

ADVENT



HERALD

J. V. HIMES, Proprietor. "WE HAVE NOT FOLLOWED CUNNINGLY DEvised FABLES." OFFICE, No. 46 1-2 Kneeland-street.

WHOLE NO. 781. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856. VOLUME XVII. NO. 18.

A LITANY.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Thou, who dost dwell alone,
 Thou, who dost know thine own,
 Thou, to whom all are known,
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, oh save!
 From the world's temptations,
 From tribulations;
 From that fierce anguish
 Wherein we languish;
 From that torpor deep
 Wherein we lie asleep,
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
 Save, oh save!

When the Soul growing clearer,
 Sees God no nearer;
 When the Son, mounting higher,
 To God comes no nigher,
 But the arch fiend Pride
 Mounts at her side,
 Foiling her high emprise,
 Sealing her eagle eyes,
 And, when she fain would soar,
 Makes idols to adore;
 Changing the pure emotion
 Of her high devotion
 To a skin-deep sense
 Of her own eloquence,
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
 Save, oh save!

From the ingrain'd fashion
 Of this earthly nature
 That mars thy creature,
 From grief that is but passion,
 From mirth that is but feigning,
 From tears that bring no healing,
 From wild and weak complaining,
 Thine own strength revealing,
 Save, oh save!

From doubt where all is double,
 Where wise men are not strong,
 Where comfort turns to trouble,
 Where just men suffer wrong;
 Where sorrow treads on joy,
 Where sweet things soonest cloy,
 Where faiths are built on dust,
 Where love is half mistrust,
 Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,
 Oh, set us free!

O let the false dream fly
 Where our sick souls lie
 Tossing continually,
 O where thy voice doth come,
 Let all doubts be dumb;
 Let all words be mild,
 All strifes be reconciled,
 All pains beguiled;
 Love no unkindness,
 Knowledge no ruin,
 Fear no undoing;
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Save! oh save!

How Shall We Escape?

BY JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—Heb. 2:3.

It is proposed, in dependence on the aid of Him who inspired the question, to turn attention to the responsible and solemn position of those that hear not the notes of a trumpet of jubilee, that are soon to die away and be forgotten, but the proclamation of a joyful sound, that becomes to every one that hears it either the savor of life or the savor of eternal death. We will not dwell upon the salvation which is the substance of the jubilee sound, but rather on our responsibility as acquainted with the tidings of a salvation, unprecedented in its grandeur, and incomparable in its magnificent and glorious results.

The first idea suggested in the question is, that of danger. Why speak of escape, unless there be a peril from which we are to flee?—What means this peril, are we involved in it? Is there any danger in our condition, any risk in our present place, any evil so imminent, so terrible, that it is our instant duty to make an effort to escape? There is. Man has sinned, in thought, in word, in deed; in his going out, and in his coming in. God's holy law exists; our sins have not repealed it.—God's mercy has

not diluted it. It still speaks with all the emphasis of its first utterance, "The soul that sins shall die!" This now is the universal state; like the great ocean of atmosphere, it envelopes us. All have sinned, all are therefore under the curse. It is a very strong thing, it may sound a very awful thing; but our real inquiry should be, Is it a true thing that every human being born into the world is born under the curse? We are children of wrath, even as others. All have sinned, all are condemned; in the language of the apostle, shut up or imprisoned in a cell, or prison of condemnation, from which we cannot deliver ourselves. Let us try to realize this state. The most illustrious intellect, who strikes out brilliant discoveries, that startle mankind by their splendor, is under the curse. The fairest and the loveliest form that bursts upon the entranced vision, is under the curse. The young, the old, the royal, the plebeian, all, without exception of any sort or of any degree, are born far from God, and under the curse of a law that has been broken—the issues and the consequences of which I do not stop to discuss, whether they be right or wrong, whether they be severe or light; it is the record of Scripture. The worst sin of all is that of those who say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Now remember, this state is not a matter of feeling—not a matter of discussion. It is revealed by God, in his holy Word, that all have sinned; that all, left as they are, must hopelessly suffer. And, in order to bring the matter still more home, it is of us that this is written. It is just as applicable to us this year as it was when it was first written: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" It is the singularly practical character of Christianity, that it leaves the discussion of transcendental problems afar off, and concentrates man's fears, hopes, anxieties, upon himself. We are all apt enough to say, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" but we often forget the practical reply, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." We are all willing enough to say with Peter, "Lord, what shall this man do?" but we forget the answer that is given, "What is that to thee? follow thou me." So the question before us here is not, How shall the Hebrews, to whom the epistle was originally addressed, escape if they neglect so great salvation? but it is, How shall we escape? Our first question ought to be, "What must I do to be saved?" the second, ever second, ought to be, "What shall I do to save, or to do my brother good?" And, when you go into the sanctuary next Sunday, each should feel as if he were alone, and the preacher speaking to him as if none else were present within reach of his voice. Insulate yourself in the sanctuary; try to feel there as you will feel at the judgment-seat, in that vast crowd which gathers, like a gigantic cloud, from every point of the horizon to the great white throne.—Though there be myriads and myriads, that no man can number, yet each will be so absorbed with the recollections of his past, and the anticipations of his future, that he will feel as much alone as if there were not another human being in the universe beside him; so dreadful will be the silence, that each will hear the beatings of his own heart, and long for a voice or sound to break it; so transparent will every one be before the Great Judge, that the very secret thoughts will be set in the intense sunshine of the countenance of God. We must die alone, we must be judged alone, we must answer alone; let us often feel as if alone, Am I saved? am I neglecting, or am I rejoicing in the great salvation of the everlasting gospel?

But the question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" intimates that there is a possibility of escape. I have said we are all condemned, shut up, unable to strike out a pathway of escape for ourselves; but the question implies there is a possibility of escape. Now, surely, to a prisoner confined in a dark, deep dungeon, the most thrilling sound that can reach his ear would be, There is, even if you know it not, a way of escape. This would be the first ray of the morning, the first note of the

jubilee from heaven to earth, it would thrill every heart that heard it; there is a thread through the labyrinth; there is a way of escape from ruin; there is the possibility of mercy; there is a voice of pardon—what is it, where is it? Oh, tell me, the way, the truth, and the life.

But there is more. There is a way of escape—and but one. There is a way of escape, and that is joyous news; nevertheless we have to limit the way of escape—if limitation it may be called—by saying there is one way only of escape. Did any and every way lead to heaven, we might not trouble men about the way to heaven, whether he would or not—whether he were to believe in Mahomet, or in Confucius, or in Christ, or in none of them,—then to discuss the way that leads to heaven would be mere waste of time. But the Bible that speaks truth, and speaks it simply and intelligibly, tells us there is but one way that leads to heaven. It is this one fact that makes the discussion of what is the truth so vital, and our possession of the truth so essential. Were there now, what there has been in other lands, a universal and destructive epidemic; and if there were but one remedy that could neutralize its poison, or shelter from its influence, or rescue from its power, how earnestly would every one seek to find out that one! If the house in which you live were enveloped in overwhelming flame, and if a voice said, There is just one way by which you can escape, how anxious would you be to find it! Or if the vessel in which you sailed were sinking inch by inch helplessly into the deep, deep sea; and if a voice shouted, There is a plank that will bear you to the shore, how anxious would you be to find that plank! And if the world be marching to an everlasting state that has but two issues, oh! how important, how unspeakably important, to find out, if it be true that there is a way, what is that way that leads to heaven! If there be a door through the adamant walls of heaven, where is it? If there be a way that leads to my Father, my eternal home, my everlasting rest, oh! what time is too long, what toil is too great, what powers too high, to be spent in order to ascertain the way that leads from ruin to everlasting joy! Blessed be God, it is clearly and plainly announced, and the wayfarer man may run while he reads it. But, to impress still further the importance of finding it, let us not forget that a mistake in the pursuit of it is of all occurrences the most fatal. If you try a wrong way of escape from a vessel sinking, you may get back to the vessel ere it sinks, and find another. Or if you go to a wrong window of a house on fire, and find obstructions there, you may rush to another, and find an exit there. But if you take the wrong course to heaven, no voyager comes back from the everlasting shores to try the experiment again. You stake eternity upon your course; that eternity is lost or gained forever and ever. Experiments on earth may fail today, be renewed tomorrow, and made successfully the third day; but the experiment of finding the way that leads to heaven, if unsuccessful, is ruinous, irretrievably ruinous, forever. No hearsay must satisfy you. This is a matter of such moment, such issues are contingent upon it, such gigantic results of evil or of good must flow from it, that you must be satisfied with no traditional testimony, no hearsay report. We cannot be saved by proxy, no one can represent me at the judgment-seat. God does not say, If we neglect so great salvation, how shall our ministers escape, or how shall the church escape? If these were the words, we might be guilty of the sin, but, nevertheless, escape the penalty attached to it. But it is written, If we neglect so great salvation, how shall we escape? It is the soul which sins that suffers; it is the criminal that is condemned. None can take my place at the judgment-seat; and no man, from the lowly presbyter to the loftiest prelate, may therefore be entrusted with my safety, salvation, and responsibility, in the sight of God, and in the prospect of a world to come. Search, therefore, the only record that is infallible, and from which

there can be no appeal, to find out the way that leads to heaven. Does any one say, This is a wearisome and laborious task? Do you say, I am so occupied that I have no time to study the Bible, to search the record, to find out the way? I ask, why should you think that zeal, energy, and activity are essential, in order to attain excellence in an earthly profession; and that God canonizes indolence, apathy, indifference in the things of eternal life? Can we suppose, that if the seed-time be neglected there will be a harvest? If an apprenticeship be spent in indolence, there can be no excellence in trade; if the present be let go, there will be no future benefit. Why should we feel and see this in the things of time; but strangely conclude that it needs no thought, nor effort, nor time, nor toil, to discover the way that leads to everlasting rest, or find out an answer to the momentous question, "What must I do to be saved?" I do not say that labor is the price of heaven: God forbid! but I do say, that every expression in the Bible indicates that a man that never studied, thought, prayed, searched, has very poor reason for believing he has found the way to heaven. "Search the Scriptures!" with the same zeal, the word implies, with the same untiring energy with which the miner searches the earth for new seams of precious gold. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." The word is applied to the Olympic wrestlers—the putting forth of every energy; it is, literally translated,— "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate." And what makes this the more necessary is the fact, that there are many false ways; false ways radiant with all the attraction of the right, eloquently pleaded by those that hold them; and therefore it becomes the more dutiful and necessary to ascertain the true one. Is it possible to become so exercised by practice that you can distinguish a bad sovereign from a good one, or so skilful that you can discriminate a forged note from a true one; and yet is it impossible, with the Bible in our hands, and the Author of the Bible to teach us, to discover the true way that leads to heaven, in contradistinction to the false one that leads in the very opposite direction?

To be continued.

Worldly Amusements.

Let us consider the effect on a christian family, moderately partaking in these amusements. Let us suppose children brought up to attend dancing school and to enjoy the companies where such measures form the ground of attraction. Let us see the effect, when only private and reasonable indulgence is permitted in these, and find out, if innocent relaxation is the result.

Through "the season," no family moving in "good society" can fail to attend one private party in the week. In even a contracted circle of friends, the invitations given and received, call for, at least, this exaction. To "go into society" at all, a certain degree of acknowledgment of its claims must be made. Hence once in a week, (how often twice or thrice) attendance at a party is required. To this party, where fifty or sixty, (how often an hundred or two,) are present, our Christian family goes. It is a dancing party of course. It is not a literary soiree, not a "lionizing" conversation; simply a cheerful lively party of young folks and their parents meet to "enjoy themselves." Hence a dancing party. The younger members of our family must attend, prepared for it, of course; and they must dress for the occasion. How? no garments suitable to their position, as Christian persons, living not to please themselves but to please God? Assuredly not. The clothing of the simple and unpretending appearance, only suitable in quality and adornment to their station, and no more? No such dresses are not "the thing." What do others wear? What is "the mode?" The style and the fashion is the rule. How it will "look," the criterion. Our family is well off and moves well, and must keep up its respectability, and not be behind others. So our family must go dressed as others

dress. Well, we have three daughters, say: we think they are as good-looking young girls as most other daughters, and we do not care to have them thrown into the shade by other girls. They are our daughters and we are proud of them. It will not please us to see them look "shabby," dear girls, not at all. They must not be outshone, out-dressed, out-adorned by others, personally inferior to them. No, our daughters must be handsomely dressed, not extravagantly, indeed, for they are Christians—but past handsomely.

And it is pleasant to see their bright eyes stirring with a consciousness of admiration, as they move in the stirring dance. Now, how much may it cost, for our daughters to be dressed like other people, in such places? Fanny fancied that beautiful dress she wears to-night at \$40 the pattern; and the collar and cuffs to match were \$18. Fanny is a little particular in handkerchiefs. She "hates" a poorly laced one. *That cost \$4, only cheaper than most; she might have given \$20.* Her best are \$9. But we are not extravagant people; we do not (like many gay people) have a dress to be worn only once or twice. No, Fanny will wear that 5 or 6 times this winter, and then it may be made useful elsewhere, in visiting away from home. Sarah and Charlotte are dressed in the same manner; well, but not extravagantly, not extravagantly at all.—Nothing remarkable one way or other. No affected plainness, but like Christian people in a happy medium, unattracting of any particular notice. We allow our daughters about \$300 each a year for dress, and yet they look as well as some who dress up to \$500 and \$600. We are a little proud of it. We are indeed. And how beautifully our daughters dance! See Charlotte's diamond cross glitter as she is so beautifully waltzing! That was a little extravagant in us, but Jewelry is necessary to set a girl off a little, and it was cheap at \$120. We cannot be close with the girls; it seems covetous, and "covetousness is idolatry." Others spend much more. However, we have a very pleasant evening. We get home with our family by one o'clock at the latest, especially on Saturday nights, and if it is the night before Ash Wednesday, of course, we leave at twelve. We enjoy it very much. It is pleasant to have our family recreated by such amusements. There is always some little pleasant matter to talk over through the week and keep the mind amused and interested. Discussing the dress, and the habits, and the actions, of what has past, and planning that which is to be, furnishes topics of eager interest in our family. It gives an object in life. It is something to think about and talk about, and it furnishes also indication of modes of thought and feeling in others. It is something pleasant to live for.—"Whether we eat or drink, to do all to the glory of God," does not perhaps apply fully to our family, nor do we perhaps exactly understand, that "no man liveth to himself," yet still we are consistent communicants of the Church, doing our duties, and moderate in our enjoyments, and no one can lay excess to our charge. True, our daughters cost us over \$800 a year, to be suitable for the society we keep; and if we did not frequent such parties, or partake of such amusements, they could dress well and with taste and refinement, for half that sum, but we are not to go "altogether out of the world." Paritanic severity is no part of religion.

If we are asked, how Missions are progressing; if our family were questioned concerning what is done for the good of souls or bodies, in the Church at large, or in the neighborhood around us, our family could say little. They know nothing about these things. We cannot. We give—readily—but we have neither time or inclination to interest ourselves in these things. It is as much as we can do to take care of our own spiritual concerns. Ministers and missionaries must see to these things. If we are asked what we give we can answer at once, handsomely, generously, never less than \$300 a year; two hundred dollars a year, understand. That is \$50 for a pew, and \$150 for charitable purposes. We cannot afford more, for our family expenses, though moderate, quite equal our income. Because, it is not only attending such parties that costs considerable, but we are expected to give them in our turn.—Twice in the season we are expected, and desire to give, a handsome entertainment.—Our family is known, and we are pleased to say, liked generally. Hence we have many friends, and it is impossible (without giving offence) to invite less than sixty to eighty.—We now prepare for it. Our house and our furniture are in suitable style. It is not extravagant, cannot be, for it cost no more than our minister's did, that is \$6000, for the furniture of the house entire. Still it is handsome, very. The only thing that we were extravagant in was that solid satin-covered card table. It did seem as if \$75 was too much to give for such an article, yet it is really useful in our companies, and in keeping with the rest. Well, we invite our friends. We give a handsome entertainment. Our "minister" is invi-

ted, and many of our congregation, and we have a very pleasant evening. The wine is good, excellent, and is freely drunk. All "passes off" finely. We compare it with all we attended, and it pleases us to see how superior our party is to most. We think of Mr. B.'s, Mr. C.'s, and are much gratified to see how much more "life" there is in ours than theirs. M. F. said to our girls that it was the most brilliant entertainment of the season. Sarah waltzed too, with young G. K., the millionaire's son; pity, that he is so wild, but we hope that he will soon "sow his wild oats," and settle down; it would be a brilliant "parti" for her. However, it costs something to do things handsomely, and so, as we said before, our expenses are close up to our income. The bill for our refreshments alone cost \$86, and lights, wines, music and attendants, make up \$200. Our house and furniture were admired, however. Mr. L. said that our rooms and their fittings showed every comfort and enjoyment that taste could suggest. We think so, and are trying to make it so.

I have now done with "our Christian family," and thus given a sketch of the simple effects in social action, through fashionable society, of *worldly amusements*. Not extreme! Alas! God knows I have shown the moderate, most moderate view. This is the common result of such tastes and enjoyments. It does tend to this, even in those who never approach a ball, a dancing-ball, or any such place. This is the feeble sketch of the life and habit of thousands of Christian families in our land, yielding to the world. And I ask, if this is not the pomp and vanity of the world; where, where is it to be renounced? Is not this comfortable, self-pleasing, real extravagance and luxury to any professing to follow Christ? Oh, God forgive the wretched selfishness and love of enjoyment engendered by such habits! God help the weak homage to the customs of the world, in the unavoidable results of beginning, even in the home parlor, a taste for its amusements! I will not stop now to place the true by the false. I will only in conclusion say, with such Christians, is it any wonder that religion becomes a mere Sunday employment? With such objects of instant *self-gratification*, (a spirit imbibed from intercourse with the world in its amusements,) is it any wonder that truth in the Christian vow is perished—the teaching of the Man of Sorrows forgotten—reason hood-winked—conscience blended—Divine love stifled, and the whole life spent in a succession of worldly cares and empty follies; and as the prophet declares of a sinning people—"The harp and the viol, the tabret, and the pipe, and the wine, are in their feasts, but they regard not the works of the Lord, neither consider the operations of His hand."—*Gospel Messenger*.

The Living Rock.

(1st Cor. 10: 4, and Ex. 33: 22.)

I'm wandering through a desert wide,
Dark tempests roar on every side.

Of all earthly help bereft,
Faint, I breathe the noisome air,
But my Rock is every where,—
Hide, oh! hide me in the cleft.

Fiery serpents round me press,
With deadly coils, my soul caress,
Ah! I fear no hope is left.
To the cross I lift mine eyes,
Lo! my Rock a sacrifice!
Hide, oh! hide me in the cleft.

Dangers thick, my steps pursue,
Foes are many, friends are few,
Enemies my pains deride,
Sinai's angry thunders roar—
Unshaken Rock! to thee I soar,
In the cleft my soul would hide

My thirsty soul no longer sings,
Oh! I pant for living springs,
Soon, without I faint and die.
From the Rock my spirit chose,
Cleft for me, the water flows—
Living springs which never dry.

Long I've trod this desert through,—
The promised land, when shall I view,
Where foes shall cease to mock.
The sun descends with scorching heat;
I'll rest my weary, wandering feet
Beneath the shadowing Rock.

Groans and wailings fill the air,
Plague and famine waste and wear,
Ah! must all the people die!
See! a wall of incense rise!
Manna falls before our eyes!
Bread from heaven our wants supply.

Oh! Bread of heaven! Oh! living Rock!
Feed and shelter all thy flock,
Watch over them for good.
In righteous robes, my spirit clothe;
And last I should this manna loathe,
And long for grosser food,

Let this bread my sense refine—
Let me see thy glory shine—
Heal, oh! heal! my wounded heart.

To the Rock that's cleft for me,
Give me grace in time to flee,
Ere life and hope depart

Be the tempest dark and wild—
Let me know myself thy child.

I'll fear no earthquake shock,
Safe I'll tread this desert vale—
Safe be kept, when earth shall fail—
Fixed upon the *Living Rock*.

Period

OF THE REDEMPTION OF MAN ILLUSTRATED.

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end,
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of the Sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He whose ear the winds are and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend,
Propitious in his chariot pav'd with love;
And what His storms have blasted and defaced,
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet,
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But, when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,
Tho' poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,
That to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labor, were a task more arduous still.
Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land once lean,
Or fertile only to its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thrifty curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks: all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the fame grove, and drink one common
stream.

Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driv'n away:
The breath of Heaven has chas'd it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string.
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not. The pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks,
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy:
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd:
See Salem built, the labor of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines:
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flow into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the natives of the farthest West:
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has traveled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty and to share thy joy.
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heaven-ward all things tend. For all
were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God hath greatly purposed;—
Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow revolving seasons! we would see
A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet,
A world that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is, that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him,
Oh for a world in principle as chaste

As this is gross and selfish! Over which
Custom and prejudice will bear no sway.
Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! it was thine
By ancient covenant, ere nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim Thee King, and in their
hearts

Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipt in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim Thee King, and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last Advent, long-desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work.
Thy word fulfilled the conquest of a world.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from
earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shews him glories yet to be revealed.

Who that has an eye to see, an ear to hear,
or a heart to understand what the Spirit saith
unto the churches, but must finally acknowledge
that the soul-animating, heart-cheering doctrines
contained in these lines, are clearly to be found
in the Holy Scriptures—but official readers, not
deeply skilled in mysteries of the kingdom of
God are not sufficiently humbled to comprehend?
Surely such as these, who by refusing to desire
Christ's kingdom to come, and his will to be
done, and Satan's kingdom to be destroyed,
would do well to consider seriously, in time,
whether they are not saying in the language of
their conduct, "We will not have this Man to
reign over us."

The Fall of Jerusalem.

One of the most splendid sketches is that by
Croly, who thus describes the Fall of Jerusa-
lem:

The fall of our illustrious and happy city was
supernatural. The destruction of the conquered
was against the first principles of the Roman
policy, and, to the last hour of our natural
existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and la-
mented our frantic disposition to be undone.
But the decree was gone forth from a mightier
throne. During the latter days of the siege,
a hostility, to which that of man was a grain of
sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpow-
ered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes,
and voices in the air; visions startling us from
our short and troublesome sleep; lunacy in its
hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of
vigor; the fury of the elements let loose upon
our unsheltered heads; we had every terror and
evil that could beset human nature, except
pestilence, the most probable of all, in a city
crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the
wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets
were covered with unburied bodies; though
every well and trench was teeming with them;
though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung
over the rampart, and naked to the sun, pesti-
lence came not, for, if it had come, the enemy
would have been scared away. But "the abomi-
nation of desolation," the pagan standard, was
fixed where it was to remain until the plough
had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night, no man laid his head
upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in
conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground
shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the
wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept
the living and the dead, in whirlwinds, far into
the desert. We heard the bellowing of the
distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were on
our side, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and
rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery
sword shot out tenfold fire. Thunder pealed
from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning,
in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration
that turned the darkness into more than day,
withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith
to the ground, and marked its track by forests
of flame, and shattered the summits of the
hills.

Defence was unthought of, for the mortal en-
emy had passed from the mind. Our hearts
quaked for fear, but it was to see the powers of
heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and
spear, and crouched before the descending judg-
ment. We were conscience-smitten. Our cries
of remorse, anguish and horror, were heard
through the uproar of the storm. We howled
to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the
sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed
the living; we would have buried ourselves un-
der the mountains.

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause, and
knew that the last hour of crime was at hand.
A few fugitives, astonished to see one man
among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness
of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead
them to some place of safety, if such were now

to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed, and I led through the streets, encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But, beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me. And now came the last and most wonderful sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and the vapors began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges, and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising, and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last it stood forth, from earth to heaven, the closed image of the first temple; of the building raised by the wisest of men; one consecrated to the visible glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image, and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances there were. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again; the guardian angels of the City of David! They came forth gloriously, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their cheeks of celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow; "Let us go hence," was answered by the sad echoes of the mountains. "Let us go hence," swelled upon the night, to the uttermost limits of the land. The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, until their splendor was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again. The cloudy temple was scattered on the wind, and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

Look on this Picture, and then on that!

I have subdued the nations of the earth—
is there no other world for me to conquer?
Alexander the Great.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished
my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth
there is laid up a for me a crown of righteous-
ness.
St. Paul.

My life is in the yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.
The fire that in my bosom burns
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is lighted at its blaze—
A funeral pile.
Lord Byron.

Written the year he died

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither
shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the
olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no
meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold,
and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet
will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God
of my salvation.
Habakkuk.

I am taking a leap in the dark.
Hobbes, when dying.

Though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil.
David.

O! God, if there be a God, have mercy on me.
Tom Paine, when dying.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and
that he shall stand at the latter day upon the
earth, and though after my skin, worms destroy
this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.
Job, in view of death.

Things Short and Things Long.

THERE are some things that are very short, and others that are very long. God in his Word tells us of both, and bids us look at and think of them.

1. Life is short. God speaks of it as a shadow, a weaver's shuttle, a flower, a hand's breadth, and a vapor. If it be like these it must be short.

2. Time is short. It is made up of many lives, yet it is short. "The time is short," says Paul, and says John, "The world passeth away." A few years will end all.

3. The sinner's joy is short. It is "but for a moment." "The fashion of this world passeth away." He may laugh and dance and be merry; but the end soon comes, and nothing is left but grief.

4. The saint's sorrow is short. This too "is but for a moment." It may be heavy and hard to bear, but it is soon over, and leaves no sorrow behind. When it is done it is joy for ever and ever.

1. Forever is long. It is like to God himself, who is the "King eternal and immortal"—whose life is throughout all eternity. How important to have him for our portion in such a changing world as this!

2. God's love is long. It never dies. It changes not. It is from everlasting to everlasting. His grace never grows old.

3. The life to come is long. There is no death in this life—no end—it is "everlasting life." It is through faith in Christ and begins in this world. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Reader, have you this life?

4. The saint's joy is long. This too is unending. At God's right hand are "pleasures for evermore."

5. The sinner's sorrow is long. It is "night and day, forever and ever." It is "the blackness of darkness forever and ever." Thus God, who cannot lie, has told us, and bids us think of these things. Who will prefer this world to the home of the saints? Are the weeds of this world sweeter than the flowers of Paradise?—Time stays not—the fountain is open in Christ. But soon! ah! soon! many may find themselves with him who "could not find repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." —
Maine Ev.

The Shakers.

From a lecture delivered in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, by T. W. Evans, a distinguished Elder of the Shaker society of New Lebanon, we gather some interesting facts concerning this strange body of religionists. "The number of Shaker societies now in existence is 18, located in seven different states. There are none in any foreign country." We consider, said the lecturer, that Jesus was "but a man," and Ann Lee, the founder of our order, "but a woman." "He was the first born amongst many brethren; she was the first born amongst many sisters." Christ was the Spirit that descended upon Jesus at his baptism; and this same Christ made his second appearance in the person of Ann Lee, in 1770. The God of Israel was not the Jehovah of the Universe. There are four dispensations, according to the Shaker faith; the first extending from Adam to Abraham; the second from Abraham to Jesus; the third from Jesus to Ann Lee; and the fourth from Ann Lee onward. They believe that they still receive revelations from heaven, in visions, dreams, etc. With them all property is held in common and celibacy is imposed upon all.—
Rel. Tel.

ALL THINGS POSSIBLE WITH GOD.—It is stated, says the Congregationalist, that in Ireland, since 1847, thousands have broken loose from Romish thralldom, and hunger for the bread of life. In Belgium there are nearly forty Protestant Churches, where not a solitary one existed twenty-five years ago, and thousands of families are brought under a pure evangelical influence. "In France whole villages have thrown off the oppression of the Papacy, and organized a scriptural worship. In this country also, are many Churches, composed almost wholly of converts from Romanism; and various Protestant churches have been enlarged by the admission of the same class of converts.

THE DRAINING OF THE HARLEM SEA, HOLLAND. The Chairman of the Commission on the draining of the Harlem Sea has published a final report on this work, which is to be finished this year. The expenses from 1839 to 1855, inclusive, are \$3,400,000, and the receipts from land to be sold is \$3,200,000. It was at first supposed the reclaimed land would be worth only some \$32 per acre, but in 1853 it was actually sold for over 120. Forty-five thousand acres in all have been reclaimed from the sea, which will supply 100,000 people, bountifully, with the means of life.

The Late War in Europe.

THE present seems a proper time to review briefly the events of the war—to glance at the salient points which historians will elaborate into extended histories. The contest has been short, and in a political point of view, has not been fruitful of great results. It commenced in July, 1853, when the Russian army crossed the Pruth. The first collision with the Turkish army, under Omer Pacha, took place at Oltenitza the 2d of November following, when the Russians were defeated, an omen of ill luck which has been verified by the result of the war. On the 30th of November the Russian navy gained its first and only victory at Sinope. On the 6th of January, 1854, the Russians were again defeated by the Turks at Citate, on the Danube. On the 8th of February Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador, left London, and M. Kisselef took his formal leave of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Thus the Western Powers became actually involved in the war, although their first military demonstration was not made until some weeks after. On the 19th of February, the Russian army for the first time defeated the Turks at Giurgevo, which place the latter evacuated in good order after a defense of three days. A series of desultory engagements, with varied results, took place from that time until the 23d of March, when the Russians established themselves in the Dobrudscha. But their advance was again checked at Czernovoda, on the 25th of April. On the 14th of April the Russians laid siege to Silistria, which was defended valiantly by the Turks until the 13th of June, when they finally defeated the Russians with great slaughter, and thus terminated the campaign on the Danube.

In the mean time the Western Powers had thrown their influence into the scale of battle. Early in March the first English and French troops landed at Gallipoli, and on the 11th of the same month the fleet under Sir Charles Napier set sail for the Baltic, the main achievement of which was the capture of Bomarsund on the 15th of August. On the 27th of March the formal rupture between Turkey and Greece occurred. The quarrel was, however, soon arranged. On the 23d of March the English and French fleets in the Black Sea bombarded Odessa, inflicting much injury.

The Russian army having retired from the soil of Turkey and from the Principalities, before the advancing columns of the Turks, English and French, preparations were made by the Western allies for the invasion of the Crimea. The landing took place under Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud, at Eupatoria, on the 13th of September. On the 20th the battle of the Alma was fought, resulting in the defeat of the Russians. On the 23d the allied army marched upon Sebastopol, and on the 25th Balaclava was taken without opposition. On the same day, Marshal St. Arnaud resigned his command, and died on the 29th. On the 1st of October the allies were in position before Sebastopol, and the siege was actually commenced. On the 25th was fought the battle of Balaclava, in which the Turks, not being properly supported, forsook their entrenchments, and in which the brilliant but profitless charge of the British Light Cavalry was made. In this battle the Russians were defeated, but the Allies were forced to contract their lines, and were taught that the capture of Sebastopol was to be no holiday occupation. On the 5th of November the battle of Inkerman was fought, the Russians again being defeated, with great slaughter on both sides. On the 14th of November the Allies had the first encounter with the elements, which presaged the sufferings of the long and dreary winter that ensued. On that day the hurricane occurred which prostrated their tents and huts, and wrecked more than fifty transports, including one which had on board nearly the whole supply of winter clothing for the British army.

The long winter of 1854 was marked by no important engagements, but Generals January, February and March decimated the ranks of the allies, and destroyed more lives than the guns of the Russians. In the months of January and February, 1855, ineffectual negotiations were going on at Vienna to secure peace. In Asia the Russians defeated the Turks on the 30th of January at Teholok Bridge. February 17th, Russia declared war against Sardinia, who had joined the Western Powers and was fitting out a contingent for the Crimea. On the same day the Russians made an attack upon the Turks, under Omer Pacha, at Eupatoria, but were compelled to retire. On the 2d of March, the Emperor Nicholas died. On the 15th, the peace conference was formally opened at Vienna, but was suspended on the 26th, and finally dissolved on the 21st of April. During the month of March several severe engagements took place before Sebastopol, in which great loss was inflicted on both sides. On the 13th of April another of these indecisive engagements occurred, in which a very large number of lives were sacrificed, and still another took place on the 1st of May. In fact a constant succession of these as-

saults occurred for several months until the final attack was made. Gen. Canrobert resigned the command of the French army in the Crimea to Gen. Pelissier on the 3d of May. On the 23d the fortifications Petropaulovski on the Northwest Coast of America were destroyed by the Allies. May 23d and 24th the French attacked and carried with much slaughter a large *place d'armee* between Sebastopol and the sea. May 25th a naval expedition of the Allies commenced at Kertch their ravages of the Eastern Coast of the Crimea and ports in the sea of Azof, which were continued for several months, inflicting much loss upon the Russians, and seriously crippling her resources. The affair at Hango, in the Baltic, in which a boat from a British man-of-war was captured, and the crew shot or taken prisoners, occurred on the 5th of June. On the 7th the Mamelon and White towers before Sebastopol were captured by the English and French troops, after a fearful assault, in which not far from ten thousand men were killed and wounded on both sides. On the 18th, after a feeble bombardment, the Allies were repulsed from an attack on the Redan and Malakoff, losing about five thousand men. On the 28th Lord Raglan died, and was succeeded by Gen. Simpson.

On the 3d of July, the Russians took Yemkeni in Asia Minor, and the siege of Kars commenced. From the 10th to the 18th there was another bombardment of Sebastopol, but without important results.

On the 7th of August, the Turkish army besieged in Kars repulsed a Russian attack on the city, putting some six thousand men hors du combat. On the 9th, 10th and 11th of the same month, Sweaborg, in the Baltic, was bombarded and partially destroyed. On the 16th, the battle of Traktir bridge, on the Tchernaya, was fought, the Russians being defeated with the loss of seven thousand men killed and wounded. On the 17th, another ineffectual bombardment of Sebastopol commenced, but the fire slackened after a few days.

On the 5th of September the final bombardment of Sebastopol commenced. On the 8th the French took the Malakoff, the English made an unsuccessful attempt upon the Redan, and Sebastopol after a sanguinary conflict was in the power of the Allies. The English and French lost 10,000 in the final assault, and the Russians nearly twenty thousand. On the 11th the allied army entered Sebastopol.

On the 17th of October, the fortress of Kinburn on the Dnieper was taken by the Allied squadron, and on the 18th the fortress of Otkakoff on the same river was blown up by the Russian garrison. On the 6th of November Omer Pacha forced the passage of the river Ingour in Asia, defeating six thousand Russians. On the 10th of the same month General Simpson was relieved of the command of the English army by General Codrington. The fall of Kars after a siege of five months in which the garrison were reduced to the last extremity by famine, closed the events of the campaign of 1855, and was in fact the last event of importance in the progress of the war.

In December, negotiations for peace were resumed at the instance of the court of Austria, and on the 19th of January Russia accepted the propositions of the allies. On the 1st of February the protocol enregistering the acceptance of the peace propositions by all parties was formally signed at Vienna, and on the 23d the peace conference was formally opened at Paris. An armistice was shortly after concluded, and on the 30th of March a treaty of peace was signed terminating the war, which has thus continued less than three years.

The outline we have given of the more important events of the war will serve to recall to the recollection of our readers its leading incidents. A more detailed history would occupy too large a space in the columns of our paper. The war has not produced such great political changes as was anticipated. It is probable that every thing remains in *statu quo ante bellum*, with the exception of a new organization of the principalities, and the "rectification" of the South-western frontier of Russia. The loss of men, killed and wounded, and from sickness consequent upon the war, has probably not been less than six to eight hundred thousand, and the cost of the war to the nations engaged in it, including the losses inflicted on Russia, may be estimated at not less than \$1,500,000,000. Modern science, while it has to a certain extent increased the destructiveness of war, has largely enhanced the cost. The powerful steam vessels which have supplanted the old three deckers, when operating at a distance from home, require a small fleet of tenders to supply them with coal. The Minie rifle, the heavy siege guns, the mammoth mortars, and improved projectiles for the first time introduced into service in this war, have been employed only at an enormous expense. When the books are finally balanced it will probably be found that the recent three years' war has been more costly in men and money than any three years' of war in which the nations of Europe were ever before engaged, not excepting

CORRESPONDENCE.



CORRESPONDENTS are alone responsible for the correctness of the views they present. Therefore articles not dissented from, will not necessarily be understood as endorsed by the publisher. In this department, articles are solicited on the general subject of the Advent, without regard to the particular view we take of any scripture, from the friends of the Herald.

BLESSED ANTICIPATION.

How blest to know there is a land,
Where I at last shall dwell;
Where I may join the blood-washed band—
The Saviour's praise to swell.
For sorrows here oft cloud my brow,
And grief's enter my home,
But, cheering thought! tho' weary now,
There's endless rest to come.

No sable weed of mourning there,
No sorrows fill the breast;
For free from sin, and pain, and care,
God's people are at rest.
'Tis Eden's rest—'mid joy and peace
There dwells the happy throng,
Nought shall disturb their happiness,
Nor end their joyous song.

O peaceful home! I long to go,
And join the blessed there;
That I a seraph's strain may know,
A crown of glory wear!
O yes! I love to contemplate
This home as very nigh—
Oh! give me grace, dear Lord to wait,
And for thy coming sigh!
Chazy, N. Y. C. P. Dow.

PROSPERITY.

THE MINISTRY.—Among the means for spreading the truth, propagating religion and building up the church, a pious and faithful ministry is of the first importance. "How can they believe," until they have heard, "and how can they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they are sent!" The New Testament everywhere recognizes the office of pastor, teacher, evangelist, preacher; and who are we that we should lay aside this office and say, we can do without it and prosper? Where shall we find religious prosperity without the co-operation of the ministry? The advent cause is greatly indebted to this means for its former prosperity. We have enjoyed the labors of some of the most able, zealous and faithful preachers, our country ever produced. How sad the retrospect. How many have gone down to the silent tomb; how many have expended their energies, and are now disabled and forced to turn their attention to secular business, for a livelihood? How many too have been spoiled through vain, speculative theories, and how many, Demas like, have made shipwreck of their faith through the love of this present world. But, blessed be God, notwithstanding the many, we have lost, by death, sickness, poverty, perversion and backsliding, we have a goodly number left. These have been sifted and tried so severely, that they are able to endure any hardness, and are capable of defending themselves from without; but the trials from within, I fear, may prove too much for the endurance of some of them.

How shall we increase the number and efficiency of our preachers? is a question that demands immediate attention; for our future prosperity, if not our existence, depends very greatly upon this question. There are many churches and preaching places, suffering and dying out for want of ministerial labor; and there are ministers "dying out" and leaving for other employments, and other denominations, because they cannot find places to preach, where their labors will be appreciated, and they receive nothing more, than their bare traveling expenses, upon which nobody but the railroads can live. There is a great wrong somewhere, and 'tis quite time, that all interested in this subject, were aroused to remedy this gigantic evil.

But what shall be done? This I am not able to answer fully; and if I could, I fear my prescription might not be received, yet I will venture to make some suggestions upon the subject, which I think would very much lessen, if not cure the difficulty.

1. Let every preacher make up his mind that it is his duty to preach "this gospel of the kingdom," so long as he preaches anything.

2. Let him make up his mind to preach, till he has as clear evidence of duty to stop preaching, as he had to begin. I fear many have rashly left the ministry without "orders," and by so doing, have occupied the position of deserters, to the detriment

of the cause, and the sacrifice of their own peace of mind.

We all have our temptations, and we are at liberty to act our own pleasure in this matter, we might all go down from the "walls" to the plains "Ono," and so let the "work cease;" but, if the "Chief Shepherd" has placed us upon the walls, ("for no man taketh the honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron,") what would be our excuse, should He come and find us off our duty? Would he say to us, "Well done good and faithful servants!" O, let us be careful, lest we be found unfaithful in the day of Christ.

3. Let all be resolved to labor together as "true yokefellows," in the spirit of mutual concession and forbearance. There can be no harmonious, associated action, if one usurp authority over another, and assumes that he is orthodox in his faith, and his brother heterodox. No man that has the least self-respect, can labor in harmony with another, who assumes this pre-eminence. Let us away with our test questions then, and come up to the work in the true spirit of equality, and brotherly love; and, as in our most prosperous days, agreeing to differ on questions, that have divided the religious world these two thousand years, unite our energies upon the main question—*The speedy personal advent of Christ, the restitution of all things and a preparation for the kingdom.*

4. Let all be imbued with a love for this truth, and this cause—a willingness to suffer for the truth's sake,—a desire for prosperity, and a determination to face the enemy, and do battle for God and His truth, till the end.

5. Let our churches, and people generally, feel an interest in this class of men, and esteem them for their work's sake. We all love to feel that we are appreciated, and none feel this more than the poor preacher of an unpopular doctrine does. He can meet the scoffs and scorn of the world, the contempt and opposition of the sectarian; he can endure poverty and privation of every kind, but the indifference, neglect and invidiousness of his own brethren, is a weight too crushing to be borne by sensitive hearts such as preachers' generally are. Let the preacher feel that he has the sympathy, prayers and confidence, of his brethren, wherever he preaches; and he will feel better, preach better, and do more good than he possibly could without.

6. Our preachers must be supported; they must not be kept too poor. Some think it makes preachers humble and less worldly minded to keep them poor; but it only makes them feel mean, ashamed, and sometimes indignant at their richer brethren, who would thus "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." We do not make a man forget his supper by depriving him of his dinner, neither shall we make a preacher less worldly minded by keeping him so poor that half their thoughts must be occupied in contriving some way to cover his nakedness, and find food for those dependent upon him. Many have been driven from the ministry and become pedlars, doctors, &c. &c., that they might obtain the means of existence.

Our preachers do not expect, nor wish to receive such salaries as the large denominations give, but they do expect to live with their brethren, and they will never be content without it. The preacher ought to "live of the gospel," and not be obliged to let the work of the ministry cease, while he goes down "to serve tables." A good story is told of a Baptist preacher of the "olden times," who went to a certain place to preach. When the congregation had assembled and the time came to commence his meeting, he left the pulpit, went to one of the deacons, and borrowed half a dollar. Nothing more was thought about it until the close of the day, when the preacher goes to pay the deacon the half dollar. Now, says the deacon, "tell me why you borrowed that half dollar." "Well," says the preacher, "I borrowed it, because I can always preach better when I have a little money in my pocket." This was a little odd, but there was philosophy in it.

7. Our churches must not be too particular about the talents of their preachers. We have not a very "big pile" to pick out of, and, if we are very particular in this way, many churches must go destitute, and many preachers must go without employment. We have a few prominent gifts, and our churches must not feel that they must all have one of these, or that they cannot prosper without them. Only a very few can be accommodated in this way. Let us remember, "The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift." "Tis not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." We must be content with such as we have, and by our encouragement, sympathy, and material aid, raise up men of more knowledge, power and pleasing gifts.

8. Our churches must seek out the gifts among them; drive them out and put them forward judi-

ciously, and encourage them to enter the ministry; and when they are there, sustain them in it.

9. Two or more small churches, should unite in sustaining one man. Thus forming a sort of circuit. This will give them regular preaching, and the preacher regular employment, without rambling all over the country, spending more for railroad fare than he saves to buy bread for his family.

In these ways, the number and influence of our preachers may be greatly increased, instead of diminishing. Our preachers will have enough to do in preaching the gospel and "taking care of the flock." Our churches will not die out and suffer for want of preachers; and people walking together in glorious harmony. Sinners will be converted, the churches built up, the truth as it is in Jesus will "grow" and spread mightily. "Prosperity" will be seen here, and crowns of everlasting joy be ours in the kingdom to come. NEHEMIAS.

LETTER FROM THOMAS SMITH.

DEAR BRO. HIMES:—Still desiring to do as much as in me lies to proclaim the acceptable day of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn, after having stopped in the vicinity of the Penobscot River some two weeks, by request of some friends on the Kennebec I have made a tour in those regions to preach the Word.

The last Sabbath in February I spent in Hallowell, where I found a few earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, while in others were seen the sad effect of the disappointment of the passing of the recent time.

The week following, accompanied by my long-tried friend brother N. Smith, I was by him conveyed to Bristol, where we spent two Sabbaths in visiting and preaching the Word to as many as could be convened with a desire to hear concerning the kingdom. Our opportunities here were rather poor, from the fact of the severity of the weather, the blocking snows that prevailed almost constantly. Notwithstanding this some seemed revived in the spirit of their minds, and manifested a determination to persevere unto the end. We were here greeted and assisted by a friend and brother from Damariscotta (brother John Campbell) as well as the courtesy and hospitality of brother Stephen Harding, of Round Pond Settlement, whose house and heart are ever open to receive the servants of the Lord. From this place we passed to Sheepscott, and spent two or three evenings with the steadfast brethren Harley and Curtis, to whom we dispensed the Word of Life.

These brethren we find at it, and always at it, laboring with their ability, 1st, for personal piety, and 2dly, to extend the truth of the coming of the Lord to others in the circle of their acquaintances. From this place I was taken by my persevering brother I. C. Wellcome, to Richmond, where I preached the word publicly and from house to house, for about a week, and had the satisfaction of seeing some "strengthening the things that remain," which, if not ready to die, were much discouraged from the great contrast that a few months had produced.

Some in this place appeared to be paralyzed in their feelings, and others said they "were lost in the fog," and knew not what course to steer, but were fully convinced that much which had been preached, with much earnestness, was not the truth of God.

I ardently hope, and earnestly pray, that this people, upon whom has been bestowed so much labor, may add to their faith, virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to this godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, that an abundant entrance may be ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom, soon to be set up under the whole heavens.

I next visited Litchfield, where I found a few steadfast friends "Looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." I was happy to find among the people an increasing inclination to assemble themselves together to exhort one another, as all agreed they saw the day approaching which would consummate their hope; and here I am much gratified in being able to say that in visiting and conversing with some whose affections were somewhat alienated, a better state of feelings was produced, and brotherly love and Christian principles were manifested. May the Lord help that dear people to be one in heart, and one in mind, that so they may be helpers to each other to that rest that remains to the people of God.

The last Sabbath in March I preached in the City Hall at Hallowell, which the authorities of the place granted to our brethren there. My tour, on the whole, was pleasant and encouraging, and while among the people in the different places, I felt an ardent desire for their spiritual well-being,

and a wish and purpose to visit them again, and administer the word of life and consolation to them.

In looking over my own experience, and the many shipwrecks of apparent faith that have been made, I am certainly lost almost in astonishment to notice the conduct of some who have proclaimed so loudly and strongly their belief in the immediate coming of the Lord. I fear that the word of the Lord has not, in many instances, been the moving cause of their professed conversion to God; for had it been, in my judgment, they would not have so lightly given up their duty and hope and become like Samson when shorn of his strength, "weak, and as another man." The Lord only knows how to make allowance for the different minds connected with men,—but to contemplate the state of the world—to examine our whereabouts by the Chronology of the world—the prophetic period—signs of the times, &c., with the great and almost universal movement upon the subject of the advent for the few years past, I am constrained to believe that the expectation raised in the minds of God's people of the nearness of the advent cannot prove a failure; but though the vision tarry, we wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry long. From every calculation that can be made in relation to our position and duty, I conclude that never was there a time when it was more necessary than the present to observe, with carefulness, the words of the apostle Paul (1 Cor. 15:58) "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Yours in hope of eternal life, THOMAS SMITH.

Eddington, Me., April 10th, 1856.

LETTER FROM I. C. WELLCOME.

BRO. HIMES:—I send you another item of my journal, for the Herald, if you think it of any interest to its readers.

March was a month of storm and drifts, so that but little could be done in holding meetings. Brother T. Smith was with us on the Kennebec during the month, and spent several Sabbaths in Hallowell, Bristol, Richmond, and Litchfield, in preaching the word, much to the comfort and edification of the brethren and sisters. I had the privilege of spending a few days with him at New Castle, Richmond, and Litchfield, by which I was made glad to find that he had lost none of his activity and zeal in the blessed cause of our Lord, but is laboring with his might in word and doctrine for the salvation of sinners.

March 22d I went to Belgrade, and preached in a place called "the city" to a backslidden but attentive people. Sunday, 23d preached two miles west, at Dunn's Corner, and in the evening at the city again. In both these places the people have been for a long time in a cold, heartless state. Recently one young man has returned from his wanderings and heartily engaged in the work of the Lord, being aroused under the preaching of brother N. Smith, who held a meeting in that place a few weeks ago. I pray God that others also may be awakened to a true sense of their lost condition, and brought to Christ for salvation. Having been requested to go to Mt Vernon, and Wilton, to preach the word, I started the 27th, stopping at Bradford for a night with brother C. Been, who seems to be earnestly enquiring after truth. We attended a class-meeting in the evening, which was rather a good season, being tolerably free from the sectarian bigotry often exhibited.

29th arrived at brother Ham's Stone Mills, Mt. Vernon, where we were made truly welcome, and with whom we enjoyed a precious season in the Lord. Himself, his wife and her mother—sister Davis—all enjoy the blessed hope of "seeing the King in his beauty" soon. 30th, we preached three times to interesting congregations, some of whom begin to desire to know "the way of the Lord more perfectly" and are desirous to "hear more of this way." Monday, went to the central part of the town, found a protracted meeting in progress, among the Methodists, under the labors of Elder Sumner, who received me gladly, and cordially invited me to labor with him, but very impertinently asked me whether I preached Jesus Christ, or Miller. I spent two evenings with them, during which several were converted, a deep impression rested on the minds of the whole congregation that they ought to be christians. More than twenty rose for prayers, and a good work is going on. But it is a cause of grief to see how little they know of the Christian's hope. Should not the priest's lips keep knowledge? I visited some among them and enjoyed happy interviews and seasons of prayer, circulated some good books to lead them into the Bible hope, and left for Wilton, calling on brother and sister Hodgkins in Vienna. Find sister H.

