

**HERALD**  
**OF THE**  
**KINGDOM AND AGE TO COME.**

*“And in their days, even of those kings, the Eloah of the heavens shall set up A KINGDOM that shall not be abolished FOR AGES, and A DOMINION that shall not be left to another people. It shall grind to powder and bring to an end all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand FOR THE AGES.”—DANIEL.*

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JOHN THOMAS, Editor. West Hoboken, Hudson Co., N.J., SEPTEMBER, 1860  
Volume 10—No. 9

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**Our Recent Tour.**

FOR several months, preceding June 19<sup>th</sup> of the current year, a Macedonian cry reached us from the old Spanish domain, popularly known in our day as Jefferson and Franklin counties in the State of Mississippi. From this region, still inhabited by people who remember the Romish despotism of Governor Gayoso and his priests, a pressing invitation, by letters and telegram, urged us to come over and help them. The following extracts will show that we did not run South before we were called.

An old correspondent and subscriber of many years' standing, under date of Jan. 2, 1860, writes—“This evening there will be a dispatch to you from this place, requesting you to visit us in this "region and shadow of death," inquiring when you can come, and for what you will come, *i.e.*, for how much of the "one thing needful." If you fail to get the dispatch, please answer these questions in writing. Quite a revolution has taken place in the public mind here; and an earnest and sincere desire prevails to know the truth. I had nearly despaired, and was on the eve of departing for New Orleans to attempt to make there an honest support for myself and family, and had actually sold my little farm, and so forth, when unexpectedly, and from a source the least expected, I was solicited to remain, and a generous offer was made of eight hundred dollars, and an attempt to secure me the whole practice of the neighborhood, which has proved successful. I have, therefore, agreed to remain, and do battle against the rulers of the darkness that now pervades the minds of the people. I hope you will come and assist us. The adversary is in arms, and we are few. I have done what I could, and am now in a position which seems to promise more favorable results, and shall renew my exertions upon the fortifications of the enemy with increased vigor.”

On the 3d of January a telegram was sent along the wires, inquiring, “Can you come to this place this spring, and for what amount?” Pressed by these communications, we broke silence, and gave reason to think that we were considering the subject with some favor. Still we did not feel at liberty to speak positively. We might, but had not absolutely determined so to do. Our reply left the matter uncertain. Our inclination was rather not to go, the extreme south, especially so near to New Orleans, (about 120 miles from that city,) having no attractions for us in hot weather, and preferring, if called upon to die before the advent, to die by some other executioner than the plague. This incertitude was not agreeable to our friends, and they again wrote to us in March, saying,

"We are all much disappointed in our expectation of seeing you here this year, from the manner in which we were able to read yours; and aided perhaps in our reading by our ardent desire to see your face, and hear from your own lips the word of truth. We had reported to the brethren that you would certainly come, and that only the time remained to be determined on; but now you say, ' *if* I conclude to come.' Dear brother, *do conclude* to come; if possible. If there be anything necessary on our part to aid you in this conclusion, let us know. If the means in the shape of funds be the desideratum, (for we know that Christianity does not pay travelling expenses in this age,) say what will defray these, and indemnify you for time spent, labor bestowed in our illumination, and so forth, and the amount will be forwarded you at as early a date as possible. Speak freely, and without reserve. We do indeed wish you to come, and do confidently believe that you could do much here to benefit the cause of Christ, more perhaps than in any other part of the country to which you might go. Much curiosity is excited here to hear you. The spirit of inquiry is aroused, and we think it only needs some one who, like yourself, is able to set the truth before the community in a captivating light. My abilities are moderate. I do what I can, and have been battling for the cause here for eight years past; and judging of my success, and the interest that I have been able to elicit, I think that your labors would be crowned with the happiest results.

"We have not met with the least opposition of an open and manly character from any of the preachers of the modern gospels. They only defame, or rather attempt to do so, and though often challenged to come before the people face to face with us, and make good their boasting and wicked charges against our teachings, they have hitherto shown that they believe prudence the better part of valor.

"About this time last year we published, in the paper published in our town, several propositions, which, if true, are entirely subversive of Campbellism. We challenged the champion of their party in this section of the Campbellite vineyard, a Mr. Caskey, to discuss these publicly. This learned blacksmith, though, like Alexander the coppersmith, doing the truth we hold what injury he can, yet, though well skilled in drawing out the ductile iron heated by the wind of his forge, and still more ductile hearts of his brethren, warmed to melting by the alternate contractions and expansions of his own wind apparatus, did not deem the propositions of sufficient importance for his own volcanic majesty to condescend to notice; but contented himself with simply saying, ' It is the most brainless theory I ever met with!' This was his only defence, though I charged him with not preaching the gospel, nor proclaiming the faith. How are the mighty fallen!!! In times gone by the little pullets of this breed were wont to chase the bravest chanticleers of all other flocks.

"We had recently the pleasure of assisting two believers in the pleasant work of putting on Christ. They are both intelligent. The sister was formerly one of Wesley's lambs, and immersed several years ago by a preacher of this very accommodating superstition, which, as a preacher of the order remarked in our hearing, allows of sprinkling, pouring, immersion, or of no water baptism at all, provided the Spirit had baptized them. If it had not so baptized them, they could receive any of the three forms, and wait and pray for this baptism of the Spirit; but if they had been baptized by the Holy Ghost, then it was not essential which of these forms they made choice of, though, in his opinion, the water should be applied to the subject, and not the subject to the water; though it makes no difference. We agree, that one of *his converts* may as well be baptized in one way as another, or in no way at all. In their case it is absolutely ' non-essential.'

"There are some ten or twelve more we are looking for to obey the truth, who with good and honest hearts are admitting its words into their understandings. Indeed, all things conspire to invite you here. The field is ripening, and the laborers are few and feeble. 'I alone!'

"Let us know at the earliest time possible *when* you are coming. Farewell, dear brother. My wife, also a disciple, (not a Campbellite though,) joins me in warmest love to you, and unites with me and the rest of the brethren and friends in our hearty invitation to come among us; and above all in the wish and prayer that when your combat for the good cause may cease, you may reap a rich reward in that kingdom where the wicked can no more afflict, and the weary are at rest."

After receiving the above, we concluded in our own mind to accept the invitation, plague or no plague; but being much engaged, we could not yet say when. The June HERALD was issued without the time being fixed, in consequence whereof another letter, dated June 14th, was dispatched, in which the writer says:

"Your HERALD of this month is now at hand, and we find nothing in it about your intended visit to us. We are indeed most anxiously looking and wishing for a visit from you. The Campellites are now holding a meeting. Their preacher, a Mr. Davis, is doing his utmost to undo what we have done in the way of convincing the brethren of the Campbellite community of the Kingdom of God. He told them the other night that when the Lord came (he did not say for what he was coming), he would say to all who were looking for an earthly kingdom, 'Depart from me!' Oh! how we wished for you to step in just then! The people here have been so much prejudiced against me that nothing I could say would have the same effect as if coming from some one else. You they would hear gladly. The people, somehow or other, are on tip-toe to hear you. Perhaps from curiosity, or some other cause. But it matters not, so that they come to hear the truth, which will be sure to take effect when received into good and honest hearts.

"Why do you not write to us to let us know when you are coming? We will not let you lose anything in the way of the needful by your visit—be sure of that; and we do think that the Master will recompense to you, above our calculation, for all your well-meant attempts to aid your brethren in the work of separating a people for the kingdom of God.

"I expect to go over into Louisiana next week. I baptized a gentleman of intelligence there the other day. He thinks of several that may be influenced to obey the truth. The want of money is no obstacle to its advancement. We think we need not state this fact to you, who have experienced the disadvantages resulting from a want of the stuff. I shall do my best, with the assistance of my newly made brother, (and an ardent one he is, having arrived at home when about three score years, during a greater part of which he has been anxiously seeking for the truth) to convince them, as I have him, of 'the truth as it is in Jesus;' and to inspire them with a desire to share in the glory and honors of the kingdom, on the footstool of God (though Mr. Davis, the Campbellite, characterizes this as a low, grovelling, and sensual idea), and will likewise see what I can do while on this trip for the HERALD, Elpis Israel, and Eureka.

"My wife and her two daughters join me in warmest congratulations and prayers for your welfare, both temporal and everlasting; as also do all the brethren, who now number sixteen. All say 'Come.'"

Following this was one more, in which the writer says, "Impatient with your silence in writing, or telegraphing, in relation to your expected and much-hoped-for visit to our neighborhood, I address you again at the post and telegraph office, where I have just arrived, in the hope of hearing something more definite from you. But all is silent. Do let us hear from you. We are all anxiously waiting your arrival, and confidently expecting much good to result."

Had the yellow fever been in active operation we could scarcely have resisted so importunate an invitation from our friends, whom we like to gratify at all times to the utmost of our ability. We are not, however, equally sanguine of success, which often suggests the inquiry, "What is the use?" Experience has taught us that appearances are deceitful; and that much labor is for the most part expended with imperceptible and almost fruitless results. The plainer the truth is exhibited the less the impression made; for "the simplicity which is in Christ" is distasteful and foolish to the public mind. We thought, however, that possibly our visit to that remote region might be of some use, and would not be entirely thrown away; so, without expecting great things, we brought ourselves at last to say when. We wrote to brethren to say that we would leave New York city between the 18th and 20th of June, and be in Brookhaven as soon after as the iron horse would convey us there; that our expenses to and fro would not be less than one hundred dollars; but that, as we made no contracts preliminary to preaching the Word, we left it to their sense of honor and justice, and to their appreciation of the things taught, to determine how much might be placed to the account of their liberality in the Gospel. We had only one thing to premise, which would cover the whole ground of our operations in all parts and places, and that is, that we were not able to "go to and fro in the earth and to walk up and down in it" as Satan can, at his own expense, and find himself. We have to pay him for locomotion, and all the food and clothing and etceteras of our dependants; for he has temporary possession of all the railroads, lands, and merchandise of our planet; so that if we avail ourselves of them, we must pay him well for them; which, seeing that we do not devote our body, soul, and spirit to moneymaking, and, apart from our calling, have not floating capital enough to meet his demands, which are inevitable and inexorable, we are unable to serve our friends in remote parts of the earth unaided by their pecuniary cooperation. This is a *sine qua non* without which our excursions would soon be effectually stopped; and our labor in the truth "cabined, cribbed, confined" to the narrow sphere of our own immediate locality.

We left the city at 6 P. M. of Tuesday, June 19th, and arrived at Brookhaven on Saturday at 2 A. M. This infant "city" is about 120 miles from New Orleans, and situated in a pine region, the soil and scenery of which has little attraction for the lover of the rich and picturesque. On leaving the cars we proceeded to the "hotel" west of the road, where we did not find our friend in waiting, who happened to be domiciled on the opposite side of the way. In the morning we rose to the unpleasant consciousness that we were not only in a sickly climate, but that we were ourselves sick. On standing erect dark spots floated before our eyes, the light itself waved like radiant caloric from bodies heated by the sun, qualms vibrated between the stomach and the brain, and all appetite for food had sped away to the north, where it obstinately remained till we overtook it in the vicinity of the lake. This augured ill for our visit to the land of yellow fever, and suggested the possibility that though thus far on the way, we might yet have to disappoint the expectations of our friends. We trusted, however, that these bilious indications were only temporary, and that a cooling ablution of the head and a little compulsory eating would set up a healthier action within. The eating had to be very compulsory, for the *materiel a la fourchette*, and the cooking thereof, were very repulsive. Their unsavoriness, however, was a certain guarantee against gross

imposition upon a stomach in a delicate state. A little rice, and a swallow of water bewitched, called "coffee," sufficed to satisfy us, and to create in us a hope of better things to come before set of sun.

On inquiry we found that inquiries had been made for us; but as we had not recorded our name before retiring to rest, we were not known to be in the house. We were told that our friend Dr. E. J. H. White, and another gentleman, bro. Jalone Stampley, "one of the first fruits of" Jefferson, had just left, and had gone up the railroad, whither we followed to search them out. Having walked some distance and not seeing them "ahead," we returned, and in returning met two gentlemen who were in search of us, and we of them. This was a very satisfactory *rencontre* to all concerned, as it relieved us all of the anxieties of the hour. Their patience was almost exhausted, having been waiting for our arrival during three days. Three days in Brookhaven! Only think of it, ye who may have been strangers in that "city!" But if the time was intense tediousness in the day, night brought with it some mitigation of *ennui*. Dr. White had been cannonading the enemy's works on two or three evenings in the Presbyterian temple preparatory to our addressing them in the same. He had given them to expect that we should speak to the citizens there on the evening of our arrival. But his teaching had alarmed their prejudices, and they discovered that orthodoxy and the doctrine he exhibited could not pull together. Apprehensive, therefore, that trouble might arise from any further display of liberality and "charity," they concluded to close the doors of their temple against "doctrine dangerous to Christianity"—i.e. dangerous to the stuff they call Christianity—and in conformity with their resolve, notified him that he could hold forth there no more. This was fatal to our appointment in the Presbyterian sanctum, so that a place had to be sought for elsewhere. This was found in a hall over a billiard saloon, or something of the sort, and notice was circulated that we would speak "at candle-lighting."

Meantime we adjourned to the residence of a friend of Dr. White's, who kindly showed us hospitality for the day. When evening came we directed our course to the hall. This we found in darkness, while the saloon below was boisterous with rowdy mirth, which is typical of the public mind in all like "cities" of the Gentiles. We have an innate and special disgust for all such "localities," and for the things that flourish there: and had we not been desirous to please our brethren and their immediate friends and acquaintances, we should have refused to expose our "pearls" and "holy things" in so unpropitious a vicinity. What is the use, thought we, of wasting our time, and energies of body, soul, and spirit, on such a thoughtless and trifling company? for we had learned that these billiardists would soon transform themselves into an audience for us when the candles should be lighted in the hall! A pleasant prospect, truly, for an expositor of the word! But, perhaps, no worse than "the Jews in Thessalonica," or the pagan rulers before whom Paul preached. But only think, my readers, of the state of mind an audience is in relatively to "*the deep things of God*," the greater part of which rushes from a billiard saloon to hear "a preacher" against whom "pious Christians" had closed the doors and windows of their holy fanes! Such was a constituent of our audience which rushed up to occupy the seats provided, when the tallow-candles began to gutter down and flicker in the breeze, which the heat would not allow the windows to exclude. The company was not exclusively of the sons of noise and liquor: there were sons and daughters of other watchers of the night, whose orgies are celebrated after a more pious fashion. We spoke to them about Paul as a teacher of the Gentiles, and of the peculiar doctrine he taught; but, though they sat quietly and decorously on their seats, and looked steadily at us, we felt as though we were charming the deaf adder, or speaking mysteries to a deaf man. Reader, did you ever "speak into the air?" Paul defines this to consist in uttering by the tongue words not easy to be understood by the audience, so that it does not know what is spoken. We felt, all

the time we were speaking, that we were doing this; and that, consequently, we were in their eyes as a barbarian. 1 Cor. xiv. 9-11. Not that we did not speak English, and that in the most familiar Anglo-Saxon we could bring upon our tongue; but we aimed also to "speak as the oracles of God;" we aimed to "speak the things that are freely promised of God in the words which the Holy Spirit teacheth"—to do this in "form of sound words used by Paul:" nevertheless we felt that there was no response to the ideas in the brains upon whose ears the words of the Spirit fell; that they were like red-hot shot upon bags of wind, sand, or cotton—bounding off, or causing collapse, but making no permanent impression, or abiding lodgement in their minds.

About 10 P. M., we concluded the unsatisfactory business of the hour, and set about evacuating the "city" with all due energy and dispatch. This was effected in about half an hour. We travelled all night, that we might spare the horses and ourselves the inconvenience of the excessive heat, which this season was unusually oppressive even to those who were "to the manner born." Bro. Stampley had lost one of his horses in coming to Brookhaven, which made it still more desirable that all risk possible should be avoided of losing another, especially as one of those we now had was hired. But though we travelled all night we did not wholly avoid the heat which is not so easily evaded in a journey of fifty miles after the old fashion of locomotion. When the sun rose it became very oppressive, and we were not slow to seek refreshment at the first "house of entertainment" on the way. It was not only the first, but also the last, and unquestionably the worst, that can be started in the trade. Instead of a house of entertainment, it was a house of mortification, especially to a delicate stomach which needed to be appetized by condiments, and enticed by the blandishments of unexceptionable cookery. The coolness of the night had revived our inclinations for food slightly; and we were pleased to hear it announced that breakfast was ready. But, oh! that breakfast! The very aspect of it deprived us of a desire to eat! Still we had to try, for the sake of avoiding offence; so we sat down, and prepared to "go through the motions!" The bread was half-baked dough, called "biscuit!" and the "coffee" and "tea," mere water bewitched! In a dirty dish, at one end of the table, was a fry of bilious-looking fat swimming, in liquid grease, and called "bacon;" while at the other end was a dish of hard, and evidently oft-fried, slices of the knuckle-end of an old salt, called "ham!" We found the former too rancid for our taste, and the latter too hard for our teeth; and both too vile in their appearance and cookery to enter into our mouth. We espied something, however, that we thought might be eatable. We asked our friend, the doctor, if that was cream-cheese? "No," said he, "it is butter." We had never seen butter made in June of such snowy whiteness, which had caused us to mistake it for cream-cheese. We took some, and spread it on the warm dough, a small piece of which we put into our mouth unmixed with that cautiousness which its tabular relations ought to have induced. The taste was most distasteful, and like to a mixture of tallow and lard. We could encounter no more; and our hope of breakfast was abandoned in despair. Dough, fat, chips, and tallow were beyond the comprehension of our gastric faculties; a ray of hope, however, shot out, on bro. White asking for a glass of milk. That, said we, is both meat and drink, so we asked for a glass likewise. But we were a moment "too late," a tardiness which in our time has lost kingdoms as well as milk. They had only one glass, which the doctor would have surrendered, but we positively refused. "What sort of butter," we inquired, after departing from this entertainment, "do you call that, doctor?" "Cotton-seed butter; the long drought has dried up all the grass, leaving only bushes and bitter weeds; so they feed their cows on cotton-seed to keep them alive; and it is that which imparts the taste to the butter of which you complain."

About noon, on Sunday, we arrived at our destination, with no further let or hindrance than we have detailed. It was soon circulated in the neighborhood that we were at the house of

bro. Jalone Stampley, where any persons, friends or brethren, wishing to see and converse with us would be courteously and kindly received. This invitation had the effect of bringing many together, from whom emanated questions of divers sorts, which kept us in talk continually. While this was in progress bills were in circulation notifying the public that we should speak at certain times in Fayette (some 22 miles from Natchez) and at the school-house of Mr. Guice, in Franklin county. At Fayette, the place of meeting was at the Campbellite-house, which had recently been resounding with no very complimentary epithets upon the doctrine we have the honor and privilege to maintain in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. We were requested to consider ourselves at perfect liberty in our use of the house; which we always do, as we only accept the use of sectarian houses with the understanding implied if not expressed, that for the time being such house is placed at our disposal to state what we believe is the truth, though said statement may be subversive of all the creeds of Christendom, as from the very nature of the truth, it is sure to be.

Frailty in Fayette! thy name is Campbellism! This system was once flourishing there, and in its prosperity purchased for itself a lot, and built thereon a house of brick for its glory. The truth, however, has given it a shaking, for its worthiest members have left, and are leaving it. There is but one alternative for its adherents—either to lose themselves among the populars, or to come out from Campbellism and obey the truth, which they may have come to believe since they were *presumptuously* dipped for the remission of sins.

An effort was recently made to rekindle the dying embers of its altar fires, and not without an inkling of success. Though the parties fished for were not enclosed in the Campbellite gospel-net, a little minnow was bagged in the form of what is commonly styled in those parts "a little nigger." The Reverend Mister Davies, "evangelist" at a certain per annum for some sort of a circuit drew forth from the crowd, electrified by his eloquent reprobation of the "earthly kingdom," a little black boy, about seven or eight years old. He "came forward to confess," upon which, as we were informed, the following colloquy ensued:

*Preacher.* Well, my boy, what do you want?

*Boy.* To be a good boy, sir.

*Preacher.* How old are you?

*Boy.* Don't know, sir.

*Preacher.* You want to be a good boy?

*Boy.* Yes, sir.

*Preacher.* Thank the Lord; that is as good a confession as I want. I've no doubt sister—to whom the boy belongs) has taught him all that is necessary; and if I get to heaven I expect to meet him there!

The above may be taken as an illustration of the depths to which the pretensions of the defiant Campbellism of former years have fallen in 1860. The denunciations of such a "preacher" are unworthy of the least respect or regard except for the sake of those who might be deceived by the wool upon his paw. For the sake of these, bro. White, who listened to his foolishness among others, wrote to him a letter, of which the following is a copy:

"SIR: —Myself and several brethren of the church of Christ to which we belong have attended your meeting the past three nights, and have heard you denounce the idea of "an earthly kingdom in Palestine with Christ ruling there in person on the throne of David, as a narrow-minded idea." These brethren request me to state to you their wish, and that of other brethren and numerous friends, that you meet us at any time and place it may suit your

convenience, (they would prefer that the time be as early as possible,) to discuss this affirmative proposition with us before the people. They think it antichristian, ungentlemanly, and antidemocratic to deny the opinions of opponents, denounce them, and not afford them the chance of defence before the people where the denunciation is made.

"E. J. H. WHITE."

We believe that this note met not with the response desired. The meetings closed, and the preacher departed, and so the matter ended.

During our sojourn we addressed the people some fourteen times in Fayette, at the school-house, at the Wild Woods Springs, the property of Mr. O. S. Miles, on the fourth of July, and elsewhere. In the course of these meetings we spoke to them about thirty hours on the things of the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, besides much conversation from house to house. The immediate result was the spontaneous application of three for immersion, who had been for some time previous to our visit reading the scriptures and studying them by the assistance they were able to derive from our writings, and conversation with Bro. White. Two of them were ladies of good standing in society, and the third a gentleman known favorably to many. One of the sisters had been a Campbellite; the other, free and independent of the enslaving and darkening mesmerism of all the sects by which mankind are hoodwinked and befooled. Others there are who are deeply interested in the truth, and will, we think, not be long ere they call on Brother White to assist them in the obedience of faith. We were much pleased with the brethren and friends whose acquaintance we had now made for the first time. We like them much better than we do the country in which they live. We wish they had a region as beautiful as that in which we dwell, without our excessive cold in winter, and then their neighborhood would be pleasant indeed. But in this world of evil we cannot have all we wish, nor, indeed, would it be good for us, for had we, we should love it too well for our future good.

On July 4th we visited a singular spring on the plantation of Mr. Miles. It is excessively bold, throwing up large quantities of exceedingly fine sand. The bottom of the spring has not been reached with a pole measuring twenty feet. The opening is about six feet in diameter, and tapering downwards like a funnel. Over this is a body of water about two feet deep, which is enclosed for bathing. But that which makes the well most remarkable is, that on plunging into this unfathomed abyss one cannot sink. We know this to be true, for we plunged into it and were buoyed up by the water like cork. It is the coolest water we found in Mississippi, and not very cold at that. But, though a man cannot sink in it, other things of less bulk and greater specific gravity can. We were told that an unphilosophical gentleman proved this to the thorough conviction of all observers by casting in his gold watch, which went down, but has not returned to this day! Another experimentalist, we heard, suffered himself to be thrust down with a pole fifteen feet; and that when disengaged he was boiled up to the surface with the sand.

In our Fourth of July address at this place, where a goodly number had assembled to hear, we endeavored to show them from the scriptures the real nature of our "model republic"—that it was a political embodiment of the principles of the witnesses resurrected from their "three days and a half" torpor in 1789; that it was essentially antagonistic to the Powers of the Old World; that it was only a temporary and provisional expedient; that its days were numbered; that it was probable that the people would lose their sovereignty within two more presidential terms; when presidents and governors would be abolished, and the States converted into kingdoms by and for the saints, the captains and leaders of the hosts of Israel.

This was not very flattering to national vanity; but it was a doctrine that no ecclesiastic or politician was able to confound.

Having faithfully performed the labor to which we were invited, at the end of two weeks we bade our friends adieu, and departed in company with our excellent brother, S. B. Stampley, for Rodney on the Mississippi. Here we overtook some friends who had heard us on our last day, whom we accompanied across the river to their residence, called "Hanging Moss," in allusion to the moss suspended in festoons from nearly all the trees of the forest. We were very politely and hospitably entertained by Mr. Brown and his lady until the next day, when he kindly forwarded us to St. Joseph's, the landing in Louisiana where we had to embark for Vicksburg.

While detained at St. Joseph's waiting for the steamer, we were very pleasantly accommodated at the office of Mr. Julius Aroni, an agreeable and educated gentleman who practises law in that parish. He had been educated in Germany, where he had imbibed the principles peculiar to many of the universities of that metaphysical and bewildered country. Having invited us to give him an outline of what we understood to be the system of truth taught in the Bible, he heard us very patiently and with all attention. He said he wished he could believe it; but how could he? for in respect of miracles he was a disciple of Hume; and did not believe in the writings of Moses. "If ye believe not Moses' writings," said Jesus, "how can ye believe my words; for Moses wrote concerning me?" We wish Mr. Aroni could come to an understanding and conviction of the truth, for he has a good organization, is too conscientious to be a hypocrite, and would make, no doubt, a useful and efficient advocate of it in the region round about. But if a man have no faith in the scriptures, he is *ipso facto* excluded from the possibility of faith in "the gospel of God." He must be convinced that the scriptures of Moses and the prophets are the oracles of God; but how to do this so as to silence all the cavils of the fleshly mind is not easy to devise. We know of but one way of accomplishing it, and that is, *study the writings themselves until the system they teach is thoroughly understood*. When this knowledge is acquired, we are satisfied that the mind that is able to attain to it, if honest and good, will be convinced that no other than the Spirit of God could have devised it; and that consequently the book containing it must be true.

At 4 P. M., the boat arrived from New Orleans, and the time, consequently, for us to separate from our friends. We were soon on board and steaming up the Mississippi for Vicksburg, about seventy-five miles from St. Joseph's. We arrived there next morning in good time for the train to Jackson, Mississippi, where we found ourselves at 10 A. M. Here we were detained for seven tedious hours in a wilderness of a hotel, devoid of all interest to the traveller who has no taste for warm cistern water in a melting atmosphere, nor for gambling in liquor saloons. To us life is absolute weariness except when we are in talk upon "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" with interested persons; or quill-driving upon the same subject for the illumination of contemporaries capable of appreciating what they read. The rest of life is but a journey through a cheerless and barren wilderness, amid wild and hideous and dangerous beasts of prey; so that the heart of the believer yearns for the oasis looming in the desert upon the horizon of his faith. There he expects refreshment in the rest that remains for the people of God, surrounded by immortals of whom, in their previous flesh-and-blood existence, this vain, treacherous, ungrateful, and foolish world was not worthy. Theirs will be "society" truly "good"—intelligent, virtuous, glorious, divine—society in which God will be supreme; and wisdom and knowledge will exclude ignorance, superstition, and all their practical consequences.

We left this exceedingly dull city at 4 P. M., by the Central Mississippi R. R., with a through ticket to Cairo, *via* the Mobile and Ohio road, which terminates at Columbus, Kentucky, whence passengers are conveyed by steamer on the Mississippi for twenty miles to Cairo, Illinois. From this place we made a detour by Odin on the Central Illinois, and Vincennes on the Ohio and Mississippi, to Evansville on the Ohio river, which brought us within twelve miles of Henderson City, Kentucky, within seven miles of which were our next appointments. These we reached in due time; and had the pleasure of once more meeting the brethren, and inquiring of them face to face concerning their progress and stability in the faith. We were glad to find that they still held their own, and had increased in knowledge and faith, and consequently in the favor of God (2 Pet. i. 2-4) since we had the pleasure of seeing them in the flesh a year ago. We found no foolish crotchets among them by which in other places the brains of many well-meaning people are addled and softened almost to the disorganization of their mentality in the faith. They rejoice in "THE SIMPLICITY THAT IS IN THE CHRIST"—2 Cor. xi. 3; uncompounded with porkism, vegetarianism, antitobaccoism, unleavened-breadism, decoction-of-raisinism, phrenoscicism, abolitionism, teetotalism, and a multitude of other foolishisms poured out from the teeming brains of the fanatical and hypocritical infidels of northerndom. Where these follies get possession of the brain, they become so many demons by which it is demonized to the weakening of the influence, or to the exclusion, of the truth. Our experience is, that where these crotchets reign in men or communities, their scriptural intelligence and morality are impaired, the little vitality they possess is exhausted upon those humanisms, or elements of the wisdom that descendeth not from above," (see James iii. 15,) and the word becomes a mere article of convenience or merchandise in their hands to the manifest injury of the truth. Their minds are befogged by these "thinkings of the flesh," which become a mist which distorts the gospel of the kingdom from its scriptural and just proportions. Their crotchets become a standard of morals which God hath not established; but which, worse still, are positively opposed to and subversive of the principles of rectitude he hath ordained. We rejoice that the brethren in Henderson are uncontaminated by these vagaries of the flesh. The simplicity which is in the Christ knows nothing of them; and we hope that the real believers of the gospel of the kingdom everywhere will stamp them with reprobation, and afford no facilities for their circulation through the land; for wherever they prevail, truth, righteousness, and morality are impaired, and souls frittered into shreds and patches are developed—tatterdemalion souls, from all of which put together a whole-souled believer in the uncorrupted truth could not be found: instead of being "living souls" or *bodies of life*, in Christ, they are the puling imbecilities of the flesh. We know what we affirm; and were we to state all we know, it would overwhelm the zealots in crotchetry in the anathema maranathas of all good men and true. But for the present we refrain in hope that repentance unto righteousness, and zealousness for the truth without compromise with errorists for temporal advantage, may prevail. The brethren with whom we have conversed will understand our allusion here. *Verbum sapienti sat est.*

We spoke daily in Henderson county for eight days to audiences of somewhat larger dimensions than usual. Two individuals, who, we believe, had both in former years been Campbellites when Scotto-Campbellism was rampant in these parts, made application to be assisted in rendering obedience to the faith. We are not quite certain of both of them; but we are sure that one was. Be this, however, as it may, they are Campbellites no longer, having put off that old man for Christ. The brethren in Henderson now number seventeen, quite a large number for that county if all shall be so happy as to be hereafter accounted worthy of the kingdom. The individual preservation of the brethren's faith there does not depend upon being numbered with a crowd. They rejoice in every addition to the body; but they are not anxious for numbers for the sake of a crowd. They know that crowds cannot be gathered in from the

generation extant at the Lord's apocalypse; but only the few that remain of the people of the name yet to be separated for him. Their anxiety is for the quality, not the quantity, of proselytes; knowing that a multitude has ever been more plague than profit to themselves or the truth. Still they are not apathetic nor niggardly, not knowing but the last of the saints may have to be separated from their midst or by their cooperation elsewhere. All who have been benefited by our labors are greatly indebted to them for their contribution in the gospel—fruit which, we doubt not, will abound to their account—Phil. iv. 17. Though few, they are strong in the Lord; and-being intelligent in the word, and of good moral conduct, which cannot be gainsayed, they are the most enlightened and best people of Kentucky; and put to shame the zealots who strain at evils they cannot profit by, and swallow whole herds of sins as sweet morsels, they have a mind to! Out upon such hypocrisy!

Our work in Henderson being finished for the present, we left for Ogle county, Illinois. We had been urged for some months past to visit this and other parts of the state, but had not been able to form a resolution so to do. Time being short, and, in the same ratio, precious, we had to defer certain localities to a more convenient season. We had been in Ogle some eighteen years ago while in Scotto-Campbellism, on which occasion we formed the acquaintance of certain friends who were an emigration from Washington county, Maryland. As the result of this, they became readers of our writings, which have exorcised them of the vain traditions of Scott and Campbell, and made them intelligent, but not yet obedient to the truth. If asked in what locality of Illinois the gospel of the Kingdom is believed most earnestly in its simplicity and unsympathetic affinity with the errorisms of the day, we should direct attention to the family circle of our friend S. W. Coffman. Some of them have obeyed the truth without admixture with the adventistic speculations of friend Marsh and his coadjutors, who think to tinker up their old Christian and Millerite immersions by a superficial post-immersional assent to truth. Northern Illinois is infested with "kingdom-believers" of this unscriptural type, who are totally unable to explain what Jesus meant when he said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be brought forth out of (*or born of, C. V.*) water and spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Some have the supreme folly to maintain with great pertinacity, that to be born of water here is to be born of one's fleshly mother! As if Jesus were telling Nicodemus of "earthly things," or things physiological and obstetric!

Friends to the truth without compromise, then, there are a few in this region. One of them named Abraham Coffman, we assisted to put on Christ. This was the sixth since we left home; all of whom had been studying the word, and as the consequence demanded baptism at our hands. We value these six more than a hundred thousand millions of the so-called "Christians" of the day. It is only such we like to baptize; and therefore our efforts are confined to enlightening people in the truth, and do not extend to pushing them into the water. When a person is scripturally illuminated, there need be no pressure exerted to impel them to baptism. They all know their privilege and duty, and as honest men will demand and urge it in their own behalf. Such converts you will always know where to find; but those who are developed under hydraulic pressure are as uncertain as the wind.

We resided several days with our friend, S. W. Coffman, who procured us a hearing in the Methodist "Church" at Adaline. The house was about full, and we were listened to with great attention for some four hours, not all at one sitting, but divided into two. It is thought that a decided and permanent impression was made upon the minds of many; but who can tell? We rather anticipated the reverse; for the truth has not much power upon the human mind, distracted with its political and social interests and questions. Our friend took us to the abodes of some of his neighbors, and prompted them to make all useful inquiries in regard to

the truth; besides which he invited them to his own house for the same purpose. In this way we instructed many, in the hope of benefiting some. Some of these friends must assuredly be in earnest, for they would not otherwise have been so "ready to communicate." Of these we may mention S. W. Coffman, Joseph Newcomer, J. Ettinger, who know the truth; and if they would obey it with a right good will, would, in so doing, exercise a very beneficial influence in its behalf.

From Ogle county, Illinois, we journeyed to Kenosha county, Wisconsin, somewhat over a hundred miles from Adaline. We were met at Burlington, on the Racine and Mississippi railroad, by brother J. D. Benedict, formerly, with his intelligent sister-wife, a Scotto-Campbellite, but now both of them, with their aged mother, rejoicing in the truth. Through his activity and influence a considerable congregation was convened at a district school-house; and many came to this house, some to gratify their curiosity, some to learn, and others to understand. We talked much in exposition of the word, and were pleased to know that many desired to hear more. People of all sorts are encountered in this way—silly men and "silly women laden with sins, and led captive of those who creep into houses"—that is, of the clergy, by whom they are bewitched. The silly women in Paul's day "were ever learning," but in ours they never learn at all, nor seek to know anything but that which ministers to the flesh in its divers lusts and perversities. Though "never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," as Paul says, they are ever ready to expectorate their malevolence, and to give their opinion in matters they do not understand. With all the presumption in the world they will undertake to declare what is a "Christian spirit," and to judge them who are themselves judged by no natural man, male or female. —1st Cor. ii. 15. We have met with such in our travels; and our experience of them is in exact coincidence with Paul's, with whom we conclude that their folly will be manifest to all, as those who have turned aside to Satan to do his will. Of this class of evil spirits, Paul says, "If any brother have a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away \* \* \* for the unbelieving wife is sanctified by her husband. But *if the unbelieving depart* let him depart. A brother or a sister is not under bondage to such." "Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife. But, and if thou marry, thou hast not sinned"—1st Cor. vii. 12, 14, 27, 28. This, of course, is for brethren in Christ—not outsiders; for, says Paul, what have I to do to judge them that are without? Still, on the principle of being "subject to the ordinances of men for the Lord's sake," it would be necessary for such not to marry a second contemporary wife without a legal divorce.

So much for "silly women;" the time was fast approaching when we should be denounced by silly men. Having finished for the present in brother Benedict's neighborhood, we hastened on to our last appointment in Toronto, C. W. We arrived August 9th, and, according to our usual custom, put up with our intelligent and excellent friend, brother Coombe. We found him the same as we have known him for years, "rooted and grounded in the faith, and not removed from the hope of the gospel;" besides which, as far as we could hear, he is of good report of them that are without, which cannot be said of "others some," who pretend to know the truth.

We are particular to make this statement concerning brother Coombe, because certain who are first in their own cause, have sought, and to a small extent have succeeded, in making a contrary impression. To use the words of an esteemed and entirely reliable correspondent in New York, who was a witness of the gross and vulgar abuse poured out most foully against him and others, but marvellously endured with exemplary patience, "Dear brethren Coombe and Shapter have been fearfully abused for months past, by J.W." They have endured it, as they only can endure who desire not to wound the truth in the house of its friends, and to put

it to open shame before the world. We have searched into the matter impartially, and have no hesitation in refusing to stand before the public in Toronto with the denunciators of the brethren who constitute the church, meeting temporarily and alternately in the houses of brethren Coombe and Shapter. We know that this exposition will expose us to abuse equally with them, and with the loss of some few subscribers to the Herald. But we care not for this. We can afford to suffer the loss of all Canadian patronage, knowing that the loss will fall heaviest on those who deprive themselves of the instruction they cannot obtain elsewhere. Existing Canadian patronage, if entirely withdrawn, can in nowise affect the prosperity of the Herald; and as for the bluster of the rude and vulgar, whose mildest epithets would disgrace the "back slums" of St. Giles, or the cellars of the "Five Points," we hold it all in the deepest loathing, and most sovereign and withering contempt. We will have no fellowship with men "who hold the truth in unrighteousness;" and they are guilty of this who "preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, but of envy and strife;" and who do not live as citizens worthily of the gospel of Christ.

In view of these premises, we concluded to resume our labors in Toronto where we had left off some two or more years ago. We had then spoken to the public in the Temperance Hall and Mechanics' Institute, and we determined to invite Her Majesty's lieges to meet us there again. The Temperance Hall was hired for Sunday and for Monday evening but not pre-paid for. An advertisement was put in *The Globe*, and placards posted about the city. But on the same evening "the wise men of Gotham" who constituted the committee of management, vetoed the appointment. They had resolved that the Hall should not be rented to "minstrels and infidels." Not being able to convict us of minstrelsy, they rated us "infidels;" and repudiated the act of their representative as a violation of their rules! Silly fellows!

Not having pre-paid, we were in no position to help ourselves. The doors of this building being closed against us, we had to fall back upon the less eligible, though sufficiently ample, Mechanics' Institute. It was Saturday morning, so that there was but little time to deliver ourselves from the embarrassment. Advertisements were put into the two evening papers, and some of the placards altered. This, and the placing of sentinels at the Temperance Hall on Sunday morning to direct all comers to the Institute, obtained for us an audience three times on Sunday which nearly filled the lecture-room on each occasion.

But this was not all the effort that was made to keep the people from hearing the truth at our mouth. The poor temperance committee men sinned in their ignorance, thinking all the time that they were doing the god they worship good service. Such poor creatures were greatly to be commiserated, for they knew not what they did. Not so, however, with the other ministers of Satan who present themselves before the public as the zealous advocates, even "at the risk of their lives," as they pretend of the gospel of the kingdom!

The case is this. A worthy and excellent brother in the faith, and of good standing as a British subject, bearing the Queen's commission as a magistrate in Owen Sound—this brother, by name John Blyth, on the previous Friday met a certain man on the street who has made himself notorious in divers ways and parts of the province by his combats, (and, as he says of himself, he is "large in combativeness," and, it might also be added, in self-esteem, and low in the nobler faculties of the brain,) in which he unnecessarily arouses the prejudices and wrath of the baser sort against himself, to the risk of his bones and to some who patronise him. This man, named J. Williams, not very long since a self-importation from Plymouth, England, where he left behind him, as has been recently proved by testimony we know personally to be reliable, an odor of no very savory perfume— this same individual it was that bro. Blyth

encountered on the street. He soon fell foul of Dr. Thomas, because he had domiciled himself with Mr. Coombe, to whom he has the most malignant dislike, although under obligation to him for the most disinterested kindness. He was frenzied against us because we did not come to him, and had not applied to him for the use of what he styles "his pulpit!" which, under the circumstances by which he has surrounded himself in his waywardness and moral laxity, would be utterly impossible. We have no use for pulpits desecrated by the trashy conceits which we heard customarily emanated from his, in combination with talk about the kingdom. We prefer to stand alone before the public, unencumbered by any delinquencies other than our own. The world cannot justly charge us (nor the brethren either) with being "an arrogant, contentious man; a liar, and a vile person," unable to prove by our conduct wherever we are known, that we are the reverse. Our character is loyal and true to the truth before God and the brethren, none of whom can charge us with drunkenness, or with being "disguised in liquor;" none of them are afraid to trust their wives and daughters in our company alone; nor do our speech and manner excite in well-regulated minds imbued with the spirit of the truth, unmitigated disgust and loathing when speaking of our bitterest opponents. We do not arrogate to ourselves the Spiritual Fatherhood of the believers of the gospel of the kingdom; though this generation would thus far have been ignorant of it, but for our oral and literary labors of the past twenty-five years. We do not claim in word or effect to be their pope or father; and that, therefore, we only and officially have a right to appoint whom we please as their elders and deacons. We do not even assume this in New York city, much less in remoter parts, and universally. We do not indulge in fits of fury, and vulgar, low-life abuse; nor do we consult God by lot as to what text we shall discuss before the people. We do none of these abominations, nor will we identify ourselves with any man, or "his pulpit," who does. This was our reason for resuming our labors where we left off in Toronto; and for not condescending to appear where some desired, not for any love or respect for us, but for the promotion of their own unhallowed and selfish schemes.

Bro. Blyth was astonished at the frenzy of the man against us, seeing that he had been boasting, when at Owen Sound, how well he had been received by us when recently at New York. "How is this?" said he; "did not Dr. Thomas treat you well in New York?" "Yes, in part." "Oh, no!" said Mr. Blyth, "there was no 'in part' about it; it was altogether well, according to your account at Owen Sound." But it mattered not; well or ill, he declared that he intended to oppose us! Opposition to friends and foes is his element; and to the former most malignantly, if he *suspects* that they may be in the way of his arrogance. Bro. Blyth pressed him to say on what ground he intended to oppose; but this he would not reveal: so we had to wait until time should manifest it in its own course. And this it was not slow to do. For on Sunday morning, when bro. Coombe went to the Temperance Hall to see if any sentinel was there to tell the people where to go to hear us, he found the plank footway, or sidewalk, chalked with large letters, warning the people not to go and hear this Dr. Thomas, who was a *slave-owner*. But, besides this, there were posted on a tree and lamp-post hard by, two notices advertising passengers not to hear us, because we were a *slave-driver*. But the advertiser had learned, with others of the public, that the meeting-place was changed to the Mechanics' Institute; so regarding his work but half done, he went there, and chalked the side-walk with the words, "This Dr. Thomas is a slaveholder—don't go and hear him." Of course this was a wanton and gratuitous falsehood; but marvellously illustrative of the untruthfulness of the writer and the man that put him to work. We neither own, hold, nor drive slaves, black, white, or grey; and this is well known to the proprietor of the pulpit we avoided, and the misguided people whom he deceives. At the same time, we are not an abolitionist, whose political fanaticism and gnat-straining hypocrisy, which are all based upon the infidel speculations of the fleshly mind, we utterly despise. This same zealot, who sought to close the ears of the

people of Toronto against us by raising the anti-slavery hue and cry, is in the very same condemnation. His argument is, that in fellowshipping slave owners, and those who fellowship them, the parties so fellowshipping them are partakers with them of their evil deeds; and are, therefore, as much slave-owners and slaveholders as if they actually held and drove them. The argument is specious, but not sound; take it, however, as you will, it convicts the advertiser and those who rejoice in him, of hypocrisy, as well as what they call crime." This man, who inspired the advertisement, when at our house in Mott Haven, N. Y., denounced all slave-owners as "thieves and robbers." On this we sternly rebuked him, telling him that they were no more "thieves and robbers" than he (we might have added, perhaps, less so); but many of them, to our personal knowledge, the salt of the earth, who could no more help being the owners of slaves than northern heritors being the owners of the estates to which they were born. Finding that we did not fall in with his denunciations, he lowered his tone upon this point, and in a subdued voice said, "Then you will admit that it was very injudicious for Whitehead to introduce the subject in the present state of excitement"—an excitement, by-the-by, that did not exist in Toronto beyond the narrow limits of his own turbulence and arrogance. Now this man and his companion, though both informed of our views and practice, partook with us in the breaking of bread at the same table (from which *then* the testimony before us did not warrant his rejection) on the Sunday following. Thus, if his argument be worth any thing, he convicts himself, and all that fellowship him, of slave-owning, holding, and driving, as well as us.

The opposition, however, thus manifested failed in its purpose of closing the ears of the public against us; while it developed the important truth, that "the love of the truth" has no place in the heart of the opposition. A man that must believe that we preach the truth, or in denying it, convict himself of error, seeing that he has plagiarized it with manifest desire to conceal the fact, from our writings; such a man, that knows the people would hear the truth in hearing us, and yet warns them not to come, really and truly because we did not honor him before the public, (not that he cares about "the poor slave," or specially about the two or three colored brethren deceived by him)—such a man as this does not hold the truth in the love of it. Paul would not have acted thus. So far as our denouncer may publish the truth to the Canadians (though to what extent he does so, we cannot say, having never heard him,) we rejoice, even though he may "preach it of envy and strife," and for the promotion of his own selfishness. We regard him of the class referred to by Paul, of whom he saith, "Some preach Christ of envy and strife; and some also of goodwill: the one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds; but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defence of the gospel. What then? Notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached, I therein rejoice, yea, I will rejoice."—Phil. i. 15. In this we coincide with Paul; but will no more allow that such preachers shall neutralize the preaching by their evil works unrebuked, than Paul would wink at the waywardness of the coppersmith and his clique.

Our audiences at the Institute were exceedingly decorous and attentive. Though numerous, they were entirely free from the turbulence usually excited by our denouncer in that city. The truth was faithfully laid before them, but without irritation. One, a young student of divinity, of some precocious indications, asked if he might put a question? Of course, we consented. We replied to it. But he rose again, and wanted to give *his opinion*; which, however, the audience having no respect for, refused to remain to hear him. In the evening he tried it again, but with no better success; so there the matter ended.

After the work of the day was over, the brethren and sisters met at bro. Coombe's for the breaking of the loaf, and prayer; which being duly observed, the congregation dismissed about 10 P. M.

On the following day we remained in the city, subject to any calls that might be made upon us, intending to depart on the morrow, Tuesday, August 14th, for our own residence in New Jersey, where we are now concluding this account of our two months' absence from home. The day before we left, we were walking with brethren Coombe, Blyth, and Churchill towards Osgood Hall. The last was with us behind, which, being observed, induced a colored man to join us, who respectfully inquired of bro. Churchill if that were Dr. Thomas? He said it was; upon which he addressed himself to us, and apologetically inquired if he might ask us a question or two. He then said, "Do you, Dr. Thomas, baptize slave-owners, and fellowship them?" We replied in a firm, but courteous tone of voice, "Yes, we do both." "Oh!" he exclaimed; and before another word could be added, he was off, and speedily lost to view.

And why should not a slave-owner be baptized? There is no man on earth who can show a scriptural reason why he should not; and no man intelligent in the gospel would attempt to show it. Nor is there any reason why, when baptized, he should send his slaves adrift any more than his wife and children. If called being a master, let him remain a master; and treat his slaves and children like a Christian master and father. By his baptism, his slaves and all he possesses have become Christ's, and he is only Christ's steward and overseer. Christ Jesus is the slave-owner, and he has nowhere ordered his stewards to set them free. Slaves are either black or white; nay, they are of all colors and shades. All except Christ's freemen, are the slaves of sin and Satan; and we repeat, he has nowhere commanded his freemen and stewards to set the slaves of sin and Satan at liberty if they happen to possess them. Nay, the Spirit that anointed Jesus declares that Satan's subjects, without qualification of color, shall be sold to the Jews, and by these sold again to the Sabeans in the crisis that is fast approaching. "Because ye, Gentiles, have taken my silver and gold. . . . the children also of Judah and the children of Jerusalem have ye sold to the Grecians, that ye might remove them far from their border: behold, *I will sell* your sons and your daughters into the hand of the children of Judah, and *they shall sell them* to the Sabeans, to a people far off; for Jehovah hath spoken it."—Joel iii. 5-8. Here are God and the Jews trading in slaves, taken from Satan. We would like to see fanaticism harmonize this with its infidel abolitionism! We quoted this testimony when in Mississippi, very much to the dissatisfaction of a slaveholding Scotto-Campbellite there. He did not like the prospect of such a slave trade as this, in which possibly himself (for he cordially despises the Jews) and children may find themselves far off in bondage among the Sabeans! We are told that this gentleman (who is a friend of ours, nevertheless) was pleased to say, that "The more he heard Dr. Thomas expound the Scriptures, the less respect he had for them!" True, doubtless; for the disobedient, whether abolitionists or slave-owners, exceedingly dislike that which convicts them of ignorance and sin.

Finally, then, let abolitionist and slave-owner, bond and free, all slaves to the god of the world, hear what Paul says to those of them who accept the gospel call: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a slave—*δουλος*? Care not for it: but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather. For he that in the Lord is called, being a slave, is a freed man of the Lord: likewise, he that is called, being free, is a slave of Christ. Ye are bought (both bond and free) with a price. Be not ye slaves of men, "in bondage to their traditions." "Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God"—1 Cor. vii. 20: and leave the outsiders and carnally-minded theorists of the world, to battle out their controversies among themselves. The man in Christ has no sympathy with the crotchets and

fallacies which agitate and perplex the man in Satan. Leave Satan to complicate his own affairs, which cannot be improved, and are only defiling to those believers who mix themselves up with them. Satan will rule till the Lord come, and then, but not till then, he will be bound, and vanish from the scene.

The agitation of slavery in Toronto, at this time, is a mere *ruse* to divert public attention from the obliquities of those whose behavior puts the truth to open shame before the world. Let no real friend of the truth be deceived by any such manoeuvre.

August 19, 1860.

*Addendum.* —We forgot to say, that the congregation of the faithful in Jefferson, Mississippi, now numbers twenty; of whom one is a slave belonging to sister Maghee, who can read, and is quite intelligent in the gospel, and is highly esteemed by the whites who know her; and being Christ's freed woman, she is quite contented in the calling in which she was called; and much happier than the white slaves around her, who love and hug the chains of slavery which bind them to the chariot wheels of their hard taskmaster, the Devil.—  
EDITOR.

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[From the *Toronto Colonist*.]

### **Preaching Christ of Contention.**

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS IN THE COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO, C. W.

MICHAEL BYRNES was placed at the bar charged with fighting and creating a disturbance in the College Avenue, yesterday [Sunday] afternoon. It appears the row arose from the villainous preaching of the man Williams. A dispute arose among the crowd, and Byrnes received a blow in the mouth, and he, determined to have revenge, subsequently challenged several parties to fight. The greatest consternation prevailed among the females, and the peaceable citizens who were enjoying a walk on the grounds, until Constables Hornibook and Hoddinot came up and took Byrnes into custody. He was fined \$2 and costs.

This pretext of preaching the gospel by Williams is getting to be a great public nuisance, and should be put a stop to. The word of God is turned into ridicule by an ignorant and unruly crowd, and amid the reading of its blessed pages are to be heard cursing and swearing of the worst kind. Yesterday, were it not for the timely interference of the police, no doubt a terrible fight would have ensued.

The said Byrnes is the student of divinity, manifestly of the church militant, who wanted to tell our audience his opinion, which they would not hear. As for the "man Williams," his course is highly discreditable to what truth he may preach. A scriptural exhibition of the gospel upon British and American soil will not produce the results which follow his vulgar and violent tirades. The effects produced upon the crowd and many of his proselytes by his preaching, are a transcript of the man. The faithful in Corinth were Paul's epistle known and read of all men, even as the cursing and drunken rioters of College Avenue, and those proselytes of his, who roll up their sleeves for a fight with their "brethren," get drunk, and brawl against slavery of which they know nothing as they ought, are the epistle of "the man Williams." "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and by such effects in a "civilized community" it may be known that the matter and manner of his preaching are not what they ought to be. We say not that he has done no good; but we do say, that the little good he may

have done will not atone for the contempt he has brought upon "the gospel of the kingdom" in Toronto. A straight line is often drawn by a crooked instrument; and the violence and vulgarity of the man prove him to be that same.

EDITOR.

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## Analecta Epistolaria.

### The Psalms of David.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 7th, 1860.

*My Dear and Respected Brother:* —The church here read the Psalms in course, along with the Scriptures, and the presiding brethren, in commenting on them as far as the 64th, the last read, have regarded them with few exceptions, as being either prophetic of Christ, or, as his very words; and especially those Psalms which are penitential and supplicatory; wherein the speaker implores pardon of his iniquities, and deliverance from all his enemies, death included. They say, 1st, that every Psalm, a portion of which is quoted in the New Testament as the words of Christ, and wherein there appears to be one speaker throughout, is the *language of Christ*, penned by David under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, which was in him and which enabled him to testify of the sufferings of Christ, as well as his kingdom and glory, &c. 2d, they say that other Psalms of like import, containing expressions similar to those in the Psalms which are quoted in the New Testament, and applied to Christ, are equally the language of Christ. They deny that David speaks of *himself*; of *his own* sins, persecutions, trust in God, assurance of hope, deliverance from his enemies, &c, but affirm that the Spirit of Christ in him lets us, as it were, into the inner life of Jesus the anointed, when "learning obedience," and "being made perfect" by the things which he suffered. That if we would know the Lord's sweet communings with his Father, his prayers for strength and grace to overcome all temptation and endure without end; if we would know much more of his feelings and emotions and sufferings, than can be gathered from the New Testament, we have but to consult the Psalms of the Beloved, of whom David was a type.

Do you so regard the Psalms? Or do you consider such Psalms as the 3d, 7th, 9th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 22d, 23d, 25th, 28th, 30th, 32d, 34th, 36th, 38th, 41st, 49th, 51st, 54th, 55th, 59th, 61st, 64th, 69th, 71st; do you regard, I say, these and similar Psalms as having referred to the sorrows, sufferings, persecutions, enemies, &c, of David, or of his son? David was a persecuted one, had cruel and unjust enemies, who sought to destroy him; he was a man of faith, always maintained his trust and confidence in God, as his shield and tower, and in these things was a type of the man of sorrows, the despised and rejected one, and doubtless when the spirit of prophecy was upon him and spake by him, his words were greatly expressive of his experience and feelings, as they are of all who follow the steps of Jesus; but was David inspired to testify in the above Psalm of himself, or of Christ? That is the question.

I may add that the presiding brethren apply to Christ the following and similar portions; Psalms xl. 12; xli. 4; xxxviii. 3, 4, 7; li. 2, 5. In regard to the first two there is they argue no alternative seeing the Apostles Paul and John quote from these very Psalms the words of Christ, and there is but the one speaker throughout. It is evident that he who said "Lo, I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God," says a verse or two further on: "Mine iniquities have taken hold of me," and the same who cried unto Jehovah, saying, "heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee;" lamented—"Yea,

mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his hand against me.

There was a mystery in these things which David desired to look into. He in common with all the prophets through whom the Spirit of Christ spake, desired to know the significance of these things; but it was not revealed to them, and contained a mystery until it was revealed through the Apostles in their preaching and teaching subsequent to Pentecost. And so I am persuaded that these things are now to be understood by all who are rightly instructed. They are a link in the great chain of revealed truth which begins in Gen. iii. 15, and ends in Rev. xxii.; with all things, the works of the devil destroyed, the earth and our race redeemed from sin and all its consequences, and blessed forever more with the favor and presence of Jehovah; —the glorious results of God taking hold of our weak and sinful natures; an answer to which, in connection with what I have written, will much oblige, and doubtless benefit many of your readers, as well as those here. A difference of opinion exists among brethren here on this subject, and an appeal to your judgment was suggested.

Yours affectionately,

J. R. LITHGOW.

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### **"The Land Shadowing with Wings."**

THE following letter was sent to the *Sunday Times*, and inserted therein by the editor, M. M. Noah, in 1847. As the subject of which it treats is always fresh, and as it has not hitherto appeared in this form in the columns of the HERALD, we present it to the reader now, that he may be reminded of what we have already published in 1853, which increases in interest from the events now transpiring in Syria; and from our being seventeen years nearer to the consummation than when originally expressed in the *N. Y. Sunday Times*.

*To the Editor of the N. Y. Sunday Times:*

In your journal of the 1st instant, you have a short editorial under the above caption, wherein you inform your readers that "of late, several sermons have been preached from the 18th chapter of Isaiah, which runs thus—

"Woe to the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia. That sendeth ambassadors by sea, even in vessels of bulrushes," &c.

In your remarks, you say that "it seems now to be generally conceded, that America is the land which the prophet Isaiah saw in his vision," and that "indeed there can be no doubt of it, as this is the only continent lying beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." In reply to this I would observe, that though it may be thus "generally conceded," the text and context will not admit of such a construction. *General concession* may give a quietus to "things seen and temporal," but is always to be put to the question in relation to the politics of the kingdom and throne of David which is to be "built to all generations."—Psalm lxxxix., verses 3, 4. 24, 26, 29, 36, 37.

The 18th chapter of "that great prophet," Isaiah, has manifest reference to the Israelites, the natural subjects of David's kingdom which, for 2,400 years past, has been "trodden down," and its territory "spoiled" by the Chaldeans, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Saracens and Turks. This chapter is part of a prophecy which commences at chapter xvii., 12. It begins with "Woe to the multitude of many people," and "to the rushing of nations;" for "God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the

mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind"—verse 13. These "rushing nations," Ezekiel tells us, are "Gog, the land of Magog, Rosh, prince of Mesech and Tubal," in alliance with "Persia, Ethiopia (Cush), and Lybia, all of them with shield and helmet (a Tartar host); Gomer, and all his band; the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all his bands; and many people with Gog"—a Russo-Tartarian host, which "shall rush" to the battle of their overthrow "like the rushing of many waters," even against the Israelites, partially resettled in the country promised to their fathers. At this "evening tide" shall Jacob be in "trouble," (Isa. xvii, 14,) for then "will be a time of trouble, such as there never was since there was a nation even to that same time; and at that time" Israel "shall be delivered"—Dan xii. 1; for "before the morning he," the autocrat, "is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, (Israelites,) and the lot of them that rob us."—Isaiah xvii., 14.

In view, therefore, of this "consummation so devoutly to be wished" by Israel, and by all that love him for Messiah's sake, who shall judge among the nations sitting on the throne of his father David, Jehovah makes proclamation by the prophet to the power which, in his providence, he has appointed as Israel's protector in the affair of their partial restoration to the land of their fathers, "which is the glory of all lands." This protecting nation is insular and maritime, having possessions "beyond the rivers of Khush." "Ho, to the land shadowing with wings!"—protecting with its power, as a bird protects its young under the shadow of its wings; "which is beyond the rivers of Khush"—not "the undiscovered land," but "beyond the rivers" which water the tract of Asia, lying between the Tigris, Caspian Sea, and Persian Gulf, and known as Khushistan—the ancient Asiatic Ethiopia. Now, Mr. Editor, if you take the bearings of the shadowing land lying beyond Khushistan, you will find that a line drawn in a north-easterly direction from Jerusalem, where Isaiah was when he made this prophetic invocation, will run through Khush, Afghanistan, and the Punjaub, and strike the Himalaya mountains, which bound the Anglo-Indian empire on the north.

This protecting nation, whose territorial empire is thus indicated, is the nation of the sea which cannot "send an ambassador" unless by sea. There is no exception to this fact; whereas in relation to the United States, its government can, if it please, send ambassadors overland to all the states of South America. British ambassadors cannot move from their sea-girt isle except by sea; and they are pre-eminently "*swift* messengers," being despatched for the most part in steamers. Hence I conclude that the protecting power is not America, but the maritime arm of Britain, whose Indian territory lies from Jerusalem "beyond the rivers of Khush," the preservation of whose ascendancy in Hindoostan is entirely connected with the future destiny of the territory of David's kingdom; and the Jews, "the merchants of Tarshish and the young lions thereof," (see Ezek. xxxviii., 13.) under the Holy One of Israel, are the Cyrus and his hosts of their restoration in these latter days, even as the autocrat of all the Russia's is the modern Pharaoh, who "shall rush like the rushing of mighty waters" against them, to his own discomfiture and utter destruction.

"In that time shall the present be brought unto the Lord of Hosts of a people scattered and peeled, and of a people terrible from this and onward; a nation meted out and trodden under foot, whose land (Palestine) the rivers (overflowing desolations) have spoiled, to the place of the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Mount Zion." This is so faithfully descriptive of the nation of Israel, in its origin and subsequent fortunes, as to need no comments by way of illustration. "This chapter," as you well remark, "is a study of itself, and contains most pregnant matter for deep reflection and consideration; but clearly the first word is mistranslated."

As yours is a Sunday paper, I submit these remarks as not unworthy the perusal of your patrons, Gentile and Jewish; nor inappropriate even to those whose minds are absorbed in the pious exercises and observances of the day. The religion of Messiah is inseparable from the international politics of these latter days.

In hope that the ensign of Israel's independence may soon be unfurled upon their native mountains—that David's throne and kingdom may be speedily restored—and that "Messiah the Prince," both son of David and son of God, may sit and rule thereon, as king of Israel and emperor of the world,

I subscribe myself

Respectfully yours,

JOHN THOMAS.

*Richmond, Va., 1847.*

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"The unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God."—*Paul.*

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## **Theiopolitical.**

### **The Eastern Question Reopened.**

*(From the London Times.)*

WE are at length in possession of the resolutions of the great powers with regard to the Syrian outbreak. They are framed with great caution, or rather, to speak plainly, on the strictest principles of mutual distrust. If any one wishes to know what the great powers think of each other, and by what close and stringent regulations they consider it necessary to circumscribe the free action of each of them, let him ponder carefully over the terms of this Convention, made on the representation of the Sultan that he desires the assistance of the European powers in order to restore tranquillity in Syria. The great powers undertake to send a force not exceeding 12,000 men to the disturbed province. Half of these troops are to be found by France, the rest by other powers, as may be agreed upon. They are to act in concert with the Commissioner of the Sultan; the Sultan must furnish them with provisions and facilitate their march. The expedition is not to last more than six months. Thus, after a brief respite, does Europe find herself once more committed to intervention in the East, and thus is once more reopened that eternal Eastern question which Europe has so often and so fruitlessly striven to close. We have no fault to find with the arrangements made under the Convention, which are probably the best and the most prudent that the circumstances admit of. To avoid intervention altogether, after what has passed, was impossible. The insult is too gross, the wrong too flagrant, the cruelty too recent and too horrible to admit of its being passed over in silence, even in deference to the strongest feelings of international jealousy. The Eastern question has, in fact, reopened itself. We have thrown what we had best and most precious into the gulf, but the gulf refuses to close up, and opens its mouth wider and wider, demanding still new victims. As we must intervene, it is well to limit our intervention in time, in number, and in nation. We thus reduce it to a minimum. The shock to the influence of the Sultan within his own dominions is made as small as possible, and the chance that any European power may be able to profit by the public misfortune is reduced in a similar proportion. So far as protocols can arrange it, the Turkish empire has another, and that, perhaps, a final chance of regeneration. If this opportunity be missed, not all the mutual jealousies of all the States of Europe can save the Porte from a speedy and total downfall.

Little as we have been accustomed to speculate on the ability of the Turkish government to effect any of that progress for which its friends in this country have so largely and so frequently undertaken, we certainly could not have imagined that within four years we should find ourselves once more launched upon that troubled ocean of Oriental politics, from which the desperate struggle of 1854 and 1855 apparently delivered us. Of all the undertakings of the Porte, which has she accomplished? Of all her projected plans of improvement, which has been put into execution? The army is unpaid, the finances deranged; the shores of the Bosphorus are covered with gaudy palaces, while the provinces are subjected to the most shameless extortion, and we are startled from our dream of improvement by the announcement of massacres perpetrated by the Mohammedan subjects of the Sultan, assisted by his regular troops, and connived at, to say the least, by his General. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe tells us that the day of palliatives is gone by, and we are very much disposed to agree with him. Still we are not prepared to adopt at once his suggestion that a conference of the representatives of the great powers should sit permanently in Constantinople, in order to watch over the execution of those needful reforms which the Turkish government has so often undertaken, and so uniformly failed to effect. When it shall come to the point of putting the government of Turkey in the hands of a Commission in which the government of Turkey itself will have no voice, the day of palliatives will indeed be over, and the Sultan will have sunk into a position similar to that to which we have reduced so many Indian potentates. If Europe once makes up her mind that the Turkish government can no longer be treated as a reality, the day of dissolution will have arrived, and the question will be, not of placing it in the hands of a Commission, but of dividing the empire among the different powers of Europe. We shall view such a proceeding with no slight apprehension; but to this it must come at last, unless Turkey is prepared to do what she has never done before—to set herself in earnest to promote internal improvement, and to adopt, together with an efficient finance, the ordinary doctrines of humanity and toleration. We have no doubt we shall be told, as we have often been told before, that no country is making such rapid steps in the path of improvement as Turkey, and that all she requires is to be left alone, while her energies are applied whole and undivided for the purpose of recreating her empire. If we are to take the view of the most sanguine friends of Turkey, we must believe that Englishmen live and move and have their being principally that they may contribute to the stability of the Sultan's throne; but, if she is called upon to encounter new dangers and difficulties for the sake of the Turks, England may not unreasonably answer that she has done enough, and that for the future Turkey must undertake the care of her own preservation. We well know, however, that such would not be the view upon which we should be allowed to act. We should be told that, from fear of the complications which would certainly follow should the dominions of Turkey in Europe be left to be scrambled for among the great powers, everything must be done and endured rather than suffer Turkey to reach that final extinction towards which she seems so steadily tending. The cry would be for fresh guarantees, fresh sacrifices, fresh protocols, fresh armaments, and, we doubt not, if need be, fresh European wars. We see, as we have said, no objection to that which has been agreed upon, but we really think it ought to be understood that this is the last exhibition of our affection which Turkey has to expect. What we have sacrificed we know only too well. What we have received in return we also know. Our counsels have been disregarded, our projected improvements slighted, our fellow-citizens and the professors of our religion brutally murdered on the grounds of that very profession. We repeat it, we think we have done enough, and that henceforth we should renounce the task of watching over the destiny of Turkey. We cannot forever accept the office of guardian to this aged empire, which seems never to arrive at years of discretion, and never likely to enter with the least prospect of success upon the management of its own affairs. It is, no doubt, a wonderful feat to cause a pyramid to stand upon its head, but the exhibition loses its attractiveness if too often repeated,

and even the most expert manipulator must, we think, at last arrive at the conclusion that, in a perpetual flight against the forces of gravitation that silent and never failing antagonist is sure ultimately to prevail.

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### **The Armenian Riots at Constantinople—Russian Intrigue Again Busily at Work.**

BY recent advices from Constantinople we learn that there has been an outbreak in the very heart of the capital itself. And the tumult on this occasion was not excited by Mussulmans, but by the Christians themselves against Christians, and originated in an attempt to bury a Protestant Armenian in the consecrated ground of the old Armenian church, from which the Protestants are seceders. Seemingly, this was a mere ebullition of Eastern fanaticism, but it was, in reality, of deeper significance and origin.

The Armenians are very tenacious of their religion, and being, as it were, a community isolated from the government, have made their faith a bond of nationality and union, and until now have thereby maintained their homogeneity as a people. The Armenian church resembles the Greek and the Roman in many respects, but has no spiritual head like the Pope. The form of government is episcopal, and includes in its ranks archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons. True, it has a higher functionary, designated the Catholicos, but his powers have no analogy with those of the head of the Romish church, for there are three who hold this dignity—one at Etchmiadzin, the other at Sis, and the third at Akhtamar. Their duties are to regulate spiritual affairs only.

The civil head of the nation is the patriarch, who is elected by the people from the bishops—and of these patriarchs there are several in various sections of the country—so that they are not under the absolute control of the priesthood. But the mass of the people, being uneducated, are swayed by superstitious and traditional influences. Up to the last century and a half, they lived in unity and peace, until Catholicism was introduced among them. This not only aroused the jealousy of the priesthood, but touched the patriotism of the people, who dreaded the dismemberment of their nation; for Catholicism had a denationalizing tendency, Latinizing even the church ritual, to which innovation some of the Catholic Armenians would not submit, so that even at this time there are two sects—the radicals, who prefer the Latin service and disdain even to use their own language in their domestic converse, and the liberals, who retain all that is national, and only acknowledge the Pope as the head of the church.

Within the last thirty years Protestantism has also been introduced through the efforts of the American missionaries. In the beginning there was little or no opposition, the missionaries being well received by the Armenians as friends of the people, having at heart no object but their real welfare and moral advancement. But in time their influence increased to such an extent that they began to insinuate their sectarianism and entice the lower classes from the church fellowship. The schools which they established proved mere establishments for manufacturing proselytes. Sectarian books were disseminated, and conventicles set up, where the discussion of abstruse doctrines, and Puritan psalm-singing, to the tune of Old Hundred, took the place of the time-honored church ritual. The Armenians displayed bitter animosity and opposition to these efforts, and persecutions followed. But through the intervention of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe an amicable settlement was effected, and the little body of Protestants were recognized as a separate community, with a patriarch of their own.

This peaceable state of things has been suddenly interrupted by a fresh outbreak between these two classes of Armenians—those of the old church and those known as the Protestants.

The point in question was whether the newly-formed sect of Protestant seceders from the mother church had the right to use the burial-ground of the latter. The persistence of both parties was unprecedented, and defied the presence of the civil authorities and the large body of soldiery.

The excuse which the government offers for its passiveness on this occasion, is that this mob really had nothing to do with Protestantism, but was got up under Russian influences, for the purpose of bringing about a collision between the Turkish soldiers and the Christian population of the city. It alleges that if the soldiers had been allowed to fire upon this mob, an immediate insurrection would have broken out all over the city. There is every reason to credit this statement, for it is well known that Russia is determined to undermine the Turkish government by any and every means that may present itself.

The Armenians are the real life and soul of Turkey; hence the policy of Russia has of late been to gain them over to her interest. One step to which she has resorted for this purpose was to get the See of Etchmiadzin within her own jurisdiction, and thus influence the Armenians through their religious sympathies. Recently, through Russian intrigues, the See of Etchmiadzin, which had been vacated, was given to Matteos, the former patriarch of Constantinople, who took an active part in the persecution of the Protestants. Further, Russia has just sent a commissioner to Constantinople—an Armenian general in the Russian service, Melickoff by name—to persuade the Armenians to combine their three Sees into one; the one of course to be that of Etchmiadzin.

It is plain that this peaceable people would not have thus compromised themselves had they not been instigated and sustained by Russia on the one hand, and by the representatives of Protestantism on the other. Means are nothing in the estimation of rulers, provided the end seems attainable. The outpouring of innocent blood and the sacrifice of valuable lives are of but little import if their ambitious designs can be accomplished. What is it to them that Christians and Moslems decimate each other, provided the door for intervention be opened? For if France is to protect the Catholics of Syria and fill that country with her soldiers, it follows that Russia will be justified in extending the same protection to the Greeks and Armenians of Constantinople. Such is the game now being played out. Verily, the "Eastern Question" is becoming more and more difficult of solution, for, between grasping Christianity and fanatical Islamism, the sick man seems to have but little chance of dying a natural death."—*N. Y. Herald*.

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### **Excitement in Russia.**

#### **SYMPATHY WITH THE SYRIAN CHRISTIANS—THE POPULACE DEMANDING WAR WITH TURKEY.**

THE following letter from St. Petersburg, dated 16th of July, is published in the *London Times*:

"I cannot describe to you the increasing excitement which prevails here in consequence of the news from Syria. The French and German journals which contain them

are read with an avidity which surpasses all that could be imagined. The recital of the massacres, profanations, and atrocities of which the Druses and Turks have been guilty excites an irritation which is carried to an extreme of fury. I thought I knew the Russians, but I was deceived as to their character. The merchant holds certain religious opinions, but with the English, French, and Germans he is mild and tolerant, and the difference of religion does not prevent him from showing them great kindness. As to the people, they are possessed of a superstitious faith, but they live on good terms with all Christian sects. Both merchants and people entertain a violent fanatical hatred against all Mussulmans, but particularly against the Turks. The upper classes are indifferent in matters of religion, but politics and national traditions have accustomed them to execrate all that is Mohammedan.

“All classes are unanimous in stigmatizing—cursing is the word—the cruelties of the Turks. The passions of the people are excited to a pitch I could not have suspected, and at this moment one might believe that every Russian is a fanatic, which is certainly not the fact, but the old hatred so strongly resembles fanaticism that one might mistake it. There is but one voice, *one* cry, ‘We must succor the Christians, exterminate their barbarous oppressors, revenge religion and outraged humanity, finish with the Turks, and drive them out of Europe.’ The army appears to experience even more violently than the people this paroxysm of anger. These soldiers, so mild in their relations with the people, have for some time past assumed a martial attitude; their features have become hardened and their eyes flash fire. One should see this metamorphosis to believe it. It is particularly at the camp of Krasnoe-Selo that the spirit of the army shows itself with the greatest energy. When the emperor makes his appearance the acclamations, which were always warm and sincere, are now enthusiastically frantic, of which the meaning can escape nobody. The emperor appears to be perfectly well satisfied with them, and the soldiers have received more presents than they had for a long time. The army appears to be convinced that they are on the eve of a war, and this feeling communicates an ardor which forms a strong contrast with that species of languor and carelessness which were remarked during the last three years. At Moscow it is still worse, and what is remarked here cannot bear a comparison with the demonstrations which have taken place in the old capital of the empire.

“According to the best authenticated accounts we receive every day, the rage of the people there is unbounded. The Orthodox population demand why troops are not already on their march against the miscreants—the infidels—who murder old men, women, and children, and who drink Christian blood. The people crowd their churches and listen attentively to their Popes, whose sermons are allusions to the atrocities committed by the Turks, and who pray to God that his just anger may fall on the heads of those cold and inhuman politicians who hear without shuddering the cries of the victims immolated by the Mussulman's scimitar, and who are not affected at seeing the palpitations of the smoking entrails of so many thousand Christians. They say that holy Russia cannot long remain an accomplice to that cowardly indifference, to that hideous egotism, that treason to the Christian religion. These sermons, sometimes eloquent inflame the multitude and excite them to a pitch which we, in our sceptical societies of western Europe, can scarcely comprehend. Here the people believe firmly, and one must not offend their opinions unless one wishes to degrade himself in their eyes. For these reasons the authorities at Moscow, either because they coincide in opinion with the people, or that they have received orders to that effect, will not interfere with these manifestations. The soldiers, who are to be seen in the churches mixed with the people, make the sign of the cross when they hear of the acts of barbarity which the priest narrates from the pulpit, exclaiming, at the same time, ‘When is the holy war to be commenced?’ Old men, who

recollect the excitement which existed in the year 1812, declare that the irritation was then less terrible and less implacable."

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*(From the N Y. World.)*

### **The Political Euphrates.**

CARLYLE says: "It is astonishing how long a rotten thing will last, if you only handle it carefully." Careful handling will scarcely help the Turk much longer. The news from Constantinople, of which the only advices received in this country are from our own correspondent, indicates the complete annihilation of the empire. It already crumbles, and its fall is very near. It cannot protect its people or itself. Twenty thousand of the best subjects of the sultan have been slaughtered, under the eye of his governors, without an effort to stay that fatal depletion of the nation's heart-blood. Now, in the very capital, a mob refuses the right of burial to a Christian, and defies both the police and the rescripts of its spiritual head. The sultan shows his embarrassment. He is beset by the British and American ministers. He acknowledges the justice of their demands, and sends soldiers to satisfy them. From fear of the mob he countermands his order, and it has its way in the end. He apologizes, and frankly owns that he cannot help himself. The sound of a volley in Constantinople would overturn the government. But he shows his weak good-will by enclosing and guarding the hated grave, and turning the course of the highway in which it was finally made.

It is an instructive spectacle. The once fierce and intolerant empire has nursed in its bosom the fires that are to consume it. The fanaticism in which it had its beginnings, and by which it was sustained in the years of its warlike eminence, still lives, but, like the scorpion hemmed in by flames, turns its sting against itself. It is as virulent as ever, but has lost its aggressive power. With blind rage it attacks the foundation of the empire, and hastens the national suicide. For it is obvious that the fanaticism of the Moslem, as much as his indolence and luxury, is overthrowing the throne of its kings, and breaking down the dikes which kept out the surrounding floods.

This madness is characteristic of fanaticism. The history of the Ottoman empire is an illustration of the destructive tendency of the religious—which is the most virulent form of fanaticism. The Moslem, from Mohammed down, has upbuilt nothing, except individual fortunes. He has done nothing for the world. He has sustained himself by rapacity and violence, and has been execrated and battled by all mankind. When he reached the summit of his piratical career, he turned downward. The elements of decay have wrought swiftly. His nature is unchanged; he resists the infusion of the saving force of Christianity, and, with one final struggle, the shorn Samson of Mohammedanism will perish under the ruins of the Ottoman Empire.

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### **Britain and the Dangers of the Turkish Empire.**

*(From the Monthly Review.)*

IT would be impossible adequately to describe within the space at our command the dangers of the Ottoman empire. Suffice it to say, that for the present, perhaps even for the future, Russian ambition, formidable as it is, nevertheless must be reckoned among the least of them. Unwieldy size, ill-defined and disputable relations to her own members, administration radically corrupt, finances long embarrassed and rapidly moving toward

exhaustion, classes widely severed from and hopelessly exasperated with one another, the disproportionate distribution of the elements of power; all these would deserve a full consideration. But greater, perhaps, than any of them is the risk which the Ottoman power now runs of seeing arrayed against it the whole mass of smouldering Mohammedan fanaticism. The so-called reforms, little as they have done towards conciliating the Christians, have produced in the Mohammedan mind a wide-spread conviction that the race of the Sultans is false to the prophet and to his mission. Of this estrangement, and of the hatred arising out of it, traces may be found in the late proceedings in Arabia, where it is probable that actual want of power restrained the Turkish authorities from the prompt performance of their duty. Their hold on the country is nominal: were it otherwise our own occupation of Aden could not be justified for a moment. Mecca is the great focus of Mohammedan enthusiasm; and it would take little to excite such a revulsion in the Peninsula as would at once put an end to the shadow of Turkish rule by which it is at present overhung.

To all this it would appear that France is thoroughly alive. The convention relating to the principalities, contains the elements and principle of a union between the provinces without giving it full effect. It may afford a standing-ground for future operations in the sense of freedom, if the joint commission of legislation shall prove efficient; it promises little, we apprehend, in the way of permanent settlement. To France, there can be no doubt, is mainly due whatever has been gained for these unhappy countries. She has been acting in Levant on principles which will earn for her influence and favor with all that lives and grows in the Turkish empire. She has been resisted at every point by Austria. But what Austria, as we have said, has done naturally and perhaps excusably, England has also done neither naturally nor excusably. England, at least until within the last few months, has been the really powerful and effective foe, in recent diplomacy, of provincial freedom and of Christian progress in the Turkish empire; and, incredible as it may seem, she has, by doing the work of Russia, given to that power the double advantage, first of gaining the affections of the Christians of Turkey by supporting the union of the Principalities, and secondly, of having the ground made ready, through their discontent, by other hands for her, when the time comes to enter and to occupy. But it is clear that had the late Ministry continued to regulate our foreign affairs, the Principalities would not have obtained even the modified and rather stingy acknowledgment of their rights, which is offered them by the convention.

Everywhere there are the signs of an agitation in the Mohammedan mind, which, if it come to ripeness, can only end in the utter and speedy downfall of the Turks. The insult to the British consul at Belgrade, the disturbances of Montenegro, the Candian rebellion, the Lynch law administered in the same island by the Mussulmans on a Christian culprit, the agitation in the Libanus, the conspiracy at Smyrna, and the lamentable massacre at Jeddah, would each of them, as isolated events, be of secondary importance. But it is impossible not to suspect that they are vitally connected by underground chains of sympathy, —or rather, that they are based in causes of profound influence, which make the whole soil of the Turkish empire heave convulsively with a volcanic movement. They serve to show that, while the strong are without doubt becoming ready, the weak are certainly growing eager for the conflict. The end of the struggle will, we trust, be for the happiness of man. But the passage to it may be a dreadful one, —and our desire is that, when the crisis comes, it may find England strong, through wise policy, in credit and in character, and thereby qualified to exercise an influence alike powerful and disinterested in directing the course of events to a favorable issue.

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## **The Sick Man's End Rapidly Approaching.**

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 20, 1860.

THE news received here from Syria becomes more and more alarming. Since the massacre in Damascus an outbreak has occurred in Aleppo, another fanatic Mussulman city, of which we have as yet no particulars. There is great excitement, even here, among the Mussulman population, which recalls what are considered the wrongs suffered at Navarino and in the latter wars of the Ottoman government. The exchange has suddenly gone up from 118p. to 129p. to the pound sterling. The Sultan's ministers are endeavoring to allay the excitement, and are filled with anxiety for the consequences. An allied naval force, French and English, is hourly expected to come up from the Archipelago, and the Christian population look forward to its arrival with more interest than I can describe to you.

Many of the foreign residents have gone to Athens and Malta; others have gone to Vienna, via the Danube. At the least sign of an outbreak most of the families here will leave for Malta, the nearest strong place of Christendom.

The Greek population is arming, and guns and pistols are greatly in demand. They think that the day has come when they may conquer back their long lost empire, and again elevate the cross of Christ in the Church of St. Sophia. The Turkish government now sees the fruits of its indifference and apathy, and from present appearances, the religion of Mohammed, propagated by the sword, will be destroyed by it. The Sultan is reviled by his subjects and openly called an infidel. They ascribe to him, personally, the feeble condition of the country, and imagine that were he dead and his only brother, Azziz Effendi, raised to the throne, Mussulmanism would once more regain the power and splendor of the times of the older Sultans and the Janissaries.

There is no American vessel-of-war in the Archipelago, and we must seek a shelter from foreign forces. Why is this the case?

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## **Miscellanea.**

### **Eureka.**

As soon as we shall have finished our tour in Virginia we shall proceed without further delay to the work of pushing this volume with all speed compatible with accuracy through the press.

The subscription price to our friends in Britain does not include the expense of transmission from the United States.

EDITOR.

The 4 Elpis Israels and 29 pamphlets have been forwarded to Messrs. Trubner and Co, as ordered 17th July, 1860, directed to R. Robertson, Esq.

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### Query.

*Dear Brother:* —Would you be good enough to explain the following passage, namely, Peter iv. 11, 12, which will oblige.

Yours in the Faith,

HENRY JONES.

*Toronto, C. W., Aug. 13, 1860.*

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### Answer.

OUR inquiring friend will find his passage fully explained in the article entitled *The Last Days of Judah's Commonwealth*, published on pp. 121, 145, 169 of our last volume.

EDITOR.

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### Power of the Human Eye.

L was staying at Chugga for a few days, and one morning he went out with his gun, accompanied by a native Christian of the name of Perswa. Whilst they were in the jungle they suddenly heard a distant shout, as some one calling "Perswa, Perswa!" "It is a tiger," cried his followers. They immediately hastened back to the village, but found no one there but four old women, who told them one of their people was hurt by a tiger. Mr. L. started instantly to his rescue, and as he left the village he was joined by at least fifty men, who in their fear were hiding, but being now encouraged by the presence of a white man, sallied forth with him: Following the direction of the cries of the poor wretch, they soon came to the spot where he stood, facing a large tiger. It seems that the man, whilst in the jungle, had suddenly caught sight of it on the point of springing upon him. With great presence of mind he stood perfectly still, and fixed his eyes steadily on the monstrous brute. The tiger wavered for an instant, then, quailing before his eye, he slunk behind a bush. Still the man kept his eye upon him, whilst the tiger every moment peered forth to see if that dreaded eye was withdrawn. From bush to bush the tiger moved, as if seeking to avoid the gaze, that he might spring out to seize his prey. Slowly the man turned from side to side, still facing his dreadful foe, and calling upon Perswa and the Pade Sahib to come and save him; and this he continued until the party came up, who by their shouts forced the tiger to abandon his intended meal. Now this seems a strong instance of the power of the human eye. "It does indeed," replied F.; "I have known it exercised with equal success in another case. A young officer was walking through a jungle; he foolishly had nothing but his pistols with him. Presently he found himself face to face with a huge bull bison. He started to his feet, drew a pistol from his belt, and fixed his eyes on that of the animal. The bison tore the turf with his teeth and horns, stamping furiously, but he dared not charge while the human eye was fixed upon his. Presently the beast appeared to become uneasy, moved his enormous shaggy head from side to side, and at last slunk off to join the herd that were feeding in the distance; and so my friend was saved by his own presence of mind and the human eye."—*Acland's Customs of India*.

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### Benefit of Clergy.

As this term is used frequently, we give the origin of it, from the *Encyclopaedia Americana*:

"Benefit of clergy is a privilege enjoyed by those in holy orders, which originated in a religious regard for the honor of the church, by which the clergy of Roman Catholic countries

were either partially or wholly exempted from the jurisdiction of lay tribunals. It extended, in England only to cases of felony; and though it was intended to apply only to clerical felons or clerks, yet as every one who could read was, by the laws of England, considered to be a clerk, when the rudiments of learning came to be diffused, almost every man in the community came to be entitled to this privilege. Peers were entitled to it whether they could read or not; and by the statutes of 3 and 4 William and Mary, c. 9, and 4 and 5 William and Mary, c. 24, it was extended to women. In the early periods of the Catholic church in England, the clerk, on being convicted of felony, and claiming the benefit of clergy, was handed over to the ecclesiastical tribunal for a new trial or purgation, the pretty uniform result of which was his acquittal. His pretended trial of purgation gave rise to a great deal of abuse and perjury, so that at length the secular judges, instead of handing over the culprit to the ecclesiastics for purgation, ordered him to be detained in prison until he should be pardoned by the king. By the statute of 18 Eliz., c. 7, persons convicted of felony, and entitled to benefit of clergy, were to be discharged from prison, being first branded in the thumb, if laymen; it being left to the discretion of the judge to detain them in prison not exceeding one year, and by the statute of 5 Anne, c. 6, it was enacted, that it should no longer be requisite that a person should be able to read in order to be entitled to the privilege; so that from the passing of this act, a felon was no more liable to be hanged because of his deficiency in learning. The statutes formerly made specific provisions, that, in particular cases, the culprit should not be entitled to benefit of clergy; but the statute of 7 and 8 George IV., c 28, provides, that 'benefit of clergy, with respect to persons convicted of felony, shall be abolished.' In North America, this privilege has been formally abolished in some of the States, and allowed only in one or two cases in others; while in others, again, it does not appear to have been known at all. —By the act of Congress of April 30, 1790, it is enacted, that 'benefit of clergy shall not be used or allowed, upon conviction of any crime for which, by any statute of the United States, the punishment is or shall be declared to be death.'”

### **A Fashionable Divine.**

HE always dressed in black, of course, and his clothes and patent leather boots were so elegantly made, that he certainly did look a perfect gentleman. Indeed, everything about him was extremely quiet; even down to his jewellery—he wore very little, but very good; for the only articles of *bijouterie* to be seen were the agate buttons to his wristbands, and two or three inches of a thin gold chain running to his waist-coat pocket, besides a magnificent diamond ring, set quite plain on the little finger of the right hand—and this was the hand, I noticed, off which he took his black glove while in the pulpit. The reverend gentleman, mamma soon found out, was a widower of several years' standing. He had, in early life, married a young lady with a small fortune and a confirmed consumption. As he had but little interest in the church, he thought it better, instead of devoting the money his wife brought him to the purchase of an advowson—for indeed he had a moral objection to the sale of such holy offices—he had thought it better, I repeat, to build a commodious chapel at the West End of London—especially as the accommodation at the churches was far from sufficient, and his personal appearance was highly attractive. This chapel he had taken great pains to have so well warmed in winter, and ventilated in summer, that—what with the softness of the cushions and the hassocks—and having three or four professional singers in his choir—and there being only free seats enough to accommodate the footmen—and what with the rhetorical language of his sermons, and the elegance and grandeur of his delivery—and his being an extremely devout Christian, and a remarkably handsome man—and what with his having written two epic poems, one entitled "PARADISE FOUND—IN WOMAN!!" and the other "BEELZEBUB, THE KING OF ROME!!! There was soon not a seat to be had in the

place for love or money, and it was currently reported that the rent of the pews yielded him a considerable income. Mamma and I went there the very first Sunday after we had made his acquaintance; and of all the elegant congregations I ever saw there never was anything equal to his! Nine-tenths of the pious and fashionable assembly were ladies. As for the Rev. Evelyn Dossey, too—oh! It was so beautiful to hear him, in the most choice and poetical language, raising his musical voice, and lifting up his beautiful white hand—till his diamond ring sparkled again in the light—against all the pomps and vanities of this wretched vale of tears; and when he paused for a minute to take his pocket-handkerchief from his black silk gown, I declare that the scent that came from it was so heavenly and refreshing, that I could see all the ladies in the gallery feasting upon the perfume. Then it was so charming to hear him warn the berouged old dowagers, in the kind and delicate way he did, of the shortness of this life; while the splendid figures of speech in which he alluded to our all being miserable sinners, detracted greatly from the truth. And if—to give greater effect to his sermon—he found it necessary to comment in strong terms upon the innate sinfulness of the human race, he invariably directed his eyes to the free seats and addressed himself in the most solemn and severe tones to the congregated footmen in particular.

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### **Politeness.**

WHAT is *true* politeness? Does it consist merely in what are recognized as the personal graces? in smiles, in bows, and the like muscular movements? No; nor in the mere “polish” or “elegance of manner,” included in the definitions of the lexicographers. It consists in something deeper and higher than these, which *may* be only external and occasional. It has reference to the heart and the conscience—to the moral sense—to the soul.

Lord Chesterfield has left his views of politeness. So has the apostle Paul. Compare their teachings. You cannot fail to detect the difference, or to decide in favor of the latter. His rules are those of sincerity. They are founded on just views of duty to the neighbor. They are unselfish, and therefore always kind in tone, and kindly in tendency. The rules laid down by Chesterfield ignore all ideas of sincerity, and scoff at them as sentimentalism. Their practice leads to deceit. Their end is not to “deal justly,” but to “please.” They begin and end in love of self, not of the neighbor. They may convert you into a practical hypocrite. But they will never make you a just man—and, without “equal and exact justice to all men,” there can be no true politeness. In the sincere practice of this rule, whether by the most uncouth son of the mountain, or the most polished daughter of the valley—the millionaire in his palace, or the peasant in his hut—the pioneer in his cabin, or the Indian in his wigwam—is *true* politeness to be found. This, and this only, will endure the test of the golden rule, and render social intercourse what God designed it to be among those formed after his image, and made only “a little lower than the angels.”

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### **Hear this, ye Drunkards!**

“BE not deceived; Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.”—*Paul.*

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