

the two parties, and God and the king of Egypt were to measure arms. God said he would bring his people out, and Pharaoh said he would not let them go.

But ah, how unequal the contest! How weak is man when contending with his Maker! God then began to magnify himself and subdue Pharaoh by multiplying his signs and wonders upon Egypt. Space forbids specifying; it may be read in the forepart of Exodus. Pharaoh stoutly resisted, until Egypt was laid waste—growing crops and most everything green were destroyed; also much of their flock and herds, and even the fishes in their streams; and finally the first born in every house from Pharaoh's to his meanest slave's; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead. After this Israel was permitted to go. But as soon as the shock, occasioned by a death in every house, subsided a little, the love of gain asserted itself, and Pharaoh repented that he had let Israel go—ere Israel got out of his borders. Pharaoh and his servants asked themselves, "Why have we done this, that we have let Israel go from serving us?"

Pharaoh made ready his chariot, and he took 600 chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them. And all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and all his horsemen, and his army, pursued the Israelites and overtook them. It seems strange to us that Pharaoh could have the courage to make another effort. Israel had encamped by the sea. When they saw Pharaoh and his hosts they were much distressed and cried out to the Lord. The angel of God which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; so also the pillar of cloud; Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night, and the waters divided and the children of Israel passed through upon dry ground; the waters were a wall unto them on the right hand and on the left. The Egyptians saw this and should have been awestruck, and feared to contend with a power the sea obeyed, but they seemed rather emboldened and rushed madly forward into the midst of the sea, and the same Almighty power that had divided its waters caused them to flow to-

gether, and Pharaoh and his host, and all his chosen captains, were drowned in the sea. Not one of that great army was left alive! What a destruction of human life, and of property! for the horses and chariots were also destroyed. Four hundred years previous to this the Lord had said that the nation that afflicted his people he would judge. This is the way he kept his word! When the Lord threatens he meant it—nor does he forget—nor does time weaken it. Let all the earth fear before him. It is truly a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, for he is a consuming fire, able to destroy both soul and body, and none can stay his hand.

Hebron, O., March 25, 1883.

JOTTINGS FROM KANSAS.

BY C. J. MCKINNEY.

Cyclones are again spreading terror and destruction through various parts of the country. Some prepare against them. Some prepare for them. The one digs into the ground, he saves the body. The other makes peace with God by obedience, and leaves not the other undone. He saves both soul and body. Others, like Noah's contemporaries, take no heed. Some are swept away.

The South East Kansas Preachers' Institute at Neodesha was a "mixtery." There were good things. There were likewise things not good. The dubious organ question was hurled upon the unwilling assembly. Certain parties seemed determined to disturb the placid waters, and they did. I fear moreover that no lame soul got healed. The following resolution explains itself and the judgment of the sober, thoughtful brethren present. It was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, In view of the fact that the discussion of the organ question generates such a bad spirit, and inasmuch as it is not a question of faith but of opinion, discussion can do no good.

Resolved, Therefore, we deem it advisable to recommend its exclusion from future meetings of this Institute.

After hearing champions on either side I am now fully convinced that the only proper thing to do is to be as silent as the Bible on the subject. That ground is safe. All else is unsafe.

The preachers of Kansas are soon to have a feast of good things from Bro. J. W. McGarvey of Kentucky

University. He will conduct a Bible school at Fort Scott in July continuing several days.

COUNT ONE.

We are for Christ or against him. We are gathering or scattering. There is no neutral ground. Though you stand stock still and dumb you are warring for or against Christ. Some wield a small influence, some a greater. He recognizes all the mites. If you cannot preach, if you cannot pray, if you cannot sing you can sit in the audience. You can count one. Every one thus counted makes the preacher's sermon better. You can be an attentive listener. Every attentive listener makes the preacher's sermon more pointed, more guarded, more fervent. There is as much in the audience as is in study that develops the worth of a sermon. Encouragement and sympathy, silent, but engraved in your fidelity will strengthen and inspire him whose heart helps the Savior bear the burden of souls. Count one brethren. Always count one.

SOUND DOCTRINE AND PURE SPEECH is a long-felt want. There is no peace without it. Sectarianism is a restless sea for want of these. Creeds and formulated doctrines claimed but two credit (?) marks; one, that they were taken from the Bible, the other that they worked well. Once they were guides. Now they are lain aside as books of reference. They are undergoing the disgrace of revision, and every thoughtful man foresees the doom of the race of creeds. The soul begotten into the liberty of the gospel spurns to be brought again under bondage. But extreme begets extreme. To the soul freed from the tyranny of creed and man made superiors, there are two popular resorts; one is the free grant of opinion and a partial incorporation of opinion into doctrine as represented by modern congregationalism; the other is a clear sail at sea called Independents. In their mad fight and flight they unconsciously pass the port. But sailing without a guide-book is dangerous business. Soon they will return to anchor in the sure old harbor to the Rock of Ages. The Bible, the book of sound doctrine; the church, a people of pure speech!

Parsons, Kas.

Some one has said that if professed Christians do not have grace enough to control them, they can hardly have enough to save them.

Correspondence.

FROM T. F. CAMPBELL.

CARROLLTON, MO.,

May 22, 1883.

Dear Bro.:

Since I last wrote I have visited Kansas City, Independence, Warrensburg, Sedalia, Lexington, Richmond and this point, all in Missouri. I have preached two or three discourses every Sunday and made many lectures on other days to audiences small and large. At Kansas City I tarried thirty-six hours with my son, Dr. A. P. Campbell, and his household, consisting now of his daughter, her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. I found and left them in fine health and spirits. A few minutes conversation with Bro. T. P. Haley, the pastor, showed me that I could get no hearing in Kansas City. The church is bending all its energies in the direction of their church building which is not yet complete. Preparation for an approaching concert engaged the young people every evening; and the excitement and rush of business in that city almost unprecedented for rapid growth rendered it impracticable to attempt an appointment. I enjoyed my visits and spent the time most pleasantly at the other points named, meeting many old friends, giving and receiving cordial greetings, and calling up the forgotten incidents of the "long ago." I am remaining here one day longer than I intended, to marry a couple of young people to-morrow evening. I shall then go to St. Louis where I shall remain several days. From there I shall continue my travels through Illinois and Indiana into Kentucky. I expect to end my driftings and wanderings at Cincinnati about the 25th of June. I shall then seek some permanent location and settled business, whether in the east or the west I am not yet decided.

These letters, written, as they are, at odd intervals, and generally in great haste, are, I presume, growing monotonous to the public and uninteresting to the brethren. I shall, therefore, after two or three more, close them out, and thus sever the last link that binds me to that paper with which I have been identified from its inception. My best wishes will ever be with it! Christian greetings to all readers of the HERALD.

Yours ever and truly,

T. F. CAMPBELL.