

# THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

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## SANCTIFICATION NOT IDENTICAL WITH REGENERATION.

BY E. BOWEN, D. D.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:

We still hail the arrival of your excellent monthly, "*The Earnest Christian*," with feelings of the liveliest interest. The exhibition and advocacy of Christianity in earnest, or of pure Wesleyan Methodism, to which it is pledged and devoted by the very title it bears, have strikingly characterized its course thus far, in every successive number. We are highly gratified to observe in it both the spirit and the teachings of our sainted founder. Especially are we pleased with this complexion of it at a time when worldliness and formalism are becoming so prevalent in the Church, and our distinguishing characteristics — the element of "Scripture holiness," — is fast falling into disrepute among us.

There was a time when "holiness to the Lord," was the motto of our Church. The pulpit, the social gathering, and the private circle, dwelt upon it as a most delightful theme; and many among us, both preachers and people, enjoyed the precious attainment of full salvation. Such was emphatically the case in our own Conference a few years ago. Hamlin, of precious memory, said to me the last time he visited us, that we were the banner Conference with regard to this subject.

But O, alas! "Our silver has become dross, and our wine mixed with water." Few are now the witnesses of perfect love, particularly among the

ministry; and many actually oppose, nay, ridicule it, as a matter of fanaticism and delusion. And this they do, partly "because they know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God," and partly to keep themselves in countenance in their stand-stillism, or rather in their retrogressive movements. Shade of Wesley! And has it come to this? Must thou look down upon thy own children and see them trample upon the doctrine of holiness as taught by thee, with the clearest illustration of it in thy long life before their eyes; and the voluminous published works in which thou hast established it by the Scriptures, in their hands? And that too within less than three-quarters of a century after thy death? And must thou see them do all this while they still continue to call themselves by thy name, and boast thee as their founder and pattern?

True, our standards of religion, both doctrinal and experimental, remain unchanged. And an intimation of a departure from these old landmarks was somewhat obscurely given by the Bishops, in their quadrennial address at the last general Conference. But no further notice was taken of it. The whole matter was passed over as a thing of no consequence. We were not even "advised," to "return to our first love," or "go on to perfection," in fulfillment of our ordination vows. How strange! How discouraging to the friends of "Old-fashioned Methodism!" And what are we to infer from all this? In our opinion, the failure of the General Conference to rebuke the innovation alluded to in the address of the Episcopacy, virtually inaugurates the old Moravian her-

esy of the identity of entire sanctification with the new birth, as an article of our creed; and that henceforth little is to be expected, either from our preachers, or our press, in support of the genuine Wesleyan perfection. We must now look, we cannot help thinking, for real experimental holiness, nay, for the life and power of religion generally, to be scouted among us as mere animal excitement, or wild enthusiasm, in the manner of the famous Genesee Conference "Pastoral," of which you so justly complained.

But we will not "give up the ship," for holiness—the life and soul of our holy religion—is immortal, and destined to exist forever. "Many waters cannot drown it, nor the fires" (of persecution) "consume it." It is a living, quenchless flame, which God himself has kindled in the Church. And we greatly rejoice, since so little can be hoped for from our worldly-minded officialism in "spreading Scripture holiness over the land," or "driving away the strange doctrine" of the identity of sanctification with regeneration which has infested our borders for a while past—we greatly rejoice, we say, in this view of the state of things among us—that "*The Earnest Christian*" is in the field, "doing battle for the Lord," and nobly laboring, in connection with a few coadjutors in the same work, to promote the blessed cause of a living Christianity, and bring back a declining Church to her primitive purity and power. This "new school Methodism," as you rightly named it, must be put down; or the life of the Church will soon become extinct, and "Ichabod will be written upon our door-posts!" We do not draw this gloomy picture of the Church because we have any pleasure in contemplating her spiritual decline, or feel the least degree of satisfaction in spreading her pitiable condition before the world. Far from it. "Our heart's desire, and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved" from their sins, and from the calamities that await them on their ac-

count. And to aid in effecting this most worthy object, we propose in the few brief paragraphs that shall follow, to exhibit the fallacy of the arguments by which it is attempted to sustain the Count Zinzendorf notion of Christian perfection that she is so greedily drinking in, and to indicate the irrefragable grounds on which the orthodox or Wesleyan view of the subject must forever rest.

For the enemies of holiness to deny the doctrine, *in terms*, would be impolitic. All Christian denominations hold it in some form. They are aware a far more deadly wound can be given it by confounding it with regeneration, or the new birth. Whether they are aware of it or not, Satan, their great prompter in this matter, knows that by arresting the work of grace at the point of conversion, many will be utterly destroyed. Some, by discovering in themselves "the remains of the carnal mind," which they had been taught to believe were wholly extirpated by the new birth, will be led to give up their hope altogether; supposing that they could not have been converted at all: while others will lose their justification, and sink into a backslidden state by failing to "go on to perfection," in obedience to the divine command, or to seek an attainment which they imagine they already possess.

Among the arguments by which the "new school" divines attempt to sustain their Moravian theology, those drawn from the analogy of regeneration to the natural birth of a child, the perfection of the works of God, and their own negative experience, are the chief. A brief examination of these, therefore, will furnish no unfair specimen of the weakness of their cause.

The arguments drawn from the analogy of regeneration to a natural birth, they deem conclusive; lugging it in on all occasions, and proclaiming it as decisive of the question in dispute.

The idea is, that "the possession of a perfect human nature by the newborn child—the full-grown man differ-

ing from the infant only in the degree of the development of his parts and powers—proves the possession of a perfect Christian nature by the young convert—the mature, or perfect Christian, differing from “the babe in Christ,” only in the development of his Christian graces. In a word, that nothing but growth, development, expansion, is necessary to constitute the young convert a perfect Christian; the same as an “infant of days,” a full grown man. But this argument loses all its force when viewed in the light of the following considerations:—

1st. Analogy proves nothing any way. It only serves to illustrate some assumed fact, proposition, or sentiment, and render it more obvious and intelligible to the understanding. 2. It is never intended to bear at all points, or to go on all fours, as the expression is; but simply to aid us in the discovery, or presentation of truth, by some particular resemblance which one thing bears to another—a thing that is well understood, to one that is obscure and difficult of comprehension. 3. Though the analogy of the birth of a child to the conversion of a soul, be drawn out or extended to every conceivable point of resemblance, (which, by the by, no rules of interpretation or construction would justify,) still, a *distinction* between regeneration and sanctification, rather than their identity with each other, would be established by the process; for there is something to be removed from the natural child after it is born into the world—something that pertains to its pre-existent or unborn condition—and that something, let it be remembered, unclean, and fatal to the life of the child except it be taken away, is analogous to “the remains of the carnal mind” in the new born soul.

The argument drawn from the perfection of the works of God, is equally groundless and futile. This argument runs thus—“What God does, he does to perfection—not at the halves, but to perfection, i. e. completely; finishing it all up at once. Consequently,

we are saved from all sin, and constituted perfect Christians by the work of regeneration, or the new birth. Now, we have no difficulty in admitting the fact of the perfection of the works of God; but we deny the conclusion drawn from it. The perfection of the works of God is one thing; the process by which they are carried on, distinctly another. The work of God in the creation of the world, was perfect; but he did not do it all at once. He was six long days about it—doing it, so to speak, at the halves or piecemeal. So, time is required, in the divine economy, perhaps days merely, it may be weeks, or months, to consummate the work of entire sanctification. Yet, there is perfection, both in the work, and in the manner of its accomplishment. The perfection of the works of God does not depend upon the manner in which they are wrought; whether it be instantaneous or gradual, at once or at successive periods, in a single whole, or in various additional parts or parcels; only so that the method employed be adapted to secure the proposed end.

The only remaining argument of our new divinity teachers, for the identity of entire holiness with the work of regeneration, which we propose to examine in this article, lies in their own negative experience, and is easily disposed of. They tell us that “the great second blessing” we talk of, or the being cleansed from “the remains of the carnal mind,” subsequently to “a change of heart,” is something they have never experienced, and therefore it cannot be true. But this argument, if argument it may be called, is almost too trifling to be entitled to notice. If it prove anything, it proves too much. “The world that lieth in wickedness,” has never experienced religion at all. And does this prove that there is no religion? How then does the non-experience of the second blessing, as we call it, prove that there is no such blessing attainable? That many among us, perhaps all who maintain the heresy we are opposing here,

have never experienced the witness of perfect love, is too true, we fear; and lamentable as true. Yet, their negative experience of this attainment, invalidates neither its authority, nor its importance. It still remains a doctrine of the holy Scriptures, a prominent feature of our beloved Methodism, and an indispensable acquisition to the candidate for heaven. A fair specimen of the character and use of the argument founded on negative experience, may be seen in the following anecdote: "A Paddy, being accused of a criminal act, and told that half-a-dozen witnesses saw him do it, replied, by way of vindicating himself from the charge, "Indade, and I can bring twice that number who didn't see me do it."

It only remains to indicate the grounds of the doctrine of a clear and important distinction between the two states of grace, denominated sanctification and regeneration. We shall not enlarge here, however, but simply refer the reader to the Holy Scriptures and the standard authorities of the Church, Wesley in particular, with but a very few accompanying remarks.

If believers are wholly sanctified at the time, and by the process of regeneration, what mean the following *precepts*, with many others of the same kind, addressed to them in the word of God? "Let us go on unto perfection"—"Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

What mean such *promises* as the following: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your idols, and from all your filthiness will I cleanse you." "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." And why those *prayers* offered by, and for believers, for the blessing of full salvation? "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul, and body, be preserved blameless to the coming

of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." Would the inspired penmen employ precepts, and promises, and prayers in reference to a work of grace which had been superceded by a previous work upon the heart—a work already accomplished in the believer?

That our standard authors teach the doctrine of a distinction between sanctification and regeneration, no one, we believe, is prepared to deny. They are all unanimously agreed upon the subject; and some of them are very full and explicit. See Wesley's "Plain Account"—his sermon on "Sin in believers"—also one on "Let us go unto perfection," with here and there a narrative, a comment, a biographical sketch or allusion scattered all through his "Works," in which he has presented the subject in all its various bearings—doctrinal, experimental, and practical—as one of vital importance to the interests of religion.

The cavil that Wesley was not infallible, and therefore we are not bound to follow him in this matter, does very little credit either to the head or the heart of its author. The *Scriptures* are infallible, and until we can overthrow his interpretation of these in the premises, let us be manly enough to forbear to attempt to hide our love of sin under his fallibility. It will be time enough to reject the doctrine he so ably advocates and proves, when we shall have given a better interpretation of Holy Writ upon the question at issue, and sustained it by better arguments.

We shall only add, that this blessed Scripture doctrine of the verity and importance of the great "second blessing," so called, is corroborated by actual experience. "A cloud of witnesses"—of living, intelligent, competent "witnesses"—have testified their own happy experience of the blessing; and what is all the negative experience in the universe compared to this? They have borne witness to this delightful state of grace through a long succes-

sion of years, some of them—they have done it in prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, living and dying—and there is no law, authority, or power, in heaven, earth or hell, that can impeach their testimony.

## PRESUMPTION.

BY J. G. TERRILL.

Definition: Unreasonable confidence. Webster.

It is not presumption to venture as far as the word of God will allow; it is presumption to refuse to go as far as the word of God says we must. Jesus says, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." John says, "And this is the confidence that we have in him; that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." Charles Wesley sang:

"If what I wish is good,  
And suits the will divine,  
By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine.  
Here then I doubt no more,  
But in his pleasure rest;  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth and power,  
Engage to make me blest.

When in seeking for any blessing at the hand of God, the suppliant having performed the conditions, it is *not* presumption for him to take the words of Jesus, and say I receive it now, "through the blood of the Lamb."

It is presumption for that one to come into the presence of God with a known idol in his heart, that he is unwilling to give up. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." It is *not* presumption to cry, "Create in me a clean heart," but it is presumption of the most fearful kind to neglect seeking for it, when we know God's will. It is *not* presumption to say "I'll stay here till I get it," but it is presumption to wilfully go one moment without it. God says, "Now," and we please him when we say

"Now." I once saw a man, a minister of the Gospel, at the altar, seeking for the blessing of Holiness. We staid with him until two o'clock in the morning; he would *not* say, "I'll stay till I get it." Afterwards, he put it three months ahead; nine have passed, and he can not claim it.

It is *not* presumption to "go straight for God," and leave consequences with him. It is presumption to run as near to God as we think it will do, and not discommode the devil, and then "let God take care of his own cause."

It is not presumption to offer "to be a wedge for Jesus," to dare to go in and throw down the fence that has been the seat of "*trimmers between the two*" for years, but it is presumption to dare to pass them by, calling "it a light thing," and not warn them of their danger.

It is *not* presumption to dare to meet the scorn, the contempt of the worldling, the hatred of the disturbed, but half awakened Pharisee, the jealousy of the cold-hearted; but it is presumption to *dare* to falter for a moment on account of them.

It is not presumption for the minister of the Gospel to say, "Lord I'll lean on thee," but it is presumption to undertake to handle the edge-tools of God without his help.

It is not presumption for that young preacher to throw himself into the hands of the Lord, and "lay like clay in the hands of the potter;" but it is presumption for him, after God has given him a mind, a Bible, and a Holy Ghost to "lead him into all truth," to idle away his time by lounging around until the hour of his appointment comes, and then think of leaning on the Lord. *You will get hurt.*

It is *not* presumption for the children of God, in time of vengeance from the hand of the Lord to throw themselves like a Moses *into the gap*, but it is presumption in time of refreshing from the hand of God, for any one to make light of the work, or of those engaged in it, or to get in the way by bad counsel or opposition. May God help us. Amen.

## ONE IN JESUS.

BY MRS. M. F. KENDALL.

The last prayer of Jesus before he entered the garden of Gethsemane to drink the bitter cup of a *world's* transgressions, was for those whom the Father had given him. And he adds, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

O! what *infinity* of *love* is breathed through this whole prayer! A fit climax to the gospel scheme, whose crowning beauty must fill every mind with the most exalted conceptions of God's love to man. What *could* be done *more* for us—made one with each other, and then with the Redeemer, our blessed Saviour, the Almighty Father! And as if this perfection of all love, was the last effort of Divinity to entrance, and save an unbelieving world, he adds yet again—"that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." What *inimitable* condescending *love*!

This plain, simple test—"perfect in one," was, and is ever to be, then, the sure mark of the disciples of Jesus, *by which* the world may judge of the reality of their professed faith. And now in a matter so important, so all-absorbing to those who are intent on eternal life, let us carefully and honestly enquire.

*In what are we to "be one?"* Is it to be one in theory in our doctrinal views of God's word? If so, but a tithe of the professed Christian world, ever were or will be members of the great family of Christ. All history and experience contradict this, for we have the record of a multitude of those who lived and died in Jesus, belonging to different branches of the Church.

Is it then, to be united merely in our efforts to save others lost in sin? No, this is not it, for even among those who can agree in their theology, there is discord here. And taking the whole Church, in no one thing is there greater diversity of feeling than in this.

Is it to be so united that the worldly goods of all are held in common? Let the results of the many associations among Christians professedly established for this end, answer the question. There have been many "mutual aid" societies, but who ever heard of them as a *fruit* of being *one in Jesus*. They were never cemented together by love to God, as in the old Apostolic Church, nor did they ever prove to the world, that their members were "perfect in one." The record of their effects upon Christians, and upon the world, tells us that they were ever a most fruitful source of hatred, envy, and discord.

Ah! the secret of being "one," lies not in any one or all of them. It is a power that no human wisdom can counterfeit. Men may embrace theories that are perfect, and may make their views of truth harmonize, while their hearts are as opposite as the poles, and full of hatred. They may band together in great numbers to secure union of effort in carrying out their plans for making disciples to their faith, but pride or self-love is the main-spring of their zeal, and the world only beholds a *semblance* of union. They may form societies and raise funds for mutual benefit, but experience proves that here the only bond of "brotherhood" is a love that requires some *dowry* to render the object worthy of being loved or relieved.

Through all these we make a fruitless search for the element which Jesus infused into the hearts of those who left all to follow him. These were to be one as the Father and the Son were one—"as thou Father, art in me, and I in thee"—so "I in them." This unfolds the whole mystery: *Jesus in us*. When the Son of God is revealed in our hearts we cannot *but* be

one. Does one ask here, how then are we to know he is in us? We answer by the fruit we bear, as well as "by the Spirit which he had given us."

And now then as we have ascertained where this perfection of union does *not exist*, let us find if we can, where it *does*. Who are one in Jesus? If we are *in Jesus* and he in us, our hearts will unite in love for each other, and for sinners. So that whatever doctrines we hold, founded on God's word, or whatever are our notions of the best means of saving souls, love for the perishing, swallows up every minor consideration, and we have no room for controversy. United in Jesus, no self reigns to the exclusion of our brother, in gratifying our wants. We love to share what we have with those who have not. The end of our ambition is not to secure position or enjoyment, or a name, but to further the cause of God in the earth. To do this, we can give a farm as soon as a shilling, when we are convinced God demands it. We live not unto ourselves, but unto God. When we thus become one, we put forth as much effort to save the poor as the rich—we love the bond as well as the free—we will sacrifice as much to save outcasts, reckless in sin, as to save genteel sinners. We that are *truly one* love those most who bear most of the *image of Jesus*—we do not love because we are loved alone, but because we see that which is to be loved. And this in no wise excludes that love for souls which will lead us even to peril our lives for their salvation. We can possess and exercise both, in obedience to that law of the divine mind which necessarily loves best that which bears most of its own likeness. We are one in Jesus who love to bear spiritual burdens for each other, and for the work of God. We love to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those that rejoice—their griefs are ours, their joys are ours, and we watch over each other in love, jealous only lest we grieve the Holy Spirit, and offend God. We live to build each other up in

Christ, and we rejoice in proportion as we see the impress of the Master in each other. No jealousy lest one become more a favorite than ourselves. "In honor, preferring one another."

We cannot receive honor one of another—we know no titles of distinction, but those God has made. We remember that the nobility of heaven, are the weak "chosen" to confound the things that are mighty, and things which are not to bring to nought the things that are."

How many of us who profess to be pilgrims to Mount Zion, bear these marks of the love which is in Christ Jesus? We fear the siftings of reproach and persecution will leave but a handful, who can be measured by the standard which Jesus himself raised. How many are there who are willing to be counted as the filth and off-scouring of all things—who glory in tribulations—who have gladly suffered the *loss of all things* for Jesus' sake—who are ready for stripes and imprisonment—yea, who count not their lives dear unto themselves, so they may finish their course with joy? There are those in *these* days, bless God! who can answer these questions, and answer them right. All these things the Holy Ghost witnesseth they are able to do, and some of them they *have done*, Glory to God in the highest! And as Jesus said, "The world hath hated them because they are not of this world." They are accused of causing strife and divisions—of dividing families and neighborhoods—of rending Churches and Conferences—of casting out devils by Belzebub, the prince of the devils. But while they have, in all these things, been learning how to sympathise with Jesus, in the dreadful load he bore, they have had the presence of the promised Comforter to sustain them. Jesus says of them, "I am glorified in them." "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one!" They have tasted of this glory even here, and found it bearing the soul far beyond

the reach of their foes. They *love* their enemies. From the depths of their souls they can say, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." There is love that none but God can bestow. And then to seal this glorious union with each other and with Christ, we have the promise that we shall be with him, where he is, that we may behold the glory given him of the Father. Blessed union, begun on earth—to know no barrier but sin to its everlasting growth and perfection! Exhaustless love!

This is the grace must live and sing  
When faith and hope shall cease,  
And sound from every joyful string  
Through all the realms of bliss.

### TRUSTING IN JESUS.

BY ALFRED SULLY.

Trusting in a Saviour's blood—  
O, my Father, here I pray,  
Plunge me in the healing flood,  
Cleanse and wash my sins away;  
Make, O make me pure and white  
In that fount that gushed for me,  
Fit to be an angel bright,  
And to dwell above with thee.

Trusting in a Saviour's love—  
Father, now I come to thee,  
Send to me the heav'nly dove,  
Set me from earth's trammels free;  
Cleanse my heart and make me pure;  
Give to me a spirit new,  
And oh, help me to endure  
All on earth I may pass through.

Guide me thro' the valley deep,  
Thro' the dark and tangled wood,  
O'er the mountain's rugged steep,  
Till I come where Jesus stood.  
Till I come to be like him,  
Filled with thy own beauteous love,  
Freed from every mortal sin—  
Fit to dwell with thee above.

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

### ARE YOU SAFE?

It is no infallible sign that we are not ourselves the sons of perdition, because people regard us as the children of God, and because our external deportment seems to justify their opinion. For among those who are respected, and reputed as blameless characters, among churchmen and those who are apparently devout, nay, even among those who frequent the Lord's Table, may be found such as are rushing onward to destruction. In congregations where the Gospel is preached, Satan entraps individuals in the snare of religious self-deception, as well as in the pits of infidelity and ungodliness. Among those to whom the dreadful words will be addressed, "I never knew you," not a few will be found, who with good reason, are able to say, "Lord have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence? have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" The disciples were aware of this; and hence, on the Lord's informing them, that there was one among them who was accursed, they were by no means satisfied with being merely in their Master's immediate vicinity. "Lord," they ask one after the other, deeply concerned and grieved, "Is it I? Is it I?" Let us follow their example in this respect, and not seek at a distance those who shall eventually perish. Let us commence the inquiry within our own walls, and not exclude ourselves from those whom we regard as being possibly the deplorable people in question. On the contrary, let each first examine himself. It is not only those who openly revolt, and swear allegiance to the enemies of God and his anointed, who are hastening to perdition, but there are also others, with the Bible in their hands, and the name of Jesus on their lips, who will finally perish.—KRUMMACHER.

REPUTATION is often got without merit, and lost without fault.



## A BITTER BUT HEALTHFUL MORSEL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

"Whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish.—Prov. xii, 1.

Reproof is not pleasant to nature. We may learn to value it for its results, but it never will be sweet to our taste. At the best it is a bitter morsel. The difference between a wise man and a fool is, not that one likes and the other loathes it—both dislike it—but the fool casts away the precious because it is unpalatable, and the wise man accepts the unpalatable because it is precious. It is brutish in a man to act merely according to the impulse of sense. We are not so foolish when the health of our bodies is at stake. When we were children indeed, if left to ourselves, we would have swallowed greedily the gilded sweetmeat that sickened us, and thrown away the bitter medicine which was fitted to purge disease from the channels of life; but when we became men, we put these childish things away. Day by day, in thousands of instances that concern this life, we accept the bitter because it is salutary, and reject the sweet because it destroys. Would that we were equally wise for higher interests! "I hate him; for he doth not prophecy good concerning me," (1 Kings xxii, 8); there, in the person of that ancient Israelitish king, is humanity in the lump and without disguise. Grown men lick flattery in because it is sweet, and refuse faithful reproof because it is unpleasant. The best of us has much to learn here; and yet we think that, by pains and prayer, Christians might make large and rapid progress in this department. No advancement will be attained without particular and painstaking trial; but such trial will not be labor lost. Paul reached his high attainments not by an easy flight through the air, but by many toilsome steps on the weary ground; smaller men need not expect

to find a royal road to spiritual perfection. "Herein do I exercise myself," he said, "that I may have a conscience void of offence." What he obtained only by hard exercise, we need not expect to drop into our bosom. Here is an exercise ground for Christians who would like to grow in grace. Nature hates reproof; let grace take the bitter potion, and thrust it down nature's throat, for the sake of its healing power. If we had wisdom and energy to take to ourselves more of the reproof that is agoing, and less of the praise, our spiritual constitution would be in a sounder state.

Some of the reproof comes directly from God by his providence and in his word. This, if there be a right spirit of adoption, it is perhaps easier to take. So thought David. When he found that a terrible rebuke must come, he pleaded that he might fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of man. Still these chastenings are painful, and wisdom from above is needed to receive them aright. But although all are ultimately at the disposal of the Supreme, most of the reproofs that meet us in life come immediately from our fellow-men. Even when it is just in substance and kindly given, our own selflove kicks hard against it; and, alas! the most of it is mixed with envy and applied in anger. Here is room for the exercise of a Christian's highest art. There is a way of profiting by reproof, although it be administered by an enemy. It is in such narrows of life's voyage that the difference comes most clearly out between the wise and the foolish. A neighbor is offended by something that I have said or done. He becomes enraged, and opens a foul mouth upon me. This is his sin and his burden; but what of me? Do I kindle at his fire, and throw back his epithets with interest in his face? This is brutish. It is the stupid ox kicking everything that pricks him, and being doubly lacerated for his pains. It is my business and my interest to take good for myself, out of another's evil. The good

is there, and there is a way of extracting it. The most unmannerly scold that ever came from an unbridled tongue may have its filth precipitated and turned into a precious ointment, as the sewerage of a city, instead of damaging the people's health, may as a fertilizer become the reduplicator of the people's food. The process is difficult, but when skillfully performed it produces a large return. When Shimei basely cursed David in his distress, the counsel of a rude warrior was, "Let me go over and take off his head." This was merely a brutish instinct—the beam that lay not on the solid, rebounding, by the law of its nature, to the blow. But the king had been getting the good of his great affliction. At that moment he had wisdom, and therefore he got more. He recognized a heavenly Father's hand far behind the foul tongue of Shimei; he felt that the rebuke, though cruelly given, contained salutary truth. He occupied himself not with the falsehood that was in it, in order to blame the reprovor, but with the truth that was in it, in order to get humbling for himself. "Let him alone," said the fallen monarch, meekly; "let him alone and let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him," Here is wisdom. It is wise to receive correction from God, although it come through an unworthy instrument. Although the immediate agent meant it for evil, our Father in heaven can make it work for good.

**SCOPE OF MIRACLES.**—The Gospel miracles differ from all others in their nature and frequency, and in the disinterestedness which characterized them. Neither the Saviour nor his disciples ever wrought a miracle for their own personal benefit. Dr. Carson well says:

"Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick." Did you, Paul? And why did you leave him sick when you possessed the power of working miracles? Why were you so profuse of your miracles

in Melita, while you are so sparing of them among your best friends? For the very reason of showing that miracles are rather for the proof of the Gospel, than for the private benefit even of the heirs of glory. God is sovereign in this as well as in everything else. Jesus healed the ear of the high priest's servant, while Paul did not heal his friend Trophimus. The apostles exercised their power, not by their discretion or caprice, but by the suggestion of the Holy Spirit. This, then, is a providential fact, the record of which, though to human wisdom trifling, is yet of great importance to the children of God. They are not to expect that they will always be free from sickness, or that their sickness will be soon dismissed. They have reason to trust that God will always be with them, and will turn every thing to good for them. But they must submit to him as a sovereign who gives no account of his matters.

Nothing can avail or save, if Jesus is not ours. If you, my readers had any commensurate idea, how much you need him, you would throw open every avenue to admit him. Gladly would you divest yourselves of that which is the dearest and most precious to you, in order that you might possess him. Nay, you would risk your very lives, much more the vain delights, and empty honors of this world, in order to gain him. There exists no compensation for the want of Jesus, and the cleansing efficacy of his blood. The most specious tissue of austerities, of morality, and devotional exercises, can not supply his place. It is only a more handsome dress for a delinquent, and not the wedding garment for the invited guest.—KRUMMACHER.

TEMPTATIONS, when we meet them at first, are as the Lion that roared upon Sampson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them we shall find a nest of honey within them.—BUNYAN.

SILENCE seldom doeth harm.

## GROWTH IN GRACE.

BY DODDRIDGE.

Do you find divine love advancing in your soul? Do you feel yourself more and more sensible of the presence of God? and does that sense grow more delightful to you than it formerly was? Can you, even when your natural spirits are weak and low, and you are not in any frame for the orders and ecstasies of devotion, nevertheless find a pleasing rest, a calm repose of heart, in the thought that God is near you, and that he sees the secret sentiments of your soul, while you are, as it were, laboring up the hill, and casting a longing eye toward him, though you cannot say you enjoy any sensible communications from him? Is it agreeable to you to open your heart to his inspection and regard, to present it to him laid bare of every disguise, and say with David, "Thou, Lord, knowest thy servant?" Do you find a growing esteem and approbation of that sacred law of God, which is the transcript of his moral perfections? Do you inwardly "esteem all his precepts concerning all things to be right?" Psalm cxix, 128. Do you discern, not only the necessity, but the reasonableness, the beauty, the pleasure of obedience; and feel a growing scorn and contempt of those things which may be offered as the price of your innocence, and would tempt you to sacrifice or hazard your interest in the divine power and friendship? Do you find an ingenuous desire to please God, not only because he is so powerful, and has so many good and so many evil things entirely at his command, but from a veneration of his most amiable nature and character? and do you find your heart habitually reconciled to a most humble subjection, both to his commanding and to his disposing will? Do you perceive that your own will is now more ready and disposed in every circumstance, to bear the yoke, and to submit to the divine determination, whatever

he appoints to be borne or forborne? Can you "in patience possess your soul?" Luke xxi, 19. Can you maintain a more steady calmness and serenity, when God is striking at your dearest enjoyments in this world, and acting most directly contrary to your present interests, to your natural passions and desires! If you can, it is a most certain and noble sign that grace is growing up in you to a very vigorous state.

AN AWFUL WARNING.—The Baltimore *Clipper* of June 1st, has the following: We heard yesterday, from an entirely satisfactory and responsible source, the particulars of an occurrence which can only be looked upon as an instance of Divine rebuke for taking the name of the Almighty in justification of a falsehood. We refrain from mentioning names through consideration of the parties, who are respectable persons, residing in the south-western section of the city. It appears that a few days since the aunt of a young girl about eighteen years of age, accused her of having been guilty of some misconduct, which she positively denied, and on being again accused, she called upon God to strike her blind if she was not telling the truth. In a moment after, according to her own statement, a film seemed to pass before her eyes, and in the course of five minutes she was totally blind, and has continued sightless ever since. The afflicted victim of her own impiety confessed that she had called upon her Maker to justify her in what was a falsehood.

The Madison (Iowa) *Plainedealer* says that a poor miserable wretch living near Farmington, in Van Buren County, while horribly blaspheming God on Saturday last, for withholding rain from his suffering crops, was suddenly struck with palsy, and almost immediately died.

ONE always receiving never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever remains corrupts.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MISS L. S. CLEMENT.

SISTER in Christ—Did you ever consider the weighty influence you are exerting either for or against the cause you have espoused? Did you ever reflect upon the fathomless depths of the consequences which will arise from your individual influence: that if directed to the promotion of the highest good of your fellow-beings you will call into action the noblest energies and highest powers of which humanity is susceptible? Did you ever think that in every soul with whom you come in contact in your daily walks, there is a power for good, or evil, that may tell upon generations yet in the remote future; that an action of which you are hardly conscious, may make an indelible impression upon others—an impression which may affect their future destiny, and the destiny of the world? Perhaps you think your *sphere* is so limited, and your influence so small that it does not matter. You may think your sex shields you from the exercise of this unbounded influence; but, Sister, you are laboring under a serious mistake. If your direct influence does not extend beyond your own family circle, you may there wield a power that shall shake the world.

Your sex brings you into the closest contact with the mind in its most impressible state, and you are fearfully accountable for the impressions you make. Have you a brother? You are, perhaps, unconscious of the power you exert over him. Your gentle influence has restrained him when his impetuous nature has rebelled against parental authority. He may affect contempt for your religion, but in his heart he respects you for it, and your pious example and earnest prayers may yet lead him to seek the "Pearl of great price," and the life which might otherwise have been a curse to the world, may, in the service of the Redeemer, win many souls from sin. He

may become a bright star in your crown of rejoicing.

Perhaps your earnest zeal in the cause of God may stimulate a father, who, worn and weary with the strifes and turmoils of life, is ready to lay down his watch, to renewed diligence in the Master's service. His counsels and prayers first led you into the narrow way, and, when treading the slippery path of youth, he anxiously guarded your footsteps, enabling you to shun the snares of the tempter, and now, trusting that your feet are firmly planted on the Rock, he feels safe in your counsels, and relies upon your spiritual strength to aid him in his journey home.

Sister, is your destiny linked with one whom you have promised to love, honor, and keep in sickness and health, for whom you have promised to forsake all others, and keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live? Your influence may determine the character of your husband. If he is a stranger to Christ, your life of devotion, your patience amid trials, your resignation in affliction, and your faithfulness in the discharge of duty, may win the heart over to the service of his Maker, which the most stirring appeals from the pulpit have failed to reach. Has your husband heard and obeyed the command of the Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Your sympathy and counsels may do more to encourage and sustain him in his heaven-appointed labors, than all the world beside. Are you repining at your lot in being cast out upon the world with no permanent abiding place? are you sighing for the happy home, and its delightful associations, in which you spent your childhood? Do you meet him with whom you have promised to labor for the building up of Christ's kingdom in the world, with murmurs and complaint?

These will do more to fetter his spirit and hinder his usefulness, than all the scorn and contempt that an ungodly world could heap upon him.

And your influence may rob him of many a bright star that would otherwise shine in his crown of rejoicing.

Sister, have you calmly folded your hands, and quietly sat down content to see others labor in the vineyard of the Lord, while you are sighing that you have not a more extensive field to labor in? What though your position is an obscure one? your influence is just as potent in your sphere, as though it were a more exalted one. If you first discharge the duties which devolve upon you in your humble station faithfully, and the Father sees that you are fitted for a broader field of usefulness, he will open the way for you. But if you already possess wealth, station, and talent, they only add to the extent of your influence. How important then that it be wholly on the right side. In order to have your influence over others all that it should be, regard must be had, not to the outward deportment alone, but to the outward adornings which every one can observe, and which exert an influence wherever you go. "They are known and read of all men." Christ said to his disciples, "Ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world," and again the Apostle Paul says, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Then, Sister in Christ, let us awake, and in spite of position, circumstances, or means, let our whole influence be to the building up of Christ's Kingdom in the world. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is better, said Antisthenes, to fall among crows than flatterers, for those only devour the dead, these the living.

God hath often a great share in a little house.

ALL are not thieves that dogs bark at.

## STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE.

"STRIVE to enter in at the strait gate." And in order thereto, settle it in your heart, and let it ever be uppermost in your thoughts, that if you are in the broad way, you are in the way that leadeth to destruction. If many go with you, as sure as God is true, both they and you are going to hell! If you are walking as the generality of men walk, you are walking to the bottomless pit! Are many wise, many rich, many mighty, or noble, traveling with you in the same way? By this token, without going any farther, you know it does not lead to life. Here is a short, a plain, an infallible rule, before you enter into particulars. In whatever profession you are engaged, you must be singular, or be damned! The way to hell has nothing singular in it; but the way to heaven is singularity all over; if you move but one step towards God, you are not as other men are. But regard not this. It is far better to stand alone, than to fall into the pit. Run then with patience the race which is set before thee, though thy companions therein are but few! They will not always be so. Yet a little while, and thou wilt come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

Now, then, "strive to enter in at the strait gate," being penetrated with the deepest sense of the inexpressible danger your soul is in, so long as you are in the broad way—so long as you are void of poverty of spirit, and all that inward religion which the many, the rich, and the wise, account madness. "Strive to enter in," being pierced with sorrow and shame for having so long run on with the unthinking crowd, utterly neglecting; if not despising that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord." Strive, as in an agony of holy fear, lest "a promise being made you of entering into his

rest," even that "rest which remaineth for the people of God," you should nevertheless "come short of it." "Strive, in all the fervor of desire, with "groanings which cannot be uttered." Strive by prayer without ceasing; at all times, in all places, lifting up your heart to God, and giving him no rest, till you "awake up after his likeness," and are "satisfied with it."

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate," not only by this agony of soul, of conviction, of sorrow, of shame, of desire, of fear, of unceasing prayer; but likewise by ordering thy conversation aright, by walking with all thy strength in all the ways of God; the way of innocence, of piety, and of mercy. Abstain from all appearance of evil; do all possible good to all men; deny thyself, thy own will, in all things, and take up thy cross daily. Be ready to cut off thy right hand, to pluck out thy right eye, and cast it from thee; to suffer the loss of goods, friends, health, all things on earth, so thou mayest enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!—JOHN WESLEY.

DR. ARNOLD once observed of a bad pupil and his instruction, "It is very often like kicking a football up hill. You kick it upwards twenty yards, and it rolls back nineteen. Still you have gained one yard, and then in a good many kicks you make some progress. Here is genuine encouragement for the teacher placed among the rough and rude. It is not in the nature of instruction and correction wholly to be thrown away.

"If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. If we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with just fear of God and their fellow men, we engrave on these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

SOME professed Christians have nothing belonging to the sheep but the skin.

## THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

IF the amazing revival which characterized the last century be viewed merely as a natural progress of mental influence, no analysis can find elements of power greater than have often existed in a corrupting and falling Church, or than are found at many periods when no blessed effects are produced. Men equally learned, eloquent, orthodox, instructive, may be found in many ages of Christianity. It is utterly impossible to assign a natural reason why Whitefield should have been the means of converting so many more sinners than other men. Without one trace of logic, philosophy, or any thing worthy to be called systematic theology, his sermons, viewed intellectually, take an humble place among humble efforts. Turning again to his friend, Wesley, we find calmness, clearness, logic, theology, discussion, definition, point, appeal, but none of that prodigious and unaccountable power which the human intellect would naturally connect with movements so amazing as those which took place under his word. Neither the logic of the one, nor the declamation of the other, furnishes us with the secret of their success. There is enough to account for men's being affected, excited, or convinced; but that does not account for their living holy lives ever after. Thousands of pulpit orators have swayed their audiences, as a wind sways standing corn; but, in the result, those who were most affected differed nothing from their former selves. An effect of eloquence is sufficient to account for a vast amount of feeling at the moment; but to trace to this a moral power, by which a man, for his life long, overcomes his besetting sins, and adorns his name with Christian virtues, is to make sport of human nature.

Why should these men have done what many equally learned, and able, as divines and orators, never did? There must have been an element of

power in them which criticism cannot discover. What was that power? It must be judged of by its sphere, and its effects. Where did it act? and what did it produce? Every power has its own sphere. The strongest arm will never convince the understanding; the most forcible reasoning will never lift a weight, the brightest sunbeam will never pierce a plate of iron, nor the most powerful magnet move a pane of glass. The soul of man has separate regions, and that which merely convinces the intellect may leave the emotions untouched; that which merely operates on the emotions may leave the understanding unsatisfied, and that which affects both, may yet leave the moral powers uninspired. The crowning power of the messenger of God, is power over the moral man; power which, whether it approaches the soul through the avenue of the intellect or of the affections, *does* reach into the soul. The sphere of true Christian power is the heart—the moral man; and the result of its action is not to be surely distinguished from that of mere eloquence by instantaneous emotion, but by subsequent moral fruit. Power which cleanses the heart, and produces holy living, is the power of the Holy Ghost. It may be through the logic of Wesley, the declamation of Whitefield, or the simple common sense of a plain servant woman, or laboring-man; but whenever this power is in action, it strikes deeper into human nature than any mere reasoning or pathos. Possibly it does not so soon bring a tear to the eye, or throw the judgment into a posture of acquiescence; but it raises in the breast thoughts of God, eternity, sin, death, heaven and hell; raises them, not as mere ideas, opinions, or articles of faith, but as the images and echoes of real things.

We may find in many parts of the country, where much has been done to dispel darkness and diffuse true religion, that some of the first triumphs of grace were entirely due to the wonderful effects produced by the private and

fireside talking of some humble Christians, who had themselves gone to the throne of Grace, and waited there until they had received the baptism of fire.

In proportion as the power of this one instrument is overlooked, and other means are trusted in to supply its place, does the true force of Christian agency decline; and it may without hesitation be said, that when men holding the Christian ministry habitually and constantly manifest their distrust in the power of the Holy Ghost to give them utterance, they publicly abjure the true theory of Christian preaching. It is according to the authority of its Author, delivering a message from God—a message through man, it is true—but not delivered through the excellency of man's speech, not under the guidance of man's natural wisdom; a message, the effect of which does not rest upon the artistic arrangement, choice, and ardor of words, but upon the extent to which its utterance is pervaded by the Holy Ghost.—ARTHUR.

\* A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—THOMAS CARLYLE.

RULE OF FAITH.—A belief that in all things, and at all events God is to be obeyed; that there is the essential distinction of holiness and sin in all conduct, both within the mind and in external action, and that sin is absolutely a dreadful evil; that *that* must not be done which must be repented of; that the future should predominate over the present.—FOSTER.

## ENTHUSIASM.

When the Holy Spirit is in full union with a Church, and when a Church is in full communication with the influences of the Holy Spirit, there will be proportionate compassion, tenderness and concern for the souls of men; and these will be excited and developed in a higher degree than could be accomplished by the mere sympathies of humanity. It deserves to be exhibited on the face of the skies, in letters as bright and vivid as rainbows, that, on the supposition that a soul is in real danger of being lost, no excitement of the emotions however high, no anguish of feeling however intense, is either extravagant or enthusiastic. The enemies of religious emotion brand this excitement with the epithet of enthusiastic; but it is only in proportion as they diminish the amount of danger which produces it. It must, however, be admitted that there is, in connection with this subject one state of religious emotion which well deserves to be called enthusiasm—weak, vain and empty enthusiasm. It is enthusiasm to fancy facts concerning the soul which are not testified in the Scriptures; it is enthusiasm to fancy that a soul is under the influences of the Spirit, when there are no fruits of the Spirit: it is enthusiasm to expect a thing strongly without using the appointed means; to expect a soul to go to heaven who neither walks nor seeks the way thitherward; to expect a mysterious process of forced conversion to take place in the dying hour; and to hope there is no danger to the soul, when the Scriptures declare that it is in danger of eternal perdition. The men who indulge in these fancies and expectations, and oppose enthusiasm, are themselves fanatics the most wild and extravagant.—DR. JENKYN.

ONE half our forebodings of ill to our neighbors are but our *wishes*, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.—LONDON.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.—Though the Divine dispensation of spiritual aid is no longer miraculous, the presence of Christ no longer visible, for we “walk (wholly) by faith, not by sight,” still that aid is not less real, that presence not less abiding. The Spirit ever “helpeth our infirmities.” Our Divine Master has promised to “come unto them that love Him, and keep His saying,” and to manifest himself to them. He speaks to them, though not in a literally audible voice. He leads them, not less really than of old, though not literally, by the hand; for “as many,” says the Apostle Paul, “as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” If we look earnestly we shall see Him; if we listen attentively we shall hear His voice.—WHATELEY.

DIFFICULTIES.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier’s glory to be won on peaceful fields; no sailor’s daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties. The highly favored are they who amid tribulation are patient, amid rebuffs are meek, amid chastisement are resigned, amid pains are courageous, amid provocations are gentle, amid enemies are full of love, amid doubts hold fast the faith, amid sorrows find joy in God.

MYSTERIES.—Those who profess, by simplifying and explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion, to make Faith easy, destroy in effect the very nature of it, considered as a duty; for there is surely no virtue in assenting to Euclid’s propositions or anything demonstrable to the understanding. Such men in endeavoring to widen the strait gate, are guilty of much the same fault with those who turn aside from it in disgust. The latter will not believe what they find it impossible to explain; the former are resolved to explain what they find themselves compelled to believe.—ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.



## EXPERIENCE OF FRANCES D. BYRNS.

The first five years of my life, I was the only child of *good*, but over indulgent parents. They professed religion, but will, I think, agree with me in saying, they were then very worldly. I was never taught to pray; yet I did sometimes; though I was too proud to kneel. I do not remember hearing much about religion in my early days, though I knew my parents professed it, because my father asked a blessing at the breakfast table; and when the minister came the large Bible was handed him and he read and prayed with us. But glory be to God a *very great* change has taken place in our family since then. I can remember having but few serious thoughts when a child. I told a wicked lie once for which I felt very bad and could not rest till I had confessed it to my mother.

While in a class-meeting at a very early age, I felt bad because my mother trembled and wept when she spoke. But I knew not the cause of it.

I went to Sunday school at an early age, and was generally prompt in attendance. I loved to excel in reciting verses from the testament, but I did not realize the true object of the Sunday school, and no one taught me. Perhaps the teachers did not have time, as it took so long to hear so many recite.

I distinctly remember admiring the rich and gay clothing of some of my teachers, and thinking one morning when my aunt wore a new bonnet with flowers, "I should not think she would like to kneel down this morning." It was then prayer time. Alas! how many think it of small importance what example is set before *children*. At another time when the Superintendent was asking questions upon the lesson, the verse came up, "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." He then asked the school

if we thought it was really so: and I said, (honestly) I did not think it was; and he said he guessed not.

Thus was my natural inclination to speak idle words left unchecked. Yet I thank God I ever went to Sunday school, for those lessons there learned now appear like an unsealed book.

I grew up with an unhappy fretful disposition, seeking enjoyment in trying to out-do some one in making fun, as I termed it. O, what a snare did this prove to me in after years! I reached my thirteenth year before I remember having any conviction for sin. There was at the time a protracted effort being made for the salvation of souls in our village. I attended several of the meetings, and though no one spoke to me on the subject, I felt myself to be a great sinner. And when the invitation was given for those seeking religion to take the front seat, I went. I wept bitterly, and told them my determination to find my Saviour. But the next day Satan tried to shame me out of it, and made great use of my proneness to trifling conversation. I could not shed a tear during the first part of the day, but in the afternoon I went to meeting; and again my heart was melted. After a season of prayer, while they were singing, "My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear," the preacher said, if we would believe it, it would *be* so. I thought I can do that, and for a moment felt relieved. But I thought it could not be that the work was done so quickly, but that I must feel very bad a great while, so I kept on seeking. But I no longer felt the weight of sin, and think I was converted that afternoon. I now felt that Jesus smiled upon me—that I was his child. Still I do not remember to have had much of the *glorious joys* of salvation for more than three years after I made a profession of religion. I thought my life must be different—that I ought not to get angry nor laugh so much, now that I professed to be a *Christian*. and many were the resolutions I made in my own strength. Of course I

could not keep them alone, and it seems to me now, I never thought of looking to Jesus. Being large of my age, I had begun to go among young people some, before my conversion, and they seemed to like me just as well after it.

Gradually I found myself more and more entangled with the vain things of earth. I often think, with regret, I was about that time instrumental in two young persons making a profession of religion when they knew *very little*, if any, of the *power of saving grace* in the heart. Alas! the almost blind leading the totally blind. O, how we cling to the world! Yet, "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." Thus I lived on, conforming more and more to the world-giving way to bursts of anger—or when things suited, in indulging too much in levity. For a whole year after my conversion, I refused or failed to pray in public. The bell ringing for prayer-meeting seemed to say, "Come pray, come pray." And I would resolve "I will," but when there the cross seemed *so heavy*, and I did not understand the way of looking to God for help to bear it. Finally, by a mighty effort, I *did* take the cross, and for a time was justified. During all this time I had been to class meeting, and would weep and tell that I had been trying "to carry religion in one hand, and the world in the other," and would resolve not to be so rude for the week to come—not to get impatient again. But as often did I break my good resolutions.

About a year and a half after I had professed to be a follower of Jesus, a seminary was built in our village, and school opened. Here the young and gay assembled, and I wished to be as lively as any one, if not *more* so. Again the cross was presented, and very humiliating it was too, to kneel in prayer-time before all the students. Well, at first I made the excuse to my mother, when she asked me concerning it, that the seats were too close together. But soon they were placed

farther apart, so that I had no excuse. A short time afterward I resolved in class-meeting, I *would do it*, and for a few mornings following I did. I must have had a little influence then, for a young sister who sat near me would kneel when I did; but my example the rest of the time was so bad, I grew ashamed of kneeling, and she gave it up also. I tried to persuade myself it was *not duty*. For another year I lived in the known omission of duty—ceased to repent of my "little sins," went to class, told a fair story, and was loved by a large circle of friends. About this time, Brother Wells came to our place to labor, and once in a class meeting after I had spoken so smoothly, he asked me if I was doing every known duty? I thought a moment, and the Spirit of God, true to its work, said very distinctly, "You do not kneel in chapel."

But I quickly replied, "It isn't duty," and told him I did not think of any I was neglecting, or something to that effect. O! God, why was I not cut down when thus cumbering the ground! He told me to revolve it in my mind during the next week, and see if I could not find something I was leaving undone. And I did think of it, but did not consent to do it till the next watch-night, when I solemnly promised God, I *would*. During that winter some of those with whom I had been so intimate, did not attend school, and I was mercifully thrown under the benign influence of a young sister who had, a few months previous, received the blessing of holiness. Glory be to God! I think I was justified a part of the time, but if anything *personal* was said upon the subject of dress or any such thing, I would immediately rebel. Still the Spirit of God was at work in my heart, and I saw I was far from being right. Thank God for light.

But in the spring the dear sister left me, and again I sought my intimate friends among the ungodly. I was once more as light and trifling as ever, though I did religious duties, and was thought to be a consistent Christian.

At times, 'tis true, I felt my sinfulness, and once said to my near friend, O, I feel so wicked! But she kissed me, and said something about my being so good. Thus was my pride fed and I glided along. At this time I took an active part in two exhibitions at the seminary, which seemed to kill all the spirituality I had remaining. What will the reader think of a follower of the "meek and lowly Jesus," appearing before a gazing crowd, dressed in white, and wearing a wreath of flowers, and a long white veil, to represent religion? At another time, with painted face and arms, decked with feathers, &c., representing an Indian maiden? O, my Father how couldst thou bear with me? Yes, many precious hours have I spent in preparing my dress, and committing compositions to memory, just to feed my pride—to gain the applause of the multitude. I remember thinking one afternoon when going on the stage to rehearse the dialogue, "What if God should so convict me that I should be compelled to fall down here and cry for mercy on the night of the exhibition?" Though the teachers who superintended these things professed religion, yet it was no excuse for me. I knew very well it was wrong, after I had commenced, but thought I had such a prominent part it would be a pity to break it all up. So I persisted in it. But glory to Jesus! soon after this I obtained salvation, and no longer felt any desire to gain the applause of the world. Yes, many grateful hearts often praise God for the well-known "Black Creek Camp Meeting," or in other words, "The Independent Laymen's Camp Meeting." As it was only a few miles from home, I went, intending to stay but one day. I felt that I was very good that morning, for I did not realize my true condition in the sight of God. I had concluded that it was policy to cultivate a good disposition—not to show impatience when I felt it—for I wanted to be amiable and have many friends. But a wicked, proud heart lay beneath the

unruffled surface. It was service time when we reached the encampment, and the loud Amens from happy saints, found no sympathy in me. I grew more and more astonished, but the light was beginning to shine into my darkened soul. Glory, glory to Jesus for conviction.

At night I felt too wicked to return home, and my parents consented to let me stay as long as I wished. Bless the Lord for that. One morning, I strayed into a class meeting where truly they had such salvation as I never had heard of. "I would praise thee, where shall I thy praise begin?" Sister Kendall who led the class asked me several heart-searching questions, and among other things said, "I know you are not in the clear light or you would not wear that ring." O, how sinful I felt as those holy sisters looked at me, and I began to break down before the Lord. Plain dealing was just what I needed. I had been told I was so good, too long already. I was soon seeking justifying grace, trying to humble myself before God, the young people from our town looking into the tent with astonishment I suppose. I went mourning that day till toward evening, when the light broke in, and God did bless my soul. I must have promised to give up the world then, for I was justified. But I soon drew back, and the next morning when questioned again in class, I sobbed out, "O I can't dress plain." Now I never dressed very costly, but every time I knelt down to pray, something would strive with me to give up those needless flowers and ribbons at home. And I wore my hair curled, which I saw would not do for me, if I would get into the light. Finally after some struggling, I was enabled to consecrate my little all, to break off my ring, to arrange my hair in a manner more becoming a Christian, and to promise I would trim my bonnet when I should reach home. My soul was now happy in God, my Father. Truly I tasted the joys of salvation. But frequently my past exam

ple came before my mind with such force, that I would almost despair, give way to doubts, and thus bring the shadows over my soul. Yet the Lord did bless and save me, and *now* I see he was leading me. I left the camp ground feeling rather sorrowful, yet little dreaming what awaited me in the future. I began to fulfill my promises to do duty, and the light of God shone more and more. The next Sabbath, I committed myself to seek definitely the blessing of sanctification. A number of professed Christians had received great good at the camp meeting, and we had powerful prayer meetings. Some three weeks after the camp meeting closed, in one of these glorious meetings, I was enabled to consecrate myself more fully to Jesus, to look to Him as a *perfect Saviour*, and the great work was wrought. O glory to God in the highest. What light and glory streamed into my soul as soon as I believed. 'Tis vain to try to express it, but thank God many have felt the same.

It is nearly a year since I commenced to walk the highway of holiness. I am very sorry I have not been more faithful. I remember the dark hours that have followed when I have neglected duty or compromised. O, it seemed as if I never could smile again. When Jesus had done *so much* for me, to think I would ever shrink from the cross or cover up its glorious reproach. But at such times I had to confess and seek the fountain again. O yes! the all-cleansing fountain that never is empty or shallow. Glory to Jesus for salvation. I wish I could tell how I have triumphed over everything at times. When my dear parents thought I would be crazy, and many things conspired to crush my soul then it was that Jesus stooped to earth, filled my soul with glory and carried me above. It did seem sometimes that I did not breathe the air of earth, so far did my soul soar above all its trials. But it was not always so: Ah! no, I have sometimes let these things

trouble me. It was *so hard* to take a course which my own parents and relatives could not approve! If I could only be a *consistent* Christian, not so *unlike* every body else, if I would only dress so as not to *attract attention*, and not go to certain (blessed) meetings, then all would go well. But I must believe till Jesus says otherwise.

I did my heavenly Father's will. 'Tis nothing to boast of, for I came very near compromising several times, and once I did. But God's children prayed, and he answered prayer, and I was enabled to retrace my steps, and walk the narrow glorious way. I went to Jesus and asked him to undertake for me. And he did; bless his holy name! The tide of opposition was rolled back, and for months I have been permitted to follow God as I saw fit. I doubt not many *think me* stubborn and self-willed. But Jesus knows how hard it was. He knows how much I suffered mentally. *He knows I loved* to obey my parents, when I could obey *him* at the same time. O yes! I kept a standing wish for sometime that I might please Jesus and my mother too. But I finally gave it to Him, for it seems as though one were not satisfied when wishing for anything. And now this sunny afternoon, it seems to me I could walk with Jesus upon this sinful earth, and never grow weary. O, may I ever walk in white! I know it soils easily, but by keeping close to Jesus' precious wound, the blood will keep my garments as white as snow. How I long to see the work of God go on. I want to be kept in the dust at my Saviour's feet, lost to self and the world; but O, let Jesus reign without a rival. Yes, give me Jesus! I can *say* and *feel it* too.

"Let the winds blow high, or the winds blow low,  
'Tis a pleasant sail to Canaan. Hallelujah!"

WATCH AND PRAY. — Watching without prayer were but an impious homage to ourselves. Prayer without watching were but an impious and also absurd homage to God.—FOSTER.

## BIGOTRY.

God sometimes puts our desire for his glory to the test, by bringing under our eyes signal and extensive usefulness by other hands than our own, or those of our party. Can we say, "I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice?" Or do we refuse to "wish him God speed" whom God has sent? Are we slow to believe the laborer which God has owned? Dare we repine, when God has blessed? Are we cold when many hearts are made to glow with "the love of God shed abroad" therein? Are we unthankful when "one" who is not of us, "converteth a sinner from the error of his way, and that saveth a soul from death and hideth a multitude of sins?" When God causeth others to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his name by them, do we sullenly refuse to join in the joyous procession? Do we refuse to unite in the symphonies of angels when they rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, because that sinner repenteth not at our bidding, but at some other voice not tuned to our key, or not shaped to our form of words? Have we to accuse ourselves in any measure of these godless discontents? O tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon! Genuine bigotry would rather see men sink into perdition, than consent that they should be saved by another hand. What foe to the Gospel! Who would not wish to see it destroyed?—THOMAS QUINTON STOW.

**DEAD WORSHIP.**—In a Christian land men become Christians by profession. And while the life is decent, and the Church attended, all things pass off mighty well. But it happens these genteel professors are the very troops of Ezekiel's army, before it was quickened; covered well with plump flesh and fair skin, yet no breath was in them; ranged well in rank and file, bone comes to his bone, and at a distance they seem a famous army; but

on a near approach all are dead men. No life is found among them, because the Holy Spirit has not breathed upon them.

So fared it in the prophet's day, and so fareth it now. A Christian army still appears, with many decent soldiers of kindly flesh and skin, and, when exercised at church, are ranked well in order; bone comes to his bone, and a noise of prayer is heard, but no breath of life is found, no presence of the Lord bestowed, no quickening aids imparted, no cheering consolations granted. It is a dead scene of worship, conducted like an undertaker's funeral, with a very cloudy face, and yawning entertainment.—BERRIDGE.

**FAITH.**—A stranger to the life of faith makes a sport about believing, and thinks no work so easy or so trifling. He wonders why such *gentle* business should be called the *fight* of faith? why the chosen twelve should pray for faith, when every human brain might quickly furnish out a handsome dose?

For my part, since first my unbelief was felt, I have been praying fifteen years for faith, and praying with some earnestness, and am not yet possessed of more than *half a grain*. You smile, sir, I perceive, at the smallness of the quantity; but you would not if you knew its efficacy. Jesus who knew it well assures you that a single grain, and a grain as small as mustard-seed, would *remove a mountain*; remove a *mountain* load of guilt from the conscience, a *mountain*-lust from the heart, and a *mountain*-load of trouble from the mind.—BERRIDGE.

**SATAN's** great design is eternally to ruin souls; and where he cannot do that, there he will endeavor to discomfit souls by busying them about the secret decrees and counsels of God, or by engaging them in such debates and disputes as neither men nor angels can certainly and infallibly determine, that so he may spoil their comforts, when he cannot take away their crown.—BROOKS.

## THE BOY MARTYR.

It was at Antioch, about three hundred years after the birth of Christ, that the deacon of the Church of Cæsarea—the place from which the devout Centurion of the Roman army sent for St. Peter—was subjected to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with His own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there is but “one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.” His flesh was almost torn to pieces; the Roman Emperor Galerius himself looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the Heathen, he told his tormentor to refer the question to any little child whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of the heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God, or to worship the gods many, and the lords many whom the Romans served.

Now, it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on the child, and pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and to the surprise of those who heard it, the little boy replied, “God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father.”

The persecutor heard it, but far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage.

“It is a snare,” he cried: “O base and wicked Christian! thou hast instructed that child to answer thus.”

Then, turning to the boy, he said more mildly, “Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?”

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied: “It was God's grace, that taught it to my mother; and when I sat upon her knee a baby, she taught me that Jesus loved little children, and I learned to love Him for his love to us.”

“Let us see now what the love of Christ can do for you,” cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him, the lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy. Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life. She could not do so; but she could whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ and to maintain the truth. And the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

“What can the love of Christ do for him now?” asked the judge as the blood streamed from that tender flesh.

“It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all,” was the reply.

Again they smote the child to torture his mother.

“What can the love of Christ do for him now?” they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered;

“It teaches him to forgive his persecutors.”

And the boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear Lord and Saviour, of which she had told; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny Christ, he steadfastly answered, “No! there is no other God but one; Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for his love.”

Then, as the poor child fainted between the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of Christ can do for him now."

And as the mother pressed it gently to her own bleeding heart, she answered:—

"That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Child, thou shouldst not have time to receive it, ere it was here thou shouldst be drinking of the river of life in the paradise of God."

She spoke over the dying; for the little martyr spake no more; and thus the mother continued: "Already dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life, the grace of Christ given to his little one; thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for the Saviour calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr, for His sake, may He grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path!"

The boy faintly raised his quivering eye-lids, looked up to where the elder martyr was, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying, he died.

## THE BOY PREACHER OF LOUISIANA.

MARK BOATNER CHAPMAN is now in his fourteenth year. He was born in Clinton, Louisiana, where his parents still reside. About two years ago he was received in the church; very soon after this he commenced instructing his father's servants on the afternoon of every Sabbath. His custom was to read a chapter and comment upon it, having first closely studied the chapter, consulting Benson, Clark and Wesley on every passage.

He at length began, says a writer to the *Memphis Advocate*, to speak in the

love-feasts and class-meetings; then to pray in the public congregation. His appearance is that of the merest boy, and he seems wholly unconscious of any superior gifts or attainments. He now preaches regularly every Sabbath at his father's place, near the town. His parents have refused to allow him to enter the pulpit and supply the place of the regular minister on Sabbath, although he is often solicited to do so. He does nothing without permission from his parents. He attends school and joins in all the amusements of the boys of his own age; he is a mere child everywhere, save when preaching. On last Sabbath I sat under his ministry, and have seldom been more edified and delighted with a sermon. His style is chaste, his words fitly and happily chosen. The nicest critic would not detect a grammatical error; his manner is earnest, and his pathetic appeals reach all hearts. Occasionally his feelings overwhelm him, and he gives way to floods of tears.

The most gifted lawyers, doctors and divines have heard him with astonishment and delight. I confess that it is most wonderful, and to me incomprehensible. When I heard him, he preached from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He preached from notes, sometimes seeming to forget that his notes were before him. His subject was arranged with perfect system; and most logically treated. When through with his sermon, he closed the book and gave a brief and touching exhortation, under which I could, with others, but weep. His public addresses, published, have attracted much attention, and should he live, he must, in his onward course, leave a broad wake on the tide of morals. Such is the character of the "Boy Preacher," whose wonderful precocity is without a parallel.—N. O. CRESCENT.

Thou art not the more holy, though thou be commended; nor the more abject, though thou be dispraised.—KEMPIS.

ONE BRICK WRONG.—Workmen were recently building a large brick tower, which was to be carried up very high. The architect and the foreman both charged the masons to lay each brick with the greatest exactness, especially the first courses, which were to sustain all the rest. However, in laying a corner, by accident or carelessness, one brick was set a very little out of line. The work went on without its being noticed, but as each course of bricks was kept in line with those already laid, the tower was not put up exactly straight, and the higher they built the more insecure it became. One day, when the tower had been carried up about fifty feet, there was heard a tremendous crash. The building had fallen, burying the men in the ruins. All the previous work was lost, the materials wasted, and worst still, valuable lives were sacrificed, and all from *one brick laid wrong* at the start. The workman at fault in this matter little thought how much mischief he was making for the future. Do you ever think what ruin may come of one bad habit, one brick laid wrong while you are now building a character for life? Remember, in youth the foundation is laid. See to it that all is kept straight.

THERE are many persons who would willingly be Christians, and eminent Christians too, if Christianity were limited to great occasions. For such occasions they call forth whatever pious and devotional resources they have, or seem to have, and not only place them in the best light, but inspire them, for the time being, with the greatest possible efficiency. But on smaller occasions, in the every-day occurrences and events of life, the religious principle is in a state of dormancy, giving no signs of effective vitality and movement. The life of such persons is not like that of the sun, equable, constant, diffusive and beneficent, though attracting but little notice; but like the eruptive and glaring blaze of volcanos, which comes forth at re-

mote periods, in company with great thunderings and shakings of the earth; and yet the heart of the people is not made glad by it. Such religion is vain; and its possessors know not what manner of spirit they are of.—UPHAM.

TEMPTATION.—It is usual with the devil in his temptings of poor creatures, to put a good and bad together, that by show of the good the tempted might be drawn to do that which in truth is evil. Thus he served Saul; he spared the best of the herd and flock, under pretence of sacrificing to God, and so transgressed the plain command. But this the apostle said was dangerous, and therefore censureth such as in a state of condemnation. Thus he served Adam; he put the desirableness of light, and a plain transgression of God's law together, that by the loneliness of the one, they might the easier be brought to do the other. O, poor Eve, do we wonder at thy folly? Doubtless we had done as bad with half the argument of thy temptation.—BUNYAN.

THAT love which accompanies salvation is like the sun. The sun casts his beams upward and downward, to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south; so the love of a saint ascends to God above, and descends to men on earth; to our friends on the right hand, to our enemies on the left hand; to them that are in a state of grace, and to them that are in a state of nature. Divine love will still be working one way or another.—BROOKS.

BEFORE we have God with us in outward labor, we must seek Him and obtain His direction and promise of help in secret. O, if thy heart were more in the closet, it would be more full of hope in the Church of God, where thou oughtest to act the man always.

KIRWAN says that a pious Scotchman used to pray, "O, Lord, keep me right; for thou knowest if I go wrong, it is very hard to turn me."



## STAND TO YOUR POST.

BY M. N. DOWNING.

If ever there was a time when the friends of the cause of God both among the ministry and laity should love religion, it is now. We are on the eve of a great battle; yea, it has commenced. The issue is truth and righteousness. It is between the reign of a deadly formalism, and the life and power of godliness in the soul. The world is in commotion. Church and state are rocking with excitement; and we say, rock away, if Satan is only routed, and his kingdom demolished.

The Church of God has fallen asleep a number of times since its establishment. Every time she has awoken to see her danger—how far down the stream of formalism she has floated—and how near the precipice she has reached,—there have been heart-rending cries, groans, tears, convulsions, noise, and commotion while striving to regain her former position. Some of her priests have clothed themselves in "sackcloths and ashes," and have mourned before God on account of their sins—on account of indolence, carnal prudence, worldly policy, love of praise and position, and God has restored them to His favor. Others have been aroused, but only to mock and deride, and cry "fanaticism," and "crucify him," and to float on to the vortex of eternal woe, with their craft freighted with immortal souls for whom Christ died. The Church asleep! One of her seasons of slumber has been during nearly a half of a century just past. Many will say this is unrighteous judgment, but the thousands of formal ministers and members that throng our churches, will ere long be obliged to assent to the awful truth. Could the shrieks of the lost—those who have gone to the world of woe from the cradle of formalism,—break upon our ears, they would utter the same assent. Asleep! and, as such a state is one in which men dream, dream of happiness, of prosperity, and

awake to the sad consciousness that it was only a dream. So has the Church on account of her outward appearance, and her amount of machinery, been dreaming of prosperity. Behold her numerous and costly edifices, well filled with intelligent hearers. But pause! Look inside. What do you see? Her splendid choir of singers. Who are they? Many of them are worldlings, who, not unfrequently until past the midnight hour, are reveling in the ball-room, the ante-chamber to hell. Yet they come to church on the Sabbath, and monopolize that part of divine worship which belongs to the children of God. Look again! What do you see? A concourse of people, who, by their profession represent Jesus Christ. Who, by their profession are a peculiar people. But is their profession true? Were we to class them off as God does in his word, where would they appear? On the side of the worldling, decorated and adorned with all the paraphernalia of the world!

She has been dreaming of prosperity on account of her refined and educated ministry, too many of whom spend most of their time in their studies, writing essays, which are brought to the Church, spread out in the Bible, and prayers offered that God would help to preach the Gospel!

Dreaming of prosperity on account of her wide-spread mission fields, her literary institutions and her wealth; all of which are means of diffusing light, but light is not salvation. Where, in our home lands is her life, her power, her glory? Where are they who are joined to God? Who "know Jesus, the fellowship of his sufferings,—being made conformable to his death?" There are a few. The Church has some life and power, and why? Because she is awaking, and God is again coming to Zion. She feels his awful tread. All denominations are feeling his power. Volcanos are bursting, and sending their thunderbolts into the sepulchre of the dead, whose bones begin to stir, causing com-

motion! The wheels of God's car are rolling in fire! Devils are aroused, believe and tremble. Sinners are being awakened and converted. Backsliders are returning home to God. The lukewarm are embarking either for the region of iceberg formalism or the sea of divine love, while what saints there are, are shouting for the battle of our God, who "is a man of war." Yes, God is coming! Hallelujah! Apostolic times are returning. The millenium may not be far distant, for the light is rapidly spreading, and Protestantism is making wide paths into the Romish Church. But whether it is far or near, one thing is certain—God's work is reviving—a work of faith and power. God will have a remnant—all have not bowed the knee to Baal—the Church is on a rock, the devil cannot get it, for "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Bible truth, so long crushed to earth, is rearing its head and winning its victories. The banner of the Prince of Peace, dyed in His own blood is waving over the valiant band who know no retreat. Victory or death is the watchword of those who sing as they march through Immanuel's land,

"Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die."

A soldier of the Cross can stand amidst the din and strife of battle, with an unblanched cheek; and though the crack of human superstructures may be heard, he prays "ride on, O God of power!"

Then brother, sister, stand at *your* post, for you have a post if you are a child of God. Do not be alarmed at the roar of battle. God's order must and will prevail; and if men hedge up the way of God, think it not strange if you see sights and hear wonders. God's ways are not as ours. Stand at your post as a faithful sentinel, and never yield, for the battle is the Lord's and victory will turn on Zion's side. Some of you have preached and labored, and groaned, and have "earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints," all alone, and

that for years, while the missiles of the devil have fallen thick and fast around you. But thus far the Lord has led you on. Then raise your Ebenezer, and take courage, for as that man of God, who fell on the plains of Africa, declared, "though a thousand fall, Africa shall be redeemed;" so it may be said of the work of God throughout these lands; it shall go on though a thousand feel the knife of an ecclesiastical guillotine. In a spiritual contest some must go ahead. Some must fall. Some must hear the cry of "lo! a fanatic," an "enthusiast." But happy are such, for the "Spirit of glory and of God rested upon them."

Stand at your post, brother, sister, and never leave it to do the duty of some one else, for in so doing you will be overcome. Individualism is the order of battle that must be observed. Never leave *your* post to follow a deserter, for if any become afraid and draw back, they draw back to perdition, which you cannot afford to do. Better stand until, if need be, you are shot down, and your final reward will be a voyage on the sea of eternal bliss. **STAND AT YOUR POST.**

**DEEDS.**—Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent, judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves.—CARLYLE.

It is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, there the venomous serpents are to be found at the root of every plant. And so it is with sin. Your fairest pleasures will harbor your grossest sins. Take care; take care of your pleasures. Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers; so are our sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasures.

## REVIVALS.

BY THE EDITOR.

## PEKIN CAMP MEETING.

THIS has been a very successful meeting. The number of conversions have been greater, we think, than has been usual at camp meetings in late years. The attendance is large—very large—considering how busy farmers are, getting in their grain and preparing to sow their wheat. The Rev. DANIEL WORTH, recently confined in jail in North Carolina, for the crime of selling *Helper's Impending Crisis*, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, was present, and gave an interesting account of his experience among slaveholders; and on another occasion preached a most pointed and effective gospel sermon. Friends of liberty have helped him to money to pay his bonds. God bless him, and make him instrumental in creating a greater hatred of slavery of all kinds, and enable him yet to lead many souls to Jesus.

FROM a recent number of the *London Quarterly Review* we learn that the religious movement in Sweden has been attended with the most extraordinary results. Out of a population of 2,500,000, the lowest estimates place the number of converts which have been made at 250,000. Everywhere meetings for worship and reading the Scriptures are being largely attended; and what may seem most remarkable, is, that the great mass of human means employed in this work has been the pious efforts of laymen, inspired for their noble work not by the love of fame or lucre, but by the meek and holy spirit of their divine master. The moral consequences of this religious movement have been exceedingly gratifying. Drinking has so far ceased that two-thirds of the distilleries have been closed. In the parishes bordering on Russia, where nearly every man was guilty of smuggling, hundreds of persons have returned the duties of which they had defrauded the government, in many cases even selling their property to obtain the money.

## ABYSSINIA BECOMING CHRISTIANIZED.

SOME months ago the Bishop of Jerusalem sent a supply of Bibles to the King of Abyssinia in his own language. He received them with great joy, and began at once to distribute them, telling the priests to whom he gave them that henceforth they must teach the people out of this book in the vernacular. The missionaries who labor there have gained a great influence over the mind of King Theodoros. They build roads and bridges, introduce useful arts of all kinds, distribute Bibles, and recommend the truth by their conversation and their lives. The King has so far recognized their civil services as to raise them to the rank of nobles. He has recognized them to be right in those points where the doctrines of the Bible differ from the traditions of the Abyssinian Church, and in token of it has received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper with them.

## REVIVAL IN NEWTONLIMAVADY.

A YOUNG woman was stricken down in the Roman Catholic Chapel on Sunday morning, the 14th instant, and the doors were immediately closed to prevent her screaming being heard by those outside. Another young woman, a Romanist, was stricken down here on Saturday last, in her own house. Her father was sent for, and, on his arrival, he began to pray for the "Blessed Virgin to come to banish the evil spirit" out of his daughter; but she still cried, "None but Jesus—none but Jesus," much to the annoyance of those present, who wished her to pray to some favorite saint, instead of Jesus, who alone can do poor helpless sinners good. Meetings are held here every evening, and are well attended by all parties, Romanists included; but a great many of the latter are prevented from attending, as meetings are held in the chapel every evening to prevent any of the poor creatures attending where Scriptural knowledge can be obtained. But, thank God, Rome is daily losing her power over the deluded people in this place.

THE following letter from one of the preachers employed by the late Western Convention, shows the good that is already being realized. We are satisfied that immediate results should be looked for in every meeting.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:

*Dear Brother*:—Since the camp meeting, I have been exploring. God has been with us.

and no meeting has been a barren one, for I have learned to ask and believe for present results, and we have them. At our first meeting, fifteen came forward as seekers—all were adults. One was soundly converted—two thoroughly sanctified, and several backsliders reclaimed. At the next appointment, five rose for prayers—not barely to ask others to pray for them, but pledging to pray for themselves, and to die in the struggle or get salvation. We have held no meeting yet where God has not at the first assembling so far removed prejudice from the public mind as to get a place to set his seal, at least, in convicting power. The people, thus far, plead at each appointment for Bible preaching, and we promise them, thus far, to send them somebody that enjoys religion, that will talk Bible, and that will labor for the salvation of souls.

Another discovery that we make is this: That God has laborers standing all the day idle, and for the reason assigned long since, "because no man employs us." They are not prepared to read a lecture upon the stars, and hence they are not encouraged to labor for God. I firmly believe that God is able, and will man his own work, if he is allowed his choice of implements. He wants burden-bearers, axe-men, not many log-rollers, breaking plows, harrows, sowers of seed, bearers of water, dressers of the vineyard, pruning hooks, reapers, binders, flails and threshers.

Oh, that God could have his own way in these matters, then would our earth blossom as the rose, and in no distant season bring forth its fruit unto holiness, and secure us with the end, everlasting life. D. T. S.

#### CHURCH FESTIVALS.

The Gospel represents that there is to be, after death, a difference such as imagination can scarcely conceive, between the fate of sinners and the fate of Christians. The one shall dwell in mansions prepared for them by Christ, in the palace of the "King of Kings." They shall enjoy the society of the pious and holy, redeemed from earth—of angels that never sinned, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. There the scorching sun shall never beat upon the aching brow of toil, nor the pale moon shed her rays upon the couch of suffering, for the glory of God shall lighten

that blessed place, and there shall be no more death, neither shall there be any more pain.

"Fair land, could mortal eyes,  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!"

On the other hand "the wicked shall be turned into hell," where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Their companions shall be devils and damned spirits, "the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and whoremongers and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars," all of whom the unerring *word* declares "shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

"O, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death."

This difference of condition is not the result of caprice or chance, or unavoidable necessity. It springs from a real and voluntary difference in the character and conduct of men while on earth.

The traveler to Heaven, with his loins girt about, steadily pressing forward in the face of every difficulty and danger, is very unlike the careless passenger floating thoughtlessly but surely down the stream of time to perdition. The faithful picture which the Holy Ghost has drawn of the adopted children of God, bears no resemblance to the children of the Wicked One. The Bible describes Christians as "a peculiar people." They have "come out" from the ungodly, and are "separate." They are not "conformed to the world."

Transformed by the renewing of their minds they "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." They are crucified with Christ, dead unto sin, seeking no longer the pleasures of the world, but denying themselves and taking up their cross daily and following Jesus. They have renounced the hidden things of dishonor, by never "doing evil, that good may come." They seek, not the pleasures of the world, but the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the joy of the Holy Ghost.

Most, if not all, of Christian churches, both those which still flourish, and those which have gone to decay, commenced their career upon these principles of self denial. Two centuries ago, and the founders of some of the most fashionable churches of the present day

were stigmatized as *puritans*, on account of the austerity of their manners.

The Methodists set out with the avowed object of spreading Scriptural Holiness over these lands. They were a simple-hearted, plain, earnest people. In the face of much opposition and persecution, they relied upon the co-operation of the Holy Ghost. Their success proved that their reliance was not in vain. To obtain the necessary means for carrying on the work of the Church, the appeal was simply made to the love the people had for Christ. It is but a few years since, even in the city of New York, but a single Methodist Church could be found where the pews were rented or sold. Now, even in the rural districts, free churches, where the poor can have the Gospel preached to them are the exception and not the rule.

When once a divergence from the right course is commenced, no human eye can foresee where it will end. From the mammoth depot of the Central Railroad in Buffalo, two trains start out, and for a little time they run in the same direction, and apparently side by side. By little and little they diverge—soon they lose sight of each other—and in twenty-four hours the passenger upon one finds himself among the fertile prairies of Illinois or Wisconsin, while the traveler upon the other is winding his way among the mountains of Massachusetts, or is swallowed up in the sea of human beings that throng the metropolis. So when an individual or a church turns aside from the narrow path, no one can tell how fast or how far they will go in a direction opposite to that in which they at first set out.

We have seen, with sorrow, the unholy plans that have been adopted to raise money for holy purposes. We have borne our testimony against all the contrivances resorted to for the purpose of beguiling the enemies of God into an involuntary support of his precious cause. We expected that according to the laws of spiritual declension, those who adopted, in order to raise money for the church, the expedients of oyster suppers and festivals, grab-bags and lotteries, and post offices where "fun is sold cheap, and dealers in that commodity are invited to come and purchase," would go on from bad to worse, but we must say that the latest plan devised to raise money for the support of the church, took us utterly

by surprise. It was carried out in Buffalo, the seat of the late General Conference, and it took place only a few weeks after the delegates left, while yet the savor of their influence remained.

#### "CLAM BAKE AND CHOWDER."

For a few days previous to the great festival held by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Buffalo, large hand-bills, with the above heading, were posted up throughout the city. The following notice was published in the daily papers:

"M. E. CHURCH FESTIVAL.—Next Thursday a grand festival of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to inaugurate "Clinton Forest," the newly fitted-up picnic-grove at Black Rock, on the line of the Niagara Street Railroad. In many features the affair will be quite an extraordinary one. The great incident of the occasion will be an old-fashioned "Clam Bake and Chowder," upon a large scale, which will be a great novelty in these parts. One or two of the military companies are expected to attend, and the Twilight Serenaders will assist a fine band in enlivening the occasion with music. A large delegation from Lockport is looked for to attend the festival, as the Central Railroad Company has consented to bring an excursion party at half-price."

We did not attend. When we made a profession of religion, a number of years ago, we ceased attending such places. Of course, we cannot speak of the occurrence from personal observation, but the following account from the Buffalo *Courier* of August 4th, we think is worth preserving. The editor, who was present, appears to have heartily enjoyed the festival, of which he speaks in the following complimentary terms:

"CLAM BAKE AND CHOWDER.—The spot selected for the clam bake was Clinton Forest, situated about half a mile from the road. This place, containing about twenty acres, was surrounded by a neat board fence, and ten cents demanded from each visitor for admission within the enclosure. Within we found thousands of people, some ventilating their garments on swings, some playing games of different descriptions, hundreds eating ice-cream, coffee, ham, fowls and other substantials, while the great mass opened, swallowed or gorged themselves with clams. Clams was the cry—from every corner came the echo, clams! clams! and the odor and flavor of clams went up and down odorous as exquisite

ottars, and fragrant as a back kitchen about dinner time. The heroic FERGUSON presided over the clams, within an enclosure of plank, and with his head wreathed in a towel, and his delicate waist spanned by a clean apron, he looked the very god Epicurus, as he intrepidly ladled out the chowder, and courageously burned his fingers in his mortal haste. (*Entre nous* the chowder was superb.)

"At other points on the grounds were many tables, spread with delicacies of all sorts, behind which handsome women added their voices to urge on appetite; flower tables were many, where young and pretty damsels waylaid peccunious young men with their eyes, and persuaded them into floral purchases; ice-cream booths, where shillings were exchanged for the frigid luxury, accompanied with parallelagrammatic sections of sponge cake; there were other places where money could be laid out to advantage in many ways, but of them we remember none. At the rope-walk, a building which appeared to us to be a mile long, a large crowd had collected, and to the music of two bands were jumping about and perspiring to their heart's content, which privilege cost each dancer the sum of ten cents. The atmosphere in this place was so intensely hot and high flavored, that we positively failed to get the programme of the dances.

"In the main grounds, the Union Cornet Band, with their new instruments, delighted the crowds with their music, while the Twilight Serenaders were kept musical all day long, by the voices of women and girls, who surrounded them with a rampart of charms, denying their egress without some specimen of their vocal attributes. The singers fairly made themselves hoarse with their efforts. All was hilarity and enjoyment throughout the afternoon, everybody appearing to be happy just in proportion as they had absorbed clams, (and here arises the question of the relation of good humor to baked clams. Perhaps the gentlemen who took the money at the gate will inform us.) We call particular attention to this new social meteor, in consequence of hearing some gentlemen who never were considered musical, successfully attempting the "Star Spangled Banner," with variations, about thirty rods from Clinton Forest, where a contraband lager beer merchant had

opened his wares. No one will be unkind enough to intimate that the music came from the lager. No!

"The festival altogether was a success, and has initiated a new order of excursions, which we hope will be followed up. The receipts at the gate were over four hundred dollars, we understand, and at the different booths, &c., several hundred dollars more. The proceeds are for the benefit of Niagara Street Methodist Church, and will prove a great assistance to them in paying off the debt of the church. The ladies, particularly, deserve the highest encomiums for their efforts and attempts to make the festival a model one, and carrying it on to triumph."

The person who stood at the door of the rope-walk and collected "ten cents" of each one who attended the "dance," is, we understand, a member of one of the M. E. Churches in the city, and the proceeds, after "paying for the music," went for the benefit of the church. There will, quite likely, be a revival of dancing, when the church becomes its patron, and when any one can dance "to his heart's content" for only "ten cents!"

The "chief priests" of old, *would not permit the money which Judas received for betraying Christ to go into the treasury of the Lord.*

The object of this "festival," was to raise money to pay off the debt of the Niagara Street M. E. Church. This Church once highly prosperous, when "holiness" was a common theme among its members, has been declining for several years. The members were taught that this lack of prosperity was not occasioned by a decline of spirituality, but by the want of a better edifice. The church was remodeled, and made one of the most splendid in the city. All the money was raised that could be raised by the sale of pews—by taxing the members to the utmost of their ability, and by making one of the largest liquor dealers in the city trustee and treasurer. Still the debt of the church was augmented to eight or nine thousand dollars.

Many of the members, we have no doubt, disapprove in their hearts of these unchristian proceedings, but they are so accustomed to obey their preacher that they fall in with his wishes, faintly whispering to their souls,

"The evil which I would not, that I do."

In the name of our common Christianity, we protest against all these contrivances for raising money. If the cause of God cannot be sustained in any other way let it go down.

1. All these expedients for obtaining funds for the Church are based on the assumption that the Church is in a state of hopeless apostacy. St. Paul in 1st Tim., 3d chapter, gives it as one of the marks of "men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith," that they are lovers of *pleasure, more than lovers of God*, HAVING A FORM OF GODLINESS *but denying THE POWER thereof.* "*From such,*" he says, "TURN AWAY."

2. They foster and encourage vice for the sake of pecuniary gain. What better are they in principle than the indulgences of the Romish Church?

3. They tend to sap the foundations of morality. If the Church may "do evil that good may come," why may not the individual? Personal gain is thus made the standard of action instead of the immutable principles of right and wrong.

4. They lead to practical Atheism. They say in effect that God cannot save us, and now we must go to the world for help.

5. They lead souls to hell. Many a Church member who has, for years, stood out against the seductions of pleasure and the blandishments of the world, has out of *love for the Church*, been induced to go to those festivals, "lost his *first love*," sank down into dead formalism, and gone from the bosom of the Church to the fires of perdition. Many a penitent has had his convictions dissipated, and many a doubter has gone away saying that religion is all a humbug and a farce.

#### CONVENTION AT PEKIN.

ABOUT eighty laymen and fifteen preachers met in convention, at Pekin, Niagara County, N. Y., on the 23d of August, to take into consideration the adoption of a Discipline for the "FREE METHODIST CHURCH." Quite a discussion took place as to the propriety of effecting, at present, a formal organization. When the vote was taken, all but seven—five preachers and two laymen—stood up in favor of organizing immediately.

In considering the provisions of the Discipline presented by the committee, every new

feature was scanned most closely and critically. The deep interest and close scrutiny of the intelligent laymen who were present as delegates, must have convinced any one that that church is a great loser which excludes them from her councils. After a careful examination, item by item, the Discipline, as agreed upon, was adopted with singular unanimity. It was as surprising as delightful to notice the similarity of views entertained by men who think for themselves, coming from different parts of the country.

The doctrines agreed upon are those entertained by Methodists generally throughout the world. An article on sanctification, taken from Wesley's writings, was adopted. As a difference in views upon this subject is one cause of the difficulties that have occurred in the Genesee Conference, it was thought best to have a definite expression of our belief.

The countenance given of late by Methodist ministers in this region to Universalists, by affiliating with them—supplying their pulpits, and going without rebuke to their communion—rendered it necessary, in the judgment of the convention to have an article, drawn from the Bible, on future rewards and punishments.

The annual and quadrennial conventions are to be composed of an equal number of laymen and ministers. The episcopacy and presiding eldership are abolished. Class leaders and stewards are chosen by the members, and the sacred right of every accused person to an impartial trial and appeal is carefully guarded.

Several searching questions relating to personal experience and his purpose to lead a life devoted to God, must be proposed to every individual offering to join the church; and upon an affirmative response, he is to be admitted with the consent of three-fourths of the members present at a society meeting.

It is not the intention to try to get up a secession. On the contrary, as much as in us lies, we shall live peaceably with all men. The wicked expulsion of several ministers, for no other crime than simply trying to carry out their ordination vows, and the cruel refusal of the General Conference to grant us the hearing of our appeals, guaranteed to us in the most solemn manner by the Constitution

and Laws of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the violent ejection from the Church of many of its most pious and devoted members, whose only offence was that of sympathising with us, as we are trying to endure "the afflictions of the Gospel," have rendered it necessary to provide a humble shelter, for ourselves, and for such poor, wayfaring pilgrims as may wish to journey with us to heaven. We are very firm in the conviction that it is the will of the Lord that we should establish free Churches—the seats to be forever free—where the Gospel can be preached to the poor. We have this consolation—and it is a great one—that if our effort is not for the glory of God, and does not receive His approval, it cannot succeed. And if it is not for His glory, we most devoutly pray that it may fail in its very incipency. We would rather be covered with any amount of dishonor than have the cause of God suffer. We have no men of commanding ability and influence to help on the enterprise—no wealth, no sympathy from powerful ecclesiastical, or political, or secret societies; but all these against us—so that if we succeed, it must be by the blessings of Heaven upon our feeble endeavors. We cannot avail ourselves of any popular excitement in favor of a reform in Church government—or against slavery; but we are engaged in the work, always unpopular, and especially so in this age, of trying to persuade our fellow-men to tread in the path of self-denial—the narrow way that leadeth unto life.

The new discipline will be ready probably in two or three weeks. It will be about the size and form of the old Methodist Disciplines, and will be furnished at two dollars a dozen, or twenty-five cents for a single copy.

Orders may be addressed to B. T. ROBERTS, Buffalo, N. Y.

### A SOLEMN BALLAD.

CONTAINING MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

THE silks brought to this country, exceed in value, by eight millions of dollars, all the flour that we send abroad. During the year 1855, \$1,374,077 worth of coin left our ports, and cigars valued at \$3,311,935 were brought in. Of beef, tallow, hides and horned cattle, we sold for other countries only \$2,214,544 in the last commercial year, and during that time we bought brandy to the amount of \$3,241,408.

Three leading principles have we,  
An Orion's belt of stars,  
To guide the nation of the free:  
Silks, brandy and cigars.

Were battle here, we'd bravely fight,  
And would not shrink for sears;  
But oh—we'd tremble should we miss  
Silks, brandy and cigars.

We fear the loss of trash, and smoke,  
And rum, much more than wars;  
We're ripe to fight—but can't give up  
Silks, brandy and cigars.

Americans, ye are not now  
Like your old pa's and ma's;  
They gave up tea, and with it, too,  
Silks, brandy and cigars.

But you go on—lock'd fast and tight,  
Twixt French and British bars;  
Selling your birthright—and for what?  
Silks, Brandy and Cigars.