and is elected to an honorable office, in which political wire-pulling nor trickery are of any value. The dignity of labor is then realized in the reward of industry and honesty, and the preferment which naturally follows in the wake of integrity when manifested in any sphere of life.

But there is no dignity to be found in those laborers who fritter away their time, and reduce their family to want, by hanging around pot-

houses, or in loafing about places where idlers resort. There is no moral worth or value in those individuals who lounge about workshops, and condole with their fellows upon the small amount of wages they receive; who endeavor to incite strikes, thereby bringing beggary and ruin upon themselves; who deprecate and ridicule the efforts of apprentices to improve their spare hours with study; and who, in brief, embarrass every good and noble movement by sneering and declaiming against it, or by manifesting spite and opposition to moral and physical advancement of every kind. There is no dignity in the laborers who represent this class let them belong to whatever handicraft they may. They stand metaphorically in the position of Samsa of old; with either arm around the columns of the social temple, they topple the whole fabric to its fall, careless that they also are involved in its destruction.—*Scientific American.*

Sleep.

Death from old age has been compared to falling asleep, never to awaken again in this world; and hence the transition is easy to a lucid consideration of the phenomena of sleep, "nature's soft nurse," so necessary to our existence. Death or madness must be the result of a long continued absence of this great restorer; so felt and said Byron in his last illness. Sir Benjamin Brodie mentions the case of a gentleman who, from intense anxiety, passed six entire days without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never been similarly affected since. Those who have been subjected to cruel tortures have declared that the most intolerable was the deprivation of sleep; and as this was one of the modes of treating the unhappy old women who fell into the hands of the witch-finders, it may account for some of their illusions, and the crazy confessions they made. The sick-nurse frequently has recourse to stimulants, which indeed remove for a time the uneasiness and languor occasioned by the want of sleep. But the temporary relief is dearly purchased, and those who have recourse to alcohol on such occasions, should know that it does not create nervous power, but only enables the recipients to use up that which is left, leaving them in more need of rest than ever, when the stimulus has ceased to act.

The Value of Newspapers.

Many persons regard the money expended upon newspapers as so much money thrown away; but this is not the case, for it is a well-known fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are—

1st. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2d. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3d. They acquire a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with all the important places, nations, their governments and doings, on the globe.

4th. They are better grammarians; for, having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with greater accuracy.

5th. They write better composition, use better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6th. Those young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers are always found taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge on a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in the use of language.

Dangerous Coin in Circulation.

In consequence of the absence of gold, opportunity has been afforded experts to manufacture large quantities of "filled" coin, which is said to be pretty well circulated in this and other cities. The resumption of payment of custom duties in gold, in consequence of the scarcity of the demand notes, has brought out the false coin in company with the genuine; and the counterfeiters are so well made that none but experts can detect them. We are informed that many of the banks have received and paid this false issue; brokers take and sell it, and it is sent to the Custom-house to pay duties, without criminal knowledge or intent. The proportion of the filled coin now in use is not large, as compared with the genuine currency, but it is nevertheless true that few of the men handling it know whether the coin is genuine or not, and the uninitiated cannot possibly detect the work of the tamperers.

At the Custom-house, the filled pieces are sent in for payment of duties, while the rejection of a number of them in one day is not uncommon. The discovery of these pieces is followed immediately by cutting them in halves with a chisel, when they are returned to their owners, who, of course, replace them with good coin.

The system of filling, as now practiced, originated in California, and was detected in England in the process of melting the coin. The business is now, if possible, more carefully, and also more extensively conducted. The process is to split the coin, to take from the centre one-third to one-half, and in some cases, a larger proportion of the gold, which is carefully weighed, and an equal amount of platina, or alloy of platina, of an inferior quality, put in its place—in what manner is not precisely understood. The sides of the coin are then closed, the edge is re-milled, and the whole of the work is so accurately done that not only the weight of the piece remains unchanged, but the size remains the same or so nearly the same that the difference is not perceptible; and what is most singular, the "ring" is perfectly clear. This test, therefore, which is generally employed to detect spurious coin is quite useless, although some experts think they can by this means observe and detect the filled pieces. The milling of the coin most frequently reveals its character.

At the present rate of premium, six to seven dollars' worth of gold can be taken from a ten-dollar piece, while the filling is estimated to be worth four dollars per ounce—one-fifth, perhaps, of the metal abstracted.

The skill with which the fraud is committed constitutes its chief danger; but it is by no means likely that any large proportion of our gold coin will be thus debased.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Bird-catching Spider.

The spider was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster.

I drove away the spider and took the birds; but the second one soon died. The fact of species of *Mygale* sallying forth at night, mounting trees and sucking the eggs and young of humming birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation it has come to be discredited.

The *Mygales* are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistic tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Arapas caranguejeiras*, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a pe-

culiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some *Mygales* are of immense size. One day I saw the children, belonging to an Indian family who collected for me, with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog.—*H. W. Bates.*

Looks of Edmund Burke.

The North British Review gives this sketch of him: When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons, to speak, the first peculiarity that caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense rather than massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent; fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imaginary power. His nose, which was straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one sent into the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body a picture of living energy.

Adventure with Lions.

We were waked up suddenly, by hearing one of the oxen bellowing, and the dogs barking. It was moderately dark, and I seized Clifton's double rifle and rushed out, not knowing where, when I saw the driver perched on the top of a temporary hut made of grass, about six feet high, roaring lustily for a *doppe* (cap.) I scrambled up just as the poor ox ceased his cries, and heard the lions growling and roaring on the top of him, not more than fourteen yards from where we were, but it was too dark to see them. I fired, however, in the direction of the sound, and just above the body of the ox, which I could distinguish tolerably well, as it was a black one. Diza, the driver, followed my example, and as the lions did not take the least notice, I fired my second barrel, and was just proceeding to load my own gun, which Jack had brought, when I was aware, for a single instant only, that the lion was coming, and the same moment I was knocked half a dozen somersaults backward off the hut, the brute striking me in the chest with his head. I gathered myself up in a second, and made a dash at a fence just behind me, and scrambled through it, gun in hand, but the muzzle was choked with dirt. I then made for the wagon and got on the box, where I found all the Kaffirs who could not get inside sticking like monkeys, and Diza perched on the top. How he got there seemed to be a miracle, as he was alongside me when the brute charged. A minute or two afterward, one of them marched off with a goat, one of the five that were tethered by the foot to the hut which we had so speedily evacuated.

Diza, thinking he had a chance, fired from the top of the wagon, and the recoil knocked him backward on the tent, which broke his fall. It was a most ludicrous sight altogether.

After that we were utterly defeated, the brutes were allowed to eat their meal unmolested, which they continued to do for some time, growling fiercely all the while. The Kaffirs said there were five in all. I fired once again, but without effect, and we all sat shivering with cold, without any clothes on, till near daybreak, when our enemies beat a retreat, and I was not sorry to turn in again between the blankets. I was just beginning to get warm again, when I was aroused by a double shot, and rushed out on hearing that the driver and after-rider had shot the lion. We went to the spot and found a fine lioness dead, with a bullet through the ribs from the after-rider; a good shot, as she was at least one hundred and fifty yards off. Another had entered the neck, just behind the head, and travelled all along the spine nearly to the root of the tail. I claimed that shot, and forthwith proceeded to skin her. I cut out the ball; it proved to be my shot out of Clifton's rifle; this accounted for her ferocious onslaught. The after-rider was rather chop-fallen at having to give her up to the rightful owner.

Diza got a claw in his thigh, and the gun which he had in his hand was frightfully scratched on the stock; rather sharp practice. A strong nerved old Kaffir woman lay in the hut the whole time, without a door or anything whatever between her and the lions, and kept as still as a mouse all the while.

I had the remains of the ox dragged to the best spot for getting a shot, if the lions should pay us another visit. They did not keep us waiting long. In less than an hour after dark they came, and immediately began their meal. The night was very dark, and we had nothing but their own growls to guide us in shooting. We three blazed away in succession for a long time. The ox was placed just in front of the wagon, about twenty-five yards off, but they dragged it away considerably further. Crafty must have had some narrow escapes, for she would not come in, but kept up an incessant row all the time; and, encouraged by the firing, came to very close quarters with them several times. They charged her frequently and savagely, but she showed great pluck. I saw one lion tolerably distinct once, and fired, when for the first time, he uttered a fierce roar and charged at the wagon. We had, however, a strong fence between the wagon and them, and when the lion lay down about seven yards off for a long time, I felt sure he was wounded. He made off soon afterward, and I turned in before they all took their departure.

October 1. Went up to see our last night's work. It was evident that one or more had been severely wounded, but we endeavored in vain to trace them. I turned out with my two dogs and one Kaffir, Jacob. I was obliged to offer him a reward of five shillings before he would consent to accompany me. We gave the dogs the wind, and hunted down the nearest kloof. I had not got four yards from the wagon when I saw that Hopeful winded something, but neither growled nor barked, in spite of all the encouragement I gave him. He was very near the kloof, and came away. At length I mustered courage to go down, and, proceeding a short distance, saw an old lion dead at the bottom. A large bullet had gone right through his middle, and I was in high spirits at my success.—*Baldwin.*

THE SAVIOUR AND HIS FRIENDS.—Our Lord, in the days of his flesh, encountered various classes of enemies, but none of these ever included a woman. On the contrary, the gentler sex always appear to have been his followers or friends. Not only were they, as has often been said, the last at his cross and the first at his sepulchre, but throughout they ministered to his wants. A woman anointed him for his burial; a heathen woman interceded for his life with her husband, Pilate; women bewailed and lamented him as he went to Calvary; to a woman he first appeared when he rose again. All this was most fitting, since of a woman he was

born, and to woman his Gospel was not only a means of salvation, but a source of domestic and social elevation for the present life.

Birds of the Bible.

BY PAUL HART SWEETSER, ESQ.

Every department of the Natural History used by sacred writers to illustrate and enforce the teachings of the Bible, must, of necessity, be deeply interesting to the devoted teacher of the Scriptures; and even to the negligent student, the birds of the Bible may sing an inspiring song.

“On the Bible's holy pages,
How each bird our heart engages!
Every instinct has its teachings,
Every habit has its preachings,
Every plume reflects some glory,
Every song-note tells some story.”

The sacred writers make frequent reference to common and natural objects. We are sent to school to the ant that creeps; to the beasts of the forests and the fields; to the fowls of the air. And even the instincts of animals are often a safer guide than the teachings of human reason.

“The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.” “The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgments of the Lord.”

“Reasoning at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way;
While meaner things, which instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.”

Birds are divided, in the Scriptures, into clean and unclean. As a general rule, those were clean and fit for food that lived on grain and seeds; while those that live on carrion and flesh were rejected as unclean. The Jewish Rabbins believed, and we think reasonably, that the quality of food exerted an influence on the temperment and character of those who partook of it.

“When birds of prey are by the Lord forbid,
Methink there are in this wide lessons hid.”

Of the twenty-seven sacred birds, the raven is the first named, “And he,” Noah, “sent forth a raven, which went forth, to and fro, until the waters were dried up from the earth.” The raven was probably sent forth first on account of its sagacity and hardiness, and consequent ability to provide for itself where other birds might perish. It very much resembles in character and appearance our common crow; except that the raven is a larger bird. It has been called the ebony bird, from its black and shining plumage. Solomon says, speaking of his beloved, “His locks are bushy and black as a raven.” It derives its name, in Hebrew, from its color—“Oreb, the evening.” In English, from its natural habit, it being a ravenous bird. When it preys upon the dead, it always begins with the eyes. Hence the words of Solomon:—

“The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out.” It is still a common expression in the East, in reference to one who is pursuing a wicked course—“Ah, the crows shall one day pick out thy eyes!”

Elijah was fed by the ravens, and we are told to “consider the ravens,” for “God feedeth them.”

The raven is very sagacious, and may be taught to speak like a human being. We have heard a crow speak as plainly as a parrot. Poe's celebrated and beautiful poem of “The Raven,” which represents the bird as speaking, may contain literal truth as well as admirable poetry.

The dove is perhaps the most interesting Bible bird. It has been called “the sacred symbol of peace and purity and love.” It is first mentioned in the account of the flood. After the raven, when the waters were abated, Noah sent it forth from the ark; but the gentle bird, finding no rest, returned. It is sent again, and returns with an olive leaf in its mouth. It is a remarkably clean and beautiful bird. To the beauty of her plumage the Psalmist alludes—“Though ye have lien among pots, ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.”

Dove's eyes are noticed in the Scriptures. To the church it is said, “Behold thou art fair—thou hast dove's eyes.” Of the Savior we read:

“His eyes are the eyes of doves by the rivers of water.”

Jeremiah speaks of the dove as a fierce and fighting bird—“The land is desolate because of the fierceness of the dove. Let us go to our own people to avoid the sword of the dove.” This refers not the character of the dove, but to its likeness, painted on the army banners of the Jews. “Be ye harmless as doves,” said the Savior to his disciples.

There are several species of the dove; the domestic or tame dove, the wild dove, called the wild pigeon, and the truffle-dove. The last two are migratory. They leave us at the approach of winter's storms and cold, and fly away to warmer climes, and return at the approach of spring.

Listen to the sacred poet's strain. “O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest: I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.” Again: “Lo, the winter is past, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

The cooing of the dove is plaintive, and when it loses its mate, sits and mourns in solitude. Hezekiah says: “I did mourn as a dove.” Isaiah represents sinners as saying, “We are in desolate places; we mourn sore like doves.”

We read in the New Testament, that, at the Saviour's baptism, “The Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape like a dove upon him.” If a breach takes place between two doves, they soon become reconciled.

“They let the present injury die,
And long forget the past.”

Doves go in pairs; and when they have chosen mates they continue one through life. We read in Solomon—“My love, my unfiled, is but one.”

The dove is warmly attached to its home, and if carried away, even many miles, when set free it will soon return. On this account it has long been used to carry messages, which are fastened by a string to the neck of the bird. By this means victories were announced, and communication was carried on with besieged cities. It is said that doves laden with false intelligence led to the destruction of the city of Tyre. There is doubtless an allusion to the carrier dove in the following passage—“Curse not the king, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry thy voice, and they which have wings shall tell the matter.”

“The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wings, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.”

So grant me, God, from every care
And every passion free,
Alight through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee.”

Keep your Teeth Clean.

The almost universal complaint of decayed and decaying teeth among almost all classes, is indeed most deplorable. To know that our very bones should rot in our mouths in youth, and middle age, is, at least, a lamentable fact. Nor is this calamity confined to Americans; though it is said that American women more than any others, are unfortunate in this respect. But look in the mouth of the beef and plum-pudding-eating Englishman, the sturdy oat-meal-eating Scotchman, the potato-eating Irishman, the sausage-eating, tobacco-smoking, and beer-drinking German, the frog-eating, coffee and wine-drinking Frenchman; all have occasion for the services of a dentist.

It is said that the teeth of our native American Indians, including the Esquimaux, who live beyond the reach of whiskey and tobacco peddlers, are far better than those of their more civilized brethren.

The native African is said to be blessed with sound teeth, but, so far as our studies and observations extend, most, if not all civilized nations are “rotting in the mouth.”

The old “remedy” of chewing and smoking tobacco, only aggravates the evil, so say all dentists, while the almost universal practice of medicine taking, hot tea drinking, eating hot food, including the flesh of animals, probably has something to do with this early decay of human teeth. Then, again, most people neglect to cleanse their teeth. Living upon unnatural con-

diments, pastry, confectionary, and drinking vile stuff—doctoring with vile drugs instead of pure water; the teeth become corrupt, and covered with foul tartar, and filled with rotten filth; then comes a sickening foul breath, so foul indeed as to be almost past endurance, by another, whose breath, in turn, though of a different odor, may be no less impure. Now this nuisance may be lessened and abated, if not entirely removed. Let each and every person, old and young, make it an invariable rule to wash and clean their teeth at least once a day, though better still, after every meal. Let mothers see to it, that their own and their children's teeth are properly washed. Begin now. If you have no toothbrush, get one the very first opportunity. You do not need either tooth powder, tooth paste, or powdered charcoal; a tumbler of clean soft water, in which to soak the brush a few moments before using, is all you need. To begin with, if your mouth should be very foul, use a little fine soap; but the frequent use of the brush with clean water, will render even soap unnecessary.

Good Advice about Reading.

Young people enter into society in America at an age when they are cooped up in schools in Europe. Do not waste your evenings in parties of pleasure; devote as much as possible to valuable reading. Read history regularly and attentively. As your time for reading will be limited, do not waste it on any reading but such as will go towards informing your mind and improving your taste. Do not read for mere amusement. Do not seek to feed the imagination; that will always extract food for itself out of the sternest studies. Do not read for the purpose of mere conversation, the popular work of the day, reviews, magazines, etc. Be content to appear ignorant of those topics, rather than read through fear of appearing ignorant. The literature of the day is always considered most piquant, the most immediately interesting, but is generally transient; it soon passes away, and leaves no general knowledge, no permanent topic in the mind. And then it is so copious; if one yield his attention to contemporary literature, he is overwhelmed with it. Make yourself, on the other hand, well acquainted with the valuable standard authors, which have stood the test of time: they will always be in fashion; and in becoming equally acquainted with the principles of knowledge and good taste. It is like studying the paintings and statues of old masters. Read such works as are connected with the moral and political history of England, for they are all full of application to our own national character and history, and they tend to awaken calm and deep thinking, and to produce that enlarged and independent mode of considering subjects that become a freeman.—*Washington Irving.*

A Singular Spectacle in Battle.

At the battle of Stone River, Tenn., while the men were lying behind a crest waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so paralyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to our men lying down in line on the left, nestling under their coats and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battlefield.

Quinine.

Alexander the Great died of the common remittent fever at Babylon, and Oliver Cromwell was carried off by ague. A few doses of quinine would doubtless have saved their lives, and might have materially influenced the course of history. But when the great Macedonian expired, the medicinal virtues of the Peruvian

bark, produced by the Chinchona trees, were unknown outside their native forests, and when the Lord Protector had breathed his last they were just beginning to be known in London. Since then the value of quinine has been generally appreciated, and who shall say how many valuable lives are daily saved by its administration? In low, marshy situations, where ague prevails, and in the tropics, it has become indispensable. All the pluck, enterprise, and devotion of modern explorers, would, in many instances, have been completely neutralized by deadly climates, if it had not been for abundant supplies of this medicine; and, aided by the same silent agent, Europeans have been able to plant happy homes in districts which, without this powerful aid, would have been simply their burial places.



ADVENT HERALD.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 8, 1863.

JOSIAH LITCH, 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 dispute.

The Outgoing and Incoming Administrations.

We continue our review of R. N. on "The Destiny of our Earth and Race." He says:—

"The purpose of Christ's manifestation was, we are told, that 'he might destroy the works of the devil.' 1 John 3: 8. Now, the chief work of Satan was, corrupting and deteriorating our nature. He infused the virus of sin into the stock of our race; and, however many individuals may be saved from among the descendants of Adam, it never can be said that the work of Satan is destroyed while that virus remains working in the race. But let that virus be purged out, let that race be cleansed and made pure, and then in literal truth it may be said that thus far, at least, the work of Satan is destroyed. But if you say the Gospel does not contemplate the securing of this result,—if you admit that it only designs the salvation of a chosen number of individuals, taken out from successive generations—and if when this result is secured the race is to be cut off and become extinct—then it is clear that Satan will have accomplished a work that can never be destroyed. That extinct race will be an enduring monument of his triumph. He will have it to boast that he so far succeeded in his work as to bring Jehovah under the necessity of changing his purpose, of altering or modifying his original design. This is a thought not for a moment to be indulged. And, this being so, we are compelled to admit the idea of the restoration of the stock of the race to a condition of purity. When this result is secured, and the race, made holy, is in the possession of the restored earth, peopling it with successive generations of holy, happy beings, just as we must suppose would have been the case if sin had never entered the world, then we shall see that the remedy introduced by the Gospel is a full and sufficient remedy. It will fairly meet and repair the ruin wrought by sin. It will bring the world and the race back to a position analogous to that they would have occupied if sin had never darkened the world, and the curse had never made it 'groan, being burdened.' Thus, the history of our race while under the power of sin, instead of being all the history contemplated for it, it is but a parenthetical interruption of its history. When this parenthesis is completed, the stream which sin had disturbed and polluted, with the disturbing element removed, will be brought back to its original channel, and flow on, through unmeasured ages, in peace, in purity and blessedness unspeakable.

Thus far the destiny of our earth and race has been looked at from a single point of view—viz. that which is afforded by the antecedent probability of the case. In subsequent articles it will be examined in the light of Scripture.

We do not know precisely how to understand these remarks and argument. It reads much like Universalism, the mode of argumentation of which, is, that if God fails to save the whole race, the devil triumphs over him. So also in a similar strain reasons R. N. He says, "If you admit that it (the Gospel) only designs the salvation of a chosen number of individuals taken out from successive generations:—and if when this result is secured the race is to be cut off and become extinct,—then it is clear that Satan will have accomplished a work that can never be destroyed."

Now we ask what is this but a plea for Universalism? If it has any force at all, it must extend to the salvation of all who have lived, as well as to those who shall live after Christ's second advent. For if there is one soul lost, there is just as certainly

a failure, in R. N.'s sense of the word, of destroying the works of the devil, as if the whole race were lost: although not to the same extent.

But we think that the writer will see that his statement of the case is unjust to those from whom he professes to differ. For they do not, we do not, believe the race will ever be extinct; but that it will be perpetuated eternally in the new earth or the everlasting fire. And he will also see that he has done equal injustice to the apostle who evidently had no such thought in his mind, as R. N. imputes to the text, 1 John 3: 8:—"He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

This text and context shows clearly that John's meaning is that the Son of God was manifested to take away the sins of those who under this dispensation believe in him. He admits that the devil has his children as well as God. And that there is a manifest difference between them. He does not intimate that he has the most distant reference to a future dispensation, when Christ will convert the whole race. We are persuaded that our author will see this clearly when once his attention is called to the passage in its connection. He will destroy sin, the works of the devil, and all who believe in and obey him here.

No; so far from believing that the race will become extinct, we believe that all the race who have ever lived and died shall live again and exist forever; and that all who live and believe in Christ at his glorious appearing, "shall never die." We believe that God will fulfill his ancient promises to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their seed, that they shall have the land wherein they were strangers, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession—not a land somewhere else, but where they sojourned.

If the resurrection saints are to dwell in an aerial city, while a mortal race, their servants, dwell on the earth, what sense is there in the 37th chapter of Ezekiel?—"I will open your graves, O my people, and bring you up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel."

And again: "They shall dwell in the land which I have given unto Jacob, my servant, wherein your fathers (so long dead) have dwelt. And they (your fathers, now dead, and who shall come out of their graves) shall dwell therein, they and their children, and their children's children forever. And my servant David shall be their prince forever." When Christ shall thus have swallowed up death, the work of the devil, in victory, then will come to pass the saying, "O death, where is thy sting? O hades, where is thy victory?" It is not, therefore, after the thousand years are ended, and the human race in flesh are restored to Adam in perfection, that Christ's triumph shall be celebrated; but at the resurrection of the just. But we will await R. N.'s Scriptural argument in his next.

Weekly Offerings.

We again call the attention of our ministers and churches to the article in a previous issue, on this subject. The very existence of the churches in many places depends on some change of their mode of conducting their finances. If it is not done they will become disheartened and give up all effort to sustain the Gospel. Many of our ministers who would, if relieved of the burden and anxiety of exhausted funds, that they might devote themselves wholly to study, prayer and pastoral visiting, be exceedingly useful, are now crushed with that burden. But who shall begin the reform? It is unquestionably the duty of the deacons to attend to this matter. And they should lose no time in setting about it. And if they do not, and bring the matter before the church, then some other efficient member who has the cause at heart, should agitate the question till something is done. If no one else does it, the minister himself should do it. But it is not my place? True, in one sense it is not, in another it is. Every thing which relates to the success of the cause of Christ is your business; and you should see that it is attended to. You are the adviser of the deacons and should freely counsel with them even on matters of finance. Engaged as most deacons are in their own business affairs, they are liable to let these matters drag; when if they were occasionally reminded of the state of things by a little friendly counsel, they would set about their duty with renewed zeal.

Every church needs to be indoctrinated in the duty of giving to support the Gospel. It is just as much the duty of those who profess to love the Gospel to contribute for its support, as it is to contribute by toil and money for the temporal support of themselves and dependants. Spiritual food, certainly is no less important than temporal. This plan of weekly offerings, is one of the easiest and most efficient of all forms of raising ministerial support; and when once introduced we think will in-

crease in favor with the people, and work wonders in our churches and congregations. Brethren, try it.

Tribute to the Brave.

A record of the death of Frederic Wm. Bosworth, Sergeant-Major of the 17th Maine Volunteers, son of Rev Dr. Bosworth, of Portland, has already been made in our columns, but a more extended notice of this young man may not be inappropriate. Early in the war he desired to enter the service of his country, but when reminded by his father that there were then enough mature men ready to go, and there would be other opportunities for him before the struggle was over, he cheerfully acquiesced. When the call came in July, 1862, for three hundred thousand men, he again communicated to his father his willingness to enlist whenever he might think it best. The father could no longer take the responsibility of keeping him back, and he enlisted, August 2d, in Company A, 17th Regiment Maine Volunteers. His intelligence and ability, as well as proficiency in military science and drill, attracted the notice of his superiors, and he was soon appointed sergeant, and detailed to act on the regimental and then on the brigade staff. With the regiment, he was connected with the third corps of the army of the Potomac, and thrice marched over the desolate fields of Eastern Virginia, never being absent from the post of duty for a single day after entering the service. His letters ever breathed the spirit of true patriotism and unreserved devotion to the cause he had espoused. His duties were incessant, yet he never expressed the wish to be released, never a doubt of the final triumph of the gallant army to which he belonged. Before the last campaign he was appointed sergeant-major, and marched four hundred and thirty-five miles in forty days, before he fell. At the awful battle at Gettysburg he stood at the left of the column while the missiles of death flew thickly around him, indenting his tin cup hanging by his side. But he was, as he wrote, "too much engrossed in his duties to think of personal danger." He escaped then only to fall on a field less renowned. In the sharp and decisive action between the third corps and a portion of Lee's army, at Manassas Gap, July 23d, he was again under fire. His hour had now come, and a three-inch shell passed through the femur, shattering the bone, and leaving a frightful wound. A week elapsed before he was placed in hospital, where he lived till the morning of the seventeenth day after he was wounded. A kind Providence permitted his father to reach him at the headquarters of the army, and to remain ministering to his comfort till the end. Till the last day his strength and fortitude were such as to excite hope that he might recover. But the shock was too great, and he sunk into the arms of death, another sacrifice upon our country's altar. Frederic William united with the Free Street church in Portland, July 4, 1858. During his connection with the army his letters indicated that his religious feelings and obligations were not forgotten. He met the prospect of death with composure, and many expressions of faith in Christ. Not one murmur, nor complaint, nor regret, nor expression of despondency, escaped his lips, though his physical suffering was great, and his earthly ambition was high. In the last hours of life he bravely endorsed the devotement of himself to his country, which was being consummated with his death. When asked by his father if he regretted having enlisted, he replied in a firm tone, "No, no, no! I knew I might be hit, and come to this; but I have no regrets." He met the approach of death without surprise or fear, sent messages to his friends, expressed hope of soon joining the shining ones, and saw the bank of the dark river. He fell asleep on Sabbath morning, the 9th of August, just as the bright dawn was breaking, aged twenty years, six months and twenty five days.

With thousands of others this noble youth has fallen, on the high places of the field, having willingly offered themselves sacrifices for their country in the day of peril. Their memories are redolent of precious virtues and heroic deeds. Their privations, weary marches, bloody battles and early fall, are the price which is demanded for the emancipation of the enslaved, for the purification of our national institutions and the permanency of our government. Because they die we shall live. Their memory is precious.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Faith.

Devils are great sinners; but there is one sin in which they are not chargeable. They are not chargeable with infidelity; for James 2: 19, "They believe and tremble." Hence, those who deny the Divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, or the cardinal doctrines which it contains, have even less faith than devils, and in this particular are more guilty than they. Moreover, since devils are not saved by their belief, there evidently is a faith which is not saving. A faith of the head merely, is such

a faith. Saving faith has to do with the heart as well as with the head. It purifies the affections and reforms the life. "Rest not"—says an old writer, "in an historical knowledge of faith. If thou do, it will not save thee; for if it would, it would save the devils; for they have their literal knowledge and general idea of the word. Dost thou think it enough to know and believe that Christ lived and died for sinners? The devil and his angels know and believe as much. Labor then to outstrip them, and to get a better faith than is in them." And observes Luther, "the life of Christianity consists in possessive pronouns." A significant remark. It is one thing to say Christ is the Prince of Peace, and another thing to say "He is our Peace;" one thing to say He is a Savior, and another thing to say He is my Savior. A devil can say the first; a child of God alone can say the second.

Memorial Stones.

The practice of setting up a stone in memorial of mercies received, is still common in the East. Mr. Morier thus describes what he witnessed in ascending the rock of Istakhar, in Persia:

We ascended on the north-west side, winding round the foot of the rock, and making our way through narrow and intricate paths. I remarked that our old guide every here and there placed a stone in a conspicuous bit of rock, or two stones one upon another, at the same time uttering some words, which I learnt were a prayer for our safe return. This explained to me what I had frequently seen before in the East, and particularly on a high road leading to a great town, whence the town is first seen, and where the Eastern traveller sets up his stone accompanied by a devout exclamation, as if it were in token of his safe arrival. The action of our guide appears to illustrate the vow which Jacob made when he travelled to Padan aram, in token of which he placed a stone, and set it for a pillar. A stone on the road placed in this position, or one stone upon another, implies that some traveller has there made a vow or thanksgiving. Nothing is so natural in a journey over a dreary country as for a solitary traveller to sit himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did. "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, so that I reach my father's house in peace, then will I give so much in charity;" or again, that on first seeing the place which he has toiled so long to reach, the traveller should sit down and make a thanksgiving, in both cases setting up a stone as a memorial.

Abolition of Slavery.

There are abolitionists who are not Christians, who utterly disclaim the name, and who seem not to rely upon the aid of Christians in carrying their measures in behalf of freedom into effect. On the contrary, it would appear oftentimes from their uncharitable remarks, that they regard Christians as their determined opponents in this good work. We say to such, that, aside from the efforts of the church, the abolition of slavery will never occur. This "consummation devoutly to be wished," will be wrought if at all, not by deists, or sepietics, or by "men of the world, who have their portion in this life," but by Christians, whose endeavors are "armed by faith and winged by prayer." When negro slavery was abolished in the British colonies, August 1, 1834, a distinguished philanthropist and writer on the occasion said: "To God our thanks are especially due for this glorious event; for it is not attributable either to patriots, politicians, or to poets, but to Christians in their character as such, and especially to the exertions of the missionaries of religion." And here as in the past, we avow is our hope for the future. It is in God, and the professed friends of God. We have no faith in other agency.

CHARITY.—Though "charity begins at home," if it be true Christian charity it will not stay there, but will go abroad on errands of blessedness. The Apostle Paul says, that "if any man provideth not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he is worse than an infidel;" and some one has said—Dean Swift, we think—that "he who does no more than this is about equal to an infidel." There is not much choice between them. The one is as selfish as the other is unbelieving; and both come far short of their duty. We are to "do good unto all men as we have opportunity," and receive the saying as true and faithful, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This is the duty of man, and the duty of every man.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—The Woonsocket Patriot relates that Miss Ellen A. Jenckes, of that town, who has been an invalid for some months, left her room on Wednesday night, during a fit of delirium, and jumped into a well 36 feet deep and containing six feet of water. On taking her out it was found that she sustained no other external injuries than a slight scratch on the hand. Her clothing prevented her from sinking.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.—The London Times endorses the claims of an invention, which, according to the description of the article, possesses every quality of the real leather, and is vastly superior to it on many accounts.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Summary of War News.

Active movements still continue at Charleston, though the severe gale which prevailed for two or three days last week, caused the partial suspension of the operations of the navy.

The news from the army of the Potomac is unimportant. Guerrillas still infest the country between Washington and Warrenton.

The reconstruction of Forts Pickering and Lee, Salem harbor, is being steadily prosecuted.

The Government bounty of \$402, now given to recruits entering the regular army, will be stopped on the 25th inst.

The establishment of Lincoln & Card, of Cheshire, turns out 300 pounds of cheese a day, the milk being supplied by 100 cows.

Tobacco growing is being experimented upon in New Brunswick, this season, with considerable success.

The late Dr. Ezekiel Fowler, of Woonsocket, R. I., left a bequest of \$6000 for a public hospital in that town.

Female soldiers, who have followed the wars, make their appearance at Camp Dennison, Ohio, almost every day.

Calvin Clark, of Groton, Vt., was smothered to death recently, by the upsetting of a load of hay upon him.

The gold productions of California are nearly, if not quite equal in amount to what they were five or six years ago.

A valuable mineral spring has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Eli Wakeman, of Greenfield, Ct. The water contains sulphur and iodine.

In a recent breach of promise case at Liverpool, damages to the amount of \$15,000 were given the lady. The principal evidence against the man was a love letter.

The late Lord Clyde was a British captain here in the last war with England. He was present at Bladensburg and the burning of Washington, and at the battle of New Orleans.

It is said that in the New England States there is about one-half the usual crop of apples, while in the Middle and Western States they are larger than they have had for years.

Foreign News. European dates are to August 27th. The Confederate frigate Atlanta had put into Brest for repairs.

A steamer, supposed to be the Florida, was seen passing down the Channel off Queenstown on the 23d of August, evidently in the track of American vessels. It is stated that Mr. Slidell had a long interview with Drouyn De Lhuys on the 20th and 21st of August.

Gen. Fremont has succeeded in adjusting all the difficulties surrounding the Mariposa grant, and has settled all his California business, which leaves him over a million and a half dollars worth of property.

The New York Herald says that some one hundred and fifty brokers in Wall Street, who two years ago were worth nothing, or less than nothing, are now worth each from \$250,000 to \$2,500,000, all from the expansion of the currency and the movement of stocks.

A fatal accident occurred in Sandgate, Vt., recently. Wilson Hurd, about 16 years of age, while assisting in loading hay, was hit upon the head just over the right ear with a pitchfork, causing his death in about thirty hours.

A large humpback whale was found on the south side of Nantucket a short time ago.

The work of building fortifications on Long Point, Provincetown, has been commenced.

Three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in St. Louis last week.

Typhoid fever is prevailing quite extensively in the vicinity of Lewiston, Me.

The accounts of the grain harvest in Europe are very favorable to a good yield.

The Mobile Tribune mentions a well authenticated rumor that Gen. Lee has resigned.

The reconstruction of Forts Pickering and Lee, Salem harbor, is being steadily prosecuted.

A boy only 13 years old was found dead drunk in the street in New Haven, last Thursday evening.

Albert Pike is said to be in obscurity in Texas, and is classed as rather friendly to the old Union.

Of the five deserters shot in the 5th Corps recently, two were barbers and two were book-keepers.

NOTICES

The 23d Annual Conference.

- 1. The Christian Dispensation; when commenced, its Characteristics, when and how concluded.—I. H. SHIPMAN.
2. The Jewish People; the Peculiarities of their Present State, and their Destiny, as revealed in the Scriptures.—D. BOSWORTH.
3. The Four Universal Kingdoms; their Prophetic History, as recorded by the Sacred Writers; what will be the Political Condition of the Fourth and Last, at the Time of the End; where, in the History of these Gentile Empires have we an existence.—J. LITCH.
4. The Prophetic Periods; the True Principles of their Interpretation; Symbolic, Literal and Definiteness.—D. L. ROBINSON.
5. The Sixth Trumpet; the Events that immediately followed its Sounding; the Subsequent History of the "Woe," and its Terminating Events.—J. M. ORROCK.
6. The Interval between the Second and Third "Woe;" its Duration and its Events.—W. H. EASTMAN.
7. Where we are living in the History of the Trumpets.—O. R. FASSETT.
8. Probationary Times; when will it Terminate.—L. OSLER.
9. The Millennium; the Time and Manner of its Introduction; its Peculiar Characteristics; its Duration.—C. CUNNINGHAM.
10. Sabbath Schools; their Importance, and the Best Mode of Conducting them.—D. I. ROBINSON.
11. The Moral Aspects of the "Last Days"—F. GUNNER.
12. Religious Prosperity, Individually and Collectively; its Characteristics; how Promoted.—H. CAMPFIELD.
13. Our Missions; its Peculiarities; its Necessities; when Accomplished.—DR. R. HUTCHINSON.

American Millennial Association. The Fifth Annual Meeting of the A. M. Association will be held in Lake Village, N. H., during the October session of the A. E. A. Conference, at such particular time and place of meeting as may then and there be determined.

The Maine Central Quarterly Conference. Will be held at Skowhegan, commencing September 24, at 3 o'clock P. M., and continuing over the following Sabbath.

New Hampshire State Conference. The next session of this Conference will be held at Alton Bay, in connection with the Camp Meeting. The Conference for Business will commence on Thursday, Sept. 10th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

GOLDEN SALVE.—Bro. C. P. Whitten, of Lowell, Mass., manufacturer of that excellent article, so widely and favorably known among our people, informs us that he has quite an amount due him from readers of the Herald, which, if immediate remittance was made to him, it would be very thankfully received, and would relieve him from perplexing embarrassments.

MESSEAH'S CHURCH in New York worship temporarily in Metropolitan Hall, No. 95 Sixth Avenue, nearly opposite Eighth street. Preaching on the Sabbath, at 10 1-2 A. M., and 3 P. M.

ADVENT CHAPEL, Hudson Street, corner of Kneeland Street; Pastor—Rev. O. R. Fassett. His Post Office address is No. 18 Hudson Street, or 46 1-2 Kneeland Street, Boston.

Albany, N. Y. Wm. Nichols 85 Lydius-street. Burlington, Iowa. James S. Brandeburg. Malone, N. Y. C. W. Leonard.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

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Canada subscribers will pre-pay, in addition to the above, 26 cents per year for the international postage; and English subscribers \$1—amounting to 12s. sterling per year—to our agent, Richard Robertson, Esq., 89, Grango Road, Bermondsey, London, England.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—One square per week, 50 cents; \$1 for three weeks; \$3 for three months; \$5 for six months; or \$9 per year. Twenty lines constitute a square.

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Receipts for the Herald. The No. appended to each name is that of the HERALD to which the money credited pays. No. 1127 was the closing number of 1862; No. 1153 is the Middle of the present volume, extending to July 1, 1863; and No. 1179 is to the close of 1862.

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.

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.

As a general thing, it is better for each person to write respecting, and to send money himself, for his own paper than to send by an agent, or any third person, unless such one is more likely to get his own name and post-office right, than another person would be; that money sent in small sums, is less likely to be lost than when sent in larger ones, and that a third person is often subjected to postage, merely so accommodate the one who sends.

The receipts of the last week will be noticed in our next issue.

A. M. Association. The "American Millennial Association," located in Boston, Mass., was legally organized Nov. 12th, 1858, under the provisions of the 56th Chapter of the Acts of the Legislature of Massachusetts of A. D. 1857, for charitable and religious purposes.

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

FORM OF A BEQUEST.—"I bequeath to my executor (or executors) the sum of—dollars in trust, to pay the same in sixty days after my decease to the person who, when the same is payable, shall act as Treasurer of the American Millennial Association, Boston, Mass., to be applied under the direction of the Standing Committee of that Association, to its charitable uses and purposes."

All contributions to our treasury, will be duly acknowledged, and, at the end of the year, will be embodied in a report. When there is any omission of the proper credit, due notice should be at once given to R. R. KNOWLES, Treasurer.

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 discrediting the writer to any reply. Christian and gentlemanly discussion will be in order; but not needless, unkind, or uncourteous controversy.

My Journal.

SECOND TOUR WEST.—NO. VI.

Camp Meeting in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, in Hamilton.

Tuesday, June 23d. We got up the tent, and all arrangements were made for the first meeting at 5, P. M. We had a goodly company of the faithful to begin with. The opening discourse was from Deut. 33: 26—29—"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord!" A saved and happy people; like Israel, standing on the borders of the promised land. From Pisgah's heights, we almost see that "goodly mountain and Lebanon." All rejoiced in hope.

Wednesday, June 24th. Morning prayer-meeting fully attended, and full of deep and solemn interest. Preaching at 10, A. M., by Brother D. G. Clark, on the words of Jesus: "He that loveth me, will keep my commandments." We were all edified and interested. At 2, P. M., held another general prayer-meeting for one hour, in which many living and burning exhortations and prayers, with sweet songs of Zion were given. At 3, P. M., the congregation attended a funeral in the Methodist Episcopal church, a little distance from our camp, of a lady, whose family requested Sister Mansfield to preach on the occasion. She spoke from 1 Thess. 4: 14. It was an appropriate and edifying discourse. The parting scene of the family was very sad and agonizing. It made me feel the value of the promise, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, for the former things are passed away." May the Lord hasten that day. Amen. In the evening, Elder Green, of South Bend, a "Disciple," preached. His subject was, the question of the lawyer to Christ: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" There were many good things in the sermon, and the people were edified. Elder G. holds some views in common with Adventists, though he is not of them.

We are having beautiful weather for our meeting; and the place is almost a paradise. The tent is located in the large yard of the new Advent chapel, in Terre Coupee, Ind., about eight miles from Buchanan, Mich. It is often called Hamilton. There is a Methodist church here, which has been large and flourishing, but of late has been on the wane, in part from its opposition to the Advent faith. Elder Mansfield and his wife have preached here occasionally, by the request of Mr. Hubbard, a professed infidel, who opened his house for them. He is now dead, and his homestead has been turned into a union chapel, and has been fitted up by the citizens in the best manner for regular meetings. In the beautiful yard of this church our tent is pitched, and the chapel house is fitted up as a large boarding and lodging house, with all conveniences. To this is added a large number of beautiful shade trees, with the clean, dry earth, dressed in living green. With these conveniences, we now have the love and good will of the community, and have the power to do them good; and we are making the best use of it.

Thursday, June 25th. I spoke in the morning from Luke 11: 13, on prayer for the Spirit. Bro. Babcock, in the afternoon, on the faith of God's people, from the 11th of Hebrews. In the evening Sister Mansfield spoke on the inheritance of the saints. Her discourse was replete with interest. It was made clear and strong from the testimony of the Bible, that the earth renewed would be the inheritance and home of God's people.

Friday, June 26th. I spoke three times, to large audiences, and with good interest. Subjects: Gospel of the kingdom.—Matt. 24: 44; duty of the church to study prophecy.—Rev. 1: 3; the blessed hope.—Titus 2: 13. The prayer-meetings were of unusual interest. All seemed to be blessed who come under their influence. The dry weather has brought on the work of the farmers in the cutting of their hay, and some other duties, a week earlier than was expected, so that some are detained who otherwise would have attended; yet we have very good attendance.

Saturday, June 27th. Have spoken to-day, in the morning and afternoon, on the "two witnesses,"

Rev. 11: 2; and the four great kingdoms, and the eternal kingdom to succeed the earthly. I had unusual freedom to-day, and set the truth before many minds in a way to convince and bring some to Christ. In the evening Sister Mansfield gave an eloquent sermon on the time of reward. There was breathless attention for an hour, of those who thronged the tent, within and without. Two persons have offered themselves for baptism. And so the week closes up. But hundreds have been blessed. Our meetings for prayer have been unusually good. Scarcely one who has attended has left without a blessing. We retire to rest, and look for the Sabbath to dawn upon us in blessedness and rest, though it must be a day of care and labor to some of us, to preach and take care of the crowd.

Sabbath, June 28th. The day has dawned upon us in beauty, and all is pleasant except the dust. A shower would have been very acceptable. But we cannot complain. We have the good Spirit and presence of God, and this is best of all. At six o'clock in the morning we went to the lake, about three miles from camp, and baptized two persons. I almost imagined myself on the shore of "Tiberius" among the people that used to flock there, with Jesus and his disciples. But Jesus was with us here. We had his presence and blessing. O, it was a glorious time. We have prepared seats for between 1500 and 2000 persons, within and about the tent, under the shade trees in the church-yard, and were ready for the multitude. By ten o'clock they filled up every available part of the ground. We opened one end of the tent and spoke to those within and without, to the number of about three thousand souls. I spoke an hour and a half on the preparation for the day of God, which consisted in every day practical living in peace with God and with man. The most of the audience were able to hear, and gave good attention to the word. In the afternoon Sister Mansfield addressed the crowd on the day of the Lord. She held them for an hour, with the best attention, and with a deep impression, on the events just before us, which are to usher in the great day of God. At the close I assisted Bro. Mansfield in breaking the loaf. A large company sat down and communed, in view of that other communion when we shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Remarks were made by Brother Mansfield, myself and others, on our prospects as to the coming kingdom being nigh, and the duties and trials awaiting us till Jesus comes. We are all resolved anew to be faithful to the end. The scene was blessed. At the close of this meeting many took the parting hand and started for their homes. A goodly number were left, however, with the citizens, who made up a good audience in the evening, to whom I spoke on the importance of the immediate conversion of men to God. I urged men with all my might to come now in this hour to Jesus and live. I trust the effort will not be lost. With this service we closed our most interesting meeting. All praise to the Lord for his mercy and loving-kindness to his people in this region.

The work of preparation and care of the meeting rested chiefly upon Elder Mansfield, as Chairman of the Committee; and faithfully has he performed his work. He was pressed with care on every side, with some things to annoy him; but God sustained him, and gave him both wisdom and grace to meet the exigencies of the occasion. God bless him and his faithful fellow-laborers in their work.

At this meeting I met many old friends from the East, whose hearty greetings were mutually cheering. An Advent Conference was organized, which will be reported by another hand. The cause, I trust, is coming up in these parts.

I enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Hubbard, an old citizen, but not a believer. I received from him and his family every kindness and attention. My prayer is, that the blessed God will bring them into his love, and prepare them for the kingdom.

JOSHUA V. HIMES.

From Bro. Chapman.

SPRINGWATER, N. Y., September 1, 1863.

Dear Brother Litch,—My last for your columns was dated McDonough, June 15th, where I remained some ten days longer, during which the diphtheria prevailed there to an alarming extent, and several sudden deaths occurred. Our meetings for worship, however, continued to increase in numbers and interest. One brother, who had for more than a year been in a backslidden state, and absented himself entirely from the meetings of the church, was thoroughly reclaimed, publicly confessed his wanderings, and with tenderness of heart renewed his covenant with the church, established the family altar, and once more sat down and participated with his brethren at the Lord's table. This occasioned great joy and rejoicing "in the camp."

Among the subjects of sudden death was Dr. But-ton, a young physician, who, as such, was rapidly

gaining the confidence of the people in that community. Being in perfect health, he came several miles one Sabbath to meet with us and listen to Advent preaching. To appearance he gave respectful attention to the word, and then hastened back to attend to the sick under his care. He was suddenly attacked with the same prevailing disease, and the very next Sunday was brought by our sanctuary a corpse. O, the uncertainty of life, and absolute necessity of having our peace made with God, for "we know not what a day may bring forth."

From McDonough I went to Homer, twenty-five miles west, where I spent three weeks very pleasantly, and I think to some profit. A small Advent church was established there in 1844, which continued to prosper until it numbered near eighty members; and being abundantly able to do it, they erected a commodious chapel, and everything was passing on in harmony and love, when one of the modern "age to come" teachers came among them, introducing and strenuously advocating that theory, with its kindred doctrines, to which some gave heed, and by means of which the church was distracted and finally divided, quite a number of its members leaving the chapel, and for a short time maintained a separate meeting near by; but now, with the exception of a few who returned to the church, are scattered to the four winds. This, and other distracting influences with which that church had been visited, served greatly to diminish the number then worshipping at the chapel. This being the state of things there, it was proposed that the church disband and organize anew under a more explicit declaration of faith, leaving out the dead or inactive members. The suggestion seemed to take with all who expressed an opinion on the subject, and at the close of our second Sunday service, the matter was talked over more definitely, when it was recommended that a constitution, articles of faith and church covenant, such as I had generally used in organizing churches, be drawn up and presented to the church the next Sabbath, when they would all be together, and carefully consider the matter. The article was accordingly prepared. Our congregation that day was uncommonly large. Had preaching in the morning as usual, and first-rate attention to the word; and at the close of the service it was announced that important church business would be attended to in the afternoon, when it was requested that all the members of the church be present; others who sympathize with us in faith were at liberty to come if they chose. Our number was larger than we anticipated. When the constitution was read and fully explained, I was happy to see it responded to and heartily adopted by every member of the original body that was present. Several others, also, who had recently embraced the faith, responded to the same, and had their names enrolled on the new church book. A brief space of time was then given for exhortation, and faithfully improved, after which we attended to the Lord's Supper. This was another truly interesting and refreshing service. The Homer church is now in a much more pleasant and promising state than it has been for years before. Brother Clapp is encouraged, and so far as his health will admit, he will continue to dispense unto them the pure word of life.

From Homer I went to Syracuse, and spent a few days very profitably with Sister Burrell and a few other isolated Adventists associated with her, who refuse to associate with that class, who advocate the "age to come theory," deny the resurrection of the wicked, &c., and baptize, or rebaptize, if necessary, all that they can convert into such singular views, claiming that no others can be saved. Just like the unbelieving Jews, with respect to circumcision. O, what strange times we have fallen into. But the Apostle, with his prophetic eye, saw it clearly when penning 2 Tim. 4: 3, 4. But on this point I forbear.

While in Syracuse I received a letter from a Sister Smith, of South Marcellus, directed to the care of Sister Burrill, entreating me to visit that place and hold a few meetings there if possible. The call was so earnest and respectful, it reminded me of the Macedonian cry, and I dared not reject it. So I replied, promising, the Lord permitting, to be there on Thursday, July 23d, and would preach that evening at any place the friends might provide for me, even if it be some back kitchen, expecting at the time I wrote no better place, having been informed that not an Advent sermon had ever been preached there, nor was there an Adventist in town that they knew of. After mailing my letter, having got a week to spare, I clipped it on foot to Fayetteville, to visit my oldest brother and youngest sister, and their respective families. Finding them in perfect health and cheerful spirits, we spent a day or two together very pleasantly. On Saturday I went to Manlius, and spent the day with a few isolated Adventists, with whom I had been intimately acquainted, and by the word and grace of God was enabled to "strengthen the things which remained." Re-

turned to my brother's that evening, expecting to attend church with the family on the Sabbath; but soon after I was seated, my brother said to me: "Well, Samuel, I have matters all arranged for you to-morrow." "And what are the arrangements," I inquired. He replied: "I have seen a number of our neighbors and told them if they wished to know more on the subject of the soon coming of the Lord than I could tell them, to come to my house to-morrow, and I would venture to say that my brother will preach to you on that subject; and they said they would certainly come."

Of course the proposition was readily consented to. In the morning others were notified, and at the hour appointed we had a respectable number in, all waiting to hear; and as I proceeded, such respectful attention was paid to the word, that I occupied full two hours. I then gave liberty for remarks and questions if they chose, when another hour at least was faithfully improved; and thus that Lord's day was profitably spent.

My brother was much gratified with the turn the meeting took, and I was no less gratified with an opportunity of preaching the Advent doctrine at my brother's house. I knew that he was a decided anti-slavery man, and consequently had but little reputation to lose; but really, I did not expect him to open his door and request Advent preaching at his house on the Sabbath, right in the neighborhood of all the churches in the village. But so it pleased the Lord to have it, and to his excellent name be all the glory and the praise.

I returned to Syracuse in time for the stage, to meet my appointment at South Marcellus, where I was courteously received; and after a few moments conversation with my correspondent and others, I was gratified to learn that they had secured for me the Presbyterian church, and had my appointment announced from that desk the Sunday before. The novelty of the thing brought together a good congregation that evening. The next evening still more; and on the Sabbath the lower part of the church was full, and the people very solemn while listening to a lengthy discourse on Matt. 24th. After preaching, liberty, for the first time, was given for remarks, when several rose, one after another, and spoke with lively interest, four of whom, to my extreme joy, confessed unwavering faith in the doctrines I had preached. Sister Smith was among the number. This was so encouraging, and there being no objections raised to our still occupying the church, we continued our meetings there, with increasing interest, for four weeks. Had preaching at the church every Sunday and Sunday evening, also on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, and a prayer and conference-meeting Saturday evenings, at Brother Smith's, my boarding-place, one mile from the church. It was astonishing to all to witness such a general gathering those short evenings, right in the midst of the hay and grain harvest. It was not so remarkable to have a full house on the Sabbath; for after the first Sunday the people came in from the country, a distance of six, eight, and ten miles. Some came to join the choir in singing, and others, doubtless, to hear the singing, for it was indeed splendid. The second Sabbath our house was completely crowded above and below. It was estimated that the congregation would number over five hundred, and as still and solemn as the house of death. But there was a special cause for this; it was a funeral service.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had quite a family of children, the eldest of whom were twin boys, named Horace and Harvey, aged 21. The latter was employed in a sawmill, in the village, six miles from home. Hearing of our meetings he came up and met with us the first Sunday, and was much interested. I had free conversation with him, and found him intelligent and thoughtful on religious subjects, and he seemed to regret that he could not remain with us, but was obliged to leave Monday morning and return to his work, intending, however, to be with us again the next Sabbath. Poor Harvey was, indeed, with us on that day, but he was brought there in a hearse, and, instead of preaching to him again as we had anticipated, I preached to the mourning friends from Job 14: 14.

Harvey was severely hurt in the mill on Thursday, died on Saturday, and of necessity buried the next day. This was indeed a sore affliction, and yet the friends "sorrow not even as others who have no hope." Sister S. was greatly comforted with the Scriptures we quoted on that occasion, and considered it altogether providential that Brother C. should be with them at that time. There were five other ministers present; and so far as my own feelings were concerned, I should have preferred a seat with the mourners, and had one of them occupied the desk. But perhaps in the providence of God it was all for the best as it was.

As the result of that four weeks labor, several backsliders were effectually reclaimed; more than a score acknowledged the truthfulness of the doctrines

we taught; a few precious souls were truly converted—three of them receiving baptism at my hands, and were signally blessed in the act—two prominent brethren subscribed for the Advent Herald, and sent on their two dollars each; and before I left some twenty-five to thirty rose in one of our prayer-meetings and pledged themselves to maintain a weekly prayer and conference-meeting, talk and listen to conversation on the Advent question, &c.

Came from Marcellus to Rochester, and spent two days with Dea. Smith Chapman, my youngest brother, and rested a little from pulpit labor. On Saturday, Aug. 22d, took the cars for Concord, where I stopped and spent the Sabbath with Father and Mother Jenne. Preached Saturday evening and Sunday morning at their house, and at a school-house near by in the afternoon. They and others were truly comforted by the word. They are near eighty years old, and are happy in the hope of soon seeing the Lord.

Came to this place on Tuesday of last week, held a few prayer-meetings, and had a good gathering on the Sabbath. Shall spend some time here. The friends will please write, and direct to the care of "S. H. Withington." S. CHAPMAN.

24 CONGRESS STREET, Boston, September 3, 1863.

Mr. Editor—In your paper, of September 1st, under the title of "The Martyr's Deliverance," you relate an account of one Barber, who was saved from being burnt at the stake by the timely death of Queen Mary and the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. Permit me to relate the sequel to this. Barber, who was a man of position, had a jewel made in commemoration of this event, on which was inscribed, in brief, the particulars of his miraculous deliverance. This jewel, with a portrait, beautifully painted on ivory, he devised to his daughter Elizabeth, to be by her transmitted to her posterity through the Elizabeths only of the family. About ten years ago, at a village called Rayne, near Braintree, in Essex county, England, I saw this "Barber jewel," as it is now called, and portrait, also the part of the will relating to the matter, which was then in the hands of a maiden lady, named Elizabeth, the last direct descendant of the Barber of Queen Mary's reign.

Respectfully yours, E. L. MITCHELL.

Seeing we Look for such Things. BY H. L. HASTINGS.

"We look for"—something. Who does not look ahead? Surely the men are few that can contentedly sit down without turning one glance to the future. Is it to them a scene of cloudless splendor? they look forward. Or is it but a scene of starless night? Still men will look forward. Men are prone to contemplation; and what can furnish material for contemplation like the dim, shadowy unknown and impenetrable future? Men look—but alas! how often when they reach the looked for, longed for object—"tis gone." It seemed a substance—"twas a shade."

It seemed a marble column, firm and high; 'Twas but a fleecy cloud that swept the sky.

Thus men are deceived. Still they run their ceaseless race, hurrying on to pluck the withered roses and the lasting thorns. Thus are men disappointed, while they "look" for "earthly wealth," careless about "treasures in heaven;"—for earthly glory, regardless of the eternal glory that awaits the saint; for worldly honor forgetful of that which cometh from God only. And as they weep over blighted hopes, and curse their helpless lot, well for them would it be could they uncover their blinded eyes and see, that "passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

We look; but not for things like these. O, no! we have chased earth's phantoms and flowers, till we can say: All, all is vanity: and to it we would no longer be subject, for it we would no longer seek. Still we look! How can we avoid it? It is an element of our being. We could not eradicate it. But while the principle of hope in the worlding's heart is twining around this world, with us it is not so; our anchor has been heaved up from the muddy bed where once it dragged, and cast on better anchorage ground, far within the veil. Our cable is not wet by the heaving billows; not chafed by the sunken rock. It is far beyond their reach, twining around the pillars of Jehovah's throne.

We look for things that God hath spoken of—"things surpassing fable, and yet true,"—visions before whose brightness mortal eyes are blind—before whose glory all of earth is dimmed. "We look" beyond the blasing of every earthly hope, the ruin of every earthly treasure; beyond the howl of the rich and the wail of the mighty; beyond the passing heavens and the melting earth; and lo! what glories greet our joyful eyes! From that con-

flaming mass, nature's vast wreck, another, nobler, purer earth comes forth. Jehovah speaks, and heaven and earth are new!

O! how all things will be changed! how glorious that change will be! Where earth once groaned and sighed, glad hills shall sing and forests clap their hands! Where toils were endured, triumphs shall be enjoyed! Where sighs burst forth, songs shall forever swell! Where gloom once gathered, glory now shall gild!

Where thorns once grew, fir trees shall cast their shade; Where briars stood, the myrtle's boughs shall spread; Where pain now riots, pleasure shall bear sway—Darkness shall pass and yield to perfect day. Where curse doth wither and where sin doth stain, God shall restore, and righteousness shall reign.

"We look," and oh, what deep solemnity! what spotless purity—what perfect love—what holy joy, should prospects like ours inspire! God has ever had a faithful race of "pilgrims and strangers" of whom this blighted earth was never worthy; Heb. 11: 38; but when that brighter, holier, worthier world shall come, shall we be worthy of it? Shall we join the blood-washed band, who come through tribulation's depths to Zion's glory-gilded summit! "Seeing we look for such things," be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blemish. Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Lines, SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF MISS LYDIA A. N. COLE. DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED FRIENDS.

BY MRS. N. J. A. SIMONS.

'T is a shining mark death loveth, 'T is the dearest one he takes; In earth's sweet, melodious harp notes, 'T is the sweetest chord he breaks. By his ruthless hand a sister From our hearts was quickly torn, One we fondly loved and cherished, And in sorrow now we mourn.

But we know 't was by God's mandate; O, then, let us not repine; Heaven has gained another seraph— Heaven, dear sister, will be thine! "Going home! Do not detain me! Christ hath robbed death of its sting, Of the grave its boasted victory: I shall soon His praises sing!"

No one knew her but to love her; Like a star, her radiant light Beamed upon us, too soon setting In the silent gloom of night. Night? O, not sweet the assurance, It is only lost from view, In the brightness of His image, It will rise in Heaven anew.

Wipe your falling tears, dear sisters, For yours is a blessed hope, When your mission here is ended, Christ bless'd hand to you shall open Heavens bright portals; with what rapture Will you meet the dear ones there, With them ever to adore Him— With them endless joys to share. Mother list! her spirit hovering, O'er you whispers in your ear, "Jesus has prepared a mansion, I will wait to meet you there." May His love sustain and cheer you, 'Tis His hand presents the cup, With the gall He mingles sweetness, O then cheerfully look up!

Long, dear sister, shall we miss you, In the sacred place of prayer, Where thy seat was never vacant, Where we learned Christ's love to share; In the Sabbath school, thy cheerful Face we miss; the seed you've sown, Christ himself shall water—jewels He shall garner for his own.

"Sweet Home."

"Our first, best country ever is at home;" and when we are far therefrom, in a foreign land, surrounded with strange faces and strange scenes, any object which reminds us of home is tenderly cherished by us. Hence that pleasing incident in the life of Dr. Carey, missionary to India. A quantity of English earth having been sent him in a bag, which he shook over a patch of ground in a shady place, and from that earth, a field daisy having unexpectedly sprung, such as grew in the pastures of his native land, he was delighted with the humble flower, nursed it, and from year to year trained a succession of seedlings, that he might be reminded when he walked in his garden, of what he had loved and parted with in Old England. From this interesting incident originated that charming little poem of Montgomery, entitled "The Daisy in India," commencing

"Thrice welcome, little English flower."

CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES.—It is estimated that the aggregate yield of the California gold mines, since the discovery of gold in 1846, is twelve hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Publications for Sale at the depository of ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORKS ON PROPHECY in connection with the OFFICE OF THE ADVENT HERALD, No. 461-2 Kneeland Street, Boston, A few doors West of the Boston & Worcester R. R. Station. The money should accompany all orders.

Table with columns: BOOKS, Price, Postage. Includes titles like Kingdom not to be Destroyed, The Time of the End, Memoir of William Miller, etc.

The postage on one or more tracts up to four ounces is two cents. Each four ounces above that, or fraction of four ounces, is two cents additional. Price. Restitution... 6 cts. Osler's Prefigurations... 6 The End, by Dr. Cumming... 4 Letter to Dr. Raffles... 4 Stewart on Prayer and Watchfulness... 4 Broek on the Lord's Coming a Practical Doctrine... 4 Broek on the Glorification of the Saints... 4 Litch's Dialogue on the Nature of Man... 6 The Government of the United States in the Light of Sacred Prophecy, by Elder O. R. Fessett... 6 Should Christians Fight? by L. C. Welcome... 15

WHITTEN'S GOLDEN SALVE is a step by way of progress in the healing art. It is adapted to all the purposes of a family Salve. It effectually cures piles, wounds, bruises, sprains, cuts, chilblains, corns, burns, fever-feres, scrofulous humors, erysipelas, salt-rheum, king's evil, rheumatism, spinal difficulties, chafings in warm weather, &c. &c., and is believed by many experienced and competent judges to be the best combination of medicinal ingredients for external inflammatory difficulties that has ever been produced. Many of the best physicians of the various schools use it and also recommend it. Every farmer should have it for horses; for the cure of scratches, sprains, chafings, &c., and also for treatment on cows. It cures felons. It cures warts.

THE GOLDEN SALVE—A GREAT HEALING REMEDY.—It is with much pleasure we announce the advent of this new article in our city, which has met with such signal success in Lowell, where it is made, that the papers have teemed with cases of truly marvelous cures. They chronicle one where the life of a lady was recently saved—a case of broken breast; another where the life of a child was saved—a case of chafing; another of a lady whose face was much disfigured by scrofulous humor, which was brought to a healthy action in a few days; also another of an old man, who had a sore on his foot for twenty years—cured in a few weeks. Our citizens will not be slow in getting at it merits, and will herald it over the land.—Boston Herald

From Mr. Morris Fuller, of North Creek, N. Y.: "We and your Golden Salve to be good for everything that we have tried it for. Among other things for which we have used it, is a bad case of 'scald head' of our little girl as effect in this case was also favorable."

We like your Golden Salve very much in this place. Among other things I knew a lady who was cured of a very bad case of sore eyes. Walter S. Plummer Lake Village, N. H.

Mrs. Glover, East Merrimack street, Lowell, was cured of a bad case of piles by the use of one box of the Salve. Mr. Farrington, a wealthy merchant and manufacturer in Lowell, was relieved of piles which had afflicted him for many years, and remarked to friend that it was worth \$100 a box for piles.

Miss Harriet Morrill, of East Kingston, N. H., says: "I have been afflicted with piles for over twenty years. The last seven years I have been a great sufferer. And though never expect to be well, yet to be relieved as I am from day to day by the use of your Golden Salve, fills my heart with gratitude."

From Mr. J. O. Merriam, Tewksbury, Mass.: "I have a large milk farm. I have used a great deal of your Golden Salve for sore teats on my cows. I have used many other kinds of salve. Yours is the best I ever saw. I have also used it for sprains and scratches on my horses. It cures them in a short time. I recommend it to all who keep cows or horses."

From Dr. Geo. Pierce, Lowell: "Your Golden Salve is good. It will have a great sale."

"I received a wound in my foot by a rusty nail; by reason of which I could not set my foot to the floor for two weeks. The pain was excruciating. When your Golden Salve was applied, it relieved the pain in a short time, and two and a half boxes of it wrought a perfect cure.—Mrs. Lucinda A. Swain, Merideth Centre, N. H.

Mr. H. L. W. Roberts, Editor of Marion Intelligencer, Marion, Ill., says, "Every person that uses the Golden Salve testifies favorably." He has also published a list of names in his paper, of persons cured of wounds, sores, humors, rheumatism, &c., and gives the public reference to them; who, he says, are among the first citizens of the place.

Boston, July 12, 1859. Bro. Whitten: I have used your Golden Salve in my family, and I am acquainted with a large number of families also who have used it; and I have reason to believe that it is really what you recommend it to be. J. V. HIMES.

From Dr. W. S. Campbell, New Britain, Conn.: "Your Golden Salve is a great thing for chilblains. I have also used it in afflicting cases of salt rheum, erysipelas, and sore nipples. Its effect was, speedy and permanent cure."

Dr. Bliss, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have several friends who have been cured of scrofulous humors by the Golden Salve. You may recommend it from me as a valuable Salve."

Made only by O. P. Whitten, No. 35 and 37 East Merrimack street, Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists, and at country stores. Price 25 cts. per box, or \$2 per dozen.

I want good, reliable, persevering agents to canvass in all parts of the United States and Canada. A large discount will be made to agents. aug 13—pd to Jan 1 '63 For sale at this office. DANIEL CAMPBELL, GENERAL AGENT P. O. address, Carlisle, C. W.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR SCROFULOUS AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

From Emery Edes, a well-known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all Diseases of the Skin. From Dr. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your SARSAPARILLA. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your SARSAPARILLA. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your SARSAPARILLA, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray, & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could do of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your SARSAPARILLA. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time, but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as anybody's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your SARSAPARILLA."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood. From Dr. Robt. Savin, Houston St., N. Y.

DR. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. No alternative we possess equals the SARSAPARILLA you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your SARSAPARILLA. Took two bottles, and some of your PILLS. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as anybody. Being in a public place, my case is known to everybody in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monroe, M. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confident in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. A skillful physician applied nitrate of silver and other remedies, without any apparent effect. For fifteen days we guarded his hands, lest with them he could tear open the festering and corrupt wound which covered his whole face. Having tried every thing else we had any hope from, we began giving your SARSAPARILLA, and applying the iodide of potash lotion, as you direct. The sore began to heal when we had given the first bottle, and was well when we had finished the second. The child's eyelashes, which had come out, grew again, and he is now as healthy and fair as any other. The whole neighborhood predicted that the child must die."

Syphilis and Mercurial Disease. From Dr. Hiram Sloat, of St. Louis, Missouri.

"I find your SARSAPARILLA a more effectual remedy for the secondary symptoms of Syphilis, and for syphilitic disease than any other we possess. The profession are indebted to you for some of the best medicines we have."

From A. J. French, M. D., an eminent physician of Lawrence, Mass., who is a prominent member of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

DR. AYER—My dear Sir: I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent remedy for Syphilis, both of the primary and secondary type, and effectual in some cases that were too obstinate to yield to other remedies. I do not know what we can employ with more certainty of success, where a powerful alterative is required."

Mr. Chas. S. Van Liew, of New Brunswick, N. J., had dreadful ulcers on his legs, caused by the abuse of mercury, or mercurial disease, which grew more and more aggravated for years, in spite of every remedy or treatment that could be applied, until the persevering use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA relieved him. Few cases can be found more inveterate and distressing than this, and it took several dozen bottles to cure him.

Leucorrhoea, Whites, Female Weakness, are generally produced by internal Scrofulous Ulceration, and are very often cured by the alterative effect of this SARSAPARILLA. Some cases require, however, in aid of the SARSAPARILLA, the skilful application of local remedies.

From the well-known and widely-celebrated Dr. Jacob Morrill, of Cincinnati.

"I have found your SARSAPARILLA an excellent alterative in diseases of females. Many cases of irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Internal Ulceration, and local debility, arising from the scrofulous diathesis, have yielded to it, and there are few that do not, when its effect is properly aided by local treatment."

A lady, unwilling to allow the publication of her name, writes: "My daughter and myself have been cured of a very debilitating Leucorrhoea of long standing, by two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA."

Rheumatism Gout, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia Heart Disease Neuralgia, when caused by Scrofula in the system, are rapidly cured by this EXT SARSAPARILLA.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been and that they may be depended on to do all that they ever may do.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, M. D., & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines every where.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"FEED MY LAMBS."—John 21:15.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.

The Kitchen Clock.

The following little poem is from "Aunt Effie's Rhymes." We know our young friends will like to read it, and perhaps they will like to remember it; for it teaches them to be steady, patient and obliging:

Listen to the kitchen clock!

To itself it ever talks,

From its place it never walks;

"Tick tock—tick tock."

Tell me what it says.

"I'm a very patient clock,

Never moved by hope or fear,

Though I've stood for many a year;

"Tick tock—tick tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very truthful clock,

People say about the place,

Truth is written on my face;

"Tick tock—tick tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a very active clock,

For I go while you're asleep,

Though you never take a peep;

"Tick tock—tick tock."

That is what it says.

"I'm a most obliging clock;

If you wish to hear me strike,

You may do it when you like;

"Tick tock—tick tock."

That is what it says.

What a talkative old clock!

Let us see what it will do

When the pointer reaches two?

"Ding, ding—tick tock."

That is what it says.

How to Kill an Enemy.

"Children," said a kind father to his little family, as he took a seat by the fire-side, and gathered them round him for a pleasant talk, "which is the best way to kill an enemy?"

"Why, shoot him, to be sure," said one.

"No, stab him," said a second.

"No, starve him," said a third.

"But I think," said their father, "I can show you a better way than this. An enemy may be killed without taking from him his life, or shedding a single drop of his blood. Let me tell you a story, to show how it may be done.

There was a farmer once, who was a very cross, surly, disagreeable man. Everybody in the neighborhood knew him, and everybody disliked him. He was sure to make the most of whatever went wrong about him, and the poor offender always met with severe punishment. There was not a boy in all the neighborhood who did not feel uncomfortable as he passed his gate; and the poor dog that barked at his geese, or the neighbor's rooster that crowed on his wall, was speedily visited with the lash of his whip, or the shot from his gun. The very cat knew his foot-steps, and slunk away from him in terror. He was a complete pest, as much so to himself as to those about him. Every day brought him some fresh trouble, and found him in continual 'hot water'; indeed, his very life was made up of broils.

After a time, good Farmer Green came to live near him, and, as you may suppose, he was soon told the character of his not over pleasant neighbor.

'Well,' says he, 'if he shows off on me, I'll very soon kill him!'

This remark of Farmer Green's soon got afloat, and all sorts of things were said about it. He seemed the very last man to 'kill' any one, for his looks, and words, and actions, all told of a loving heart which throbbed in his bosom and directed his life. Nobody could think for a moment of his becoming a murderer. Mr.

Green's intentions at length came to the ears of the ill-natured farmer, and you may be sure he was not at all pleased about it. Everything he could do to tease, annoy, and even injure Mr. Green was done; but somehow or other, the man who was to 'kill' this ugly, tempered farmer, took it all in good part, and spoke as calmly, and looked as kindly as ever.

One day Mrs. Green sent to the wife of our surly friend a basket of nice plums; but her husband wouldn't let her have them. He told the person who brought them, very gruffly, that it was only done to get some of his pears in return, and he wasn't going to give any of them away.

At another time Mr. Green's team of oxen stuck fast in a bog, and when he asked his neighbor for a little help, he told him in a very rough way, that he had enough to do to mind his own business, and refused to help him.

'Never mind,' said Green, to some one standing by, 'I'll kill him very soon, see if I don't.'

Soon after this, the team of the ill-natured man was in the same plight that his neighbor's had been in. Mr. Green saw it. He ran for his oxen and chains, and set off for the bog. He spoke kindly, offered his help, and began to render it; but what did he receive in reply? Why, a fierce look, and an angry word: 'I don't want your help! take your oxen away.'

'No,' said the other, 'I must help you, for the night is coming on, and what is bad enough by day, is ten times worse in the dark.'

Away pulled the oxen and the men, and soon all was set right again.

A strange feeling did that rough, cross man carry home with him that evening, something which he had never felt before. And a strange look did his wife give him as he said, 'Peg, Farmer Green has killed me! he said he would, and he has done it.'

Yes, the 'enemy' was 'killed' without the loss of a single life, or one drop of blood. He went in the morning to confess his ingratitude to his kind neighbor, and to ask his forgiveness; and the very man who had been noted for nothing but his wickedness, became the friend of all."

Anecdotes of Birds.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it in-

terfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement." Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and leaving them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him, (the old man could not walk very fast,) the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dauncing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity.—*Maryatt.*

Wild-Bee Hunting in Australia.

The following mode is employed by the aborigines in obtaining the wild honey of the stingless bees that are found in some parts of the interior of that continent. These bees, which are about the size of our common house flies, build their combs (composed of globular cells) in the hollows of trees. The black who is desirous of obtaining the honey, betakes himself to the side of some water-course, having provided himself with a slender stick. He has also a little piece of fine down, picked off the leaves of a common plant, which he has previously twisted into a point at one end, and dipped into the sticky juice obtained by breaking the stem of another weed.

Thus armed, the native fills his mouth with water, and when he sees a bee light on the margin of the pool to drink, he discharges the mouthful of water over him in a fine shower, and thus by wetting the wings of the bee, prevents its flight. He then allows it to crawl upon the stick, and when the wings are nearly dry, and the bee is preparing to fly away, he attaches the pointed end of the light tuft of down to the back of the insect, by means of the sticky point. This, by impeding the progress of its flight, and by rendering it more conspicuous, enables the savage to follow it to the hollow tree containing the comb. This honey is described as being of a peculiarly limpid character, and of a very good quality; it frequently is to be found on the tables of the settlers in the interior, and used as an article of luxury by them. This honey is found in the forests of the interior. Some has been seen which had been procured 500 miles inward from Sidney.

Thou, God, Seest Me.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, went into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than usual. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can He see when it is all dark?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "God can see every where, and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and He will tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry, very sorry;" and bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve, after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother.

How did George get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do towards God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from Him.

Foolscap.

Doubtless all of our little readers know what "foolscap paper" is; but few probably know how it came to bear this singular cognomen. When Charles First found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government also, at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, under indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament Journal, still bears the name of "foolscap."

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother?

A POOR EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.—The Sheikh Abdallah once sent to his neighbor, Hassan Alla'd Deen, to borrow a rope.

"He cannot have it," replied Hassan.

"I have taken the rope to tie up a measure of sand."

"What! tie up sand with a rope?" replied Abdallah.

"Oh! friend," retorted Hassan, "it is easy to find a reason for using a rope when one does not wish to lend it."

A CHILD'S DEFINITION.—One afternoon, just after school had been closed, and I was locking my desk, preparatory to going home, little Willie stole softly to my side, climbed up the desk, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me.

"I love oo, teacher," he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked, inquiringly.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied at once.