

# The Earnest Christian

AND  
GOLDEN RULE.

JANUARY, 1867.

## ON JUDGING.

BY REV. E. BOWEN, D. D.

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord-God had made."—Gen. iii: 1.

WHETHER the word serpent here is used to signify a mere snake, or Satan under the similitude of the vile reptile, we shall not now stop to inquire.—Probably both, in different acceptions, are intended—the one in a literal, the other in a figurative sense.

Subtily belongs to Satan, as well as to the serpent; and hence his assumption of the form, or employment of the agency of that creature in the seduction of our Mother Eve; and hence also the subtily of the instrumentalities and schemes he still employs for the seduction of her posterity at the present day.

The one grand theory of temptation, originally adopted by Satan in the Garden of Eden, and practiced with so much success in our fallen world ever since, is based upon "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." "The lust of the flesh"—the appetites and passions—"when the woman saw that the tree was good for food"; "the lust of the eyes"—of imagination or fancy—"and that it was pleasant to the eyes;" "and the pride of life"—of pre-eminence in rank and knowledge—"and a tree to be desired to make one wise as gods, knowing good and evil; she took of the fruit thereof and did eat." This is the wily scheme

of temptation which succeeded with our first parents; and few, if any of the race, have failed to be assaulted upon the same ground from that day to this.

But the subtily of the "old serpent" no where appears more strikingly than in the adaptation of his devices to the various characters assailed.—Time, place and circumstance are always consulted; and every individual is approached, as the saying is, on his weak side. But while "the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes" are appealed to in respect to the masses embracing genuine Christians even, who are not yet delivered from the remnant of the carnal mind; the subjects of final salvation are besieged with the softer and more insidious besetment of "the pride of life." You must "be as gods," suggests the adversary—"transforming himself into an angel of light" for the occasion—must be "wise, knowing good and evil;" that you may be able to judge of the character of others, to "remit and retain their sins," pronounce them genuine or spurious, sincere or hypocritical, and arraign their very spirit, by an inflexible standard. It is with the view of assailing believers of this class against a temptation so artfully adapted to their peculiar character and circumstances, that I would call their attention to the following brief dialogue between a sanctified believer, whom I shall denominate Fenelon, and St. Paul:—

Fenelon: I am happy to meet with you, Paul. I have always admired your writings; and though "there are

some things in them hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction;" yet they are all plain to me; and from your deep acquaintance with the things of God, I have no doubt a little conversation with you on matters of that sort will afford me great satisfaction. There are many things about which I should like to know your mind; but the question on which I chiefly desire your opinion at this time is, whether, the language of John, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things," does not imply the infallibility of the sanctified Christian, in some sense; or at least an unerring judgment in all matters of Christian experience? And whether Isaiah does not convey the same idea where he says of "the way of holiness," "The wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein?"

*Paul:* My dear Fenelon, this cannot be the meaning of those passages, else what need have we of a Divine guide? Or why should the Holy Spirit be vouchsafed in such a character, "guiding us into all truth"—experimental as well as doctrinal? Even "I," with all my knowledge of the things of God, "know nothing by myself;" nor does any one else, whatever may be his attainments in religion.

*Fenelon:* Ah, this is it, "we know nothing by ourselves;" but Christ says, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world"; and how can we err, I would ask, with such a Leader and Guide to go before us? It is on this ground,—the unerring guidance of the unerring Saviour—that our church, (the Catholic church, you know,) claims infallibility in all matters of Christian faith and experience; and though this pretension might not be allowed to the whole church as a body, seeing many of her communicants are practically corrupt; yet why not to us, individually, who "walk in the light, following the Saviour whithersoever he goeth?" How can we possibly err while following an unerring Guide?

*Paul:* Well, really, there is some-

thing quite plausible in the idea; and to many, flattered and mystified as they are by the subtle reasonings of the old Serpent, quite conclusive; and yet nothing could be more palpably fallacious. Can the pupil master the science of mathematics, solving every problem it proposes, because his teacher can? We might as well claim omniscience, omnipotence, and an all-pervading ubiquity, as to claim infallibility, because our Divine Teacher and Guide possesses these attributes! The truth is, we err, even those of us who follow the Saviour the most closely; not through any imperfection in our Guide, but through the weakness of our own understanding. Of this fact, the many errors of the inspired writers themselves, except when they wrote or spoke under the afflatus of that plenary inspiration which none are permitted to claim since their day, afford abundant proof.

*Fenelon:* And what of "spiritual gifts," the gift of "the discerning of spirits" more especially? Are we not enabled thereby to judge of the character and spirit of others? And does it not become our duty to make use of this knowledge for the exposure of the spurious-Christian? Why else should we "have our senses exercised to discern both good and evil;" or to determine in regard to others, "what manner of spirit they are of?"

*Paul:* Doubtless the gift of the "discerning of spirits" has always been in the church, and always will be; but it is not designed to be used for the purpose of judging any one. It is the prerogative of the church to judge a guilty member; and even she, only when he has been proved guilty by competent testimony, having been duly brought before her after the first and second steps of labor had failed to "gain him." All judging by private individuals, the pastor himself not excepted, is "evil speaking" is downright slander; and would be actionable as such in a civil court. The Word of God is not inconsistent with itself. One part must never be so construed as to come into conflict with another.

And He who has said, "judge not that ye be not judged;" and "who art thou that judgest another man's servant;" will by no means "hold him guiltless," a "discerner of spirits" though he be, that disregards, under whatever pretext, this Divine injunction.

The gift of the "discerning of spirits," being simply designed to guard us against imposition, by enabling us to detect the impostor, and to labor the more effectually for his reformation or confusion, as the case may be; is wholly a private affair; and gives us no more right to judge him *openly*, than the knowledge we may have gained of him in some other way. The thing is utterly contraband of the laws of society; operating the forfeiture and loss of the confidence of genuine Christian friends; and must never be indulged in at our peril. And now, *Fenelon*: "Hast thou faith," impression, knowledge, in things of this sort—"have it to thyself before God;" and forever hereafter cherish a holy "fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your mind should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ" by that "easily besetting sin" of the sanctified believer—"the pride of life."

*Cortland, N. Y.*

DR. COKE ON THE EXCELLENCE OF THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.—"The law discovers the path of duty, points out the perfection of righteousness which God requires; convinces us of sin, and opens the corruption and deceitfulness of our hearts. The Gospel holds forth Jesus the Sun of righteousness; reveals the grace, mercy, and love of God manifested to sinners in their Redeemer; points to him the way, the truth, and the life; and shows us how by faith to walk in him so as to reach at last the eternal kingdom!"—*Reflections on the 119th Psalm.*

"HE that is slothful in his work is a brother to him that is a great waster." Remember this, lazy Christian.

## GUARDIAN ANGELS AND MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY REV. S. C. PLATT.

THAT angels take an interest in the affairs of men is abundantly evident from the Sacred Records.

Their frequent appearance under the old Dispensation was fitly followed at the opening of the New—by their triumphant acclamations over Bethlehem, and of their repeated interposition in behalf of Christ and his apostles.

The Scriptures seem to divide their care for men into two departments, one national, and the other individual.

The first is committed to the guardianship of angels.

The second is entrusted to the ministry of angels.

By a careful study of the prophetic records, Daniel supposed that the seventy years of captivity were near their close, and prayed for light upon the subject for twenty one-days, when Gabriel appeared and informed him that he, (Gabriel) started to convey the desired information, but "The prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me," (Dan. x: 13), "one and twenty days: but lo, Michael, one of the chief princes came to help me." And in the 21st verse he says, "There is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael your prince."

From this it appears that Michael was the prince or Guardian Angel of the Israelites, to whom reference may be had in Psa. xxxiv: 7. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him—and in Isa. lxiii: 9.—"The angel of his presence saved them."

And in Gen. xlviii: 16—"The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads."

It seems likewise that the kingdom of Persia also had a guardian spirit, who successfully hindered Gabriel until Michael came to his help. This certainly comports with the idea of the apostle who declares that "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers,

against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Eph. vi: 12.

The doctrine, therefore, that we deduce from these passages is, that God appoints a guardian angel for nations, who is interested for individuals only as they may stand connected with national interests, as Jacob was the progenitor of Israel, and as Daniel was the hope of his people.

But Paul reveals a more precious truth when he asks (affirmatively)—"Are they?" (the angels) not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i: 14.

But Paul was a Jew, and may have held that, only as the traditional faith of his race, which it certainly was.

Then it was true or false. Christ knew that those whom he addressed held that faith, yet he said to them, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones: for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

With their belief, they could have understood these words in but one way, viz: as referring to the ministering spirits of these little ones.

We must therefore conclude that Christ designedly misled them, or that their belief, in this particular, was correct.

If it be asked how they minister to us?—the answer is by dreams, as in Matt. i: 20; ii: 13-19, and in the case of Dr. Doddridge, mentioned in *Earnest Christian*, October, 1864.

By Visions, as in the case of Cornelius.—Acts x: 1-8.

By Trance, as of Peter.—Acts x: 10. Rev. Wm. Tennent, in *Earnest Christian* for October, 1864, and Mrs. D. in *Earnest Christian* for October, 1866.

By antagonizing the evil spirits that throng the world, and would, perhaps, possess the race as they did the wild Gadarene, (Luke viii: 26) were it not for their interposition. Their ministry in this regard can never be appreciated in this world.

Our perceptions are happily blind to

the multitude of evil spirits that roam over the trackless realms of space in quest of objects on whom to vent their hate.

But our Heavenly Father has not left us a prey to their infernal incitements; he has given to every one who loves him a blessed spirit of might and purity, whose special mission it is to counteract the workings of the complicated enginery of evil by which man is environed.

In doing this, they are necessarily the unseen agents of God's providence.

He likewise often makes them the visible agents of his government.

Their power over matter, must far exceed that of man—wonderful as he is. There are facts connected with Mesmerism which show, to a marvelous degree, the power of volition. So, in the religion of Buddhism, a capacity of abstraction is often developed among the Fakirs, which preserves them utterly unconscious of pain under the severest torture.

Now, if man's spirit can thus triumph over matter, even when linked with it in the human organism, how much more must a pure spirit who has never felt the blight of sin, and never been fettered with flesh, be able to control matter and affect its laws.

It is stated upon good authority that a man *weighs more* sleeping than when awake.

Can it be that *consciousness* thus, to an appreciable and measurable degree, neutralizes gravitation? So it seems.

Why then, should we wonder that the chains fell from Peter when the angel smote him on the side and bade him arise? Or that the massive iron gate seemed to open to them of its own accord?

When Dr. Doddridge dreamed that his life was saved in a severe fall from his horse, by being caught in the arms of an angel, there certainly was nothing in the fancy inconsistent with the soberest deductions of genuine philosophy.

But we have only space to hint these points as we pass along to remark that angels interpose in our behalf and min-

ister to us, by carrying our disembodied spirits safely home.

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.—Luke xvi: 22.

We are not disposed to grant so much of figure in this portion of Scripture as many find.

Death-bed experiences of angelic visitants and heavenly harpings have been too frequent to be overlooked by an honest philosophy, and have too often failed to be accounted for by traditional teachings, to be deemed invalid as evidence confirming the literal truthfulness that "angels carried him."

What a wondrous battle-field is earth! The wars of men sink into utter insignificance beside the mighty, spiritual conflict that rages in hearts, and earth, and air, and sky!

The very magnitude of the contest should fill the believer with a lofty inspiration to do and dare for God and purity.

The ceaselessness of the conflict should gird him with a purpose, quenchless as immortality—to plant his own spirit amid the stars—an undimmed orb of light and joy forever.

Behold God's care for his children! He gives them consciousness of communion with Him here, with the assurance that this is but the foretaste of richer, sweeter fellowship beyond the flood.

He chains all events to the transforming power of His grace, and labels them "All things which work together for good"! He pledges victory over sin, self and the devil, with rewards of conquest which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived.

And as if all this were not enough, he has harnessed the hosts of heaven into a glittering cavalcade of rescuing spirits—sweeping from heaven, through earth to Paradise, and bearing blood-bought trophies of the Father's care, and the Redeemer's love, and the spirit's purity, from the battle-fields of earth to the victor-palms of endless life.

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Richest is he who wants the least.

## UNIVERSALISM.

If Universalism be the doctrine of the Scriptures, it will follow, of course, that,

1. The happy man is he "whose conscience is seared with a hot iron."

2. The suicide is a wise man.

3. The Atheist, who lives according to the dictates of nature—and has no dread of a future, is to be envied.

4. The Apostle Paul was a fool for striving "to bring his body into subjection." He actually labored, lest when he had preached to others (that all men should inherit the kingdom of God,) he himself should be cast away.

5. The Epicureans were better practical Christians than is often supposed. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we" shall be in heaven.

6. How strange that Noah should preach righteousness, and continue faithful to his God, and build an ark for "the saving of his house!" Had he "gone with the tide," he might have been among the saved in heaven—and while he was on earth, enduring temptation, have been saying, with those who were fortunate enough to be drowned, "hallelujah."

7. I wonder also that Lot went out of Sodom. Had he only joined with the "Sodomites," or tarried with their sons who married his daughters, or looked back, like his wife, his "fiery trial" had soon been over.

8. I do not wonder that children seriously educated should be afraid to sin—but that David, with all his wisdom, should have said, "Stand in awe and sin not," is unaccountable! Probably he had not learned that the wicked should only be cast into *hades*, i. e. the valley of Hinnom. He lived under a dark dispensation.

9. The judgment, if this doctrine be true, will be a day of universal joy. The adulterer, and murderer, and liar, and drunkard, (Rev. xxi: 8; 1 Cor. vi: 9, 10,) and idolater, shall rejoice as well as those whose names are written in the book of life. "The wicked," shall not "go away into everlasting (Gr. *aionion*), punishment," but shall rejoice

with "the righteous," who enter "life eternal." (Gr. *aiouion*.) Deluded beings! they left the world in horror, for they thought of rising "to shame and everlasting contempt," but now the veil is removed, in that kingdom where nothing that defiles shall enter. Yes, "and dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie," (Rev. xxi: 15,) shall mingle their voices with the "blessed which are called to the marriage of the Lamb." Rev. xix: 9.)

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### PROFESSORS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY O. H. BAGLEY.

YES, it is the cross-bearing Christian that shall wear the crown, for Christ said, he that would be his disciple must take up his cross and follow him. And again: "he that takes up his cross and follows me, is worthy of me." The promises are not given to those that do not take up their cross, but to those that do. We should be very anxious to own our Lord, and if we have the right kind of a spirit we are. There are many who make a profession of Christianity that never take up their cross in any shape or form. There must be something wrong with them. They must either be afraid, or ashamed to do so. And whoever reads the Bible and goes by its teachings is not afraid nor ashamed of his cross. Read the teaching of Christ on this subject; He that is ashamed of me on earth, of him I will be ashamed before my Heavenly Father and His holy angels. Oh, listen to the teachings of Jesus Christ, and never refuse the cross again. I not only entreat you, but the words of inspiration entreat you. Be a cross-bearing Christian, and what joy and peace you will receive! I feel peace and comfort in my soul while I write. Hallelujah to God who gives the free and full salvation. Glory to God on high for what I feel in my soul. I feel that the blood of Jesus Christ washes me from all sin.

*Nebraska Territory.*

### THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

AND while the spirituality of God's nature places him beyond the reach of our direct cognizance, there are certain other essential properties of his nature which place him beyond the reach of our possible comprehension. Let me instance the past eternity of the God-head. One might figure a futurity that never ceases to flow, and which has no termination; but who can climb his ascending way among the obscurities of that infinite which is behind him?—Who can travel in thought along the track of generations gone by, till he has overtaken the eternity which lies in that direction? Who can look across the millions of ages which have elapsed, and from an ulterior post of observation look again to another and another succession of centuries; and at each farther extremity in this series of retrospects, stretch backward his regards on an antiquity as remote and indefinite as ever? Could we, by any number of successive strides over these mighty intervals, at length reach the fountain-head of duration, our spirits might be at rest. But to think of duration as having no fountain-head; to think of time with no beginning; to uplift the imagination along the heights of antiquity, which hath positively no summit; to soar these upward steeps till, dazzled by the attitude, we can keep no longer on the wing; for the mind to make these repeated flights from one pinnacle to another, and instead of scaling the mysterious elevation, to lie baffled at its foot, or lose itself among the far, the long withdrawing recesses of that primeval distance, which at length merges away into a fathomless unknown; this is an exercise utterly discomfiting to the puny faculties of man. We are called on to stir ourselves up that we may take hold on God, but the "clouds and darkness which are round about him" seem to repel the enterprise as hopeless; and man, overborne by a sense of littleness, feels as if nothing can be done to make prostrate obeisance of all his faculties before Him.—*Dr. Chalmers' Natural Theology.*

“THIS IS JESUS.”

BY ELLEN L. DAVIS.

“AND thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.” Looking back eighteen hundred years, we see, cradled in a rude manger, a beauteous babe. In the lowest place possible, commences the human life of our Redeemer. There was no ringing of bells, or firing of cannon, as for an earthly prince, for *his* kingdom is not of this world. Yet his birth is proclaimed by “his star in the east,” and the convoy of angels, singing, “good will to men.” “And the child grew and waxed stong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.”

In the freshness of manhood, he comes forth to his place, the healer of his people. Does he lay up treasure on earth? Has he an abiding city? “The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.” Servant of servants; by night or by day, ever toiling for the good of others. The common people hear him gladly, and according to their faith, the dumb speak, the deaf hear, the blind receive sight, but “his own receive him not.” The close of three years, brings to its crisis, the eventful life of the Word manifested in the flesh, and the solemn, awful, period of his death approaches. In Gethsemane’s garden we find him, groaning in agony, with the bitter cup before him; but love, strong, infinitely so; impels him to say, “The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Is this the language of our hearts?”

Forsaken by his disciples, betrayed by one of their number, “he treads the wine-press alone”: “of the people there are none with him.”

God, before a tribunal of men!— Since this has been, how can we speak of our dignity. Behold him! giving “his back to the smiters, his cheeks to them that plucked the hairs, hiding not his face even from shame and spitting.” You cannot be trampled upon, eh? you

need have no fear of getting below your *master*. We look to Jesus, and the evils of the present quickly fade, and you wonder that you are counted worthy. It has been one of the greatest lessons of my life, to learn to follow the example of him, “who was afflicted, who was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, yet he opened not his mouth.” Thank God it will crucify. The Jews had no power to crucify him, only as he allowed them. If in that hour the Son of God had demonstrated his power, refusing to bear the ignominy, the shameful death of the cross, instead of the glorious song of redemption that we now sing, what wails of despair would be ours? View him on the accursed tree! a spectacle to heaven and earth. Hear them revile him, as they pass by, saying, “If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross; he saved others, himself he cannot save. He trusted in God, let him deliver him now if he will have him.” Who but Jesus could cry in death, “Father, forgive them, they *know* not what they do”? Surely thou Lord hast *won* the dreadful fight; may we conquer through thy blood; show thy *strengthening* grace in us. “This is Jesus, the King of the Jews; thank God! they wrote his *name* above him! There he hangs, “blotting out the hand writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us.” How fitting that the vail of the temple should be rent in twain, exposing to view the “Holy of Holies,” as he of whom it is but a type, is thus exposed. They pierce his side, the Rock of ages is cleft, to hide poor sinners in. They lay him in the tomb. At the expiration of three days, they are convinced that this *is* the Christ; for even the *grave cannot* hold him! Yea, “*death* is swallowed up in victory! and now he ascends on high, leading captivity captive;” from whence he shall descend with a shout, and with the trump of God.”

“Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him;  
Of nothing think or speak beside,  
My Lord my Love is crucified.”

## JOHN KNOX'S DEATH-BED.

STEP into this room where the greatest Scotsman lies dying, and see an example more striking, warning, alarming still. From the iron grasp of kings and princes, Knox had wrung the rights of Scotland. Ready to contend even unto death, he had bearded proud nobles and prouder churchmen; he had stood under the fire of battle; and had been chained to the galley's oar; he had occupied the pulpit with a carbine leveled at his fearless head; and to plant God's truth, and that tree of civil and religious liberty which has struck its roots so deep in our soil, and under whose shadow we are this day sitting, he had fought many a hard battle; but his hardest was fought in the solitude of the night, and amidst the quietness of a sick chamber.

One morning his friends enter his apartment. They find him faint and pallid, wearing the look of one who had passed a restless night. So he had; he had been fighting, not sleeping; wrestling, not resting; and it required all of God's grace to bring him off conqueror. Till daybreak Jacob wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant; and the long night Knox had passed wrestling with the prince of darkness. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, he met with Apollyon in the valley, and their swords struck fire in the shadow of death. The lion is said to be boldest in the storm. His roar is never so loud as in the pauses of the thunder; and when the lightning flashes, brightest are the flashes of his cruel eye; and so he who, as a roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour, often seizes the hour of nature's distress to assault us with his fiercest temptations. Satan tempted Job when he was bowed down with grief. Satan tempted Jesus when he was faint with hunger. Satan tempted Peter when he was weary with watching, and heart-broken with sorrow, reserving, perhaps, his grand assault on us for times that offer him a great advantage. It was when Knox was worn out, left alone, his head laid on a dying pillow, that Satan, like a roaring lion, leaped upon

his bed. Into the room the enemy has come; he stands by his bed; he reminds him that he had been a standard-bearer of the truth—a reformer—a bold confessor—a distinguished sufferer—the very foremost man of the time and country; he attempts to persuade him that surely such rare merits deserve the crown. The Christian conquered—but, hard put to it, only conquered through Him that loved him.

## WESLEY ON THE SCRIPTURES.

THE estimation in which Mr. Wesley held the Scriptures is expressed in the following plaintive and beautiful soliloquy:

I am a creature of a day, passing through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God: just hovering over the great gulf till a few moments hence, I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity. I want to know one thing—how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came down from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me the book of God! I have it: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book! Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone—only God is here. In his presence I open, I read his book for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights—Lord, is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God"? Thou "givest liberally and upbraidest not." Thou hast said, "If any man be willing to do thy will he shall know." I am willing to do; let me know thy will. I then search after, and consider parallel passages of Scripture, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. If any doubts still remain, I consult those who are experienced in things of God, and then the writings of those who being dead yet speak; and what I thus learn, that I teach.—*Preface to Sermons.*



## A NUGGET OF ANCIENT GOLD.

AN old story is generally a good story. Some of those which have descended to us from ancient times, and especially from the Greeks, are particularly excellent, not merely in the classical simplicity and clean cut form of the tale itself, but in the variety and depth of significance which may be found in it. Let us examine one of the simplest and best known of these nuggets, rolled in the water-course of thirty centuries.

Midas, a Phrygian king, begged of the gods a boon. They granted him whatever he should desire; and the monarch, overjoyed, retained sufficient self-possession to determine that the gift for which he was to ask should be not merely vast, but literally inexhaustible; so he prayed that whatever he touched might immediately become gold. It was granted. He laid his hand upon the rock, and it blazed back upon him a solid mass of priceless value; he clutched his oaken staff, and it dropped from his hand a bar of virgin gold. The covetous heart almost died within him for excess of joy, and he returned to his palace the most exulting of barbaric kings. Alas for the short-sightedness of man! When the king sat at his table, whatever viands he touched instantly became gold—gold, pure and precious, but not the food of man. Hour by hour the conviction forced itself upon the crowned and sceptred wretch that he was indeed doomed to perish—to starve amid all his glittering opulence; and remembering the ominous saying which he had heard from them of old time—"The gods themselves cannot take back their gifts"—he howled to the sternly-smiling Dionysius to restore him the coarsest and the vilest food, and deliver him from this curse of gold.

I am going to extract a particular meaning and moral from this fable; but, before doing so, it would be wrong to pass by its general spiritual significance, the more obvious lesson which it bears. Is not this expressed in the great and majestic aphorism of our

Lord, that "a man's life consisteth not in those things which he possesseth"? How clear and calm do these words ring through the hot fever of the world! with what a tenderness of divine reproach do they fall upon the ears of men—busy men, with their hearts immersed in business; covetous men, with their hearts reaching out after some particular object of desire; ambitious men, with their whole existence staked upon attaining and possessing some glittering prize of life! How well, how divinely well, do they come from the lips of Him who, though he was rich, yet became poor, and *emptied himself* of the opulence of Deity, and for fifteen years wrought at the carpenter's bench, if for no other and higher reasons, yet surely for this also—that those coming after him should mark his footsteps in the quiet valley of Humiliation, and should remember that that all-glorious life stood not in the abundance of things possessed, but that his meat and drink was to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work. It is short-coming and shame for any human being, after that great example has been lived, to stretch forth imploring hands to the things of time that they may satisfy his soul. And if we do it, how sure the disappointment—bitter disappointment if we do not get what we want, *far bitterer if we do!* For there are these two sore evils which God hath laid upon the sons of men (or which they, departing from him, have drawn upon themselves). The first is, the *feeling* of the miseries of this life, the grinding curse of labor, the oppressions that are done under the sun, the baffled struggle, full of privations and uncheered by change. Men feel these things keenly—the sorrows, and wants of time; and they pant for one golden prize after another, and rage and lament because they are a little out of their reach. Fools and blind! for were God indeed to do this thing—if he were to give them at once, and to-day, all that their heart doth wish, there would come, not satisfaction—nay, but that sorer sorrow of finding that, having got all, they had got nothing. The immortal

hunger of one made in the image of God is not to be so appeased. The universe is a poor bribe for one human soul; and the most mean-spirited of worldly men would feel it to be so, could he be put in possession of all that which, while he has it not, he so overrates and idolizes. What a wail of disappointment and sorrow might God raise in the heart of any who seeks his good in the things of earth by simply, as was done in the Phrygian fable, giving him all that he wants, and making him feel, at the same time, that that was to be his portion forever. What a ghastly revelation would there that moment be of inward and eternal poverty! How the wretch would rave and howl in his hall of gold! For God is the only satisfying portion and bread of the soul.

But the story is capable of a more precise and accurate application to a particular danger of some minds, and these by no means the most ignoble. Midas, King of Phrygia, is not the only man who has coveted the power of turning all around him into gold, and who has, to some extent, obtained the wondrous gift. In a very intelligible sense this is the faculty of all who have received a poetical or imaginative temperament. It is a much-envied, much-admired gift; and, to say the truth, it deserves to be so. It is a noble thing to have the power of looking at all things *en beau*—to have a quick and keen sense of all that is lovely and glorious in nature, of all that is bright and beautiful in character. It is good to move through this imperfect world, carrying with us the power of throwing a mantle of beauty over everything around, encompassing all our steps with an authentic light "unborrowed from the sun," and filling the waste places of life with a verdure not their own. "The vision and the faculty divine" is one of God's purest and noblest gifts; it is the gifted eye which, in a better sense than that of the ancient story, turns everything into gold.

Yet are there men who, like Midas, find this a fatal faculty—an evil gift? I think there are. It is possible to get into the habit of viewing everything in

life and in the world—everything, especially, which is at all connected with higher and religious views—in such an imaginative, and romantic, and poetical fashion, that the *soul* shall starve in the midst of its fancied riches. Nay, it may feel itself starving. An hour may come when, under the ax-edge of some impending calamity, or the conscience thrust of some message too sharp to be turned aside, a sudden sense of real need shall make the man cast about for his religion, that now in his moment of extremity he may have its support and stay. He may seek to arm himself with that faith in which he has so much delighted and gloried, to feel the strength of those doctrines upon whose beauty and harmony he has loved to gaze, to be saved by the Saviour whose majestic steps he has watched through all the fields of time. And now flashes upon him the ominous truth, that he has become not only the fool of his imagination, but its slave. Along with the conviction that all of his past experience has been rootless and visionary, the mere dallying of the intellectual nature with the most beautiful and noble ideas within its reach, there comes the still more terrible feeling, that *even now*, when he is in sorest earnest, he cannot free himself from that fatal habit. The whole doctrine of salvation floats about him, a golden phantasmagoria. He would give anything for some plain, simple, honest truth, however rude and homely in form, upon which he could lay stress and grip for eternity. But they flee from his grasp, and float away in all imaginative hues. He wants truth, and gets beauty. He asks for bread, and receives a precious stone. He stretches out his hands for food, and the imagination converts it into gold.

Such an experience is very bitter, but it may be a mercy when it comes. It is far worse when no such revelation is made, and when the man lives on, with his fancied wealth around him, holding it for true. It is so easy to be deceived in this way—so easy, and so pleasant. The facilities for it are increasing year by year. The higher our civilization

advances, and the more that civilization is pervaded by Christianity, the easier does this become, and the harder is it to avoid it. The temptation is no vulgar one; it comes as an angel of light. It is only to the more refined and cultivated nature that it addresses itself, and it does so on the pretext of congeniality, and by appealing to the sense of reverence and beauty. It offers the double bribe, very seductive to some minds, of raising them above the crowd of irreligious men, and *above the crowd of religious men*. A religion of beauty is a refuge both from the grossness of the world, and from the work and warfare of the Church. And then, is not beauty the fitting and native garb of religion? Are not all fair and lovely things in this universe necessarily affiliated to piety? And seeing that it is a duty to be religious, and that the question lies only between a bare and simple piety on the one hand, and a piety steeped in a sense of beauty on the other, why not choose the latter, and let our whole higher nature, æsthetic and devotional, revel at ease in its appropriate element?

Many of us will recognize the delicious murmur of these seductive arguments, which have so often sought admission into our heart. It is not necessary to refute them here. Let us here think rather of the evils of such a scheme of life persisted in for years, and how the soul may come visibly to starve, even while the imagination is intoxicated. The examples are too frequent; but there is one which rises unbidden. I knew one man, a name in our modern literature, and a mighty reveller and a king in the world of imagination. He, I suppose, did not profess to be a distinctively religious man; but his devotional feelings, like all other parts of his nature, he cultivated to the uttermost, and they budded and blossomed gloriously. His published works are full of exquisite religious pathos, alternating with reckless frolic and fun. When a young man, the splendor of a summer morning striking upon the chords of that sensitive nature would make him pray aloud for hours

in a rapture of æsthetic enthusiasm, beside a solitary loch; and long after, I have seen the blue eyes fill with tears, and the golden gray hair float tremulously on his shoulders, and the whole magnificent frame quiver with emotion, as he spoke of some Scottish worthy "bowed in prayer in the light of his cottage hearth, or soiled with the drops of a martyr's blood." Of such a man it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that whatever his mind touched it turned to gold; but it is equally plain that for him it was a perilous gift. How hardly shall such a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven! How difficult is it to cast aside and contemn all the treasures of imagination,—yes, even of a devotional imagination—and to count them but dung that we may win Christ!

But, to descend from such royal examples as this, and deal with ordinary men. There is in the lives of most cultivated men, what may be called an æsthetic period—a time when the imagination assumes a temporary supremacy, which it afterwards resigns, to take its place among the other element of the character. The man is a poet for the time, and a man of taste ever after. This predominance of imagination is, of course, generally coincident with the period of youth, and, being the appointment of Providence, it may be assumed that it is not generally hurtful to the man's religious interests, but may have, on the contrary, important uses. I suspect the danger comes a little after this, when the man, having familiarized himself with the glorious ideas of Christianity, and being now brought into contact with the hard realities and work of the world, may be too apt to regard his religion as a sort of imaginative *sanctum*, to which makes occasional retreats, to enjoy the soothing influence of noble and elevating ideas. Other things may be dull, hard, and prosaic, but his religion, he resolves, shall be unfailingly beautiful. The resolution is a very dangerous one.—"Pure religion is undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted

from the world." Religion is an essentially practical, and we may almost say a homely thing. Man is not made to live upon beautiful ideas, but upon every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. I saw in a popular religious book the other day, that "religion is the consciousness of the beautiful." If we were to judge from our experience as to the men and women in whom the power of religion really dwells, we should be inclined to say rather, that, in our present state at least, it has no necessary relation to the sense of beauty at all. At all events it is dangerous to identify the two. The greatest of our living poets tells us of a soul "that did love beauty only; or, if good good only for its beauty," and of the "slothful shame," and "self-scorn," and "sore despair" to which it led. The old apologue of Midas may teach us the same thing. Even when there is no central and corroding selfishness, as in the case of the idolater of beauty, there may be the evil habit of idealizing all truth, until at last the truth becomes a mere bright idea, and the food turns into gold.

We cannot feed on ideas, or fill our belly with the east wind. Let us stick to the old brown loaf of theology; or better still, to the plainness and sobriety of the Scriptures of truth: or, best of all, cleave to the Bread of life that came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. For Christ is favorable to the simple and needy; and "blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Blessed, too, are they who continually hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they are in no danger of being deceived by the beautiful abstractions which satisfy the imagination.—They are those who are taught to pray in humility and dependence, "Give us this day our daily bread," to whom their Father giveth the true bread from heaven, and who find it more to be desired than gold, even much fine gold.

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An impenitent sinner has no more right to sin than a saint.

## RUINS.

BY ANNIE E. LEWIS.

FROM all over the Church, from every conference, district and circuit, comes the mournful cry: "How are the mighty fallen!" "How is the gold become dim!" On every hand we see spiritual ruins; structures grand and beautiful in design; and if completed they would stand everlasting proofs of the fullness and sufficiency of the atonement, but unfinished as they are, they bring constant reproach on the cause of Christ, and often prove formidable barriers in the way of the Lord, and the thoughtless ones of the world pass by, and with sneers say: "They began to build and were not able to finish." Oh, how often have the hearts of God's children been grieved by seeing those who once testified to the power of Jesus to save from all sin; now not only steeling their own hearts against the influence of the Spirit, but by their actions, yes, and sometimes by their words, keeping the unsaved from the way of life. It is sad, but still it is a marked fact, that many of those who now are among the enemies of the cross, once stood foremost in the army of the "blood washed." The enemy of all righteousness seeks to destroy those who most effectually injure his cause, and many, alas, too many times does he succeed, and they leave their beautiful buildings of "Gold, silver and precious stones," and turn to work in the sand, using for their materials, "wood, hay, stubble." And now one word to these.

Would it not be better to "count the cost," to turn once more to your house whose foundation is laid on the "everlasting rock"? You need not be afraid that your means will fail.—There is plenty in Father's bank above. "His grace shall be sufficient." Although the work may be difficult, all the more so because you have left it for so long a time; rest assured of this, it will stand, and when the "day of fire" shall come, and every "man's work shall be made manifest," you will

find that the materials you use are fire proof, and your building "purified by fire" shall stand while the years of eternity roll.

But if you are still determined to work in the sand, to labor for naught, do not seek to deceive others by false pretences of happiness. Be honest.— Instead of trying to convince those around you that you are happier now than when working for God; tell them that it is not so; tell them there is left an "aching void the world can never fill." Tell them that in your foolishness and willfulness you have rejected the riches of the kingdom, and are contented with the perishing things of earth. I know that it will be difficult to make them believe it, but it is the truth. The winter is coming on; renewed efforts will be made for the salvation of souls. *You* will stand in the way of some, and unless you change your course soon, you will find the blood of souls on your garments.

When we look around on every hand and see so many of these unfinished buildings, we almost tremble for fear that in some future time we may grow weary of our work, and we cannot but inquire, "Who is sufficient for these things," and the answer comes sweetly back, "Trust in the Lord, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Yes, praise the Lord, his grace is sufficient.

Humble, yet trusting with undaunted heart,  
I will press on, till called from life to part,  
And count it a rich blessing from God's hand,  
That thus He biddeth His beloved stand—  
Near to the cross.

A daily conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven.

ALL the trials and hardships, which often seem so hard to you, serve to fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness.

HE that has no bridle on his tongue, has no grace in his heart.

### I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

If in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,  
And shine a pure image of thee,  
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break  
The fetters of flesh and be free.  
I know this stained tablet must first be washed white  
To let thy bright features be drawn;  
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,  
To welcome the coming of dawn.  
But I shall be satisfied when I can cast  
The shadows of nature all by,  
When this cold dreary world from my vision is past  
To let the soul open her eye.  
I gladly would feel the blest hour drawing near,  
When time's dreamy fancy shall fade:  
If then in thy likeness I may but appear,  
And rise in thy beauty arrayed.  
To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,  
From this mortal, perishing clay,  
My spirit immortal in peace would depart,  
And joyous mount up her bright way.  
When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,  
Within thy blest mansions, and when  
The arms of my Father encompass his child,  
O, I shall be satisfied then.

### PRECIOUSNESS OF FAITH.

PRECIOUS, indeed, is that faith that leans upon God in adversity, that goes to Jesus in trial, and that repairs to the Spirit in sorrow. Precious faith that finds a promise for every condition, a helper in every emergency, a soother for every sorrow; that can hope against hope, taste a sweet disguised in every bitter, and see a bright light veiled by each dark cloud. This is the true gold that procures all blessing, and enriches its possessor with all good. He that hath faith in God has every desire of his heart fulfilled. He can dive into the treasures of God's word and say: "All these are mine, for they are my Father's epistles of love." He can turn to the Redeemer's fulness and exclaim: "It pleased the Father that all this fullness of grace, and truth, and love should dwell in Jesus for me." He can repair to the throne of grace and say: "Here I am permitted to draw near to God, burdened with sin, laden with want, oppressed with trial, assailed by temptation, crushed with sorrow, casting, by an act of faith, all my care upon him." Is not that a precious faith that enriches my poverty, that dignifies my meanness, that guides my perplexities, that cheers my loneli-

ness, that calms my grief, that defeats my foes, that paints a bow upon every cloud, and that brings all heaven into my soul? Yes, such is the fruit of that faith of which God is the giver, the Spirit the author, Christ the object, and a poor, empty, unworthy soul the happy possessor.—*Dr. Winslow.*

#### NOT IN HUMAN NATURE.

AN estimable lady, a personal and beloved friend of mine, said to me, when urged to forgive an injury: "It is not in human nature to forgive injuries so goading as these." "You are right, my friend," I replied, "it is not in human nature; but it is in the grace of Christ. He has charged us, 'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.'" The lady had a long struggle with herself; but through the grace of Christ she overcame. She forgave from the heart, and was a happier woman, and a more exemplary Christian ever after.

Human pride and passion *must* be sacrificed. If we have an enemy, and he hunger, feed him. If he thirst, give him drink. Whether he does the one or the other, or not, pray for him.—Every day pray for him. Bear him in your Christian solicitude before the mercy seat. Do this earnestly, truly. For your own sake do it as well as for his. If you cannot do it, you are not such a Christian as you ought to be. If you cannot do it, it is to be feared that you have helped to make him your enemy. If you can do this, and do so habitually, I will not say that he will cease to be your enemy, for there are "unreasonable and wicked men," but I will assure you from the word of Christ, that the Spirit of glory and of grace will rest upon you; that your trials of this character will purify and exalt your nature, daily making you "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

#### THE TRUE WISDOM.

A man may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passion as fierce as they; a man may know all about the stars, and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a bright and brilliant career, is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled water, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the spirits of the elements, yet know not how to rule his own; a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but not the wrath of God from his guilty head: he may know all that *La Place* knew—all that *Shakspeare* knew—all that *Watt* knew—all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as a dying miser, and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth,—“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?” There is one Book which I find myself privileged to stand here and recommend above all others. Study other books, but this before all. Study this Book upon your knees, praying that God, by his Spirit, would so shine upon its pages, that it may be your lamp and light to a better world than this; and that by the blood of Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour, who died on Calvary to redeem the chief of sinners, there may be wrought on your heart a change greater than chemistry can boast of,—his blood discharging from your soul, sin's impious stain, and turning its scarlet hue into the whiteness of snow. Acquire knowledge by all means—go to the fields, and study them—go to this museum and study it—go to books, and pore over their instructive pages. But ere you explore the wonders of creation, let me implore you first to seek that you may be created anew in Jesus; and that there may be wrought in your soul a metamorphosis more wonderful than

yon creeping worm when it leaves the dust and, mounting on wings to a higher sphere, lives bountifully on the finest nectar, and soars in the brightest sunbeams. I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveler on his way in that valley through which we all have to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hours of life—commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the lights thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steeps of fame—brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind though your brows are never crowned with fading bays, if you win, through faith in Christ, the crown of eternal life.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

How to KEEP OUT THE MOTHS.—A good old lady gave the best receipt to her niece, whom she found one day examining her wardrobe. It had been copied from an old fashioned book, and was this: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal." The application of this ancient receipt is very simple. Look over the wardrobe, and bring out all that can be spared—blankets and shawls, coats and cloaks—and send them to the poor in time; let the widow and the destitute have them before the moths have begun their inroads. "He that hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none." This will do more to keep out moths than all cedar closets, or snuff and camphor, in the world; and will be likely, if done in a Christian, generous spirit, to secure the blessing of Him that maketh rich, and doubly sweeten what is left.

## LEARNING TO TRUST.

BY S. E. HERMANOE.

God is so good to me that I cannot help telling of it. I really do not know how to thank him enough for leading me to think of, and trust him as a Father. It does seem so good. I never had a father, and it seemed as if I never should learn to think of God as one.

One thought has been in my mind much during the week, that "I must learn to trust God where I cannot trace him." While I have the sunshine I do so long to "grow in grace," in the knowledge of God in every way, and especially in the power to trust him, that I may be able to remain firm and undoubting in the future trials which I know must come. This, just now, is the strongest desire of my heart. True, I am trying to live by the moment, but I want to retain all the strength there is for me in that moment. Very precious to me are the words which seemed to descend into my heart so quietly that evening in the tent. "Thou art my child;" and the response still rises as it did then, meeting the first: "Thou art my God." The remembrance of the faintly discerned road, with darkness on either side, curving for some distance then nearly straight—a long time curving and lost in obscurity which I could not distinctly penetrate, the questionings of my heart with God, the consciousness which came as the import was explained to me that I should have aid given throughout the entire length, the distinct remembrance of what was almost indistinct at the time, enables me to leave that future with God more than I once believed was possible.—Since then, too, I have been compelled to follow out the strangest trains of thought at night, sometimes not having a single moment's sleep, going over, step by step, every place where I have been rebellious in the past, in a supposed future course of life, obliged to pause at each until I said without reserve I will be obedient. I learned in those nights what spirit-communication

with God was, and the remembrance gives me strength, and confidence in my Father's love, and I am so thankful to really know after so many months of longing, praying, and doubting, that I, even I, can, even for a few hours, live thus near to God.

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### APPEAL TO THE UNDECIDED.

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"LET your conduct be consistent with your opinions; if you believe the Lord to be God, carry it out in your daily life; be holy, be prayerful, trust in Christ, be faithful, be upright, be loving; give your heart to God, and follow him. If Baal be God, then follow him; but do not pretend to follow the other. Let your conduct back up your opinion; if you really think that the follies of this world are the best, and believe that a fine, fashionable life, a life of frivolity and gayety, flying from flower to flower, getting honey from none, is the most desirable, carry it out. If you think the life of a debauchee is so very desirable, if you think his end is to be much wished for, if you think his pleasures are right, follow them. If you believe that to cheat in business is right, put it up over your door—"I sell trickery goods here;" or if you do not say it to the public, tell your conscience so; but do not deceive the public; do not call the people to prayers when you are opening a "Wild-cat Bank." If you mean to be religious, follow out your determination thoroughly; but if you mean to be worldly, go the whole way with the world. Let your conduct follow out your opinions. Make your life tally with your profession. Carry out your opinions whatever they may be. But you dare not; you are too cowardly to sin as others do, honestly before God's sun; your conscience will not let you do it—and yet you are just so fond of Satan, that you dare not leave him wholly and become thoroughly the servants of God. O do let your character be like your profession; either keep up your profession, or give it up; do one thing or the other."—*Spurgeon.*

### TO THE AFFLICTED.

BY ANN VANOCKER.

AFFLICTED reader and believer, is the voice that addresses you altogether strange? Can you not call to mind many a time in which it has dispelled your tears and soothed your sorrows? Does not the history of the Church in all ages testify to the wonderful deliverances Christ has effected for his children? Have not his followers always been tossed with tempests, yet has not the Lord delivered out of them all? It is not more certain that Christians have always been an afflicted people than that Jesus has always been with them to preserve them amidst the tempest. How great the throng of witnesses who testify to his constant care and unchanging love! How innumerable the multitude who have come out of great tribulation and are now clothed in white raiment—ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb! Yes, it is a voice which has never spoken in vain. Be of good cheer afflicted disciple. Think what he has done for you! You were lost but he found you; an enemy, but he reconciled you; a captive, but he freed you; blind, but he cured you; dead, but he quickened you. He washed you from your guilt in his blood: he clothed you in his own white robe; he renewed your corrupt nature; he imparted to you his sanctifying and comforting Spirit; he introduced you to the Father, and you became a child of God. He now intercedes for you and is preparing for you a mansion in glory, and has given you a title to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. This world is not our home. Jesus is as able to feel for our distress as to deliver us out of it. His is a love of sympathy. We do not suffer alone. He bears our griefs above. Let us rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer for him.

*Centreville, N. Y.*

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TIME is a narrow isthmus between two eternities.



## IF WE KNEW.

we knew the cares and crosses,  
 Crowding round our neighbor's way,  
 If we knew the little losses,  
 Sorely grievous, day by day ;  
 Would we then so often chide him  
 For his lack of thrift and gain,  
 Leaving on his his heart a shadow,  
 Leaving on his life a stain ?

If we knew the clouds above us,  
 Held by gentle blessings there,  
 Would we turn away, all trembling,  
 In our blind and weak despair ;  
 Would we shrink from little shadows,  
 Lying on the dewy grass,  
 While 't is only birds in Eden  
 Just in mercy flying past ?

If we knew the silent story  
 Quivering through the heart of pain,  
 Would our manhood dare to doom them  
 Back to haunts of guilt again ?  
 Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
 Joy hath many a break of woe,  
 And the cheek tear-stained is whitest,  
 This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms,  
 For the key to other's lives,  
 And with love toward erring nature  
 Cherish love that still survives ;  
 So that when our disrobed spirits  
 Soar to realms of light again,  
 We may say, "Dear Father, judge us  
 As we judged our fellow men."

I FIND that some acknowledge the hand of the minister, but not the hand of Christ. This is a sore dishonor to our glorious Immanuel. It was said of the Erskines, that God took away a great part of the blessings from their labors, because the people could not see Christ over their heads. The Lord teach us to look above the heads of ministers, to our glorious Redeemer, riding on his white horse ; sending out his arrows of conviction.

SAINTS are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning ; in suffering the offence is done to us, but in sinning the offence is done to God.

## SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THE remark was made, "It is as important that we should hear what the Lord has to say to us, as it is that the Lord should hear what we have to say to him ;" then a chapter in the Bible was read, and the prayer-meeting opened.

How many meetings are begun and ended without hearing what God has to say to us ! and yet God speaks better than you or I, or any one else can speak. How many families gather around the family altar at night, weary with the labors of the day, or perhaps weary with the protracted gatherings in the sanctuary, and they say, It is late ; we will omit *reading to-night*.—Then they sing a verse, and say what they have to say to God, and go to rest.

Is God pleased ? If some part of the service *must* be omitted, were it not better to omit prayer ? What is the impression that goes out from such a course ? We want God to hear us ; we want God to love us ; we want him to save us ; but it is a matter of not so much importance what God wants of us !

How is God's temple going up ?—His temple of which Christ is the chief corner-stone ? It is said of Solomon's temple, which was but a figure, a shadowing forth of the glorious spiritual building into which Christians, as lively stones, are to enter, that the stones were "*made ready*" before they were brought thither ; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building.

The commandment went forth giving the exact dimensions of the different stones, how they were to be hewed, how they were to be squared, how they were to be polished. There were thousands that did that work. When they had finished, they brought them together, great stones, costly stones ; and up went the temple, noiselessly, as the forest grows. The *perfect stones* went into the temple. Alas ! alas for others !

That was no time for alteration; no time for making wrong work right. *Not a sound of the hammer was heard.*

God's palace is going up some day. He has given us his book of directions; from that we learn what we must be if we would have a place in that glorious structure. Is it not then of the highest importance that we should know what is contained therein, and square our lives by its precepts and teachings? "*Judgment will he lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet.*"

Close work this. Straight work, O my soul!

We may think we need not be so very particular to mind what is said with regard to every little thing. "If the heart is right, that is the main thing," some say; "never mind about this, or that." Do you suppose God would cast me forever away because I fail in this small point?

He has told you what he will do. No sham work in his building! Judgment will he lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet.

In this lower world the stones are made ready; then they are brought together. Who shall abide the tests? Who shall stand under the eye of the Great Master Builder, and be counted meet to form part of his glorious temple; to have place in his upper sanctuary?

Who among us shall come up with bright expectations of being received, and, measured by the perfect law of God, be found *wanting*?

Must it be so? Is there no place found for the imperfect, but to be cast into outer darkness, forever away from the pure and the holy? Must the labor of life be lost, and the soul lost, because the work does not quite come up to the gospel pattern? How many revivalists there are who count their converts by hundreds, and thousands! What a responsibility is theirs, being overseers of God's workmen! What an honor to be able to bring up many costlystone to the temple of God!

But, oh, you who are overseers of God's workmen, do your work carefully and thoroughly. It is not how large

a number you may be the means of bringing in, but how large a number of such as shall be so hewn, so polished, so "made ready" as to find a place in the temple. It were better to bring in one, all glorious with likeness to Christ, than to bring in hundreds that cannot bear the measurements of the Great Master Builder, and after all must be cast away.

The words that I have spoken, says Jesus, the same shall judge you at the last day. *What are they!*

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.

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### MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

BY REV. MOSES N. DOWNING.

CRISIS, in medical science, "is the change of disease which indicates its event; that change which indicates recovery or death." In general, it means "the decisive state of things, or the point of time when an affair is arrived at its height, and must soon terminate or suffer a material change." With this understanding of the word, we see how it is that some men lose their convictions of sin so fully, that all effort to save them seems to be spent in vain. They reach a point in the strivings of the Holy Spirit with them, and the powers of darkness against them, where they deliberately reject the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus "grieve the Holy Spirit." We also see how it is that many ministers of the Gospel lose their power with God, and descend from the position of spiritual Shepherds to spiritual quacks. They reach a point in their faithfulness to God, and to man, where the opposition from earth and hell is so great that they discover in a clearer light than ever before the narrowness of the way, and some of the results of faithfully pursuing it. They *halt*. They inquire if there is not a path they can pursue in which they will be less objectionable, yet equally useful. They discover what *purports* to be such a path. They decide to take it. They are shorn of their strength. The Philistines come on them, put out

their eyes, carry them to Gaza, and place them on the tread wheel of formalism. There are many of this class at the present day occupying the pulpit in various quarters. The secret of this, as already alluded to, is, they did not successfully pass their crisis. Let us notice,

1. *Its antecedents.* As a general thing every man who is divinely called to preach the gospel of the Son of God, feels "woe is me if I preach not the gospel," i. e., a backslider's life, and *hell fire* at last. Though it may cost some sacrifice, and a struggle to yield to this conviction of duty, yet, when done, the preacher of righteousness goes to his work with his heart fired with holy love for the souls of men, and as he goes he cries, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." God gives the message, and he delivers it. It takes effect. Arrows fasten in the hearts of sinners—they yield to God. Backsliders are reclaimed, and the church is quickened. The preacher's ministry is sealed, and he rejoices in Christ Jesus. The Devil is alarmed, and dreads him, for he speaks with *authority*. Wicked men *hate* him, carnal professors and worldly-minded ministers say he is a zealous man, *but he is imprudent—inconsistent*. Now, say the powers of darkness, what can be done, not to stop him preaching, but to render him *inefficient*? Answer—*nothing* while his eye remains *single*, but if his eye can be rendered evil he will no longer be a *living* but a *dead* minister. Hence a desperate effort to adulterate his motive—to bring him down to the plains of *Ono*. To effect this an appeal is made to his better judgment, so called. It is suggested that there is no necessity of continually insisting on the importance of holiness of heart and life. Allude to it occasionally, and then in general terms, sufficient to let the people understand that you believe in holiness. Preach more on general subjects, and you will do more good. Suggestions are also made as to the result of such a course. If you take a stand against the unholy alliances of the church with the world,

if you declare that the Bible insists on purity of heart, and that it condemns the practice of attending places of amusements—such as horse races, theatres, balls, social parties, billiard saloons, the card table, and chequer boards—the same also of *religious* (?) fairs, festivals, and oyster suppers to raise money for God's cause—if you insist that the Bible condemns the practice of wearing gold, pearls, and superfluous adorning, if you declare that connection with secret societies is inconsistent with a profession of faith in Christ—if you preach against dishonesty, selfishness, and worldliness among church members, and declare that the practice of raising hops, tobacco, and the wine plant, also the practice of making cheese and peddling milk on the Sabbath day, is highly inconsistent with a religious profession, and finally, if you insist that cries for mercy, bodily exercises, and shouts of praise generally accompany a genuine revival of religion, you will be numbered in the *feeble minority* of the priesthood. The majority of ministers weave but little of this class of truths in their sermons. But few are such sticklers for trifles. They preach on more grave and soul inspiring subjects, and have an influential position and standing among men, to which you cannot attain while pursuing such a course. Again, you will be called a radical, an "old fogy," an enthusiast, yea, worse, a *fanatic*. Your reputation as a fine speaker, a mechanical sermonizer, and a man of *liberal* and consistent views will be lost.—Hence you will not arrive at official positions in the ministry, and you can not do the amount of good that you would if you more fully became "*all things to all men*." Neither will you be in good demand as a preacher, consequently you will be obliged to retire from the work, or your family will come to want. Now take the course that the majority of ministers do; exalt Christ in his Priestly office, declare that he who was "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, is become the head of the corner," declare that "the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that be-

lieveth"; that there will be a general resurrection of all the dead; dwell largely on the attributes of the Deity; preach on the glories of heaven, and on kindred subjects; simply tell the church she is an heir to more faith and love; wholesale the sins of the people, yet occasionally preach pointed and plain, but say little on those subjects advocated by men of one idea and heated imaginations, and you will have an influence with all classes, without which you can do but little good. All of which reasoning being more or less plausible, has a tendency to engage the attention for *weal* or *woe*.

2. *The crisis.* A critical period this in the history of the minister of the Lord Jesus. He has approached a crisis which will tell on the destinies of men to all eternity. When he first started out he did not see all that is involved in a call to the ministry. He did not think so much of results as he did about duty. But his fidelity to God has brought him to the diverging line at which so many switch from the path of duty. He now sees, as never before, the way of the popular and the unpopular minister. To the left are the multitude who are honored with titles, positions and applause, with a show of zeal and piety. To the right are the few among whom are a scarcity of D. D.'s that men make, and whose honors are the shame and scandal of the cross, but who possess a light heart, a clear conscience, a happy soul, and a burning zeal.

Here he halts. Oh, that halt! While he stands, the powers of darkness rally, angels hold their breath, and Satan whispers—take the left hand. Could the voice of one of the false prophets who shares the fate of Dives, reach his ear, he would say, with an emphasis befitting his doleful condition—*to the right! to the right!* But no such sound reaches his ear. He reasons not over an abstract view of theology, but over *duty*. He feels in his heart that the path to the right, in which are the few honored of God, is the only *safe* way. But as he turns his eyes to the left, he discovers a multitude of Divines. Cer-

tainly, he says, many of these I believe are good men. They preach great and good sermons, in theology are sound, and sometimes have revivals on their charges. Perhaps, after all, the difference between them and me is only an *opinion*, and if so, wherein exists the necessity of my being so irregular?

3. *The result.* Alas! he has made a wrong step. He is a *prisoner*. His associations change. The influence of formalism chills him. His spiritual vision begins to grow dim. His moral distinctions less discriminate. He begins to love the praise of men. His relish for truth, and searching meetings, is less keen than formerly, (fearful evidences of spiritual declension.) He does not glory in the cross with his former freedom of soul, but feels a shrinking from peculiarity and reproach, all of which, by a few efforts he vainly attempts to resist, and finally settles down into a state of self-complacency, and is no longer a spiritual preacher but a spiritual tinker of the gospel. No longer a body of life, but a body of death. Now begins the "slight healing" in all his work. Alas! how many are here. The Bible would not be complete without the book of Lamentations. Neither would our remarks be complete without inserting lamentations proper over the havoc the Devil makes with many who are divinely called to the work of the ministry. How many who when they reach the crisis fail to identify themselves in all particulars fully on the Lord's side. May the Lord help the writer and the reader to take, and faithfully pursue the path that Jesus trod.

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WHEN I look back, I rejoice to see what I have been saved from: when I look forward, it is all a pure expanse of unbounded love. Surely the power of heaven is love. "O love divine how sweet thou art!"—*Lady Maxwell*.

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WITHOUT holiness no man shall see the Lord.

## FINE CHURCHES.

*The Great Idea in the Church of Christ is not architectural or ritualistic splendor, but Spirituality.*

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

FROM the importance given to splendid church edifices, by most denominations, in these days, we might suppose that the way to heaven was up through a grand, cathedral-like building, and that the roar of organs, and the mouth twisting screams, known as opera singing, by which Watts, Wesley, and Toplady are killed outright in so many churches, every Sunday, were indispensable aids in a heavenward flight.

But the New Testament Church, as it came from the hands of Christ and his Apostles, was not done up in costly, elaborate, and grand architecture.

Under the Mosaic economy, when men were hardly half civilized, and were governed more by what they saw than by what they knew, an imposing temple became a very important part of the religious machinery by which man was to be lifted up out of the vale of ignorance and degradation, to a position in which he might comprehend real spiritual truths. Hence God was very particular about the construction of the temple. He gave to its builders the exact length, width, height, and directions that covered every square inch of its surface. Ignorant, rude people, who had little or no spiritual life within, were to be impressed by outward signs of the majesty and power of God.—And if any class of men now need fine churches to help them worship, they are those who were poor, ignorant, and uncultivated, but who, by selling soap or shoddy, became suddenly rich, and now being devoid of spiritual intelligence, know not how to worship God in spirit and truth.

But the Christian church needs no architectural, or ritualistic machinery, to carry men to heaven. It has two forces for this work—the Spirit and the Word. God alone is to be worshipped, and no idolatrous trappings are

to be set up between Him and the worshiper.

Hence we hear nothing in the New Testament about church architecture. Neither Christ, nor the Apostles tell us whether they had any churches or not; or if they had, whether they were square, oblong, or tube-like. But they are particular to tell us that they had the Holy Ghost. He fell upon them. He shook the place where they were assembled. They say much about the Holy Ghost. Nothing about church architecture. Not even one verse is written on that subject. Christians were not to be too particular about the place of worship. If the Holy Ghost came upon them, they could worship on the mountain, on the sea, in the desert, in an upper room in a private house, or in the caves and dens whither their enemies drove them. The church of the New Dispensation is not an architectural, ritualistic church, but a spiritual church. Nor does the latter need the former as conductors or channels.—These things pertained to the former dispensation, and most of the churches of this day are Mosaic rather than Christian—are moved by machinery rather than by the Spirit. Will not our fine Christians try to understand, that the church of the New Dispensation is a Holy Ghost church? Of course, we are to build church edifices—spacious, plain, commodious, nothing more. Sinful pride, and it alone, asks for more. Build so that the worshipers may have as little as possible to draw the mind away from God.

Costly churches swallow up money that might be put to a far better use. Is it right to expend five times as much on a church edifice as simplicity demands, when whole continents lie under the dense clouds of heathenism, and the work of their evangelization sadly drags for want of money?

Fine churches beget fine dressing among Christians, which is plainly forbidden in the word of God. Fine churches create caste among Christians, dividing the general church into rich and poor congregations, whereas the Bible says that in the church of

the Most High, "The rich and the poor meet together." It is said that the *rich men* will leave us, if we do not build fine churches. *Get them converted and keep them converted, and they'll stay.* Otherwise they had better go. Generally speaking, our rich men do not originate fine-church enterprizes. This work is commonly done by a cold-hearted, a backslidden, or thoughtless minister.

Jesus says, *rich men* will have a pretty hard time getting into the heavenly city, at the best. It would seem that their only chance to do so at all, is to remain in a real Christian society, whose members are noted for spiritual simplicity, and where the preaching is plain, direct, and *hot*.

The *cold*, accommodating preaching, commonly heard in *fine* churches, cannot cut away the camel's hump so that he can get through the eye of the needle.

It is said that if our church edifices are not fine and grand, our young people will leave us.

Well, suppose you do turn your churches into Sunday theatres, and *keep* the young people, what do you gain by it when the young people remain just as they were before? The young people in such societies are commonly the most worldly among the worldly. In them pride and vanity are personified.

Lose what we may, let us not destroy the church. We cannot be the true church, and a fashionable, fine-dressing, worldly-minded society, at one and the same time. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." It is said that refinement demands such edifices. No. *Refinement* is best satisfied with simplicity. *Shoddy* refinement must have big flowers, and glaring colors. The style of church architecture under consideration, *corrupts* the true spiritual sense. The latter needs nothing material to assist it. *The Word and the Spirit*—they are life.

Shall we ever see the church up to the true standard? When the Spirit shall be poured out on all flesh?—

When your "sons" and your "daughters," instead of being carried away by the world, "shall prophesy"? When your young men shall see "visions" and your "old men shall dream dreams" of holy things? When even the "*servants* and *handmaidens* shall prophesy"? If so, we must get out of, and keep out of, the gaudy things they are building in many places, under the name of churches. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

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### BEARING THE CROSS.

BY A. J. EDLIA.

BELOVEDS, Jesus says, "If any man will be my disciple, let him *deny* himself, take up his cross *daily*, and follow *me*." You are his, are you? Then you bear the cross he has for you to bear,—you follow him "withersoever he goeth;" but let me ask, if you *glory* in the cross, if it is more "than your meat and drink" to bear "your cross"—if you can say "I die daily,"—"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"? If you can, then you are not far from being *all* that God would have you to be,—then are you very near the great heart of Infinite love—then are you so abiding in the vine, that you are "bringing forth *much* fruit," and Christ is saying to you by his Spirit, and in his word, "If ye continue to abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye *will*, and it shall be *done* unto you."

O, then, what may we expect to see accomplished this present winter in answer to prayer? We may have a multitude scripturally convicted, and converted to God. "We may see the church coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her Beloved, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and *terrible* as an army with banners."

Already I hear the rumbling of the chariot wheels. The Master is coming. Glory to God in the highest! He whom ye seek "will come suddenly to his temple," and will abide with his people forever.

### THE CHURCH.

THE Church of Christ is a vast organization, with its own peculiar laws and designs, but so adapted as to take hold of the social sympathies and operate upon the masses, through all the interests of the public weal, the family relations, and the individual heart.— Thus it is vested with a power at once comprehensive and far-reaching. We are too much accustomed to regard the Church as a grand speciality, not only in its objects, but its influence. When we say that it is our sphere to promote the eternal interests of men, we utter a great truth, but one which, in the common acceptance, gives a too limited and one-sided view of the case. This is true perfectly, but we should recollect that this object is soonest and most successfully achieved by leaving the mystic regions of the future, and sitting beside the cottage hearth-stone, and walking throughout the realities of life, and with a heavenly evangelism sanctifying all the relations and all events to its own great end. It is thus that she is designed by duty, in a kind of miniature omnipresence, to appeal to man always, offering to him, within her sacred enclosure, a field for his sympathies elevating and God-like, a refuge of endearment and might in despondency and danger, and a perennial fountain of life to his thirsting soul. Consecration of effort and influence embodies the Christian spirit, and prepares it to grapple successfully with the mighty social evils of the world, and opens an avenue of access to the great heart of the people. No one can fail to perceive that such an organization possesses elements of power which, if properly developed, are of incredible strength. The very perversion of them in the hierarchies of Rome and Greece prove what their right use might become, in the hands of pure and wise leaders who would bend every purpose to the advancement of the cause. In speaking thus of the Church as a cognate society, we do not mean to intimate that she possesses any particular form by "divine right," but

that whatever her form, if faithful to her principles, the same elements exist, and if vitality is developed by exercise, the same influence goes out upon the world. But we have already anticipated a distinct remark of vast importance in this connection, viz: The unflinching energy of Truth! Truth is eternal, always operative, and always efficient to convict of its own existence. To disbelieve all truth were impossible; for it is the basis of all consciousness and knowledge. Hence the system which contains the greatest amount of truth, is best prepared to appeal to man's conscience or belief. And in the exact ratio of its truth, is its prospect of ultimate success. If then, it be all truth, final triumph is its destiny from the evolutions of its own diffusive and immortal essence. We suggest that herein is the great principle upon which is founded the prophetic annals of a world redeemed! As the first born child of Deity, Truth inherits her own eternal paternity, and though she has been left prostrate and bleeding upon many a battle-field, yet has she arisen from each, more tenable from her defeat, and more hopeful of final triumph. Thus shall it ever be. The majesty of all-conquering right belongs only to Truth! The spasmodic or raving efforts of error may for a time crown her with success, but heaven's own law of essential superiority will soon reverse the scene. Truth has won her from every age, and the deeper the darkness that has enshrouded the conflict, the brighter has gleamed the star which she has hung up on high, as a beacon of hope for those yet in the gloom of ignorance and error. Being indestructible, the essential element of strength in God's Church is eternal, because not only true but truth! "I am the way, the truth, the life." Another resource, and the chief dependence of the Church, is alliances with Deity! We are accustomed to estimate the value of human alliance by the relative position and standing of the proposed party, and the advantages that are likely to accrue to ourselves from the compact. Adopting the same standard in our present

subject, we scarcely know where to begin to give an appreciative view of this stupendous truth. But, waiving all comparative illustrations, let us analyze the relation, and thus judge in detail of what our minds are too feeble to grasp in the aggregate. An interest in the gracious provisions of the Gospel is one of the benefits of this alliance. The gracious provisions of the Gospel!—How sweetly does the sentence sound in the Christian ear! It is at once suggestive of all that is lovely, and desirable, and recommendatory in the religion of Christ. If there is aught in this religion to elevate the race, and bring back the forfeited blessings of man's state of innocence, it is included here. If there is a light streaming out across the dark moral desolations of a world in sin, presaging the dawn of a brighter and glorious day, its central ray emerges from this divine benefaction. If there is a power to quicken the dead sensibilities, and call out to new life the dormant energies of the child of earth, and point his aspirations to a purer clime, that power radiates from the cross of Christ. If there is a mighty comfort, which can traverse the waste places of earth, steal into the house of affliction, and soothe the dying spirit; sit beside the lone mourner in her bereavement, and whisper of a sympathizing Saviour, or strike from the harpstrings of God's providence some touching notes, that shall soften and subdue the chafed and maddened spirit of proud and disappointed man; in short if there is a response in the religion of the Saviour to every longing sympathy, and every helpless want of man, all, all, is found in the gracious provisions of his Gospel. More, *here* is pardon, and healing, and peace, and life, and hope, and joy, and heaven! What wonder, then, that an institution possessing all the advantages of social organization, mutual sympathy, union of effort, and with a grandeur of design and individuality of purpose worthy the conception of God, armed with weapons forged by Deity from truth's own mine, backed by treaty stipulations with the Infinite, and laden with

the weighty persuasiveness of Gospel provisions—what wonder, we say, that such an institution should unfold the banner of universal conquest, and summon the world to surrender to its claims!—*Gift of Power.*

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#### DEVELOPMENT.

IN Dr. Brainard's life of his ancestor, John Brainard, he relates the following incident, which is full of instruction to a certain class of otherwise hopeful ministers. Our experience and observation teach us that if a man will only turn his hand to the work that lies next to him, and give himself to it with a will, the Lord will take care of his development far better than he could himself, or all his friends. We once introduced a young minister to a missionary congregation in the suburbs of a great city. The people were highly pleased with him and invited him to settle among them. He came to consult me on the subject. As he was an unmarried man, he regarded the salary as adequate. He had no fault to find with the number, the attendance, or the attention and interest of the congregation. I urged him to give an affirmative answer. He hesitated. "I am afraid," said he, "it is not the place for me to develop myself," alluding to the plainness of the people. I replied: "It is an excellent place to develop the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—but I know not whether it is the place for you to develop yourself." He left the field, and has since "developed himself" by giving up the ministry. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." The little congregation, under the labors of better and purer men, has also "developed itself" into one of the most numerous, intelligent, affluent churches in the land. Are there not other young ministers corroding in idleness, rejecting difficult fields and waiting for a place to "develop themselves?"

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WE should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation.



### TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

CHRISTIAN parents do not generally expect their children to grow up pious. They believe that a religious education will, very likely, be highly beneficial to them in various ways; that it will restrain them from vice, and furnish their minds with valuable knowledge, and facilitate their conversion at a later period. But we seldom find a father or mother who really looks upon Christian education as a divinely-appointed means of grace, and as God's chosen agency for the salvation of their offspring. They pray that sanctifying, saving grace, may be showered down upon their babes, even before they can walk or speak; but, with a strange inconsistency, postpone all hope of receiving answers of prayer to a future period, distant by many years. They follow a theory which allows, and almost requires, a career in sin and impenitence, before a gracious state is attained. When the subject shall have been thus prepared for bitter repentance, they trust he will be arrested in his folly, and, under the influence of some prevalent, powerful religious excitement, brought to bow to the cross. The revival is the agency often looked to for a result which God proposes to accomplish by his blessing on Christian education. The theory will have years of transgression; the divine word would forstall all of their guilt and danger by training up the child in the way he should go—not that he may come into it at a mature age, but that he may walk in it all along, and never depart from it.

Upon this theory, then, which does not expect the result promised in the divine word, parents do not seek it nor work for it. The exertions which they actually put forth do by no means satisfy the idea of *training*. That involves the notion of patient, protracted, incessant effort; of earnest, trustful prayer; of effective, intelligible appropriating faith, of holy, emphatic example; of a gentle, warning, loving spirit; of an obedient, all embracing, and intense piety, which should trans-

form our homes into Bethels, and our hearths into holy, consecrated altars, upon which incense and peace-offerings shall blaze evermore. They err grievously who conclude that such results as are proposed by the theory here discussed would supercede revivals. They would beautify it with holiness. Influence, as powerful as the Pentecostal Spirit, would stream out on every side; and sinners, of whom charity itself has ceased to hope, would be penetrated by the moral power of a sanctified church. The "unlearned and the unbeliever," on coming into the presence of such a Christian congregation, would be compelled to recognize in the "still small voice" of its universal testimony, an authority more potent than the miracle of *tongues*. Convinced of all and judged of all, the secret of their hearts would be made manifest, "and so, falling down on their faces, they would worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth."—*Dr. Olin.*

### MAN'S DESTINY.

BY GEORGE BARNER.

MAN was made last of all the creatures, being the chief and master piece of the whole creation. In him something of the vegetable, animal, and rational world meet,—spirit and matter—yea, heaven and earth centre in him; he is the bond that connects them together. The constituent and essential parts of man are body and soul,—the one is of the earth, earthy, and subject to decay; the other is immortal, and destined to live forever. The soul is that vital, immaterial, active substance, or principle in man, whereby he perceives, remembers, reasons, wills, and acts.

Its immortality may be argued, first, from its vast capabilities, boundless desires, great improvements, dissatisfaction with the present state, and a desire of some kind of religion. Secondly, from the consciousness men have of sinning, their conscience approving when they do right, and condemning when they do wrong. Infidels have

treated this with contempt; it is nevertheless true. And some of their dying testimonies answer to the fact. I hear one saying at the close of a life of sin; "I am about to take a leap in the dark." Another says, "Hell itself would be a refuge if it would hide me from his frowns."

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. He was created for a higher and more noble sphere. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and then sink into nothingness. No, no! Else why the high and glorious aspirations, which, like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight throne" are so far above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? Why is it, when this mortal frame is locked in slumber, that there is a principle within that does not lie dormant with the body, but seems ever to be at work, grasping after something that is not finite? In short, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts?

The answer comes from the eternal world, the man is born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will never grow dim; but will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence. It is there that the longings of the soul will be satisfied, as she drinks of life's flowing river, plucking the golden fruit from life's fair trees, that grow on either bank of the stream, and be forever gazing on the untold beauties which surround that glorious region.

Brother man, thou art immortal, and destined to live forever. Arouse thyself to the subject of thy immortality! Art thou prepared for the change that awaits thee? If not, seek that preparation, by renouncing all your sins, and obtaining forgiveness of them by your heavenly Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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### COULD YE NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?

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WE are often in a great hurry in our devotions. How much time do we spend in them daily? Can it not be easily reckoned in minutes?

Probably many of us would be decomposed by an arithmetical estimate of our communion with God. It might reveal to us the secret of much of our apathy in prayer, because it might disclose how little we desire to be alone with God. We might learn from such a computation that Augustine's idea of prayer as "the measure of love" is not very flattering to us. We do not grudge time given to a privilege which we love.

Why should we expect to enjoy a duty which we have no time to enjoy? Do we enjoy anything which we do in a hurry? Enjoyment presupposes something of mental leisure. How often do we say of a pleasure, "I wanted more time to enjoy it to my heart's content." But, of all employments, none can be more dependent on "time for it," than stated prayer.

Fugitive acts of devotion, to be of high value, must be sustained by other approaches to God, deliberate, premeditated, regular, which shall be to those acts like the abutments of a suspension bridge to the arch that spans the stream. It will never do to be in desperate haste in laying such foundations. This thoughtful duty, this spiritual privilege, this foretaste of incorporeal life, this communion with an unseen Friend—can you expect to enjoy it as you would a repartee or a dance?  
—*The Still Hour.*

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Blessed is he that considers the poor.

## Editorial.

### DIVINE ENERGY.

Men accomplish little without energy. What is often called genius is but another name for industry. Apparent impossibilities yield to patient toil. It seems incredible that such a fine hive of honey could have been collected from millions of flowers by a swarm of bees! What trophies of toil do our railroads and canals, our cities and our farms exhibit! Men generally manifest a great deal of energy in securing for themselves worldly advantages. Does not the cause of God demand even greater industry and zeal? The pains we take to secure an object should be in proportion to its value, and the good which may be accomplished by it. To spend a day, in searching for a penny, would be folly, but if a costly diamond was lost, no one would be censured for spending days in endeavoring to recover it. All the diamonds of Golconda have no comparison to the worth of the soul. He who knew its capabilities and its value, asks the startling question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" If, then, the soul is of greater worth than the whole material creation, he who is laboring to save himself and others cannot be too much in earnest. Undue zeal in securing so mighty a result becomes impossible. In such a course, too extravagant an expenditure of effort is out of the question. The Holy Scriptures corroborate this view,

1 By explicit commands and exhortations. Our Saviour says: "*The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*"—Matt. xi: 12. Violence is earnestness multiplied and intensified. The kingdom of Heaven, when referring to the future, means the realms of glory; when referring to the present, it describes the religion that fits its possessor for the enjoyment of that region of purity.—To obtain this kingdom, our Saviour assures us that such pressing zeal must be habitually exhibited as to give one the character of a violent man,—one violently set, in his purpose to obey God. And to

gain Heaven even this class of persons must put forth all the effort of which, by nature and grace, they are capable. *The violent take it BY FORCE!* Does not this passage fully justify the startling assertion made by President Edwards, that—"Slothfulness in the cause of God, is as damning as open rebellion"!

St. Peter says: "*Wherefore the rather, brethren, GIVE DILIGENCE to make your calling and election sure.*"—2 Pet., i: 10. But diligence implies earnest, patient, persevering labor. We may be called and elected, yet through carelessness and inattention, all the advantages may be lost.

The only complaint that the ascended Jesus brought against the church at Laodicea was its want of zeal. *So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.* Yet a church to-day which possessed the precise qualifications which that one did, would be regarded as eminently respectable; and he who would dare to call in question its piety would be boldly denounced as utterly wanting in charity. Yet we see from this that lukewarmness, even though it be accompanied with a respectable life, and a high profession, and an evident sincerity, results in damnation. *Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable and poor and blind and naked.* Reader, is this thy character? Heed, then, the exhortation. *Be zealous, therefore, and repent.*

2. We see that great energy and zeal in the cause of God are demanded, by the examples which the Scriptures afford us.—See Moses. What a sacrifice of worldly prospects and worldly pleasures he made. What trials this meek man suffered from the almost constant backslidings and murmurings and fault findings of the people! And to be compelled, on account of the waywardness of those whom he was trying to benefit, to wander for forty years in the wilderness, yet he patiently endured all, *as seeing Him who is invisible.*

Look at St. Paul. What sacrifices he made, what hardships he voluntarily underwent in the cause of the Master! He gives us a little sketch of his career. "Of

the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils by sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."—2 Cor. xi: 24-28. Was this done for a large salary? Nay! "Even unto this present hour, we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labor, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day."—1 Cor. iv: 11-13. The saints of the Bible were not an effeminate, enervated, self-indulgent, worldly-conforming class, boasting of their great wealth, and their refinement. They were tremendously in earnest.

3. Energy and zeal in the cause of God, properly put forth, insure success. The best directed human efforts often fail of securing their object. Providential interpositions sometimes thwart the best laid plans, prosecuted with the greatest vigor. Napoleon was determined to conquer Russia.—He could mow down her hosts; but when God sent forth his ice-like morsels, he could not stand before his cold. His superhuman efforts were worse than wasted. They resulted in his overthrow. But energy and devotion in the cause of God never fail.—Said one who was familiar with obstacles such as we never encounter, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv: 58. Proper effort in the cause of God is never wasted. The ultimate end, the salvation of the soul, is certain to be gained. Whether men profit by our efforts as they should, or not, our own reward is sure. "Whoso giveth a cup

of cold water in my name," whether it result in good or harm, "he shall in no wise lose his reward." But good will be accomplished. God affirms it. "My word," he declares, "shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that whereto it was sent." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Many who profess to be working for God do not succeed, because they do not merit success. Some are not working for God at all. They labor for a salary and to gain a reputation. Take away their salary, and you hear nothing more of them. Instead of doing good, they are a positive injury to any religious society where they reside. Their efforts to promote the cause of God consist, mainly, in finding fault. Others are indolent. They are spiritual drones. Unless they find honey in the hive, they starve. They never gather any. They must have a good church and congregation to "sustain themselves." Send them where Christ is not named but in blasphemy, and they could do nothing. They hardly attempt it. They soon give up in discouragement. They would never think of succeeding in any worldly enterprise if they conducted it as languidly as they labor in the cause of God.

This is a stirring age. Old and young are occupied either by pleasure or by business. Excitement rules the hour. He who would gain the attention of the people to the subject of religion, must be in earnest. The best talent will not secure a hearing for laziness. The habitually lazy man will fail as a minister; and as a Christian he will fail of gaining heaven.

Would you have this divine energy which is so necessary for your success? Look the matter over. See how absolutely important it is for your welfare. Without it, damnation is certain. There can be no mistake about this assertion. Half heartedness for God, ensures total destruction of soul and body. By failing to put forth sufficient effort to gain the prize, you lose the effort you make. Arouse from the idle dream of being

"Carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."  
What a miss it will be, to miss Heaven, and

that through indolence. You must stir yourself. Repent before God for your apathy in so blessed a cause. Implore forgiveness until you once more feel, if you have ever felt, the joys of pardon. This will put within you the motive of a new life. Seek now the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and of fire. This will give you all the energy and go-aheadativeness that your body can stand up under. No matter how slow you are, this will set you in motion. If you are a preacher you will have no difficulty in getting around to your appointments, or in going from house to house, to persuade men to become reconciled to God. There will be power and warmth in what you say. If you are a private member it will make you diligent in every good word and work.

Now, beloveds, do arouse yourselves.—This is no time to slumber. Eternity is at hand. You have a great work to do, and the time to do it in is short. Double your diligence—and then double it again.—Brighten up your armor. Rub off the rust. Become valiant for the truth. *Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

### SPIRITUALISM.

This latest manifestation of devilism cannot be held in too great abhorrence. To the testimony we gave last month as to its true character we add the following from Dr. Randolph. He was for years a prominent spiritualist medium, and traveled extensively both in this country and in Europe for its propagation. He has publicly renounced it, and speaks as follows concerning its character.

"For nearly ten years I have been seeking rest for my weary soul. But rest came not until I found it at the family altar, surrounded by those whom, in the delirium of mad philosophy, I thought were not for me, but whom I subsequently found dearer, nearer, truer than all the world beside. . . .

Spiritualism is all eye and head; no soul or heart; all intellect, no emotion; all philosophy, and no religion; all spirit, no God! And even the social, reformatory movement has dwindled down into *prostitution nurseries!*

I enter the arena as the champion of common sense against what, in my soul, I believe to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals, and religion that ever found foothold on the earth—the most seductive,

hence most dangerous form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age or people.

I was a medium about eight years, during which time I made three thousand speeches, and traveled over several different countries, proclaiming the new Gospel, I now regret that so much excellent breath was wasted, and that my health of mind and body was well nigh ruined. I have only begun to regain both since I totally abandoned it, and to day had rather see the cholera in my house than be a spiritual medium. . . .

After embracing Harmonial Philosophy, (and my experience is that of thousands,) I sought to be a medium, made experiments, and obtained my wish. Better had I found my grave! The rapping and other phenomena followed me, produced, as I then thought, by good human spirits. These were soon succeeded by the trance condition, to which I became subject, and the moment I yielded to that seductive influence, I ceased to be a man, and became a mere automaton, at the mercy of a power I believe to be demoniac, but which others accept as progressive spiritual, but which they cannot prove to be such, try as they may. Mind, I do not say that it is not so, but aver that not the faintest proof can be adduced that it is so! As a trance-speaker I became widely known; and aver that during the entire eight years of my mediumship, I firmly and sacredly confess that I had not the control of my own mind, as I now have, one-twentieth of the time; and before man and high Heaven I most solemnly declare that I do not believe that during the whole eight years I was sane for thirty-six consecutive hours, in consequence of the trance and susceptibility thereto. I would have lucid intervals an hour or two at a time, until the next circle. During these rational periods I would, in words, assert myself, my manhood, and not unfrequently denounce the spirits, and then in the very next circle, in trance, retract it all; and for this I obtained the reputation of inconsistency, and having no "balance wheel." I frequently resolved to break my fetters, but some good natured miracle-seeker would persuade me to sit in a circle just once more, in order that some great defunct, Napoleon, Caesar, Franklin, or Mohammed might, through my lips, give his opinion on the subject, and edify some dozen or so with metaphysical moonshine and transcendental twaddle. I would consent "just to oblige," and then good bye reason, sanity adieu, common sense farewell! Like the reformed inebriate, who, so long as he tastes not, is safe from the destroyer, but who is plunged into a deep misery the instant he yields to the tempting "one glass more," so the medium. Nothing can rescue him or her but the hand of God, who is "mighty to save." It pleased him to reduce me to the

zero of human woe, that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning. Had he not vouchsafed this great mercy, the probability is, that instead of trying to serve him, and atone for the mistake of a lifetime, I should still be wandering up and down the capitals of Europe and Asia in the accomplishment of my "spiritual destiny and mission," desperately intent on converting Ferdinand, Louis Napoleon, the King of Delhi, Nasr-oo-deen, and the Grand Turk; for I believed that I was heaven-sent to save humanity in general, and crowned heads in particular. Disease cut short my labors in that line; I was kindly cared for. This demoniacal phase of Spiritualism deprived me of reason, led me from my home and duties, caused me to squander in world-roving, a sum more than sufficient to have rendered my family comfortable for life. Now all my efforts can scarcely furnish the homeliest fare, and the second act of the drama concluded with a fearful crime. In a moment of despair, during that terrible madness, with dreadful intent, I severed the blood-vessels of both arms in four places. Chance led a man to approach me ere the lamp of life had quite gone out, and by superhuman exertions I was saved. All this I charge to Demonism and the infernal doctrines taught by many invisibles, be they spirits or devils. During my greatest illness I was attended by a physician who understood my case, who forbade me to think, or act of or in Spiritualism, but to look to God for that aid and comfort which he alone can give, and to attend the preaching of his Gospel by God's preacher in the woods and fields. I followed his advice, gradually regained my health of mind and body, for which his name be praised. The result of my illness was, that I became convinced that however scientific Spiritualism, as operative on my own soul, might do to live by, it would never do to die by. The anti-Bible, anti-God, anti-Christian Spiritualism, I had perfectly demonstrated to be subversive, unrighteous, destructive, disorderly, and irreligious; consequently to be shunned by every true follower of God and holiness. I had not, for ten years, seen a happy day prior to my conversion. In the extremity of my woe I called on spirits for aid, but no spirits came to my assistance. Reduced to the verge of horror and despair, I called on that God whom I had, in the insolent pride of intellect, so often derided. I believe my prayer was answered, my understanding opened, my body healed, reason restored, mind comforted, and my trembling feet set, as I believe, on the Eternal Rock of Ages.

"For seven years I held daily intercourse with what purported to be my mother's spirit. I am now fully persuaded that it was nothing but an evil spirit and infernal demon, who in that guise gained my confi-

dence and led me to the very brink of ruin. . . . A. J. Davis and his clique of Harmonialists say there are no evil spirits. I emphatically deny the statement. Five of my friends destroyed themselves, and I attempted it, by strict spiritual influences. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by mortal movers of viewless beings! Adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, prostitution, abortion, insanity, are not evil, I suppose! I charge all these to this scientific Spiritualism. . . . It has banished peace from happy families, separated husbands and wives, and shattered the intellects of thousands. . . . Harmonialism robs God of personality, converts him into a rarified gas, "many million times finer than electricity," [!] according to Davis, and elevates Reason to the throne of the universe, by deifying the human intellect. God, Nature, Love, Panthea, rarified gas, sublimate oxygen and ether are by this lexicon convertible term—and essences! . . . Let me briefly recapitulate my estimate of Pantheistic, radical, popular Harmonialism. It is godless, non-religious, opposed to the Bible, and all ecclesiastical organizations. It is subversive of human dignity and public morals; is destructive of all we hold most dear and cherish most sacredly. It robs us of faith in Christ without giving us a substitute. It robs us of our refuge of religion, cultivates the intellect at the expense of the heart. It is a masked monster—all brain and no body. . . . You will be led on, step by step, on and on, and only stop at—ruin. Resist its dreadful magnetism, for your very susceptibility proves you incompetent to deal with it with safety to yourselves. . . . Resist them with all your strength, relying on God for perfect salvation, never forgetting that he helps those who help themselves. Rely on him."

GIVE FULL DIRECTIONS.—In writing on business do not fail to give, in a plain hand, your name, Post Office, and State. If an old subscriber, give the name of the person to whom it is sent. If it is sent in the name of the wife, do not give the name of the husband, without notice. How can we know that the two names belong to the same family?

Occasionally we receive a letter—like one before us—containing money for a subscription, with no name of person or place whatever. The post mark is so indistinct, as is generally the case, that we cannot even tell the State! Of course that person cannot be properly credited. May they have grace not to be tried with us for our supposed carelessness.

## FREE CHURCHES.

From what source is the authority derived to make merchandise of the House of God? Was it not solemnly and publicly dedicated to his service? Why then should the Trustees make *the right* of any one to worship God *there* depend upon his ability to rent a seat? When land is set apart to the Commonwealth for a highway, the beggar has the same right to travel upon it that the heaviest tax-payer has. The courts will protect him in this right, if need be. Is the State more liberal to its unfortunate citizens than God is to his poor children? Such an assertion would be blasphemous. "*Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?*" Jas. ii: 5. Does this look like pushing the poor one side, into a back seat, or into the gallery? "Chosen ones" are not slighted by those who invite them to share their hospitalities. "Heirs of a kingdom" are not, even in this democratic country, sent off to the galleries. Are not the fashionable churches of the day open to the charge which St. James makes. **BUT YE HAVE DESPISED THE POOR?** Array yourself in decent, plain, cheap apparel, indicative of poverty, and then go to fashionable churches where you are not known, and you will soon find out whether or not the poor are despised.

This selling out and renting pews has no countenance whatever in the Bible. It is unscriptural, unchristian, and absurd.—Those who practice it need to learn the first principles of the Gospel of Christ. He who lends this system his sanction, may talk of entire consecration to God, but it is evident that he knows nothing of the matter. *Will a man rob God?*

**OUR ENGRAVING.**—We have concluded to defer, till the July number, our annual engraving. We do this for two reasons. First, they charge us more than they ever did before; but prices are falling, and we hope to get it done for less in July than we can get it done for now. Secondly, we are at present short of funds. We design to give our readers, in July, an engraving worth, at least, half the subscription price for a year.

## A WORD FROM MEADVILLE.

The good Lord in great mercy saves me this morning. I realize that "It is the blood that maketh atonement for my soul." I praise God for an "Earnest Christianity," a salvation from sin. I want to say to my beloved brothers and sisters, who with me passed through the trials of 1858 to 1861, that I occupy the same stand-point I did on the Bergen Camp Ground, June, 1859." I can endorse no other. Give me the teachings of God's word, without the traditions of men. The Lord is graciously reviving his work in the hearts of some of his children. We are having some excellent meetings. God is setting some of his "little ones" free, and if any of us would be free, we must come down from our "high places" and become "little children." The Methodist Episcopal Church in this place has a large membership. God has sent them a man of God to minister to them in holy things. So far, they have treated me with great kindness, and I rejoice that some of them are pressing into the "Land of Rest." Some have come so near that they "smell the fruit," and very soon they will taste. I intend to stand hard by the Cross. The Lord graciously grant unto the Free Methodist Church, humility, and a steadfast hold upon the *sure* word of God.

S. K. J. CHEESEROUGH.

## MONEY BY MAIL.

We are losing, this season, more money than usual through the mails. Will our friends do all they can to guard us against losses in this way? *If possible*, procure a Post Office order on this office, or a draft on New York, payable to our order, at our expense. Either of them is perfectly safe. If they are stolen, as they are sometimes, none but ourselves can get the money. A little delay is the only inconvenience.

We give credit to our subscribers on the cover of the next number after the money is received. If you do not find yourself properly credited, or if the books you ordered for new subscribers do not come as they should, do not get out of patience with us. Write us again, after waiting a reasonable length of time, giving all the particulars. We are neither dishonest nor careless. We do the best we can to make everything right.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

**HINTS ON COMMON POLITENESS.** We have received from the Publisher, D. C. Colesworthy, Antique Book Store, Boston, a neat copy of this really excellent work. This is by far, the best treatise on this subject we ever saw. It does not attempt to teach one how to put on the airs of a false gentility. It is not a book of that sort. The object is well stated by the Author. "In this little work we have endeavored to throw out hints, so that all who read may be induced to pursue that course, and practice those virtues, which will make them better citizens, better members of society, better Christians, and what is of far more importance, enable them so to conduct in every department of life, as to prepare them for the society of the 'just made perfect,' when this fleeting season of existence is passed."

We should be glad to see it in every family, and in every Sabbath School Library in the land.

**THE NEW YEAR.**—We wish you, dear reader, a happy new year! Remember that holiness and happiness are inseparable. A holy soul cannot be wretched—a sinful one cannot be happy. Let us then repent of our past unfaithfulness, consecrate ourselves anew to God to live wholly for him. Let HOLINESS TO THE LORD be our motto.

**DYING TESTIMONY.**—Our dear sister, MARY DEMPSEY, is with the Lord. She left us October 2d, 1866, in the 29th year of her age. She was one of the noble women of America who gave their husbands to the service of their country in its recent fearful struggle. For several years she led a life of entire devotion to God, and most of that time enjoyed the witness of Perfect Love. The storms of persecution raged fearfully around her at times, but amidst them all she evinced a meek and quiet spirit. Her death was triumphant. "Praise Jesus!" were the last words that fell from her lips. May the Lord sustain and comfort her afflicted companion in this hour of trial.

D. W. THURSTON.

## THE LOVE FEAST.

REV. WM. M. PARRY.—I feel that Jesus saves me now, bless his Holy name. I know that I have fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost. I love all of God's saints. I am walking in the light of his countenance—his blood does cleanse this poor heart of mine from all sin. Glory be to God in the highest! I have the anointing that abideth. It enables me to rejoice in tribulation also, and to count it all joy when I fall into divers temptations, knowing that my Heavenly Father permits these things for my good. My little all is on God's altar, to do and to suffer his righteous will. I expect to end this war down by the river side. Oh glory, hallelujah!

*White Haven, Pa.*

J. O. BEARDSLEY.—I want to say a word for Jesus. I feel that he saves me this present moment. Bless his holy name! The Lord has raised up a band of living witnesses here for Jesus who enjoy the blessing of holiness, and love the narrow way. This work is going on here,—glory to Jesus for this thorough work! My soul is all on fire for the kingdom. I want to meet you in glory,—good bye!

*Oil City, Pa.*

MISS ANN VANOCKER.—This morning my soul is filled with praise to God. The language of my poor heart is, glory to God for salvation,—yes, free, full, and present salvation! I can find no words that will begin to express it; but bless the Lord, I know I have it. Yes, I have the witness of the Spirit of the living God, of this salvation, which is like a well of water in my heart, springing up into everlasting life.

*Centerville, N. Y.*

MRS. JOHNSON.—I want to cast in my testimony on the side of the truth, that Jesus has power to save from all sin. Yes, glory to his name, he saves this hour. He is my satisfying portion. Hallelujah! I never, felt such a need of standing straight for Jesus as I do at this time, when formalism prevails to such an extent. Truly I am journeying to a better land where no storms arise.

*Wilson, N. Y.*