

destroying the nation—expostulating and entreating—"Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of thy people, according unto the greatness of thy mercy, as thou hast forgiven this people, from Egypt even until now." The Lord said, I have pardoned according to thy word. But because all these men which have seen my glory, and my miracles which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness, have tempted me now these ten times and have not hearkened unto my voice; surely they shall not see the land which I swear unto their fathers, neither small [any of them that provoked me see it. How long shall I bear with this evil congregation which murmur against me? I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel which they murmur against me. Say unto them, As truly as I live, saith the Lord, as ye have spoken in my ears, so will I do unto you; your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness; and all that were numbered of you, from twenty years old and upwards which have murmured against me, doubtless ye shall not come unto the land concerning which I swore to make you dwell therein, save Caleb and Joshua. But your little ones which ye said should be a prey will I bring in and they shall know the land which ye have despised. But your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness, and your children shall wander in the wilderness forty years, and bear your iniquities forty years; just as many years as the spies spent days searching the land. The ten that brought the evil report, died of plague before the Lord. The congregation which had got almost in sight of the promised land, turned their backs to it, by the command of the Lord, never to enter, save those too young to be held responsible; but to die in the wilderness; monuments of the wrath of an avenging God who had been provoked by them beyond forbearance.

While yet in the wilderness of Sinai, after the slaughter of the three thousand for worshiping the golden calf, the men of Israel were numbered—all that were twenty years old and upwards, and they numbered three hundred and three thousand, five hundred and fifty; presumably, together with their wives, which would amount to more than a million! Thus a whole generation perished! And why? Yes, why were all these slain? Simply because of their stubbornness and unreasonable selfish will.

They had no provocation. The good Lord would have led them as gently as lambs, to their promised land, but they would not be led, because of their evil hearts of unbelief. They were God's redeemed typical people. As these sinned, we are liable to; and as they escaped not, neither can we, if we indulge in sin. These things are written for our admonition—to warn us, that we be willing and obedient. The Lord love and pities, but he will be obeyed. Order in universe requires this. Rebellion must be subdued. Please read 1 Cor. 10.

Hebron, O., May 29, 1883.

### Correspondence.

FROM T. F. CAMPBELL.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.,  
May 30, 1883.

Dear Bro.:

My stay at Carrollton was pleasant, and terminated in a wedding at which I officiated, uniting in marriage in the church a happy couple. On Thursday I went to St. Louis, which is religiously by far the coldest point I have struck. An iceberg could not have chilled me more completely nor caused the warm current of Christian life to flow back to the inner recesses of the heart. If I had been a man of note whom little spirit might dread lest he should get in their way and take their living, I could account for the indifference. But as this is not the case, I must conclude it was the result of apathy and lukewarmness. Had it not been for Bro. John Burns and his Christian wife and son, I presume I should not have tarried in the city more than a few hours.

"Will you please send my mail to 717 Olive street?" I asked of the superintendent of the carrier's department of the post office in St. Louis. "That," said he, "is the business house of John Burns, the publisher." "Yes."

"Well he is the whitest man in St. Louis." He explained immediately by adding, "he is a perfect Christian gentleman and one of the most accurate and reliable business men in the city."

I enjoyed Bro. Burns' hospitality during the forty-eight hours I was in the city. With him I visited the Merchant's Exchange, the great bridge, the Jefferson park and other interesting features of the city.

He also introduced me to Bro. Mullen, chaplain in the regular

army and general superintendent of education in that branch of the service. With him I spent an hour in his office pleasantly. He alluded in terms of sadness to the cold indifference of the St. Louis congregations. I said to him that I had no opportunity of knowing whether their preachers were to blame for this state of affairs; for I had been able to do little more than catch a glimpse of two or three of them, and as to the elders of all the congregations, I had been able after repeated calls, to find only one. From St. Louis I came on Saturday to this place where I was most cordially received by Bro. Welsh, who took me to his rooms and entertained me most courteously. "Politeness is a light coin, but it is above par all over the world." Bro. W. is pastor of the church and "a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The congregation here is in fine working condition, chiefly owing to the prudent and efficient labors of their pastor; for I learn that the germs of discord had been sown and some confusion had entered the church immediately before his coming in February last. Most fortunate that congregation which secures a man who can make and preserve peace; while most unfortunate the one who is burdened with a little soul who not only stirs up strife but permits himself to be made "a bone of contention;" and often a stinking bone as well. Such an one does not consider, "That it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation," (or congregation) "perish not." I encounter in my travels many wrecks of churches, which are in almost all cases monuments of the selfishness or folly of some "rule or ruin" pastor, who rushes into every petty controversy coming up in the congregation, and works like a partisan to put "down and out" the other party. It is always a pity that a church should sell itself for nought and that is just what it does when ever it sacrifices its peace for such a man.

The Jacksonville congregation is entering on a period of prosperity, for the brethren are in the right temper and their present pastor is the right man to lead to such result.

Jacksonville is the Athens of Ill.—noted for its schools and churches. It is also the site of several state institutions—the blind, the deaf, and the insane.

I attended yesterday, with Bro. Welsh, the closing exercises of the school for the blind. It was in my programme for this day to visit the hospital and the institutions for the insane and deaf. But rain prevented. I like better the rains of Oregon which fall in the winter, than these late spring rains attended with destructive cyclones. It is enough to make one nervous to read the telegrams of these almost daily funnels of death. I go from here to Springfield on Friday and thence to Indianapolis. Love to all the brethren.

Yours in Christ,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

### NEW ENGLAND LETTERS.

NUMBER XVIII.

STONE HALL, MASS.,

June 1, 1883.

Dear Friends at Home:

It has been such a short time since we were puzzling over the mysteries of germination and now the violets are fading and the buttercups are dotting the meadow land with their golden beauty. The Botany examination is over and each member of the class is searching every leafy hollow for an herbarium of fifty specimens. Some have declared that theirs shall contain a hundred. It is most fascinating work, especially if done with a pleasant companion. Last Monday was spent at Revere Beach by the second and third year Botany classes who have been studying mosses and sea weeds this spring. It was delightful to enjoy for one whole day the fresh salt air of the Atlantic ocean. The party left Wellesley on the S. A. M. train and walked as straight as possible across the city of Boston to the ferry, and from thence in fifteen minutes by narrow gauge their destination had been reached and the house, rented for the day, occupied by botany boxes, lunch baskets and waterproofs. The members of the class had nets on long poles to fish up the wonders of the sea and big bottles to preserve them in. Some of us had begged horse-radish bottles of the cook and into them were crowded the treasures of the deep that we were persuaded would be fit to keep. The next day after we had settled down to the everyday routine I found that I had a few pieces of Irish moss, such as pudding lovers know, some snail shells, a hermit crab and two or three varieties of unknown sea weed.