

The Sword of Truth,

AND HARBINGER OF PEACE.

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

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

G. J. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

FOUR COPIES TO ONE ADDRESS, \$3.00

VOLUME 1.

SOUTH LEBANON, ME., AUGUST 1, 1863.

NUMBER 11.

Lecture,

On the Philosophy of the Resurrection.

*"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? * * That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain; But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.*

All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." 1st Cor. 15 chap. 35 and 40.

The resurrection of the body has been objected to by many as a principle which comes in contact with the known laws of nature, and therefore both unreasonable and impossible.

For instance, it is ascertained beyond a doubt that the human system is constantly changing, by throwing of particles of matter, and receiving new ones. By the several natural evacuations from the body, parts of the old system are dispensed with, and by the nourishment received into the stomach, and by means of the blood vessels diffused through the system, new particles are constantly added.

Thus the whole matter which constitutes the physical system of the human body at any given time is said to pass away in exchange for new matter to the same amount, once in about ten years.

According to this calculation, man at the age of seventy years has been composed of matter sufficient to constitute seven human bodies, each about equal in dimensions to that which he possesses at any one given time.

The second consideration is that the particles of matter thus thrown off become parts of the earth from which they originated, and at length grow up and live again in vegetable substances, such as grass, grain, fruit, &c.—These in turn become food for animals; thus these animals are in part composed of the same particles which constituted parts of the human system. These animals are in turn devoured by man, and thus help to form parts of other human systems: and so on in an endless variety of alternate changes and subdivisions.

These facts are brought forward by some as so many proofs that it is impossible for the physical system of man ever to rise from the dead.

They urge that in the resurrection one individual would necessarily claim some of the same particles of matter as another, because both had once possessed some of the same particles.

All the objections appear very plausible at first sight, and have doubtless been a means of overthrowing the faith of many in regard to a resurrection of the body. While, on the other hand,

these objections have been met by superstition, bigotry, and ignorance, not with a design to enlighten the understanding or to inform and convince the judgment, but with an endeavor to throw a veil of sacredness over the whole subject, as if it were a mystery to be believed without the possibility of understanding it.

Perhaps a few sentences like the following have been sufficient to smother all further enquiry:—"Ignorance is the mother of devotion." "Don't let your mind think on such subjects, it is a temptation to infidelity." "It is wicked to enquire into such things." "All things are possible with God," &c.

Others have pretended to solve the difficulty, by supposing that the doctrine of the resurrection, although true, does not imply a material body, but rather a spiritual body, or formation unconnected with matter.

But after all the seeming difficulties which infidelity on the one hand, and sectarian ignorance and superstition on the other have thrown over the subject, a few reflections will be sufficient to show that every truth in theology, and every truth in philosophy mutually strengthen, illustrate, and confirm each other: for instance, the fact that a human body in the course of seventy years is composed of matter sufficient for the formation of seven bodies of the same size, or nearly so, shows clearly that six parts out of seven will not be occupied by one individual, and will therefore afford sufficient materials for the formation of six other human structures in the resurrection.

Thus there will not be the least occasion for two individuals to necessarily claim the same materials; or in other words, or one resurrected body to be composed of the materials which are necessary for the formation of another, seeing each individual would need but about one-seventh of that which he had occupied in the course of his temporal life.

Thus all are abundantly provided for as to materials out of which to compose a new human structure.

The principal objection which still arises in regard to this view of the subject is, that the new body is not composed wholly of the same materials which constituted the old ones. An argument might therefore be started that it could not be considered as the same individual, or as a resurrection of the same body, because partly constituted of other particles of matter, as well as dispensing with part of that which had constituted the old body. But if this objection proves too much, and comes in at last in favor of the resurrection; for the same objection might arise, and with the same degree of propriety, in regard to individuals in this life—for instance, a man has not the same body at the age of fifty that he had at twenty-five; and shall we therefore argue that he is not the same person? The philosopher would prove before any intelligent jury, that in the course of twenty-five years the entire system had twice passed away and given place to a new one: and yet the jury would recognise an individual at the age of fifty to be the same person

that he was at the age of twenty—the authorities would recognise him to be the same—the same criminal—the same debtor—the same prisoner—the same heir at law. The mother would claim him as her child—the wife as her husband, &c.—Indeed, he would feel conscious himself that he was the same person in reality, and no argument, however strong, would cause him to waver or doubt his own identity for a moment.

Now, it is this consciousness that constitutes the same person in reality, both in his own estimation and that of all his acquaintances.

The man new risen from the tomb with a material body composed of the old one, or rather of a germ of the old one, will no doubt, stand forth in all the consciousness of existence, and of his own identity that he possesses in this life, and probably with far more acute and perfect conceptions and energies of mind, the intellect not being clogged and retarded by the corruptions and infirmities of mortality. He will feel and know himself to be the same individual, and all intelligent beings who have known him will identify him as the same that was born of woman, and that returned to the dust.

Even God himself, who is the standard of philosophical and all other truths, will recognise him as the same individual, and will judge him for the deeds done in the old body.

Here, then, at the high court of heaven, the philosopher's plea that he is not the same individual in his resurrected body that he was in his natural body, (on account of having parted with some of the materials of his original tabernacle, and taken other particles of matter in their stead,) will vanish away, and fall to the ground as unheeded, as a similar plea would in this life, when presented to a virgin bride, to convince her that the object dearest to her heart is not the same person after ten years absence.

It's thinking, feeling, seeing,
The laws of nature scan;
It is the sense of being
That constitutes the man.

From the text we quoted at the head of this article, and from the foregoing remarks, it will be readily perceived that Paul so far from being ignorant of the laws of nature, or coming in contact with the philosophy thereof, have rather reconciled or harmonized the revelations of God with the laws of nature, and have been enabled to point out a mutual agreement, or unison between them.

As the seed falls into the earth and dies, and by this very operation sends forth a sprout or germ which other particles of matter, is sure to produce its own likeness; so the human system dies and is again quickened, and reproduced in its own likeness by the power of the resurrection: and as the seed of grain is necessary for the production of its own kind, so the corruptible body is indispensably necessary as a germ from which the glorious immortal body is formed.

And as each seed produces its own kind of grain, so the flesh of birds, beasts, fishes, and man, each differ in its kind, and each starting into new

life will be in its own likeness, and move in its own sphere.

The mysterious works of God in the formation, progress, changes, and final destiny of creation are all wonderful and miraculous in one sense.—The formation of the natural body in embryo, or even a plant or flower, is as much a miracle as the creation or re-organizations of a world, or the resurrection of the body. Each effect has its cause, and each cause its effect; and the light, spirit, or truth which proceeds from Deity is the law of life and motion, the great governing principle of the whole machinery of the universe, whether natural or spiritual, temporal or eternal. It is the cause of causes, the main spring of nature's time piece. By it we live, in it we move and have our being.

Let man be placed upon a lofty eminence, surrounded with the original elements of uncreated worlds—let him contemplate the confused and chaotic mass of unorganized existence; let him hear the voice of truth and power as its first sentence rolls in majesty of wisdom from the lips of Deity; let him behold the first movement of chaos as it begins to come to order; let him contemplate its various workings till the heavens and earth, and man and beast, and plant and flower, startle into conscious being, in all the beauty of joyous existence; let him observe every minute particular of its progress through time, in all its various changes; let him contemplate the changing seasons as they roll in hours and days, and months and years; let his thoughts reach to the starry heavens and view them in all their motions and revolutions—the sun in its daily course, the planets in their annual revolutions, the blazing comet as it moves afar in the wilds of ether, and returns from its journey of a hundred or a thousand years; let him return to earth and view the vegetable kingdom as it blooms and ripens, and falls again to decay in the revolving seasons—the time worn oak of a thousand years as it braves the tempest, or the modest flower whose life is but a day; let him view the animal creation in all its variety as it appears and passes in turn from the stage of action; let him contemplate man, from his infant formation through all the changes of his various life till he returns to dust; let him view the laborious revolutions of the groaning earth and its various inhabitants through all their temporal career, till wearied nature sinks to rest, and worn by slowly rolling years, the earth itself shall die; lastly, let him contemplate all nature regenerated, renewed; and starting into being, while death itself shall conquered be, and immortality alone endure.

The vision ended. Man! what hast thou seen? Answer: Nothing out of the ordinary course; all I beheld was nature moving in perfect accordance with the law of its existence: not one single deviation or shadow of turning from the immutable laws of truth.

But hast thou seen no miracle? Yes; it was all miraculous it was all achieved by the laws of light, which was the immediate power of God! but it was all upon the most natural, easy, simple, and plain principles of nature in its varied order; and which to call the most miraculous I know not! Whether it was the creation of a world, the blossoming of a flower, the hatching of a butterfly, or the resurrection of the body, and the making of new heavens and a new earth. All these were so many displays of the power of God.

All these were miraculous.

All these were natural.

All these were spiritual.

All these were adapted to the simplest capacity, aided by the spirit of God.

All these were too sublime for an arch-angel to comprehend by his own capacity without the spirit of revelation.

Noble actions are best seen when looked at with an eye of emulation.

Lecture.

Conclusion of our Lecture on The Parable of the Prodigal Son, or The Lineage of Ephraim; that was left out last month by mistake.

In conclusion let us ask, what have we proved? we have proved first, that the patriarch Jacob, (he whose name became Israel, the Almighty Prince, the one that prevailed with God) did in his last days bless and prophecy wonderful things to come upon the posterity of Ephraim. We have shown that the posterity of Ephraim, the youngest son of Joseph were to become a great multitude in the midst of the earth. And that they had greater promises and blessings given them than all the other sons and grandsons of Jacob put together. Yes, let any honest man read the promises made to the posterity of Ephraim, and then compare those promises with those that are made to Jews and Gentiles and they outweigh them all. We have also shown that they should waste all those blessings and promises, and become extinct and lost as a people dead, as a tribe and their nation, mixed among all nations. Their history, genealogy and lineage gone and they as a people DEAD and LOST. We have done more than prove the foregoing facts; we have proved that Ephraim is to be the FIRST BORN FROM THE DEAD in the great age of restitution, and that they are to be the watchmen of God, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, and push the people together to the ends of the earth. We now testify that God has by revelation called many of the sons of Ephraim and made known unto them their true lineage—clothed them with the holy priesthood after the order of Melchisedek, sent them to preach the gospel in all its fulness to the Gentiles first and then to the Jews. And for this purpose God has raised up the Church of the Messiah by direct revelation.

Thus the sons of Ephraim the first born from the dead in this great age, are the connecting link in the great chain of God mercy between Jews and Gentiles having the blood of both running in their veins and let us say thousands and tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of Ephraim will be called from the "dead, embrace the gospel in its purity gather up to the land of their fathers, on the mountains of Ephraim, their envy towards their brethren the Jews will depart and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

Therefore thus saith the LORD, who redeemed Abraham, concerning the house of Jacob, Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale.

But when he seeth his children, the work of my hands, in the midst of him, they shall sanctify my name, and sanctify the Holy One of Jacob, and shall fear the God of Israel.

They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmur shall learn doctrine.

Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them? for the ways of the LORD are right, and the just shall fall therein.

Real Benevolence.

THE late Archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote will not be read without interest. "My lord," said a person to him one day,—“here is a poor woman come to ask charity—what do you wish to do for her?” “How old is she?” “Seventy.”—“Is she in great distress?” “She says so.”—“She must be relieved; give her twenty-five francs.”—“Twenty-five francs! my lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess.”—“A Jewess?” “Yes, my lord.”—“O, that makes a great difference, give her fifty francs, then, and thank her for coming.”

The Atonement.

IN the wide ranges of the human mind, there is no subject on which we can reflect with more satisfaction and profit, than the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, and justification through his merits. With wonder we see the unbounded love of the deity; with profound awe and overwhelming astonishment, we behold the Son of God descending from heaven to earth, from thrones, honors, adorations, praise and consummate bliss, to the manger, to severe poverty, to reproaches to contempt, to persecution, to curses, to the cross, to death, to the Grave! Incomprehensible love! Unmeasurable grace! Wonderous era! At his birth the songs of heavenly hosts are heard. His life is fraught with marvelous and miraculous events.—But at the hour of his crucifixion still higher wonders rise. In deep silence his death wraps all nature! His expiring breath rends the temple, shakes the earth's deep foundations, clothes in sable night the noon-tide sun, makes kings tremble, enemies fear, infidels confess, astonished angels gaze, while the God-like innocent sufferer exclaims. “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!” To this hour, the law with its types and shadows, patriarchs and prophets, pay homage and retire. At this, Satan, like lightning falls from his usurped throne, and a crimson tide of meritorious sanctifying efficacy gushes forth, and swells a mighty stream flowing back to the first transgression of man, and forward to the end of time, and on every side to the utmost limits of human guilt.—From this hour, victims cease to bleed, and altars smoke no more. A flood of divine illumination is poured forth upon the benighted world, and life and immortality are brought to light. O may my redeemed soul, in holy rapture, tune her grateful songs aloft, and resound through heaven's wide expanse, redemption in his blood! O may I mend my pace towards my heavenly inheritance, and make this all-sufficient atonement the only foundation of my hopes by a living faith in its divine reality and personal application.

Our Saviour.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS CHRIST.—It being the custom of the Roman Governors to advertise the Senate and people of such material circumstances as happened in their respective provinces.—PUBLIUS LENTULUS being President in the days of Tiberias Cæsar, the Emperor wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning Christ:

“CONSCRIPT FATHERS:—There appeared in these our days a man of singular virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us; and of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of Truth; but his own disciples call him the son of God.

“He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear; his hair of the color of a filbert fully ripe; plain to his ears whence downward it is more orient of colors: somewhat curling and waving about his shoulders. In middle of his head is a seam or partition of his hair; after the manner of the Nazarites: his forehead plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red—his nose and mouth exactly formed, his beard thick and the color of his hair; not of any great length but forked; his look innocent: his eyes gray, clear, and quick—in reproving terrible; in admonishing courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise, in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man of this singularity surpasses the children of men.”

BUT one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one loose principle, may wreck all your prospects, and all the hopes of those who love you.

The following just remarks, we copy from the *Israelite Indeed*. G. R. LEDERER, EDITOR.

How to Drive the Jews from the Gospel

"WHAT a strange question!" some would say, on reading the caption of this article; would not every Christian be glad and rejoice, if all Jews should at once embrace the Gospel doctrines and hopes? Yes, we suppose so; yet, while every Christian desires the conversion of the Jews to christianity—to that christianity, of course, which is particularly his own—practically most of them do their best to drive the Jews from the threshold of the Gospel. In olden times the Jews were driven away by a corrupt and idolatrous worship, by the fire, by the sword, and by cruel persecutions of every kind. Now the Jews know that christianity consists not in image-worship; the fires that burned them alive are extinguished, the sword that raged in their bowels, and shed their blood like water, is broken; and actual persecutions have become impossible; and what do Christians now do to drive the Jews from the Gospel? In the first place, they do it—with due exceptions, of course—by their conduct and practical life, which is not in harmony with the profession of their faith; and, secondly, by exhibiting the old spirit of persecution, in hard and spiteful words which show that, if it were in the power of those who utter them, they would not shrink from practising actual persecution.—Is this the fruit of the teachings of the Gospel? Is this the spirit of Him who came to save the world, whose teachings breathe nothing but love, and whom they profess to be their Lord and Master? Ask the Jews, and justly so. Of course, we do not speak of children, who, when meeting Jewish children in the street, sneer after them, saying: "Jew, Jew!" though we may suppose that they learn to despise the Jew from their parents. We do not speak of foreigners, who have brought their prejudices against the Jews over great waters into this country of perfect liberty and equality for all kindreds and tongues and creeds. We must bear with them, until they learn to cast off their old habits. We speak of leading papers, the public organs of this country; we speak of public men, men of distinction and high standing in society, upon whom the eyes of thousands are directed; and whose words are re-echoed by multitudes. We are often grieved by reading in daily newspapers—the public mouthpiece—that "a Jew has been arrested for such and such a crime;" or "Mr. So-and-so has been swindled out of so much by a Jew." Arrests for crimes of many kinds are made every day; swindlings are practised at all times; why, we would ask, if the criminal or swindler happens not to be a Jew—which, we are convinced in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is indeed the case—why is the creed of the criminal not brought in connection with his crime? We never heard or read that a Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, or Methodist was arrested, because he had committed a certain crime; why then, for common sense sake, for the sake of the enlightened nineteenth century, and for the sake of the Gospel light, which so brightly illuminates this country, should public writers and public orators make that distinction which belongs to past ages, long since buried in the bottomless abyss of time?

Indeed, nothing is more apt to drive off the Jews from the Gospel, and to make them believe that christianity teaches love to all mankind except the Jews. These are the consequences of that unjust conduct which we experience almost daily in our intercourse with our kinsmen in the city of New York. A few weeks ago, one of the principal daily papers announced the information received from Washington, that two Jewish surgeons who were confined in the State prison in that city, for some fraud committed, were released, on condition of leaving the United States.

Well, how many surgeons and officers have been arrested for some bad conduct, and finally stricken from the rolls: and has ever their religious creed been mentioned? Certainly not; but the Jewish is; and we suppose, because such a case is rare.

Besides, we live in times when the Jews need not to hide themselves in obscurity, or kiss submissively the hand of their persecutors; and, though still scattered all over the earth, they are a powerful people, and wield the pen as mightily as they rule the monetary empire. They no more take the offence and put it silently into their pocket; they show their teeth, and they are right.

We have been induced to make these remarks by the reading of an article in the "Israelite" of the 12th of December last. We subjoin the main part of that article, and leave to our readers to judge for themselves, whether the man was right to meet the offenders with like weapons.—We, however, pray, as we have done before on several occasions, *Christians, amend your conduct!*

And we say amen to that prayer. But we are not astonished. Oh no, by no means. It is the very spirit and genius of the fashionable CHRISTIANITY of this Priest-ridden age, to persecute and abuse the Jews, and everything else that is good or true or pure. Why brother, they persecute me with unrelenting fury and meanness, merely because I am a friend to the Jews, and contend for their restoration and future glory. The modern Churches. I tell you brother, they are the great *Babylon* described by John in the Book of Revelation as follows. "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies.

And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Thus you see, God's people are in those churches, or the cry could not be made, "Come out of her my people." But the churches are fast filling up the measure of their iniquity; and they with the nations of the earth are fast ripening for their overthrow and destruction. Ed.

Fear of Death.

There are persons whose dread of death is so intense, that they cannot enjoy life. They are vainly told that it is irrational to be continually disquieted about an event common to all, and that cannot be averted. *Because* it is inevitable they shudder and turn pale at the thought of it. This morbid fear of the great change is not confined to those who have most cause for apprehension. It is shared by many whose consciences are void of offence. Even pious men are sometimes haunted by a vague horror of the universal doom, and in some cases their terror takes the form of mania, and its victims throw themselves unbidden into the arms of the spectre, as if drawn to his dread embrace by an irresistible fascination.

The best method of dealing with this ghastly form of hypochondriasis; is not to attack it with reason and philosophy, since the sum of all that Logic can say upon the subject is the hackneyed truism, that what cannot be prevented should be faced manfully. The promises of the Gospel, understandingly and trustfully read and applied, are the only panacea for such gloomy forebodings. Unmanly fear flies before the cheering assurances of life immortal

—"Like the moon-eyed herald of dismay
Chased on his night-steed by the Star of Day."

In the Book of Books, the Christian realizes that

death to the humble believer is but the commencement of a more glorious life—the complement of his earthly career—the shadow through which he must pass to reach the perfect light. There is no courage so high, so calm, so indomitable, as that which is derived from the encouraging words of the inspired volume, and the consciousness of walking as nearly as human imperfections will permit, in conformity with its precepts.

Foundation of Character.

The groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have confidence in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me." It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave open truth remains, there is something to depend on—there is another ground—there is substance at the centre. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can tolerate and forbear so long as their erring brother is true.—Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act at all. Truth is common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold when we plead for it; it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire.

Thoughtlessness of Human Beings.

So great a proportion of our time is occupied by the cares and pleasures of life, that few hours of leisure are allowed us for reflection on the past, or meditation on the future. From the moment we leave our pillow in the morning, we find ourselves involved in a vortex of employments. We are naked, and must be clothed—we are thirsty, and must drink—we are hungry, and nature demands food; even after these absolute necessities are supplied, then follows the long train of imaginary wants; we are the slaves of avarice—we aspire to power or pant after fame. We enter with ardor into the lists; our memory brings up no more of the past, than can aid us in the pursuit, and anticipation is occupied solely by the light hopes of success or the dark fears of failure.

Parents' Example.

How few parents are there who are sufficiently cautious and circumspect of what they do in the presence of their children, or who are willing to restrain themselves from all such discourse as may instil into their minds false notions? Do they not continually hear resounded the commendation of such persons as have great estates, numerous attendants, good tables, fine houses and sumptuous furniture; and does not all this amount to public approbation? Nothing is said before children without effect, and one word of esteem or admiration of riches falling from the father, is enough to create a passion for them in the son, which will grow up with his years, and perhaps never be extinguished.

THINK OF IT.—When Wolff was missionary at Jerusalem, a Turk, pointing to Calvary, said—'There, on that very spot where our Lord poured out his blood, the Mahomedan is obliged to interfere, to prevent you Christians from shedding the blood of each other.'

SUPERSTITION AND ENTHUSIASM.—Superstition, the creature of guilt and fear, is almost as ancient as the human family. But enthusiasm, the child of hope, hardly appeared on earth until after the time when life and immortality had been brought to light by christianity.

The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

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

G. J. ADAMS, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SOUTH LEBANON, Me., AUGUST 1, 1863.

Editorial Journeys, Continued from No. 10.

On Wednesday evening, June 15th, I took much pleasure in visiting the Masonic Lodge in Addison Point.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Adams (by particular desire) delivered an address on Temperance, and although it was a stormy evening, there was a good attendance, and a deep interest appeared to be awakened among the people on that subject.

On Friday we again returned to Indian River and preached in the evening to a large congregation, in the Calvinistic Baptist meeting house, on the Divinity of Christ. And here let me say, the Baptist people at Indian River acted noble and christian like. They treated us with much kindness. May the Lord reward them.

On Saturday afternoon we left the house of Bro. A. K. McKenzie, where we had been made welcome by the entire family, and invited to make their house our home. The Lord reward them for their kindness. After a short drive we found ourselves once more under the peaceful roof of Bro. S. L. Wass.

On Sunday, June 21st, we preached three times in the Universalist meeting house, Addison Point. We had a large turnout. Many came from five to seven miles. A deep interest is awakened in the entire country around.

On Monday, although we had purposed to start west, we were compelled to return to Indian river, to baptize a number who could not wait until our return in the fall. When we arrived at Indian river, we found a large congregation assembled once more to witness baptism, that beautiful symbol or figure of the burial and resurrection of Jesus the Messiah; after an address of about a half an hour, five came forward and confessed the Messiah, by obeying his eternal law, or ordinance of entrance into his church. Among those baptized were Mr. and Mrs. A. K. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie is a merchant and keeps the post-office of the place. In the evening a large congregation again assembled in the Baptist meeting-house and listened with interest to a discourse, showing the difference between religion and christianity. At the conclusion of the sermon those that had been baptized were confirmed in a most solemn manner, by the laying on of hands, according to the eternal order of the church of the Messiah.

On the following morning we left Indian river with the blessing and good will of the people; a people that had treated us with great kindness from first to last. We passed through Addison Point, just calling and bidding our friends farewell for the present. About noon the same day, we arrived at Cherryfield, and took dinner with Sister Godfrey, had a very pleasant interview of some two hours, and then journeyed on to Sullivan, and were most kindly received by Bro. Meynell and family. We remained in Sullivan and preached six times to good congregations and were treated with kindness and hospitality.

On Monday evening, June 29th, Mrs. Adams (by particular desire) delivered a lecture on Temperance. There was a good attendance, and we had a good time.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Adams again lectured in the Baptist meeting-house, Franklin.

On Wednesday morning, July 1st, as we were journeying from Franklin to Ellsworth, when about six miles from Ellsworth, *crash!* went our carriage wheel. On examination we found, owing to the extreme dry state of the roads, the tire had run off, some half a mile back. Well, there we we were, six miles from Ellsworth, with a heavy load, and broken wheel. I thought "in patience possess your soul." I soon found a long pole, and propped up as well as I could. After traveling some distance, the stage came along and kindly took Mrs. Adams to Ellsworth, where, after various delays, two or three breakdowns, much perplexity and a walk of six miles, in dust and heat, I arrived, exhausted and ill, with a sick headache. After a delay and rest of some five hours, the carriage having been repaired, we again journeyed on to Bangor, and from Bangor to Bro. Jordan's, at Sandy Point, where we arrived on Thursday evening, and were kindly received by Sister Jordan.

Friday, July 3d, we came on to Stockton, and were received and entertained in a most hospitable manner by Capt. Josiah Colcord and family. We spent our Fourth of July in Stockton, and by particular desire preached three times on Sunday.

On Monday we visited Bro. Vyles, Mr. Moulton, and others, and Tuesday we came on to Camden, and were kindly received by the friends there.

Wednesday we came on to Rockland and South Thomaston, and were received with much joy, by our friends, brethren and sisters, where we remained until Saturday, July 11th, when we returned to Camden.

On Sunday, July 12th, we preached three times to the people of Camden, in the meeting house of H. Alden, Esq. The attendance was large, the interest intense and deep.

On Monday evening Mrs. Adams lectured (by particular desire) on Temperance. The congregation was large and the attention profound.

Tuesday morning, July 14th, we left Camden for Lebanon, Me. and Rochester, N. H. In conclusion let me say that I omitted to state an important event that occurred in Sullivan. On the morning that we left that place, Bro. and Sister Meynell came forward and were baptized and confirmed members of the church of the Messiah, after which, Bro. J. B. Meynell was ordained an Elder and Evangelist in said Church.

Thus the glorious work of truth, restored in the dispensation of the fullness of times, is rolling on. To God be all the glory.

G. J. ADAMS.

Our friends will all take notice, and please keep in mind, that we are now at GREAT FALLS, N. H. in the vicinity of which we shall remain for some weeks. Will they write to us and direct to that place? All our friends, and all post-offices, that have letters or papers for us will please re-mail them and direct to Great Falls, N. H. and address us on all other business at that place and much oblige.

G. J. ADAMS.

We call the special attention of our readers to the conclusion of our lecture on the "Seed of Ephraim," that was left out of number ten, by mistake, it will be found on page second, of this number.

In our next issue we shall give our lecture on the immortality of the soul,—the restitution of all things,—and the final destiny of man. And a number of original articles; also, an original article, by Helen Hazlewood.

For the Sword of Truth.

THE KINGDOM.

BY HELEN HAZLEWOOD.

Then came to him, the disciples, and said "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" And he answered and said, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put into his own power."

It seems there were some things which they might know, for in another place, it is said, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to them it is not given, therefore speak I unto them in parables." There were mysteries concerning the kingdom, and these mysteries were explained to his disciples, but the time of the kingdom, they could not know; wherefore, because had they known that eighteen hundred years were to elapse before the times were fulfilled; their faith would have failed. They expected it then. But to us it is given to know the times and the seasons; and to him that watcheth, it is plain that we are living on the verge of the glorious day, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever. Alas! to how many will this day come unawares! Buried in folly and fashion, vain-glory and pride, the church and the world have joined hands, and vie with each other in doing homage to "the Prince of the Power of the Air." Would they welcome Christ were he to come suddenly upon them?

Thy very bride herself;
Her portion and her calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and pleasure,
Where, thou! her lord! art not!"

We are living just on the eve of a revolution, greater than any which has preceded it; a revolution ten-fold greater than the American or French revolution; a social, political, moral and physical revolution which shall extend over the whole earth and sap the foundations of tyranny in every form, and the final triumph of which, shall usher in the glorious day when "the Prince of Peace shall reign King of Kings and Lord of Lords," that is, ruler over all the earth.

We are living in a day when all the elements betoken great and startling events about to take place. Old and time-honored institutions are crumbling to decay; already sacred right begins to carry the day, in opposition to might. And even the physical world feels the commotion; the seasons in their rounds have caught the jar, and we cannot now as before, count with certainty on summer and winter in their time. The earth rocks to and fro in token of the coming convulsion, and the terrible raging and swinging in the air is such that all the magnetic and electric forces of our bodies are out of tune, therefore *everybody is sick or ailing*.

Ah! the "Prince of the Power of the Air," is soon to lose his sway, and storms and tempests, thunder and hail, and clouds and fogs will disappear under the gentle reign of the "Prince of Peace." Then our bodies renovated by the mild salubrity of the climate, will rejoice in the vigor and elasticity of youth; women will not grow old before their time, and men will not lose their prime; all our artificial wants will be done away with, and our real wants will be gratified, our bodies will become healthy and our spirits will be tuned to order, beauty, and harmony. All created nature will rejoice, the wilderness will exhale perfume like the rose, the desert shall bud and blossom, and man will obey and love the Lord his God.

TYRRANY in all forms, in the state, in the church, and in the family, will flee away, and love, peace, and good-will shall prevail over all the earth. The

principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," will extend into every ramification of society. True republicanism, real democracy, (not sham,) will be the only form of government known under the reign of the Son of God. He, having been placed on the throne of David, by acclamation of the people, all minor officers will be chosen in a similar manner, and even the little child will have its right to choose its own teacher and guardian. Consequently, obedience and love will be the rule of conduct, and force and brutality will be unknown, because unprovoked. Every person will have the right to change his residence at his pleasure, and swear allegiance to any nation he may choose; but he will have no right to remain in any place and disobey the laws of that place.

Means of travel will be cheap and abundant, and a change of residence accessible to all. The great variety of soil and climate will enable each person to choose such place as will suit his temperament, and develop his faculties healthfully, an universal language, and agreeable and remunerative employment will present attractions to all, and everywhere will a good, wise and just government invite subjects who will be contented and happy.

"The higher law," that is, the law of God written on the heart, will be the law of every land, varied in minute detail as tastes and habits may dictate, and in the endless variety thus presented, every disposition will be pleased, and universal satisfaction, take the place of universal discontent.

Each family composed of loving and unselfish parents, and good and obedient children, will constitute a little kingdom answering to our present ideas of heaven, and these families, covering the whole earth, will send out loving and unselfish, and good and obedient citizens, to render the State joyous, harmonious and peaceful, and the Church triumphant and prosperous.

Prisons and halters will be unknown, for there will be no need of them. If one member of society begins to prove refractory, the gates of that city will be shut against him, and he will find his wants met elsewhere. All turmoil, confusion and strife will cease. Whips and chains will be all forgotten, and man and beast will dwell together in love and peace. No man, woman, or child, will be forced to yield a compulsory obedience, but gentleness and firmness in the rulers, combined with choice and affection in the people, will render every State a happy, peaceful, loving family, each seeking the good of all, and "every man in every place, will meet a brother and a friend."

God grant our hearts, attuned to all that is good and holy, may be prepared to attain and enjoy that blessed state, and we may receive an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God.

Cottage by the Riverside, June 12, 1863.

A Mother's Love.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the "sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." The tear-drop speaks not half its tenderness. There is language in a mother's smile, but it betrays not all her nature. I have sometimes thought, while gazing on her countenance—its dignity slightly changed by the inelegant accents of her young child, as it repeated, in obedience, some endearing word—that the sanctuary of a mother's heart is fraught with untold virtues. So fondly—so devotedly she listens to its accents, it would seem she catches from them a spirit that strengthens the bonds of her affection. I have seen the mother in almost every condition of life. But her love seems everywhere the same. I have heard her bid, from her bed of straw, her darling child come and receive the impress of her lips; and as her feeble strains mingled in the air, I have thought there was loneliness in them not unlike the loneliness of an angel's melody. And I have seen the

mother at her fire-side deal out her last morsel to her little ones so pleasantly, that her own cravings seemed appeased by the pleasure she enjoyed. But who that is not a mother can feel as she feels? We may gaze upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and in her eye the index to her heart's affections—we may study the demure cast of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom, but we cannot feel the many influences that operate upon her nature. Did you ever mark the care with which she watches the cradle where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of an approaching footstep! With what fearful earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does its slumber break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely, it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. And did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her young babe's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the tenderness that lingers upon her countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her! When hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her!

I remember to have seen a sweet boy borne to his mother with an eye closed for ever. He had strayed silently away at noon-day, and ere nightfall death had clasped him in its embrace. The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's vision, seemed to convey an arrow to her heart. When the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, she laid her ear to his lips, as if unwilling to credit the tale his pale countenance bore. She put her hand upon his breast, but she felt no beating there. She placed the ends of her soft fingers upon his brow, but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echoing of that name elicited no responding voice. "Then came the misgiving that her child was dead." She imprinted many a kiss upon his cheek, and her tears mingled with the cold moisture upon his brow. Her actions betrayed a fear that she could not do justice to her feelings—that she could not express half the anguish of her bosom. The silence that followed that scene was like the silence of the sepulchre. It seemed of too holy a nature to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love.

Did you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely upon your forehead? It is pleasant thus to break from a dream even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend, and that *that* friend is a true one. You are assured that if you never again go forth in the world, you will die lamented; and when pain and distress are on you, such an assurance is consoling. At such a time, you can read more fully a mother's feelings than her tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathises with you—the willingness with which she supplies your wants—all serve to represent the secret workings of her heart. But a mother's love is unceasing. Her children as they advance in years, go out one by one into the world, and are soon scattered in the directions of the four winds of heaven. But though rivers may separate them from her, they separate not the bonds of her affection. Time and distance rather increase her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her own attachments until she becomes separated from her offspring. Until she bids a child farewell, her nature remains untried. But at the dread moment of separation, she feels the influences of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy—guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them. Over the grave of a friend—of a brother, or of a sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth: but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmoled; for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.

Death of Columbus.

With all the visions and fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of the discovery. Until his last breath he

entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world, in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man? And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

A Future State.

Revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the constitution of nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell and launched into a new and able state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the spirit unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agent that wields them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are not its perceptions in a *dream* as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern; still may not the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came?—What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us to be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of *sleep* does the same? Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

—'second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the chords that bound it to earth, exonerating it of a weight that sunk it—so that agreeable to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear,

—'to attain
To something of prophetic strain?'

Here, then, the constitution of nature and the voice of revelation conspire to teach the same great truth. And not only so but the true Christian looks far beyond man's home and stay in the spirit world to that glorious resurrection promised throughout the entire volume of revelation; when spirit and body shall again be reunited—clothed with immortality and eternal life; never more subject to sickness, pain, decay, or death.

The Sword of Truth, And Harbinger of Peace.

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

G. J. ADAMS, - - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SOUTH LEBANON, ME., AUGUST 1, 1863.

Grove Meeting,

The Church of the Messiah will hold a meeting in the Grove near East Rochester, N. H., on Saturday and Sunday, July 29th and 30th. Friends coming from a distance by rail road, can come to Great Falls or Rochester, N. H. The grove is located six miles from Great Falls, three miles from Rochester Plains, and one mile from South Lebanon, Me. A number of preachers are expected from a distance, who will take part in the meeting. Should the days prove stormy the meetings will be held in a large Schoolhouse near the grove.

As this is the last number but one of the present volume, of the *Sword of Truth and Harbinger of Peace*, and as many have written to us desiring to know if we intend to continue our publication another year, we take this opportunity to answer, that the Lord being our helper, we shall continue its publication; and shall double our diligence, to make it interesting. A number have already sent in their subscription money, for which they will please receive our sincere thanks. Any others that wish to subscribe thus early, can do so by sending the money by mail, to our address—Great Falls N. H. and we would consider it quite a favor, as we are making new arrangements for the next volume, will each one of our subscribers use his, or her influence to gain us one more subscriber, the coming year. We hope they will. Will those that have received, and read our paper this year, who have not yet paid, please send us the dollar by mail, we feel almost sure they will. Direct G. J. ADAMS, Great Falls, N. H.

Editorial Journeyings.

On Tuesday morning, July 14th, very early, we left Camden for Lebanon, and called on our kind friends in Union, and took breakfast and dinner, after which, although it rained, we journeyed on to Damariscotta, where we stayed all night. On Wednesday we came on as far as the vicinity of Richmond, and were kindly received and entertained by friends until Thursday morning, when we journeyed on to Cumberland, and spent the evening, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Bracket and family. We found them much bereaved at the loss of their little daughter "HATTIE," a sweet little girl, seven years of age, who had passed from the scenes of earth by the Diptheria, and gone to a higher and purer clime than this; for Christ has said "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." May God, our Heavenly Father, comfort the parents.

On Friday we came on to Lyman, and called upon our friend Mr. Simon L. Dennet, and found the family in sorrow and mourning for the loss of their only child, a lovely little girl, about six years of age. She also passed away by the Diptheria and has gone to a better mansion than earth. We were distressed to find Mr. Dennet prostrated by an accident in being thrown from his wagon and breaking three of his ribs. The Lord have mercy on him and spare his life, and may our Father in heaven comfort Mrs. Dennet, who deeply mourns the loss of her dear little "MARCIA." Early on Saturday morning we drove into Lebanon, and East Rochester, after an

absence of over seven months; we were received with kindness and joy by our numerous friends and brethren and sisters of the Church. On Sunday, July 19th, notwithstanding it rained hard, a good part of the day, and evening, I preached three times, to quite large congregations who listened with much interest and attention. The meetings were held in the Schoolhouse at South Lebanon, which is also used for a Meeting House, and occupied half the time by the Church of the Messiah; and half the time by the Methodists and Freewill Baptists. Our meetings are held half the time in East Rochester, N. H., which is only one mile from South Lebanon, Me. And now dear friends, let me say I have continued these journeyings for near seven months; of labor and toil, as well as of pleasure and joy.—Thousands have heard the truth and their hearts have been made glad. Many have obeyed the gospel, and are now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and the appearing and kingdom of Jesus, Messiah, and the establishment of the great age of peace.—Will our friends everywhere please write and direct Great Falls, N. H., and much oblige, most truly in hope of a new age.

G. J. ADAMS.

Spiritualism.

In our two former articles, on this subject, we have clearly demonstrated that there are good spirits and evil spirits, spirits of truth and spirits of falsehood, spirits of light, and spirits of darkness. We now purpose to prove that no man can tell the difference between good spirits and evil spirits, unless he first obeys the truth, and embraces the gospel of Christ, and receives the gift of the Holy Ghost; if he does this, then he will know truth from falsehood, light from darkness, and will be able to discern good spirits from evil ones; for, let all the earth understand that Jesus the Messiah and his teaching are our standard of truth, and any one that denies Jesus and his doctrines we reject. And no man can know the truth of Christ's doctrine unless he obeys his law for our Lord has said if any man will do my commandments he shall know of my doctrine, that I speak not of myself but as the father hath commanded me. Let me now appeal to every honest spiritualist; are you not without order, without form, without law and without union?—are you not looking for something better than you have yet received? you know you are. Will you have it in the true church of the Messiah, that has been established in this age by revelation, a church without a creed and without a hiring priesthood—a church in which every member has a right to believe all truth past, present and future—a church in which there is humanity, peace and brotherhood. Is it not possible that you may, with all your liberality, reject the great truth and light that you have been looking for? I say to every honest spiritualist pause and look at these things; if they are true, receive and embrace them. For spiritualism, in some shape or form, will lead all the powers of earth in this age. By false, lying spirits the Adventists or Millerites were led to predict that Christ would come in 1843, and several other times since that date, by lying spirits they are led to reject the restoration of the Jews and persecute the church of the Messiah, by lying, seducing spirits they have been led into all abominations, false doctrines and confusion. And they have literally fulfilled the prediction of St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy, as follows:

"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron;

This know also, that in the last days [perilous times shall come.

For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful unholy.

Without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good.

Traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;

Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.

For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts;

Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth: men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith.

But they shall proceed no further; for their folly shall be manifest unto all men, as theirs also was."

This passage, from St. Paul, is a most perfect description of Adventism, or Millerism, in all its operations and movements. And please notice, it is all brought about by their giving heed to seducing, lying spirits. Now let us ask what has brought on the war that is now raging with fury throughout our unhappy country? we answer, evil spirits, lying spirits, seducing spirits that have led preachers in all our sectarian churches to preach politics, and amalgamate politics and religion, until they have become one grand conglomeration of confusion.

What is to lead all nations to the last great struggle of the iron and clay powers of Earth? Churches and States? we answer that the final conflict will be brought about by evil, lying and seducing spirits; if any who believe in the bible doubts it, let him read the following, from the revelation of John:

"And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared.

And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.

For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

Thus we learn, most positively, that there will be evil spirits, in the last days, as well as good ones; can an honest man cast his eyes abroad and behold the confusion everywhere, in Churches and States and then deny it? we answer emphatically, no! Thus we see there will be two powers manifest in the last days; one led by a good spirit and good agencies—the other led by an evil spirit and evil agencies—one will lead to peace, union, humanity and brotherhood—the other to confusion, disorganization, misery and destruction. The Lord help every honest, pure-minded man and women to choose the way of peace, embrace the truth, obey the gospel that they may be able to judge between spirits of light and spirits of darkness, spirits of truth and spirits of falsehood, for be it fully understood, all our race are governed by one of these two powers.

"Die to sin."

How often do we hear the question asked, when does a man die to sin, and awake to righteousness? Let St. Paul answer, and let priests and people learn wisdom. To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to that, there is no light in them.—In Romans, chapter six, we read as follows.

"What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?

God forbid: how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?

Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death?

Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from

the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection:

Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.

For he that is dead is freed from sin.

Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him:

For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

Here we learn that we die to sin, when we are baptized into the figure of the death and burial of Jesus Christ, and that by baptism, we are planted together, in the likeness of his death, that we may finally have the likeness of his resurrection: it is at baptism, that our old man, is legally crucified, and our body of sin legally destroyed. And from the time of our legal baptism we are no longer under the law, but under grace, which literally translated would read, ye are no longer under the law, but under favor, for if we sin, (that is after we are baptized into Christ) we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ—the Righteous.

Faith.

We are often asked how can I get faith? can I get it by praying for it? we answer once for all that faith comes by hearing, for instance:—can a man become a Methodist unless he hears Methodist preaching? we answer no. Can a man become a Calvinist unless he hears Calvinistic preaching? we answer no. Can a man have faith in anything unless he first hears it proclaimed, or preached? common sense answers no. Then we ask can a man have faith in God's truth unless he first hears it? we answer emphatically, no. Let us now have the evidence from the new Testament; Paul says in his epistle to the Romans:—as follows.—

"But the righteous which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:)

Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.)

But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith which we preach:

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart, man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation.

For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all, is rich unto all that call upon him.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."

The foregoing scripture is so plain, simple, and easy to be understood, that it needs neither note or comment, but is a perfect sermon on faith. And all that obey the gospel prove that they believe it, and have the true faith; and any man that refuses to obey the gospel, proves that he never had the true faith; for there is no evidence of faith without obedience.

We take pleasure in calling attention to a very interesting periodical, entitled "The Israelite Indeed" published in New York, G. R. LEDERER, Editor.

"THE ISRAELITE INDEED" will have for its object, to present and defend Christianity from the history, Hebrew point of view. "THE ISRAELITE INDEED" maintains that "Christianity is the only true Judaism of Moses and the Prophets." This truth will here be defended against both Jewish and Gentile objectors. "THE ISRAELITE INDEED" will also contain other miscellaneous matter, of interest to both Jew and Gentile. The Magazine is published monthly, twelve numbers making one volume, and each number containing 24 pages reading matter. The volume commences always in July.

We cheerfully commend this periodical to our friends, especially to the members of the Church of the Messiah.

The subscription price of this Magazine is One Dollar per annum, in advance, and can be remitted to the Office of their Magazine, addressed "Editors of 'THE ISRAELITE INDEED,' No. 12 St. George's Place; or, 189 East Thirteenth Street, New Ycrk."

Or any of our friends that wish may send the dollar to the editor of the "Sword of Truth," and he will see that they get "The Israelite Indeed," for one year. The information they will receive is worth more than ten times the subscription price.

G. J. A.

Selected for the Sword of Truth, by Mrs C. E. CLARK.

Edward Irving, of London, died in Dec. 1834, forty-two years old, without either decadence of intellect or lowering of thought and left neither an enemy nor a wrong behind him. No shadow of unkindness obscures the sunshine on that grave which in old days would have been a shrine of pilgrims. There lies a man who believed in all divine communications with truth as absolute as any patriarch or prophet. He taught other doctrines aside from the Advent of the Messiah at hand that brought him into disrepute with the National Scotch Church. These were the "nature of Christ" which he considered "fallen" in common with others, but "not corrupt"; "baptismal regeneration," and the restoration of the "apostolic gifts." These he contended for and sustained with all his power and influence. His church in London gave him their support as a body with few exceptions.—Mrs. OLIPHANT.

True Happiness.

No wonder men are unhappy in this world. There is always clashing when the machinery is out of gear. There is always trouble when the wheels are off the track. Man seeks to live for himself. God made him to live for others. How swells that mother's heart with joy, when she can make her children happy! What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that one of love, which are all that the widow and the orphan can render to their benefactor. The cup of happiness is an overflowing cup. It is like a bubbling fountain, ever pouring forth its blessings to refresh the weary and fainting, and made pure only by its own overflow. It is like the quiet meadow rill, fringed all along with flowers, yet concealed by the very exuberance of beauty and verdure itself doth nourish.

Good Advice.

Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others tread over you a little. In other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you; accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in the month of April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair again in seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so is it unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things she may be expected to smile again.

Discontent.

Why is it that so few are contented with their lot? Look the world over, and you will find but here and there one who appears to be satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed him.—As we cast an eye about us, we see the lines of grief and looks of discontent. Here is a sad face, and there is a tearful eye. One is complaining and another hangs his head. There one sighs audibly, and another grieves. Why is it so?—we ask again. For our part, we see no reason why everybody may not be contented and happy. There is truth as well as poetry in the following lines—

"Discontent is the milkew that feeds on the Mind, that robs the warm cheek of its roses; That cankers the breast of the rude or refined, Where'er it a moment reposes. 'Tis a wizzard, whose touch withers beauty Away and forbids every pleasure to blossom, Insidiously creeps to the heart of its prey, And invites cold despair to the bosom."

Believe us, reader, this is the true picture of that fiend you harbor in your bosom. Will you still retain him? Be wise and you will be contented. Our lot is no better than yours. The same sky is above us—the same earth beneath. We alike have the refreshing shower and the glorious sunshine—and we continue to be contented; while you, it may be, are suffering your days to pass in sorrow and discontent. Come reader unite with us in prayer.

"O, grant us, Heaven, a middle state, Neither too humble nor too great; More than enough for nature's ends, With something left to treat our friends."

Amen and amen. If you were sincere in your petition, as we trust you were, are you in the right path to happiness and contentment. Go by yourself once or twice a day—in your closet, if you prefer—and let this be the burthen of your petition, and ere long the devout wish of your heart shall be gratified.

"O may I with myself agree, And never covet what I see; Content me with an humble shade, My passions tamed, my wishes laid, For while our wishes wildly roll, 'Tis then the busy beat the air, And misers gather wealth and care."

The Stream of Life.

Life flows on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry that are passing before us; we are excited by short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes; the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth, and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is as witness but the Infinite and the Eternal.

SECRETS.—A secret is like silence; you cannot talk about and keep it. It is like money; when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

Poetry.

On this page we shall publish in each number of our paper, original and selected poetry.

"Truth is Mighty and will Prevail."

For the Sword of Truth.

"The Bow Shall be in the Cloud."

Genesis ix. 16.

When sorrow comes apace,
And rends the very vale,
Of peace and joy below,
And makes poor mortals pale;
When troubles rise and shriek aloud,
The bow shall shine upon the cloud.

When friends below are few,
And all looks wild and drear,
Wearing a dismal hue;
O! never, never fear;
But look above the motley crowd,
And see the Bow upon the cloud.

If poverty should come,
And shrivel earthly joy,
And drive thee from thy home,
And earth's endearing toy;
Oh! look from out the gloomy shroud,
And see the Bow upon the cloud.

Should prison walls encage
Thee, O! erring one,
Where not a friendly face
Have you to look upon,
If chains with wrong thy soul hath bow'd,
O look! the Bow is in the cloud.

Amid the darkest night,
Amid the lightning's flash;
When elements do fright,
And nature seems to clash;
Remember who the heavens bowed,
And hung his Bow upon the cloud.

Ye ministers of Christ,
Wherever you may be—
Amid this world of strife,
O may you ever see
That prop of hope and cry aloud,
Behold the Bow upon the cloud.

Yes, ye who ever toil
To see a brighter day,
And have your efforts all
Broken like the spray;
O let your hope be strong endowed
With that bright Bow upon the cloud.

March on in Heaven's strength,
And never cease to work;
And you will see at length,
That doubt should never lurk
Within the soul, where faith is mow'd,
For lo! the Bow is on the cloud.

M. TAYLOR.

Litchfield, July 8, 1863.

For the Sword of Truth.

Address to Connecticut River.

BY HELEN HAZLEWOOD.

Beautiful river! how oft on thy banks,
Have I stood, and gazed into the far blue sky,
And my beating heart swelled with grateful thanks,
To him who gives free what wealth could not buy!
Roll on as before! Thou beautiful river!
Never ceasing to gladden the weary life,

Of the soul on whom earth frowns forever!
Bowed down by its load of care, toil and strife!

Now, smoothly as glass, floats thy placid stream!
Anon, thy blue waves dash on, like a dart!
Fit emblem of the soft radiant gleam,
And the cloud, that alternates in many a heart.

Roll on! noble river! Roll on to the Ocean!
And I, the meanwhile taught by thy might,
Will press through life's ills, to my rest in Heaven!!
Where I'll bathe undisturbed, in an Ocean of
Light!!
Cottage by the Riverside, April 12, 1863.

Selected for the Sword of Truth.

BY MISS C. E. CLARK, PORTLAND, ME.

Oriental Scenes.

Let us look at the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets were laid;
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed,
And Jehovah his wonders displayed.
At the place where the Master and Shepherd once
trod,
Where he labored, and languished, and bled,
Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God,
As he captive, captivity led.

We will look at the place where gospels glad sound,
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
Was re-echoed on earth, through the country around,
In accents of heavenly love.

Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
The new gifts of his grace to reveal,
Where Apostles wrought signs in the Master's name,
The truth of their mission to seal.

At the land—but the heralds of mercy are gone.
At the land where the martyr's once bled;
Where the Beast and false prophet have since trodden
The fair fabric Zion had laid.
Where the churches, once planted, and watered, and
blest,
By the dews which the spirit distilled,
Have been smitten, and spoiled, and by heathen pos-
sessed,
And their places forever defiled.

The Right Kind of Religion.

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the "sinfulness of sin" but on the rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beet-juice from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk-cans.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles—and more barrels of Genessee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good

leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half—nor the cotton thread spool break to the yardstick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye—nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton—nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks worth only five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials—nor smuggle white pine into floors that have been paid for hard pine—nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered—nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint which cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade and who continues to live in luxury as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

The religion that is to save the world, and introduce an age of peace to our suffering earth is not the kind taught by men who say God called and sent them and yet at the first offer leave one place and go to another for a little more wages; or leave preaching and go to Congress the first opportunity that offers.

Gentleness.

Whoever understands his own interest, and is pleased with the beautiful, rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature, to convince us that much of our happiness in life, must depend upon the cultivation of virtue. The man of wild, boisterous spirit, who gives loose reins to his temper, is, generally speaking, a stranger to happiness; he lives in a continual storm; the bitter waters of contention and strife are always swelling up in his soul, destroying his peace, and imparting their baneful influence to all with whom he is connected. He excites the disgust and ill will of those who are acquainted with his character, and but few can be found to wish him success in any of his undertakings. Not so is the influence of gentleness. This virtue will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings; it will often render him successful when nothing else could: it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and will often prevail when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic it is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity or disappointment which may cross their paths; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are enveloped in clouds and darkness, and driven about like maniacs, the sport of their own passions. The most favorable situations in life, the most lovely objects in nature, wealth and all that is calculated to increase the happiness of man, lose their charm upon a heart destitute of this virtue.

MANY, who feel rich when tempted to buy some unnecessary thing to gratify vanity, experience a painful sense of poverty when called upon to give.