

They knew he needed an application of a plant called *The Word of Life*, which grows beside a stream running from that fountain in his own country called the *River of Life*. They knew themselves too feeble (for they knew they were the youngest and most timid of his friends) to obtain for him that amount needed to counteract the injuries done by the virulent medicines he sorely needed. They could not administer a plant that grows in a desert, the preponderance of these other potent, nullifying herbs. While others tell about the grief these hold their peace, while others mourn in the assemblies over the loss of their friend, to them these sorrow in silence, in their hearts is their grief, their hearts are in sorrow, which every lament in the countenance portrays to be deep and strong and weighty.

It is currently reported that there are hopes entertained that Mr. Spiritual Religion may be restored by an application of the Word of Life, and Prayer and Watching mingled; self-Consolation and self-encouragement, a solitary effort. The restoration of Mr. Spiritual Religion is very desirable, these things have been recommended

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