

# The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JANUARY, 1870.

## RENEW THE BATTLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Nothing palsies the arm like discouragement. It makes the strongest weak, the boldest cowardly. He who faints will fail. Let a panic seize an army, and its overthrow is sure to follow. When Peter thought he could walk upon the water, the water was as solid ground beneath his tread; but when his heart failed him, he began to sink.

Discouragement is a common sin among Christians. It leads to greater sins. It is often the first fiery dart hurled by the Wicked One against the child of God; and if he fails to receive it upon the shield of faith, but lets it pierce his flesh, and rankle there, his defeat is certain. Hence the Word of God abounds in exhortations to the saints to be full of courage. *Be strong; quit yourselves like men. We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but we have received the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness.*

Discouragement often arises from the failure of God to interpose in behalf of His servants, when they seem

to need His help the most. He appears to hide himself, and leave them alone. The saints have always had trouble, as well as other men. Abraham was a friend of God; but nevertheless, he was a wanderer the most of his days. Job was a perfect and an upright man; but misfortune overwhelmed him. Paul was as zealous and as faithful in His Master's service as a man could be; yet he says, *We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.* He suffered from the want of food and clothing, when God could readily have supplied both. He had to turn aside from his great work of soul-saving, and labor with his own hands, to procure the necessaries of life for himself and those that were with him, when a miracle could have readily supplied all their wants, and, as we would suppose, at the same time have carried conviction to the minds of his enemies, that he was sent of God. You must not, then, be faint-hearted because deliverance does not come at the time, or in the manner that you ex-

pected. It will surely come in God's own time, and in God's own way. For it is written, I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU NOR FORSAKE YOU.

Discouragement often arises from the failure of those upon whose co-operation we depended. We thought we knew them, and we felt certain that they were true. And so they were, for a time. But when the hour of trial came, they failed. It seemed as though we could not possibly get along without their assistance; and when it was withheld, Satan told us "there was no use in trying longer. Nobody could be depended upon." Thus Jesus was often left alone. His timorous disciples forsook him and fled. Appearances were so strong against Paul, when he was arraigned before Nero, that no man stood with him, but all his friends forsook him. Yet he says, *Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and comforted me.* You must learn not to put your trust in men, not even in the princes of Israel. God can be depended upon; and men can be depended upon in the work of God, just so long as His Spirit dwells in them, and no longer.

Some faint in the work of God, because they are not at heart really and fully consecrated to His service. Almost unconsciously to themselves, some selfish motive is at the bottom of their apparent devotion. Perhaps, like Jehu, they have a zeal for the Lord, because like him they hope, to a greater or less extent, to rule his people. Or perhaps, like Judas, they follow the Master because He permits them to carry the bag. If their ambition or their avarice has been disappointed, they seek an opportunity to betray the cause they

espoused with so much warmth. They have too much pride to forsake the cause alone. So they watch for some plausible pretext to sow the seeds of disaffection in the minds of others, and take as many with them as possible, and thus turn their shame into glory. He who seeks for a plausible pretext to desert the cause of God, can always find one. The remedy for discouragement from this cause, must be applied within. There must be a hearty and an unreserved consecration of all to God, a fixed and an unswerving determination to cleave to Him through all difficulties, or you will never get thro' to glory.

Many who are thus consecrated, who honestly mean to do God's will, become discouraged because Satan has, at times, gained an advantage over them. To drive over a road where the ruts are deep requires constant care if you would avoid occasionally falling into them.—To live where you drink in, at every breath, an atmosphere of worldliness will demand a prayerful vigilance, to never give way to a love of display, or ease, or self-indulgence. If Satan can get you to take one step in the wrong direction, he will then tell you it is of no use for you to try to be right. He assures you that your defeat is certain, and that you may as well give up at one time as another. The course commonly taken with transgressors seems like paying a premium for crime. Let a professed Christian depart a little from the strict standard of morality and he is at once shunned as a leper, as though there were no mercy for him—let him go the whole length of crime and deliberately murder a fellow-being, and he is visited in his cell by Christian

ladies of high standing—ministers vie with each other to become his spiritual advisers, and upon any signs of penitence, pray him from the scaffold to Heaven. Why should those who thus swallow the camel strain at the gnat? If God is willing to forgive the greatest offences is he not also willing to forgive lesser ones? If there is one lesson that Jesus impresses upon his disciples more forcibly and frequently than another, it is that they should be forbearing and forgiving toward one another.

If from any cause you have become discouraged, now is the time to renew the battle. It will not do to lie down and die. Heaven and hell are just before you. It is not too late yet to avoid the one and gain the other.

God is long suffering,—not willing that any should perish. Come to Him in true penitence, and with sincerity of heart, and cast yourself anew upon His mercy in Jesus. Be determined at all hazards, and at all sacrifices, to go through. Take the light He has given you in other days, and begin to walk in it. Look to God to sanctify you—soul, body, and spirit—and to preserve you blameless unto His coming.—  
FAITHFUL IS HE WHO CALLETH YOU,  
WHO ALSO WILL DO IT.

#### INJURIOUS EFFECT OF TOBACCO.

"Doctor," we said to a splendid specimen of the profession, "tell us something about the baneful effects of tobacco."

"Its effects, sir," he replied, "are evil, and only evil, and that continually; and it is a perfect mystery, that gentlemen of my profession care so little, do and know so little about a poison that is doing mischief at so terrible a rate."

"Sir," the doctor continued, "I was

on a council of physicians the other day, on the borders of this town; the patient was a young man prostrated by paralysis; he was deprived of the use of his lower limbs, from the abdomen to the toe. We overhauled him; we withdrew and talked about antecedents and probable causes, and came to no satisfactory conclusion. Dissatisfied and impatient, I inquired of the attending physician whether the poor fellow used tobacco.

"O, no," he replied, 'I guess not;,' and with an air of nonchalance, added, 'What if he does? that can have nothing to do with his case.'

"I did not ask you," I replied, 'about the effects of tobacco, but simply if the patient used it.'

"Gruffly he said, 'Go and see.'

"Stepping to his bedside, I said, 'My young friend, do you use tobacco?'

"With a squeaking voice, more cat-like than human, he said, 'I use a little.'

"How do you use it?" 'I smoke a little.' 'Did you smoke this morning?' 'Yes, a little.' 'Did you smoke at noon?' 'Yes, a little.'

"Before I quit his side, I ascertained that he had actually consumed sixteen cigars a day; and the poor fellow's soul was so obfuscated by smoke that he considered that prodigious amount but a little!

"This," continued the doctor, "may seem strange; but the strangest thing of all, is the fact that his attending physician,—regular and well-bred,—did not know, in the first place, that his patient used tobacco; and secondly, if he did, he did not know that a rank and deadly poison could have anything to do with his case."

We are indebted to the medical profession for the most effective testimony against this most popular poison; hence we have no wish to arraign it and denounce it in wholesale style. But account for it as we may, on the score of selfishness or ignorance, the main body of the profession are mournfully derelict in duty touching the ruinous effects of this great and fashionable narcotic.—  
*Am. Baptist.*

## “LOVEST THOU ME?”

BY J. T. JAMES.

YES, this is the great question. Do I love the Lord Jesus with a real, earnest love of the heart? It matters not how full my head may be of thoughts of him: nor how full my hands may be of works for him, the “one thing needful,” I see more and more, is to have the entire affections of the heart centred upon Christ. It is a deep, earnest, faithful, sacrificing love for Jesus. It is to love him whom the Father calls his “well beloved Son.” In the question he asked Peter, and asks e, we see the first and important thing is love. “Lovest thou me?” “Feed my sheep.”

In the house at Bethany he taught this same lesson, one full of precious truth for the heart, that no amount of zeal for Christ can atone for a lack of love for him.—Luke x. 38-42. The labor of Martha provided food for the body of Christ. The conduct of Mary afforded food for the heart of Christ. And how many husbands sit at tables well supplied with food by a diligent wife, while all the while the heart is yearning for that affection which she never seems to feel. Jesus was in Martha's house seeking for love, and not bread. And when he comes to thy house, dear reader, he comes for love, for thy heart. The wants of Jesus occupied Martha's hands. The love of Jesus filled Mary's heart. Mary got her heart right, and in due time was found rendering service most fragrant to the Lord. Compare Mark xiv. 3-9, and John xii. 1-8. Here was service that was unrebuked, yea defended from the rebuke of others. The state of heart that prompted such service, and the Lord's appreciation of such service, may be gathered from the command to his disciples.—Mark xiv. 9. And it is a question well worth our study, why did Christ enjoin such mention of this woman's action? Yes, to the heart that can open the lesson of the Alabaster Box, there will be given much “very precious ointment.”

Another significant thing in this connection is, why did Jesus appear first, after his resurrection, unto Mary Magdalene?—Mark xvi. 9. Because “she loved much.”—Luke vii. 47. It was the heart of the woman that loved him most that he comforted first.—John xx. 11-18. What blessedness there is in this for the heart that loves the Lord! How comforting to those who can do no more than love, or else like the poor widow, give him their “two pence,” “all their living.” Yes, it is love that Jesus seeks.—Prov. xxiii. 20. It is love that Jesus defends.—John xii. 7. It is love that Jesus comforts.—John xx. 16. It is love that Jesus rewards.—Mark xiv. 9.

There is much that passes for love to Christ that is merely a love for “the things of Christ.” We see this in the history of Mephibosheth and Ziba, two characters that will well repay the heart to study, inasmuch as these are among “the things written for our ensamples.” Ziba got “the land,” the thing he wanted, and doubtless went away to farm it, II Sam. xvi. 4, as we see him coming to meet David again after things were decided in his favor.—II Sam. xix. 16, 17. But Mephibosheth showed what he loved, even the king himself, and not his land.—II Samuel xix. 24-30. He continued to “eat at the king's table,” II Sam. ix. 13, and to look upon the king's face, and listen to the king's voice. It was to be near the king's person that Mephibosheth most desired. It is well to remember this in a day when so many are turning Ziba—greeting the presence of the king, and going to farming, professing of course to be desirous to do as Ziba did, II Sam. xvi. 1, 2, to give the Lord of their substance. There has been a wonderful scattering of late among Christ's followers, each man going to his farm, or his secular business of some sort, to have substance for the King's use. But the King has more need of hearts to love him, and feet to follow him, in this day, than hands at a distance working for him. It is well indeed when we

combine these things, like the women of Galilee, who left their homes and followed Jesus unto the cross, ministering to him of their substance.—Matt. xxvii. 35. Jesus wants followers first, —Matt. iv. 19, and then ministry.

So it is one thing to love and seek Jesus' gifts; it is another to love and seek himself. Some Christians are like beggars, always looking for alms. But others go to their Lord and say—

Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be given.

Jesus gave me remission of sins, and the joy consequent. But I fell into the snare of thinking more of the gift than of the giver. I was more anxious to feel happy than anything else. Hence my heart became restless. Then Jesus told me to take his yoke upon me and learn of him. And I found rest to my soul, in love for him to whom I was yoked for life.—Ruth was satisfied awhile with the gifts of Boaz, the gleanings of his fields, and the meat and drink of his table. But I reckon she lost her heart to the gentle Boaz. At least she was not at "rest" as her mother-in-law stated iii. 1, nor did she "find rest" until she had taken Boaz's yoke upon her. She received first of his gifts, but did not rest until she had his hand and heart. Boaz redeemed her land, and then married her. In Boaz she had redemption first, and then union. And so have we in our Boaz if we will.

Christian reader, what art thou doing? Is it only "the beginning of barley harvest" with thee?—Ruth i. 22. Art thou "gleaning" yet in the field?—ii. 3—here and there finding a "handful"—but only a handful?—ii. 16. Wilt thou be satisfied with "handfuls" of wheat, when the Lord of the harvest is thy "near kinsman"?—iii. 9. Art thou eating and drinking with the servants, ii. 14—when thou mayest sit at the table with the Master himself?—iv. 10. Is Jesus thy redeemer?—Then what did he "purchase" thee for but "to be his wife"?—iv. 10. Why did Jacob toil so hard to redeem the lovely Rachel from her father's claim

upon her? Because he loved her and wanted to make her his wife.

But the wife is not idle. She continues to labor, but with this difference: before, she toiled as a servant—now she serves as a wife. Before, she labored to get something,—a subsistence as in Ruth—now she works because she has something. The service that flows from union is the true service, and the service that Jesus wants. Then, O ye gleaners, choose ye this day how ye will serve? Will you be gleaners still, or will you seek union with your Lord, and then serve him as the wife in Prov. xxxi. 11–28? Did Peter neglect his Master's sheep, through love for his Master? No more than the wife neglected "her household?"—Prov. xxxi. 15, through love of her husband. "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."—Prov. xxxi. 15. Yea, her husband knows her love, and therefore his heart "doth safely trust in her."—xxxii. 11.

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THERE is an immeasurable distance between the genuine and the spurious Christian. The genuine Christian may be weak, wild, eccentric, fanatical, faulty; but he is right-hearted; you find "the root of the matter" in him. The spurious Christian is the most dangerous of men, and one of the most difficult to deal with. You see what he is, but you find it almost impossible to keep clear of him. He will seek your acquaintance in order to authenticate his own character—to indorse his own reputation; but avoid him. His errors and vices will be assigned to the church, by an indiscriminating world. There is less danger in associating with worldly people by profession, and more tenderness to be exercised toward them. St. Paul teaches us the distinction.—I Cor. v. 9–11.—*Cecil*.

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No blunder or crime is more common than that of making excellent feelings, which were indulged as luxuries, but were not made the incentives and aids to the performance of duty.

## THE HEALING OF THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

BY RUTH FREEMAN.

I sit down to tell the public, and especially the friends of Jesus, how I found the plan of the Lord in the healing of my body, and in holiness of heart.

When I was converted, I saw, as in a vision, the Three. Glory be to God! To my shame, be it said, I departed from the Lord through slothfulness, and was smitten with total blindness, which continued for one year and six months. I was taken with sickness at the same time, and confined to my bed. All this scourging came upon me because I departed from the Lord.

During this time I had no evidence that the Lord regarded me until there was a purpose formed to take me to the poor house. Then I leaned my whole weight upon the Lord, and said, "I hope and trust that they won't take me to the poor house." They drove up to take me, but the Lord frustrated their purpose, and they did not do it; and this was the first time after my departure from God, that I felt he heard me. I said, "Thank God!" This was on Saturday. On the next Sabbath morning I concluded to make the first prayer. It was this. "O Lord, forgive me my past offences, and heal me of my blindness, and I will ever serve thee." This I made my constant prayer. In two weeks I could tell day light from darkness. My faith was getting quite strong.

It was Dr. Logan who came to take me to the poor house. He said when he went away that he would send me some medicines, but he did not do it. Glory be to God, I was not without help, for God had pity on me, and answered my continual prayer to that degree that I could arise from my bed and walk once a day to a cherry tree in the garden where I prayed. In going and coming I kept my hands before my face, parting the tall bushes, and protecting my eyes.

After some time the Doctor called again, and finding me so much better than when he left me, he said he would call Dr. Stephens to wait upon me; and so he did.

Dr. Stephens came occasionally and left medicine, but my husband was not at all particular how he gave it to me, and I grew much worse. The Doctor seeing this, took away the medicine and would leave no more for me for fear of bad results through lack of care in their administration. I was left almost without friends, or clothes, or food, often suffering from hunger, and my children, who were small, were hungry too. I often studied and meditated upon Job. I seemed to be like him afflicted of God, and forsaken by all men. I even heard one woman say, "Let her die, we can do without her."

After awhile I was removed to another house, being carried upon a feather bed, through the streets, by four men. At this time a friend said she would call to my aid a Doctor, from Wheeling Hills, who had no skill in medicine whatever, but who prayed with the sick and administered medicines, and used means, or not, according to the dictation of the Spirit of the Lord. My friends told him that he could do nothing for me. I had an aunt who told him that if he brought me up from that sick bed, she should consider it as if one were raised from the dead. He replied, "Nothing is impossible with God. We will see what we can do for her." When he looked upon me, he said, "You are very bad. It is a pretty hard case, but I will try and see, in and through the Lord, what can be done for you." My nose was swollen to be nearly as large as a man's fist, my face was a mass of corruption, and I could feel matter running down my neck from my face and eyes. So you observe my case was very bad, eyesight gone, prospect of death before me, and no hope of heaven. What I felt no tongue can tell.

Dr. Paton said to me I want you to be frequent in prayer. I want you to pray steady that the Lord would bless

the means. I said, "I will;" but I did not know the meaning of the word "frequent." He then turned to my husband and told him to dig clay, yellow clay, one foot under ground, heat it on a shovel, put it between two cloths, and lay it on my eyes. He took pieces of brown paper; I do not know what was on them, but I have been told it might be caustic; I do not know.—Whatever it was, he passed the pieces of paper over his lips and tongue, spitting upon them, and pressed them to my arms between my elbow and shoulder. After holding them on a little while, he took them off, and put on plantain leaves, directing that fresh ones be put on as often as necessary, and then walked out. The effect of this upon my arms was like fire, until it had eaten to the bones, attended by a considerable discharge of matter.—After a time, while the dressing was being removed, a large black piece of corrupted flesh came out. For a time the clay upon my eyes was heated as often as it got cold, and afterward only at night. (When I was nearly well if my eyes felt weak and bad, I would put on the clay again, and find relief in doing so.) I felt more and more like praying, and grew better, and better. In about four weeks I could sit up and talk, go to the cupboard, sweep, and do a great many things.

About this time, the minister, Augustus Green\* came and inquired for the blind woman. He spoke to me kindly of my soul's condition. I told of my past enjoyments, and my present sad condition. I told him how I prayed to the Lord that if he would heal my body and my eyes, I would serve him the longest day I lived; and if he would forgive me my past offences, I would do so no more. This minister came often, and his visits were profitable to me. I had a great desire to attend church, which I did, and this was my one continual prayer, "Lord Jesus, forgive my past offences and give me back my sight, and I will serve thee

the longest day I live." It was answered so perfectly that I could thread a needle by moonlight; have done it often, and can do it now. I did my own sewing evenings, and do it now. This transpired twenty-four years ago.

My friends and neighbors looked upon my restoration as a miracle, and there are those living now in the place where I reside, who are acquainted with these circumstances here related. The woman who dressed my wounds, fed me, clothed and cared for me, is still living—Mrs. Esq. Marshall. She is occasionally in Washington, though since her husband's death she visits in Pittsburg and elsewhere, among her children. She was an eye-witness of my blindness, and suffering, and can testify to the truth of these things.

Hundreds of dollars have I made since that time, and God has turned my captivity, as he did Job's, so that I have a good home, garden, fruit trees, etc., all paid for through the mercy of God, and I am certainly convinced that he who trusts in the Lord, need not want for food, or raiment, or any good thing. Since the time that I got living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, no weapon that has been formed against me has prospered. If any has opposed or persecuted me, I have kept sweet and still in Christ, and have seen God vindicate my cause. This Holy Ghost religion is more than a notion. The Holy Ghost *will not* come into a heart that is not *perfectly clean*. My main work is in the vineyard, and all I do is "as unto the Lord, and not to men." The flag of liberty I will never lay down, but will hold it up till I die. PRAISE GOD FOR LIVING FAITH IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST!

Washington, Pa.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. H. A. Crouch.

I have had the pleasure of being with Sr. Freman, a few days, in Oil city, where she has been for three months visiting her children. I was greatly instructed and blessed, and will praise God forever for the privilege he granted me of seeing and talking with her.—

\*Living now in Washington, D. C.; brother of P. M. Green, resident in Oil City, Pa.

She showed me the deep scars on her arms, and I saw upon the iris of her eyes large white spots which I suppose were caused by the disease she once had. I understood her to say that her blindness came all at once upon her in the night time. I do not think she uses glasses, though she is advanced to those years when persons usually wear them. She used none while I was with her, though she was engaged at times in reading and sewing. I was particularly interested in her experience, as I have not often met with those who were healed by the use of means dictated by the Spirit of God. I see that this is perfectly Scriptural, as Isaiah said in Hezekiah's case: "Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover:" and as Paul said to Timothy, "Drink no longer water, but drink a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities." Isaiah had power with God; Paul had gifts of healing, and Timothy had faith; but it was for them, as it is for us, to seek and know the mind and will of the Lord, and do it.

Sister Freman related to me some instances where she had taken cases which were continually growing worse under the doctor's care, and by the use of means suggested to her by the Spirit of God, has seen them perfectly healed.

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#### THE BACKSLIDER.

NONE knows the things that haunt the backslider's mind; his new sins are all turned talking devils, threatening devils, roaring devils, within him. Besides, he doubts of the truth of his first conversion, consequently he has it lying upon him as a strong suspicion, that there was nothing of truth in all his first experience; and this also adds lead to his heels, and makes him come, as to sense and feeling, more heavily and with greater difficulty, to God by Christ. As the faithfulness of other men kills him, he cannot see an honest, humble, holy, faithful servant of God, but he is pierced and wounded at the

heart. "Aye," says he within himself, "that man fears God; that man hath faithfully followed God; that man, like the elect angels, has kept his place; but I have fallen from my station like a devil. That man honoreth God, edifieth the saints, convinceth the world and condemneth them, and is become 'heir of the righteousness which is by faith.' But I have dishonored God, stumbled and grieved saints, made the world blaspheme, and, for aught I know, been the cause of the damnation of many." These are the things, I say, together with many more of the same kind, that come to him; yea, they will stare him in the face, will tell him of his baseness and laugh him to scorn, all the way that he is coming to God by Christ—I know what I say—and this makes his coming to God by Christ hard and difficult to him. Shame covereth his face all the way he comes.—He doth not know what to do; the God that he is returning to is the God that he has slighted, the God before whom he has preferred the vilest lusts; and he knows God knows it, and has before him all his ways.

The man that has been a backslider, and is returning to God, can tell strange stories, and yet such as are very true. No man was in the whale's belly, and came out again alive, but backsliding and returning Jonah; consequently no man could tell how he was there, what he felt there, what he saw there, and what workings of heart he had when he was there, so well as he.—*Bunyan.*

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LET your eye rest there, if you would be happy. Those few dark hours on Calvary, when the great High-priest was offering up the amazing sacrifice, give light for eternity to the believing soul. This only will cheer you in dying. Not your graces, nor your love to Christ; not any thing in you, but only this—Christ hath died. He loved me, and gave himself for me. Christ hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.—*M'Cheyne.*



## PLAIN FACTS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

BY REV. G. H. COMPTON.

MIND not the great difficulties that you may meet with in the way that leads to God. Determinately fix, settle, and purpose, in your mind, God being your helper, to take the kingdom by force.

Resolutely play the man, and for God's sake throw away the joys, vanities, and allurements of an earthly, sensual, and devilish mind; and in the name of God surrender the will, and cross over the Rubicon at once and enter into the joys of God, and become an inhabitant of the land of Beulah.

Remember, my brother, that God in his mercy will ere long bring this matter to a crisis. Hell or heaven ere long will be thy final and eternal home.—You may not be much disposed, at present, to seek for an entire conformity to the will of God. And you may think you have grace enough to escape hell, and join in the song of the redeemed on high.

How many are damning themselves for a mere trifle. They would rather go to hell with the multitude, than go alone with Jesus. They want God, but they want him on their own terms. They want to take God in one hand, and the essence of hell in the other.—They suppose that they can live in sin, and yet enjoy the grace of God. But in this they are awfully deceived.—They talk about crooked paths, but in this they give the God of the Bible the lie. They say they are somewhat in the dark, in this they are sadly deceived, because the Bible says that God is light, and in him there is no darkness at all.

They are like the old Jews. "We will eat our own bread, wear our own apparel"—do our own ways. But, O God, "let us be called by thy name." What for? "To take away our reproach." They habitually, knowingly, and willfully mock God by sowing to the flesh and expecting to reap of the Spirit.

They take the Sabbath as a sponge to wipe out the many damning sins that they have committed during the week. They are up to-day and down to-morrow; they are rotten at heart, but all right in faith, they lie to-day and speak the truth to-morrow. They call evil good, and good evil. They put darkness for light, and light for darkness. They put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.

They are controled by circumstances, a good deal like the weather cocks, which move only as the wind blows upon them. A Methodist to-day, and a Baptist to-morrow; a friend to everybody; but an awful enemy to God and a clean salvation. When he ought to be at prayer meeting, he is at some grocery, with a number of ungodly associates, it may be, smoking a dirty, filthy pipe, or chewing his cavendish tobacco, or telling some ridiculous story, and joining in the merriment of the evening, all hellward bound together. Or if he is not there he is at the Blue Lodge, going in with the rest of the honorable brethren of the fraternity in search of Hiram Abiff, whom they suppose is dead. Even Masons themselves sometimes are struck with astonishment to think that professors of religion would have no more sense than to believe their barbarous stories that they are palming off on the world as Bible doctrines. God have mercy on the devotees of this idol-god—this Baal-god of the nineteenth century.—This anti-Christ that we read of in the Bible. Think of some professed minister, called of God to be a soul saver, a watchman on the walls of Zion, a terror to evil doers, a light, a city set on a hill, a way-mark to the kingdom of God, a chosen vessel. Think, I say, my friends, of such a one divested of all his apparel, but one piece, with a cable rope around his neck, a bandage around his eyes, and being led around the room, among a company of ungodly men, to be laughed at and made the sport of the evening. How shocking! yea, what folly in Israel! How damning this must be. If there is anything

that would cause the angels of God to weep, it is seeing a Methodist minister going in search of Hiram Abiff. How vile, how inconsistent for a Gospel minister to sell himself to this Baal-god, give up his integrity, bid good bye to the Bible, good bye to heaven, good bye to the Holy Ghost, and Judas-like, sell Jesus Christ, or leave him off in the ante-room for a sight of the extraordinary light that a person gets by being initiated. Talk no more of the fabled vampire, that sucked the blood of certain animals when they were asleep. Here is a fact that ought to be published in every county paper in the United States, that Masonry, the Baal-god of the day, is trying, day and night, to drive the God of the Bible out of the universe, and send forth an edict from Dan to Beersheba that there is no God but reason, and him we will adore, and worship under the name of "The Great Architect." God have mercy on these blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and that must do all their good deeds in the dark. How degrading it is that a band of men will congregate together and bind themselves by horrible oaths that are shocking to common decency.

### DO YOU NOT FEAR DEATH?

BY MRS. LOUISA A. BROOKS.

AN unconverted friend visiting my sick room the other day, upon being told that physicians pronounced me beyond recovery, with tears rolling down her face and voice trembling with emotion, asked,

"And do you not fear death at all?"

I replied, "Not in the least."

"But how can you meet it without dread?"

"Christ, my precious Saviour, has promised to be with me. How can I fear? I have found his every promise true thus far in life, and promising to be with me "in the valley of the shadow of death"—how can I doubt it? I cannot.

On Jesus' breast I'll lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

And now I would like to tell the readers of *The Earnest Christian* some of the ways Jesus has led me. It has been on my mind as a duty some time, I must no longer refuse.

In my thirteenth year I was converted to God through the instrumentality of Rev. H. Brazee, of the Western Reserve Conference, and being surrounded by Christian associations, by the help of divine grace, my journey was evenly and joyously prosecuted. The subject of Sanctification was at once presented to my mind by the pastor and others who enjoyed it, as a distinct work, and I was urged to seek it. My heart cried out, "Thy love, Lord, will I seek." I was anxious to prove the fullness of his love. I followed their directions as to the manner or way of seeking, but did not receive so much greater blessing as they told of receiving. I opened my heart to them fully. They said, "You must make a full, entire consecration." I said, I made a full surrender when God pardoned me, have not withdrawn a single thing, all is and has been on the altar. "But you must accept Christ a your present Saviour, believing that he can, will, and does save you fully now. I said, he saved me then, has saved me every moment since. He saves me fully now. He is mine. I am his. O praise his holy name.

"But do you not feel the roots of bitterness," the uprising of sinful tempers in your heart?

"Love to Christ so fills my heart, he momentarily saves me, so that sin hath no more dominion over me. I no more live, 'tis "Christ that liveth in me." They told me of the raptures they experienced in the "land of rest from inbred sin." But Jesus had given me already to taste of like precious blessings, my soul was constantly filled with glory and with God. I cannot express it better than to say, "My life was hid with Christ in God."—Since then my life has a little more than doubled in length, and to-day

Jesus saves me. Praise God for full salvation.

But my way has not been ever on the mount. In the valley, under the clouds, through affliction's fiery furnace has my journey often led. But the "form of the Fourth" has been ever in its midst, to cheer, comfort, and sustain. The last two years it has been mine to bear, rather than do the Master's will. My physician has said that in twenty years practice he had never before witnessed such sufferings, but to the praise of God I can say that grace has enabled me thus far to bow in entire submission. I have not felt to complain or murmur one moment. It is my Father, let him do what seemeth him good.

And now as they say that I must die, would you like to know how death, the grave, and eternity look to me?

Long ago I formed an intimate acquaintance with death, and since that time it has been, not the King of Terrors, O no, but a friend, whose kind hand shall open to me the "Pearly Gates" of the New Jerusalem, that celestial abode prepared for Christ's redeemed ones, who have come through great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The grave is a safe depository, in which these clay tenements can be laid away, to rest in hope until the last trump shall sound to call them forth, again to be united with the spirit after having first been changed, and made immortal.

Eternity is that duration of existence, which after death will be given us, in which to ascribe praise, and honor, and glory to him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever."

But would you ask, how formed you an acquaintance with death?

I answer; after having been prostrated upon a bed of suffering, for several weeks, the disease made such inroads upon my system that nature seemed about dissolving. Physicians pronounced me dying, friends were

summoned to witness my departure, and with several neighbors stood weeping around my bed. All through my sickness I had been perfectly conscious, and Jesus had been so preciously, sensibly near, that I could but shout aloud, even during the severest paroxysms of pain, for the joy that filled my soul.

But now, though still conscious, I was so weak that I could not move a muscle, my eyes were set, a clammy sweat stood on my brow, my flesh was icy cold, a sharp pain darted through my heart, its beating ceased, my breath stopped, I was out of the body, being borne upward by a convoy of angels, who appeared in sight just as that sharp pain shot through my heart. They spoke to me in the sweetest tones which fell on the ear like silvery notes of richest melody. We floated out upon the radiant air; I asked to look once more upon my body: We paused, and looking back to earth, now seen in the distance, though distinctly, I beheld it being robed by friends in the habiliments of death, and knew their thoughts, though not hearing a sound of words. We then proceeded in our upward flight, on, on, away, away from earth and all its sordid concerns, until, at length, we came to the Pearly Gates of the City of our God, which were not shut, (Rev. xxi. 2.) but stood open wide, though none might there enter, but those who have received the "mark." As we approached, the sound of heavenly music greeted our ears, my attendants gave an answering strain, and we were joined by others who conducted us into the immediate presence of the Lamb. O for language, (but words are meagre things) to describe that scene! The great white throne, the Lamb, the four-and twenty elders, the innumerable multitude, cherub and seraph, angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, ministering spirits of the just made perfect, infant spirits, crowns and harps of gold, palms of victory, robes white as light, the river of water of life, clear as crystal, the trees of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, whose leaves were

for the healing of the nations; the streets of gold like transparent glass, jasper walls, the gates of pearl, the strains of entrancing melody as the song welled up from harp and voice of the hundred and forty and four thousand, ascribing blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, unto our God, forever and ever. Amen.

Words cannot portray it, the heart cannot perceive it, only by spiritual vision can it be discerned, by those to whom it is given. My soul was enlarged so that I too would join in redemption's song, falling at the Redeemer's feet in adoration and praise. He stooped and lifted me up, and in accents sweeter, O sweeter than any sound that had hitherto greeted my ear, said, "I have redeemed and sealed thee, thou art mine; but others must be brought to the marriage supper, and thou art my chosen instrument to bring them in.

I said not a word, but thought, must I, O must I go back to earth?

He knew my thoughts, and said, yes, for a season shalt thou go, for there are lambs to be fed, there are weary, fainting ones to cheer, there are enemies to be gained over to the truth, some have not the knowledge of God. Open thy mouth, take the path indicated; look to me, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Lo, I am with thee alway. He then, pointing to earth, said, seest thou thy work? I looked and saw it in all its relations and fearful responsibility and groaned. He bent over me, touched my hand and lips, breathed into my ear a glorious promise, then said. Now thou wilt go? I bowed a ready assent, and immediately returned and awoke to things of time.

Friends had proceeded with the preparations of the body until they heard the groan, then stood transfixed with amazement. I asked, how long have I been gone? They looked at the clock and replied, an hour and five

minutes. The first one I saw on opening my eyes was an infidel neighbor, who had been called in with the others and who said to my brother-in-law when I ceased breathing, "You do wrong to shed a tear, when she can die like that, if it is religion that can make her triumph over death like that, I am going to have it." The tears were streaming down his face, he was trembling in every limb. I extended my hand, he grasped it, and sinking on his knees, cried out, O L., I must have religion; pray for me; is there, can there be mercy for such as me? I did pray with and for him, and in less than two hours he was translated from darkness into the light and glory of God's dear Son. I was so full of what I had seen and heard, and so interested for that soul's salvation, that not a thought entered my mind whether my body was well or not, until I saw the sun arising. I called for my clothing, dressed myself, and walked out of my room, and that day commenced my work. Jesus has blessed me with his precious presence, has fulfilled his promises, permitted me to see scores of blood-bought souls released from the thralldom of sin, and made "free indeed." And can I not trust him still? Yea, though all "his billows and waves" should go over me, though the furnace should be heated seven times hotter, yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. "I will make my boast in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Think you I fear death? Not at all. Though the day of life be far spent, and the night drawing near, yet

My spirit unfettered looks not on the strife,  
Nor the pleasures of earth with regret,  
Nor will pause on the threshold of immortal life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.

WHEN the beasts came into the ark, they did not tear one another to pieces, but lovingly entered two and two into the ark; the lion did not devour the gentle deer, nor did the eagle pursue the dove. So, when sinners come to Christ, their heart is changed from enmity to love.

## LOVE FOR JESUS.

BY REV. L. N. STRATTON.

THERE is a degree of romance connected with early domestic love. Indeed, it is often made up more of romance than of love. And when the romance is worn out, it is found that the love is gone; like a dove from her broken cage, and newly connected hearts are restive and unhappy. Sometimes it ends in divorce, or more frequently a life made up of sighs for the old days to come back again, or of tears at thoughts of "what might have been."

So it is in the Christian life. In either case it is a serious matter, and especially in this. The whole trouble lies in starting right. There must be a deep-seated, an all-pervading love. We must give ourselves to Jesus; not because we think, on the whole, it will pay, will be rather a noble, dignified thing; will be the shortest and surest road out of trouble, but we must give ourselves to him because, oh because we love him so much! He is so precious to our hearts, how can we help it?

Doing this, our relationship is not one of romance. Persons who love the Saviour ardently, for a few months of early Christian life, and then subside, as multitudes do, we can but reasonably suspect gave themselves to him with some selfish object in view, and lived more at first on the romance of early love, than on the strength of an ardent, sincere, deep-seated affection for the Master. This latter class may be depended upon. The Saviour loves and puts confidence in them; while the first class come to grief. They either become entirely divorced from the Master, or if not that, life is made up of sighs for the good old days to come back, or tears at thoughts of "what might have been."

For such there is only one course to pursue. And that is rational and scriptural. It is to throw away all mercenary and selfish motives, and give all for Christ. It is to "seek first

the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, [your business,] and all these things will be added unto you" [God's business.] You attend to your own business, and God will attend, in his own good time, to his. "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments." "We love him because he first loved us." And we go on with this specific work of getting to Jesus with all our rags and pollution, and he washes us white as snow, and we keep his commandments until "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment.—Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment."

Let the Bride, which is the Church, become thus united to the Bridegroom, and she will not go mourning, and sighing, and fearing, all her days. "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." But she, perfected in love, will go forth strong to do the will of the Master. And if any adversities arise, and difficulties appear, she will not say, "There my Saviour has left me, or why should he have let these things come upon me." No; perfect love for Jesus, gives us perfect confidence in him, and we let the storms howl on—all is peace and heaven within, because Jesus loves us and we love him.

Dear reader, this is the confidence we should have toward him, so that "we love neither in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—And if so, we will serve God not because it is required, and because the law will punish us if we do not, (though at first the law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ,) but we will serve him now because we love to. Oh mighty, all-subduing, all-pervading love!

Such a love as this meets its own, its sure reward. It has a power and a life in it which can be neither gainsayed nor resisted. It is the Christian light which shall give light to all the world. And when sinners grow sick

of sin, and thoughtful as to their soul's salvation, like benighted wanderers, they steer for that, the brightest and most cheerful light. They say "that is the religion—the faith—the joy I want." The farmer who stints and starves his growing herd, raises poor, dwarfed, lank, unruly cattle, that are no comfort to himself, nor are they wanted by others. So it is with that dwarfed and starved up religion which multitudes possess. It is no comfort to themselves, and sinners will say, "If I ever have any religion, I don't want any of that kind."

Give us, then, the love of the Saviour, deep, radical, and abiding. Then it will be easy bearing any cross, or carrying any burden for him. It was this that made Paul bear the banner of the cross to the palace of the Cæsars, stern old Latimer to sing in his dungeon, and lady Jane Grey, blindfolded, to kneel on the scaffold, and feel for the beheading block. It must and will fill us with the martyr spirit, for by the love of Jesus we are baptized into his death.

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### THE TREASURY.

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BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

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I SEE Jesus resting over against the Treasury, thoughtful and sad. He sees what is given. He watches as the people throw in their offerings, and knows the secret thought of the heart. What man calls "much" may be nothing to him, and what men would count nothing, may be counted of him more than all.

How much of what is given is lost to God! How often the giver loses his reward because he gives amiss!—The "much" that was thrown in by "many that were rich," was less than two mites, and the farthing that the widow gave, was more than all the shining gold that had been cast in while Jesus sat there. If that chest could have been opened and its precious contents counted, then we could know how much the widow gave. No; we could

not know, for it is written that she gave more than they all, but it does not say how much more.

That is God's way of counting money. It is not like ours.

So no one need to say, If I were rich—If I were worth as much as he—If I were worth so many thousand—I could help along the cause.

The trifling offerings that are scorned of men, if they are the best you have, and given with pure love to God, he reckons unto you "as though it were the corn of the threshing floor, and as the fullness of the wine press." The price that was set by God upon the little pigeon that was brought for a sin offering, was just as much as he set upon the costlier offerings of the rich.

Would you like to give hundreds, or thousands of dollars to God? You can do it. Not, indeed, according to man's counting; but man is to know nothing about it, you know. (Matt. vi. 3.) Give just what God would have you give, and he shall count it over. Perhaps he will make it out to be more than has been given by all the wealthier members of the church put together. At the last day you shall know how much he calls it.

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"LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Surely such words of confiding tenderness were never whispered in this cold world before; and then think how cold, how dark, how dull is the question with which Thomas breaks in upon the heavenly discourse: "Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" And yet how condescendingly does Jesus bear with their cold-hearted dullness? How lovingly does he begin with the very alphabet of salvation with them, and not only answers, but overanswers Thomas—gives him more than he could ask or think. He asked about the way and the place, but Christ answers, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

## TO THE OVERCOMERS.

BY NEWMAN CHAMBERLAIN.

OUR piety may subject us, for a little while, to the scorn and sneers of men; but it will presently introduce us into the fraternal esteem of angels, and secure for us recognition among eternal principalities. Even for the life which now is, it has its profit over all losses. Should we have to give up everything which this world values, in Christ there is still ample compensation. The first disciples forsook all, and from fishermen and tax-gatherers they became patriarchs of the new dispensation, and leaders of a vaster and sublimer host than monarch ever marshaled. In place of the friends and home they left, they were made the beloved centres of another household, which gave them sons and daughters, brethren and sisters, in all lands, full of loving sympathy and undying affection. For the *little estates which they relinquished*, all things became theirs; and rich men laid their money at their feet, and streams of generous liberality broke into life whithersoever they went, furnishing them abundance for all their wants. With all the wrongs and persecutions to which their new profession subjected them, there was an accompanying reward, rich and glorious, in the teachings and experiences of the gospel which it gave them. And when the powers of evil pressed heaviest upon them, their souls still fed on hidden joys, and thrilled with liberty and peace, of which no adversity could deprive them.

Never, unto this day, has any one forsaken aught at the call of Jesus, but he has found a recompense even in this life. Moses relinquishes the court, and riches, and dominion of Egypt, for the promises of God, and from Jethro's sheepfold he rises to be the humiliator of Pharaoh, the liberator of enslaved Israel, and the prince of prophets, legislators and historians. Daniel deliberately forfeits his life for the sake of communion with his Maker, and the

hand of miracle interposes, and for his safety, and lifts him to the highest honor and authority in the gift of great Babylon's lofty king. The recompense may not always come in a form so marked, or in a degree so ample; but it will come—for it is the pledge of manifold wisdom and almighty love, to attemper to each obedient child a reward and consolation even now for all the sacrifices exacted.

But high over all such gains as these, are honors to which all our attainments here are but the feeble indexes; and to these are to be added thrones and dominions in eternal glory. Every thorough Christian is not only a child of God, and linked to Him in indestructible communion and peace, but a rightful heir to enduring kingship.—His very Christianity transmutes him into a being of wondrous dignity.—When we look upon him, we behold a royal personage—a being anointed of God to wield the sceptre of immortal empire,—a man presently to be invested with potencies, to which even angels shall bow,—a future dispenser of administrations, from which the great and holy interests of the world to come are to take complexions, and the eternal ages to be shaped and conditioned. As yet, he dwells in flesh, amid weaknesses, necessities, and straits; but his name is in the books of heaven, and God hath decreed concerning him, that he shall receive power and riches and glorious rulership, and reign forever and ever.

Great, wonderful man! beside whom the great ones of earth, at whose names the nations tremble, are but cyphers and mimic men! The very earth beneath his steps is being consecrated by reason of the exaltations to which he is called and predestined! May we, then, also learn to prize the preciousness of our Redeemer's cross! By that bloody instrument of eternal compassion it is that these dignities are put within our reach. Without that, instead of rising to take rank among the eternal principalities, we should all have been degraded and ever-sinking

vassals,—the thralls of sin and hell's disgusting tyranny,—the doomed and helpless victims of unholy domination!

Had there been no Jesus to die for us on Calvary, there had been no world of peace and glory for man—no thrones there to be occupied. It is by His cross and passion that all these honors come. It is by His mysterious encounter with Death and Hell, in their own dark domain, that these principedoms have been won and rendered attainable to sinful men. And it is only through the victory which He completed by His resurrection from the tomb, that such kings shall reign, and such princes decree justice.

For many reasons, the cross is a precious token. It is the everlasting monument to the perfections and glory of God. It tells of His eternal power and Godhead, equally with the mighty products of His creating hand. It bespeaks a power of a higher sort than that which called the worlds into being. It preaches of an unswerving justice, in a language more awful than the thunders that roll and bellow in the prison-house of the lost; and it proclaims a goodness, wisdom, and love, vast as a sea without a bottom or a shore. It is also the symbol of an agency, which all the universe beside could not furnish, by which Satan's dominion is broken from the enslaved souls of men, their sins blotted out, and they made to share once more the light and liberty of the sons of God. But beyond and above all this, it is the enduring memento of a victory which has gained for us the privileges of eternal empire,—of a purchase by which we become kings and priests unto God, to share the throne of the heir of all things, and to sit with him in immortal regency, as He is seated with the Father on the central throne of heaven.

O, dear and blessed cross, that has been the instrument of such wondrous good to man! May this subject serve to render us heavenly minded, and to deliver us from the frivolities of worldliness, and the entanglements of an unsteady faith.

## RUTHERFORD.

RUTHERFORD was a model minister. He was "always preaching, always praying, always visiting the sick, and always studying the Word of God." No saying of his is more famous than this to his people, "My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations unto me."

His last hours were glorious. On his dying bed, he cried out, "O for arms to embrace Him! O for a well tuned harp!" As the enrapturing vision of heaven broke upon his falling eyes, he exclaimed, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" With this shout of triumph on his lips he passed through the gate into the city.

These dying words of Rutherford have been wrought into a sweet poem, a part of which was repeated by the late Dr. James Hamilton, of London, in his last moments:

The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks;  
The summer-morn I've sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land!

O Christ, he is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fullness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land!

If any man ask, How darest thou, sinful worm, to call that divine Saviour thine? the answer is, *I am his*. He sheds his blood for me, else I never should have shed a tear for him. He cried after me, else I never should have breathed after him. He sought after me, else I never should have sought after him. He hath loved me, therefore I love him. He hath chosen me, therefore I evermore choose him. "My beloved is mine, and I am his."—*M' Cheyne*.



## MEASURE OF MORAL POWER.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

To be worthy the credence of an unbelieving world, the professor of religion must prove himself to be more than man. The creed, the conscience, and the instinct of the world, demand the superhuman in religion.

Supplement the church member with all possible advantages and acquirements of which his natural nature is capable, and yet for all that he is not a mystery, the outside throng comprehend his nature and his actings. For his outward movements are on a line with refined human nature the world over.

In all his honesty of intercourse, his refined morality, his sacred songs and precise prayers; in all these he has not transgressed against depraved nature, or gone beyond the inventions of aboriginal man.

All he feels and all he does is comprehended by unredeemed man all about him.

He is only a duplicate of all depravity in a better dress—only a human being within, with more outside to him,—that's all.

Even the profane and vulgar understand full well, that death will soon unwind him down to what they are. While the advantages of a comparison at the judgment are expected on the side of no religion, rather than that hypocrisy should stand in sacred dress, approved at last.

But when we come to God's second-birth children—to the saints of the Most High, we come to the marvel and mystery of earth and heaven both.

Not a superadded quality—not a surface appendage, a dressing over of the leopard spots, with the old leopard nature left within; but a deep impartation of God to Soul—an inborn life—a life so Divine and eternal as shall run clear of death's anatomy in both worlds.

A life sustained from a foreign source, whose heart is quite above the reach of murderous hands—a life nourished at a banquet too rare and spiritual for this

world's presiding—a life whose hopes and fears—whose joys and sorrows—whose aspirations and prospects, so cross and contradict all the experiences of this world life, as to confound the metaphysics of earth, and baffle the cunning of hell.

He who can be comprehended as a professing Christian, is suspected even by infidelity, of hypocrisy, or of being deceived.

Now we come to a point. What is the amount of the super-human in you?

What is the depth of the mystery of you? Which nature predominates, the Divine or the self nature? These questions relate to the measure of your spiritual power—to your mastery over wrong—to your personal ability for good.

The mystery of the being is increased in the eyes of the world, when they see great advantages and qualifications made to subservise the spiritual interests—when riches, instead of being squandered on lusts and laziness, as is natural, or hoarded up, for unborn heirs are made to tell on suffering humanity and the spiritual wants of the world.

When great gifts and great learning, instead of puffing up, are used to increase the efficiency of the meek and humble possessor of them, in making others like himself, holy. O what beating the air is this, to substitute gifts for grace, or learning for inspiration. What atheism this, to put man in the place of the Holy Ghost, for the subjugation of this world to Christ.

Friend and reader, let me come to the point close. What evidence have spectators, that you are of God, and not of this world?

What are you doing as a source of happiness, that human nature has never been known to do?

Wherein do you cross and contradict the pleasures of refined carnality? In short, wherein are you more than man? O, yes, if a saint, you are sustained by a life so high, so holy, and strange to this fallen world, as to leave you a problem too deep for hu-

man philosophy to fathom, while others say he hath a devil, and that's the reason.

O ye saints of the Lord, it's your prerogative, to be that, and do that, which no human being ever was, or ever did, alone.

It is not only your privilege, but your absolute duty, to authenticate the God of you, by transcending humanity at all the life points.

Yes, be where you can rejoice when the world weeps—be where your tide shall come in when the world's tide goes out.

Let the impulses of your nature—the throbbings of your life, contradict the depraved life-tides of sixty centuries!

Resist the unholy customs, though they may have been baptized and confirmed; breast the turbid tide of deathly influence and drive a breach through these fog-lands of night, as an imparted existence—a high born of God! Leaving the guess of mortals in doubt of your beginning or ending.

Do you call this extravagant? Then let us turn to the sober Bible.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

"Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

And what shall I say to those who have gifts—learning, and money?—With these advantages which you are supposed to bring forth as superadded witnesses for truth and God, there ought not to be a doubt left of your high origin.

Let the strange, unearthly way in which you dispense money, perplex the wisdom of the wise, for if the world by wisdom never yet came to know God, neither can it know the born of God. Rise above the religion of the world, and contradict the instincts of fallen nature.

Waterford, N. Y.

If we study to honor God, we can not do better than by confessing our sins, and laying ourselves low at the feet of Christ.

## THE REJECTION OF THE BIBLE FROM OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY A. SANFORD.

SINCE the fall of our first parents, the unregenerate human heart has ever been opposed to God and holiness.—Whatever comes from, or leads to God, has always met with opposition from poor, fallen humanity.

The above truth was clearly exemplified in the first human family.—"Cain, who was of that wicked one—slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." The same warfare has been continued between righteousness and unrighteousness, between holiness and sin, and between Christianity and infidelity, up to the present day.

It would seem that of late the hosts of infidelity are being marshalled for a fresh onset against Christianity, which, if successful, will result in the rejection of the Bible from our public schools! That infidels and skeptics should enlist in this warfare against the reading of the Bible in our schools, was not surprising: but that professed orthodox Divines, Protestant D.D.'s and prelates—should join in rejecting from the public schools, God's revealed will to man, is among the wonders of this wonderful age.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his late Thanksgiving sermon, said: "He would be willing even to exclude the reading of the Bible in our schools, if by that means any class of our people would be better satisfied and be more zealous in supporting the system." *The Advance*, a leading paper of the Congregational order in Chicago, takes ground with Mr. Beecher and several others of the same class, against the practice of reading the Bible in our common schools. It says: "We must maintain our common school system in full vigor, and remove from it whatever conflicts with the religious belief of any portion of community, trusting to the Sabbath Schools—church influ-

ence and similar means to cultivate the religious nature, and to train children in an intelligent and pure faith."

*The Independent* takes the same ground as Mr. Beecher, Dr. Patton, Dr. Spear and others, against the reading of the Bible in schools. These editors and divines assume that to permit the reading of the Bible in the schools will destroy the entire school system; and they further assume that the children are compelled to read it, which is not true.

In connection with this attempt to exclude the Bible from the schools, is the prohibition of corporeal punishment in all cases in the schools.

In the New York *Tribune*, of November 11, 1869, Horace Greeley said: "If children cannot be better governed by love than by terror, all this discussion about the Bible in schools seems utterly gratuitous, for in such case the Bible is stuffed with errors, and is good for nothing!"

Such is the unblushing contempt shown for Divine authority, by men who stand at the portals of the press, and who claim to be leaders of public opinion, and of morals!

A few passages from the Sacred Record will show the teaching of Inspiration on this subject.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxii. 6.

"The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."—Prov. xxix. 15.

"Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul."—Prov. xxix. 17.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."—Prov. xxii. 15.

"Withhold not correction from the child, for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die." "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell."—Prov. xxiii. 13-14.

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."—Prov. xix. 18.

The above rules are doubtless to be applied only where precept and example fail to secure obedience.

The Psalmist inquires: "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his ways?" (the answer is,) "By taking heed thereunto according to thy word."

By the above we learn that the Bible furnishes the purest code of rules, not only for the government of families and schools, but also for states and nations, not to be found elsewhere; and the opposition to its holy precepts may be found only in the depravity of the human heart.

In the schools of New England, where, in the early part of the present century, the writer received the rudiments of education, not only was the Bible read daily, but prayer was also offered morning and evening; and the children were taught, in connection with the sciences, to "fear God and keep his commandments;" which Inspiration assures us, "is the whole duty of man."

Those engaged in excluding the Bible from our schools and institutions of learning, would do well to contrast New England society with that of infidel France, during the "Reign of Terror," under the influence of Robespierre and his co-infidel colleagues; where the Bible was not only excluded from their schools, but actually burned!

It is to the Bible and its sacred influence, that we owe our superior civil and political privileges, above the heathen and pagan nations of the earth; and he who deprecates, or lightly esteems its hallowed precepts, gives fearful evidence of the want of that "virtue and intelligence," so necessary to the prosperity and perpetuity of a Republic. This question of Bible reading in our schools, is but the commencement of a conflict, whose end, if not checked, will be the total exclusion of all religious and moral instruction from our public schools, a total divorce of the State from every act connecting itself with man's highest moral and intellectual well-being; and ending in blank Atheism.

This is not so much a conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism, but it is the new Jesuit power of Papal Rome, that is urging on the impending storm.

Let every true Christian gird on his armor for the coming conflict, as he values not only his altars, but his home, yea, his very tenure of citizenship.— Let the past history of the papal power stimulate every lover of free institutions to a firm and manly resistance to her insatiable thirst for Protestant blood.

*Barre Centre, N. Y.*

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### SINGING IN DARKNESS.

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BY JANETTE PALMITER.

SOMETIME ago I was awakened very early in the morning, while it was yet dark, by the singing of a bird. And what surprised me more was that it was raining, and the wind was blowing hard.

I had often heard the sweet voice of birds singing while it was fair weather, and all seemed gay without, but to hear one sing in the midst of storms and darkness was entirely new to me, and led to quite a train of thoughts. Happy little creature, thought I; if it were possible I should think you were made so by realizing the presence and smiles of Jesus. Then my soul exclaimed, O may I ever be so cheerful, so trustful, and so resigned, that, like this little bird, I can sing amid darkness and storms.

I find it much easier for human nature to sing when prospered on every hand, when friends smile all around, when blessed with health, and all the sweets of life. But, blessed be God, I have learned that it is far more pleasing to him, for one to so confide in him that he can cheerfully sing when adverse winds roar, and the storms of life beat hard, and sickness lays one low, and pain distracts. When, in the place of cordial receptions and smiles you meet with suspicious glances, and a turning away, still sing on. Sing of Jesus, the faithful, loving friend who

is alike in prosperity and adversity, in sickness, and in health,—he who is never ashamed to own the most feeble soul who is *trustful, obedient, and resigned*. O glory to God for the power there is in our holy religion! How it will lift one above earthly elements, and so cement him to Christ by the power of love that he will have no disposition to question about any of the movings of Providence, knowing that darkness and storms are just as much for the good of his children as prosperity and sunshine. We can sing as sweetly and cheerfully when we cannot understand his movings as when all seems clear to us. Why not sing when he clothes us with a beautiful garment, like unto his own, even the garment of holiness, and makes us walk through this world like the children of a king. Who have a more lawful right to rejoice and be glad than those who are saved through his blood? We will sing

By all hell's host withstood

We all hell's host o'erthrow,

And conquering them through Jesus' blood,

We on to conquering go.

O thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

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WE must be Christ's disciples before we are his ministers: his followers before his ambassadors. We must first learn Christ before we preach him; otherwise we may "fish" for a livelihood, for honor, for applause, but not for souls: if we be not first inclosed ourselves in the net of the Gospel we can have but small hopes of bringing others.—*Burkit.*

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You must be content to lean all your weight upon Christ. Cast the burden of temporal things upon him. Cast the care of your soul upon him. If God be for us, who can be against us? They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. The eagle soars so directly upward, that poets have fancied it was aiming at the sun; so does the soul that waits on Christ.

## GROUND TO POWDER.

A FEW weeks since I stood by the grave of Thomas Paine, in the town of New Rochelle. A plain monument marks the site of his former home, and his former resting place. Erected by a few friends, it is covered with significant quotations from his politico-religious writings. As I stood there and reflected on his genius, his apparent power and real weakness, I thought of Christ's striking prophecy, and its singular historical fulfillment: "On whomsoever this stone shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

Thomas Paine's career was full of promise. He wielded a pen whose popular power has rarely been equaled, never, perhaps, excelled. His "Rights of Man," published in England during the exciting scenes of the French Revolution, reached the unparalleled circulation of over a million of copies.—His "Common Sense," published six months before the Declaration of Independence, is said to have severed the last links that bound the colonies to the mother country. Six days before the battle of Trenton the first number of his "American Crisis," was read at the head of every regiment, and first aroused, it is said, the drooping ardor of the disheartened people.

When at length that independence was secured, to which his various services in the cabinet, the field, and with the pen, had afforded no mean conclusion, no honors seemed to a triumphant Republic too great to be lavished upon him. General Washington received him with peculiar honors as his guest. The National Congress appropriated \$3,000 as a testimonial of the nation's esteem. New York presented him with a magnificent estate of three hundred acres at New Rochelle. Pennsylvania voted him a gratuity of \$2,500. New Jersey offered him a homestead within her borders. Virginia failed only by a single vote in the attempted appropriation to him of a tract of land valued at \$20,000. "It is doubtful," says the historian Botta, "whether any

writer ever possessed in a higher degree the art of moving and guiding the multitude at his will." "No writer," says Thomas Jefferson, "has exceeded Paine, in familiarity of style, in perspicuity of expression, happiness of elucidation, and in simple and unassuming language."

Such was the man, who, drinking in the irreligious philosophy of the French Encyclopædists, undertook in his "Age of Reason," at the end of an otherwise memorable life, to subvert the principles, and undermine the authority of the Christian religion. He did not deny, but asserted the existence of a God, the claims of conscience, and the reality of an immortal existence beyond the grave. He simply set his lance in poise to demolish the Cross of Christ. In vain did Benjamin Franklin beseech him to repress a work so shocking to the religious sensibilities of mankind. "Among us," said the sage, "it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth to be raised into the company of men should prove his manhood by beating his mother." Paine persisted. His "Age of Reason," for the moment outrivalled the wide spread popularity of his "Common Sense," and his "Rights of Man." The Church of Christ seemed for the moment to tremble under the blow. Christian men feared for the safety of their faith before an attack so audacious, from a pen so powerful. But the lance that struck the Cross of Christ was shivered into a thousand pieces in his hand.

His assault was as powerless to move the Rock of Ages, as the thunder storm to shake the granite hills over whose heads the harmless anger plays. The stone which the builders refused, fell upon him, and ground him to powder. He is left without a sect, and almost without a follower. His services to liberty have been obliterated from the memory of mankind, by his assaults upon religion. He is known to but few, save as the representative of the coarsest infidelity. Even the broad-minded Quakers would not yield to his

bones a final resting-place in their Christian burial ground. He was interred upon his own farm. But even death brought no repose. Half a century ago, from his violated tomb, his remains were removed to England.—An enthusiastic friend anticipated for them a warm welcome. But none was so poor as to do them reverence. Dispersed, as by the judgments of Almighty God, not even the place of their final burial, has history recorded. His works have well nigh disappeared from fame, his very bones from their grave. And the name and life of Thomas Paine, remain a monumental testimonial to the truth of the prophecy, "On whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."—*Rev. Lyman Abbott.*

### RELIGIOUS GROWTH—WHAT IS IT?

NOTHING is more clearly revealed in the Scriptures than the necessity and importance of religious growth. From the repetition of the divine commands upon the subject; from the variety of the illustrations employed, from the number and weight of the motives presented; and from the high interests which are made to depend upon it, we may see that it is a matter of paramount importance.

It is important as a measure of obedience. In the Bible we frequently find such commands as the following:—"Grow in grace," "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." Obedience to these and similar commands is possible only through religious growth. It is important as a source of enjoyment. The degree of religious consolation that satisfies the soul to-day will not satisfy it equally well to-morrow. Rest of soul is only found in satisfied desire, and satisfied desire is found only in religious growth. It is important as a means of usefulness. Prominent among the reasons why we are not more useful we shall doubtless find the fear of the cross, want of sympathy with Christ, want of faith, want of love for souls, and want of spiritual power.

All these impediments to usefulness are overcome just in proportion to our growth in grace. It is important as a condition of safety. In the spiritual as in the natural world the great law of life is growth. And when growth is arrested before maturity is reached, decay begins and death threatens.

Besides, when spiritual growth ceases there is a loss of spiritual power, and each day with its duties and trials brings with it a necessity for the possession and exercise of a full measure of power. The absence of spiritual growth therefore involves not only danger, but, if long continued, the certainty of spiritual wreck. We cannot be wrong therefore in saying that religious growth is of the highest importance.

By religious growth we do not mean the work of entire sanctification; for growth precedes and succeeds this work. A proper spiritual growth involves entire sanctification, and vastly more than this. Indeed, growth is more rapid and satisfactory subsequent to entire sanctification than it possibly can be before it takes place.

But an important question arises: How may the fact of spiritual growth be determined in a satisfactory manner? Some undertake to settle this question by their religious enjoyment. They remind themselves of happy seasons, and joyous meetings, and glorious manifestations to the soul, and say to themselves and others, "I am growing in grace." But are they? The evidence of it is not found here. The evidence of conversion may be found here, but not of growth. If we want to determine the question of growth, we must not look at our highest state of experience, but at our lowest; not at our happiest hours and best seasons, but at our darkest hours and gloomiest seasons; not at our times of triumph, but our times of trial. If we find improvements here, we may take courage. If trials are borne more easily; if faith does not falter as formerly; if love does not grow as cold as before; if the soul stays itself more steadily on God in time of trial; if we more readily

cast our burdens upon the Lord; if our wills yield more cheerfully; if we grow more patient, loving, gentle, meek, charitable, and teachable, we may know that we are growing in grace. But on the other hand, no matter though to-day we may be made as happy as an angel in heaven, if to-morrow when temptations and trials come, we bear them in no better spirit than before, we are none the better for our ecstatic joy. And it matters not, though these happy seasons occur a thousand times over, if the intervening times of trial reveal no increase of submission, patience, faith, and sweetness of spirit, there is no growth in grace.

If then you would know whether there is spiritual growth with you, try yourself by low water mark; for as high tides are due to transient causes and do not indicate any increase in the bulk of water in the ocean, so high tides of religious enjoyment, if not followed by an improvement at low tide, indicate no increase in the volume of religious life. Look carefully then at your religious experience at your dullest times, and see what victories have been achieved, what evil habits have been overcome, what wrong propensities have been subdued, what new duties taken up, what new crosses borne, what increase of patience under the trials of life, and of cheerful submission to the divine will, and mark down your growth accordingly.—*Rev. H. B. Beegle, in Methodist Home Journal.*

### GOD'S DEALINGS WITH ME.

BY MISS ELIZABETH T. HAND.

“THEREFORE every scribe which is instructed in the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.”

Forty years ago, the 19th day of last August, God, for Christ's sake, converted my soul. I was not converted to the church, nor to some minister, but to God. Praise his holy name! This work was done so thor-

oughly, and I was so young in life, that I never knew much about the love of the world or conformity to it. This also is matter of praise and thanksgiving to God. Previous to this, I was under deep conviction for sin; and I knew when this burden of sin rolled off, and the peace of God took possession of my soul. I was taught to look for the evidence of the work wrought, and I obtained it. I walked on in the light received, and as it shone upon the word of God, I beheld the high standard of holiness, and in my simplicity wondered where the people were who lived up to it. I have found many since, thank God! I dared not lower the standard, but was determined to press on until I was sanctified wholly. As convictions increased, I read Wesley and Fletcher on the subject, and some other authors, but I derived the greatest encouragement from the word of God. It was at a camp meeting—some two years after I was converted—that I gave up all for Christ, plunged into the fountain, and was made every whit whole. It was after a night of great conflict with the enemy of all righteousness that I entered into rest,—that I entered into God. Satan seemed determined to have me to sift me as wheat. So conscious was I of his presence, that I almost thought I should see him with my natural eyes, and feel his grasp upon me. O, it seemed at times, as if he would gain the victory, and I sink down in despair. But again I was inspired with courage to strive to lay hold of Christ. Thus I wrestled on until the break of day, when Jesus, the great deliverer came, drove back the enemy, gained the victory, and set my spirit free. O, glory to his name! he can save his people from their sins.

Well, it was a good while ago, when this was done, but I want to say, that this grace has carried me through all temptations, afflictions, misrepresentations, false judgments, &c., &c., that I have been called to experience, and they have not been a few. It has enabled me to love my enemies, and

pray for them who spitefully use me and persecute me. O glory to God! O glory! for this great salvation! To-day I have it. I stand upon the Rock. My heart is clean and pure, through the blood of the Lamb. All glory to his name! I will praise the Lord; and "let the people praise him." Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

I feel as if the Lord wanted me to say something about what he has done for my body. I was an invalid for many years, sometimes entirely confined to my bed. I was happy under affliction, and resigned to the will of God, not expecting ever to be much, if any better. In answer to the prayers of those who had faith in God for the healing of the body, I received light from God, by the application to my mind of the case of Lazarus. I felt that the same God who raised Lazarus from the dead, could heal my body.—My faith was strengthened from time to time by other portions of the word of God.

In June, 1863, I received a very powerful impression from God, that I must go to Brockport, to attend a tent-meeting held there by Br. Purdy. I immediately assented, and began the preparation necessary to go: the feeling was renewed the next day, with still greater unction and power. I had not been able to walk about my native village for several years. My confidence was strong in God, and he showed me that he would carry me as a parent would a child, and prepare the way before me. And truly it was so. I was saved from all care, or anxiety, about what was before me, and sweetly rested in Jesus. At that meeting I received the healing power upon my body, as never before. Glory to God! And since that I have been enabled to go about at God's command, proving the promise true, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be."

Many divine touches have I received since then, as I have needed them, and the entire removal of diseases in a mo-

ment of time, by believing in Jesus. All glory to his name! I will trust him to the end, and look for an increase of spiritual-mindedness, and strength of body, according to the work he shall appoint unto me.

### V Prayers from the Deep.

THY storms are over us and under us,  
Our masts mourn loudly for their shredded sails;

The white-capped waves are very thunderous;

Because of the dread anger of thy gales,  
Lord God!

Is it the power of darkness that prevails,  
Or are these winds the lashes of thy rod?

Sweet Saviour of the sinking! thou hast trod  
The waves of the tempestuous sea;  
Reach forth thine arm to save us, Son of  
God!

Most high, most meek, most sweet, most  
Lord Christ! [merciful

Breathe our deliverance, whose word, whose  
nod,

To break the seethes of Galilee sufficed.

What angel spake? Those steely darts  
Make heaven livid! How can we endure  
His wrath? Descend on our unhealed hearts  
Most fair and holy, most dear and pure  
Lord Spirit!

Thy balms of healing are at hand and sure,  
Thy face is gentle—we are blind that fear it.

And is thy word gone forth so suddenly?  
And are the storms so quick withdrawn?  
See how the soft rain smoothes the sobbing  
sea!

And the torn clouds are fringed and  
pricked with dawn.

Lord God! Lord Christ! Lord Holy Ghost!  
Thine hand is firm, but gentle! for thou  
knowest

Our fearful souls, our frail and wearied  
frames!

Wherefore we laud and magnify thy names,  
Most highest Trinity, whom all the host  
Of heaven and earth adore, and make glad  
boast.

Lord God! Lord Christ! Lord Holy Ghost!  
Yea, unto thee these praises shall ascend,  
World without end. Amen.

THE moment a soul closes with Christ,  
that moment is this word true of him:  
"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy  
transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."  
"There is now no condemnation to them  
that are in Christ Jesus."



## LIVING OUT THE GOSPEL.

THIS is something which every Christian must be doing. It may be that we have little to give towards the support of gospel institutions.—The building of churches, the distribution of the word of God, the carrying forward of missionary enterprises, must depend, perhaps, more upon our prayers than upon our purses. We are, possibly, not capable of rendering very efficient service in the labors of the church. We are not "apt to teach" in the Sunday-school, and it is more from principle than from hopes of profiting others, that we take any share in social meetings. But there is one thing every child of God can do. By the grace of God, all can *live out* the gospel. And he who is earnestly striving to do this, is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

We speak much of the importance, of the dignity, of the efficacy of preaching the gospel. This is the best preaching, this is the highest style of preaching. It is a kind of preaching which our Lord Jesus Christ expects of every follower. Every believer is called of God, as was Aaron, for this, and is anointed of the Holy Ghost, and sealed with the spirit of promise. A Christian life is the most commanding pulpit. No words are so telling as a good man's daily walk. And nothing so checks and counteracts the preaching of God's ministers as the want of a consistent life on the part of God's people. The thunders of a Christian Demosthenes may roll along the sky, and no one tremble, because the unfaithful lives of the members of the church muffle the sound.

When Christians visibly take upon themselves what they preach to the world, and the minister can point and say, "Behold how this gospel does honor and glorify men, see what fruit it yields, hear the joyful salutations of believers, look on their daily honesty, witness how gently and peacefully they go into the world loaded with blessings,"—was there ever eloquence like

that? Is it not now the great drawback to our preaching, that we have no better practising? Suppose that every minister who stands in the pulpit should be touched with seraphic fire, would the world be so speedily converted as it would be if every Christian in all church communions of the earth, should at once stand forth clothed in the full power and beauty of Christian life?

By many motives we are urged to personal holiness. Our Master calls us to it. Angels call us to it. Heaven calls us to it. But no call is louder than the call of a world lying in wickedness. The despairing cry of dying men is a call to all of us so to live the gospel that we shall adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. We are preaching more sermons every week than our minister preaches from his pulpit in a year. We are preaching to men in the byways, to strangers, to those who hear no words from our lips. Our life, our conversation, our business habits, our unconscious influence is preaching. Is it preaching Christ? How much of Christ is it preaching? Is it illustrating what is taught in the sanctuary?—Is it clinching the utterances of the pulpit? Do we take the messages of the pulpit, to send them out into the world so burdened down with the rich fruits of gospel living that men welcome them, take the truths into their hearts, and feed upon them for their eternal life!

If Christians will live out the power of Christ's life, great will be the company of the preachers, and glorious the results achieved.

DREAMS are common to sleeping.—No man begins to slumber in religion, but he falls into some golden dream. It is a device of Satan to seduce men into a drowsy state, and then to beguile them with some dream. When the duties of religion become irksome, then he presents some novelty which allures and deceives us; whereas, had we been in life and vigor, we should have detected the deceit.—*Cecil.*

## Editorial.

### The Rich.

THERE is no class of society in such imminent danger of eternal damnation as the rich. If any among them are saved, it will be like Lot coming out of Sodom—the exception, and not the rule. *How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!* For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God!—Luke xviii. 24, 25. If there is any meaning in words, these words teach the almost absolute impossibility of the salvation of the rich. Call in the critics. Make "camel" mean "cable," if you will—that does not help the matter. You must still conclude that riches greatly endanger the salvation of the soul. Mark well these words! It is not merely *trust* in riches, that renders it so difficult to enter the kingdom of God, but *their possession*. Yet who ever possessed riches, without trusting in them, at least for influence and consideration, if not for salvation? When did you ever hear a wealthy stranger testify in a religious meeting, without his giving some intimation of his standing?

Jesus forbids his disciples to amass wealth. His language is plain. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to pervert it.—*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 where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*—Matt. vi. 18, 19. Can you find anything more explicit against profanity or drunkenness?

The teaching of the New Testament on this subject is all of the same tenor. There are no apparent contradictions to be reconciled. The Apostles went out to preach the Gospel to every creature. Some of the worst characters—thieves, drunkards and adulterers—were saved, (1 Cor. iv. 9-11,) but they met with no success in converting the rich. See 1 Cor. i. 26-28; James ii. 5-6, v. 1-5.

John Wesley had great success in laboring for souls. He dealt faithfully, and took no course that had a tendency to pamper pride, or any other vice that ruins the soul. If any man could have saved the rich, we should naturally suppose that he might have done it. Yet toward the close of life he writes: "Most of those in England who have riches, love money, even the Methodists; at least, those who are called so. The poor are the Christians. I am quite out of conceit with almost all those who have this world's goods. \* \* \* It is a sad observation, they that have most money have usually least grace."

Again he says: "Do not *you* lay up, or at least desire and endeavor to 'lay up treasures on earth'? Are you not, then, (deal faithfully with your own soul!) more and more alive to the world, and consequently more and more dead to God? It cannot be otherwise. That *must* follow, unless you give all you can, as well as gain and save all you can. There is no other way under heaven to prevent your money sinking you lower than the grave! For 'if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' And if it was in him, in ever so high a degree, yet if he slides into the love of the world, by the same degrees that this enters in, the love of God will go out of the heart."

Beloveds, are these things so? Must we take our choice between laying up treasures on earth or treasures in heaven? To do both is impossible. Deliberately take your choice. Not to choose is inevitably to drift into the current of worldliness.—To choose the world, is to choose sorrow, and trouble, and eternal death.

If you resolve to lay up treasures in Heaven, begin at once. Give yourself to God to do good to the utmost of your ability to your fellow-men. Adopt the motto of Wesley, *Gain all you can, save all you can, and give all you can.*

In the light of these truths, we see the utter criminality of the course taken by the popular churches to secure the patronage of the rich. The very vices which ensure their damnation are encouraged.—Their love of distinction is gratified by

being able to buy the exclusive right to the occupancy of the best pews in the house; and their pride is strengthened and encouraged by the splendor that surrounds them, and the deference that is paid to them in the house of God. Plain, free churches, are everywhere needed, quite as much to save the rich as to reach the masses and carry the Gospel to the poor.

THERE IS NO RESPECT OF PERSONS WITH GOD.

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### Pew-Renting.

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WE have shown in these pages that pew-renting is a sin—a sin plainly forbidden in the word of God. It converts the house of God into a house of Mammon. It insults Christ in the person of his poor. It introduces aristocracy in the last place where aristocracy should be tolerated—into the Church of God—and the meanest of all kinds of aristocracy—an aristocracy based on money.

Promote spiritual religion in such a Church? As well might you undertake to promote temperance by the sale of intoxicating drinks as to promote the humble, self-denying religion of the cross by a system that appeals to pride for its support, and that in turn feeds the pride by which it is supported.

We are glad to see an occasional reproof in the secular papers of this anti-Christian system. The following is from the *Chicago Post*:

At the sale of the pews at Grace Church, on Monday evening and Tuesday, the prices obtained for sittings in that house of worship were greater, we believe, than ever realized in Chicago. The pew admitted to be the best went off to S. Mason Loomis, at the modest figure of \$2,150, he having gallantly bid \$950 for the first choice.—From that sum down to more moderate rates, the descent was easy—the sale of the evening closing by knocking off No. 136 to Dr. E. M. Hale, the abortionist, at the extraordinary low sum of \$400.

It is clearly the right of any number of men and women of Chicago, associated under any name, to build such a temple as

they please, to express the force and fervency of their religious ideas; and we may not complain of what they do. If any men are moved by any spirit to pay \$2,150 for a pew, or if any are so lowly that \$400 limit their capabilities, theirs is the right to do as they please with their own. But while indulging in the conceits of ecclesiastical architecture, the sweet strains of operatic music, the luxury of a house complete in all its appointments, all in the name and for the glory of God, it is well enough for them to remember that the Protestant poor of Chicago are lapsing into unbelief and darkness, because with the exception of the few Mission churches, there is no place in the House of God for them; and that while the few of the pampered classes are building theological show boxes, and are giving to religion that tribute which hypocrisy pays to virtue, they are from their neglect of the souls and bodies whom God has given us to care for, sowing the seeds of infidelity and disorder, which will, in due time, bear their natural fruit. No man who labors with his hands will find a place in Grace Church. We do not say that such would be turned away from its door. A poor woman, the child of toil, who had given six days of the week to her task, might, if the sexton is not a boor and a bully, find a corner in which her humble raiment would not be brought into too bold relief by contrast with the gewgawry of her richer sisters; but she would not be welcome twice. She has not \$2,150 for a seat; she has never practiced child murder as a trade, hence even \$400 are wanting; and as the gospel in these days is expensive, she must be turned off to make room for the glittering one who can pay. What we say of Grace Church is true of all like establishments in Chicago and throughout the whole country. In them a certain number of lawyers, doctors, politicians, editors, speculators, merchants, and sometimes abortionists, meet to loll away an hour and a half of each Sunday, on luxuriously cushioned seats, listening to words which may be comforting to hear, but which have but infinitesimal effect in the control of the everyday life. In all of them, the men who

labor, no matter at what, nor how faithfully and intelligently, are practically forbidden as if an angel with a flaming sword stood at the entrance. And this in all our cities is the curse of Protestantism which once regenerated the world; and what is worse, this practical denial of the essence of the Gospel taught by Him who had not where to lay His head, is making its way into the villages and rural districts so rapidly and to such an extent, that thousands of good men are looking upon the final triumph of the Protestant cause as a thing that must wait the lapse of another era, in which Popery and slavery are again the rulers of the world. Oh men who call yourselves Christians! what a spectacle is this!

In the older days, when a church was built for the honor of our Maker, it was for His honor indeed. It acknowledged no ownership in man. Those who gave to it sent in their gifts because they were conscientiously impelled. No matter what the value of these, nor the social state of the givers; in the walls of that sacred edifice all men were alike. There were neither privileges for the rich, nor slights and disabilities for the poor. Before God and that altar, the rich and poor were one. In His presence, the gaudy raiment, the glittering jewels, the haughty mien, and the arrogance of wealth, were less than the humble garb and the consciousness of poverty. Prince and peasant knelt together to acknowledge their brotherhood, and together to receive the sacred proof that God is the loving Father of all mankind."

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### To our Friends.

TO ONE and all of our friends, who have aided us with contributions of money, or of articles for our columns, we tender our most heart-felt thanks. We bespeak your continued aid and co-operation. These are trying times. We need your help. Not one of you can be spared from our lists.—Stand by us in this emergency, and we will stand by the cross as we have never done. Make a special effort to increase the circulation of the *Earnest Christian*, and we will do the best we can to make it more deserving of your support than ever. Send it to your friends. Introduce it where as yet it is not known.

Help us by your prayers. Satan withstands us at every point, and God alone can carry us through. But in the name of Jesus we conquer.

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### Change of our Post-Office Address.

HEREAFTER our friends will please address us at *North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.* It is ten miles west of Rochester. We removed our residence here to get our Seminary building erected, and school started; and as the Lord does not send any one to take our place, it seems His will that we shall remain here for the present. We shall continue to publish the *Earnest Christian* at Rochester, at least, until we are able to buy a press—if that time ever arrives; but it is most convenient for us to have our mail come to the place where we reside.

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### To those who Owe us.

IF our friends knew how heavily financial burdens press upon us—burdens assumed in endeavoring to promote the work of the Lord—it seems to us that every one indebted to us in any amount, would forward it at once. One dollar and twenty-five cents seems like a small sum—and it is—but one thousand such make an amount that would greatly relieve us. If any are unable to pay, and will so inform us, we will most cheerfully cancel the obligation. *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*

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### Revivals.

AT BURKE HILL, on the Perry charge, Genesee Conference, we learn that a gracious revival is in progress under the labors of Rev. G. W. Humphrey.

ON THE EDMESTON CIRCUIT, Rev. Thos. Ross writes us that God is reviving His work in great power. About two hundred have already been converted.

HARDWICK, VT.—The Lord is in much mercy reviving his work in this place.—About thirty have been converted, and a few have been brought into all the fulness of the gospel, and are rejoicing in the power of Christ to save even unto the uttermost.

T. F. SHUART.

## Overmuch Righteous.

ARE we right, or are we wrong? Does it not appear clear as the noon-day sun, that those professing "holiness to the Lord," perfect love, entire sanctification, should be the holiest of the holy—circumspect in their daily walk and conversation—undefiled, and separate from sinners?

Yet, I am astonished—grieved, indeed—the crooked ways of some of these professedly sanctified ones.

Dress gaily, gaudily, extravagantly,—adorn themselves in artificials, fashionable gew-gaws,—imitate the ungodly in braided hair, gold, pearls, and costly array; gold is seen dangling in their ears—gold chains, seals and keys are dangling from their pockets—gold is on their fingers, on their bosoms, arms and wrists.

Consider the words of the apostle (from 1 Tim. ii. 9): "I will also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, *not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.*" (Also 1 Pet. iii. 3.)

"Adorning self with so much art  
Is but a savage skill;  
Or, like the pois'ning of a dart,  
Too apt, before, to kill."

"The Lord saith, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion."—Isaiah iii. 16, 17.

Smoke and chew the vile, degrading, poisonous, "Indian weed"? Yes, they do, gratify a false, acquired, pernicious appetite! Their breath is intolerably offensive, affecting the whole atmosphere around them pestilentially! It pollutes even the cup of blessing at the Lord's table! When the subjects of this lust of the flesh—of this worse than beastly appetite—are alluded to as dishonoring God, I am told by the apologist, "What harm? this gratification makes a man neither better nor worse in the sight of God. The Lord can look upon it complacently! Tobacco, like the

intoxicating bowl, is one of God's good creations, 'to be used with thanksgiving,' etc. The slaves to this filthy habit are our beloved brethren—the choicest of the flock. When the leaders in our worshipping assemblies take this view of the subject,—compromise with iniquity,—where is the hope of reform? The shameful evil goes on increasingly; and if one brother is permitted to gratify his fleshly appetite unrebuked, why not another and another? till the whole assembly become smokers and tipplers, stenchifying the whole atmosphere—impregnating the cup emblematical of bleeding mercy! "One sinner destroyeth much good." "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Talk about great and good men bowing to this slave of appetite! *False!* Who believes it?

Look for a moment at the expense of this sensual and worse than useless gratification.

It costs England and America a sum sufficient to support fifty thousand ministers with a salary of \$1,000; or more than one hundred thousand missionaries. The students in one college pay more than \$6,000 for cigars yearly. It tends to idleness, poverty, strong drink, and the whole family of vices. It tends to debility, dyspepsia, palsy, cancers, insanity, delirium-tremens, and sudden deaths. It weaves a winding-sheet around twenty thousand in our land every year!

In New York city more than twice the amount is puffed away in cigars that is expended for bread!

Some eighty diseases are traced by Dr. Shaw to the use of this vile narcotic. It injures health of body, mind, and soul.—The habit is indecent. The example is pernicious on the rising youth. The expenditure is wicked. It leads to strong drink. Said a poor Indian: "I want three things; all the rum in the world, all the tobacco, then more rum. I smoke because it makes me love to drink." The use of this poisonous drug blunts the moral sensibilities, grieves the Holy Spirit, hinders prayer.—"I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

No tobacco user is fit for a bed companion. He is giving forth pestilential vapors from all the pores of the skin.

He is an embodiment of perpetual miasm. The immediate atmosphere surrounding him is inevitably impregnated and polluted with the constant effluvia which emanates from his whole surface. He becomes a perfect walking distillery of the deadly essence, sending forth its fumes and vapors into the surrounding atmosphere. His mouth is the mill which grinds out the weed, and his whole body the distillery for the essence. Put a chewer or smoker into a vapor bath, with no tobacco in the room, and in a short time the whole room will be strongly scented with tobacco effluvia that emanated from his body. Put him into a warm bath and get up a perspiration; then put that water upon flies or vermin of plants, and it will instantly destroy them.

No person has a right to make the sanctuary of home disagreeable by the use of anything that offends. The smoke of a pipe or a cigar penetrates clothing, injures books, pictures, and nice furniture, and it should be banished at the threshold.

Again, we are told, by way of apology "Allowing this worldly conformity in dress and equipage, the use of strong drink and tobacco, etc., are evils to be deprecated, what is the use of reprovng them? Begin at the heart, the seat of all evil,—get the heart right, and all will be right." True, indeed; we know if the fountain is pure, the streams will be pure,—as the fountain, so the stream. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place, sweet water and bitter?" "Can the fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive berries?"—James iii. 11-11. "A good man, out of the treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things," &c.—Matt. xii, 34, 35.

If Jesus reigns in the heart—the God of Purity and Love—the words and actions issuing therefrom, will be correspondingly pure and lovely. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But when and where are we forbidden exposing popular, prevailing iniquities—especially in God's house—staring us full in the face—the making "of the sanctuary of the

Most High a cage of unclean birds," and a house of merchandise, or den of thieves?

Are we not to raise our voice against outward, popular sins of the flesh and spirit, of those professing godliness—sins that bring an evil report of the goodly land,—cause the enemies of the cross to blaspheme and crucify the Lord afresh, simply because the heart is the seat of moral corruption and all vileness? To the word and the testimony. If we speak not accordingly, there is no truth in us.

When I lift my voice, gently, God-fearingly, against "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," the outcry is—"O, you are self-righteous"—"righteous overmuch"—"building your hopes of heaven on works"—"by grace are ye saved," etc. "What then, shall we sin that grace may abound?"

What says the apostle?—Rom. vi. 15, 16: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." N.

#### DYING TESTIMONY.

BELINDA LEWIS, wife of Sylvanus T. Lewis, died Sept. 28th, 1869, of consumption, in Norwich, N. Y., aged 64 years.

Sister Lewis experienced religion at the age of sixteen, under the labors of Rev. John Bangs. She united with the M. E. Church, and has ever since been a living and worthy member. While formalism has taken the place of vital religion, in too many cases, she has kept the same faith, walked in sight of the old landmarks, and claimed, as she often said, to be one of the old-fashioned Methodists. She saw many sorrows. We believe her to be one of the number which John saw, that came up through great tribulation, with their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. She was an earnest Christian. It was her daily practice to enter her closet three times every day, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and holding sweet communion with the Father which heareth in secret and rewards openly. She found the precious promises verified in her own experience. Her last sickness was protracted. Three months previous to her death, she sought and found the blessing of perfect love. To use her own language, she was wholly sanctified, soul, body, and spirit. Her trust was in God. She seemed willing to suffer on till Jesus said, "It is enough—come up higher;" and she sweetly passed away. A. L. HOLLIDAY.

## LOVE FEAST.

EDWARD MATHEWS.—My needs are supplied according to Christ's riches in glory. Should I to-day be troubled about what I have not, the word of God would condemn me,—so would conscience. The word: "Be content with such things as ye have." Again, "Exercise thyself unto godliness"—*God-likeness*. I find it in the word: "In him dwelleth all fullness." "Godliness, with contentment, is great gain. But bodily exercise profiteth but little."—This is manifest from the fact, we occupy to-day stations previously occupied by those who sleep the sleep of death; and we, too, must die! Then why so much ado about temporal things, and so much neglect about eternal things? "Things which are seen are temporal, but things which are not seen are eternal"—Eternal God—Eternal Son—Eternal Glory. I am on the stretch for God; and the great cry of my entire being is, Give me more of God. The answer—

"More of thy life,—and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies;  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise."

I am learning to die daily—to the world, and its applause, its fashions, customs, maxims, laws; and the nearer I arrive at the great death of self, so much more do I realize, "Nevertheless, Christ liveth in me." O, glory! glory! glory to God forever!

*Ridgeway, Mich.*

MRS. MARY A. MORSE.—I praise the Lord to-day that he is my refuge—my high tower and safe hiding-place. My faith in God never was stronger. He is my great Physician for soul and body. Hallelujah! He has saved me! Everything I have belongs to him. O, how the Lord strove with my stubborn heart, before I would consent to be his! I tried to believe that God would not place us here, with the power and will to sin, and punish us for it; but I would flee to my Bible, and it would condemn me. I gave this up. Yet I wanted to go to heaven. Then I tried the annihilation doctrine. If I did die in sin, my punishment would be short. But O, how it makes me tremble to think of it!

At such times, the Lord would open to my view all the horrors of hell. There I could see the lost, writhing in agony with the eternal flames. There they kept burning and not consuming. God will never let me be an Annihilationist in belief, and be a Christian. What could I do? I could not build a flowery pathway to heaven. I felt I was lost, undone, and my burden was more than I could bear. I must give my heart to Jesus, or he would withdraw his Spirit from me. It was enough. Then and there I gave myself to Jesus for time and eternity. For five years I have lived by faith on the Son of God. I find Jesus as precious to-day as when I first began. His precious blood cleanses from all sin. The cross is no burden—glory to his name. I do not find the way strewn with flowers and ease, but it is full of beauty. It is Christ, all the way. I am walking in the highway that is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord.

*Ionis, Mich.*

IRENE W. GOFF.—I have Jesus for my portion, and my all. He is to me the One altogether lovely. He is my rock, and my salvation. He is my fortress and my high tower—my refuge in time of trouble. I am leaning on His arm for support. Other refuges have I none. Though tempest-tossed, my anchor is cast within the vale. My joy is in the Holy Ghost. The Lord gives me victory over all earthly things. I find the only safe way is in keeping close to Jesus—praise His name forever!

*Albion, N. Y.*

MRS. ASENATH SULLIVAN.—Jesus is with me to-day—bless His name! I have fought through many a battle sore, and expect to fight through many more—glory to the Lamb! I do not find much time to talk about temptations or tribulations, but find Jesus more than a match for everything. He makes a way in the wilderness, and rivers of water in dry places—hallelujah! He redeems me from all my iniquity, covers me with his wings, shields me in the day of battle, and makes my feet as "hind's feet." I see no *back track* leading to glory.

*Saratoga Springs.*

J. OWEN BROWN—In March, 1867, I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And this morning, my soul rejoiceth for the indwelling assurance that "Jesus paid it all—all to him I owe." I have learned to walk by faith and not by sight, and with Christ strengthening me, I can run and not be weary. Glory to God! that I know I have been bought with a price—not of corruptible things, as silver and gold, but the far more precious blood of Jesus. O, I am fully resolved to go on, until I shall see the King in his beauty. The craving of my spiritual appetite is after more of God.—As pants the hart after the water-brook, so longeth my soul after the living God. I have laid all upon the altar, without reserve of anything. The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. O, I would that all would taste and see that Jesus saves unto the uttermost. I earnestly want to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. O, the path to glory shineth more and more. I want to live the life of an earnest Christian, so that by-and-by the fadeless glories of an eternal morn may fall softly around my departing spirit, and I hear His blessed voice, "Enough—come up higher." May God bless the *Earliest Christian* the coming year, to the salvation of many souls.

*Lebanon, Ohio.*

G. H. COMPTON.—Spent the day in fasting and prayer—God with me all the day. Had liberty in pleading with God. Felt the fire of God, as it were, consuming me. Every particle of me seemed to be on the stretch for all the fullness of my God.—Was so exceedingly happy in God, as not to know whether I was in the body or out of the body. The earth could hardly hold me. Conversed with God as a man would converse with his most intimate friend.—Felt saved of Jesus Christ, through and through. Perfectly clear in regard to the blessing of entire holiness,—as clear and as bright as the sun at noonday. The Lord Jesus Christ reigns triumphant in

me, to the destruction of all sin. God is mine and I am his—now, and shall be evermore. My soul is unutterably filled with God and light. My faith's capacity has been increased a hundred fold, and I feel that I am more settled in God than ever before. My heart-strings pant after Him, and I see such a beauty and excellency in all that Jesus Christ ever said and done, that I am almost ravished with His love. I sink in His love; I believe in His word; I submit to His ways; I live in Him by faith, and find that I am exceedingly filled with God, and have a heaven to go to heaven in. In fact, I find the Lord Jesus Christ so filling every avenue of my soul with His love, that I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, to think that God should thus deign to bless a sinful worm. He so fills me with Himself, that I feel that I am nothing more than a mote floating in the beams of the sun at high noon. I am living in the apostolic succession.

*Wiota, Mich.*

W. H. WEBSTER.—I have been born again, and I like the New Life. I feel some of the power with which I have been redeemed, so that I rejoice in hope of the glory of God. I think if Jonah could offer thanksgiving at the bottom of the ocean, with the bars of earth around him, I, on dry land, ought to call upon all that is within me to praise the name of our God. So that if earth raises bars of unpopularity to praise God in the midst of His people, I will make stir enough to cause them to throw me out, where I can have air enough to breathe free and shout aloud to Him that redeemed us through the blood of the Lamb. Glory to God in the highest!—There is peace in my heart, and good will toward all men. It is said that the captain, who had beaten Paul, became alarmed when he found out that Paul was a Roman. He feared the power of Rome. So the devil leaves off beating the child of God. He is afraid of the power of God, when at every blow the power is in the shout.—Keep it before the people, that the devil, as a roaring lion, seeks to destroy the souls of men by the things of earth.

*Lansingburgh, Pa.*