

The Sword of Truth,

AND HARBINGER OF PEACE.

"Truth Crushed to Earth will Rise Again, The Eternal Years of God are Hers."

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Lecture.

ON THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

(FROM THE JEWISH CHRONICLE.)

WHILE there are apparently many Israelites to whom the national restoration of their people is an exploded idea, and one not desirable on any account, there are many Nazarenes who look upon it as a matter founded on Scripture predictions, and desirable for many weighty reasons. To those of us who have learned to regard European and American countries as possessing, perchance, more than the millennial element of happiness, who love the strangers and the strangers' gods, to whom every woman is fair except the daughters of Israel, and to those women who delight in sentimental religion, and think a son of Jacob inferior to the sons of the many strange people among whom we dwell—to them and to those like them, the barren plains and hills of Judah are of no value; to them the coasts of Israel never can become a coveted home,—the land of Moriah is not one whither their steps will ever be directed by their own free-will. If they hear of the desolate places where in olden days the prophets of the Lord rebuked a sinning generation, when they read of the spots made holy by the evident power of God displayed there, they will smile in derision at the simplicity and superstition which can lend a value to things which are to them without the slightest interest. They regard the land of their captivity as their Palestine, and the cities of their dispersion as more to be coveted than that Jerusalem which is renowned in ancient story, and has been regarded as a sacred city by the followers of the Nazarene and Mohamed no less than of Moses. And as regards the glorious house which was here destroyed for our sins, what is this to them? have they not temples far more suited to their taste, a worship more æsthetic, a psalmody more in accordance with the rules of the tuneful art, than could be witnessed in the fane which once gleamed in the morning sun on the hill of Moriah? The kingdom of God, for which the devout sons of Abraham pray continually, is to them as nothing compared with the political organization under the shadow of which they acquire wealth, enjoy pleasures, obtain power, and for which many breathe forth their life on battle-fields, where the folly of governors leads unresisting multitudes to indulge in mutual slaughter to please the whims of princes and rulers, to whom the dominion over the earth has been surrendered. They feel or fancy to feel, an inappreciable pleasure in thus coalescing with the multitudes around them, and to hope for no separate existence as a people or religious community. The long-silenced hymn of Moriah find no echo in their souls, and the beauty of the sanctuary is faded

from their memory. These can confer no office on hungry expectants, and bring no wealth into the coffers of the greedy tradesman. But they might perchance disturb the harmony of their selfish life; they might, if indulged in, call forth some unwelcome regret over the happy past of Israel, and cause a doubt to spring up, whether the present or immediate future is after all so fraught with happiness as so many profess to believe. But if amalgamation, which appears desirable to a numerous class, were indeed the coveted end of Israel, if to mingle ourselves with the world so as not to be perceptible any more, were truly the aim to which we are tending; what folly, what wickedness must it have been to resist this inevitable fate so long; what worse than crime to have sacrificed ourselves by the thousands and millions in a contest which after all avails nothing!

If our moderns would only weigh well the ideas which underlie their striving, they could not help arriving at the absurdity which we have placed before them; for our martyr fathers were either right or wrong. If the first, their sufferings must have secured us something real, which we ought not to part with on any conditions, now or at any period hereafter, no matter when. If the latter, they were misguided and deceivers at the same time—misguided for doing a useless thing, for which there was no occasion, because, if to be great on earth is all that is to be desired, they could and should at once have renounced their peculiar and separatist faith, and mingled in the stream which ought of right to swallow up the name of Israel, and bury it in total oblivion; and deceivers, for they have led many others, who were struck with admiration at their heroic fortitude under appalling hardships, to follow their example and to imitate their folly, which otherwise they would not have done. Speak, then, lovers of change, haters of Palestine, is there nothing but deception in the conduct of these renowned witnesses of God's glory, who threw away life and all that makes it desirable in defence of a principle? Will you say, that the murderous inquisition was after all right in endeavoring to break their stubborn will, and in making them swallow the drugged cup of confusion which was presented to their lips in true kindness, in order that they might be brought within the influence of their new and inevitable destiny, and to renounce their frightful superstition, which wrongfully placed a bar not alone to their own political, moral, social and intellectual advancement, but that of their offspring likewise? For, understand well, if the ancient Israelites were wrong in principle in resisting during the Middle Ages what their descendants now in many instances so ardently covet, namely, the disappearance of our national distinctions, and a social amalgamation, aye, even by intermarriages, which several of our

self-appointed leaders advocate and practically sanction; any amount of force which might be needed to prevent their committing this unjustifiable injury towards their children, was, to say the least, excusable, if not commendable; and thus we should be compelled to applaud the kindlers of the fires of the inquisition, and to canonize the Edwards of England, Philip Augustus of France, the Ferdinands and Isabellas of Spain, as the true friends of humanity who best understood the proper method of teaching the stiff-necked, obstinate people, on whom kindness was thrown away, and who could not be reasoned into becoming happy.

A principle differs in this from an isolated fact, that the latter is there for once, the first for all times. The Israelites who died for their faith, do not therefore present merely the fact of their voluntary submitting to the decrees of their judges, which they might have averted by a renunciation of their Judaism, since they were not condemned for a civil or military crime; but they also offer to our reflection the far more important consideration, that the principles which governed their conduct allowed them not to adopt the alternative by which their death could have been avoided. They could not pretend as men of truth that they renounced Judaism in which they firmly believed; they could not assent to the belief in Christianity by any word or act of theirs, as they did not have any confidence in it; they could not give up their nationality as a vain fancy, because they had the fullest conviction that it would survive the trials to which it was exposed in their days, and be re-established at the proper time, known to their God alone, triumphant over all obstacles and adversaries which might endeavor to become a bar to its accomplishing its destiny. They could therefore feel justified to accept death for themselves and descendants as an alternative, if to live as Israelites was impossible; they considered the death of the body as a mere phase in our existence, which will, sooner or later, overtake all mankind; consequently they could forego a life which would have placed them in antagonism to their God and their people; whereas, as regards the first, they deemed that He had summoned them just as though they had been for months cast on a bed of sickness, and hoped for dissolution at the verge of extreme old age; and, respecting the second, they could not assent on any pretence whatever, to become in themselves or their children, members of the community at large which was the declared enemy of Israel, not alone through the absolute injuries which it inflicted, but in its simple tendency to obliterate, should it prevail, the very existence of our people. That the martyrs were right in principle, and therefore justified in their passive resistance to amalgamation, is proved by our existence at the present moment; since

the fires of persecution became gradually quenched by their own intensity, and the very nations which kindled them in every place, and on all occasions have learned to be ashamed of the portion of their history which records them, and would gladly obliterate the memory thereof if denying them could render them unremembered hereafter. But this cannot be, and the injuries inflicted by others, and the wrongs borne by ourselves stand on the pages of history as an example and a warning to all future ages. Yet the necessity of resistance to a commingling of our blood in the general stream, cannot be regarded this day as less urgent than at any time heretofore; for the results from a contrary course would be precisely what former ages of Israelites so stoutly resisted, though at the present moment it would require only sacrifice of pleasure and gains, while in olden time it demanded life and all that a man calls dear and valuable to maintain our national existence.

In truth, the whole path of history before us to the end of time is one of resistance and struggle, unless a radical change should ever take place in the development of future ages, which the faithful among us so firmly believe in, and so ardently hope for. Place us in whatever position you can imagine in the meanwhile, and the best reflecting mind must discover that we shall have to struggle for life and identity, we mean as a people. Surrounded with temptations, constantly reminded by fanatics of all kinds of our inferiority, naturally prone to seize on the pleasant and profitable, what is the world abroad to a sincere believer in the law revealed to Moses? Contemned by the boastful friends of light and equality, scorned as an unbeliever by those who imagine no salvation outside the walls of their church, sneered at by those who find no other guide necessary than cold human reason, and belittled by even nominal Jews as superstitious, and not equal to the advanced civilization of the age; is he not disposed to relax the hold his spirit has taken on "the tree of life?" The law of God appeals to him to hasten to its rescue, to shield it from profanation and oblivion; but passion and interest, cowardice and indolence, plead on the other side to forego the strife, and to "incline to the majority to evil." Do we state something to which our readers are strangers? We imagine not; and yet this contest will not be for you and me, kind reader, but for your neighbors and your and their children, while the nation of Israel remains scattered, a memento merely of a great State, a fragment everywhere, a powerful consolidated body nowhere on earth. Let us be flourishing and green like the bay tree in the lands of our captivity, or pining in penury in our ghettos, we shall profess the suffering faith, and be in danger from the attacks of outside opponents and the rebellious within our own household; the path of duty will be one of difficulty, and the tree of life surrounded by flaming swords continually revolving, making difficult, if not impossible, the approach to him who will disregard the seeming danger, and boldly surmount, with undaunted valor, the trials which beset his way. "Nothing without labor," holds good here as in other pursuits, and the crown will be awarded to him who has struggled the hardest and the longest.

Yet why should our religion be always the suffering one? why should the truth always have to be subservient to error? why should every religion have a home where it is triumphant, and Judaism always have to receive the law from a dominant system? Without a home, ours by right, this must always be, as it has been since the Roman swept like a tornado over Palestine; and until this once

blessed land is blessed again with fertility and a teeming population, will the life-struggle of Israel continue. No country on which the sun shines, can unite all the advantages which the restored home of the Hebrews, from the sea of Oman to the gulf of Akaba, will present; bring back the people from Assyria, Egypt, the Western World, and wherever scattered, endowed as they are now with all the knowledge of the ways of the world and masters of the keys of commerce, and show us that kingdom which would be able to vie with it in all that constitutes national greatness. The desert would soon be made to blossom as the rose; streams would flow through now barren soil; waste cities would be rebuilt, the moment the blessing of God would cause the fulfilment of the promises which his word so hopefully holds up to our spirit. People now laugh at the idea of the "Dead Sea Canal," "Jaffa and Damascus Railroad," "the Red Sea, Japan, and California Steam Navigation Company," "the East India Association of Acco;" they prefer stock of railroads in Illinois, or quartz mining shares in the auriferous hills of Nevada; but they know not what the near future may bring forth, and how soon their pecuniary interests may impel them to invest their hoarded wealth as a means of saving it from annihilation, in the despised soil of ancient Canaan and Aram, Lebanon and Hermon, the plains of Moab and the wilderness of Judah. Who knows? Can our speculators tell where their wealth is safe? what bonds are of imperishable value? whether nations will consent to be taxed forever to pay debts accumulated not to advance the interests of man, but to gratify the lust for conquest and war? Who can tell how soon the airy fabrics built upon the idea of national faith may tumble into an unfathomable abyss, and thus leave those who put their confidence in them utterly ruined and beggared without remedy? Why these possessions in the land of Israel may not offer inducements for a safe investment equal to any other, surpasses our understanding. On the contrary, it is within the realms of probability that those who fancy the thing a ridiculous notion of a mad enthusiast, or their children at least after them, may find it to their interest to labor for the restoration of Palestine as the surest method to place their worldly possessions in safety, even without taking into view the benefits arising to us as a religious community, in having again a home for our laws, a spot where the ark of the covenant may rest without being exposed to the malevolence of dissentient neighbors, and the ill usage which we have hitherto encountered, and shall probably hereafter meet with in all lands where we are strangers, whether these be ruled by Nazarenes, Mahomedans, or Brahmans; whether autocratic or republican, whether we are excluded from equal rights or endowed with all the privileges of citizenship. We must be ever in the minority; and no matter how just our cause may be, we shall always have to complain of slights and insults, of being overlooked by accident or design, of being scorned by the many, and denounced by zealots or infidels, all for the sake of our faith.

But once again blessed with a government of our own, though only a small portion of Israelites should be found in our own land, while the many would prefer to remain in the countries where they now sojourn, and the advantages of which they might not wish to give up, the feelings of the world would necessarily undergo a great change, and the treatment meted out to us would not be what it is now. If we had our agriculturists, our statesmen, our mechanics, our public teachers, equal to the best found anywhere, who would dare

to insult us, by stating that "he knows us only as pedlars, bankers and merchants," and class us as a whole among smugglers, petty traders, and men of low pursuits? If our brethren do not feel such remarks as a slander on our name, all we have to say is that their taste differs from ours; still, no effort which we can make, situated as we are all over the world, will readily change the long habit which was forced on us to depend chiefly on commerce, large and small in all its branches, in which the meaner necessarily predominated, owing to the exclusive laws to which we were subjected; and, therefore, it will be centuries before the unjust prejudices against us will die out, if ever it can, in case we even succeed to divest ourselves of the second nature for gain which is ascribed to us as a part of our being. The very indifference which Israelites, those somewhat favored by circumstances, show towards their own flesh and kindred, owes its origin to the same cause, namely, they profess not to find congenial spirits among us.— Though the assertion is base and false, and as unwise as any other folly, it is still one not rarely heard; but this, too, we shall have to bear in silence, while we have to obey all laws except those of Scripture, and while we are without a national home. If our land is restored to us, and we to it, how nobly will our character, which is now concealed and obscured, burst forth in all ancient vigor, and beauty, and we shall naturally present to the world again examples worthy of imitation, and the harp of Judah, which has so long hung mute on the willows of many a Babylon, will again resound to the master-touch of the inspired poet, who will again sing aloud the praises of the Most High; our judges will sit on the judgment-seat of our ancient counsellors, and decide for the lofty and the lowly, according to the demands of the Mosaic legislation; and the wisdom which erst had its chief residence on the hills of Jerusalem will evermore be diffused to enlighten a suffering world, and will prove its strength in contrast with the failures of antagonistic systems.

Will this dream be realized? We cannot tell, indeed; events occasionally creep slowly over the face of the world; but at other times they rush rapidly forward, and one great development follows closely on the heels of the other. The same may be the case with the now apparently distant restoration of Israelites to Palestine. The world is becoming rapidly peopled; the boundaries of nations in the meanwhile are frequently changed; jealousies of one people against the other are constantly developed; the balance of power, a vain desire to preserve peace among men, is constantly vibrating to and fro, with no fixed mark at which to stop. Is it then so unlikely that an effort will be made to place in Palestine and the places immediately north, south and east of it an enterprising race, which shall keep it as a highway to all nations, and thus prevent the occupation of it by any great power to become a clog to the commerce of the world? In the hands of Turkey, should it ever become a great people again, with its peculiar religion so hateful to European nations, it might be the means of checking the overland commerce which the wants of more than one European people will require before many generations are passed. But if held by England, France or Russia, or any other overwhelming kingdom which may arise hereafter, it could give to it such a powerful influence, in case all the improvements of canals and railroads become accomplished, as to enable it to control trade to the injury of all others.— Whereas possessed by Israelites, feeble as they would be politically, disinclined to control others if they even could, it would be a high-

way of nations, and men could meet there to exchange the products of all climates in perfect security, and without injury to any other land or government. One thing is certain, whether our views be realized or not, whether speedily or tardily, that it is no silly wish for us to pray for a national restoration, if we have any love for the triumphant though peaceful rule of our religion over our people, and to free them from the moral and physical yoke which will necessarily rest upon us, while we have a permanent home nowhere.

We could say much more, and may do so hereafter; but we have been hurried on to so unexpected a length, that we must forbear; we only want to introduce the subjoined article which we find afloat in the press, and which shows that if Israelites attach no value to Palestine, the eyes of other men are not blind to what it has been and what it may become again if its ancient inhabitants will return to it once more.

"Is there no other destiny for Palestine but to remain a desert, or to become the appendage of an ambitious foreign power? Syria will ere long be the entrepot between the East and West. On the Euphrates and along the coast, old cities will revive, and new ones will be built: the old times will come back on a scale of greater vastness and grandeur, and, bridging the level deserts, the steam-car will run in the track of the caravan. Syria, then, will be a place of trade—pre-eminently. And who are pre-eminently the traders of the world? Will there, when the coming change takes place, be any more congenial field for the energies of the Jew? The country wants capital and population. The Jew can give it both. And has not England a special interest in promoting such a restoration? Russia covets Syria, and desires to have a Greek patriarch supreme at Jerusalem. France, whether under Bonaparte or Bourbon, aspires to the sovereignty of Palestine, with a Latin bishop, or the Pope himself—or rather a Pope—installed on Mount Zion. It would be a blow to England if either of her great rivals got hold of Syria. Her empire, reaching from Canada in the west to Calcutta and Australia in the southeast, would be cut in two. England does not covet new territories, but she must see that they do not get into the hands of rival powers. She must preserve Syria to herself through the Syrians. Does not policy, then, if that were all, exhort England to foster the nationality of the Jews, and aid them, as opportunity may offer, to return to a leavening power to their old country? Rome persecutes the Jews. Nowhere does oppression and contempt attend the Jews so much as in Rome itself, in the despised ghetto quarter of the Eternal City. Russia, too, in her Greek orthodoxy, contemns the Jew. But in England he is unfrowned on by the Church, and endowed with the fullest rights of the citizen. England also is the great trading and maritime power of the world. To England, then, naturally belongs the role of favoring the settlement of Jews in Syria. And do not the dictates of policy exhort her to the same course? The nationality of the Jews exists; the spirit is there, and has been for three thousand years; but the external form, the crowning bond of union is still wanting. A nation must have a country. And is not Syria opening to them? They seized it of yore as a wave of armed and enthusiastic warriors; will they not ere long return to it as pioneers of civilization, to reclothe the land with fertility, and as the busy agents of a commerce which will bring together both East and West on the neck of land between the Euphrates and the Levant? the old land, the old people, and commerce again flowing in its old channels? We

see strange things now-a-days; might not this also be one of the notable sights of this epoch of Resurrection?"

• The Death of Moses.

THERE has ever appeared to me something peculiarly grand in the death of this Father of the Prophets. The first impression of it, which I received from a venerable Moravian pastor when attending his "Children's Lectures," has lost none of its interest or sublimity by subsequent familiarity. The more it is reflected on, the more striking do the circumstances appear.—Moses was a sublime character, and every incident of his eventful history tends to make him so. Being subject to unjust and cruel treatment by a jealous sovereign in his earliest infancy, he was almost literally and miraculously begotten from the dead. Through the unusual indications of his infant features of a high destiny, he became the adopted heir of the throne of Egypt. Providence called him to be the honored head of that long line of Jewish prophets, which extended nearly to the Saviour's advent. He was the commissioned leader and deliverer of a people whose national preferences, glory and renown surpassed all other kingdoms of the earth.

Moses was also the author of many sublime and wonderful actions, and participated in many magnificent scenes. There was much magnanimity in the circumstance of his refusing the exaltation and grandeur to which his adoption as the son of Pharaoh's daughter entitled him, and preferring in their stead the portion of a slave for the consolation of religion. There was something sublime in his appearance before his king, demanding the emancipation of his brethren, and enforcing his request with prodigies and plagues which filled the whole kingdom with alarm. There was grandeur in the scene as he stood upon a rock on the shore of the Red Sea, parting its proud waves with the stroke of his rod; and then again, when his people had passed over on dry land, causing the high-crested billows to roll back in their strength and fury, overwhelming their mad pursuers in the foaming flood. There was sublimity in his ascending quaking Sinai, to receive, amid the smoke and thunder of its summit, the written law of Heaven; and in his coming to such a near communion with the Deity, as that the hallowed radiance of his countenance became too dazzling for human eyes to look upon. But these were but faint specimens of the moral sublime, compared with the closing scenes of this prophet's life.

In an account of the death of Moses, it must not be overlooked that it was COMMANDED.—And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Get thee up into the mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, and behold the land of Canaan which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession, AND DIE IN THE MOUNTAIN, and be gathered unto thy people." Some severe commands had been enjoined upon him before this. It was hard for Moses to turn his back upon the treasures and high titles of Egypt; hard to gain his heart's consent to assume the arduous and responsible office of the leader of his kindred, in opposition to so great and so cruel a power; but never did the divine command evince so much severity as now. Surely it required no ordinary share of courage to comply. The prophet had trained the inclinations and passions of a wicked heart, he had faced the greatest of earthly tyrants, and even overcome the defying elements in obedience to the direction of God. But to grapple with the King of Terrors called for the exercise of a far more undaunted heroism.

Nor was the command merely TO DIE, but it implied a resignation of his office, just at the period when it seemed to be growing the most interesting and honorable. It is a hard and painful duty to lay down power and authority. But the wand which had been the instrument of so many mighty miracles, and which he had fondly hoped would soon part the waters of Jordan and bring his people to their promised inheritance, he was now to lay down. The power he had swayed over the consciences and conduct of millions, he was now to resign forever. Nor was he to die the mere wreck of a man reduced by disease to the last stages of decrepitude, nor in second infancy, with his manly

voice turned again to a childish treble, but in the full maturity of the strength and vigor of manhood, "his eye not dim, nor his natural force abated." Nor was he to die a wretched, jaded, broken-hearted suicide. He was not satiated and wearied with existence. It was while buoyant with desire, and surrounded with the robustness, daring, energy, and enterprise of his noble nature that he was to be cut off.

Nor was this all. He was to die separated from his friends, ALONE IN THE MOUNTAIN. No soft arm of a wife was to be there, whereon to pillow his dying head; no sympathizing daughters to dry his farewell tears or wipe the death-sweat from his brow; no manly son to inspire and cheer him in his last conflict; and no friendly voice to gladden him with promises, or bid him look to the sustaining power of God. He was to DIE ALONE, with only the winds to sound his funeral anthem, and the dew-drops from the waving trees to moisten his undiscovered tomb.

Yet, with all these unfavorable circumstances, Moses did not go as a reluctant, dejected culprit to the appointed spot of death. He did not mourn, nor grieve, nor murmur at the Divine command. Manful—heroic—triumphant was his conduct. "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the Mountain of Nebo, to the tops of Pisgah, and did according to the word of the Lord." Hail, undaunted champion! Not only hast thou subdued the hard hearts of kings, turned back the raging seas, and overcome the fatigue, famine and difficulties of desert travel, but we hail thee also conqueror of the fear of death. We see the gleaming of the victorious sword, as it waves in the sunlight of Heaven, and almost fancy we hear thy exultant shouts. Swell on, then, the rapturous hallelujah, and with thy sublime example of moral courage before us, we, too, will banish fear: and when Jehovah calls, shall help to swell the triumphant song—"O Death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?—Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!"—*Herald of Truth.*

Correcting Children in Anger.

There is a common error which may need to be noticed—that of correcting a child hastily and harshly, and then, feeling that injustice has been done, to compensate him by soothing sugar plum or honied apology. It is not easy to conceive of anything more likely to degrade the parent in the eyes of his offspring than such inconsiderate folly; nothing more sure to destroy his influence over the mind, to harden the young heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks in his esteem, self conceit grows up in the mind of the undutiful child. Young people as well as old, pay great respect to consistency, and on the contrary, despise those whose conduct is marked with caprice. The sacred relation of parent is no protection against this contempt. Those, therefore, who would preserve their influence over their children, who would keep hold of the reins that they may guide them in periods of danger, and save them from probable ruin, must take care not to exhibit themselves as governed by passion or whim, rather than fixed principles of justice and duty.

Dejection of Spirits.

In sensitive minds dejection of spirits is the great barrier of their advancement and progress in life. It is the fatal enemy to all efficient exertion—the creaking of the chariot wheels of all mental and physical power, so that nothing is done with pleasure and hope. Men have been at times so overwhelmed in despondency, that the daily duties of life were performed in a spirit of heaviness and despair. But the thickest clouds have passed away, and they have again the sunshine of hope and delight.

The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

"If the Truth make you Free, you shall be Free Indeed."

ADAMS & MCKENZIE, Publishers

G. J. ADAMS, - - - - - EDITOR.

S. L. WASS, Agent and Assistant Editor.

INDIAN RIVER, ME., AUGUST 1, 1865.

Greeting.

Our friends will bear in mind that with this number of our paper, the present subscription year is half out, and those who have not yet paid for Vol. 3, will please be kind enough to mail their dollar, and direct to S. L. Wass, Indian River, Maine. All business matters are left in the hands of Brother Wass, during our absence.

To the Church of the Messiah and Friends Scattered Abroad.

JUNE 22.—Yesterday I was called upon to make my first great sacrifice for the church; namely, to be separated from my beloved husband, for many months, in order that he might go to the Holy land to prepare a place of peace and safety for the faithful in the last days. I had contemplated going with him, consequently had made every necessary arrangement.—But circumstances over which I had no control defeated my hopes.

We left Lebanon the last week in May, and proceeded to New York, hoping to find a ship ready to sail from there to Sicily or Malta, that could take our party out, but no such ship could be found. After remaining in New York and Newark about ten days, still searching for a chance, we at last ascertained that a ship, finely fitted up for passengers, would be ready to sail for the Mediterranean in about 20 or 25 days. To wait that length of time was entirely out of the question; so I concluded that the way was being hedged up around me pretty effectively. I then proposed staying at home, and counselled Mr. Adams to return to Boston and take passage in the fast-sailing clipper-bark Jehu, that would be ready to sail, in a few days, bound to Malta.—This vessel could only take two passengers, and as it was indispensably requisite that Mr. Adams and brother McKenzie should go, and that too, QUICKLY. I urged them to go without me, and submitted to my disappointment with as good a grace as possible, hoping, praying, and believing, that God would return them in peace and happiness to us, as Caleb and Joshua returned, 'bringing a good report from the promised land.'

The bark Jehu is a fine staunch, fast-sailing vessel; her twin sister, the bark Fury and she, are said to be the fastest sailers that leave the port of Boston. So we say speed and success to the outward bound, that sailed Wednesday, June 21st, hearing from us those we hold most dear on earth.

I must not omit to speak of the gentlemanly captain, nor of the circumstances attending the departure of our dear friends. On Tuesday evening, the 20th, they intended to have sailed, therefore the captain invited us to come on

board and take tea with our friends, giving us the liberty to extend the invitation to any other friends that we chose to bring with us. Accordingly we repaired on board at the appointed hour, accompanied by our very dear sister, Mrs. R. L. Godfrey, also Miss Abbie P. and Dr. L. Tilton. On our arrival, we found the table bountifully spread, with a most excellent supper. Capt. Smith played the host in a most gentlemanly manner. In fact we were all very happy, under the circumstances; but what made us rejoice the more WAS, the Capt. informed us that it would be impossible for the ship to go that night, consequently our friends could remain with us a short time longer. Shortly after supper, we returned to the city accompanied by the Capt. and passed a most agreeable evening.—Now comes the finale. On Wednesday, at three P. M., we again repaired on board the bark, she being all ready to leave the wharf. At half past three she left her moorings. As I had made up my mind to go down the harbor with my husband, and come back in the steamer that towed them out to sea, sister Godfrey accompanied me. The distance was nine miles; which being accomplished, the time had come that I must leave the ship and return to the city. My husband put me on board the boat and bid me adieu, for many long, weary months. The ship spread her white sails, and went ploughing through the clear blue ocean, bearing my beloved husband and our very dear brother, A. K. McKenzie, on towards that heavenly country, Palestine, while I returned to a most desolate home.

L. I. L. ADAMS.

The Outward Bound.

Or the Bark JEHU, commanded by Capt. JAMES E. SMITH of Orrington, Maine, that sailed from Boston, June 21st, 1865, in which were the two missionaries to Jerusalem, Rev. G. J. ADAMS, and A. K. MCKENZIE, of the Church of the Messiah.

She went, a white winged creature,
A sea gull in her sweep.
Her prond keel kissed the waters,
Her sails salute the deep.

She sped before the breezes,
A thing of life and light,
The waters ope'd before her,
A pathway clear and bright.

Her towering masts were pointed
Towards the smiling sky,
As if she said so hopefully,
"I put my trust on high."

She bears our loved ones from us,
To a far and distant shore;
Heaven bless the hearts that fill her,
And return them home once more.

L. I. L. ADAMS.

Correction.

As there are a number of mistakes in our last paper, we wish to make correction. And let us say first, we had no intention to publish the second piece of Mr. John Dillingham, to the exclusion of an article from Helen Hazlewood; it was done by mistake. The date of our paper was changed from the 15th, to the first of each month, by which we gained two weeks time.—Our subscribers will lose nothing by the change, for we have already told our subscribers that twelve numbers of our paper would make a year; and we ask especial attention to this notice, particularly as our friends often write and say, I have not received my paper of such a month, and come to look, we find no paper printed in the month named. Let the friends

bear in mind that our paper comes in numbers from No. 1, to No. 12, twelve numbers making a subscription year, independent of months or dates. In our Editorial Journeys of last month, we are made to say "some friends wearing the human form," did us a certain injury.—It should read, "some fiends wearing the human form." Again in the same piece we are made to say *captized* for *baptized*. On page 8 in an article on Jerusalem, we are made to say, "in consequence of an order from the Ports." It should read, "in consequence of an order from the PORTE. There are several other typographical mistakes, the like of which we hope will not occur again.

For the Sword of Truth.

THE DEVIL.

BY HELEN HAZELWOOD.

Section Third. His History.

(Continued from last Number.)

It would be impossible to touch upon all he has done, or even a thousandth part of his acts of diabolical mischief, having for their object, the subverting of God's kingdom on earth, the supplanting of Jesus Christ and usurpation of his authority, and the ruin of mankind, whom he hopes to take with him into his kingdom, for what would a kingdom be worth, without subjects; and we may be sure that he still solaces himself with the hope of victory, for it is not reasonable to suppose that a being of so much sagacity, would continue so hopeless a contest if he believed his doom certain. Yes, the long-suffering of God, who is unwilling that any should perish, but wills that all men should come to a knowledge of the truth, and be saved. Satan attributes to pusillanimity and cowardice, and no doubt he really expects to come off victorious in the end. But he will be grievously disappointed, as will also, all people who do the works of their father the devil, who was a liar and a murderer from the beginning.

One of the most remarkable exploits of satan, which is recorded in the Scriptures, is contained in the history of Job, a prince, and a good man, a worshipper of the true God.

It is related therein, that "when the sons of God came to worship, satan came also among them." Why did he come? Bro. Adams says, "because he had a right to come, because he was one of them." What is the meaning of the conversation said to have taken place between God and the devil? but that God like a wise and able ruler wished to bring back the Rebel Chieftain to his allegiance, and for this end condescended even to exhort him, and chose to leave untried no means that might possibly induce him to return to his duty. All that was said is not related of course, we may suppose that after exhausting language in persuasion and entreaty, God at last called the arch rebel's attention to the Prince Job of Uz, in the following: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in all the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth (or avoideth) evil." The answer of satan is very remarkable. Doth Job serve God for naught? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all he hath, on every side, and thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land? But put forth thy hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. How often have I heard the wicked, envious of the good, who are more prosperous than they are, speak just in that same way "shewing that satan was not convinced, or even reformed, by the experiment he was permitted to make upon Job, which proved such a signal failure." After depriving Job of every thing he had; his property; his children; his health; and rendering him such a loathsome object that even his intimate friends shunned him, and his wife turned against him; not one word of rebellion against God escaped his lips, but his words were, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not

also receive evil?" In all that Job says, the wisdom, goodness and authority of God are constantly insisted upon; and although his agony of body and spirit, and his indignation at the falsehood and treachery of his friends, forced him to cry out in anguish of spirit, and curse the day of his birth, and question the justice of his sufferings, who had been always upright and benevolent, even while his bitter anguish wrung from his lips, this warm and eloquent justification of his past life in presence of his friends who had accused him of secret iniquity, he utters these sublime words, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out," thus acknowledging in one breath his allegiance to God, as the sovereign of the universe, and his own inferiority to the supreme ruler, in wisdom and knowledge; giving the lie to all satan's predictions, and throwing himself upon the goodness and mercy of this same God, who is Lord of all. Job, with all his learning and great wisdom, could not see the end God had in view; no more can we, in the great contest evermore waging between good and evil, in which evil frequently seems for the time being to be triumphant.

Temptation and struggle, are as necessary to develop our natures into healthy and vigorous action, as is the covering of the seed in the hard cold ground, to produce a glorious and delightful plant. Therefore we must never be weary of the battle, nor wish to lay our armor down at noonday, or in the early morning, nor the frosty eventide, but wait patiently, until the conquest is over and the victory won, and the judge says, "Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But with satan, all the efforts of divine goodness in his behalf were unavailing, it seemed as if God would take from this rebel leader every shadow of excuse, before dooming him to utter destruction, the nature of which doom will be the subject of my next article.

What is satan's occupation, and place of residence, before the temptation of Job, and since? and the Lord God said unto satan, "whence comest thou?" and satan answered and said "from going to and fro, in the earth, and walking up and down in it." That is his occupation and business, still; and will be most likely until the final end; walking up and down in the earth, seeking for mischief. And they, who accompany him on this unlawful expedition; walking up and down, bent on mischief, setting friends at variance; talebearing, and inciting those with whom they converse, to revenge and strife; having no lawful occupation of their own, but meddling with every body's concerns, questioning every one, and repeating news; such may expect to bear him company in his final doom of shame and sorrow.

We now come to the famous passage, about which so much has been said, and which has been such a handle for infidelity, viz.: The lying spirit sent to Ahab.

There are several things to be considered in relation to this passage. First, it is to be taken for granted that there are *good and evil spirits*. To those who deny absolutely the existence of evil spirits, I can address no argument, for we have no common ground on which to meet. It is beyond question that a lying spirit must be an evil spirit, of necessity, for a lie is of the devil; which gives rise to the inquiry, how came this evil spirit to be pressed into the service of God, and sent on an errand by him? This inquiry leads us to consider, the circumstances of the occurrence, which were as follows: The nation of Israel were at war, the king was a wicked man, who had set at naught God's commands, and acted in open defiance of his authority, who had set himself to do wickedly, and "did more to provoke the God of Israel to anger than all the kings which were before him," he had been a shameless idolater, building an altar to Baal in the very capitol of his kingdom, seeking the life of the only prophet of the Lord who dared show his head, and every way in alliance with satan. This wicked man in his trouble and perplexity proposes to seek counsel of God. Now God hath said, "wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings; else you will call upon me in the day of your calamity and I will not hear, I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh." Therefore God turned a deaf ear, and delivered him over to the counsels of satan, though even at the last moment God

gave him one more trial, by sending the prophet Micaiah with the truth. Let no honest person fear of meeting the fate of Ahab, for we can see that Ahab was insincere in asking the aid of the Lord God, for he took Micaiah and put him in prison, commanding him to be fed with the bread and water of affliction, as the reward of his faithfulness in daring to tell the truth to the king. Who can sufficiently admire the courage and boldness of Micaiah, in opposition to the prophets of the king who were four hundred men; and who can read without emotion the sublime and thrilling parable by which Micaiah sought to gain the ear of the king. Beyond question the meaning of this highly figurative passage, is, that the devil or evil spirit put a lie in the mouth of Ahab's prophets; who were filled with base subserviency to the will of the king, like too many of the prophets of our day and age; and that God suffered this, because of the past wickedness and present insincerity of Ahab. God is still the supreme ruler of the universe, and this arch rebel, the devil, can only encroach upon good within certain limits, within which God suffers men to listen to his lies and deceptions, in order to bring destruction upon themselves, when they have filled up the measure of their iniquities.

We now come to the Scriptural narrative of the temptation in the wilderness. Yes the arch rebel dared to tempt Jesus the first begotten son of God. His impudence and arrogance are equalled only by his daring recklessness in assault and cowardice upon defeat; and exceeded only by his wise cunning in strategy, and cool calculating use of circumstances to effect his designs. How subtle, how artful this temptation. "He taketh him up into a high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time, (i. e. in a sort of panoramic view,) then he saith unto him, all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

What a moment for mankind! Jesus knew that he was appointed to be heir of all the world; but here he was, a dweller in the wilderness, without food or home; every door had been closed against him after his baptism, friends had deserted him, foes triumphed over him; it was a darker hour than any of us have ever known, for he had been forty days without food, and perhaps knew not where another morsel was to come from, as impelled by hunger he had wandered back to the city. Oh! when we think of Jesus, as the Lord of life and glory, as preaching to listening crowds, and dispensing bread to the vast multitude, as healing the sick, and curing the blind; we forget the sorrows and the trials, that inaugurated his heavenly mission; we forget that the divine author and finisher of our faith, wandered a homeless friendless traveler; suffering the pangs of hunger, and weary and faint from long fasting. How wise and artful was the devil, to take advantage of this moment of intense anguish, to say to him, "Your Father, God, has promised you the kingdoms of the world, but see how he has disappointed you; rebel against God now, and acknowledge my authority, and I will place you on your rightful throne at once, for all these things are delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it." Oh! had Jesus been like us, impatient, restless, and selfish, how had man been lost; had he yielded to the temptation, he could never have been counted worthy to redeem our race, but how sublime the answer, "It is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." In poverty, weariness, degradation, and suffering, Jesus acknowledges God, and refuses to rebel against the divine will; and he is henceforth made the heir of all worlds, the throne which he refused to take unlawfully, is made over in reversion to him, and he now patiently awaits the time, in preparing his subjects, and in helping them to conquer as he did, in the hour of temptation.—Only listen to the beautiful close of the thrilling narrative." And the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him. Angels bound up his bleeding feet, and soothed his exhausted nerves. Angels refreshed his parched lips, with the cooling water from the desert, and nourished his famished body with the bread of heaven; and fed his fainting spirit with the rich consolations of heavenly grace poured into his soul abundantly. Oh! how

blessed to be ministered unto by angels, and how blessed to be a ministering angel to such a one as Jesus.

But where went the devil, foiled as he had been? Did he depart silently, and hang his head for shame? Ah! no, he never knew shame! Shame for sin, allies man to God, it is the latent spark of the divine, breaking through its covering of rubbish, and permitting the sweet air of heaven to enter through the aperture, and nourish the germ of the godlike in the human soul. Satan nor his imps, never experienced shame. He went about as bold as ever, and soon we hear of him, storming with wind and waves, a vessel in which Jesus lay asleep; then of entering into two lunatics, who cried out "Jesus, thou Son of God, I know thee who thou art," disgracing him by claiming acquaintance with him. Anon, satan enters into the Scribes and Pharisees, who forthwith "hold a council how they might destroy Jesus." From thenceforth the devil labored with all his might against the Son of God, who had scorned him and rejected his authority, and he is even now at the same work, laboring with a zeal and energy worthy of a better cause. Deceiving us, trying to set us against God and his Son, putting murmuring thoughts into our hearts, and murmuring words into our mouths; trying to induce man to join him in rebellion and disobedience, and so overthrow the government of God on earth. Foiled in his endeavors to seduce Jesus from his allegiance, he hates him with perfect hatred, and of course hates all who love Jesus, and own him as their Lord and Master. This is the reason why the purest and best of mankind escape not his wiles, but are often the most severely tempted. But let us fear not, Jesus hath conquered, and we shall conquer, if we put our trust in Him, and hold out to the end. We shall yet sing, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Christ Jesus our Lord." Cottage by the Riverside, April 7th, 1865.

Thomson and Cowper.

THERE are few who do not love to contemplate the two great masters of descriptive English poetry, Thomson and Cowper; with whom we seem to converse with the intimacy of familiar friends, and almost to forget our veneration for the poets, in our love and admiration of the virtues of the men. Both had minds and hearts which were touched with the feelings of the beauty, and fitted to enjoy the influences of nature; and the poetry of both was elevated, if not inspired, by religious veneration of the great Author of the grand and beautiful. The view of Thomson was bold and wide; it comprehended the whole landscape; he delighted to wander by the mountain torrent, and in the winter's storm; and it seemed as if the volume of nature was open and present before him. It is not so with Cowper. His lowly spirit did not disdain the humblest thing that bore the impress of his Maker's hands; he looked with as keen an eye of curiosity and admiration upon the meanest flower of the valley as upon the wide expanse, glittering in the pure brilliancy of winter's evening, or bright with the dazzling glory of the summer noon. He made the voice of instruction issue from the most familiar things, and invested them with beauty, hourly seen, but never felt before; and he painted them all with the pure and delightful colouring of simplicity and truth.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—When Pompeii was laid upon there were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain; and there, while the heavens threatened him, there while the earth shook beneath him, there, while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years had passed away, was he found—the undaunted, faithful sentinel.

Andy Johnson seems to be a stern functionary—a good deal of grit mixed with his sugar,

The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

"If the Truth make you Free, you shall be Free Indeed."

ADAMS & McKENZIE, Publishers

G. J. ADAMS, - - - - - EDITOR.

S. L. WASS, Agent and Assistant Editor.

INDIAN RIVER, ME., AUGUST 1, 1865.

The press of domestic and business matters consequent to our departure for the Holy Land so disarranged the affairs connected with our paper as to make it necessary to delay its publication until past the middle of July, we have, therefore, after consulting our publishers, concluded not to issue the present, which is the sixth number, until the first of August. We trust this will, under the circumstances, be satisfactory to all of our friends, as they will have a much better paper than they could have had, had we put it to press with the crude matter then on hand.

We commend to our readers this month, the able article on the history of the Devil, by Miss Helen Hazlewood, or we might say, the closing section of that history. We also call especial attention to the article by Mr. Dillingham, against the Bible. His article is one of the most able articles that we have ever seen written against the first book of Moses. This fact we frankly confess. But his misfortune is, that he starts from a sectarian or a so-called orthodox point of view. And let us here say, we don't think he touches the Divine authenticity of the Book, which we will try to show in our next number. We call upon all our readers to look earnestly and wait patiently, for our review of his article in our next. In the mean time, we say to the *preacher in his immediate neighborhood*, friend, write an answer to his article, and we will publish it with pleasure. Don't be afraid, and may the Lord defend the truth and the right.

Editorial Journeys.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN:—We continue journeyings this month with much interest, and also with deep anxiety and great solicitude, as we shall soon leave our native land, and start for that land made sacred by ten thousand memories of the past; that land unto which God will soon turn the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream; that land from whence shall go the law which is to govern all nations.

On Thursday, May 18th, we arrived safe in Lebanon, and preached on Saturday afternoon, also on Saturday evening, and during the day on Sunday. Our meetings were well attended, and the brethren were strong in the faith.—During the meetings above named, we were interrupted many times by a number of rowdies and loafers, the sons of sectarians, who are always ready to do the devil's dirty work. But we have the happiness to know that nine of the scoundrels have already been indicted by the Grand Jury of York county, and are now undergoing a trial for their bad conduct. How that trial will terminate, and how the matter will finally be decided we cannot tell; but this

much we can say:—Mr. Kimball the County Attorney did his duty nobly and fearlessly; so also did the grand jury; and as for Judge Barrows, never did a judge do his more fearlessly and impartially. We also thank many honorable members of the bar for their kindness and sympathy, and we say God bless the Judge, the Grand Jury, the County Attorney and most of the members of the bar. But as for the man, or the thing wearing the form of man, who defended the scoundrels, a more abusive, low and vulgar plea we never heard made in any court of justice. And the plea was as bigotted as it was low and filthy, as he had the impudence to tell an American jury that a religious society had no right to protection by the laws, unless they belonged to some one of the regular sectarian churches of this age. Yes; hear it, oh, my countrymen! A man who calls himself civilized, has the impudence to stand up before a jury and declare over and over again and again, that a man has no right to the protection of the laws unless he worships God after some orthodox form. Such a man is a disgrace to the profession. And may God reward him according to his works.

We sojourned in Lebanon and Rochester until Sunday, June 4th, at which time we preached under the shade in front of Bro. Willard Corson's house. At the close of the labors of the day we partook once more of the "bread and wine," according to the ancient and eternal order of the gospel. The church at Lebanon is in a good condition; they seem strong in the faith, giving glory to God. May they be kept through faith and patience unto eternal life.

Early on Monday, June 5th, we started for Boston. We were accompanied on our journey as far as Great Falls, by Bros. Willard and Zimri Corson, who treated us with much kindness by carrying down our trunks. We arrived in Boston about noon and were kindly received by sister Godfrey and sister Abbie, and were kindly entertained at the house of Mr. L. Tilton, where we spent a most happy and agreeable evening.

On Tuesday, June 6th, we reached Springfield, and were most kindly received by Bro. Bennett and family. We were sorry to find our dear young brother and friend, Eugene V. Bennett, sick and afflicted, so much so, that our dear Bro. Joseph Bennett will not be able to go to Palestine at this present time. Our friends will now see the wisdom in our choice of Bro. A. K. McKenzie; we notice this as many have wondered why we were led to choose Bro. McKenzie, as only two were required to go. The reason why we were thus led to choose him is now revealed. All we knew at the time of the choice was that we were thus led. We remained with our dear friends in Springfield until Thursday morning, June 8th, at which time we left for New York. We left with the prayers, the peace, and the blessing of the little church upon us. We arrived in New York about noon, and were kindly received and made most welcome by sister Lederer, Bro. Lederer being absent. Soon after our arrival, we found our dear brother A. K. McKenzie, who had arrived two days before. We soon made arrangements to receive our passports from Washington. On Saturday we visited Newark, N. J., and remained and preached on Sunday. The people listened with great attention, and they seemed

deeply interested in the great truths of the dispensation of the fullness of times.

On Monday June 12th, Bro. McKenzie returned to Boston to secure a passage for us in the fast sailing bark, "Jehu" as we were unable to get passage from New York before July first.

On Monday evening we visited our aged mother and sister, and other friends and relations who reside in the interior of New Jersey. Our visit was pleasant and agreeable.

On Tuesday, June 13th, we returned to Newark, and received a telegraphic despatch from Bro. McKenzie, announcing that arrangements were made for sailing about the 15th inst. In Newark we made our home at the house of my oldest sister, Mrs. Stephens. We were treated with much kindness by the entire family. It is well for me here to state, that owing to a combination of unforeseen circumstances, Mrs. Adams has now made up her mind not to accompany us, although she had made her arrangements so to do. The deepest interest is everywhere manifested in our mission. Thousands are waiting to hear our report from the goodly land, the "Heavenly Country," the place of gathering in the last days.

We remained in Newark and New York visiting our friends and relatives until Thursday afternoon, June 15th, at which time we left Newark and New York by steamer for Boston. Before leaving New York we called upon our dear friend, brother G. R. Lederer, and received from him a letter of introduction to a dear friend of his in Palestine.

We arrived in Boston on Saturday about noon. We made our home at the house of Mr. Tilton, and were most kindly treated by the entire family. The vessel, the "Jehu," in which we purpose to sail to Malta, is now loaded, and sails to-morrow morning, June 20th. So now dear friends and brethren, farewell for the present. I remain most truly and sincerely yours in hope of a new and glorious age of peace on earth and good will to men.

G. J. ADAMS.

Indian River.

Our beautiful and healthy village is still prosperous, and our people happy; business is good, boat-building at the establishment of Mr. E. B. McKenzie was never more driving than at present. A fine vessel is now in a rapid state of progression at the ship-yard; at the saw-mill they have more business than they can do in time to suit the customers. The Church of the Messiah was never in so prosperous a condition as at present; almost every week numbers and strength are being added to the Church. The fishing business is just commencing. Brother Samuel Kelley will soon have his ware in order. Deacon Tabut and others have already commenced their spring fishing. The vessels that sail from here are all sending in a good report. Laboring work is in good demand, and laborers few. The elocutionary school of Indian River, has just closed in a most triumphant and satisfactory manner, and, in a word all good things here are prospering.

Jonesport.

This village is only four miles from Indian River. The town adjoining Indian River, and in fact we may say, comprising a part of the most prosperous and intelligent towns in the

state of Maine. They own and send out some sixty-five ships, which traverse almost every sea. They have a large lobster establishment which is now in a most flourishing condition.—They have only one meeting-house which is a free one; the only organized church at Jonesport, is the church of the Messiah, which now numbers about fifty members, embracing some of the first families of the place. The people are a well read, and thinking people, entirely free from bigotry and superstition.

To the Church of the Messiah at Indian River and Jonesport.

Dear Brethren in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Messiah:

Being nearly ready to sail to the land which God gave to Abraham and his seed, I feel moved upon to write you a few lines of consolation and encouragement. Brethren, you have been called from darkness to light, from error to truth, from sectarianism to the dispensation of the Fulness of Times. You now stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God—in hope of an age of peace on earth, and good will to men.

Now, dear brethren, although I will soon be absent from you, and from this land, and although the mighty ocean may roll between us, yet my heart will still be with you; I won't ask you to pray for us, for I know you will. I won't ask you to keep the faith, for I feel assured you will. For our faith is truth. Now, my brethren, let me as a father, urge you to stand by and sustain Bishop Wass, as you have stood by and sustained me. Hold up and sustain Bro. Drisko and all the elders. Keep the unity of the faith in the bonds of Peace; and remember, my brethren, you have gone through the washing of regeneration from all sectarianism, and dead works, by having yourselves buried in pure water, for the remission of sins, that you might receive the comforter—the spirit of truth—which will guide into all truth. My Brethren, the eyes of all the world will soon be upon you. Shall our church be rent and torn? We answer no.

To the churches in Lebanon, Rochester and elsewhere, we say the same. Brethren, remember your glorious high-calling, and keep the faith, fight the good fight, and prepare to lay hold on eternal life.

And now, to the Church scattered abroad let me say—the world will hate you, for it hated your master; the world will persecute you, for it persecuted him. Sectarians will hate and persecute you, because they know you have the truth. Brethren, be at peace amongst yourselves; remember how patiently I have bourned with you for more than two years; bear with one another; be very kind and tender one to another; love the brotherhood, and in patience pass your lives. Forsake every evil, cleave to that which is good, and remember that you are living in the great age of the restitution, spoken of by all the prophets since the world began.—Brethren, pray for us, that God may bless and prosper us, and give us favor with the great ones of earth.

And now we will say with our whole heart, may Grace, Peace, and Mercy from God the Eternal Father; from Jesus the Messiah—the Anointed One—and from the Holy Spirit, be and abide with you all, and keep you in peace and bring you to that Kingdom where war, strife and sorrow can never come. In hope of which, I remain yours, in the kingdom of peace on earth.

G. J. ADAMS.

Mr. John Dillingham, and his Queries.

In his first piece, Mr. Dillingham commences by making an illusion to Jesus being a lineal descendant of Abraham, Judah, and David, instead of an offspring of the Holy Ghost. He then asks if I can say with Paul that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God? We answer that Paul don't say or pretend to say that all scripture is given by inspiration of God. It is an entire mistake made by the translators. The word *is*, cannot be found in any original copy of the Scriptures; it was added by the translators. Let us read the passage as it is in the original, and then all difficulty will disappear. The passage literally translated, reads as follows:—

All Scripture given by inspiration of God, profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

From this we learn that uninspired scripture is not infallible, but that much of the Scripture is merely historical, and relates to passing incidents and events. For instance.—“Bring my old cloak that I left at Troas, and don't forget the parchments; bear with me in a little of my folly; let me boast. I don't speak this by commandment, or by revelation, or by constraint; I speak as a fool; bear with me in a little of my folly.” Many other scriptures of this kind might be quoted, that lay no claim to inspiration. In fact, the Bible contains three distinct orders of scripture; first, historical; second, prophetic; third, figurative or in parables. Now we must understand historical as historical; prophetic as prophetic, and a parable must be understood as a parable; and nothing is to be understood as infallible, except scripture given by inspiration. The infallible rule by which we may know how to separate truth from falsehood, is clearly laid down, viz:—“Let us repent of our sins, and be baptized for the remission of sins, and we have the promise that we shall receive that spirit, which will guide into all truth.”

G. J. ADAMS.

(To be continued.)

AN “OPIUM HELL” IN JAVA.—What spirituous liquors are for the European, opium is in Java for the Mohammedan and Chinaman. A European of the lower classes may sit in his tap-room and debase himself by his sottishness, but he does it with an uproarious merriment which would make one think he was really happy, spite of the headaches and delirium tremens he may know are in store for him; but in an opium hell all is as still as the grave. A murky lamp spreads a flickering light through the low-roofed suffocating room in which are placed bale-bales, or rough wooden tables, covered with coarse matting, and divided into compartments by means of bamboosed wainscoting. The opium smokers, men and women, lost to every sense of modesty, throw themselves languidly on the matting, and, their heads supported by a greasy cushion, prepare to indulge in their darling vice.

A small burning lamp is placed on the table, so as to be easily reached by all the degraded wretches who seek forgetfulness or elysium in the fumes of opium. A pipe of bamboo reed, with a bowl at one end to contain the opium, is generally made to do service to two smokers.—A piece of opium about the size of a pea costs sixpence (a day's wages,) but it is sufficient to lull the sense of the smoker. These fumes they inhale deliberately, retaining them in the mouth as long as they can, and then allowing them gradually to exhale through their nostrils. After two or three inhalations, however, the opium is consumed, and the pipe falls from the hands of its victim. At first the smokers talk to each other in a whisper scarcely audible, but they soon become as still as the dead.

Their dull, sunken eyes gradually becoming light and sparkling, their hollow cheeks seem to assume a healthy roundness; a gleam of satisfaction—nay, of ecstasy—lightens up their countenances as they revel in imagination in those sensual delights which are to constitute their Mahomedan Paradise. Enervated, languid, emaciated as they are, in fact, they see and feel regenerated; and though they lie there, the shameless and impassive slaves of sensuality and lust, their senses are evidently steeped in bliss. Aroused, however, from their dreams and delusions, the potency of the charm exhausted—driven from their hell by its proprietor—see them next morning walking with faltering steps, eyes as dull as lead, cheeks hollow as coffins, to their work.

Saving for Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provisions for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is a very sorry sight, and suggests to every one that his life has been foolishly if not wickedly spent. Yes, save money, by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy, which he never feels the need of until he is seventy; and then how he will need it!

It is curious but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty may intensify the rheumatism at three-score. It is a fact that overtaking the eye at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of eighty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for old age, for the maxim holds good with regard to health as to money—waste not, want not. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that any violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty.

Nature forgives no sin, no error. She lets off the offender for fifty years, sometimes; but she snatches him at last, and inflicts the penalty just where, just how she feels it most.

Save up for old age, but save more than money; save health, save honor, save the recollection of good deeds and innocent pleasures, save pure thoughts, save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish, nor death take away.

Every Jew, both the believers, the unbelievers, and the indifferent, stands before me as a living witness of some of the great truths in the Bible. In every remark I hear from them, I find practical proof of the truth of some prophecy, or an illustration of some doctrine or scene in the divine word. My mind is carried by turns from one part of the Scriptures to another; and, on every page, as it opens, a new light seems to shine from heaven.

I might take in order the books of the Old and New Testament, and give an anecdote, or remark, or facts illustrative or in confirmation of each.

FRIENDSHIP.—Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him—when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try a friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its powers? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

EXPENSES OF THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.—The whole expense at Washington of President Lincoln's funeral was a little over \$25,000. That of President Harrison's obsequies was \$30,000.

Poetry.

STANZAS ON TIME.

I SAW, and lo! a mingled throng;
Age with its hopes was there,
And loud and joyous swell'd the song,
Of youth and beauty fair;
There vivid thought, flew on through vistas far,
And call'd life's future hopes, a beacon star.

I turn'd again to see that band,
The look'd-for bliss possess,
And saw a lone one trembling stand,
In age's dreariness,
All else he said, long since had pass'd away,
Swept off, by an all powerful, viewless sway.

I saw the lofty mountain oak,
Bleak tempests proudly dare,
In stately pride its branches spoke,
And birds of song dwelt there;
From thence the zephyr often caught the lay,
It sung upon the breezes far away.

I turn'd again and still'd my breath,
Those carollings to hear;
Ah! there sat stillness hush'd as death—
That home of song was sear;
And all around prov'd a destroyer bold
Had there a desolating conquest told.

I saw so strongly rear'd a tower,
That nature's thunder came,
And vented all its angry power,
And yet it stood the same;
Men call'd it strength's strong fortress, for its age
Had more than number'd many an ancient sage.

I turn'd again, it disappear'd,
Touch'd by an unseen hand,
And all by man though strongly rear'd,
Pass'd as a magic wand;
Amazed I sought to know the noiseless path
Of one so desolating in his wrath.

I ask'd whence this so mighty spell?
Or where began its power?
And listening gazed for one to tell;
When lo! a dark'ning low'r
Of fearfulness, fell o'er all earthly things,
And vision shrunk 'neath its awe-pinion'd wings.

That our friends in the distance may know
how the people of Washington County view
meanness, we publish the following from the
Machias Republican, which speaks for itself,
and makes its own explanation:

A Base Outrage.

On Sunday evening, April 29th, while a large congregation were listening with deep attention to the farewell discourse of the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Church of the Messiah, (previous to his departure to take ship for the Holy Land,) some fiend, or fiends, bearing the human form, entered the barn of A. K. McKenzie, Esq., at Indian River, and cut the carriage-top of Mr. Adams, defacing it in a most shameful manner and also cut the flag and mane, from a valuable young horse—deforming the horse and rendering it unfit for use for many months. They also vented their paltry spite on a pair of fine cloth pantaloons that Mr. Adams had worn on that day to baptize some fifteen persons, who came forward and received that sacred rite at the hands of Mr. Adams. And what renders the fiendish act more base, is the fact that no improper conduct, or wrong act has ever been laid to the charge of Mr. Adams during the entire two years that he has preached at Indian River and vicinity. And also the fact that during that time he has raised up a church in the vicinity, numbering nearly two hundred persons, embracing a large portion of the most respectable people of Indian River, and Jonesport. The base act can only be charged upon a few intolerant religious fanatics, and sycophants, who are ever ready to do the devil's dirty work. The whole party will not number twenty persons.

On Monday morning as soon as the outrage was known the people became aroused, an indignation meeting was called—the meeting house was full to suffocation and never was there such a meeting before held at Indian River. The people of Jonesport as soon as they learned of the base act made up a purse of sixty dollars and sent it to Mr. Adams. Money and sympathy flowed in, on every side. A large collection was taken at the meeting, many new friends were gained for Mr. Adams, by the base act. And that the public at large may know how the people of Indian River and Jonesport feel towards Mr. Adams, let them read the following resolutions, which were passed by a standing unanimous vote, not one in the immense congregation voting against them. The resolutions were moved and seconded by gentlemen not belonging to the church of Mr. Adams. They are as follows: The first being moved by D. J. Sawyer, Esq., of Jonesport.

Fellow citizens—Whereas, The Rev. G. J. Adams who has preached the Gospel to us a good part of the time for the last two years, has been basely abused, grossly and maliciously outraged by some scoundrels bearing the human form, who, in the darkness of the night, entered the barn of A. K. McKenzie, Esq., and cut off the mane and flag of a beautiful young horse, and cut and defaced his carriage in a most shameful manner,

Therefore, Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with Mr. Adams and his family, in this disgraceful outrage, and we wish to express our indignation, and full condemnation, and our entire contempt for the fiends who perpetrated the shameful deed.

Resolved, That after an intimate acquaintance of two years, we feel it a duty that we owe to God, to Mr. Adams, to the community at large, to the age in which we live, to truth and to our common humanity, to say that the conduct of Mr. Adams has been manly, upright, pure and everyway becoming a gospel minister, and he has ever been the friend of the poor and the oppressed, and an uncompromising defender of the rights of man,—and as such we cheerfully recommend him to all honorable and pure minded men throughout the world.

Resolved, That the proceedings and resolutions of this meeting be published in the *Machias papers*.

We publish the forgoing from the *Machias papers* to show that the citizens of Jonesport, Addison and the vicinity are people of good order and that they deeply and strongly condemn, and even detest, such contemptible conduct; and also to show that they will not pass by such meanness and baseness in silence.

Sketch of Milton.

MILTON stood apart from all earthly things. He may be likened to that interpreter of the mysterious things of Providence, who sits in the bright circle of the sun; while Shakspeare resembles rather the spirit created by his own matchless imagination, which wanders over earth and sea, with power to subdue all minds and hearts by the influence of his magic spell. The poetry of Milton is accordingly solemn and dignified, as well becomes the moral sublimity of his character, and the sacredness of his awful theme. His mind appears to have been elevated by the glories revealed to his holy contemplation; and his inspiration is as much loftier than that of other poets, as his subject was superior to theirs. It is superfluous to say, that his moral influence is always pure; for how could it be otherwise with such a mind, always conversant with divine things, and filled with the sublimest thoughts? Yet it has been sometimes said, that the qualities with which he has endued that most wonderful of all poetical creations, the leader of the fallen angels, are too fearfully sublime to be regarded with the horror and aversion, which they ought naturally to inspire. He is indeed invested with many sublime attributes;—the fierce energy, unbroken by despair—the un-

conquerable will, which not even the thunders of the Almighty can bend;—but these qualities, though they may fill us with wonder and awe, are not attractive. His tenderness is only the bitterness of remorse, without end and hopeless; his self-devotion is only the result of wild ambition; and a dreadful retribution at length falls upon him, 'according to his doom.' In this exhibition of character there is undoubtedly vast intellectual power, but there is nothing redeeming, nothing which can win the soul to love. We dread the effect of those delineations in which crime, from which nature recoils, is allied to qualities, with which we involuntarily sympathise; such portraits are of evil tendency, because though unnatural, they are still attractive; but great crime frequently supposes the existence of imposing traits of character, which may excite admiration, without engaging sympathy. We are interested in Conrad, because his fierce and gloomy spirit is mastered by the passion which masters all;—because in him it is deep and overwhelming, yet refined and pure—like the token, which restored the repenting Peri to Eden—the redeeming and expiatory virtue, which shows that the light of the soul, however darkened, is not extinguished altogether—and we do not ask, how purity and love can find their refuge in a pirate's bosom—we do not remember, that they could as hardly dwell there as Abdiel among the rebel host. Not so the ruined Archangel. In him all may be grand and imposing, but all is dark, stern and relentless. If there be aught to admire, there is at least nothing to imitate. Through all the writings of Milton, there reign a loftiness and grandeur which seem to raise the soul to the standard of his own elevation. The finest minds have resorted to them for the rich treasures of eloquence and wisdom; and they might also find in them the more enduring treasures of piety and virtue.

Pay as You Go.

It isn't the necessities of life that cost us such long and hard labor, but our pride and vanity: these impose the taxes, and we set about paying them. Where we pay one dollar for our needs, we pay ten for our vanity. If we could only look out of our own eyes, instead of through those of our neighbors, we should live just about as we want to; but no, such an one has such a house, and, if we build, we must certainly have something as good as his; and so we go, one after another, over the dam down into the roaring waters below. No man or woman will ever be happy till they resolve to live after the laws of their own individual genius. That is the "philosopher's stone," and includes the pay-as-you-go adage and all the rest of them.

We see it stated that a man was not long since attacked by a bear, while crossing an open lot, near Stowe, Vt., and finally vanquished! A woman beheld the fight but could render no assistance. We didn't hear, however, if the man was her husband.

TIME.—The vehicle that carries every thing into nothing. We talk of *spending* our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our capital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled.

GENIUS.—Genius can alone comprehend genius, and only a noble mind understands one of its own stamp; at the same time, it sees ignoble spirits, more clearly than they do themselves. He who sees, understands the blind man; but the blind man cannot comprehend him.