

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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MINISTERIAL DOMINION.

THE FAITHFUL DEACON

BY THE REV. ROBERT ROYD, M. A.

It is a source of sublime satisfaction to reflect, that the Church of Christ on earth is destined to enjoy a perfect triumph over all her spiritual foes. We have the authority of God's word for believing that the sun shall never shine, nor the moon send her silvery beams across a world where the name of Jesus is forgotten. We believe that the Lord whom we serve is erecting a spiritual temple upon the Rock of Ages, and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Amid the rising and the falling of empires; amid the rash and the conflict of hostile nations; in spite of the unholy intrigues of political schemers, and the proud boasts of infidel blasphemers, that spiritual temple shall continue to increase in strength and loveliness, till the top-stone is brought forth amid shoutings of "grace."

But how is a result so glorious to be brought about? Not by a time-serving policy and a spirit of unholiness compromise on the part of the Lord's people; not by surrendering for the sake of a brief popularity those doctrines and ordinances for which the faithful in all ages have contended even unto death; not by splitting up God's truth into portions, and calling them essential and non-essential, important and unimportant, in order to suit the taste and gain the favor of a degenerate world. If truth is to triumph, it must be by the display of a spirit the very reverse of all this;—a spirit which bows with profoundest reverence before the whole of the revealed will of God, and cherishes every part of it as our life and strength;—a spirit which, while it loves the whole body of the faithful, called by what name they may, still adheres with stern resolution to the laws and established order of Christ's Kingdom, and had rather die a thousand deaths than yield up a single fragment of "the faith once delivered to the saints." This was the spirit of the great "Captain of our Salvation;" this is the spirit which inspired the faithful in all ages, and the man who possesses such a spirit leaves the impress of his own lofty character upon society, and occupies the high and honorable position of a witness for God.

Much is said in the present day about Christian charity, and of the necessity of its controlling and modifying the judgement which we form of those who differ from us in opinion. Now nothing can be more important than that we should possess that charity which is first of all the grace, and without which the most high sounding professions are but an empty name. This is the holy fire of love which warms the heart of the good in every part of the universe, from the loftiest Angel in Heaven to the weakest Saint on earth. But there is a principle which passes current in society for Christian charity, which has nothing of it but the name. True charity is the child of heaven: this is its birth of earth. True charity "rejoices in the truth;" this sacrifices truth to expediency. True charity is hated by the world; this by the wicked rapturously applauded. True charity thinks only of what is right, and leaves consequences to God; this thinks of consequences first, and leaves right to be the child of circumstance. In short the world's charity goes upon the absurd principle that it matters not what man believes, if he be only sincere, as if all truth and duty could be resolved into sincerity, and as if the only evil in the world were that of hypocrisy. Truth is the most exclusive thing in the universe, and amid the conflict of human opinions, changing as the veering winds, it remains for ever the same.

One of God's most precious gifts to a church, and to a Pastor, is a FAITHFUL DEACON. The prosperity of the church, and the usefulness of the Minister, depends more upon how the Deacons discharge their duties, than upon any thing else, short of the Divine blessing. The Deacon is too often chosen by the church from a regard to his social position in society, his general intelligence, his wealth, or popularity in the community; while deep piety, and a willingness to give himself to the service of the church with a self-sacrificing zeal, is apt to be overlooked. Hence we have such a large number who are Deacons only in name. There is the *worldly minded* Deacon. He is in haste to be rich, and is not only by any means, very scrupulous about the means by which these riches are to be obtained. If he gives to the cause of God at all, it is the merest trifle, and even that is doled out as reluctantly as if he were parting with a portion of his heart. In the prayer meeting he sometimes prays for "the poor perishing heathen," and yet he spends more upon tobacco in one week than he gives for the salvation of the heathen in a year. He prays that the Lord would bless his Pastor "in his basket and store," while at the same time he knows that his basket has nothing in it, and as for his store it has long been numbered among the things that have been.

There is the *selfish* Deacon. He is elected to the office, accepted it, and thanked the brethren for reposing so much confidence in him; but good, easy man, it never seems to have entered his mind that he had any thing to do. The house of God may be disgraced by his filthy, the windows may be broken, the place may be freezing cold or uncomfortably hot, the dogs may trot and howl in the aisles, and the boys play the most annoying antics in the gallery, but he pays no attention; or if the matter becomes so outrageous as to compel a remark, he quietly observes, that something ought to be done, which something he never does. There is the *obedient and self-willed* Deacon. He is very wise and shrewd, and able to accomplish wonders, in his own opinions. In church meetings he has a great deal to say, generally stands in opposition, and seems most in his element in a storm. If any thing turns out wrong in the conduct of a member whose reception he opposed, it seems to give him more joy than sorrow, for with triumph in his eyes he tells the church that it has turned out just as he expected;—that he told them how it would be, but they would not take his advice, and a great many such miserable observations. There is the *minister-mimic* Deacon. He is always a warm firm friend of the Minister, at first. He is delighted with his preaching, feels that

ful that the Lord has sent them such a Pastor, and informs his friends that the Church has got the right sort of a man at last. But soon a change comes over the spirit of his dream. Some stranger or travelling Evangelist comes along. He preaches a few sermons—old friends and special favorites—preached a hundred times before—and full of extravagant fancies and passionate appeals. The Deacon is in raptures—says he never heard such powerful preaching! He henceforth begins an agitation to get the Pastor removed. He goes from house to house to accomplish his object. He has nothing against his Minister, not he—would not for the world injure him or his family—says he likes him very much as a man, but then he is a poor preacher, and the Church can never have the Pastor's position so uncomfortable that he resigns. We might lengthen this black catalogue, but it is unnecessary. Blessed be God that there are faithful Deacons in our Churches, who give their whole souls to their duties, and while we record our thankfulness to God for giving us such brethren, let us pray that from such Deacons as those described above the "good Lord may deliver us."

In the first church of which we had the Pastoral charge, we had a Deacon whose memory we found a treasure. His time and energies were given to the Church in all her interests both temporal and spiritual, with an untiring zeal. On Saturday evening and Lord's day morning, he spent hours upon his knees for a blessing upon the Pastor and the preached word. When the hour of worship arrived he would often be in an agony of earnestness, lest the preacher's mind should be closed or Satan gain an advantage. During the time of meeting he would frequently cast his eye over the assembly, and if he saw a thoughtful countenance, or an interested hearer, he would watch for their souls. If he heard of souls being impressed he would seek them out, speak with them about their eternal interest, or bring them as inquirers to the Pastor's house.

Whatever was needed for the decency or comfort of the house of God, was quietly and unostentatiously attended to, of course. On several occasions during our Pastorate, difficult cases of discipline occurred, involving great difference of opinion, and threatening to divide the Church. On these occasions we have known him spend all nights in prayer for Divine direction, and that the threatened calamity might be averted. All these pleadings with God, he would come to the Church meeting like a second Moses from the mount of God, and it was wonderful how his words of wisdom would calm the troubled elements. Once in particular his power in prayer was strikingly shown. Two brethren, both leading men in the Church, and each having a host of friends, had a dispute about a business transaction. It was introduced into the Church and was found to be so complicated in its nature that a settlement seemed impossible. Parties were formed much better feeling expended, and a division of the Church seemed inevitable. For many days the Deacon made the matter a subject of much earnest prayer. He then, full of the spirit of his master, visited the two brethren; gathered them together, and with one each side of him, poured out his soul in prayer for them. The night of the Church meeting came around—there was a gloom on every countenance, and despondency in every heart. The business was introduced, when one of the disputing brethren arose, and spoke in an excellent spirit. He confessed that he had been wrong, and asked forgiveness of his brother. The other followed in a few remarks rendered broken by his deep emotion. They grasped each other by the hand, and as they stood there, the tears rolling down their cheeks the members of the Church started to their feet and sang in unison.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c. It may be thought that this good Deacon gave so much of his time to the Church that his worldly business must have been grievously neglected. But this was far from being the case. He was "diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit." He carried his religion into his worldly calling and did his work "heartily as to the Lord and not unto man." He had a large farm, found it necessary to employ a number of hands, and yet everything went on with the greatest order. His farm was held up as a model one, and agriculturists came from great distances around to see his farm and admire it. The Lord prospered him greatly in worldly things, but there was no danger of his dying as one expressed it, "wickedly rich," for his liberality kept pace with his prosperity. He literally "GAVE AS THE LORD PROSPERED HIM."—*Canada Ch. Messenger.*

A PARABLE.—Suppose a city set on a lofty mountain, with a glorious King reigning over it in righteousness. Some of his citizens revolt, and for their sins are driven down into the arid plains below, compelled to wear like Pilgrim, an intolerable burden. But the King in his mercy prepares a feast for the rebels, constructs a highway up to his city, and invites them to come by it, with the promise of a pardon and the unbinding of their burden. One says: I will go; but not by that circuitous road which they call "the King's highway." I will go up direct by a path of my own finding. He makes the attempt. The way grows harder at every step. And how he clammers with his burden up the almost perpendicular cliffs! He topples, and is seen no more. Ah! how often is this parable fulfilled before our eyes. Poor fallen, burdened sinners are invited to the New Jerusalem. Here is one, weary, heavy-laden, and sick, who says: "I will go"—but alas! not by the "King's highway." He must go up the mountain-side of self-righteousness. He ascends until there is nothing for him to cling to. There is no hand that can reach him there: he is seized with terror, tatters, and falls.

Jesus, through Thee, "the way," I'll go,
Thou upward path will show.

THE CONTRAST.—The minstrel-mimic depicted the misery of his family before he took the pledge, and their happiness afterwards: When I was a drunkard, wife cried, father cried, mother cried, John cried, Ann cried, Mary cried, Ted cried; but I had been a temperance man only a month, John sang, Ann sang, Mary sang, Ted sang, grandfather sang, wife sang, and I sang. And I bought a frying pan, and I put a good steak in it, and that song, and that is the singing for a working man when he is hungry.

LATE NEWS.

EXECUTION OF REBELS AT CANTON.

(From the *Friend of China*, March 14.)

The thousands of men brought to Canton as prisoners are now being decapitated at the rate of a hundred and fifty a-day. That was the number, we were told, executed on Saturday last, a spectacle to which we were witness. The Canton execution-ground is situated a hundred yards from the river, two miles below the factories. The ground is closed with bars during operations. As we approached, many were met with heads bowed, to avoid the horrid stench. The ground was covered with partially dried gore. There are no drains to take the blood away, nor is any substance used to slake it. One man was found digging holes for two crosses, on which he said four were to be tied and cut in pieces. The execution had been fixed for noon. At half-past eleven half-a-dozen men arrived with the knives, preceded by bearers of rough deal-wood boxes, decorated with bloody sides—these were the coffins. The soldiers and spectators may have been 150. Foreigners, to the number of a dozen, had obtained admittance to the top of one of the houses on the far side of the street. At a quarter to twelve the first batch of ten prisoners arrived, speedily followed by the rest in similar quantities. Each prisoner (having his hands tied behind his back, and labelled on the tail) appeared to have been thrust down in a wicker basket, over which his chained legs dangled loosely, the body riding uncomfortably, and marked with a long paper tally, pasted on a slip of bamboo thrust between the prisoner's jacket and his back. These "man-baskets," slung with small cords, were carried on bamboos resting on the shoulders of two men. As the prisoners arrived, each was made to kneel with his face to the south. In a space of about 20 feet by 12, we counted as many as 70 ranged in half-a-dozen rows. At five to twelve a white button mandarin arrived, and the two to be first cut in pieces were tied to the crosses. While we were looking at this frightful process the execution commenced, and twenty or thirty must have been headless before we were aware of it. The only sound to be heard was a horrid cheep—cheep—cheep, as the knives fell. One blow was sufficient for each—the hand tumbling between the legs of the victim before it. As the sword falls the blood-gushing trunk springs forward, falls on the breast, and is still for ever. In four minutes the decapitation was complete; and then on the other victims commenced the barbarity which to think of only is sufficiently barbaric. With a short sharp knife a slice was cut out from under each arm. A low suppressed, fearful groan from each followed the operation of the weapon. Dexteros as batchers a slice was taken successively by the operators from the calves, the thighs, and then from each breast. We may suppose we may hope—that by this time the sufferers were insensible to pain; but they were not dead. The knife was then stuck into the abdomen, which was ripped up to the breast bone, and the blade twisted round and round as the heart was operated from its holding. Up to this moment, having once set eyes on the victim under torture, they had become fixed as by fascination; but they could be riveted no longer—a whirling sensation ran through the brain, and it was with difficulty we could keep ourselves from falling. But this was not all; the lashings were then cut, and the head, being tied by the tail to a limb of the cross, was severed from the body, which was then dismembered of hands and arms, feet and legs, separately. After this the Mandarins left the ground, to return, however, with a man and woman, the latter, it was said, the wife of one of the rebel chiefs—the man a leader of some rank. The woman was cut up in the way we have described; for the man a more horrible punishment was decreed—he was flayed alive. We did not see this, but it was witnessed by the sergeant of the U. S. S. J. P. Kennedy—the cry, on the first insertion of the knife across the forehead, and the pulling of the flesh over the eyes, being most horrible. But enough! Such is an episode of this revolution in China—such some of the last acts of the Manchou dynasty. It is impossible such a Government can exist much longer. Humanity must make common cause against the demons who can perform deeds such as these.

A FRESH SAMPLE OF RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN AUSTRIA.

BRISLAV, July 29.

About a year ago, the Baroness von B— after duly filling all the conditions imposed by law on a change of religion in the dominions of Austria, abjured the errors of the Catholic religion from conscientious motives, and after a course of instruction and examination in the tenets and dogmas of the Protestant creed, was admitted a member of the Lutheran congregation at Znaim, in Austrian Silesia. Not long after this event, the baroness, a lady of independent property, still in her best years, became the purchaser of a small landed estate in the Prussian village of Ratibor, near Troppau, and close to the frontiers. A short time after taking possession of her new purchase, she received a series of letters from the Catholic Prince-Archbishop of Olmutz, requiring her categorically to abjure her "heresy," return to the bosom of "the only Church that leads to salvation," and do penance for the past. These demands not being complied with, the ecclesiastical authorities ordered the baroness to be excommunicated. But in the meantime she had quitted Ratibor to escape the persecutions of her enemies, and had taken refuge at Zauditz, near Troppau, where one of her brothers resided. Scarcely was her arrival there become known, when the reading of the sentence of excommunication was ordered to take place the following Sunday, and was duly performed.

The inhabitants of the place who had hitherto been kindly disposed towards the poor baroness, now withdrew, and, fearing to draw upon themselves the anger of the Church, refused to hold any communication with her, and declined to supply her with provisions. In this unfortunate dilemma she claimed the protection of the Austrian Civil Governor of Troppau, who befriended her in a manner worthy of public acknowledgement, and by the influence of his rank and position, saved her from the risk of receiving personal insult and injury.

In the meantime the delicate female organization of the baroness had suffered so severely from the coarse and brutal persecutions of her enemies, that health was seriously impaired, and she fell a prey to a long and harassing illness. When only half recovered, she removed to Troppau, to be within reach of the medical advice of an eminent physician residing there, but at first had considerable difficulty in finding a lodging, so great was the dread of the inhabitants to incur the anger of the Church by taking in an excommunicated person. When at length she had succeeded, the lady received a visit from a Polish priest, who was evidently sent by his superiors, and who, after referring to the letters from the archbishop, recommended her to abjure Protestantism, do penance, and return to the Roman Catholic Church, promising her absolution and forgiveness of the past. As the lady remained faithful to her Protestant convictions, the visit of the priest was succeeded by one from an agent of the secret police, from whom the valetudinarian received a gentle hint to quit the town, if possible the following day, as on the next Sunday her excommunication was to be read publicly in all the churches, which it was feared might lead to a disturbance of the peace. But the baroness, still confined to her bed by illness, was unable to follow this well-meant advice. Some disinterested friends now interfered, and reporting the case to Vienna, obtained from the Cardinal Primate his consent to limit the reading of the sentence of excommunication to one single church, and at the early morning mass, when but few devotees are usually present. This was accordingly done, and, as it was not publicly known beforehand, it went off without any demonstration. It is understood that the lady has since quitted Troppau and taken up her residence on the estate of her father, an octogenarian, where she has at length found a refuge—at least for the present—from the persecutions she has had to endure "for conscience sake;" but it is added, that her health has in consequence become so shattered that she cannot long survive the merciless persecution she has received from the Catholic Church during the last few months.

Horrid Accounts of the Cholera in Spain—Famine.

The following dreadful history of the ravages of disease and the terrible prospect of famine, will be read with painful interest.

MADRID, August 3.—The state of the public health in Spain goes from bad to worse. All the journals of the provinces are full of disconsolate news. In every part the terrible cholera is taking its walk, and exercising his disastrous influence; in every part there are scenes of mourning; and the reigning calamity has depopulated many villages, which have seen their inhabitants fall by hundreds daily. In one village near Madrid there remained only two families, when the alcalde of another town came himself and took them away. Physicians, after another, had gone into the village only to fall victims, devoting themselves with rare heroism to almost certain death. "In another village, nobody having remained alive, it was set on fire, and consumed to ashes, with all the chattels of the former inhabitants. To so sad a picture is to be added its consequences, misery and famine begun in some parts to show their frightful heads, and the crops cannot be gathered in some parts for want of laborers. Many little towns have no resource on which to call, because those who possessed them are dead of the

epidemic or have fled dismayed. Nevertheless in the midst of so much misfortune, the authorities go promptly to the relief of the points attacked, carrying aid of all kinds, animating all the world, and showing a bold face to so much desolation. Charity has taken possession of many persons, who go personally from place to place, succoring with their property and their care the unhappy villages attacked. One rich man of Almeira, who has lost all his family in the epidemic has opened his great granaries to the poor, giving all the wheat and other grains which they contained; he has sent three sand at the disposition of the authorities. These acts of charity need no comment, but they contrast strongly with the legacies of Isabella II, Queen of the Spains, who gave five hundred dollars to Grenada, and some old linen to the hospitals."

UNITED STATES ARMY HAVE REPORTED THAT THERE ARE BUT FOUR HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF ARABLE LAND IN ALL THE BASIN. THIS IS IN SEPARATE TRACTS, WITH INTERVALS OF DESERT, AND IS CONFINED TO THE STREAMS OF WATER THAT DESCEND FROM THE MOUNTAINS. TO BE CULTIVATED, THE SOIL OF UTAH HAS TO BE SUBJECTED TO ARTIFICIAL IRRIGATION.

Agriculture is the basis of the prosperity, and of the life, indeed, of a State. Notwithstanding the industrial training of the Mormons—withstanding their indomitable energy and all the great excellencies of the state—they are food must inevitably be the members of their life in the Salt Lake Valley, with longer or shorter intervals of recurrence. In seeking a hiding place and fortress for their faith, they have seemingly made a mistake. Their agriculture can never flourish there, though their religion may.

Unfortunately, too, they have placed wide deserts on both sides of them, to divide them from the food of the true agricultural soils. If they would, they cannot exchange their iron, wool, leather, and crockery, for wheat and flour. The immense distances of the transport from California, Oregon, and Wisconsin preclude the idea of carrying food to the Mormons. It would be cheaper to move the Mormons to the food. It is already a debated question in the Church of the Latter Day Saints, is they can stay in the Salt Lake Valley. The Mormons of the East are of the opinion that its resources have been exaggerated, and that they can never suffice for the support of a great State, nor maintain any asylum for their persecuted faith and polity.

But an evil, extraordinary and superadded to those which are chronic and constitutional with Utah, now presses the Mormons sharply, and threatens a speedy end to their civil existence, as well as a solution of all the religio-political questions which their organization has been projecting, these three years past, into Federal discussion. Countless swarms of grasshoppers are busy devouring the vegetation of Utah. They have wholly ate up the wheat, save scattered patches which have been preserved by the labour of men, women and children, organized into relieving squads, who, with willow brushes, have painfully swept the insects into running water, where open bags caught them. These were emptied into trenches and buried up. On the 1st of June, the winter grain crop of Utah was represented to be lost. On the fields devastated by the grasshoppers, the courageous Mormons were ploughing and harrowing, in preparation for the planting of potatoes and corn. Are they not planting food for the grasshoppers?

Sixty thousand Mormons in the Salt Lake Valley may experience hunger this winter. If they do, and if their faith be not stronger than the love of life, Utah is doomed to a steady depopulation, and Mormonism is broken and lost. What a relief to the South will be this unexpected solution of the Mormon Question—a question of "domestic policy."—*Albany Journal.*

Christianity in the Crimea.

The following interesting extracts are from the Journal of the agent of British Soldier's Friend Society, visiting the Crimea.

March 19.—At Sebastopol, and met Captain V—, 97th Dr.—Major—. We retired to a tent, and together had prayer and reading the Word. It was to me and others as a well in the desert, water to the thirsty—refreshing to the weary, a bright spot amidst surrounding gloom. The report of a day of national humiliation and prayer being set apart had reached us. All thanked God for this, and it formed matter for thanksgiving. On leaving I was accompanied long on my way by Captain V— and Dr—. The conversation was chiefly on the purity, blessedness, and endless peace of the holy heaven above. Each expressed their longings after it; and little—ah! little did we dream that he who most anxiously longed for it, should so soon be taken to it.

March 24.—Went to Sebastopol. As I reached the Light Division saw men digging a grave. Asked whose it was? It was that of Captain V—. Remained with the party digging his grave, and spoke to them feelingly of the event. The men were moved, deeply, for his was no common life. Most devotedly did he strive to do his Father's will, and most anxiously did he seek the salvation of souls. The best inscription to his memory would be, "He walked with God." His funeral advanced. I have rarely seen such emotion around a grave.

March 25.—In passing through the French camp, entered a tent, and was addressed in good English. On inquiry, I found the person addressing me was the nephew of a peer of France, and yet a corporal in the army. He had no Testament or Bible, and I asked him if he would accept one, he said he would, indeed, with joy; I presented him with a copy, for which he seemed grateful, and accompanied me through the camp.

April 1.—At market-place, Kadi Keui, where I have often been. Here are people of all nations—a motley throng; it is always an exciting spot, and the chief rendezvous of our soldiers from the front: I should say not less than 1,000 visit in every day. Here day after day, I have taken my stand with my bags of books and tracts, and freely scattered the words of truth through the camp—those messengers of mercy which speak only of death through sin—life through righteousness, humbling the sinner and exalting the Saviour. To-day I had much freedom and courage bestowed, and as one after another asked me for the word, a tract, or book, was enabled to urge them to seek the one thing needful, the better portion which cannot be taken away.

April 5.—In speaking to an Irish sergeant I had mentioned the words "home" and "family." He burst into tears, and said, "I have a wife and two little ones in Ireland, and I need be excused, for the thought of them makes my heart tender." I could well sympathize with him; it is no uncommon thing in our army to see men weeping at the men-

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