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THE OLD LANDMARKS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set.—Prov. xxii. 28.

Unsettled boundary lines between neighbors, lead to animosity and strife. In religion the consequences are still more fatal. Multitudes who live on the border between the church and the world, imagine that they are only on friendly terms with their neighbors, when, in reality, they are in the same spiritual kingdom with them. The world loves them because they are of the world. This is plainly declared by Christ, *If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you.*—John^{xv.} 19. By the world here is meant all unconverted persons. When men become Christians they become unlike the world. They have passed from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light.

Their aim is different. Worldly men aim at securing the advantages of the world. They make this their study. Their energies are expended in gratifying their bodily appetites, or in endeavoring to secure wealth, or fame, or pleasure. Real Christians live for an object wholly different. Their aim is to

please God. To lay up treasures in Heaven engages their thoughts, employs all their powers of body and mind, and nerves them up to ceaseless activity. They are not understood by the world. If they are men of talent, they are pronounced weak and foolish, because, as is alleged, they do not employ their talents to better advantage. No matter how sound they may appear to be in judgment, or how successful they may be in accomplishing whatever they undertake, the simple fact that they make the service of God the business of life, is taken as conclusive evidence of some concealed weakness of intellect. Though the times have changed, there is a boundary line between the church and the world that no one has the right to remove. Let men who aim at worldly objects stay in the world. That is their place. They have no business in the Church of Jesus Christ. That was made for a different class of persons altogether. Their spirit is different.

He whose claims are worldly has, of necessity, a worldly spirit.—It cannot be otherwise. It is natural. He may be educated and polished: but under that refined air, pride and ambition and selfishness reign supreme. Strong winds cause the surface of a river to run up stream, but, underneath, the great body of water is ma-

king its way undisturbed towards the ocean. So, powerful influences may give to a selfish man the appearance of benevolence; to a sinner the semblance of a saint, but his goodness is short-lived in its duration, and limited in its influence. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.

The Christian is a man of meek and humble spirit. So far from seeking the honor that comes from men, he does not receive it when freely offered.—Flattery takes no hold upon him. He seeks the approbation of God, and with that he is satisfied.

There is a wide difference in the practice of the men of the world and true Christians. This results necessarily from the difference in their aims and spirit. If the trees are unlike in kind, there is an unlikeness in the fruit. Whether Christians act in an organized capacity or as individuals, they act unlike the world. The means employed to build up secular organizations should never be resorted to by the church, no matter how rapidly they might swell its numbers, or multiply its influence. It was not by selling pews, fostering pride, furnishing fine music, and glittering rhetorical displays, that the primitive church was multiplied, but by walking in the fear of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

In his methods of doing business, and in his private walk, the saint differs widely from the sinner. He does not act from impulse, but from a settled principle to do right. He has a due regard to the interests of others as well as his own. He is not only honest when honesty appears to be the best policy, but he is downright honest at all times.

His tastes have been changed—the

theatre, the race course, the novel, have no attractions for him. He drinks of the river of God's pleasure, and is happy in the assurance that his name is registered in the Lamb's Book of life.

Cursed is he that removeth the landmark between the church and the world. The line of demarkation was drawn distinctly by Jesus Christ himself, and no body of ministers have any right to obliterate it in any of its parts. Let it stand out so plain that every one may readily know to which side he belongs.

Christ has no concord with Belial, however much Belial may desire it. No matter what overtures of peace Belial may make, the servants of Christ are not allowed to make peace on any other terms than those of unconditional surrender. They must in reality renounce the devil and all his works, before they can be received into the ranks of Jesus Christ. Vice is always ready to associate with virtue. Gamblers and thieves would require no persuasion to consent to live on terms of friendly intercourse and social equality with honest citizens. Virtue is exclusive in its very nature. Christianity is the embodiment of virtue in its highest forms. It cannot unite with the world without losing its distinctive character. It may retain its name, but its essential elements be gone.

Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.

SIN.—A presumptuous sin is such a one as is committed in the face of the command, in a desperate venturing to run the hazard, or in a presuming upon the mercy of God through Christ, to be saved notwithstanding: this is a leading sin to that which is unpardonable, and will be found with such professors as do hanker after iniquity.—*Bunyan.*

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY REV. GEO. W. ANDERSON.

The church needs it.

Without it she will get into a cold, lukewarm state. Nothing else can keep her alive and render her faithful. Human resources and sectarian zeal, will not answer in place of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Alas! that any should take up with such substitutes for the living fire. The preaching may be splendid, and the singing artistic, but how little good can be done unless the fire burns upon the altar! A new engine looks very grand, but it answers no purpose, until the steam is generated and sets it in motion. We do not want church buildings to look at, and ministers to look at merely. Religion is not for the eye and ear, but for the soul. We want a power in the ministrations of the pulpit, and the worship of God's house, that will reach the soul, and touch it with a quickening influence. A church devoid of divine influence and divine unction, is a poor light-house. Souls may chance to get converted there; but their love will soon be struck with a death-chill, and their spirit of devotion and zeal dampened. The earth is only fresh, and green, and fertile, and beautiful, as it has frequent showers and genial sunshine. And the church needs showers from heaven, frequent out-pourings of the Holy Ghost to make her fresh, active, productive and beautiful. The baptism of the Holy Ghost will produce what some may call *sensation*, but sensation is better than stagnation. The more general the influence from above the better.—*Let the quickening extend far and wide throughout Zion. Surely it will require a church fully alive to wake a dead world up.*

Every minister of Christ needs it.

He watches for souls. Their destiny is largely depending on him. If he would be a soul-saver, he must have more than human power, and the polish of the schools. Human power is no

match for the strong man armed with strength of sin. Tame addresses, on morality and virtue, will never wake up a sleeping sinner, and probe his conscience until he is alarmed and cries for mercy. To do this a minister must be clothed with power from on high. He must speak words of fire. If he has not the baptism of the Holy Ghost, his hands are tied, and his tongue is bound. He holds a position of influence. The pew takes complexion from the pulpit. "Like priest, like people." He either quickens them unto life, or stifles them into torpor and death. O! for a baptized ministry that the people will catch fire from. Brother minister, resolve to be alive; get the unction; spread the holy fire.

Every class-leader needs it.

If he has it his members will know it. He will visit them, especially if delinquent. His words of reproof, exhortation and encouragement will burn like fire into their souls. The classroom will be an inviting, refreshing, heavenly place. But if the leader is cold and dead, his class will be like him soon. Formality will settle down like a baneful plague upon the place. Souls will grow barren. They will get careless about coming to class, and soon be as cold as if they lived at the north pole. Class-leaders need the tongue of fire. A little good advice will not amount to much, unless God makes the application. To tell his members to "go on," will not start them ahead six inches, when he lacks the power and energy of the Holy Ghost.

Every member of the church needs it.

Unless you have it, you can be of no service. You will discourage your minister, and be a dead-weight upon all your brothers and sisters. Your presence in the prayer meeting will be chilling; and if you speak, your talk will be neither edifying nor enlivening.—Only a baptism of the Holy Ghost will make you useful. You want it to impart life, energy and power. Your soul should glow with intense love, zeal and devotion. Get more in earnest. You know you are not bearing all the fruit

you should. You are not exerting that influence for God, which he expects and which gratitude should prompt you to exert. Even the people of the world say, "If that man really enjoys religion,—why is he not more in earnest?" The cause of God suffers, and poor, unsaved souls suffer, because you lack divine unction. Your prayers and exhortations have not enough point. You need the commanding influence and impressive power, that is secured by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. O! resolve to be an earnest man. Make the most of life, and do good, and lift up humanity.—Don't make lack of talent an excuse. The Holy Ghost will develop more in you, than you would believe you had, if some one told you. Let God fill you with his Spirit, and you will surprise yourself and others.

Begin in earnest to seek it.

Wrestle with God in your closet. Cry mightily to the Lord. Be importunate. Do not let the subject pass with a few thoughts and feeble aspirations. Everything urges upon you its importance, its present importance.—Then get at the Lord's feet and pray for divine influence, for the unction and power of the Holy Ghost. Groan, plead, agonize, consecrate and yield not until you receive the mighty baptism. God says, "I will be inquired by the house of Israel to do these things for them." "While they are yet speaking I will hear." And tell your brethren that you are seeking the baptism. You will enlist their sympathies, and stir them up to pray for the same thing for themselves.

God answers by fire to-day. You will feel it in your own soul. Your brethren will feel it in the place of prayer. And the men you work side by side with, daily, will be conscious of the divine influence. "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

The ultimate design of religion is purity.

THE FATE OF THE WICKED.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

PREPARED BY ELEANOR J. WILSON.

For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul? Will God hear his cry when trouble cometh upon him?—Job xxvii. 8, 9.

In a moment shall they die, and the people shall be troubled at midnight, and pass away; and the mighty shall be taken away without hands. For his eyes are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings. There is no darkness, nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.—Job xxxiv. 20–22.

But the hypocrites in heart heap up wrath.—Job xxxvi. 13.

The ungodly . . . are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.—Ps. i. 4, 5.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.—Ps. ii. 4, 5.

God is angry with the wicked every day. If He turn not, He will whet his sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready. He hath also prepared for him the instruments of death; He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors. Behold he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made, his mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate.—Ps. vii. 11–16.

The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God.—Ps. ix. 17.

Thou shalt make them as a fiery oven in the time of thine anger; the Lord shall swallow them up in his wrath, and the fire shall devour them.—Ps. xxi. 9.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked.—Ps. xxxii. 10.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.—Ps. xxxiv. 16.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity: for they shall be cut down like grass, and wither as the green herb. . . . For evil-doers shall be cut off. . . . For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. . . . The wicked plot-

teth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth. The Lord shall laugh at him; for He seeth that his day is coming. The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation. Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken. A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked. For the arms of the wicked shall be broken; but the Lord upholdeth the righteous. . . . But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of the lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.—Ps. xxxvii. 1, 2, 9, 10, 12, 17, 20.

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.—Ps. lxxviii. 1, 2.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death; but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued as other men. Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily. They set their mouth against the heavens; and their

tongue walketh through the earth.—Therefore his people return hither; and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them: and they say, how doth God know? and is there knowledge in the most high? Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! *they are utterly consumed with terrors!* —Ps. lxxiii. 2-19.

For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same; but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them.—Ps. lxxv. 8.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed for ever. . . . For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish: all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.—Ps. xcii. 7, 9.

And he shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness; yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off.—Ps. xciv. 23.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away; the desire of the wicked shall perish.—Ps. cxii. 10.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.—Ps. cxlv. 20.

Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. When your fear

cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.—Prov. i. 24–31.

The way of the wicked is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble.—Prov. iv. 19.

Therefore shall his calamity come sudden; suddenly shall he be broken without remedy.—Prov. vi. 15.

But he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.—Prov. viii. 36.

The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot.—Prov. x. 7.

When a wicked man dieth, his expectation shall perish; and the hope of unjust men perisheth.—Prov. xi. 7.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death.—Prov. xiv. 32.

The Lord is far from the wicked: but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.—Prov. xv. 29.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.—Ecc. xi. 9.

Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it.—Isa. v. 14.

For wickedness burneth as the fire: it shall devour the briers and thorns, and shall kindle in the thickets of the forest; and they shall mount up like the lifting up of smoke.—Isa. ix. 18.

The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites: who among us shall dwell with the de-

vouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?—Isa. xxxiii. 14.

Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein: the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies: he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter. Their slain also shall be cast out, and their stink shall come up out of their carcasses, and the mountains shall be melted with their blood. And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf felleth off from the vine, and as a fig from the fig tree. For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idu-mea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. . . . For it is the day

of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion. And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever.—Isa. xxxiv. 1–5, 8–10.

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.—Isa. xlviii. 22.

But the wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.—Isa. lvii. 20, 21.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. viii. 20.

Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity: but thou hast delivered thy soul.—Eze. iii. 19.

The sinner, when his conscience is fallen asleep and grown hard, will lie like the smith's dog at the foot of the anvil, though the fire-sparks fly in his face.

BE STEADFAST.

BY B. R. JONES.

King Darius was so overwhelmed with joy at the miraculous deliverance of Daniel from the blood-thirsty lions, that he established a decree, "That in every dominion in his kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for He is the living God, and *steadfast for ever*, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end."—Dan. vi. 26.

God's faithfulness in the deliverance of his servant, effected a mighty revolution in favor of truth. He had promised, and He could not fail. "*The word spoken by the angels was steadfast.*"

He who said, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done," was resolute in all His ways and purposes.

1. The Scriptures require that we maintain a principle of *unflinching* integrity. Paul says: "Stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." Again: "*Stand fast*, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." He who rises and falls with the tide—who is tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, finds himself "unstable in all his ways," and ill-disposed to engage against "principalities and powers."

2. To be steadfast we must be *anchored* in God. Well might David exclaim, "*He only* is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence: I shall not be greatly moved!"—Psa. lxii. 2. His trials were severe; yet he had learned to cast his burdens upon the Lord, and he was sustained. He who enters the "way of life" with a firm trust in Christ, and a strong determination to keep his commandments, and continues therein, is sure to succeed. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—Jesus.

Important inquiry: How will this steadfastness manifest itself?

This must have a practical bearing upon all who would follow Christ. To be established in Jesus will make us

fruit-bearers. "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."—Jno. xv. 5. A very important branch of the Christian's work, is to express his attachment to God and his word. This cannot be fully accomplished in silence. Our faithfulness will be discovered,

1. By *immediate and constant action*.

The spontaneous inquiry of the truly awakened soul is, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" And to every saved soul is the high injunction given, "Go work in my vineyard." The response, "I go sir," must be carried into effect by us. The vineyard of the Lord is located in such a clime as to require laborers in every season of the year.—There is a demand for *constant labor*. How appropriate the exhortation, "Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, *always abounding* in the work of the Lord." And for our encouragement it is written, "Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

2. By *perseverance in the faith*. This cannot be done without meeting opposition. The devil, through the agency of evil disposed persons, will struggle for the ascendancy. Here we need to be valiant. A judicious man will not count the enmity of the world; but when assailed for righteousness' sake, he will struggle manfully for the truth. It is not safe to rely entirely upon the faithful ones around us. Trust in the Lord for strength, and the saints and angels will behold with joyous emotions your many victories. "For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the Spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the *steadfastness of your faith in Christ*."—Paul.

We should not shrink from making an open profession of our faith. God delights in bold witnesses. "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, *let us hold fast our profession*."—Heb. iv. 14.

3. By *denouncing the bad, and attaining the good*. We have authority to "try the spirit." Truth grows brighter by inspection. An experience that

will not bear the light, affords ground for suspicion. Principles or practices that tend to evil, should be rejected. Whatever is for our spiritual advancement, we should retain. " *Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*" I must prove my honesty by carefully examining myself, to determine if there is any evil in me. It will not answer to conceal my sins by a veil of unnecessary ignorance.

It is better to be honest with ourselves here, than to come to judgement and be "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

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REMINISCENCE.

BY HATTIE A. WARNER.

In the sweet sunlight of a glorious day
I walked abroad;
A shining tablet overhung my way,
Traced by the hand of God;
In characters of living light
Each line was gleaming,
While rays of glory round the marble white
Were softly streaming:
It was a glowing promise, and I read
With Heaven's glad sunshine glittering
overhead
"Lord I believe," I said.
Then I walked on, brighter and still more,
bright
Glowed earth and Heaven, as, clad in garments white,
I journeyed toward the land of living light.
There came a sudden change, but how or where
I could not tell;
The gleam was gone and glare,
And o'er me darkness fell,
It was thick midnight, gloom that might
be felt,
If gloom were known by other sense than sight;
Wondering and sorrowing, in its folds, I knelt
And tried to pray for light;—
The walls were iron that enclosed me round,
With brass o'er head;
And every prayer I said
Seemed flying backward with a quick rebound,

And emptiness of sound.
And then my foe,
Whom I thought was vanquished quite,
Stalked near me thro' the night,
Whispering, Where art thou now?
In sooth, I told thee so.

Oh! God, I moaned at last, my life, my love,
What means this darkness, whither art
Thou gone?

Oh, Holy Comforter, sweet, pitying dove,
Why art Thou flown?

Thy promise gleamed upon my view,
I read it and believed it true,
And when I thought to find Thee still more
near,

Thy glory to behold,
I am left desolate: why am I here
In the black darkness, lone, and wan, and
cold,

Is this what Calvary bought?
It is not what I sought;
Alas, alas, my faith
Fails with my failing breath.
Oh God! my God! eternal, Holy One,
Why art thou thus unmindful of thine own?

I heard no rumbling tread
Of chariot wheels afar;

I saw no glory shed
From shining "gates ajar;"

Only a small, pale ray
Stole in upon my night,

I knew Christ heard me pray,
And blessed the welcome light.

And then I heard Him say,
The heavens shall pass away,

And earth-beneath,
Fire, ocean, air and clay,

Dissolve before My breath,
But while the eternal throne, secure,

Stands in the changeless Heaven,
My word shall, aye, endure.

I knew the roof was riven,
That shut me from the light of Heaven,

And tho' the black walls still
Stood round me as before;

I knew his power at will
Would ope my prison door;

And so I pressed my forehead to the clod
Of my damp dungeon floor,

And murmured o'er and o'er,
Praise God! praise God! praise God

THE BIBLE IS TRUE.

BY MRS. EMILY S. MOORE.

Besides many other proofs that the Bible is true, there is the remarkable fulfillment of the wonderful prophecy concerning the downfall of the Jewish city and nation. The Bible declares that "They should be persecuted with the sword, with famine and with the pestilence, and be delivered to all kingdoms of the earth to be a curse and an astonishment, and a hissing, a taunt, and reproach among all nations," because they disobeyed the word of the Lord. According to history, their city was destroyed in a terrible manner.—As it was foretold that signs and wonders should appear, so it was fulfilled. In the time of Nero, it is said, that various strange tokens took place. A star, shaped like a sword, hung over Jerusalem for a whole year. At the ninth hour of the night, during the feast of tabernacles, a light as bright as the moon, shone for half an hour on the temple and places adjacent. The eastern gate of the temple, all of solid brass, and which twenty men could scarcely shut, though fastened with strong bolts, opened of its own accord, and could scarcely be shut again. Before sunset, armies were seen in the air as if fighting, and besieging cities. In the night at Pentecost, the priests, in the temple, heard a noise, and a voice as of a multitude of waters crying, "Let us go hence." For about seven years and a half, beginning four years before the war broke out, one Jesus, a country fellow, ran up and down the streets of Jerusalem, especially at their solemn feasts, crying in a rueful manner, "A voice from the four winds. Wo is Jerusalem. Wo to the city, to the people, and to the temple;" and, at last, as he added: "Wo to myself," he was struck dead by a stone from a sling. The utmost scourging or torture could not restrain him from his thus crying till his death.

Under Vespasian, the Romans invaded the country, and took the cities

of Galilee, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, where Christ had been rejected; destroyed the inhabitants, and left nothing but ruin and desolation. At the time of the passover, when there might be two or three millions of people in the city; the Romans surrounded it with troops, trenches and walls that none might escape. The three different factions within murdered each other, and sometimes united to make a desperate but unsuccessful attack upon the Romans. They even murdered the inhabitants in sport, to try the sharpness of their swords.

At last, Eleazer's party was treacherously massacred by their brethren. The multitude of unburied corpses corrupted the air, and produced a pestilence. Titus, the Roman general, encamped before Jerusalem with a formidable army. A tremendous siege ensued. The Jews were unable long to resist the Roman engines. Titus enclosed the city, and then followed a famine the like to which the world has never witnessed. After a siege of six months, the city was taken. Titus endeavored to save the temple, but a Roman soldier set it on fire with a brand of fire which he threw into one of the windows. The whole city, except three towers and a small part of the wall was razed to the ground. Turnus Rufus, a Roman commander, caused the foundation of the temple to be ploughed up, and the soldiers dug over the rubbish in quest of money, or like precious things. Thus was fulfilled the prediction that "not one stone should be left upon another." The destruction was terrible. Josephus, who was an eye witness remarks, that all the calamities that ever befel a nation since the beginning of the world, were inferior to the miseries of his countrymen at this awful period. It is stated that one million one hundred thousand perished by sword, famine and pestilence; and ninety-seven thousand were taken prisoners. Titus crucified the prisoners before the walls around the city till he had no more wood with which to erect crosses. The state of the Jews after

the destruction of Jerusalem was indescribably wretched. Indeed, in consequence of the number slain, and carried captive, and the vast multitude of fugitives to other lands, the country was almost depopulated. Only a few women and old men remained about Jerusalem. All the land of Judea was sold by an imperial edict: and the tribute was confiscated which had been annually paid to the temple. They no longer existed as a nation, but were scattered through the earth; and have continued to this day a wonder, a reproach, and a by-word among all nations. In Adrian's time a terrible war existed, in which it is said about six hundred thousand Jews were slain by the sword, besides what perished by famine and pestilence. It is said that rivers were swelled high with blood, and the seas into which they ran, for several miles were marked therewith.

Adrian built a city into which no Jew was allowed to enter or even look at, under pain of death. Besides the common miseries which they sustained in the east by the Turkish and sacred war, it is shocking to think what multitudes of them the eight crusades murdered in Germany, Hungary, Lesser Asia, and wherever they could be found. In the first crusade, fifteen hundred were massacred in Strasburg, thirteen hundred at Mayence, twelve thousand were slain at Batavia. In France, multitudes were burnt, others were banished, and others had their goods confiscated. For sometimes the emperor caused to be held annual fairs, for the sale of captive Jews, and transported such as dwelt in the land, to Egypt.—Everywhere they were loaded with taxes. Multitudes of them had their ears cut off, and being marked in their bodies for rebellion, were dispersed through the empire as vagabond slaves. About A. D. 1020, they were banished from England, but afterwards returned. For their attending at the coronation of King Richard I, the mob fell upon and murdered a great many of them. Richard had scarce gone off to the sacred war, when the populace arose

and murdered multitudes of them; intending not to leave one of them alive in the country. About fifteen hundred of them got into the city of York to defend themselves. A furious siege obliged them to offer to ransom their lives for money. This being refused, they first killed their wives and children, and retiring to the palace, burned it on themselves. These persecutions induced the wealthiest of them to leave the kingdom. Subsequent monarchs invited them back, but only to plunder them. The whole of their property was often claimed by the kings, and extorted by the greatest cruelties.—King John compelled them to wear a disgraceful badge on their garments. He ordered the whole of them, women and men, to be imprisoned and tormented until they should pay sixty-six thousand francs. Some of the archbishops and bishops forbade any one's selling them provisions on pain of excommunication. They were often accused of the foulest crimes; and though not found guilty, were compelled to pay the most enormous fines. Such was their oppression, that in 1254 they requested to depart from England. But it was not granted. Seven hundred were massacred in London, in A. D. 1262 by the barons, to please the Londoners. In 1287 King Edward ordered all the Jews in the kingdom to be imprisoned, and two hundred and eighty to be executed in London, besides vast numbers in other cities. In 1290 he ordered them all to be banished from the kingdom never to return on pain of death. He permitted them to carry their effects and money with them over to France, while in his own dominions he confiscated all that remained to his own use. Many died from want. In Egypt, Canaan, and Syria, the crusaders harassed and murdered them. In Persia, the Tartars killed multitudes of them. Henry III of Castile and his son John, persecuted them; and in the reign of the latter, prodigious numbers were murdered. The terrible massacre of them at Toledo, forced many of them to put themselves to death, or change

their religion. After many were barbarously murdered, they were in 1253 banished from France. In 1275 they were recalled. And in 1300 King Philip banished them that he might enrich himself with their wealth. In 1312 they obtained re-admission for a great sum of money. But in 1320 the crusades of the fanatic shepherds, who wasted the south of France, terribly massacred them. In 1358 they were finally banished from France. In Spain they were accused of poisoning the rivers and wells; and fifteen thousand were in consequence put to death. In 1492 Ferdinand and Isabella issued a fatal edict, which banished all the Jews in four months from Spain. Seventy thousand families or eight hundred thousand persons, pursuant to this decree, left that beautiful kingdom amidst the greatest distress and suffering.—Vast multitudes perished on their way to foreign countries. Such as reached them were in the deepest distress; and many perished from famine and disease before they could find a settled abode. And their carcasses lay in the fields till the wild beasts devoured them.—Through the officers of the inquisition two thousand were put death. Many were long imprisoned; and such as had their liberty were compelled to wear two red crosses on their garments, to show that they had escaped the flames. By the popes in the sixteenth century they were treated with great severity. In Germany they were charged with poisoning the fountains, and twelve thousand were killed at Mentz. In the year 1400 they were all (who would not receive baptism) banished from the German empire.

They have been banished from Hungary, Bohemia, Bavaria, Cologne, Nuremberg, Augsburg and Vienna; terribly massacred in Moravia, plundered in Bonn and Hamburg; driven from place to place, and destroyed without mercy. Thus they have continued scattered, persecuted, enslaved, and contemned among almost all nations: not mixed after the common manner, but as a body distinct by themselves, as stand-

ing monuments of the fulfillment of God's holy word.

A BIT OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY WM. SLAGLE.

Early last fall a friend put the *Earnest Christian* into my hands. In reading its pages, I was convinced of the necessity of holiness of heart, and immediately set about the work. I went to the Lord to know what my idols were. I was a Free Mason and could not get blessed. It was impressed on my mind, "Come out from among them and be separate, and I will receive you." I promised God I would give that up, if he would bless me. Then the Lord showed me that to give up Masonry, I would have to leave the M. E. Church. I was determined to do all my duty; so in December, 1871, I joined the Free Methodist Church. I was determined to throw away all my idols, for the sake of Jesus: and glory to his name! he cleansed me from all sin. I now praise God for free and full salvation! Jesus saves me all the time. I want to go on in the highway of holiness. It is the way of the cross. O the cleansing blood of Jesus, how it flows! Glory! I feel it now while I write. There are a few pilgrims up here in these woods of Michigan; and I am praying for God to send us a preacher full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

At times I feel as if this frail casket would break, and my disenthralled spirit return on swiftest wings, to mingle with the blood-washed before the throne. O yes, it is done; I am the Lord's, and he is mine, forever and ever! I am indeed dying; yes, I am now dead, but I am dying unto sin.—Glory hallelujah! Amen. I now reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God. The dead praise him not, but the living shall praise him as I do this day.

All language utterly fails to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the power felt within me. O how rich, how full, how free!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

In the course of my ministry I have met with *men who, without intending it, have put hindrances in the way of my work.* Chief among these have been *over-zealous defenders.* I don't know how it is with other men, but to me it is an infinite nuisance to be defended. Some kind hearted people have told me with an air of intense self-satisfaction, that they have "defended me through thick and thin,"—whatever height of insanity that expression may be intended to signify. Over-zealous defenders don't appear to see that they actually provoke opposition. Men like to torment them; reports are taken to them by men who have a comical vein in their nature, and are with mock solemnity submitted for confirmation or denial; dull hours are enlivened by quizzical comments upon the ministry, and harmless inquiries are put with well-simulated anxiety to know the truth. Instantly the over-zealous defender takes fire, and soon puts himself by extravagant statements into the hands of his friendly tormentors. I advise you to ask your friends never to defend you; beg them to let you alone; assure them that when you need defence you need to be put an end to. I do not know whether your friends might not occasionally be permitted a disdainful retort upon your critics, for I believe in disdain as the best answer to some evil questions. I know a boy who defended his father in the best possible manner; said boy was in the habit of expressing himself somewhat quaintly on things in general, so much so that he had quite a local reputation as a budding genius.—On one occasion, whilst visiting the boys in a neighbor's house, the head of the family (a very stiff and important personage) took opportunity of putting the young philosopher to test. "So," said he, in a very grave and dignified manner, "they tell me, my oy, that your father drinks?" The youth (whose upper lip is singularly expressive of scorn) turned upon him with the utmost quiet-

ness, and said, "You great daft thing!" Not a word more; it was enough. In that way I should like ever to be defended: first, so to live as to be like the boy's father, above suspicion; and then to be so trusted and beloved as to expose all slanderers to the just charge of being "great daft things." I prefer abuse to defence. Undeserved abuse always does a man good; defence is almost sure to do him unintended injury. Count it a blessed day in your ministerial history when low-minded men write against you in the newspapers, and speak against you in the social circles; the time for doing good has then come; but when the devil is quiet, when he is treating you with indifference, when he does not think it worth while to set his very least imp upon you, be sure there is something wanting in the energy with which you strike him. The probability is that the over-zealous defender will also be the over-zealous reporter; this you will find to your cost when he comes to you with tale after tale, not one of which is worthy of a moment's attention, but all of which, taken together, may irritate and unsettle you. The officious though well-disposed reporter may say, "You know, sir, one can't help hearing these things;" "the other day I was compelled to hear so and so;" "of course, having a place of business in the very middle of the town, a good many people drop in and tell me things I should not otherwise hear;" "of course you know, sir, I don't tell you these things to trouble you; it is only to put you on your guard that I venture to name them;" and in this self-excusing, yet self-deluding manner the poor man constitutes himself into the very sewer of the church, and imagines that he is doing service to his minister! I have known not a few good men pestered in this way. Things they ought never to have heard, have been carefully told them by indiscreet sympathizers, and in moments of despondency have been exaggerated by nervous apprehensions, and so a thoughtless friendship has given them more pain than open enmity. On this mat-

ter I have two simple pieces of advice to offer you,—first of all, *never believe a word you hear*. Be sure a tone has been altered or missed, a circumstance has been altogether forgotten or mistaken, so that the meaning of the original speaker has been lost, and that consequently if he were to hear the tale to which his own name is attached, he would be amazed at his own cleverness or knavery. It is next to impossible to relate anything exactly as it was first told. Every word may be carefully repeated, yet the savor may be lost; the bottle may have been steadily carried, yet as the glass stopper has been exchanged for a common cork, the spirit of the contents has been exhaled. To this recommendation of universal disbelief let me add a second piece of advice,—*never defend yourself*. I know what the ardent young minister is apt to do. Immediately that he hears of some unlucky man who has been criticising his sermons, he makes it his business to wait on the unhappy critic and to pummel him well by a high-wrought defence of himself and his method of preaching, he turns on the great wheel for the purpose of killing a fly, and the probability is that he cannot stop the wheel when the magnificent slaughter has been accomplished. Or there is another way in which the young enthusiast may attempt self-vindication, he may *stand upon his dignity* when he meets offenders. He may speak to them coldly, he may hold them at arm's length; he may assume the most chilling airs of haughty self-reliance; and a hundred other foolish things he may do. Now, my dear sir, hear me; *don't stand on your dignity; please don't stand on your dignity; forget your dignity; leave your dignity at home and be a Christian gentleman*. A Christian gentleman never stands on his dignity, and therefore he is never undignified. Suppose *you* stand on your dignity, what then? Why, of course, Mrs. Tallow-chandler will stand on *her* dignity, so will Mrs. Laundress, so will Mrs. Char-woman; you will all stand on your dignity, and your fall into the ditch will be

all the greater for your elevation.—There is yet a third way in which a fiery youth may put in a word for himself; he may *rush into print*. In a blaze of indignation he declares his intention not to be put down. "No," says he, "I shall appeal to a discriminating public!" The excited youth forgets that the public is *not* discriminating; the public is an overgrown, fussy baby, so busy weaving cotton and selling potatoes as not to care one iota who is right and who is wrong in an ecclesiastical brawl. Never print whilst you are angry; and whether you are angry or not, never print anything in your own defence. Print poetry because no one will read it; print sermons, for that is the most decent form of burial; but never print personal defences, because every gossip in the neighborhood will buy your hot preparations, and scald you with them some other day. May you know the blessedness of those who have neither pens nor ink, who never condescend to write a letter, and who hold original composition in contempt. 'Twill save you from a thousand snares, to throw your pens away.

I shall take my own advice, at least for the present; so let my final word be upon the desirableness of not committing yourself to anybody. Never tell all you know. Never mix yourself with the petty confidences of cliques. Dine as seldom as possible in company, especially in company with the members of your own congregation. Select your friends with the most critical care, and when you find a really true man give him your heart, let him feel the influence of a strong, deep love, and he will prize your confidence when he knows that it is not indiscriminately bestowed. I am afraid you will think me somewhat severe, yet I make my appeal to *time*. I have trusted many, I have found a few chosen men in whose keeping my very life would be perfectly safe; yet looking at the breadth of a life-time, I feel constrained to repeat the Saviour's words, "*Beware of men.*"

—J. Parker, D. D.

ACELDAMA,
 THAT IS TO SAY,
 THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, . . . without natural affection."—2 Tim. iii. 2, 3.

"You must not think strange," said a woman who was calling upon a neighbor,— "You must not think strange that I do not notice your child. I never notice children. The fact is, I do not like them." This same woman said to me that she thought "*children were the curse of married life.*"

There are very few indeed who would express themselves so openly upon this subject, because, however unpopular it is to have a family of little ones, it is not quite popular to set one's self in opposition to that which commends itself, not only to every Christian, but also to every true, worthy person.

Poets, who are supposed to rank next to prophets in discerning truth; who soar, and in their soaring, seek to search out what is most enlightening, most entrancing, most enticing, sing of *children in their sweetest songs, and call them "flowers of earth," and "next akin to angels."*

And artists, whose life is to study on some bright ideal; and who search all nature, and stretch every power of their being to find out, and to embody in some form, all sweetness, simplicity, innocence and purity, after a labor of patient years, bring out in almost breathing beauty upon the canvas, or in the sculptured marble, the perfection of their idea in a *little child!*

With this knowledge before them, of the view the most intellectual, the most worthy, and the most refined of the world take of this subject, people are not generally stupid enough to proclaim their hate of children. But, BY THEIR FRUITS WE KNOW THEM. In vain the tree bears its constant testimony of "*Figs, figs, figs,*" we see the wild olive-berries, and we know, not-

withstanding all the talk, that the tree is a wild olive tree.

Yes, they hate children. Mark the consternation and horror of the female, (we will not here say *lady*, or *woman*.) nay, sometimes *madness*, as she makes the discovery that she may be doomed to become the mother of a *little child*.

Stop a moment! Listen to the song the poets sing of "mother" and of "mother's love." Verily they praise and laud it more than they laud the love of Christ! If we were to judge by the frequency and tenderness of their references to it, we can but think that they esteem it to be higher, and purer, and stronger than the love of God.

And another subject chosen by the artist to embody excellence, and purity, and love, is verily the *mother* with her *little child*.

But here we see the female who has made the heart-sickening discovery that she may become a mother, hasten away with "the price of blood" in her hand, to lay in store the poisonous decoction, which perhaps will not kill her, and which probably will kill the germ-life of her child. Or, it may be, with greater confidence of self-safety, and success in babe-killing, she forgets all natural modesty, and takes the "price of blood" to one of the order who profess to be next to the ministers of God, the friends of humanity.

She goes to church upon the Sabbath, and wipes her eyes as she hears the touching story of the Hindoo mother casting into the flood her babe; and when the missionary collection is taken up, her sympathies are so wrought upon that she counts out a princely gift of money; yes, she could almost go herself to tell the poor heathen that Christ has died, and the dreadful sacrifice she makes is not needed, nor required to secure atonement for sin. But let us see who needs the missionary most. Who dwells in the blackness of darkness? In the one heart there dwells love for the offspring; in the other hate. One sacrifices her child because she thinks her god requires it; the other does it

because she does not want to be "bothered." One would give a world of gold to keep the darling of her heart, and nourish it; the other will give gold, and often her own life, to divest herself of "the trouble." The one turns away from the water, which flows on just as brightly as it did before it swallowed up her little one, to

"Weep while memory lives,
From wounds that sink so deep,
No human hand relieves."

And there is an endless "farewell" in her heart, and wail after wail that no comfort or joy of earth ever hushes. The other congratulates herself that at last "all is over, and "all is well." In contemplating her success, she is glad. She makes her toilet, and adjusts her ornaments, and moves about most merrily in society, and most complacently at home.

One, living right where I can see her house, which has never the sunshine of a child's smile in it, nor the music of a babe's laugh, tells that she has had eight children, and if she were to have eight more, not one of them should ever see the light.

Oh, the dark deeds that are entered on the records of God! Oh, the things that are done in secret, which shall yet be made manifest, and proclaimed upon the house-tops!

Oh sinners, hasten to God! Hasten to the fountain that washes whiter than snow, lest in that day, covered with shame and condemnation, you shrink from the face of a holy God, and an assembled universe, and assent to your eternal damnation as just.

I must speak to another class before I am done. They are those who screen themselves from the charge of murder, because they reckon that they do not take life. "Will a man rob God?" "Lo, children are the heritage of the Lord." What if you should prove that you are not a murderer?—if it should be found that you are a robber, would not your name just as certainly be blotted out of His book?

LOVE OF JESUS.

BY R. F. SMITH.

"We love Jesus because He first loved us."

My brother said to me once that he didn't like that sentiment. We were singing the little chorus,

"O! how I love Jesus, because he first loved me."

He said that was publicanism.

But little Lillie Lee preached quite a sermon, when she said to her mother, that she loved her, because she loved her back; but added, "that isn't the greatest why, its because you loved me when I was too little to love you back." There is the great secret of the text.

Jesus loved us regardless of the return from us; and I think it must have been this primeval love that quickened the first germ of love, in my poor heart, to life and action. Yes the love that burns there to-day, "for the cross and its banner," was warmed into life with the thought that Jesus had loved me so long and so faithfully; that was among my first thoughts when I began to seek Jesus.

"His love constraineth me." It is not presumption.

We owe all our better thoughts to the fact that Jesus loved when we were not inclined to love him, gave him no genial reception, would not allow him to sup with us; still he loved the same. If there is, to-day, any high aspiration in our hearts, for God, holiness, or heaven, we owe it all to Jesus' first love, we never would have loved him had he not "first loved us."

O, that love! We love here, but we expect a return—a remuneration—a benefit; but who can measure that sea of love which dwells in the great heart of Jesus!

No selfish motive there, no need of the hallelujahs of men to add to his glory.

The salvation, and consequently, the eternal happiness of fallen man, was the great motive power of that love with which he *first loved us*.

PLAGUE IN THE HEART.

When God's discipline discloses to a man "the plague of his own heart," then he is apt to lay the evil to the score of circumstances, instead of the inveterate diseased heart, which needed so much, and perhaps such violent medicine for its healing. Oh, cries one, if I were only in a different situation, how easy it would be to live near to God! Ah, cries another, if I were in the place of this or that happy individual, how easy it would be to adorn my profession! Everything in my very circumstances would lead me to it. Oh, exclaims another, if I had the health of such an one, how easy it would be to rise above my difficulties and walk with God! And I, complains another, if my occupation did not so absorb me, could be as godly as I ought to be! Oh, if I were in the place of my minister, how holy I would become!

Ah! I would, and I would, and I would, if it were so, and if it were so, and if it were only so! Here, dear friend, is the very plague of your own heart, revealing itself. You are discontented with your situation. You are not submissive to the trials God has laid upon you. And, instead of seeking to be delivered from your heart-plague, you are only casting about to find some position if possible, where it will not have occasion to vex you: where you suppose, in fact, that it will be easier, that it will cost you less self-denial to serve Christ than it does now. But remember that you are not called to be holy in another's situation, but your own; and if you are not now faithful to God in the sphere in which he has placed you, you would not probably, be any more faithful, let him place you where he might. For he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much. And as to circumstances repressing the plague of your own heart, they would only change its exhibition a little. The plague is in your heart and not in your circumstances. Prosperous circumstances might, it is true, hide that plague; in a

different situation it might have been concealed from yourself, but would that be any gain? Would you really be any the better for that? The revelation of the evil might only be deferred until it should work your ruin. How much better it is to know it in season, and be humbled before God, though it be at the cost of ever so much suffering.

And remember that those whose happy lot you, under the envious plague in your own heart, deem so desirable, if they are really living near to God where they are, would also have been very holy in your situation. Be assured, it is not place, nor opportunities, nor circumstances, that make character, or minister grace, but it is rather character that makes circumstances, and grace that makes place.

So the next time you detect your heart, under the influence of the plague that is in it, saying to you like a concealed devil, O if I were in such or such an one's place, how much good I could do, or how holy a person I could become, just think of some eminent saint and say, If that person were in my place, how much nearer he would live to God than I do, how many opportunities that I waste he would use for his Master's glory, how he would fill my little sphere, that now is so dark, with brightness and happiness! And you, if you will, may do the same.

CONDESCENSION OF GOD.—Notwithstanding there is such a revelation of God in his word, in the book of creatures, and in the book of providences, yet the Scripture says, "Lo, these are parts of his ways, but how little a portion is heard of him;" so great is God above all we have read, heard, or seen of him, either in the Bible, in heaven, or earth, or sea, or what else is to be understood. But now that a poor mortal, a lump of sinful flesh, or, as the Scripture phrase it, poor dust and ashes, should be in the favor, in the heart, and wrapped up in the compassion of such a God! O amazing; O astonishing consideration! And yet, "this God is our God for ever and ever.—*Bunyan*.

A MILLION OF MONEY.

There lived and died, not long since, in the west of England, a gentleman of wealth and position, whose death was attended by circumstances of the deepest solemnity. He had been left an orphan in early life, and the property bequeathed to him gradually accumulated until he became of age. The day he completed his twenty-first year, a large dinner was given by him to his tenants and numerous friends. When the cloth had been removed, one of the former proposed the health of their host, wishing him "long life and prosperity."

He arose almost immediately to reply, thanked all for the kind manner in which they had responded to the toast, and referring to the mention made of "success in life," added with great emphasis and determination that *he intended to make a million of money, if he went to hell for it.*

Many seemed momentarily stunned at the awful resolution, but wine was flowing freely, and their spirits rose high, so the transitory effect speedily passed away. Many years also rolled rapidly away, until it seemed as though his desire would be realized. Every mercantile speculation prospered, and money came in with great rapidity.—Wealth brought a large circle of friends and every comfort in its train, while, to crown all, he was returned to Parliament, as one of the members for the county.

Hitherto he had been living an ungodly life—that is "without God in the world." The glittering show of this present evil scene engrossed his attention, and absorbed every thought from morning until night. He had been left for many years to "go his own way," but the Lord in his providential dealings, saw fit to lay him on a bed of sickness and bring him even to the very door of death. At first everything was treated in an off-hand, careless manner, but the disease took so serious a turn, that the worst apprehensions were entertained. The best physicians were called in, friends telegraphed for, con-

sultations held, an operation decided upon, and every preparation made for settling his worldly affairs on the following Thursday, in case of an emergency. So anxious, indeed, had he become lest he should not live until then, that he sent for his favorite physician, saying, "Doctor, I will give you a hundred pounds if you make me live till Thursday." He was told that the utmost would be done for him and more than that was impossible. This was not sufficient, for on the following day he cried out in mental agony, "Doctor, I will give you a thousand pounds if you will make me live till Thursday." Receiving the same reply, he became so enraged, that with all the passion his poor frame was capable of, he cursed and blasphemed the name of the Most High, ordered his medical attendant out of his presence, bidding him never to visit him again.

Soon after this, a faithful old servant came rushing from his room, exclaiming, "I could bear to hear my poor master curse and swear, but I cannot remain now. He says he sees a dreadful creature who has come to take him away." Thus alarmed, his relatives rushed to his dying couch, to find only the poor corpse with all its features agonized and distorted, as if the very devil himself had come and literally torn body and soul asunder. When the will was read, it was found that he had made "*A million of money!*"

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark. viii. 36, 37. "When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed forever."—Psa. xcii. 7. "All flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

Dear reader, are you treasuring in your heart anything that keeps you from deciding at once for Christ? Satan cares little what it is, so long as the

result is the same. His one desire is to keep you from being occupied with Christ—the source and spring of all blessing to the soul. Thus it is that he presents to your heart the very thing that suits it exactly. It may be “A million of money,” and it may be a dress, a shawl, or a bonnet. A toy would suit his purpose as well as a kingdom, provided it be but that which keeps you from receiving the Lord Jesus Christ “by faith unto salvation.” Satan knows, and devils know, what man so oft refuses, that

“None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

Frank Crookshank.

ENTHUSIASM.

The most formal and lifeless devotions, not less than the most fervent, are mere enthusiasm, unless it can be ascertained on satisfactory grounds, that such exercises are indeed efficient means for promoting our welfare.—Prayer is impiety, and praise a folly, if the one be not the real instrument of obtaining important benefits, and the other an authorized and acceptable offering to the Giver of all good: But when once these points are determined, and they are necessarily involved in the truth of Christianity, then whatever improprieties may be chargeable upon the devout, an error of incomparably greater magnitude rests with the undevout. To err in modes of prayer may be reprehensible; but not to pray, is mad. And when those whose temper is abhorrent to religious services, inadvertently sarcastically upon the follies, real or supposed, of religionists, there is a sad inconsistency in such criticisms, like that which is seen when the insane make ghastly mirth of the manners or personal defects of their friends or keepers.—*Isaac Taylor.*

He that lives in sin and hopes for happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle and thinks to fill his barn with wheat and barley.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY W. H. FOX.

“For it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.”—Heb. ii. 10.

Suffering is the highway of holiness, in which the believer in Christ must travel, before he can reach the Canaan of perfect rest. Our Saviour endured all the sufferings to which his followers are liable, while passing through this “vale of tears,” leaving us an example that we should follow his steps, and thus become, as our text says, “perfect through suffering.” As he himself told his disciples, “The servant is not above his Lord; if they have persecuted the Master of the house, they will also persecute you.” It is the means our heavenly Father uses to purify us, and “make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.” As the silver is cast into the furnace of fire to separate the pure metal, and consume the dross, so we are told in Malachi, “The Lord will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.” Peter says: “He that hath suffered in the flesh, hath ceased from sin.” And Paul tells us, “These light afflictions work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” David says: “Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I have learned thy law.” And Paul again says: “He chasteneth us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness.”

“If such afflictions hallowed be,
Let us not sink beneath the load,
But looking, Father, up to thee,
Ask for thy grace to tread the road,
That leads to joys at thy right hand,
In that eternal, better land,
Where the redeemed, forever blest,
Enter upon their heavenly rest.”

We will mention some illustrious examples of suffering, and its purifying tendency upon those to whom it has been sanctified by the grace of God.

1. We will mention the beloved disciple, who was banished to the isle of Patmós, for the testimony and the word of Jesus. What child of God would

not be willing to be in exile with him on that lonely isle, if he might thereby be privileged to enjoy his seraphic visions of the glory of the blessed; hear the angels harping on their golden harps, see the saints tread the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, and bathe in the pure "river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb?"

2. We will look at the apostle Paul, imprisoned in Rome, penning those glorious epistles, which have comforted and cheered so many of God's afflicted saints in their pilgrimages here below; not only have these blessed words of promise been made the means of purifying and sanctifying the hearts of many of God's dear children, and causing them, through faith in his dear Son, to enter into the Canaan of perfect rest, but they have been made the instrument in the Spirit's hands, of causing them to cry out, at the close of their earthly pilgrimage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

3. Look at John Bunyan, confined in Bedford jail, when he penned that immortal allegory, his "Pilgrim's Progress," which was not only the means of perfecting his own soul in the divine life, and giving such glorious foretastes of the land of Beulah and the Delectable Mountains, but enabling countless multitudes of God's suffering saints to enjoy the same delightful prospects, till their souls have been so rapt up in the blissful vision, that they could not refrain from exclaiming, with the Christian poet:

"I feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high!
It comes in floods, I can't contain;
I drink, and drink, and drink again;
And yet I still am dry."

Finally, dear brethren, if such is the delight of our blessed Master, in sending us suffering, let us welcome it as an

angel in disguise, to wean our souls from earth, and cause us to "set our affections on things above, and not on things on the earth."

CHRIST AND THE WORLD.

BY REV. B. F. DOUGHTY.

The conflict between Christ and the world is certainly greater than ever before in the history of his church, as touching worldly conformity. Yet there always has been a real struggle with souls to give up the world. Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, lest he should undervalue the honor of being a son of Abraham. He refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, lest it should look like renouncing his religion, as well as his relation to Israel. He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He was willing to take his lot with the people of God, though it was a suffering lot, that he might have his portion with them hereafter. The pleasures of sin are short; they must end in speedy repentance, or in speedy ruin. Suffering is to be chosen rather than sin; there being more evil in the least sin than in the greatest suffering. He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. See how Moses weighed matters: In one scale he put the worst of religion—the reproaches of Christ; in the other scale the best of the world—the treasures of Egypt; and in his judgment, directed by faith, the worst of religion weighed down the best part of the world. The reproaches of the church of God, are the reproaches of Christ.

What was it that supported and strengthened the faith of Moses to that degree, as to enable him to gain such a victory over the world? *He had respect to the recompense of the reward.* Heaven is a great reward; surpassing not only all our desires, but all our conceptions. It is a reward suitable to the price paid for it—the blood of Christ. It is a

recompense of reward; because given by a righteous judge, for the righteousness of Christ, to righteous persons. Thus it will prove a land-mark to guide their course; a lode-stone to draw their hearts; a spur to quicken them to duty; and a cordial to refresh them under all the difficulties of doing and suffering in God's work. Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible. Thus his faith was greatly strengthened, while letting go the world to fall upon the great God who is ever present, though invisible. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

One of the worst features of the conflict is a compromise between Christ and the world. The Lord forbids it. Christ says: "I came not to send peace on the earth but a sword." Again: "Whosoever will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." In fact, the only condition of our reception with the Lord, is based on our separation from the world. "Wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you."

Many are like the heathen who came up to dwell in the desolate land of Samaria, when the Lord sent lions among them and slew them. "They feared the Lord but served their own gods." They fear the Lord but serve the world. But those who fight shall reign; and those who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, shall enjoy it. The passion of the day is to dress like the world, court the world, praise it, and win it by such means to Christ. They may win it to the church, or rather bring the ark down to the uncircumcised. But what concord hath Christ with Belial? One is light and the other darkness: there is no agreement between them. By the world, we mean the "carnal mind, which is enmity against God, is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be." I hold the true spirit of Christ is at war with freemasonry, with the present condition of proud churches, and with every evil thing.

A WORD TO ALL.

BY REV. G. W. MARCELLUS.

We must study the word of God.—The Psalmist says: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

The soul demands truth; the same as the body does food. The body will famish and die without proper food; so will the soul without divine truth, or spiritual food. Hence, Christ has said: "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him."

We realize that this is soul union, and soul satisfaction. The command is, "Search the Scriptures;" "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." "Study to show thyself approved unto God." Why are so many vacillating? Because they do not make a conscience of searching the Scriptures. Christ says: "Do ye not err because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God?" Tertullian said: "They who read the Scriptures again and again, will always find in them something new."

There is a difference between reading and studying the Scriptures. At times to read simply and gather up the meaning as we pass along will be sufficient. At other times the soul demands a searching digging; a thorough investigation, so that it may reach out and gather in some of the hidden manna. Thus the spiritual machinery of the soul is kept in balance, and solidity of Christian character is secured. Thus let us study the word of God with that earnestness becoming professing Christians; remembering that we are to be judged by the truths therein contained.

I know in whom I have believed.

A LEAF OF MY EXPERIENCE.

BY D. REYNOLDS.

I was not blessed with pious parents, yet my mother had been religiously trained, and was very diligent to try and keep her children from sin, and induce them to read the Bible, learn and repeat the Lord's prayer, and portions of the catechism. I was deeply convicted at different times, but did not give myself fully to the Lord to love, serve and obey him, till in June, 1833, being then twenty-four years of age. While at the sea shore for my health, in Bristol, Rhode Island, for the first time in public, I kneeled with five others in an anxious meeting for prayers. Three besides myself were saved before rising from our knees. We all arose and testified to what the Lord had done for us.

"Though no bath in the briny wave,
Could wash my guilty stains away,
Jesus' blood my soul could save,
And turn my darkness into day."

For two weeks my faith was unwavering: then, while listening to a funeral sermon, highly eulogizing the departed one, who was blessed with much of this world's goods, and was abundant in good works, without considering my inexperience and poverty, and comparing my life with his, I thought, or Satan suggested to me, that perhaps I was deceived, that I had not been converted. On returning to my boarding house, I found myself in deep distress—ate very little and retired early to my room—kneeled by my bedside and tried to pray; but finding no relief, arose and walked the room—this was repeated several times, till feeling exhausted and getting no relief, I went to bed about half-past ten. I awoke as if from slumber as the clock struck eleven, and was unspeakably happy. All my doubts and fears were gone. I thought if it were the Lord's will I was prepared to die. These words came into my mind: "They shall go in and out and find pasture;" "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me

beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul." And the following dream or vision was stamped indelibly upon my mind: It seems that I was travelling on foot and alone, in a strange place; a short distance before me I saw a great number of people on foot, ascending or trying to ascend, a very long, steep hill; some walked along firmly up the hill, and some passed out of my sight; others were going slowly up, some would slide part way down the hill, while others would slide to the foot of the hill. The sight discouraged me, I thought I never could go up that hill; and feeling fatigued, I sat down on a log by the side of the road; just then, on looking around, I saw a person walking towards me; as he came near, I thought he was the most lovely person I had ever seen. Is it not my Saviour? As he came up to me he reached out his hand and gave me a small piece of bread, similar to that used at communion seasons, and said: "Follow me."—We went swiftly through the air, apparently without any effort till we reached heaven; and I saw Peter and Paul and other saints. I awoke in the happy frame of mind referred to, and my doubts and fears in regard to my conversion have not returned to this day. Glory to Jesus!

Since then I have had many trials and temptations, but can say through the grace of God, I have come off victorious, and am still in the narrow way.

MERCY OF GOD.—As God has mercies to bestow, and as he has designed to bestow them, so those mercies are no fragments or the leavings of others, but mercies that are full and complete to do for thee what thou wantest, wouldst have, or canst desire. As I may so say, God has his bags that were never yet untied, never yet broken up, but laid by him through a thousand generations for those that he commands to hope in his mercy.

The righteous are apt to be like well-fed children, too wanton, if God should not appoint them some fasting-days.

CHILDISH CHRISTIANS.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

Those children who have their own way too much, and receive too many sweet meats, but who have not been trained to patiently do disagreeable tasks as well as pleasant bits of work, and to eat plain, nourishing food, in place of an excess of spiced and sweetened dainties; such children are usually peevish, weak-willed, effeminate and ailing. As long as they have their own wishes gratified, they are passably good natured. But if their wills be crossed, they are sullen and fretful. And, it may be, they continue through life, to be inefficient, unmanly and weak.

But those children who have learned prompt obedience, and temperate, self-control, are almost sure, when they reach man's estate, to be helpful, brave, and diligent workers in the world.

Paul in his matchless discourse on "the more excellent way" of charity, says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

There are some, who have been born into the kingdom of Christ, who seem never to reach a full-aged stage of Christian life. They appear to be continually tossed to and fro, up and down upon the ever-shifting waves of circumstances. Their peace does not flow as a river, but is like a fitful stream of a hillside, which is flushed, or runs dry by spells, according as the rain-clouds pour, or the hot sunshine prevails.—They seem ignorant of Satan's devices, and so are easily taken captive in his snares. They apparently desire the hand of the Lord to be always filled with emotional "blessings"—the sweet-meats of religion—and if they are in heaviness through temptations, they do not patiently endure such trials as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, but grow gloomy and fretful, and discouraged.

As a child is delighted with new playthings, and with dainty sweets, so

are childish Christians inordinately pleased with temporal prosperity, and transient frames of emotion. They are happy in the eager pursuit, and full possession of earthly toys of finery, and fading delights of fame and fortune. They hanker after needless self-indulgences, and seek praise one of another more than the praise of God.

They are not always zealously affected in a good cause, but only in times of revival or deep affliction. They do not overcome all things, and do all things through Christ strengthening them, but are defeated in many conflicts, and come short of doing many duties.

And the reason why there are such numbers of childish Christians, is because they do not feed on the words and life of Jesus, and so grow up into Christ in all things. They are not habitually exercising faith, and so becoming nourished and built up in him. They are content with milk only; not earnestly desiring to reach full age, or endeavoring, by means of good use of the grace they have, to have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.

God is love, and he pities his feeble children. But he would exceedingly delight in them, if every one would exercise himself unto godliness, putting away childish things, and striving continually to come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, being complete in Him, and perfect in every good word and work.

Forgiveness is according to the riches of God's grace, wherein he has abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence. Grace can continue to pardon, keep, and save—from falls, in falls, and out of falls. Grace can comfort, relieve, and help those that have hurt themselves; and grace can bring the unworthy to glory. This the law cannot do; this man cannot do; this angels cannot do; this God cannot do, but only by the riches of his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. —Bunyan.

GROW IN GRACE.

BY JOHN HORTON.

In the common acceptation of the term, grace is favor. The apostle properly says: "By grace ye are saved, because our salvation is free." Jesus says: "My grace is sufficient for you."

All the blessings that men have are from God. "He sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust." But the wicked are not in a state of favor with God, so that temporal blessings are not an evidence of a state of grace. Again, grace is a state. Persons that are in grace, are in a state that is in favor with God. While in this state, they have so much confidence in the promises of God, that they dare trust all in his hands. They serve Him with a perfect heart, and a willing mind. To be in a state of grace, is then to be in favor with God. What is it to grow in grace?

Growth means increase. When the seed germinates and sends its stalk above ground, we say it grows. The apostle here does not exhort us to grow *into* grace, but to develop the fruits of the Spirit to the glory of God. "Go on to perfection." Do not stand still.—Every Christian should become more and more like his blessed Master.

Before a thing can grow it must have a beginning. The corn grows from the kernel.

Jesus said to Nicodemus: "Ye must be born again." Man is spiritually dead; and the new birth is life from the dead. We are made new creatures in Christ Jesus when we are converted. We must be in a state of grace before we can grow in grace.

There is much to encourage us to seek growth in grace. Men make great efforts to grow rich. They sacrifice health, reputation, friends, for that which will not satisfy; while grace will secure a peace that passeth all understanding—a home in heaven—and a crown that fadeth not away. Is not this enough to encourage an effort to grow up in Christ, and to become rooted in the faith?

If we are growing in grace, we are expecting God to be with us and to help us now.

We must have charity. Without love all good things are as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

A good tree brings forth good fruit; but the fruit does not make the tree good, though it makes it valuable. It shows the quality of the tree. So it is with the person that is in favor with God. His good works show what is in his heart. His good works do not make him good; but if he was not good, he would not always do good works.

Let us look back over our past experience, and see whether we have been trying to grow in grace; and let us make a new vow to God to be his for time and eternity.

GOOD WORDS.

If you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it, but never be the bearer of mischief-making words. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to utter in the presence of the most refined woman or the most religious man.

There is not a shorter, more hopeful, more inviting word in the Bible than the small word "Come." It is indeed the key note to the gospel. To the weary and heavy laden, "Come, and find rest;" to the thirsty and fainting, "Come, come and drink;" "Come and take the water of life freely;" only come.

A guilty conscience stings deeper than the keenest lash. The body is the shell of the mind, and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk generally tells about what the kernel is. If we command our wealth we shall be rich and free; if our wealth commands us, we shall be poor indeed. That man who knows the world will never be bashful, and that man who knows him-

self will never be impudent. Divine consolations are nearest the trusting Christian, when human assistance is farthest away.

PERFECT LOVE.

BY A. M. PARCELLE.

Perfect love is attainable by all; yet all do not attain it. There are conditions in this as in justification. One must be justified before he can be sanctified. It is a grave mistake to suppose that one may live in a backslidden state for months, and then come back to a perfect state at once. I have known persons when urged to seek sanctification, say: You think I do not enjoy religion at all. No, my brother, not so. If you have not that which is least, you can not get that which is greater. Only the soul that is obedient, walking fully up to the light given, can successfully attain to perfect love. In God's plan, improving the talent already possessed, leads to his bestowing greater ones. How is it he saith, take from him and give to him that hath ten talents; for I say unto you, to him that hath shall be given.

Walk then, dear Christians, you that desire to be made perfect in love, in all the light given you. Bear every cross; be instant at the throne of grace; improve all the talents that God has given you, and then come and seek for perfect love, and God's word for it, you shall attain. Come at any time to the fountain, and you shall be cleansed. Would to God that every one that is consecrated to him, might see the necessity and desirableness of this grace, and ever walk in it.

O how should we, and how would we, were but our eyes awake, stand and wonder at the preservations, the deliverances, the salvations, and benefits with which we are surrounded daily, while so many mighty evils seek daily to swallow us up as the grave!—*Bunyan.*

THE GENTLENESS OF JESUS.

The conversation of Christ with his disciples, when he took leave of them at his last supper, was most sweet and friendly, talking with them lovingly, as a father with his children, when he must depart from them. He took their weakness in good part, and bore with them, though now and then their discourse was very full of simplicity; as when Philip said, "Show us the Father;" and Thomas, "We know not the way;" and Peter, "I will go with thee unto death;" each freely showing the thoughts of his heart. Never, since the world began, was a more precious, sweet and amiable conversation. Is it not a shame that we are always afraid of Christ, whereas there never was in heaven or earth a more loving, familiar, or milder man, in words, works and demeanor, especially toward the poor, sorrowful and tormented consciences? Hence the prophet Jeremiah prays, saying: "O Lord, Grant that we be not afraid of thee." I expect more goodness from Kate, my wife, from Melancthon, and from other friends, than from my sweet and blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ; and yet I know for certain that neither she nor any other person on earth will or can suffer that for me which he has suffered; why then should I be afraid of him? This, my foolish weakness, grieves me very much. We plainly see in the gospel how mild and gentle he showed himself toward his disciples; how kindly he passed over their weakness, their presumption, yea, their foolishness. He checked their unbelief, and in all gentleness admonished them. Moreover, the Scripture, which is most sure, says: "Well are all they that put their trust in him." Fie on our unbelieving hearts that we should be afraid of this man, who is more loving, friendly, gentle, and compassionate toward us than are our kindred, our brethren and sisters; yea, than parents themselves are toward their own children.—*Luther's Table Talk.*

No solid wealth but in Christ.

EDITORIAL.

PRINCIPLE.

Old John Brown said: "He would rather have the cholera, small pox and yellow fever, in his camp at once, than a man without principle." Yet he was a fighting man. His weapons were carnal.

The warfare of the church is spiritual, *For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.*—Eph. vi. 12. How much more then is principle demanded in the church, than in the camp! If one unprincipled man can do so much harm among a band of fighting men, what mischief will he not effect when he becomes enrolled among those whose mission is to spread Scriptural holiness through the land? *A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.* When the body of the church becomes corrupted, the influence which it exerts is of a corrupted character. Men are taught to act from policy rather than principle. Expediency takes the place of right. The church becomes like a company of boatmen, who look one way and row the other. They talk of Heaven and sing of Heaven only to wake up in hell.

When God converts a man, he puts within him a love of right, and a hatred of wrong. *Because thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.* This is the case with every truly converted soul. This spiritual instinct prevails through the rest of his life, unless he backslides and transfers his allegiance from God, to the church or the world.

One who always acts from principle, has an influence for good that no talent or station could give him without it. People know where to find him. Whatever question comes up he takes his stand on the side of right—of God and humanity. He forms a nucleus around which the vacillating can rally.

WORK.

If you pretend to be a minister of Jesus Christ, work for him as you would expect a man to whom you had promised large wages, to work for you. Employ all your time in His service. How many hours a day do you honestly devote to the work of Christ? Is not the greater portion of your time spent upon yourself or family, in seeking your own ease or enjoyment?

Work with diligence. Do not be loitering around, spending the time in idle conversation or reading newspapers, or in social visits and sumptuous living. Aim at accomplishing something. Be able at the close of each day to give a good account to your Master of the way in which you have employed your time. How can you expect your wages unless you do your work?

MASONIC RELIGION.

It is often denied that Masonry claims to be a religion. The outside world are told that they do not know what Masonry is. But Masons themselves ought to be acquainted with, at least, its pretensions.—Especially should Masonic editors be able to speak correctly concerning the nature of the institution, the claims of which they are appointed to advocate. Certainly the editors of their leading journals will not misstate the professions it makes, either through ignorance or wilfulness.

The editor of Mackey's National Freemason, in his issue for April, 1872, says: "The symbolism of Masonry, which is its peculiar mode of instruction, inculcates all the duties which we owe to God as being his children, and to men as being their brethren."

If this is not a profession of being a religion, what can constitute such a profession? As far as practical religion is concerned, does THE BIBLE, God's own book, profess to teach any thing more? In fact, what is there more to be inculcated than ALL THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE TO GOD, and ALL THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE TO MEN? Any thing more is simply superfluous. To learn it is to waste time, and burden the memory.

Is it any wonder that men who admit these claims, absent themselves from the public worship of God? What need have they of hearing sermons? Concede these claims, and are they not right in saying that "*They will leave the Church before they will the Lodge?*"

But what is the nature of this religion that thus supplants Christianity? We will let another Masonic editor answer. The editor of the *Keystone and Mirror* says, that to "*offer prayers in the lodge in the name of Christ is a violation of the fundamental principles of Masonry.*" In accordance with this, is the *ritual* of Masonry. In the prayers which the Chaplain reads at the burial of a brother, *there is no mention whatever of Christ.* The only Mediator between God and man is wholly ignored. The atonement is discarded altogether. Christ is rejected. Whatever course other religious teachers may take, we should consider ourselves recreant to our trust if we failed to warn the people against this anti-Christian religion which is prevailing so extensively, even in the professed Churches of Jesus Christ.

RENTING PEWS.

We heard the celebrated revivalist, Mr. Hammond, relate the case of a popular young preacher who was dissatisfied with his own religious experience. He went to his closet, and staid there until he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It made a great change in his preaching. His sermons were no longer composed of glittering generalities, but contained strong denunciations of sin, and powerful appeals to sinners. The church was thrown into the greatest consternation. The deacons came to him in alarm, and told him that "*If he kept on preaching in that way, they would not be able to rent their pews!*"

A system that looks at finding a good market, at a high price for pews, is not of Christ. It has no warrant in the Gospel. It cannot summon a single precept of the New Testament to its support. There is not an incident recorded in the Bible which may be cited as a precedent for selling the right to worship God in a sanctu-

ary consecrated to his service. Christ never intended that a minister of his should hire out, as a star actor in a theatre hires out, to draw crowded houses to increase the revenue of his employers. The great commission reads, *Go preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE.* None have a right to confine it to those who are able and willing to pay for hearing it. To the banquet that Jesus has provided all are invited to come and eat *without money and without price.*

If churches do not provide a Gospel feast for those who attend them, they had better be closed—if they do, they ought to be free.

A NEW VOLUME

of this Magazine commences with the July number. That God is doing a good work through its instrumentality there is the most abundant evidence. We thank our friends for standing by us in advocating the principles we all love. But we need your continued co operation. If your subscription expires with this number, send us on the money promptly to renew. If yours does not expire, perhaps there is some friend whom you would like to benefit. If so, send him *The Earnest Christian.*

We want a large increase in our list of subscribers. Act as agent. Get up a club in your neighborhood. Be prompt. Sow the good seed. Scatter the light. Send us five dollars for five copies another year. Be particular and give your name, post office and state.

DEDICATION AT ITHACA.

A new Free Church was dedicated at Ithaca, N. Y., on Friday, the 10th of May. It was an interesting occasion. The money needed to meet all liabilities was promptly raised; and during the services souls were saved. There is a precious band of pilgrims there, whose aim is to do good and save souls. May God add to their numbers such as shall be saved.

The house is a model of neatness, plainness and convenience. It will hold an audience of about three hundred. The seats are comfortably cushioned; the altar

and aisles carpeted; good stoves, and lamps provided. There is in the rear a pleasant room for class and prayer-meetings 15 by 26 feet. The house is good enough for any who wish to worship God. Yet the whole cost of the church and furniture—stoves, carpets, chairs and lamps, was only \$1,900.

Much is due to the good management of Bro. John Osman, through whose energy and devotion to Christ this enterprise has been carried to a successful completion.

How much better is this than squandering money on gorgeous temples which minister to pride, and which shut out the poor!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Digging Roots, etc.

This is the quaint title of a new book from the prolific pen of D. F. Newton.

We can give our hearty endorsement to every duty it seeks to enjoin. The author's principles are sound and Scriptural. It is in the same style of his other books, composed of brief essays on various subjects; such as "White Lies, and Black Lies;" "Swords and Fires: Fires and Swords," etc.

It contains between two and three hundred pages. Price, gilt, \$1.50; plain, \$1.00. Address the Author, 303 W. 20th-st., New York.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO PREACH THE GOSPEL.—By Rev. B. T. Roberts.

This is a pamphlet neatly gotten up, of twenty-four pages. A thorough examination is given to the teaching of the Scriptures on this subject; also sketches of Mrs. Wesley, Miss Nullis, Sarah Smiley, and Mrs. Van Cott.

Price, by mail, postage paid, 15 cts., or \$1.35 a dozen copies. Address Rev. B. T. Roberts, Rochester, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LOVE FEAST.

AARON PHIPPS.—When a little boy I sought and I trust found the Lord. He has been good and gracious to me ever since. I trust I have been growing up into

Christ my living head for years. And now I am old and grey-headed. What constant peace! How good the Lord is to me and mine. I find we are renewedly obligated for daily benefits at his hand. The last eight months have found me laying on my back with a broken thigh. The acute pains have driven me near the bleeding side of my blessed Saviour. Oh what consistent peace! How easy to say thy will and not mine, be done, while laying on the back and looking up. We are having the best of the wine at the last of the feast.—All looks bright and clear in the future. We are all packed up waiting our Master's call.

ELI LOVELACE.—Dear Bro. Roberts, I have read the *Earnest Christian* for the last three years, and have learned to love its sentiments with a fervent love. At first I did not feel so great an attachment to it, but I grew more and more in love with it, as I read it from month to month. Its plainness I am indeed in love with. Its Christian character no one can dispute. I belong to the M. E. Church. I am afraid it is becoming proud in this place. The people called Methodists when I was a boy, might readily be distinguished by their plainness of dress; but now they can be as plainly distinguished by their gaudiness of dress, and their fancy notions of every thing. I heard a man say in his sermon, at Port Ville, N. Y., that it mattered not what anyone had on, if their heart did not cling to it. Who ever knew of anyone's putting on any unnecessary article of clothing, that was not for the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life? Was there ever a jewel, or a gold watch, or gold chain, or ruffle, or ribbon, or curled hair, worn for any other purpose than to please the eye, and if to please the eye, how can it be to please God?

OPHELIA FOSBURG.—Jesus is very precious to my soul to-day. Praise his holy name! I love him with all my heart. Severe trials I have been called to pass through, but my Saviour is ever near.—Bless his name!

Mrs. CHARLES PLAISTED.—Having often been encouraged in my Christian journey, by perusing the communications of beloved fellow pilgrims, the thought occurred to me, that even I, might say something to lift the burden weighing down some lone disciple of the Lord Jesus.

Something over a year ago, one Sabbath morning,—how well I remember the time, my husband and only child had gone to church, leaving me alone to my own sad reflections. I was feeling cast down, grieved, crushed. It seemed to me the last joy had been wrung from my heart. I hurried through with what necessary labor I had to attend to; and soon was seated with the latest *Earnest Christian* in hand. Almost the first thing my eyes fell upon, was an article written by a dear sister in Christ, who had passed through the same trials that were weighing upon me so heavily. Oh, how her words burned my inmost soul! How they cheered me, how they lifted me up. How I thanked God for one heart that beat in unison with my own. It seemed to me that that communication was God sent, especially to me, to *tear aside the pall of almost midnight blackness that hung over me, shutting out every ray of light.* I knelt there and then, with the book open before me, while tears of gratitude filled my eyes, and shouts of praise went up from my glad heart, and re-consecrated myself to the service of God, for him to live and die.

It seems to be the will of our Heavenly Father, that some of his most obedient children should wade through deep waters; but he does not leave them without words of comfort. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth;" "No chastening for the present is joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness." I bless God for trials to-day. I thank God for adversity. They have only served to drive me nearer to the fountain of all true happiness, to anchor me more firmly on the rock. The disciples of Jesus, like the Captain of our salvation, are made perfect through suffering. Glory

to God and the Lamb forever! My spiritual sky is clear.

"My God is reconciled—
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear."

Five years ago this winter, a faithful ambassador of Christ was sent among us, in the person of Bro. George Fox. It was under his labors that I was thoroughly convicted; and, thank God, soundly converted. As I received Christ Jesus, I am walking in him. Minding the same things, walking by the same rule!

"Right through this world of sin,
Its frantic cares and strife,
Its Babel roar, and dust and din,
I rush to endless life.
The tinselry of earth,
The trappings of its pride,
Unworthy of my heavenly birth,
I spurn them all aside."

CORNELIUS GRACE.—I love the narrow way. I like definite Christianity, that which has the power of godliness, and the witness of the Spirit, that Jesus saves me *now*. Praise the Lord for a full and free salvation! Nothing short of this satisfies my longings. Blessed be God, I have it. The victory is mine through the blood of the Lamb. All glory to Jesus!

MATILDA MADDOX.—I have often wanted to speak in your Love Feast, but Satan has been busy in trying to make me believe I was not scholar enough. I have been praying to be delivered from this man fearing spirit; and now I praise the Lord, I believe he has heard my prayer, for I am willing to take up the cross.

I am a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; and I love the Free Methodists. I have taken the *Earnest Christian* four years, I read it with great profit; I believe in its teachings. I believe the doctrine of holiness, and am trying to live a holy life. It has been eight years since God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins; and four years since I was sanctified.—While I write the Lord blesses me.

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