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RELIGIOUS SENSIBILITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Allow me to ask, beloved reader, are you earnestly striving to work out your salvation? You may inherit wealth. A fortuitous combination of favorable circumstances may render you famous. Nature may give you health and beauty. But neither friends, nor fortune, nor nature can bestow upon you eternal happiness; you will never go to heaven by accident. An effort is needed. The mightiest exertion of which you are capable is required. Hear what the Great Teacher has said, "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able." You cannot commence too soon. You have not a longer period granted to you in which to prepare for eternity than is necessary. Time is flying on with tireless wing. Having commenced, with earnestness, the great work for securing for yourself a mansion in the skies, you have need of prosecuting it, till the end of your probation, with increasing intensity of purpose.

No matter with what alacrity the runner of a race begins, if he gives out before the terminus is reached, he does not win the prize. The blight that destroys the grain just before the golden eared harvest invites the reapers sickle is no less detrimental than the early frost that nips the infant blade. The emigrant who, having safely passed the dangers of the deep, is carried on shore to die, fails of realizing his golden visions, no less than he who, just as he was going on board, expired in the

fatherland. So he who serves God long and faithfully but dies an apostate, misses heaven just as surely as if he had lived a sinner all his days. Over two thousand years ago, the Holy Ghost told the prophet Ezekiel to write: "But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All his righteousness that he hath done, shall not be mentioned; in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die." Do not say that the self righteous is meant; for the sooner he turns from his spurious righteousness the better. If he holds on to that he must sink to ruin.

If you are thus in earnest, you will make religion the business of life. As the plant absorbs from air and earth and water only what is essential to its growth, and allows the noxious elements to pass untouched, so you will lay every providential occurrence under contribution to minister to your growth in grace. In all things you will aim to please God. Your feelings may fluctuate, but your outward life will present to the world a beautiful uniformity. You will do right at all times, and under all circumstances. In unswerving rectitude you will be like the old Roman of whom an enemy bore testimony, "That it would be easier to turn the Sun from his course, than Fabricius from the path of honesty." You may be devoid of comfort, but instead of neglecting your closet, you will visit it the oftener. The smouldering embers of the family altar may be nearly extinct, but you will only put

on fuel the more carefully, and with the breath of prayer blow them into a flame.

Your corruptions may struggle hard for the mastery and, in fact, often prevail, but you will wrestle with them the more vigorously and call the more imploringly upon God for help, lest "these Sons of Zeruiah prove too hard" for you. He is not in earnest to secure his salvation, who, upon an interruption of his enjoyments becomes careless, prayerless, immoral and wicked.

We must here raise our warning voice against a practice but too prevalent. Many, as soon as they lose the power, think themselves fully justified in giving up the form of godliness. This is a great mistake. If a man faints it is not the best way to recover him to cut off his head. If your fire goes out you will not warm your room by petulantly throwing off the fuel and pouring on water. So, if your spiritual affections become languid, use incessantly the means of grace. Give yourself no rest. Stir up yourself to take hold of God. "Strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die."

If you thus earnestly serve God, from deep seated principle, he will not leave you long without enjoyment. There will soon be a supernatural element introduced into your religion. It will not be a base morality, frigid and sparkling as the iceberg. Jesus says: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him.

Just here you will be exposed to danger in the opposite direction. You have complained of the want of feeling. You may now have so much that unless you are careful you will grieve the Holy Spirit, fall into darkness, and so your last state become worse than the first. God will let you see something of the magnitude of your eternal interests. And as President Edwards says: "Eternal things are so great and of such vast concern, that there is great

absurdity in men's being but lightly moved by them." Your heart will be stirred to its lowest depths. The world will pronounce it excitement. Formality will decide that you are excited. And the Devil seizing an auspicious moment, will whisper to you, in the kindest manner, "may this not be mere excitement?" You reason with him. He is a shrewd logician—has had the benefit of six thousand years experience, which he well knows how to use. Overcome by his sophistry, you admit that, perhaps, it was excitement.

It is permitted by the prevailing code of fashion, for persons to become excited without losing caste on all subjects except religion. The editor of a leading journal, in describing the effect produced in a political meeting by singing a political song, says: "The audience wrought itself up into a perfect furore, and as the last words of the concluding stanza died away in a volume of sound, which made the very building shake, the whole assemblage rose to their feet *en masse*, and joined in a bust of cheering, again and again renewed, amid waving of hats, handkerchiefs and frantic demonstrations of delight." This was regarded as entirely proper. Men may become "frantic" in politics, without causing alarm or condemnation. But religious excitement is pronounced unbecoming in the highest degree. All unite in applying to it the most opprobrious epithets. Vital godliness has thus far had to make its way into the world under this great disadvantage. The Apostles were called "babblers," "fools," and said to be "mad," "drunk" and "beside themselves." Luther was styled a heretic, and Wesley, Whitfield and their coadjutors, fanatics and enthusiasts. The same weapon is still successfully wielded by the enemy of all righteousness. Many, whom the Spirit of God is endeavoring to lead into the full liberty of the Gospel, fail of making any considerable progress, because they shrink from this cross. They anxiously inquire if it is not possible

to follow the Lord fully, without such manifestations of emotion as bring upon them the reproach of the world. Some bearing the Christian name look upon such manifestations with suspicion. They do not appear to be as much afflicted with the indifference and wordliness exhibited by many of the professed disciples of Christ, as with the overpowering feeling seen, at times, in a few.

This is the great impediment to the work of God, at the present time. The opposition, well-meant it may be, by many in the Church of Christ, to all uncommon manifestations of the Spirit's influence is, to-day, effecting more harm than the cavils of the skeptic and the sneers of the profane. Says an eminent living minister of the Presbyterian Church, "I have supposed, and do still suppose, that the great reason why revivals of religion have not been more deep, permanent and sin-subduing is, that the spirit has been unable to proceed beyond a certain limit in his work without meeting with a stern resistance on the part of multitudes of professors of religion and ministers. They seem in their unbelief, to have prescribed certain limits within which revivals should be kept; formed certain notions of order, and endeavored to confine the spirit down to a stereotyped mode of operation, ready to make common cause, and unite their hands in opposing the spirit, whenever he should step over into what they suppose to be the regions of disorder.

For myself, I am expecting, as soon as the Church will consent to it, and the ministry are prepared to lead the way, much deeper, more permanent, and sin-subduing revivals of religion than the world has ever seen. This must be if the world is ever to be converted."

This is the testimony of a man of piety and learning, whose labors have, for many years, been highly blessed in promoting revivals of religion, both in this country and in England. He speaks from experience.

Our object in this article is two-fold.

First. To persuade, if possible, all who fear the Lord, not to countenance this "stern resistance to the work of the spirit;" and secondly, to caution all who are endeavoring to follow the Lord fully, against grieving the Holy Spirit by allowing themselves to be tried with their peculiar exercises. In doing this we shall show that it is entirely proper, and to be expected, that those engaged in the service of God should manifest, at times, the deepest emotion.

While the earnest Christian will uniformly walk with the Lord by faith, and thus preserve an entire consistency of conduct, yet the depth of his emotions will vary. A continuance of the overpowering emotions that he sometimes experiences, would unfit him for the duties of life, and exhaust his physical frame. Paul could never have preached the Gospel had he always been so transported as not to know whether he "was in the body or out of the body."

Our first argument is drawn from the greatness of the danger to which sinners are exposed. They have wantonly violated the Divine law, which is holy and just and good. They have scornfully rejected all the overtures of mercy. God, who cannot lie, has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment. And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever, and ever; and they have no rest, day nor night!" I once saw a man who had violated the laws of his country and was awaiting his sentence to the State prison. Though a strong man he sobbed aloud, and for some minutes could not control himself so as to speak. No one who saw him could have pronounced his great grief extravagant. Shall then the sinner, whose crimes in the sight of God are of a far deeper dye, and who is exposed to a fate infinitely more dreadful, be thought to be unduly excited at the discovery of his guilt, though he should "roar by reason of the disquietness of his heart!"

An aged mother left the home of her youth and the graves of her kindred,

and with tottering step crossed the Atlantic, that she might seek her son, in this land of plenty. She found him in a prison! I saw her as she reached her hand through the iron grating and grasped the hand of her loved though erring child; and then she turned away and sank to the ground, with a grief too big for utterance. He must be an unfeeling wretch who could ridicule the deep anguish of her broken heart. Who then will say that that Christian mother is fanatical, who seeing the child of her affections "condemned already," waiting only for the ministering spirits of the justice of the Almighty, to hurry him away to "outer darkness, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," cries unto God, "with groanings that cannot be uttered," to stay the avenging sword, and send once more, to his obdurate heart, the convicting Spirit, to persuade him if possible to escape the damnation of hell? As the Bible is true, his danger is real, and hence no anxiety that she can feel is greater than the dreadfulness of the exposure will warrant.

But we prefer to let President Edwards speak on this point. As a philosopher and Divine, this country has never produced his equal. He was as pious as learned. Dr. Chambers says of him: "Looking to Edwards, we behold the most philosophical of all theologians, at the same time the humblest and holiest of men." Robert Hall pronounces him "The greatest man of the world." Through his labors many souls were brought to Christ. We do not subscribe to his Calvinistic views, but we do consider him as good authority on Christian experience. No one will hardly dare to charge this eminent Presbyterian Divine with either being fanatical himself or encouraging fanaticism in others. Edwards says, "There is one particular kind of exercise and concern of mind, that may have been overpowered by, that has been especially stumbling to some; and that is, the deep concern and distress that they have been in for the souls of others. I am sorry that any

put us to the trouble of doing that which seems so needless, as defending such a thing as this. It seems like mere trifling in so plain a case, to enter into a formal and particular debate, in order to determine whether there be anything in the greatness and importance of the case that will answer, and bear a proportion to the greatness of the concern that some have manifested. Men may be allowed, from no higher a principle than common ingenuity and humanity, to be very deeply concerned, and greatly exercised in mind, at the seeing others in great danger, of no greater calamity than drowning or being burned up in a house on fire. And if so, then doubtless it will be allowed to be equally remarkable if they saw them in danger of a calamity ten times greater, to be still much more concerned: and so much more still, if the calamity was still vastly greater. And why then should it be thought unreasonable, and looked upon with a very suspicious eye, as if it must come from some bad cause, when persons are extremely concerned at seeing others in very great danger of suffering the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God, to all eternity? And besides, it will doubtless be allowed that those that have very great degrees of the Spirit of God, that is a spirit of love, may well be supposed to have vastly more of love and compassion to their fellow creatures, than those that are influenced only by common humanity. Why should it be thought strange that those that are full of the Spirit of Christ, should be proportionably, in their love to souls like to Christ; who had so strong a love to them, and concern for them, as to be willing to drink the dregs of the cup of God's fury for them; and at the same time that He offered up His blood for souls, offered up also, as their high priest, strong crying and tears, with an extreme agony, wherein the soul of Christ was, as it were, in travail for the souls of the elect; and therefore in saving them He is said to see of the *travail* of His soul. As such a spirit of love to, and concern

for souls, was the spirit of Christ, so it is the spirit of the Church; and therefore the Church in desiring and seeking that Christ might be brought forth in the world, and in the souls of men, is represented, Rev. xii. as "a woman crying, travailling in birth, and pained to be delivered." The spirit of those that have been in distress for the souls of others, so far as I can discern, seems not to have been different from that of the apostle who travailed for souls, and was ready to wish himself accursed from Christ for others. And that of the psalmist—Ps. cxix. 53., "Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake Thy law." And v. 136, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not Thy law." And that of the prophet Jeremiah—Jer. iv. 19—"My bowels! my bowels! I am pained at my very heart. My head maketh a noise in me! I cannot hold my peace! Because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war." And so, chap. xi. 1, and iii. 17, and xiv. 17, and Isa. xxii. 4. We read of Mordecai, when he saw his people in danger of being destroyed with a temporal destruction—Esth. iv. 1—"That he rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry." And why, then, should persons be thought to be distracted, when they cannot forbear crying out, at the consideration of the misery of those that are going to eternal destruction.

"I have seen," says Finney, "a man of as much strength of intellect and muscle as any man in the community, fall down prostrate, absolutely overpowered by his unutterable desires for sinners. I know this is a stumbling-block to many; and it always will be as long as there remain in the Church so many blind and stupid professors of religion. But I cannot doubt that these things are the work of the Spirit of God. O that the whole Church could be so filled with the Spirit as to travail in prayer, till a nation should be born in a day."

God does not give any one this travail for souls continually, because no one could live under it; but every earnest and true Christian has it at times, and he that is led, by the Spirit will have as much of it as he can well endure. Reader, if you have never felt it, you have good reason to fear that you have never yet been converted to God, and you cannot have the Spirit of Christ. And the apostle says—Rom. viii. 9—"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

The Spirit opens our eyes to the condition of sinners. In His light the threatenings with which the Bible abounds are clothed with terror. Have we, by any act of disobedience, brought ourselves within the range of the artillery of Sinai? Does the dark cloud of Divine vengeance hang over us? The consciousness of our condition can but be attended with the deepest anguish of Spirit. The soul thus exposed goes "mourning all the day long." The sweetest pleasures have lost their attractions.

Have we been rescued from our perilous condition by the strong arm of Him who is mighty to deliver? Do we see others, strangers, acquaintances, friends, relatives, in imminent danger of the same destruction which so recently threatened us? Does the compassionate Spirit of Jesus dwell within us? Then, how natural, how unavoidable is it that we should manifest, when alive to the condition of sinners, the deepest emotion.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

When the ear is soothed with a variety of fine harmony, the soul is too often allured away from spiritual worship, even though a divine song attend the music.—WATTS.

BELIEVER, the more worldly business lies upon thy hand, the more need thou hast to keep close to thy closet. Much business lays a man open to many sins, many snares and many temptations.

PURE Christian humility has no such thing as roughness, or contempt; or fierceness or bitterness, in its nature; it makes a person like a little child, harmless and innocent; and that none need to be afraid of; or like a lamb, destitute of all bitterness, wrath, anger, and clamor, agreeable to Eph. iv. 31.

With such a spirit as this ought especially zealous ministers of the gospel to be clothed, and those that God is pleased to improve as instruments in His hands of promoting His work: they ought indeed to be thorough in preaching the word of God, without mincing the matter at all; in handling the sword of the Spirit, as the ministers of the Lord of Hosts, they ought not to be mild and gentle; they are not to be gentle and moderate in searching and awakening the conscience, but should be sons of thunder: the word of God, which is in itself sharper than any two-edged sword, ought not to be sheathed by its ministers, but so used, that its sharp edges may have their full effect, even to the dividing asunder soul and spirit, joints and marrow (provided they do it without judging particular persons, leaving it to conscience and the Spirit of God to make the particular application); but all their conversation should savor of nothing but lowliness and good will, love and pity to all mankind; so that such a spirit should be like a sweet odor diffused around them wherever they go, or like a light shining about them, their faces should, as it were, shine with it; they should be like lions to guilty consciences, but like lambs to men's persons. This would have no tendency to prevent the awakening of men's consciences, but on the contrary would have a very great tendency to awaken them; it would make way for the sharp sword to enter; it would remove the obstacles, and make a naked breast for the arrow.—EDWARDS.

God will not give his blessing to even a divine service, if not done in His own way, on principles of truth and righteousness.—ADAM CLARKE.

THE most fatal ruins are, frequently, not those which come suddenly, but those which come progressively—by little and little—from step to step.

There is not a more fatal disease than a consumption; yet the consumptive patient is frequently so deceived respecting his disorder, because he is not in violent pain, and the progress of his disease is slow, that you can scarcely persuade him of his danger. Consumptive persons will plan and contrive for months and years to come, when they have not a week to live! Decay in religion is of this nature; it is a spiritual consumption. If a house receive a shock from a stroke of lightning, it may still be sound in the main, and may not require to be pulled down; but if a house begin to decay at the foundation, there is little hope but it must come down.—CECIL.

SELF-LOVE.—Self-love is our most terrible enemy, because it is our nearest. Every one covets praise; but there is a strong self-love that has no bound, which is vanity; as there is, also, a feeble self-love which is moderate. We baptize the latter with the name of modesty. This is not a virtue, it is a natural quality, a simple mark of good sense. There is a great distance between modesty and humility. True humility is a miracle. A supernatural grace is necessary to impart to a minister. Nothing but love can remove self-love from the throne of his heart. Love is an ardent, passionate, pre-occupation, which withdraws from everything that is not allied to itself, from blame and from praise alike. Conversion essentially consists in love.—VINET.

LOVE.—Let our love be firm, constant, and inseparable; not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never failing river, ever running into the ocean of Divine excellency, passing on in these channels of duty and a constant obedience; still being a river till it be turned into sea and vastness, even the immensity of a blissful eternity.—TAYLOR'S HOLY LIVING.

WHO ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD?

BY NELSON C. LYON.

What an important question! It is one that should come home with force to the heart of every one who professes to be a follower of Christ. But who will answer it? Let the Word of God answer; for we must not judge. The inspired penman tells us that "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." It appears that our worship is based upon our being led by the Spirit; for the passage quoted implies that "As many as are not led by the Spirit of God, they are not the sons of God." If our being the children of God depends upon our being led by His Spirit, how important it is that we should be very careful to obey *all* its teachings.

What is it to be led by the Spirit? Where will it lead us? "He shall guide you into *all truth*, and teach you *all things*." Christ prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy Word is truth." If we are to be sanctified through the truth, and the Spirit guides us into all truth, it must, of course, lead us into sanctification; and if we are led by the Spirit, we shall be sanctified.

Perhaps you ask, "When?" Taking the Word of God for our guide, we reply, now; for, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

We are commanded to "Love God with all the *heart*, with all the *soul*, with all the *mind*, and with all the *strength*," and *surely* we cannot do that until our hearts are cleansed from all sin.

We cannot love God with all the heart, until our hearts are filled with love, and our hearts cannot be filled with love until they are emptied of all sin, till they are made pure. Being wholly sanctified, is nothing more or less than being cleansed from all sin; and "If we *confess* our sins, He is faithful and just to *forgive* us our sins;

and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Here is truth; that we must love God with all the heart, and at the *present* time; that we cannot do it until we are cleansed from all sin, or wholly sanctified; that, as the Spirit is to guide us into all truth, He will guide us into this truth. Also, that if we are led by the Spirit, we shall be cleansed from all sin *now*.

The Apostle prayed, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you who will do it." How can we be preserved blameless until we are first wholly sanctified? Certainly we *cannot* be, unless we say that sin is pleasing in the sight of God, and surely no one who believes the Word of God will say that it is; for He says that He "Cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." "No unclean thing shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." It is evident, that before we can be preserved blameless, we must be made blameless, that is, pure in heart. Nothing that is defiled with sin can be blameless in the sight of a Holy God. "We are the temple of God; and if any man defile the temple of God him shall God destroy." Will not *sin* defile the temple of God?

We have proved, from the Word of God, that it is our privilege, and our duty, to be holy, and I ask, can we live year after year in a justified state, without going any farther? We have proved that if we are led by the Spirit, we shall be led into sanctification; that if we follow the teachings of the Spirit, and the Word of God, we shall be sanctified wholly, and preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Are those who have been professing to enjoy religion from five to forty or more years, and yet know nothing about sanctification—I ask with all charity—are *they* the children of God? Certainly they have not been led by His Spirit. Reader, hast thou

obtained a *pure* heart? If so, thank God and take courage. Hast thou been many years professing to live justified in His sight, and yet hast thou not followed the teachings of His Spirit, or His Word, which says, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy?" If the latter case be your condition, *are you a child of God?* "Examine yourselves; *prove your own selves*; know ye not that Jesus Christ is *in you*, except ye be *reprobates*?" "And if Christ be in you the body is dead because of sin." "Herein was the Son of God *manifested to destroy the work of the devil.*" *Sin* is the work of the devil, and hence if Christ destroys the work of the devil, he must destroy sin. Reader, if Christ dwell in your heart, will he not destroy sin there? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." If we have the Spirit of Christ, we shall have its fruits also, which are "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

"Against *such* there is no law."

PRIDE.—Let none think themselves out of danger of spiritual pride, even in their best frames. Pride is the worst viper in the heart; it is the first sin that ever entered into the universe, is lowest of all in the foundation of the whole building of sin, and is the most secret, deceitful and unsearchable in its ways of working, of any lusts whatever. It is ready to mix with everything; and nothing is so hateful to God, contrary to the spirit of the gospel, or of so dangerous consequence; and there is no one sin that does so much to let the devil into the hearts of the saints and expose them to his delusions.—EDWARDS.

WE are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think if there is a God, He is in Heaven, and not on earth.—BEECHER.

HE that would pray with effect must live with care and piety.—TAYLOR.

THEY have healed also the hurt of the daughters of my people slightly, saying peace, peace, when there is no peace.

The prophet gives a thundering message, that they might be terrified, and have some convictions and inclinations to repent; but it seems that the false prophets, the false priests, went about stifling people's convictions, and when they were hurt or a little terrified, they were for daubing over the wound, telling them that Jeremiah was but an enthusiastic preacher.

Our hearts are exceedingly deceitful, and desperately wicked; none but the eternal God knows how treacherous they are. How many of us cry peace, peace to our souls, when there is no peace. How many are there that are now settled upon their lees, that now think they are Christians, that now flatter themselves that they have an interest in Jesus Christ! whereas, if we come to examine their experiences, we will find that their peace is but a peace of the devil's making; it is not peace of God's giving; it is not a peace that passeth human understanding. It is matter, therefore, of great importance to know whether we may speak peace to our hearts.

I know, by sad experience, what it is to be lulled asleep with a false peace. Long was I lulled asleep; long did I think myself a Christian, when I knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ. I went, perhaps, further than many of you do; I used to fast twice a week; I used to pray, sometimes, nine times a day; I used to receive the sacrament constantly every Lord's day; and yet I knew nothing of Jesus Christ in my heart. I knew nothing of inward religion in my soul.

O, if ye do not take care, a form of religion will destroy your soul; ye will rest in it, and will not come to Jesus Christ at all; whereas, those things are only the means and not the end of religion; Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe.—WHITFIELD.

EXPERIENCE

OF MRS. MINERVA COOLEY.

I WAS taught by a praying mother in the days of my infancy to lisp my evening prayer, and I never durst, before my conversion, close my eyes in sleep without first kneeling by my bedside, and saying my little prayer to God. But I do not remember to have been especially convicted for sin until after my tenth year, when I began to feel my need of salvation. During a series of meetings I went several times to the anxious seat. My heart was all broken down before the Lord, but I did not know how to cast my burden on Him, or how to exercise saving faith. After a time my deep convictions wore off, and I was encouraged by some to believe that God had pardoned my sins. But Jesus showed me by a vision of the night that I had settled down upon a false hope. After tenderly embracing me, he seemed to say to me, You think you are in the way to heaven, but you are in the way to hell: He then smiled upon me, and disappeared. When I awoke, it seemed to me that Jesus had appeared to me in person and told me that I was self-deceived. I now began in earnest to seek the Lord, and soon felt His power to save, and then how my young heart went out after others, especially the unconverted members of my father's family! I found some heavy crosses to bear, though they might appear trifling to persons of maturer years. I felt that God called me to labor, to do something for souls young as I was. I well remember the glory I used to feel in bearing the cross, and though Satan tried to prevent my doing certain duties, by telling me I was too young, yet my heavenly Father gave me grace and decision to put him to flight, and for a time led me by His Spirit in the path of obedience. I kept on in this way for a few years as well as I could, trying to follow Jesus according to the light I had, and sometimes I would feel so much of His presence as to quite

overcome my physical powers; and then a great solemnity would pervade my mind for days, and I would feel such a sinking into God as I could not express. I read the lives of Hester Ann Rogers and Mrs. Fletcher, and greatly longed to see somebody deeply experienced as they were, to whom I could go for counsel, but I looked in vain to find them. O how I needed some spiritual guide to point out the dangers that beset my path, and guide my feet in the narrow way. Happy had it been for me had I kept on living near to Jesus. But after the lapse of a few years I commenced going in young company; and I proved, alas! that the society of the gay and thoughtless was no help to a life of faith. I now began to lay down my watch, and to neglect certain duties until I felt the light going out of my soul; and thus was I shorn of my strength, so that I had no power to labor, though I kept up an outward form, and attended regularly class and prayer meetings, and visited my closet three times a day; but O how little I knew of what it really was to be blessed! I felt a sort of satisfied feeling in doing those duties, because they were enjoined upon me, but my heart did not go out to God in them; it lay all unmoved and unwarmed within; though the divine rays were shining then as now, I had no faith to conduct them to my heart. I read the promises in God's holy word to His believing children, but I had no power to claim them as mine. I lived on in this way until in my nineteenth year I became the wife of an itinerant minister; and how little I then felt the responsibilities of a minister's wife! I thought I must please the people, and this I endeavored to do, by doing all that I thought was required of me; in visiting the members, taking part in the social meetings, in instructing the youth, in superintending Sabbath schools, and by being active in all the benevolent societies. I felt it a task to move, and thought when we went to a new station, if we could please the people the first year, they would want us back the second year;

and they generally did. Things passed on in this way until we went to the Springville charge, and Bro. Eleazier Thomas was appointed our Presiding Elder. With him holiness was a prominent theme, and he preached it wherever he went. Previous to this time, I do not recollect to have heard a sermon preached on this subject during all these years that I had lived so backslidden in heart though not in life. I did not know any one who could declare from a personal experience that there was power in Jesus' blood to cleanse the heart from all sin.

I had gone on measuring myself by others, and had thought I was as good as most in the Church; but sometimes I would feel the upbraidings of conscience, and some circumstance would lead to self-examination; and then I would feel that all was not right, and that I was not prepared for sudden death; but I had heard it many times said that we should have dying grace given to us in that hour, and that we did not need dying grace to live by. I tried to believe this, and would quiet my conscience and pass on. Yet I knew the Church was not what it ought to be, and was far from what it was in its earlier days of simplicity and power. I had read of those times, and could remember when a child, how the members went plainly dressed, and would kneel in the public congregation; and when assembled in love-feasts, the doors being shut, would enjoy seasons of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It did seem now as I looked over the state of the Church, and saw how its members tried to outvie each other in worldly conformity, and in building costly edifices to gratify the eyes of its fashionable worshippers, and saw so little humble piety and true Christian zeal for God, that Ichabod would soon be written upon the doorposts of our Methodism, for the glory was departing from her. At times I would see these things, and mourn over them, and would resolve to live nearer to God, and at times had some peace and rest, but it was only for a few mo-

ments. Thus I went on resolving and re-resolving to be more faithful, but without any real abiding change in my feelings, for about ten years.

And then, glory be to Jesus! it was my privilege to become acquainted with some Christians who walked in the clear light, and who felt it their duty to deal faithfully with souls. And these did not as others had done, flatter me, and encourage me to think I was doing well, without any satisfactory evidences of my personal salvation. As I sat under the pointed preaching of some devoted ministers, the word came to my soul with searching, sifting power. And O how I saw that I was living on shadows without tasting the substance! Then, when I looked over my past life, and saw how little I had done with an eye to the glory of God; and how I had misrepresented Jesus, professing to be His disciple, and at the same time indulging in pride of life, and doing many things to gratify self, I felt like getting in the dust and thanking God that He had not removed the candlestick out of its place, and left me no space for repentance. About this time, while residing in Somerset, I was taken suddenly ill, and did not expect to live twenty-four hours; and keenly I then felt that the dying grace I had before expected would not be given when there were neglected duties unrepented of. I felt that I was not prepared to go into the presence of my Judge—I had not the wedding garment on. But God saw fit in His mercy to rebuke the disease, and to spare my life.

I then sought earnestly the forgiveness of all my backslidings, and felt that God did justify me freely, through faith in His name. I now felt greatly the need of more power to be useful, and was convicted for the blessing of entire holiness.

I resolved to seek it at the coming camp meeting which was soon to be held in Newfane. That meeting was rendered a great blessing to very many souls. The fruits of it will only be seen in eternity. It was the first that

had been held in that region for fifteen years; and this would not have been, but for the untiring and persevering efforts of Bro. Joseph McCreery. It was there my soul entered the "Canaan of perfect love"—the land of rest from in-bred sin. On the last day of this meeting, a beloved sister—a mother in Israel, (wife of Dr. Israel Chamberlain) came to me and invited me to go into a tent where a few were seeking for entire holiness. I went in and found sister Hardy and Bro. William C. Kendall laboring with a few souls. I knelt with them, and was enabled by the help of God's Spirit to make an entire consecration of all I had to Him. And O how I saw the crosses coming up before me! One was to go home and profess it in the society where we then lived. I saw a little of what I should have to meet; there was very little sympathy with earnest religion in that place, only about a half dozen members out of seventy who met in class, and these were cold and formal, and my husband did not enjoy the blessing—but I said, Lord, I *will* confess it. Another was, to exhort in the public congregation, and another was to go home and labor with my mother, although she had long been a member of the Church, I felt sure she was not saved. A little before this she had been afflicted with severe illness; and I had stood by her bedside and saw her sinking, as I supposed, in the arms of death, and had not courage to speak to her about her soul.

The Lord pity such professors of religion! The reason this was such a cross to me, was, because religion was not a familiar subject in the family; and in how many professedly Christian families is this the case! Everything else, almost, is looked after, but the salvation of its members.

After promising the Lord I would take the cross every where with all the reproach, I felt the light breaking into my soul, and O what waves of light seemed to pass all through my inner and outer being. I was enabled by faith to put on Christ fully, and felt all

through my soul such a glorious union with him. It was now my greatest delight to do His blessed will, and I began to feel such a sympathy for perishing souls, as I had never felt before. My soul was greatly burdened when I beheld the backslidings of God's people. At one time, for nearly a week so heavily did the state of the Church press upon me, that I was scarcely able to perform the common duties of the family. At length I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord. I went alone to the sanctuary, and entered the sacred desk, where I prostrated myself before the Lord, and earnestly besought Him to endue my husband with power from on high, to give edge and force to his truth as proclaimed from that desk—that the hearts of the people might melt under its burning power. I felt assured by the Holy Spirit my prayer was heard, and waited patiently expecting the answer. My burden was all gone, and with a light and happy heart I went about my work until the next Sabbath; and that day, as I sat under the word, I thought I had never heard my husband preach with such freedom and power. I saw it was taking effect, and God manifested His presence in the class meeting, in a wonderful manner. Some fell under His power, and nearly all eyes were suffused with tears—it was the dawning of a new era to that society.

Glory, glory be to Jesus, who hears and answers prayer!

I felt it my duty to reprove sin wherever I saw it, in the Church or out of it, and this called down upon me bitter opposition. I met with trials and persecutions I had not expected, but O how graciously did the Lord sustain me, and cause me in every trial to triumph!

And O how I now felt that my husband as well as every minister of the gospel, needed the clear light in his soul, in order to teach others the way. And before our four days' meeting on Bear Ridge, I carried his case to the Lord; and got the assurance that He would save him fully at that meeting.

But the meeting passed on until the last evening, when the Lord laid upon me a heavy cross; but He gave me strength to bear it, although Satan suggested it would be very much out of place, and would injure the cause. I felt it my duty to go to him in the church, and ask him to come forward with others, and seek the blessing of holiness; for I felt that ministers must lay aside their dignity, and get down as low as others, to be fully saved.

I went to him, and we knelt together at the altar, and as we commenced praying, God began to show him his heart, and earnestly did he plead that the second work, the work of purification might be completed there. And that night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, while the now sainted William C. Kendall was lifting him up to the throne in earnest believing prayer, he experienced the inward crucifixion, the death of nature, and was enabled to testify clearly to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and purify the heart. And since that hour the ever, blessed Jesus has been an abiding guest at our humble home.

O glory, glory be to His name, how He has sustained us while passing through trials, and He has enabled us to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of our faith worketh patience. Now I can say as did the apostle, I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me. O what an amazing stoop of condescending grace to save so sweetly, so fully, a rebel soul like me. I find in Jesus my all every day, every hour, every moment, and like as the atom plays in the sun's beams, so my soul seems lost in God, and delights itself in the ocean of His love. O that I had an angel's tongue and a trumpet's voice to tell the world of God's redeeming love. O, how gently He bears me along, and unfolds to me daily the riches of His grace! My every wish and desire centers in Him, and the language of my heart is, O Jesus! I'll follow Thee everywhere, I'll go at Thy bidding, regardless of the world's flatteries or frowns, till Thou shalt sign my release and take me home!

QUALIFICATIONS FOR PREACHING.—

When any one comes forward to offer himself as a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, before he can be rightly assigned to any sphere, the question as to his spiritual character must be favorably decided, and then his sphere should be determined by his gifts. Which of the various gifts of the Holy Spirit have been conferred upon him? If none of them, who dare say that he is to be a minister of God, and a teacher of the souls of men? It is a manifest inversion of Christian order, when the commission of the Church is taken to be the authority to commence the exercise of spiritual gifts. In the New Testament the Church's only warrant for issuing her commissions is the known possession of such gifts; and this can only be proved by their previous exercise. Her work was not to create gifts, but from among the gifted brethren to select those whom the Lord had, by His own will and act, previously fitted for special offices. The ordination of the Church to the ministry was not a Christian's first authority to preach Christ; for that, opportunity and ability were authority enough; but the special eminence and usefulness of some among the company of preachers was the Church's warrant for separating them to the sole work of the ministry. If a commission from the Church be held to supply the place either of the Spirit's constraining call, or of His qualifying gift, His office in perpetuating the ministry is superceded. To do this effectually, it is not necessary to blot from creeds the expressions of right belief, but only to adopt in practice such regulations as will enable men without grace, or without gifts, by the use of ordinary professional preparations, to obtain a commission, and stand up as accredited stewards of the mysteries of God.—ARTHUR.

THE carnal minded cannot believe that there is any sure plan of driving out or keeping under one devil, except by calling in the aid of another.—HARE.

SINGING IN CHURCH.

How can we get persons to sing in our Churches? This is the inquiry that is being constantly made, not only in this city, but in many other places also. It ought not to be so. God requires his people to praise him, and especially in the sanctuary. By the mouth of the sweet Psalmist of Israel he said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," and David resolved accordingly, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall be continually in my mouth;" and invites all to do the same, "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises to our King, sing praises; for God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding;" and in other places he saith, "It is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely; praise him in his sanctuary, praise him in the congregation of his saints." Praise constituted a very large part of the worship of the Jewish Church, and the Christians in apostolic times delighted in the same holy exercise. They waited not for the accompaniment of wind or stringed instruments, but in open air; in secret chambers, in prisons, or wherever any saints happened to be assembled, there they could sing a hymn. There was no straining after any artistic effect or scientific execution; but the plain song of piety ascended from earth to Heaven, in direct obedience to the command of the apostle to "offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name." So, at a later period, in time of persecution, the early Christians were accustomed to meet a great while before day and sing praises to Christ as God. So, again, at a later period still, as we learn from Cave.

"When they (Christians) were at dinner, they sang hymns and psalms; a practice which Clement of Alexandria commends as very suitable to Christians, and a modest and decent way of praising God whilst we are partaking

of his creatures. Saint Chrysostom also strongly pleads for it, that men should be careful to teach their wives and children; and which (singing) they should use at their ordinary works." Numberless testimonies to the same effect might be cited. The primitive Christians praised the "Lord at all times." So, again, at the times of the great Reformation, we have abundant evidence of psalmody and hymnology being common among Protestants. And from the glimpses which are afforded us of Heaven, it would seem that new songs of praise, "loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blessed voices," will never die away from the lips of the holy and happy worshippers. Now the path of duty is plain. All must recognise it, and at the same time feel the need of united praise in church. But it may be asked, can any plan be devised to meet and overcome the difficulty complained of? We reply, most certainly. God has given all voices, some after one sort, some after another, but all have voices capable of improvement. Let, then, the heads of households practice plain singing at home; and, if "men," feeling indisposed to lead in this matter, will not prevent such pious exhortations of singing under their own roofs, "wives and children," sisters and brothers, maid servants and men-servants, will quickly draw all "men" out into family psalmody. Familiarized to it by fives, and by tens, and by scores in their private worship, what would check spontaneous joining (with or without choirs) in church? Accustomed to ecclesiastical music within their own family circle, where would any longer be such grave impediments as are now alleged to exist? Then we would also suggest that an effort should be made to get as many as possible of the people together to practice some two or three plain tunes by the ear during the intermediate week days. It could be done. Nature makes human beings vocal, and none refuse to sing any popular airs or national melodies when

the occasion offers; and that they acquire by the ear, accomplish by practice. So it should be, and it could be, with sacred tunes if the spiritual pastor cordially called upon his flock to assemble in church or other suitable place for that exclusive purpose. In answer to an objection that may naturally arise to this plan, we would ask our readers to remember that among those who sang hosannas to the Lord, there might have been, and probably were, many false notes, many inaccurate and uncouth voices; yet our Saviour loved to hear them sing; and he declared, if they held their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out. Let us then be very careful how we silence any who would join in the act of praise, from the mistaken idea that they would interrupt others. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, for His name only is excellent, His glory above Heaven and earth."—*Church Witness.*

FANATICISM.—Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and of superstition, the father of intolerance and of persecution; it is, therefore, very different from piety, though some persons are pleased to confound them. The pious man, always governed by humility and reason, implores and receives the succors of grace; and evidences this Divine nature by conducting himself with sweet humility and love, the genuine character of the first Christians. But the fanatic, big with pride, and full of himself, rejects reason, and takes the emotions of his own passions for those of grace; and far from conducting himself with Christian modesty and love, he follows the reveries of his imagination as if they were the inspirations of the Divine Spirit; he imitates the follies of enthusiastic fools, and if occasion offers, the cruelties of bloody persecutors. Let us cautiously guard against this excess, but let us not despise true zeal; for it differs as much from fanaticism as vigour, accompanied with health, differs from a delirium produced by a burning fever.—FLETCHER.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

HAVING treated this subject in a former number in its application to the membership of the Church generally, we now proceed to notice some of the substitutes frequently made by the Christian ministry for the baptism of celestial fire.

1. *Education.* Many act as though they believed their erudition would measure their success more nearly than anything else. Their critical expositions and labored essays are dealt out with a master's hand, and regarded as the very quintessence of the gospel itself. In their estimation, the *intellect* is the devil's stronghold, against which their heaviest artillery is leveled. Logic is their principal weapon in the mighty war with sin and Satan. A perfect volley of arguments is hurled at the reasoning faculties, which may be robbed of every refuge of defense, and the heart remain the same dungeon of darkness—the same den of thieves—the same seat of Satan as before. This is surely the character of too much of our modern preaching. The intellect is fed, but the soul goes hungry away. The judgment is convinced, but the conscience is not effectually aroused and stung with the "arrows of the Almighty." There is a fearful tendency to be satisfied with the *light* without the *fire*—the *thunder* without the *lightning*.

2. *Eloquence.* True eloquence is the *power to move mind.* There is nothing unlawful in possessing such a power if employed in the right direction. Many, however, seem to rely more on their powers of oratory to move, than upon the unction of the Holy Spirit. A splendid elocution, and dazzling rhetorical flourishes, are prominent features of the sermon, which often have the effect upon the simple to make them pronounce the preacher a most "eloquent" man! A short extract from "B. M. A." of the *Guide to Holiness*, a few months

since, will forcibly illustrate this point: "We have seen the Redeemer of men so presented, that His friends scarcely knew Him. We have heard the gospel (as it was called) preached in such a way that we could think of nothing like it, but a grand display of spiritual pyrotechnics—rockets of imagination went streaming away into the heavens; all sorts of fires, from angel luminaries down, winding up in involved blazings of many-colored lights, and a terrific explosion, leaving us peering out into the darkness that followed, and asking, 'Where is Jesus?'"

3. *Orthodoxy.* It is a great thing, and very desirable withal, to be correct in doctrine, for God has made it a matter of no small concern as to what we believe. But theoretical and theological correctness is not *everything*. Indeed, for all practical and *saving* purposes it is *nothing* unless something else is superadded. Orthodoxy is the finished engine without the propelling *steam*—the perfect body without the animating and energizing *spirit*! It is not enough that the people be *indocinated*; they must be *stirred, melted, slain by the sharpness of the two-edged sword, and made gloriously alive from the dead by the power of the Holy Ghost*! It is not enough that a minister preach the *truth*; this he might do by asserting from morning till night that my name is *Alexander*; but who is made better by its announcement? Much truth may be preached and yet but very little be accomplished: *first*, because the most essential class of truths is not proclaimed; and *second*, because the truth itself, more than the Holy Ghost, is relied on for success. O this will never do! Let us have the truth—the simple truth—the whole truth, but let it come burning with the associated presence of the Infinite Spirit! Then it will cut its way to the heart of the King's enemy, and multiply its victories everywhere.

4. *Popularity.* Some preachers measure their success by their acceptability. Nearly the highest point of desirableness is reached if they have succeeded

in preaching a considerable length of time without making any enemies. Having secured the good will of a large community, and established what they call a ministerial reputation, they seem to think that success henceforth is to be expected as *a matter of course*. Prosperity blinds their eyes, and they lose sight of the great fact that all their efforts will amount to nothing, or next to nothing, if unaccompanied by the Spirit's burning agency. A man that lives the nearest to God, and preaches with most of the unction of holy One, will not always or often be regarded with the greatest public favor. Such a man will "suffer persecution," for he must necessarily come in conflict with the darling sins of those who prefer to be let alone. To keep on good terms with everybody, a man must be composed of a peculiarly pliable material. It is seldom that a *popular* preacher is a *straight* preacher. So far from popularity answering as a substitute for the Holy Ghost, a man that would be fully led by this heavenly Guide, will probably be obliged to pursue a course eminently calculated to *diminish* his popularity. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for it will doubtless be at the expense of your faithfulness to their souls, and of the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

What an amazing pity that the chosen heralds of mercy should so far reverse the order of Heaven as to presume to do anything in carrying out their great commission without a mighty baptism from on high! What wretched work they always make when they endeavor to dispense with the Holy Ghost! How Churches die off on their hands, and Infidelity, with unwonted boldness, stalks abroad over the fair fields of this favored land! How strangely weak appears the gospel as proclaimed by these polished theologians, in contrast with the mighty gospel of primitive times, and even of the present time, when announced by lips that are touched with celestial embers! It is too bad to find so many dead Churches over the land, but min-

isters should doubtless be sparing of their complaints unless they are quite certain that they have not contributed by their spiritless preaching to induce this very state of death. May God pity us! Amen.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Mr. Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend:

"As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when the night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

THE most you can do to a good man is to persecute him; and the worst that persecution can do is to kill him. And killing a good man is as bad as it would be to spite a ship by launching it. The soul is built for Heaven, and the ship for the ocean, and blessed be the hour that gives both to the true element.—BEECHER.

A PAINTER who was once reprehended by a cardinal, for putting so much *red* in the faces of St. Paul and St. Peter, answered: "It is to show how much they blush at the conduct of many who style themselves their successors.—ANON.

THERE is not a duty we are called to perform, not an evil temper we are required to vanquish, but we are directed in Scripture to seek for the aid of the Spirit of God, that our endeavors may be crowned with success.—VENN.

PERSONS may go to Church, receive the sacrament, lead honest, moral lives, and yet be sent to Hell at the last day.—WHITFIELD.

Do not complain of the *shoe* when the disease is in the *foot*.—A. A.

PREACHING.

I HAVE sometimes been tempted to speak thus from the pulpit: "My friends, I am as tired of sermons as you are; henceforth I will lay aside all pretensions to style, and speak to you as I do to a friend on the street. I will try to be simple, honest, true; telling you just what I think, and as I think it. I hope you will listen with attention and interest, as it is for your benefit, not my own, that I speak." But, on consideration, I saw it was better to make no such declaration, but to endeavor to act up to it. I have attempted it, but with how little success! The force of habit overcomes my best intentions; after a few minutes of simplicity, I again fall into declamation. But I do declare, that when I have been fortunate enough—let me speak more correctly and say—when I have been so far sustained from above as to remain simple and true, I have invariably enjoyed an unusual measure of peace of mind. I may add, that when I have suddenly checked myself in an affected delivery, and resumed a natural tone, I have seen drooping heads raised, wandering eyes fixed; my auditors thus taught me which was the right course.

Try it, Eusebius! Try it, and you will find the benefit of the change. You may fail the first time, but succeed the second. And you will succeed if you are in earnest, have real faith in the gospel, and love to souls. If the ministry is to you merely a profession, you will never be simple, because you are in a false position. Imitation of simplicity is as bad as imitation of dignity; both are disguises, and there can be no success in the pulpit without truth in principle and in practice.—REV. NAPOLEON ROUSSEL.

John the Baptist was a "burning and shining light." To shine is not enough—a *glow-worm* will do so; to burn is not enough—a *fire-brand* will do so.—SECKER.

BACKSLIDING IN OLD AGE..

BY THE EDITOR.

THE pulpit and the religious press teem with admonitions to the young against backsliding. They are needed. The young Christian cannot be too much upon his guard. He is surrounded with dangers. His previous habits must be broken up. The associations formed prior to his conversion, cannot be continued without jeopardy. Invisible powerful foes are prowling about, plotting his destruction. He cannot tread too cautiously.

But it deserves to be remembered that those persons mentioned in the Bible as departing from God were generally men, who were, at the time of their defection, upon the down-hill side of life. Look at Moses. Exposed in his youth to the seductions found in the household of a heathen king, he remembered God, and retained his integrity. Vicious example was lost upon him. Ambition proffered her gilded baubles in vain. Passion tried its power to no purpose. He identified himself with a nation of slaves, choosing rather to "suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." In advanced life, just as he was ready to enter the promised land, he gave way to a spirit of vanity and impatience, and brought upon himself the displeasure of God, and though he was doubtless taken to Heaven, he was not permitted to enter the promised land.

Eli appears to have been eminently pious nearly all his days. It was not until he was "very old" that he "honored his sons above the Lord," and brought upon himself the malediction of Heaven.

See David. In his youth and through his prime, a man after God's own heart—in advanced life guilty of murder and adultery! and at a still later period giving way to pride and self-conceit—vices from which age is by no means exempt.

Consider the history of Solomon. The God of nature gave him wisdom above all men. The God of grace gave him another heart; and in a special sense the Lord loved him. Yet strange to say—"it came to pass when Solomon was old" that "his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel." He yielded to a compromising spirit—the sin of old age. The altar and worship of Jehovah he never thought of forsaking; but in sinful compliance with the wishes of his wives, he gave countenance and support to the worship of false Gods. "And the Lord was angry with Solomon."

How many, who, in their younger days were noted for their uncompromising hostility to the fashionable follies and vanities of the world, find reasons, when their children come upon the stage of action, in favor of practices, which, when they walked in the light of the Spirit they strongly condemned. What a pitiable sight to see men in old age spending the remnant of their days in pulling down the edifice for the erection of which they devoted the strength of their manhood.

Old age is by no means exempt from the liability to backslide. There is danger when habits of piety are formed, that piety will degenerate into a mere habit. The body may retain its form long after vitality is fled—the embalmer's skill may keep it from corruption, so the form of devotion may be retained long after the spirit has departed.

SATAN'S ARTS.—Thou hast contended with Satan and hast been successful. Thou hast fought with him, and he has fled from thee. But, O, remember his artifices. Do not indulge the belief that his nature is changed. True, indeed, he is now very complacent, and is, perhaps, singing thee some syren song; but he was never more a devil than he is now. He now assaults thee, by not assaulting thee; and knows that he shall conquer, when THOU FALLEST ASLEEP.—UPHAM.

WITH CHRIST.

BY REV. WM. HART.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto you, today shalt thou be with me in paradise."—Luke xxiii, 42 and 43. In this chapter is recorded the closing scenes of the life of our Divine Redeemer. True to the purpose for which he left the shining seats above, we find him in the very agonies of death listening to, and answering prayer. No wonder we oft-times sing, "Jesus loves to answer prayer." And what a view does this give us, of the intense desire of Jesus to save the souls of men. Look at his sufferings, the cruel mockings and scourgings, his agony in the garden, his fainting under the cross as he ascended Calvary's mount, then the driving of the spikes through the quivering flesh, and above all this, and in the midst of all, the load of sin for a guilty world, and the hidings of his Father's face, causing him to cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

While undergoing such sufferings, and accomplishing the work of redemption for a lost race, yet he finds time and inclination, to answer the prayer of the penitent thief. Infinite compassion! Wondrous love!

"O, for such love let rock and hills,
Their lasting silence break."

After Jesus was crucified, the first thing he did, was to pray for his murderers. "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." How perfectly his teachings and his character correspond. And if the Jews were led to say at one time, "Never man spake like this man," how much more might we say, never man died like this man. Or in the words of an Infidel, who, when contemplating the death and sufferings of Jesus, exclaimed, "If Socrates died like a philosopher, Jesus Christ died like a God." And like a God he answers the prayer of the peni-

tent thief. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who is this, nailed and expiring on the cross, that can use, such language as this? Who can thus open the gate of paradise, and give entrance into eternal glory?

He who is exalted a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sin. Well may we say with Thomas, and happy he who can look to the bleeding, dying Saviour, and with faith cry, "My Lord, and My God."

In the character of the two thieves, we have a striking illustration of the different effect produced by preaching the gospel of Christ. One of these dies hardened to the very last. He even joined the mockings of the rabble below, and railed on him saying, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." We should have expected, in such an hour as this, that his soul would have been in some degree humbled, enough so at least, to make a dying man refrain from insulting a dying man. The example of Christ, which has softened the heart of the other, has had an opposite effect on him. Making true the declaration of Scripture, that the gospel is to some, a savor of life unto life, while to others of death unto death. "The cross of Christ is to the Jew a stumbling block, and to the Greek foolishness, but to them who are saved the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

As far as we can learn from the narrative the circumstances of these thieves were similar. Both had the example of Christ before them, both had the same opportunity to learn and see, that he who was crucified was truly the Lord, and both would have found the same free grace in answer to prayer. Where then was the difference? One as he felt the movings of the spirit, yielded, and his heart was softened, and aided by these gracious influences, he made known the desires of his heart to Christ, and was saved. The other, having equally the first gentle movings of the Spirit, resisted, and by his voluntary perversity, grieved the Holy Spirit, and thus de-

prived himself of the only means which God could use to save him.

We see from this, that the greatest plagues will not humble men. Outward pains will never expel inward sins. How often God lays his hand upon us, and the racking pains of disease, and the scorplings of fever, bring us near the grave, and if our life is spared, we rise from the bed of suffering, with the same proud, unhumiliated hearts. I once attended the funeral of a young man, who died of a loathsome disease. Decomposition progressed with such rapidity that the last look of mourning friends was prevented, and the coffin removed from the house during the services. The minister in alluding to the circumstances, remarked "If such a sight as this will not expel all levity and pride from the heart, I do not know what will." But a thousand such thoughts and sights never will. The gospel has presented a far different sight, by which to expel the pride of the heart, than the dissolution of this vile body. The burden falls, as the Cross of Christ appears in view.

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Look at that man doomed to die. See him in yon narrow cell, left to the corroding reflections of a guilty mind. The hour for his execution draws near. Eternity begins to unfold before his spiritual vision. But he nerves himself against any appearance of concern, and passes to the bar of God unhumiliated and unsaved. What earthly condition can man be placed in, where the grace of humility would take root and grow, if not in circumstances like these? None. Nothing but Jesus' blood can wash away sin. The example of Jesus, and the history of the cross, is God's method of softening the hard heart. Hopeless, indeed, is that case, where these avail not. Apply then, oh! apply, for an interest in his blood, and the answer shall be given, and salvation received.

This penitent, who was this day to be

with Christ, had outraged the law of his country, and died a criminal. But repentance and faith in his suffering Lord, took him to glory. David the adulterer and murderer, received again the pardoning seal of his Master's love. Peter, the swearer and perjurer, was pardoned, and with the rest received the pentecostal baptism. And Paul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples, was arrested, converted, and made the chiefest of the Apostles. Omnipotent love can soften the hardest heart. No soul is so crimsoned with sin, but Jesus' blood can wash it white as snow.

Reader, dost thou desire to be with Christ, in the paradise of God? Learn then this prayer, "Lord, remember me."

◊ MELANCTHON'S PORTRAIT OF A GOSPEL PREACHER.—He enters the house of God with a pious intention of preaching the unadulterated truth, and to present that which alone is useful and necessary, and not merely to delight the fancy of his hearers with human inventions, clothed in florid language. He disposes the matter of his discourse in a proper and natural order, and discusses it in a lucid and proper manner. He admonishes his hearers, and distinctly shows them how they may apply to themselves each truth. To impress it upon their minds, he employs clear and convincing argument, and illustrates it with appropriate examples, that every hearer may remember it well. He holds out motives, he rouses the feelings, he alarms them by denouncing the terrible threatenings of God, and awakens hope and confidence by the promise of His word. At one time he preaches the law, and then the Gospel, and explains the difference between them in the clearest manner. At one time he only explains the Scriptures, at another he addresses the heart and conscience vigorously—he excites the mind to activity, not by a mere sound of words, but by a solemn appeal to the affections. Such a preacher I knew well, it was MARTIN LUTHER.

BACKWOODS PREACHERS.

The following graphic description of backwoods preachers, furnished me by a friend, serves not only to illustrate the manner in which many preachers were manufactured in early days, but will convey some idea of their character and talents :

A Presbytery of the Cumberland Church had assembled in one of the valleys of the Cumberland range. It was a season of spiritual drought, and the Churches had suffered from famine. The members of the ecclesiastical body then collected in their semi-annual convocation, were mostly weather-beaten veterans—who had braved the earlier difficulties of the denomination to which they were attached, when, about twenty years before, it had seceded from the parent stock, to erect a banner in Zion with a new device. They were in all about twenty persons, of whom a little more than half were preachers, the rest ruling elders of congregations, who were there to represent the local interests of the Church sessions.

This meeting was at a solemn crisis ; for the Church was troubled, and the way before her was shrouded in darkness. The love of many had waxed cold. Defections had occurred. Some—who were once masters in Israel had withdrawn, carrying off weighty influence and leaving perplexities behind.

Others were threatening to dissolve the Church unless radical changes were made in doctrines and polity. Alarming coldness prevailed in regard to candidates for the ministry, none having offered for several sessions, and those already in charge giving but little evidence of a disposition to advance or an ability to labor in the work which they had professed to love. Presbytery, however, was unusually full, nearly every Church session being represented and not one of the ordained ministers absent. The deliberations were opened, as usual, with prayer by the moderator, an aged servant of God ; and it

was observed by those skilled in such things, that there was great liberty given him when he entreated "that the God of the harvest, in infinite mercy, would send more laborers into his harvest."

The usual formalities being ended, the opening sermon was preached by the same person. His subject comprehended the character and importance of a call to the Gospel ministry, and was treated with much earnestness. The morning hour being ended, the body adjourned to early candle-lighting. A considerable crowd had assembled upon this novel occasion, and it was under their hospitable roofs that the members found welcome reception. Few, indeed, of the mountain cabins in the vicinity but what received one or more upon that occasion, glad to be permitted to talk of the Saviour to those who rarely had such opportunities of hearing the Gospel. Night brought them all back again to the house of gathering. It was a singularly wild and startling scene to one who has not mixed in the different phases of frontier life. The building in which the meeting was held was a plain log-cabin, the dwelling of one of the elders, and only selected on account of its being the largest in the vicinity. There were the beds and the furniture of the whole family, no unprolific one at that, stowed around a room but twenty feet square.

Upon those beds, and upon seats made by laying split puncheons upon cross logs, was seated the company of men, women, and children, ministers, delegates, and all, each glad to endure a process of compression for a few hours, in the expectation of an intellectual reward.

It had before been arranged that this night's meeting should be devoted to candidates for the ministry. A call was, therefore, made "to all who had felt impressions to preach to come forward and converse with Presbytery on the subject." Every one must undergo this peculiar ordeal who inclines to enter the ministry, and there are no traditions in the Church more enter-

taining than those which tell how the ministers who are now *burning and shining lights* made their first awkward and unpromising exhibit before Presbytery.

The call being made by the presiding officer, three persons arose to their feet. Of the first and second it will be unnecessary here to speak. The third had stood partly concealed in a dark corner of the room, while the others were relating the particulars which induced the Presbytery to accept them as probationers; but now he stepped forward and faced the moderator. His appearance excited a universal start of surprise even among that unsophisticated audience, accustomed to great peculiarities of dress and rudeness of manner. Let the reader imagine a person dressed in what is styled *copperas cloth*; that is, a cloth home-spun, home-woven, home-cut, and home-sewed, dyed in that bilious hue which is formed by copperas, alum, and walnut bark, and made into coat, vest and breeches.

To this add brogans of home-tanned, red leather, tied with a leather thong, covering immense feet, made—both feet and brogans—for climbing hills, and you have the portrait of a *mountain boy*; able at full run to scale a bluff, to live upon the proceeds of his rifle for support, and to whip any lowland fellow in the State. Such was the person who left his dark corner and came into the full blaze of the pine-knot fire. He was weeping bitterly, and, having no handkerchief, the primitive arrangement for such cases provided was necessarily adopted. He stood silent for a minute, every beholder awaiting with intense curiosity the announcement of his business, then, clearing his throat, commenced, "I've come to Presby—," but a new flood of tears impeded his efforts to speak. The moderator kindly remarked, "And what did you come to Presbytery for, my good friend? Take your own time and tell us all about it; don't be alarmed; be seated; nobody will hurt you. Come, now, tell us what you come

to Presbytery for." The stranger emboldened by this to commence again, even the third and fourth time, but could never proceed further than "I've come to Presby—," and the storm of his soul prevailed.

Here one of the members suggested that he had better retire with some one and communicate his wishes privately; for as yet no person imagined his true errand, but rather supposed that he was laboring under some spiritual difficulty, which he would needs have settled by the meeting. But to this hint he resolutely demurred, replying "that he'd get his voice d'reckly, please God;" and so he did; and he rose up, straightening his gaunt, awkward form, and then such words as passed his lips had never before rung through that assembly.

I shall not attempt—nor could I do it, for want of a report—to quote his own words; but the oldest minister present declared, years afterward, that they *scorched and burnt where ever they fell*. A sketch of his subject will be sufficient here. It seemed that he had lived all his days in ignorance and sin, without an hour's schooling, without any training either for this world or the next, without any knowledge of the affairs of humanity, having sprung up like one of the cedars on his own mountains, and with as little cultivation. Thus he had passed more than twenty years, laboring in a humble way for support, and at times pursuing the pleasures and profits of the chase.

A few months back he had accidentally fallen in with a traveling preacher, who had lost his way among the mountains, and, by several miles travel, had put him in the right track.

The minister, interested at the oddity of his appearance and his intense ignorance of everything religious, devoted the hour to a sketch of this world's condition, buried in sin, his own perilous state, and the value of his immortal soul, and concluded by kneeling with him, at the root of a tree, and pleading with God for his spiritual regeneration. They parted, and met no more, but the

influence of that meeting parted not. The spirit which dictated the good man's effort, abode henceforward in the temple of his heart. A voice began to whisper in his ears, "Repent, repent; why will ye die?" A load, a weight of mountains, pressed upon his soul. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His axe rusted by the pile; his rifle hung, dust-covered, on the wall.

The simple-hearted neighbors, ignorant as himself, pronounced him deranged; the younger portion called it love; a few, not slanderous, but suspicious, thought, in a private way, it might be liquor. The man himself sought religious meetings, but they were few and distant, and he heard no echo to the voice within him, and he still returned hungry and dissatisfied.

The people of a certain town will not soon forget the apparition of that awkward and ill-dressed man who visited their churches, to plant himself in front of the pulpit, and to listen to the exercises with all that attention which the criminal upon the gallows bestows upon the distant horseman, who, perhaps, brings him the expected reprieve. It was in the midst of a camp meeting fervor that he at last found peace; and there his frantic ejaculation, "I've got it, I've got it!" was like the world-wide Eureka of the Syracusean, when his grand discovery first electrified his own breast.

Then he came home to tell his neighbors what the Lord had done for his soul. Forsaking all other duties, he wandered from cabin to cabin, and, wherever he found a hearer, he called upon him to forsake his sins. His ardor increased every day.

Soon his rude but forcible illustrations began to tell upon the hearts of those simple mountaineers, as the words of a second John Baptist, crying out, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his path straight."

And yet he seemed to have no idea that he was called to preach. Such a thought as that of entering the ministry did not enter his breast. Although his heart overflowed with the one sub-

ject, and he declared his determination to speak that subject to others, so long as he lived, yet it was only as a friend counsels friend that he expected to do it—no more. How could he become a preacher? He couldn't read a hymn or a text; he hadn't means to buy decent clothing, or pay for a session's schooling. But he was guided right, for he fell in with a gentleman who was botanizing among his native hills, and had the good fortune to spend a Sabbath in his company. This man, a profound observer of human nature, and a friend of his species, was struck with the peculiarities of the case, and, although no professor in a religious way, yet he felt convinced that the hand of might was here. He, therefore, advised him to apply to some religious association, before which he could lay open his heart and be understood.

The result of this counsel we have seen in his coming to Presbytery, and presenting himself, a stranger to all, in the manner before described. This history, much elaborated, he gave out with a volubility that took away the breath.

The pine fire blazed low; the dipped and shapeless candles simmered themselves into torrents, unobserved by the hearers, while all sat spell-bound at the recital. With uncouth gestures, words barbarous as the African's, alternately crying and laughing, as he wandered from his first agony to his final triumph, and shouting till his voice rang back from the hill-side, the mountain boy enchained each heart, till its very pulsations might be heard. There was not a dry eye in the assembly. The grey-haired moderator sobbed aloud. The more excitable joined, from time to time, in his shouts, as the word of victory rung in their ears; and when, after a sentence of great length, he declared that "glory was begun in his heart," and that "God alone had done this work within him," not one who was experienced in such announcements but declared his convictions that it was even so—the hand of God was there.

A brief consultation ensued, and then

by general consent, George Willets was duly received as a candidate for the holy ministry.

THE BANK OF HEAVEN.

TUNE—*Common Metre.*

I have a never failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich—
How then can I be poor?
No earthly bank is half so rich—
How then can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank
And beg a little more.

Sometimes my banker, smiling, says
"Why don't you oft'ner come?
And when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?"

"Why live so niggardly and poor?
Your bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one pound note?
You might as well have twenty.

"Yea, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure for all his Sons."

Since then my banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow,
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.

And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace—
The banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,
Man's merits are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.

This bank is full of precious notes,
All sign'd and seal'd and free—
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

The leper had a little note—
"Lord, if thou wilt thou can!"
The banker cash'd his little note,
And healed the sickly man.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in this banker's look of grace,
This man was never found.

But see the wretched dying thief,
Hang by the banker's side,
He cried, "dear Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash—and died!"

CHRISTIAN SIMPLICITY.—When on a certain occasion the pious Fenelon, after having experienced much trouble and persecution from his opposers, was advised by some one to take greater precautions against the artifices and evil designs of men, he made an answer in the true spirit of a Christian, "*Moriamur in simplicitate nostra,*" let us die in our simplicity. He that is wholly in Christ has a oneness and purity of purpose, altogether inconsistent with those tricks and subterfuges which are so common among men. He walks in broad day. He goes forth in the light of conscious honesty. He is willing that men and angels should read the very bottom of his heart. He has but one rule. His language is, in the ordinary affairs of life, as well as in the duties of religion, "My Father, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is Christian simplicity; and happy, thrice happy is he who possesses it.—UPHAM.

THE *first* Adam was for self-advancement; but the *second* Adam is for self-abasement: the former was for having self *deified*—the latter is for having self *crucified*.—SECKER.

THERE is a way to *keep* a man out of hell, but there is no way to *get* a man out of hell.—W. SECKER.

WHO SHOULD PREACH.

When the Israelites were bitten by the fiery flying serpents, and the bite was inevitably fatal, Moses was directed to set up a brazen serpent, with the assurance that whosoever that had been bitten, looked upon it, should be healed. You can imagine how the first man who had felt its saving efficacy, flew to communicate the news to his brethren, and urge them to avail themselves of the remedy which had delivered him from death. Every man who was healed became immediately a herald of the glad tidings to others. Every one who was saved became a publisher of the salvation, or in other words, a preacher, until in a few minutes the news spread throughout the encampment, and in this sense every tribe was evangelized.

Allow me to illustrate the meaning of this term, as used by our Lord, by an occurrence of which I was an eyewitness. It so chanced, that at the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was temporarily a resident of the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbors were blockaded. Communication coast-wise, between our ports, was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were mouldering in our ware-houses. The sources of profitable labor were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily, before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense, as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, peace! peace! peace! Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, peace! peace! peace! When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fire-side, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, every one becoming a herald, the news soon reached every man, woman and child in the city, and in this sense, the city was evangelized. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemed?—DR. WAYLAND.

To talk of grace is good—to taste of grace is better.—A. A. P.

HOW FAR IS IT TO CANAAN?

"How far is it to Canaan?" said a friend. "Why," replied I, "the children of Israel found it a long way; for they traveled forty years in the wilderness. The most important thing is to know that we are in the way, for then the distance will get less and less every hour."

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the doubting Christian; "for I am sadly afraid I shall never get there. My sins are a heavy burden to me, and I long to be rid of them, if indeed there is hope for such a one as I."

Go on, poor doubting Christian; take fresh courage, and quicken thy step. Canaan is not so far off but thou shalt reach it at last; and if thou couldst know how willing the Saviour of sinners is to receive thee, it would shed a sunbeam on thy dejected countenance. I have a word of comfort for thee, a cordial for thy heart:

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—Isa. xliii. 25.

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the triumphant Christian; "for I long to be at home. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because He lives I shall live also. My soul has made me like 'the chariots of Aminidab,' and I am impatient to behold Him face to face!"

Go forward, triumphant Christian, with the glorious ring of assurance upon thy finger. Cast not away thy confidence, which hath "great recompense of reward." But stay, I have a word for thee, which may be useful. Ponder it in thy heart:

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x. 12.

"How far is it to Canaan?" inquires the afflicted Christian; "for I have lain a long while upon the bed of suffering. 'Wearisome nights are appointed unto me,' I am full of tossing to and fro unto the dawning day. 'O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.'"

Be of good cheer, afflicted Christian! The heavier the cross, the more pleasant will be the crown. If we suffer with Christ, we shall be glorified with Christ. I have a word to refresh thy fainting soul, and will now give it thee:

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the persecuted Christian; "for I am an outcast from my family, a stranger upon earth; like my Lord, I am 'despised and rejected of men.' 'Many are they that rise up against me,' and 'they hate me with cruel hatred.'"

Hold on thy way, persecuted Christian: it is a safe one, and a blessed one, yea, the one thy Redeemer trod before thee. Dost thou want a word of consolation? I will give it thee; lay it up in thy bosom:

"Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold your reward is great in heaven."—Luke vi. 22, 23.

"How far is it to Canaan?" sighs the bereaved Christian; "for I am a lonely and desolate pilgrim. All that were dear to me upon earth are taken away. My tears have been my meat day and night, and my soul yearns for the land where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.'"

Pass on, bereaved Christian; the more lonely thy pilgrimage, the more pleasant will be the company of the "shining ones" that await thee, and the sweeter thy reception at the end of thy journey. The Lord whom thou seekest hath a special care and pity for His desolate ones. Take these words with thee, and they may refresh thy spirit. For even though they be desolate—

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon

their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."—Isa. li. 11.

"How far is it to Canaan?" asks the dying Christian; "for the swellings of Jordan are risen about my soul. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, 'and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.' Alas! I sink in deep waters: I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey."

Look up, poor dying Christian; for yonder is the bright and morning Star; thy night is far spent, and the day is at hand. Is thine arm too feeble to be put forth for the book of God, then I must even hold it up before thine eyes. Look on these words, and let neither flood nor flame affright thee; be of good courage, for they are the words of Him who has promised, when flesh and heart fail, to be the strength of thy heart, and thy portion forever:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."—Isa. xliii. 2, 3.—
OLD HUMPHREY.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.—You well know that all our dependence for the conversion of sinners, the increase of holiness in God's people, and whatever else our ministry was appointed for, is on the promise of our blessed Lord that He would send His Holy Spirit to testify of Him; "to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." The fulfillment of that promise began in the mighty works and blessed fruit of the day of Pentecost. In the midst of that outpouring of the Spirit, Peter pronounced it to be what the prophet Joel had predicted, viz: "It shall come to pass in the last days, said God, I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh." So, when in a few days after, "the number of the men that believed, (besides others) was about five thousand," in the single city

of Jerusalem, it was the further progress of that prophecy. And let us mark that in that beginning of that fulfilment, all that we read of exhibits a rapid, powerful work of conversion, which arrested multitudes at once, and turned them instantly to Christ. The awakening was so mighty, that in the same day, thousands who, when it dawned, were at enmity with Christ, before it ended had confessed Him before men, and were regarded by apostles as new creatures in Him.

Say not there was miracle in those days. The Scriptures never set down the conversion of a sinner, the renewal of his heart, to miracle. "Begotten again by the word of God," as the instrument, and by the Spirit of God as the power, is the invariable testimony of Scripture. Miracle called attention to the apostles; miracle attested their credentials as God's messengers; miracle was the seal which certified their word to be the word of God. And those same miracles are as conclusive at this day as ever. And what the Spirit and the Truth, with miracle or without it, were then, they are still; so that if once they turned the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, by thousands, in a day, in a single city, why may they not be expected to do the same now, in many cities and in all lands, where the gospel is preached?—BISH. MOLVAINE.

PREACHER'S DEFECTS.—The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues, and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times. Dr. Justus Jonas hath all the good qualities that a man may have, yet by reason that he only often hemmeth and spitteth, therefore the people cannot bear with that good and honest man.—
Luther's Table Talk.

OF what advantage is it to be cried up on earth by those about us, and cried down in heaven by those above us?—SECKER.

REVIVALS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

WE have received "occasional reports" through our friend, Doctor HEATHER, of Dublin, which contain highly interesting accounts of the revival of religion in Ireland. We cannot, however, give much space in this number to extracts from the "papers" sent us, and we therefore take the following from the statement of Mr. WHITE, general missionary, whose position and observation enable him to speak intelligently about the "meetings" and the "revival" connected with them:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—At your request, I give you a few extracts from my journal, in reference to the great work of God which is at present spreading so gloriously over this land. And while we rejoice that God has poured out His Holy Spirit on all the Churches of His people—making no difference—we ought to thank Him that He has not overlooked our Society, but has abundantly blessed the labors of our agents in every place. Boasting is excluded forever from us or any people; but "praise is comely;" and perhaps we have been more deficient in this than in any other duty.

July 22d, I visited Lurgan, and although there was no announcement made for anything special, the chapel was densely crowded with a deeply anxious congregation. The revival had commenced here: for a long time two Christian brethren had been earnestly pleading with God for the shower to come, and through discouragement and difficulties they prayed and labored on. Like Elijah, they looked toward the sea, and while others saw nothing but apparent drought, they beheld the promise of the coming shower, and it did come. While these brethren were holding a meeting one evening in our chapel, the Lord poured out His Spirit, and several sinners were cut to the heart, and cried aloud for mercy. The meeting continued till a late hour, when some went home rejoicing, and others in distress. These brethren retired too, but it was not to rest; for the work spread with amazing power, and many in several parts of the town were in deep distress in their houses, and sent for these brethren and others to pray with them. All

the Churches were ready to fall in with the movement. Meetings for prayer were appointed in every place of worship; they were all crowded every night with anxious and prayerful congregations; and everywhere the same feelings were manifested, and the same glorious transformations effected.

This, my first night in Lurgan, was a very remarkable one. A multitude of newly converted souls were in the chapel, happy in God. Joy was depicted in their countenances; and their eyes, wet with tears, sparkled with delight, while they sung of Jesus, or heard of His love. Others appeared sad and downcast, while they audibly groaned out their distress into the ears of our compassionate Redeemer. Several, that night, found peace in believing.

"On the following Sabbath, the 24th, I preached in a field adjoining the town, and contiguous to our chapel, in Queen street, in the afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, to about four thousand of a congregation. While the Gospel was but simply proclaimed to them, there was deep solemnity, but no extraordinary exhibition of feeling. Some silently wept; others were deeply solemn and thoughtful; all seemed to feel that God was there, and speaking to them in His Word. Immediately after the sermon, the chapel was densely crowded at a prayer meeting. Several men—some of them stout-hearted sinners—fell before God to plead for mercy; and many of them were enabled to rejoice in a consciousness of pardon through Christ Jesus. This meeting lasted till near the time of preaching—at seven o'clock. At that hour, the house was again densely packed in every part; every foot of sitting and standing room was occupied by some one anxious to hear the Gospel; and many had to go away who could not get into the house at all. During the sermon, there was awful attention; every eye fixed; the tears falling like rain, and anon the stillness of the multitude broken by the sobbing of some burdened sinner. After the sermon, we proposed to offer prayer for all who were in distress on account of sin, when about sixty, men and women, old and young, fell prostrate before God to seek for pardon. The most of those in distress were young men and young women, in the prime of life, and among them some aged sinners. The meeting was very orderly, con-

sidering the multitude in distress. There was no screaming, but many loudly and bitterly wept before God. Singing and prayer were alternately engaged in till nearly two o'clock in the morning, when, I think, not less than sixty souls had entered into the liberty of the children of God.

"The work is still progressing in Lurgan. By a letter received from Brother PATTYSON, it appears that since the 3d of July last, when the revival commenced, more than a *thousand souls* have been converted in one chapel alone. They have not all connected themselves with us; but our Brother states that during the past three months *four hundred* have been added to the Society.

"I arrived in Clowes on Friday, the 9th September, and remained there till the following Tuesday, attending two meetings each day. The revival had begun and was progressing with great power for some weeks previous to this time.

"Brother WILSON, the Superintendent of the Circuit, on his return from the Conference, was deeply anxious about the work of God, and believing that He was as willing to bless souls in Clowes as in other places, he commenced to pray and labor for a revival of His work. He appointed as his first public effort, an *open air union prayer meeting* near the town, and invited the co-operation of Christian ministers of other denominations, with that of some of his own brethren in the ministry. About *four thousand* assembled on the occasion; the people were much impressed under the addresses of the speakers; a solemn stillness pervaded the assembly, and many were moved to tears; but nothing of a marked nature occurred.

"The evening I arrived in Clowes, I found Brother WILSON laid up from exhaustion, occasioned by hard labor and constant anxiety. The chapel was densely crowded in every part, and the large porch at the entrance was closely seated and crowded also. The meeting was commenced with singing and prayer, and then I addressed the people for a few minutes. While I was speaking, the sobbing of those in distress was audible. A great many fell before the Lord, crying for mercy. Several were stricken, and carried into the Society-room; some shrieked out in a most

awful manner, and others, in comparative silence, sought mercy from the Lord.

"It would be impossible to say how many were saved at this meeting; every part of the house seemed filled with the glory of God. The Society-room was full of 'stricken ones,' all of whom went home happy. In the chapel were scores who were not prostrated, but who were in great distress; many of whom were delivered from the burden of their sins, and enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. The meeting separated about one o'clock in the morning. The next day I had an opportunity of visiting a great many in their houses, who were either in great distress or happy in God. I was greatly struck with the wonderful change that had passed over the people; whole families of the very worst characters were saved; and, instead of drunkenness and swearing, now there are songs of praise and thanksgiving ascending from their dwellings.

"The following day—the Sabbath—was a very memorable time. At our morning service, at ten o'clock, we had a down-pour of Heavenly blessings. The congregation was very large, almost entirely composed of those who were happy in God. How easy was it to preach to them! How good was it to be there! At four o'clock in the afternoon, we held an *open-air service in the field*, where the former meeting was held. Between *four and five thousand* were there. Brother WILSON opened the meeting with praise and prayer. Mr. JOHNSTON, Wesleyan minister, read the Scriptures and prayed. Then, Mr. WILEY, from Belfast, a Presbyterian, addressed the meeting with great power. After which, I preached a short sermon on the sufferings of Christ for sinners, and the meeting was concluded with a short prayer meeting. It was a very solemn time. Many wept silently, others groaned in distress; one was stricken, and all seemed conscious that God was there. It was a beautiful, calm summer evening. It seemed as if God had hushed the winds, and arrested the rain, and curtailed the sun with clouds, so that we worshipped with the greatest comfort. It was announced that our chapel, the Presbyterian Church, and the Wesleyan Chapel, were to be opened for prayer meetings, when the people retired from the field. As they moved down the slope of the beautiful hill leading to

the town, a few friends commenced singing—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

"The multitude joined with great earnestness in singing this beautiful hymn; and seldom did such music float on the evening air.

"I have read of the glorious march of armies after a victory, as they entered the capitol of their country with martial music, amidst the plaudits of the populace, and felt the blood course more quickly through my veins as I read of the glorious spectacle; but what is such a pageant when compared with such a spectacle as this—*four thousand* men and women, from different parts of the country, of *different denominations*, many of whom had *never seen each other before*, all singing—

"Crown Him Lord of all!"

"It was, doubtless, music that angels bent down from their seats of glory to listen to.

"The multitude reached our chapel, Whitehall Street, and the living stream flowed into it till the body of the house, the galleries, aisles, porch, lobby, area, and every available spot of standing-room was crowded to suffocation. The living tide surged back again on the street; it moved toward the Wesleyan Chapel, which was soon crowded, then to the Presbyterian Church, which also was crowded to inconvenience, and many could not even obtain standing room anywhere."

It is computed that not less than *eighty thousand souls* have been converted to Christ during the time thus far of the revival's continuance.—*American and Foreign Christian Union Magazine, Dublin, Feb. 28, 1860.*

REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

A GREAT revival has taken place, recently, among the Roman Catholics, near Vesoul. In two or three villages, situated in the neighborhood of this place, nearly a *thousand souls* have left the Roman Catholic Church and turned to evangelical Protestantism. Other movements of this kind are announced in other localities.—*Letter from S. H. Grandpierre, of Cen. Prot. Soc. Evangelization.*

TO OUR FRIENDS.

WE are in immediate want of about two hundred dollars to meet liabilities we have in-

curred in trying to promote the work of the Lord. We ask our friends—the best in the world, for they are the friends of Jesus—to help us by getting subscribers for the *Earnest Christian*. We can still supply back numbers. Or, we will furnish it for half the year, commencing with the July number, for fifty cents for each subscriber. This is a good time to get us a few hundred new subscribers, either for the year or for half a year. We intend, by the blessing of the Lord, to keep up the high character of our Magazine, and we ask you to do good to us and to the cause of God, and to the souls of men, by assisting in extending its circulation. Address Rev. B. T. ROBERTS, Buffalo, N. Y.

TIDINGS FROM AN OLD PILGRIM.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by one of our old preachers:

DEAR BROTHER:—The first number of the *Earnest Christian* fell into my hands accidentally, and reminded me of the expression of my pious father on our first meeting after my conversion, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." On receiving the last three numbers, I could but say as the Dutch brother said of religion, "It grows better and better." For almost forty years I have tried to maintain the doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the most of that time in the Genesee or East Genesee Conference. Through the grace of God I have been able to walk in the sunshine of the Gospel for the last thirty years, by the faith that—

"In danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt,"

though for the last fifteen years it has been against wind and tide. Though I now feel that my work is almost done, yet I am anew fired with the hope that our Israel may yet be redeemed. To God be all the glory.

We see our beloved brethren falling martyrs for truth, but we regard this as but sealing the truth for which you suffer. May God abundantly bless you in all your labors of love, and raise up thousands and millions to the Gospel standard of Holiness, through the instrumentality employed.

If martyrs are needed, you are now ready to be offered, and what little I can do to scatter broad-cast this light shall be done, though

it is against prejudice and superstition that I never thought existed to so great an extent in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

An Old Itinerant,

LOOMIS BENJAMIN.

PERSECUTION.

It is strange that the enemies of Holy Ghost religion do not learn from the experience of centuries that it can never be put down by any acts of persecution. Even error will live so long as it is persecuted. Direct assaults upon the religion of Jesus only tend to make it take deeper root in the heart of its votaries, and to commend it to the honest and magnanimous, whose nature it is to espouse the cause of the oppressed.

From the accounts we are receiving from different parts of the country of the persecutions that are raging against the friends of holiness, we judge that the number of those who are "living godly in Christ Jesus," are rapidly multiplying. The civil law prohibits the use of fire and fagot, of stocks and dungeons, but to one who has contributed his toils and prayers and money, for years, for building up the Church of his choice, excommunication may be as severe a test of constancy as sufferings in a more severe and dignified form. Hundreds of as pious and devoted Christians as can be found, have, in different places, in the Genesee Conference, been read out of their Church as withdrawn, without their consent. Others have been expelled for "contumacy," or disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church." This generally consists in attending religious meetings where their pastor does not like to have them, though they find them greatly blessed to the good of their souls.

The same work, as will be seen from the following letter, is going on in some places in the West.

FRANKLINVILLE, March 25, 1860.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:—*Dear Brother*—I came here last Thursday, in time to get to a Church trial on Friday. Five persons (one whole family) were summoned to appear at the Church.

Charge—"Neglect of duty and disobedience to the Order and Discipline of the Church."

First Specification—Neglecting the public

worship of God at the Franklinville Church, where you belong.

Second Specification—Neglecting to meet your class.

Two o'clock found them, the accused and a few of their friends, at the Church. After singing,

"A charge to keep I have,"

and prayer by the preacher, E. W., the trial commenced. The names of the accused were called over, and the charges read. The preacher then requested all to leave the house, with the exception of the accused, the committee and Secretary. The witnesses might retire to the Parsonage, and would be sent for as wanted. Their counsel, Rev. J. H. FAIRCHILD, could not be permitted to attend, because a member of another charge. The accused, not willing to be tried there, the preacher adjourned to the Parsonage, and proceeded with the trial. Meanwhile, we had a Love Feast, a time of rejoicing together—disturbed now and then by their officer coming in and summoning them one by one to appear at the Parsonage. About half-past four the preacher and committee came in. Our Love Feast went on. Five o'clock came, and we were dismissed by Brother FAIRCHILD. It so happened Brother WILLIAM BISHOP had a good letter in his pocket, given by L. WHIPPLE, preacher in charge, which he denies giving. Brother WILLIAM says, "I suppose you know your own hand writing," and takes out the letter. I was standing near by, and noticed that Brother WILLIAM did not let go of it. I thought to myself, he is afraid to trust him, and thought I would watch. The preacher read the letter and looked up at Brother WILLIAM, and says, "You don't want this, it's mine," and jerked it out of his hands, and tore his name off, and then gave it up, Brother WILLIAM having got hold of it again. The preacher flatly denied jerking it. He said, "Brother WILLIAM jerked it out of my hands." What a scene! Some were wringing their hands and calling upon God to have mercy; others sank to the floor; while the preacher looked on, with a half laugh upon his face, seemingly indifferent to what he had done, and as if enjoying what was going on around him. Before he left the house, he denied no less than three times his tearing the letter, against the united

testimony of eight or nine persons that saw it. The accused had been in the habit of holding meetings in the school houses around there, during the winter, where the people had been neglected by the ministry; and, as the result of it, some thirty or forty have been converted and sanctified. Little did I ever think it was coming to this.

Yours, in haste, J. G. T.

DYING GRACE.

THE religion of Jesus gives happiness and consolation under any and every circumstance of life. Christ intended that his followers should be happy. But its crowning excellence is found in its ability to afford joy and peace when all things else fail to comfort. We have seen the sinner on his death bed, wrung with anguish. Too often have we listened to the plaintive cries of the formalist for mercy, when he saw the time had come when he must bid farewell to this world, and enter upon an eternity for which he made no adequate preparation. But the earnest Christian, who has renounced the world and all its pomp and show, and trusted in Jesus for full salvation from sin, we have always found ready to go with holy triumph at the Master's bidding. The following account of the death of two of the members of the Free Methodist Church in Saint Louis, illustrates the value of a thorough work of grace in the soul. We need every hour of our life grace that would take us to Heaven.

"Among the first ripe fruit gathered by the angels, from the First Free Methodist Church of Saint Louis, was our very much esteemed Brother TWYFORD. Never can we forget the desperate struggle of our Brother while seeking the blessing of holiness before our separate organization, and his consistent, faithful and zealous deportment from that time until called as one of our first representatives to Heaven. While in the discharge of his duties South, and among strangers, a high ladder on which he was standing, gave way. By his fall, he received his death wound, breaking one or more of his limbs, and driving the bone of one arm into his body. His sufferings were severe, and he told the people he should die. But, said he, tell my brethren of Sixth Street Church, in Saint Louis, I am going home. Such was the testimony, and so great the tri-

umph of our dear Brother, that a deep impression was made on the spectators, and some men of the world, who witnessed his sufferings and triumphs, said, with emotion, 'I could die for him.' Our hearts are made sad by our loss, while we doubt not that the hearts of angels were made glad.

J. W. REDFIELD.

"Last Sabbath our Church paid its last sad respects to the late Miss MARY FERGUSON, aged 21. She died on the first of May, of the protracted chronic disease, which for two years had been wasting her body, brightening her eye, and flushing her cheek with the fearful hectic, which hung out the sign of her coming funeral. To me, last Sabbath was a sad, solemn, and a rich day. I first saw MARY before our Church was organized. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was bright, beautiful, the beloved of all. She was very gay, and had been taught by ministers to believe that there was no harm in living the life of innocent pleasures and amusements. But God opened MARY's eyes to see that her life did not comport with the Bible. In the honesty of her heart, she resolved at all cost, to be a Bible Christian. She put away her worldly conformity, sought and obtained a salvation that saved her from the love of these things; and ever after, her testimony was decided and clear for a salvation from all sin. Members of the Church, and even ministers, tried to persuade her to believe there was no harm in this worldly conformity. But MARY had chosen that good part, and she met and repelled all persuasion from both members and preachers, to return to a proud and fashionable life. On parting with her, last spring, and when, to all appearances she could remain on earth but a short time, I asked her, 'Do you now feel any misgivings for your thoroughness in laying aside all worldly conformity?' 'O, no,' said the dear one. 'O, how thankful I am that you dealt so faithfully with me. I expect to see you no more on earth, but I will come to meet you when you too shall follow me to the Spirit land. O, I shall be a star in your crown of rejoicing when we all meet in Heaven.'

This testimony and these assurances I then felt more than compensated me for all my toil and suffering through which I passed, and the

vituperation heaped upon me by professed ministers of the Gospel. But, thank God, MARY is out of the reach of their influence, and the hope of meeting her a redeemed spirit in the land of the blessed, inspires me with consolation. Last Sabbath a large audience evidenced by their attendance at MARY'S funeral how greatly she was beloved, and how extensively she was respected. At the grave many of the members of Sixth Street, who seemed more to triumph than to mourn, sung a parting farewell—

"We'll be there, we'll be there,
Palms of victory, crowns of glory
We shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high"

On our way back to the city, it did seem that MARY was with us in the carriage, and we continued to sing for some time the same notes of triumph, while those in sympathy with MARY'S religion and Saviour, shouted aloud the praise of Jesus' love.

J. W. REDFIELD.

DOES CHRIST DWELL HERE?

THE following, from the *Sunday School Banner*, shows how the Spirit of God can and does operate to open the eyes of the blind, and bring them to feel the necessity of salvation:

Many years ago, a lady was seated, reading, in the veranda of her Burmese house, when suddenly she was startled by seeing a little, wild-looking boy standing before her, and asking, with great eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He appeared about twelve years old. His coarse, black hair, matted with dirt, bristled up in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine; and the only covering about his person was a ragged cloth of cotton. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he again asked, as he crouched at the lady's feet. "What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady. "I want to see him. I want to confess to him." "Why, what have you been doing, that you want to confess to him?" "Doing!" repeated the boy: "what have I been doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything that is bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I

want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard say, he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where can I find Jesus Christ." "But, my poor boy," said the lady, "Jesus Christ does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly." "But I want to stop," answered the boy. "I want to stop doing wickedly; but I can't stop. I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come out of evil thoughts. What can I do?" "Nothing," said the lady, "but come to Christ, like the rest of us; but you cannot see Jesus Christ now." Here she was interrupted by a sharp cry of distress from the poor boy. "But," she continued, "I am his humble follower and servant, and I can teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so." The joyful look of the wild Karen boy was beyond all description, as he exclaimed, "Tell me! oh, tell me! Only ask your master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry. Do not send me away. I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you may believe, was not angry, and the next day she took him to the little bamboo school-house; and never was there a scholar, in any school or country, more anxious to learn "the truth as it is in Jesus." After some time, he was baptized; and then he went on daily improving in the knowledge of those things which belong to our salvation. Years passed away, and the gentle lady had gone to that happy home where sin and sorrow are known no more. The wild Karen boy had also changed from boyhood to youth. from youth to strong manhood, and then the hand of death was laid upon him. But while the strong man lay bowed down with sickness—while he tossed wildly to and fro upon his fevered couch—even then his heart was filled with precious memories of Jesus, and his lips uttered fragments of hymns and texts which he had learned in days of health.

"At last the parting hour arrived, when, without a sigh or struggle, his happy spirit passed away, to be forever with that Saviour whom he had sought with such eagerness."