

ing else fits into the becoming sequence of events. The absence of it would create a vacuum of mystery to be explained. Not suffering but sin is the inexplicable phenomenon; the lapse of man into it is the appalling tragedy.

That a world wallowing in the filth of moral putridity should be indignantly buried from the offended eye of the universe by avenging waters, that cities steeped in vices to which language could give no other name than theirs, should be swept off the face of the earth by a storm of fire; that nature herself should stay the operation of her laws, that the oppressor of God's people, the representative of the oppression of four hundred years might be engulfed in the sea; that idolatrous races, whose stock was already rotting in their corruption, should be crowded to their doom to give place to a purer blood and a nascent theocracy—all these things are recorded simply as monumental tokens of God's righteousness. The doomed ones were monuments of guilt; they must be made monuments of retribution. This is the story and the whole of it. It is left to later times to raise tangled questions in the ethics of the story, and to pile up volumes of apologetic criticism. Not a word of this seems to have occurred to the contemporaries looking on, or to the annalists recording the tragic history. The ancient wisdom saw no mystery which needed solution. It was enough for the ancient ethics that retribution was visited on sin. Penal justice was right; the right was ultimate; and Hebrew philosophy held her peace.

But Hebrew piety was not content with silent acquiescence. It gave to the retributive decrees an approval vocal with praise. Prophets foresaw them with complacency. The people exulted in them at the national festivals. The popular songs rehearsed them in the temple worship. Inspired poets poured forth imprecatory hymns without stint, and the people chanted them. God's enemies were their enemies, and they appeased their own retributive instincts in celebrating the retributive achievements of Jehovah. —PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D., in the *Congregationalist*.

Paper gas pipes are the pipes of the future. They are cheaper, more durable, and being poor conductors of heat and cold the gas is far less likely to freeze.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Correspondence.

Letter from Bro. W. A. Gibbins.

ALPHA, W. T., March 7, 1884.

Bro. Floyd:

Thinking that a few lines from this part of the country would be interesting to your many readers I write. Our Evangelist, C. J. Wright, sent us an appointment for a protracted meeting to commence on Thursday evening before the fourth Sunday in February, but owing to storm and drifted snow, he did not reach his appointment till Saturday evening, and on his arrival he was taken with a spell of heart disease, which prevented him from preaching till Thursday night. The meeting was conducted by the writer till Sunday night, when we were relieved by the arrival of Bros. Cannon and Gibson, who did the preaching till Bro. Wright was able to go into the work, from which time we had the gospel presented in its power and ancient simplicity. We had good attendance from the first with increasing interest till the close. The meeting lasted till Monday night, March 3rd. The church was greatly revived and sinners pierced to the heart, and five of them came out and made the good confession, and were buried with their Lord in baptism. Two others, one by relation and one reclaimed, while many were made to feel like Felix of old, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. This meeting will long be remembered by the church at Hangman creek.

W. A. GIBBINS.

Letter from Bro. J. W. Caldwell.

CORINTH, KY.,

March 3, 1884.

Bro. Floyd:

Our State Evangelist, Bro. Munnell, has just closed a meeting of two weeks, resulting in 16 additions to our cause. He is a great worker and very successful, as you well know.

Missionary day was observed here and a good collection taken up.

Prohibition is growing, and our people are forming a solid front against the whisky crime. Five counties have, in a body, petitioned the legislature to pass a prohibitory law, to take effect within their bounds. Two-thirds of the bills, enacted by our present legislature, are in favor of prohibition in some way. Of course many of these are local.

J. W. C.

Letter from Julia A. Wilkerson.

WEST CHEHALEM, OR.,

March 8, 1884.

Editor Herald:

Not seeing anything from our little valley in your paper I thought I would write a few items. There is some sickness, and there have been several deaths here. We are having nice weather and farmers are busy plowing and seeding; it seems as though spring had come. The fall-sown grain looks nice, and people are in better spirits, for they feared the cold weather would injure the grain. Our neighborhood has been quite interesting for the last two months; the Adventists have been holding meetings ever since the 20th of January, and will continue for awhile longer. The people were pretty well interested for five or six weeks, but it has grown monotonous. Some few have signed the Covenant, as they call it; they take them on trial. Elders Boyed and Debard, of Portland, are the ministers; they are real nice appearing men; but I think make too much a hobby of the Sabbath. If one of our ministers would come down and hold a meeting I think it would do a great deal of good, for the people have all been reading and studying the Bible a great deal since this meeting has been going on. If they could hear the other side I think we would all be better satisfied. There are but few of the brethren, not enough for a church organization; but we would be glad to hear one of our preachers.

We have a Good Templar lodge started with 21 charter members. I think there will be quite a good lodge in a little while, as people generally are taking more interest in the temperance cause. More anon.

Your sister,

JULIA A. WILKERSON.

Questions.

McCoy, Or.,

March 11, 1884,

Mr. J. F. Floyd:

SIR,—Three little girls would like to know why the people should let ten or fifteen lazy men keep saloons instead of earning their living at some useful work; and why does Mr. —, the lawyer who pleads so eloquently to hang a poor man whom liquor has ruined, does not make speeches against them, and why all our leading men do not join together and work against having these grog-shops in

town? If such influences were brought to bear they would soon have to close for want of custom.

If you think this worthy of publication please publish it.

We remain yours truly,

THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

Evangelizing.

Leaving Dayton, W. T., on Wednesday, in the afternoon, I reached the residence of Bro. R. L. Dashiell after considerable plunging through mud. Bro. Dashiell is one of our wideawake working men, both in church and out of it. Sister Dashiell is a worthy Christian lady, a daughter of old father Campbell living in Polk county, Oregon, and a sister of Sister L. Frazier, so well known at Bethel, Or. The kind reader will here allow me to say that this section of country is made up of the choicest material. Time would fail me to speak of the kindness shown by the worthy Christian brotherhood of this section of country. Leaving Bro. Dashiell's on Thursday morning, I continued my journey in the direction of Lost Spring, to commence meeting on Friday before the 1st Lord's day in March. Reaching the pleasant home of Bro. Wm. Anderson about noon, I enjoyed a good rest till Friday evening, when we met a goodly number at the school-house, commencing the meeting with the best of attention. The attendance increased till the close. As every one was commencing farm work we concluded best to close at the school-house on Lord's day night, making an appointment at the residence of Bro. Kramer, for the benefit of old Sister Kramer, who is now among the few octogenarians, having reached the extreme age of eighty-four, and is waiting and expecting the angel messenger to soon bear her away to the sunny shore. She is full of hope, having spent the larger share of her life in her Master's service. Her neighbors and well-wishers, after services, sang for her some good soul-cheering pieces of sacred song, and after the bestowment upon her many friendly greetings and kind words they retired.

I formed some pleasant acquaintances in the neighborhood of Lost Spring, such as Bro. Anderson and family, Bro. Turner and family, the Brown's families and Bro. Kramer and family. This is a nice neighborhood, and the young folks are taking lessons in writing and practicing in music, both vocal and in-