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ATTRIBUTES OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

Joy.—Joy forms an essential element of true holiness. As caloric pervades matter, so joy is interfused through every sanctified soul. It may be developed more on some occasions than on others, but it is always there. Not that a saint of God is exempt from sorrows, but in the midst of sufferings he can say with the Apostle, "*As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.*" Vessels floating on a river are driven up stream by the wind, but underneath, the current flows steadily on to the ocean. So the sad occurrences of life occasion grief to the saint, while down deep in the heart joy reigns undisturbed.

This joy is not of earthly origin. It does not stand connected with temporal prosperity. Prosperity does not create it; adversity does not destroy it. The good opinion of our fellow-men does not set it in motion, nor their persecutions stop its steady flow. It does not spring from the consciousness of the possession of any gifts, natural or gracious. It is supernatural in its origin; pure and holy in its nature. It comes from God as directly as pardon comes from God. It is imparted to the soul by the direct power of the Spirit. Hence it is called the JOY OF THE HOLY

GHOST. That is, the joy which the Holy Ghost imparts. It is a God-given happiness—happiness intensified. It is not levity. It is solid joy.

There is a strong tendency to undervalue this joy. It is spoken of frequently by professed Christians in a contemptuous manner, as emotional, affecting only weak-minded persons, and short-lived in its continuance. That it is emotional, we admit. So is the compassion which leads us to relieve the suffering, without which, we are as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." And whoever reads his Bible will find that some very strong-minded persons have been affected with joy to an overpowering degree. David was a mighty man. But so great was his gladness when the ark of the Lord was brought up into his city, that *he danced before the Lord with all his might.* When his proud wife saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord, *she despised him in her heart.* But God cursed her and blessed the king.—2 Sam. vi. 14. As to its duration, holy joy is to last forever. *And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy, and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.*—Isa. xxxv. 10.

That this joy is an essential element of true holiness, we prove from the

Scriptures. *Thou hast made known to me the ways of life: thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance.*—Acts ii. 28. *The way of life is a saving knowledge of God. A look of approbation from Him fills the soul with joy. I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.*—John xvi. 22. The disciples were sad at the prospect that Jesus was about to leave them. He consoled them with the promise that He would manifest Himself to them spiritually—would be with them always, and this would afford them a joy that no man could deprive them of. This joy is just as free for the disciples of Jesus now as it was then. More than this, it is positively promised. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.—John xiv. 21. Every holy soul obeys Christ, and so Christ gives him a joy that man cannot take from him.

For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Rom. xiv. 17. Here holiness is said to consist of three elements. We have just as much right to conclude that we have it when we are destitute of the righteousness as we have, when destitute of the joy. God has joined the three together. Let no man put them asunder.

And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost.—Acts xiii. 52. This, too, was in the midst of a violent persecution. *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.*—Gal. v. 22. No one can have true holiness without having the

Spirit of God. But wherever the Spirit of God is, it will bring forth its appropriate fruits,—not one, but all—not in some favorite localities, merely,—but in all places—not occasionally, but constantly. Joy is just as really one of the fruits of the Spirit as love or peace. Whoever has the Spirit of God has joy.

In whom though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—1 Peter, i. 8. Whoever enjoys true holiness is a believer in Jesus. But all believers have joy unspeakable and full of glory.

How explicit are the Scriptures on this point. They show plainly that wherever holiness is, there is joy. We might go on at an indefinite length, for the Scriptures are as full, as they are plain; but if these passages which we have quoted do not carry conviction, no amount of proof will avail. The difficulty is beyond the reach of argument—it lies in the heart and not in the intellect.

But we are not alone in our opinion of the teaching of the Bible in this matter. John Wesley says, "True religion, or a heart right towards God and man, implies happiness as well as holiness. It is not only righteousness, but also peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Joy wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, by the ever blessed Spirit of God. * * This peace, joy, love—this change from glory to glory is what the wisdom of the world has voted to be madness, mere enthusiasm, utter distraction. But thou, oh man of God, regard them not; be thou moved by none of those things! See that no man take thy crown. * *

Joy in the Holy Ghost will far more effectually purify the soul, than the want of that joy; and the peace of God

is the best means of refining the soul from the dross of earthly affections. * * Without doubt our joy in the Lord will increase as our love increases."

President Edwards was a rigid Calvinist—a man of gigantic intellect, great learning and solid piety. He says, "The Scriptures speak of holy joy, as a great part of true religion. So it is represented.

And as an important part of religion, exhorted to and pressed with great earnestness.—Ps. xxxvii. 4. 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.—Ps. xcvii. 12. 'Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous.' So, Ps. xxxii. 1. 'Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous.' Mat. v. 12, 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad.' Phil. iii. 1, 'Finally, brethren, rejoice in the Lord.' And Chap. iv. 4, 'Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice.' 1. Thess. v. 16. 'Rejoice evermore.' Ps. cxlix. 2, 'Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him; let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.' This is mentioned among the principal fruits of the Spirit of grace.—Gal. v. 22. The Psalmist mentions his holy joy as an evidence of his sincerity. Ps. cxix. 14. "I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies as much as in all riches."

He who has no religious affection, is in a state of spiritual death, and is wholly destitute of the powerful, quickening, saving influences of the Spirit of God upon his heart."

The hymns that are sung by all denominations present precisely the view of joy as forming an essential element of true holiness which we have here set forth. In many a church they sing with Watts.

The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below.

If glory is not begun in your heart, there is a serious lack in your experience. In like manner, we sing with Charles Wesley,

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven.

But similar sentiments are found in every orthodox hymn book. If they are not true, why sing them? Is it right to sing lies? If they are true, why settle down in your religious experience without this joy, as though an essential element of holiness were of no consequence? Many not only do this, but even oppose and persecute those who are enabled, through grace, to *rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory*. Others who do not go so far, treat these rejoicing ones in a patronizing kind of way, as though they were to be tolerated and pitied. True holiness of itself will make its possessor happy and triumphant. His springs are in God, and they never run dry. He does not go to the world for his pleasures, but is *abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house, and drinks of the rivers of His pleasure*.—Ps. xxxvi. 8.

Simeon was once summoned to the bedside of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and with some emotion said, "I am dying, and you never warned me of the state in which I was, and the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul." "Nay, my brother," said Simeon, "but I took every reasonable opportunity of hinting the subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat and told me I was unconverted, and that if I died in that state I should be lost; and now I am dying, and, but for God's grace, I might have been forever undone." It is said Simeon never forgot the scene.

HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

BY MRS. ADALINE MATHEWS.

In the winter of 1869, I took a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I was teaching at the time and paid but little or no attention to it. My cough continued through the summer, though but slight. Some of my friends told me I ought to attend to it, but I did not realize my situation and still paid no heed to their admonitions. In the latter part of the summer I took more cold, which still increased my cough. In fact, I did not feel scarcely able to be around, but still continued teaching. In the fall I seemed to take cold continually, my system being in so weak a condition. I now had a very hard cough, and on the 4th day of October, 1870, my lungs bled badly. I was confined to my bed the most of the time for ten weeks. I was then married, and traveled considerably. I was unable to work much, on account of the lameness of my left arm. I consulted physicians, who told me that I was generally debilitated. I suffered much. In the spring of 1872 I again had a severe fit of sickness, and was confined to my room three months or more. I was suffering from neuralgia, and it seemed necessary for me to be moved, as we were paying rent and board bill too. In the evening, at family prayers, sister Mary Carpenter and my husband made me a special subject of prayer. And in laying on of hands, God manifested Himself in power, and I was healed from the neuralgia, from which I have never suffered since. Praise the Lord! I was moved the next day three miles. This was my first experience of the Lord's helping me in answer to prayer. In the fall of 1872 I was attacked with the dropsy. I tried everything almost that people would tell me about, to no avail. At last an old lady told me to take salt-petre, which I did, and took cold. I now expected to die. I was very sick. My neck was so swollen that my head leaned backward, and

it seemed I could scarcely rouse myself, being in a kind of stupor. I had tried medicine so much that I was perfectly discouraged, and had no confidence in any physician. Then it occurred to me that Jesus never turned any one away who came to him to be healed, not even those who had the leprosy, the worst of diseases. I had never thought of this before. I knew that Jesus had the same power now. We knelt down,—us two, before the Lord, and if I ever prayed in my life, and in earnest, I did then. And the Lord met us,—praise to His name! I arose and made my bed, and from this recovered to my usual health.

In the winter of 1873, I went to Brooklyn, and was persuaded to go to a female physician, which I did. My difficulties were such that I was unable to be on my feet but a very little. She told me that my only object should be to take care of myself now, and for months to come, if I ever would be better. My difficulties grew upon me, and I went back to Cleveland, that being the place we were sent to that year, and still kept trying physicians. It seemed I could not have faith. We now hired both washing and ironing done, and with the help of my husband I tried to do the remainder of the work, but would have to lie down often after I had prepared a meal, before I could eat.

The 4th of July there was to be a tent meeting about forty miles from us. I had intended to go, but as we were almost ready, the post man threw a letter in at the door. I opened it, and it contained the news that a very dear sister in the Lord was at the point of death. This so shocked my nervous system that I was unable to go, and not wishing to stay alone, I was taken to the house of one of the brethren, who told me that it would have been faith on my part to have gone to the depot and trusted in the Lord for strength to go on. I told him it would be presumption in me to do this, as previous experience had shown to me that I had not the faith. He then ask-

ed me if I did not feel that I was called to the work of the Lord. I told him I did, and it was plain I was not doing it. He then asked me if I would spend my strength in working in the vineyard of the Lord if he would heal me. I had always intended to do this, and as I see now, in my way. This brought new light, and by it I discovered this in my heart: That when we were in pinched circumstances, and the brethren would seem to feel it such a burden to support a preacher, as they often do, and being of a sensitive nature myself, I would think and say sometimes, "If I only had my health, I would teach school, run a sewing-machine, clerk in a store, or do something; so we should suffer no want, and the brethren no inconvenience. Of course I would attend the appointments on the Sabbath. I had said I was consecrated to the Lord before, and was, as far as I had the light. I now surrendered all to the Lord, and said, "Any way, only give me my health." The Lord gave me the victory. Praise His name forever! From that time forward I made no other calculation than this: To trust the Lord for all things, believing He would care for us, as he has promised to do, without my helping Him in the ways I have above stated. All through the summer I had thought and said, that if it was the Lord's will, I should go to the Blissfield camp meeting, as it was called. I had never thought but what I should be well enough to go, and sure enough, all things seemed to work that way, and we went. We arrived there on Wednesday evening. I felt considerably worn, and having no overshoes, one of the brethren went and borrowed a pair. They were old, and much too large for me; and as I was putting them on the thought occurred to me that I should have them on when I was healed. I did not know then that this was faith. But just in imagination I saw myself jumping around with those large shoes on. Things went on in much the usual way. During preaching, I would go to the tent next to the preacher's stand,

lie down and hear the sermon,—not feeling able to sit up. I called into one of the tents on Monday afternoon, where three of the sisters were talking, when I heard something about healing faith. I turned to the one who was talking, and asked her if she had healing faith. She said the Lord had, in answer to her prayer, raised persons off from their sick beds, and they were as well, and ready to work as they ever were in their lives. I said to her, "I have been praying the Lord to put the burden on somebody, for I am like the man down at the pool, that could not help himself in." She talked on, and after a little time she turned away, and seemed to be praying, and then said, "Perhaps it is not the Lord's will to heal you." Well, I seemed to be just as well satisfied, and thought if I could glorify the Lord more by suffering, I was willing. Time passed on, and, in the morning, after breakfast, I had determined to go into the next tent to family prayer, as I thought the Lord had something in store for me to do there, but was called away. I looked into this tent where I was going and saw there were no seats. I thought I would disturb no one, and passed on. They were through with the reading, and were praying, in the tent where we usually stayed, so I quietly drew a bag of straw out from under the table, and sat down on it, as the ground was damp. I had no spirit of prayer—not one devotional feeling; and in spite of all I could do, my eyes would be wandering around. At last I thought, "Why, this is a bad example." So I covered my eyes with my hands and tried to look to the Lord as best I could. All at once the sister next to me commenced shouting, and turned around, for her back was toward me, and said, "The Lord is going to do the work!" and to my surprise, it was the same one I had talked with the day before. She then threw her arms around me, and commenced striking me between the shoulders, praying all the time. I was very much pleased, for I thought the Lord had really under-
ken my

case, and I prayed. I suppose my husband heard me, and he came in and knelt down in front of me, and he prayed, and then I prayed again; and struggled and plead for Jesus' sake. Some more said for the people's sake, but I only felt free to say, for Jesus' sake. Bro. Roberts came and laid his hands on my head, and said, "Life, and health, and peace," over three times. I think I prayed and plead until all the breath left my body seemingly, and the feelings were much the same as if I had taken chloroform; for my arms dropped down at my side, and my head fell forward, and some one caught me. If I had been standing, I know I should have fallen, so great was the power of God that rested upon me in answer to prayer; and as I was in that situation, I groaned and choked I suppose as some do when dying. All this was involuntary on my part, but I gave myself up, and God took me in hand. All at once, something said to me—the enemy of course,—that I was dying. "Well," I thought, "I will die then." Just then, new life seemed to come to me, and I felt strength all through my body. I arose, and sat up. They said "You are healed." I said, "I know I am." I did not dare to say "healed," for I heard Sister Roberts say that any one could not be blessed in their body without being greatly blessed in their soul. Then I thought, "How much strength have I got? enough to do a washing, or must I commence to work by degrees? This puzzled me. Again I thought God would show me, and I felt better. A little before this, when I first sat up, there seemed to be something so heavy on the top of my head, and all over my body. I put my hand up and brushed it off, and felt better, and the same all over my body. They commenced singing,

"Soul and body, soul and body,
Shall His glorious image bear."

I then arose upon my feet, and, for the first time opened my eyes, and saw to my surprise that the tent was full, and said, "Praise the Lord!" and then the blessing came into my soul.

Oh, how the Lord lifted me up to Himself! I made my way out of the tent, leaping and praising God, saying, "Lameness all gone! glory to God! and still it came. I never was blessed with so much of the presence of God before in my life. It seemed to me I was in the third heaven, as it were. And then, to think I had a well body. This was reviving! All the glory be to Jesus forever! I would say that I am not very demonstrative, but rather of a quiet turn of mind, so much so, that I have been called the Presbyterian Free Methodist. This rejoicing continued for some time. The camp meeting broke up the next morning, and I returned home by the way of my father's where I staid all night. The next day I did the most of a washing and ironing, and rode five miles, besides. In the morning, we took the train for Toledo, where we did some trading. In the evening, we went to prayer meeting, and in looking over the experiences of the day, concluded that we had walked about four miles. The above experience in travel and labor has been repeated from that day, being the 26th of August, until this, the 20th day of January. The time from Sept. 29th to Dec. 14th, we were engaged in a protracted effort, being in meeting night and day, with but few exceptions, and not unfrequently we have rode three miles or more in a lumber wagon after meeting at night; proving God's sustaining power for soul and body. All the praise be unto the Lord!

Let us abanndon ourselves without reserve to God, who is alike the God of all grace when he chastises as when he blesses. Refuse nothing to the God of love and tender compassion. The sacrifice of those things which are most precious to us, is least unworthy of Him; and had we a thousand idols, we ought to keep nothing back from Him.

—Fletcher.

You can never be too bold in believing, provided you aspire still after new degrees of faith, and do not use your faith as a cloak for sin.—Fletcher.

SANCTIFIED LIFE.

1. *Facts are against the statement that God takes us to heaven as soon as He sanctifies us wholly.*—After God had sanctified Enoch, he walked with Him on earth three hundred years. Abraham's faith was perfect when he took Isaac to the altar on Mount Moriah, after which he lived thirty years. Instead of removing Caleb and Joshua to heaven after perfecting them in love, He kept them on earth to take Israel into Canaan, and give them the benefit of their godly advice and example, which proved very effectual. When God made the saints of old undefiled or perfect, He lengthened their days, that others might see the blessedness of their holy lives. Zacharias and Elizabeth were sanctified, not that they might be removed out of the world, but to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. And what of John the Baptist?

A far greater number of such facts have occurred under the Gospel than under the Law. Christ Himself lived in this world in perfect holiness, as the example of believers, whom He saves from all sin and commands to tread in His steps. If God had taken the disciples to heaven immediately after the sanctifying baptism in the upper room, where would have been the rapid conversion of thousands at Jerusalem and other places by their instrumentality, and the glorious acts of the apostles? If Paul and John had been taken to heaven at the time of their being made perfect in love, could we have had their epistles to expound and illustrate this doctrine, and to be the means of such holiness in the world? Did not He keep them in the world till old age, to be lights to the world, and salt to the earth?

And what shall I say more? Our time would fail me to tell you of Justin Martyr and Chrysostom, of Origen and Augustine, of Wesley and Fletcher, of Edward Miller and Bramwell, of Mary Fletcher and Hester Rogers, of Carvosso and T. Collins, and many

others, who by holiness of example and consistency of teaching during years of sanctified life, led hundreds of sinners to the Saviour, and drew many believers upwards to the higher walks of Christian holiness. In the lower class of society S. Hick lived thirty years in this blessing, and John Brookhouse fifty years. Christ prayed for it, and it was done, and will be done. Thousands more would have been now enjoying the same blessing had they been prayerfully reading and believingly following the plain teaching of the Bible, instead of listening to carnal reasoning, and the erroneous statements of short-coming professors of religion.

2. Entire sanctification is essential to great spiritual power and success in the pulpit, in the class-room, in the prayer-meeting, in the closet, and in the example of every-day life. The influence of a holy life will persuade unto salvation, when the cleverest talking unbacked by holiness in temper and deeds, utterly fails. Holiness is power. If we have a full faith in Christ's all-cleansing blood, and live in full salvation, we shall be mighty in God's work.

3. *This is the great want of the church to-day.*—Without this, ministers, officers and prayer-leaders have not the spiritual light and power required to raise a revival of great saving power, nor to conserve the fruits of a revival when it has been produced by others. Revival *reaction* proves and illustrates the weakness of those under whom it has taken place.

4. If Christ had commenced and proceeded on the plan of immediately removing His sanctified people out of the world, such a plan would have been militant against the success of His truth, *by the removal of living witnesses.* He would have cut off the chances of a thorough Christian happiness, obedience and influence. Could He have been so impolitic? He would have shut out all the means of distinguished glorification in heaven by removing us the moment He had most qualified us for powerful and successful effort to turn sinners to righteousness. He would have

deprived the church of its well-savour ed salt, and removed His lights from the world the moment He had lit them, leaving the world in its darkness. Where, then, would have been His living epistles, having so subverted the purpose of His own prayer?

If the Lord had taken me to heaven when he sanctified my soul he would have prevented me from converting hundreds of sinners, from preaching many sermons on Christian holiness, as well as from publishing *The Center and Circle of Religion*.

What would be the condition of the world in fifty years' time, were God to remove to heaven this day all whose hearts have been made clean by the blood of Jesus? The church would become rank with the growth of poisonous weeds and roots of bitterness, and thoroughly merge into the world. The world would be mantled in the darkness of unbelief and superstition. Society would become as intolerable as in Paris during the Reign of Terror; and the true historian of that day might quote from Romans i. 21—32, to record the reigning depravity. For the special purpose of quietly revolutionizing such a state of things, and then to prevent its recurrence, Christ said, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world."

Conclusion.—Entire sanctification in a preacher is necessary in order to give his understanding susceptibility to the spiritual teachings of the Gospel on the deep things of God, to give his heart full sympathy with saving work, and to make him a burning and shining light.

It is necessary in a class leader, because he should live in a higher Christian life than that of justification. Having a clean heart, and loving God perfectly, he will be able to lead the new converts and junior members to something higher than first principles, and to build them up in knowledge and holiness. A thoroughly sanctified leader will always find that a full heart will make a ready tongue.

Here is a church surrounded by people living in ignorance, unbelief, wick-

edness and vice. Which is the best way to save them? Why, sanctify the members of the church, and let them live holy lives among them. Let them speak truthfully, live uprightly, be meek, gentle, and kind among them, and be read as living epistles of Christ by them. Let them do this in their families, among their neighbors, in their workshops, factories, in all business life; and they will in time bring a flowery spring and fruitful summer over the place which is now a scene of spiritual winter, desolation and death.

Let the world see a thorough Christian love in us, and they will soon feel its power. Let them see our faith working by love, and many will believe on Christ through our word.—*Poole*.

THE BIBLE GROWS WITH ONE.

If you come to holy Scripture with growth in grace, and with aspirations for yet higher attainments, the book grows with you, grows upon you. It is ever beyond you, and cheerily cries, "Higher yet! Excelsior!" Many books in my library are now behind and beneath me; I read them years ago with considerable pleasure; I have read them since with disappointment; I shall never read them again, for they are of no service to me. They were good in their way once; and so were the clothes I wore when I was ten years old; but I have outgrown them; I know more than these books know, and know wherein they are faulty. Nobody ever outgrows the Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years. It is true, it cannot really grow, for it is perfect; but it does so to our apprehension. The deeper you dig into Scripture the more you find that it is a great abyss of truth. The beginner learns four or five points of orthodoxy, and says, "I understand the Gospel; I have grasped all the Bible." Wait a bit, and when his soul grows and knows more of Christ he will confess, "Thy commandment is exceeding broad; I have only begun to understand it."—*Spurgeon*.

ETERNITY.

BY WM. FELL.

Eternity,—boundless ! Infinite ! What is it ? Who can comprehend it ? Is there anything in the universe that can be compared to it ? One hundred million years is a long time, but this makes no difference with eternity. At the expiration of this period, eternity has just begun. If a drop of water was taken out of the mighty ocean once in every thousand years, the time would come when the ocean would be emptied. But comparisons fail, in fact, mathematical computations sink into nothingness, and figures lose their calculating powers when an attempt is made to solve the terrible problem of eternity. Oh, eternity ! eternity ! God only knows the dreadful import and meaning of this word. "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God." It is this that makes the unsaved tremble and shrink back with horror from the grave ; and causes them to exclaim in the dying hour, "I cannot die." There is something in the word that sends a thrill through the soul of an unsaved man.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
How wishfully she looks on all she's leaving,
Now no longer her's. Her very eyes weep blood ;
And every groan she heaves, is big with horror."

Those who have tried the realities of eternity, begin to realize the force and meaning of the words of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still : and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still : and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still : and he that is holy, let him be holy still." They have to do with eternal things now. With them time was, but time shall be no more forever.

Eternity, thou art too deep, too long, too broad, for finite minds to comprehend. After time has been buried, and the memory of the past forgotten, and the world has laid for millions of ages in its tomb, eternity, O ! eternity has

just begun. Man has a beginning, but he is born in the world, and has an existence that is to run parallel with God and eternity. How dreadful and yet how true. May this solemn truth stir our very being, and cause us to put forth a vigorous effort in trying to save poor souls from eternal ruin. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." Mortality and decay is stamped on everything that is seen,—transitory objects soon pass away. Our bodies, which are the temporal habitations of the soul, are tottering to the tomb. Disease and death are written on the countenance of every being. See that stooped form and haggard face, and hear that hacking cough. All are so many voices telling him of his approaching end ; and as the magnetic needle points to the pole, these point with unerring precision towards eternity. When man oversteps the boundary line which separates time from eternity, his destiny is sealed forever,—he is where everything is everlasting and as enduring as God Himself. He is where hope and mercy never can come, and where repentance, pardon, and salvation are among the things of the past. He is constantly reminded of the misspent opportunities, of his life. How short time seems now. Ah, it is but a moment ; and instead of hearing the welcome invitation to come to Christ, he hears the muttering thunder of God's eternal wrath, and these words ringing through the chambers of hell, and falling with crushing weight upon his soul : "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not." Time is short. What ye do must be done quickly. "The day is far spent, and the night is at hand." Our blessed Lord has told us to work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

You must not be above being employed in a little way. The great Mr. Grimshaw was not above walking some miles to preach to seven or eight people, and what are we compared to him ?
—Fletcher.

PARDON FOR THE PENITENT.

If you have led a sinful life, and are now ashamed and weary of it—if you arise and go to God, he will receive you graciously, and will abundantly pardon. All His assurances are of the same affecting tenor. "He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways." And here he is represented as the merciful Father, whose pity survives the longest provocation, and whose love is such that, when the prodigal at last returns, he presses him to His bosom. Such is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, and if you are wise, you will let no cold suspicions or subtle casuistry cheat you out of the strong consolation. You cannot err in believing what the Lord Jesus says; you cannot err in doing as He directs. Be assured that God is as kindly disposed as in this parable He is represented to be. The calls, invitations, promises which he has given us in the gospel mean the utmost of what they express; and God is as earnestly desirous that sinners should return to him, and as much pleased when they actually return, as the strongest language of the Gospel declares.

True, God is holy, and sin is His abhorrence. But the great sin is departure from the living God; and this never ceases till once you return. And if you yourself long to be holy, it is in forgiveness that the fresh start, the new obedience begins. Through the satisfaction of the Saviour, there is in the divine truth and rectitude, no obstacle to the justifying of the ungodly, to holiness itself; it is a joy to put away sin and pass by the remnant of transgression. In the condemnation of the offender, sin is punished; but it is only in the salvation of the sinner that sin is destroyed. Therefore, fear not to make the grand experiment; cast yourself on the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and you will find there is no

compassion like the compassion of Infinite Purity,—you will find that there is no love like God's own charity—that love omnipotent which, in saving a soul from death, not only covers, but annihilates the multitude of sins. Therefore, we say again, take with you words and return to the Lord. Say exactly what you feel. If you are not prepared to part with all sin you are no penitent; you are still the prodigal. But if your sin is your sorrow, let neither past evil nor present imperfection prevent your return. The youngest son was still "a great way off" when the Father saw him, and he was still in his rags when the Father kissed him.

And whilst you cannot feel too keenly, do not wait for feeling. No sorrow for the past can be too poignant; but do not wait for that sorrow. If the prodigal had not arisen till he was satisfied with his own repentance, he would have died in the far country. The tears which do not flow from the gaunt eyes of famine will come unbidden at the feast of fat things; and the fountains of the great deep, which freeze in the winter of remoteness and estrangement, will break up and brim over in the sunshine of Mercy. The word which you take, be it what it may—"Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" "Take away iniquity and receive me graciously"—whatever the word may be, let it be a true one; and swifter than your return will be the footsteps of forth-coming pardon; and great as may be your own joy in rescuing and restoring grace, no less will be the joy in heaven at your repentance.—*Sunday at Home.*

SIN ROOTED UP.

It is an old comparison, that of the the human heart with a garden in which grow all varieties of plants. Holy principles and affections, good desires and right purposes, all "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," these spring from no natural growth, but are the planting of the

Lord, that He may be glorified." But there are, alas! other growths in the human spirit—noxious weeds, springing from "roots of bitterness" the presence of which mars the beauty of the garden, and encumbers its soil, besides drawing away vital nourishment from the heavenly plants. And these ill weeds grow fast as if the soil were their mother. How came they there? Whence these upspringings of pride, sinful anger, sloth, unbelief, and other propensities to evil? These are not the work of God! His hand never planted them in the nature of His creatures. As the eye sees them, and examines their fruits, their lips cry, "an enemy hath done this!" God never sowed in the heart of humanity a single propensity to sin.

For us, plagued with their presence, the question is, "May they be removed?" Let a word from the lips of Jesus give the answer: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." While it was not in immediate reference to sin in the soul, that Christ spoke these words, they contain a great principle which may be applied to it. But 'rooted up?' Shall we not rather read, cut down level with the ground, that at least the roots may be left for the trial of faith? Nay, "rooted up!" Taken up by the roots and destroyed. But shall not some be left within the soul, as the Canaanites in the land of promise, to try its loyalty? No! "Every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted." Pride, the flaunting poppy; anger, the stinging nettle; self-will, the obstinate briar; and unbelief, scattering, thistle-like, winged seeds of evil—all must be rooted up.

What mean these questionings among God's own people as to the possibility of indwelling sin being removed? Do the eyes of the Divine Father view sin with pleasure? Can we single out one weed of evil and say, "This sin is not abominable in his sight? Does not his whole word testify that his very nature abhors evil in any shape? And has He not power—He who calls hither

and thither the worlds which He has made, who removes the mountains, and holds all His creatures in life—has He not power to remove sin from the hearts of His people? Let us resolutely face these questions. Did not Christ die to remove sin—to heal its foul disease, and deliver the souls it pollutes? "For this purpose was the son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

Christian reader! *it must be* God's will to set us free from that which his soul hates, He cannot but have power to do it; and, since Jesus died on purpose, what remains but that we apply at once to Him for the great deliverance? He will hear the prayer which asks for it, and honor the faith which dares to trust Him. Of souls thus believing it will speedily be said, "Being now made free from sin, ye have fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.—*Rev. I. E. Page.*"

Dr. Talmage, referring to the statement made by the chaplain of the Binghamton Asylum for Inebriates, that it is a failure so far as actually curing men of a love for strong drink is concerned, proposes a "Change of Remedy,"—the adoption of the old gospel remedy, the new man in Christ Jesus. He says: "Last summer, in a religious meeting held in Fourth Ward, New York, we heard men say that they had been drunkards, but had been, by the grace of God, not only pardoned, but also entirely cured of the thirst for strong drink. We believe them. The time will come when religion will do many things that we will not now let it do. If there are cases, and we are ready to point them out, where conversion has not only set the heart right but revolutionized the body, why not declare a new era? What inebriate asylums cannot do, the Lord is ready to accomplish. Give our religion elbow-room, and it will reclaim intemperance, purify libertinism, empty jails, and make poverty a curiosity to look at. The age of miracles will come back when the Church of God will allow it."

NEVER DESPAIR OF ANY HUMAN BEING.

"I do not think that I shall attempt to do anything more for that young man," said Mr. W—— to his friend Mr. R——. He had just parted with the young man alluded to, and his countenance did not express that calm benevolence and meekness of wisdom which should characterize a professed follower of Christ.

"Why not attempt to do anything more for him?" said Mr. R; "we are not to be weary in well doing."

"There is no use in trying to do him any good, he is so perverse and ungrateful. At first, there was some encouragement in talking to him: he would listen respectfully and promise to amend; but now he has become indifferent to everything I say, and is sometimes insolent. He is growing worse and worse, and I must give him up. Perhaps somebody else can do him good, but I am satisfied I cannot."

"So you say of him as God said of Ephraim, 'He is joined to his idols, let him alone,'"

Mr. W—— felt the rebuke contained in the words of his friend, but under the natural influence of a self-justifying spirit, he soon rallied, and repeated his assertion that it was useless for him to make any farther efforts to benefit the young man in question.

"I have no doubt," said R——, who had noticed the effect of the quotation made above, "that God has a right to give the young man up, but I doubt whether you have that right. At least, I am pretty sure that you have not till you know that God has given him up. So long as God holds on to a man, so long must those who are laboring for him hold on. It will not do to cut down a tree in his vineyard before he orders it to be cut down."

"But this is not a tree in His vineyard."

"The principle is the same: we are not to stop our efforts for the salvation of a man till God has given him over to destruction."

"We don't know when He has thus given one over."

"Very true, and therefore we don't know when to give over trying to save a man."

"It is very discouraging to labor where you meet with only indifference and insult."

"It is indeed, and I have no doubt our Saviour found it so. And we read, 'It is enough that the disciple be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord.'"

"We cannot labor for the salvation of all men, and we must therefore direct our labors in a way which promises the greatest results"

"True, but having selected the sphere of our labor, we should continue in it. Having selected those for whom it is our duty to labor, we should not faint nor grow weary. I know that in this matter, as well as in others, the Spirit is willing where the flesh is weak. We must therefore, by reflection and prayer, seek for the strength needed to enable us to persevere in doing good to the unkind and unthankful."

"When men meet our efforts for their good with indifference, and opposition, and insult, we must remember how we have treated God's efforts for our good. The numberless instances of his goodness which we experienced when we were impenitent, were designed to lead us to repentance. We did not even notice them. Many solemn warnings were given us, which were unheeded. Many drawings of the Spirit were felt which were not yielded to. No insult that we can receive from a fellow creature can compare in heinousness with the sin of grieving the Holy Spirit. Of this we were repeatedly guilty; and yet God did not say, 'It is useless to attempt to do those incorrigible sinners any good.' He did not say, 'Let them alone.' He bore with us, notwithstanding all our perverseness, gave us further space for repentance, and threw still more powerful influence around us. Should not the remembrance of God's dealings with us lead us to endure, with all long-suffering and kind-

ness, the perverseness of those for whose spiritual good we are bound to labor."

"It should: I was hasty in what I said. I will pray for that young man and try again to reach his conscience and to influence him for good."

"Pray also for strength that you may not be weary in well doing. After all we say about our dependence upon God, we seldom feel it. Notwithstanding all we say about our weaknesses, we seldom feel it so as to cry to God in deep earnestness for strength."

A late eminent divine, in addressing one who was set apart for public labors for the salvation of men, said to him, "Never give up any human being in despair." Many most interesting facts might be related illustrating the wisdom of that charge.

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

BY MRS. C. TERRY.

What do we go to prayer-meeting for? Do we not go to worship God? If so, why do so many—the very first thing they do, indulge in a worldly conversation, and perhaps in a good deal of vain, foolish talk, and even jesting? Ten chances to one, if the class leader is not the first one to commence this kind of conversation. Then, after our minds are drawn away from God, and the Spirit has taken its flight, and we are left without any help, we try to pray and worship God in our own strength. The consequence is, we are not benefited ourselves, nor are any others. The best way is to attend to God's business first, then attend to ours if we have any, but it does not seem to me we ought to have any of our own to attend to on such occasions of assembling for the purpose of worshipping God. We should go in the Spirit of God, and let the first that get to the house of worship begin to exercise faith towards God, by either singing or praying, or both. Every class leader should impress this on the minds of each member of the class.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Strait, strait is the road, but I falter,
And often fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the
shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised by the fall and they lie
With their white pleading faces turned
upward
To the clouds and the pitiless sky.

There are many tall lamps we see lighted,
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many among them, my brother,
Shines steadily out like a star.

I think were they trimmed night and morn-
ing,
They would never burn down nor go out;
Though from the four quarters of heaven,
The winds were all blowing about.

If every lamp we see lighted,
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would gladden,
How the mists would clear up and away:
How the earth would laugh out in her
gladness,
To hail the millenium day.

—*Friend's Review.*

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY MISS AMELIA HOYT.

Work vs. leisure. In a social, religious meeting which the writer attended a few evenings since, an earnest Christian gentleman arose, and said that while he was conscious of making pro-

gress in the divine life, still he sometimes felt that were it not for the business cares he might make still more rapid progress; that he thought he would like, were it possible, to throw up business and give his whole time to religious enjoyments and duties; to the reading of the Bible and good, refreshing books, and to efforts for the spiritual welfare of those around him. Perhaps a good many Christians are conscious, at times at least, of feeling thus. But, after all, does not Providence know what is good for us better than we know ourselves? Doubtless, the very things we call hindrances are meant to be means of grace, and may even prove stepping stones to Heaven, if we but take them in the right way, and make the right use of them. Perhaps there is a certain healthful balance of mind which is better secured by our giving much of our time to the ordinary vocations of life, than by our devoting ourselves entirely to prayer and meditation and religious conversation.

Certain it is however, that some part of each day should be sacred to religion, sacred to the concerns of the soul. Perhaps there are few, if any, who ought not, and who could not if they chose, set apart one hour at least each day for communion with God and His word. Whoever shall do this will be likely in doing it to find profound satisfaction; a satisfaction that is sometimes enhanced by the very obstacles which we have had to surmount. What costs us much is prized much; and the increased preciousness of hours of retirement redeemed with difficulty from care and work is one of the compensations of a busy life.

The communion of saints.—We say in the Apostle's creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." It is an article of faith which Christians are indeed wont to believe in, more and more heartily as they advance in their pilgrimage through life. There are weak and timid Christians now on their journey Zionward, who might ere this have fallen by the way, had it not been for

the infectious courage of other hearts braver and stronger than their own. It is divine wisdom which bids us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, but to exhort one another. When Christians talk together of the things of the Kingdom, Jesus Himself is sure to draw nigh, and make one in their midst. Next to communion with God, Himself, we may well prize communion with His people.

Christian Living.—Every day it is a joy to the Christian to feel that God, the great God of the universe, is his Father,—that he is redeemed through the blood of his dear Son, and that God's holy Spirit deigns to dwell within his heart. Every day it is a grief to him that he does not love Him more and serve Him better. The language of his heart is,

"Lord, I love Thee, and adore,
O, for grace to love Thee more!"

Every day he aims at holy living. His joy is the sweetest, purest joy that the human heart can know. His grief is a tender, chastened grief, not the corroding sorrow of this world. His aim is the most exalted that can be imagined. His path is like "the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

BY MRS. RAY.

If we follow the Lord we will have something to do. In the demand for help it is evident that He will require active service from all those who know the truth.

He has given us, who understand His will, great light, while so many around us are in dense darkness. And our responsibility is great,—not to obscure it, but rather, under all circumstances, to let it shine. Jesus found while here upon earth, and still finds great opposition to the light. But He steadfastly held, and still holds it forth. And, praise His name! a goodly number, beyond computation, (yet a remnant compared to the mass of man-

kind,) are walking its cheering, invigorating ways. The light of true wisdom, knowledge, righteousness, emanates from the life, death, precepts and example of Him who declared, "I am the light of the world." Had it not through some channel shone upon our hearts, where should we now be? Most fearful thought! "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you." As much as to say, if ye neglect the performance of known duty, whether pleasing or crossing, you will get lost in confusion of mind, in the mazes of doubt and uncertainty. "If thine eye is single thy whole body shall be full of light." If we do everything with an eye single to the glory of God, really preferring His way at all times to our own, the spirit of truth, which is light, finding no opposition to its entrance in hearts thus invitingly open, will take His abode there, and lovingly diffuse His cheering beams through every avenue of the soul. We need clear light to enable us to walk securely in this world, which is no friend to grace to help us on to God; with a bosom companion, a heart naturally deceitful and treacherous, and although rejected, with her bewitching mein and silvery tones, following us and seeking to regain her sway in the soul; and an arch enemy as a roaring lion, ever on our track, and lurking in every covert, following us not only through pleasant vales and flowery meads, to the mountains of myrrh and hills of frankincense, but also through the briery morasses, and up the rocky cliffs to the lion's den. We do not need a blending of truth and error,—an attempt to serve God and Mammon. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. As He is so are we in this world. Ye are the light of the world. The individual consecrated to God—illuminated by His Holy spirit, is a light in the Lord. By example and precept he is saying, follow me as I follow Christ. He is a light-house by which tempest-tossed mariners upon life's stormy deep may safely steer their course to the haven of eternal rest.

GLORY.

"The kingdom of God is within you," was the saying of Him who spoke as man never did. There is erected in the soul of a believer that empire of God which gradually reduces every thing there to a state of holy subordination. The gifts which were received for them that rebelled have won the heart of the rebel; his weapons are thrown away, and he now rejoices to live under the scepter of the King of Righteousness, who is found to be also the King of Peace.

Under his subjection, there is a progressive advance made by the believer while on earth in all that constitutes likeness to God. "His Spirit abideth in the soul," and as the result of his presence, the beauties of holiness become more and more abundant there. Such sanctification is not merely a preparative for heaven—it is heaven begun—and he who is well advanced in that attainment grows familiar with the fact that death will be only a change of place—not of condition—it is but transferring the renovated soul to another home. The acorn is planted at conversion, which is to germinate and spread out in majesty and beauty forever and ever—the spring is welling up which will spread life and beauty, world without end. The principle may still be only in embryo; but it is the same in kind with that which is to flourish in eternal vigor—so that the joys, the hopes, the holiness of a Christian here are all identical in spirit and essence with his joys, his fruititions, and his holiness in heaven. And just as the joy of the returning exile waxes higher and higher as he approaches his home, or that of the seaman, as he draws nearer his haven, the soul waxes stronger and happier as it draws nearer to its goal. Knowledge of the Holy One increases. The power of spiritual discernment grows more acute and vivid. Love grows deeper. Prayer more easily passes into praise. Changes in our lot, and the countless vicissitudes of life, more readily suggest reflections regard-

ing eternity, its stability, and repose. Like gravitating bodies, whose velocity increases as they approach their center, the soul's tendency Godward becomes both more rapid and steady. The deeper parts of Scripture become more easily fathomed, and yield a richer joy. The believer, in short, becomes more spiritually minded, and that is life and peace. His conversion is much in heaven. His life is hid with Christ in God. He walks with God, and, reversing the case of Moses, his face sometimes shines even before he ascends the Mount."

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Such is the decision pronounced near the close of the Word of God, and it embodies a deep principle in it. We carry with us into eternity, and we continue forever what we are at the close of our earthly career. The impure continue impure, and to all eternity their impurity will constitute their woe. The holy will continue holy, and forever and ever that holiness will be the medium in which their God is enjoyed, and their soul rendered perfectly blessed. Now, this enables us in some degree to comprehend the felicities of the state of glory. On few subjects has imagination run more wild. Descriptions of the believers' eternity have been often given, which liken it to the Mahomedan paradise rather than the Christian heaven. It is true that to facilitate our comprehension of a believer's glory, terms of a highly figurative character are employed in the word of God. Music, and palms, and amaranths, are all enlisted in this cause, but only for the purpose now described. The first occasions the least sensuous of all our bodily pleasures. The palm is ever green, and the amaranth is incorruptible. They are thus the emblems of deep, abiding joy; and it is to invest our state of glory with more or less of a sensuous character, to regard these in any light but as symbols meant to aid

us in comprehending what we cannot fully understand. He who stood amid the beautiful scenes of Italy, and said, that, if he might image the future state of the blessed, he would liken it to an orange grove, on which the sun is shining, where the trees are at once laden with golden fruit and balmy, silver flowers, approached as near as material things can enable us to do, a conception of the eternal home of the redeemed. Absolutely satisfying fruition, and yet the certainty of more, and more, and more—these are two elements in the blessedness of that Eden which man can never lose.

In this matter, however, inspiration itself has acknowledged that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The very language of the Scripture, when it speaks of a "spiritual body," is unintelligible by us, and the traveler on his heavenward way can only ponder, and pray, and wait for a full comprehension when he shall see as he is seen, and know as he is known. Meanwhile, the apostle of love has embodied all that the believing soul can long for, when he says, that "when he—God our Saviour—shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Enough for the disciple to be as his Lord—holy, harmless, undefiled, and forever separate from sinners, as the Lord of glory is. It is not merely for the sake of deliverance from pain, and misery, and the cross, that the believer desires to depart. It is to be with Christ. It is to be like him. It is to be free from that which occasions pain and sorrow, namely, sin. It is that he may follow the Lamb, and be forever with the Lord. It is that Christ may be absolutely and forever his all. It is, in brief, that the craving of his nature—insatiable by the whole universe, though it were all his own—restoration to the favor and the image of his God, may be satisfied; and that two fold restoration constitutes the believer's heaven. That is his glory, the glory of a pure and holy being freed from every stain, and in that character made eternally sure of the fulness of

joy, the pleasures which are forevermore. The mere heavenly landscape, though glorious as Eden ere Adam fell, would not fill the soul of man. He would wander, a sad and dejected outcast even there, did he not find his God; but finding him, man's whole nature is satisfied. The primal law of his being is now responded to.

It is when grace thus passes into glory, that what is commonly spoken of as the experience of a believer terminates. Beginning in some small, and speck-like origin, that grace has wandered on and on, and from a little rill has become a majestic river. It has borne the soul along—now amid rocks and precipices—anon, amid smooth and smiling scenes—to the home where the weary are at rest. Sometimes it appeared, like the Rhone, to sink entirely into the earth. It ran for a space unseen; and some, perhaps, feared that it had disappeared forever. But as God originates the heavenward movement, he presides over its course. Against every impediment, the river of life rolls onward; and men once defiled, and doomed, are presented without fault before the throne of God, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Originating in God's everlasting love, the mighty work terminates in his everlasting home. The body has undergone a resurrection, and in the soul a similar transformation has been wrought. Raised from death in sin, it is now perfect and complete, without possibility of decay, but with the prospect of indefinite enlargement, as to its capacity of enjoyment, world without end. Nearer still and nearer to the great center of being and of blessedness, will the soul be eternally soaring, blessed at each new ascent, though feeling no lack in what went before. As the crown and consummation of the whole, man is sinless—man is God-like—man is Christ-like—and that is glory. Nought else would have sufficed; but all that has the grace of God in Christ provided for His redeemed. In the crucible of the grave, the last part of the purifying work was accomplished; and

both the Saviour is satisfied, and the soul when it awakes in His likeness.

God in Christ, then, will constitute the blessedness of heaven. Perfect, unspotted holiness in the soul, now made pure in the blood of the Lamb, will be the medium in which that blessedness is enjoyed; but, subordinate to that, there are joys in store for the ransomed. There will be the joy which flows for the remembrance of* tribulation endured, and blessings derived, through the blessing of the Spirit of grace. There will be the recognition of those who were dear to us, carried to the same heavenly home by the same Almighty arm.* There will be the sweet play of all the faculties of the soul, now perfectly and forever refitted, without any bias or lurking tendency to wander again from the center and source of all blessedness—God in Christ. As the curse of sin is forever cancelled, the fetters of sin forever melted, the defilement of sin forever washed away, there is thus unbounded scope for the full enjoyment of all that is pure; while the challenge, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" may ring through the dwelling place of the ransomed, to swell the joy that is there. It is then that the child of God will discover why he was so often tossed from difficulty to difficulty—emptied from vessel to vessel—now in sunshine—now in gloom—at one time as unstable as water—at another, strong in the Lord. It was all designed to purify the polluted body, as the furnace purifies the gold; and, were the question put to those faultless spirits, "When I doomed thee to widowhood, to poverty, to pain, to friendlessness, hadst thou a pang too much? didst thou ever shed one tear too many?"—one voice would reply for them all, "Thou hast done all things well." "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted; tormented"—such is the language in which an apostle describes

* 1 Thess. ii. 10.

the lot which is often awarded to the believer while on earth. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—these are the words in which another apostle speaks of their lot on earth;—and having thus conducted the soul along many windings to glory, we must leave it there. We can only tell that there remaineth a rest, but we can not tell what it is, for the ransomed "rest not day nor night." We can say that the very God of peace will there sanctify us wholly. But what is perfect holiness? It is perfect likeness to Christ; he is all in all. But we can speak only with the tongue of a stammerer, or lisp in the language of infancy concerning it; and here, therefore, we drop into the dust—we are silent, and adore, after having exclaimed, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." "It doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." "Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."

DISCORD IN HARMONY.

BY REV. B. POMEROY.

Holiness excites both badness and prejudice.

The cunning, the hate and sophistry of anti-Christ are aimed at holiness.

Whoever proposes to strike for this sacred eminence of Christian character may expect to come within the range of Christ's old enemy.

For the fallen powers have given special attention to this matter, and adjusted all manner of weapons so as to carry this position if possible.

Nothing is spared from foaming hate—roaring lion fight—cunning crafti-

ness—subtle deceivableness—persecution—ridicule—persuasion—reason—preaching and experience.

All means, modes, influences and agencies from oldest Satan all the way up to man of sacred dress and sober face.

However strange, and diverse, and even antagonistic its many other points, one cord of union runs through all the ranks from high to low, in opposing Christian holiness as attainable in this life by faith in Jesus Christ.

Some allow its attainability by works; or, at least, they seem to hope by benevolence and a circumspect life, to hold themselves within reach of God's final cure; when death comes to his aid, leaving Jesus Christ indebted to death for his greatest triumph.

Others expect to reach this high eminence by growth. This is the laziest big-armed chair doctrine I know of. I have tried it for years, and on examination with a microscope, found I was growing the wrong way. Devils oppose holiness from hatred to Christ, and anything that resembles Christ.

Ministers, with others, oppose it from ignorance, prejudice, or education, as they suppose, but mostly from the deceivableness of their own depravity. Some sincerely, others from selfish or wicked motives. However various the reasons, all meet at the same point—all aim at the same thing.

Give Satan an ordained minister who once said he was groaning after this perfect state, who will now oppose it from the Bible in a plausible way, with a sober face, and do it after prayer; with a few class leaders and deacons who will preach against temperance, and what does he care for rowdies and big thieves of the Government whether they live or die.

One such minister is worth a cart-load of thieves for his business. But we will take courage, for truth and righteousness are evidently gaining ground. Although earth and hell, Satan and men may agree, other things and other powers are coming into harmony as never before, and the holy ranks are marching along!

EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. A. F. RILEY.

As I have given to your readers something of my experience as a seceding mason, I now think it will be for the glory of God to give them something of my experience as a Christian.

Glory be to God! the light has shone in a dark place, and dispersed the darkness. I will now give you what I believe to have been my experience while I was in the M. E. Church, and since I came out of it:

I do not know that I have much reason to doubt that I was converted in an upper room, in St. Paul, Minn., five years ago, the latter part of next May. It was in an importing house, (crockery, china ware, etc.) on Third street, during business. I had, a short time previously, united with the M. E. church on probation, as a seeker of religion. I confessed what I believed the Lord had done for me, and went on trying to do my duty. I had been a smoker of tobacco; had once signed a pledge against the use of it, and broken it. I found that I could not get along with conscience without giving up my pipe and cigar, and by the Lord's help, I gave them up. I attended the Minn. State Camp Meeting of the M. E. church, (I think the latter part of June, following my conversion,) when I heard the doctrine of sanctification spoken of. I sought for the blessing,—was wonderfully blest, and thought I had received sanctification; but fearing I could not live it, I did not dare profess it. From this time I struggled on until the second week on January following. I had been laboring in class and prayer meetings, and in the Sunday School, and had been at times wonderfully blessed of God; but did not retain constantly my state of justification. I had felt the need of greater power, and expected it to come through entire sanctification. I received an exhorter's license and went out to preach my first sermon, where I stopped over night. I found some copies of the "Guide to Holi-

ness," in one of which there was an article which seemed exactly adapted to my case. It contained a promise that seemed too great to be true,—“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”—Mark xi. 24. But when I opened the Bible and found it, I could say no more. I went again to an upper room, (I love these upper rooms. Acts i. 13,) asked—and believed—for entire sanctification. I was so wonderfully blessed that I scarce had any appetite for dinner—which was about ready. I thought then I would not lose it by failing to confess it. So with the mouth I made confession in the public congregation and tried to urge others to seek for it. I labored very zealously for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers from that time until the next fall; though I see now I did not hold fast whereunto I had attained; and of course I lost my all—even my justification. But in general, I think I retained my justification; though I was so ignorant of the way that I still professed entire sanctification. I had, at times, great power. God blessed me wonderfully in my own heart. In the fall of 1870 I went on my first circuit, as a supply under the P. E. I went as a flaming fire, and of course I stirred the devil; not only in the hearts of sinners, but in cold hearted professors. Some of the latter said the wiry edge would wear off before my year was out, and the devil in them went to work to wear it off. In the midst of a storm of persecution—*raised principally by the wife of a superannuated M. E. preacher*—the Lord helped me to build a log meeting house, and carry on a glorious revival. God's Spirit was poured out so wonderfully that it was thought at one time nearly every one in the community would be converted. This was on the frontier of Minnesota, near the Dacotah line, in the township of Lynd, Lyon county.

I had many severe conflicts with the devil—chiefly through professing Christians—and finally he got me under.

He brought his forces to bear on my weakest point, and almost unconsciously I yielded. He kept me bound the most of the time for two years; though I still continued to preach, and many times professed entire sanctification.

I now believe that when I went up to Conference last fall I was really under conviction—a penitent sinner! I was convicted that I had not been doing my duty. I was slowly being convinced of the terrible evil of masonry. I went to my new circuit a partially convicted sinner, (though I was ignorant of my true condition.) As God let the light shine, I gave up one thing after another, until all was given up, and God blessed me abundantly. The last idol was given up about a week, I think, before Bro. T. S. La Due came to Fairmount to hold a Quarterly meeting. But during that week I yielded to a bad temper, (I was tempted, it seemed beyond endurance,) and lost my justification.

When Bro. La Due came there I believe I was again in the bonds of iniquity, though I knew it not; but God was leading me by a way that I knew not. On Saturday night of the Quarterly meeting, I openly renounced and denounced masonry. I then had the faith of a servant, who is earnestly striving to discharge every duty; but I was not a child of God! The next morning I was seeking sanctification, and received justification! I was striving, though unwillingly, to build my house from the top downwards; but God built it for me in the right way, by helping me first to lay the "foundation of repentance from dead works;" and then building upon that foundation, through Christ, justification! and thus prepared the way for entire sanctification. I thought I was entirely sanctified. I had great liberty, at times, great power in preaching—especially in exhortation. I had great faith, insomuch that united with the faith of my brethren, I was raised up from the typhoid fever—without medicines—after the physician had confessed himself unable to break it up. I had great joy. I had power

over temptation. What was there to indicate that I was not entirely sanctified? After preaching a sermon, during which God was with me in mighty power, I felt the risings of pride! I don't think I yielded, but it was there!

On the Friday after New Year's, while I was lying on the floor praying for my wife,—I had been praying for others—the thought came with startling power, that I was not *all right myself!* I at once began by God's help to examine myself and seek for a perfect cure. After a great struggle, the Lord brought me into the land of rest from inbred sin; where I have "ceased from" my "own works, as God did from His."—Heb. iv. 10. And "God worketh in me to will and to do of His good pleasure."—Phil. ii. 13. I now can say with the spirit and the understanding also, "*I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, (the old I has been killed and cast out) but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, (even me,) and gave Himself for me.*" Oh, the wondrous depth of meaning there is in these words! None can know of it until they experience it. The Bible is truly a new book to me now. I now am "able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and depth, and length, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge;" and "am filled with all the fullness of God." Glory be to God! I am constantly at the fountain drinking. Jesus said, "The water that I shall give him shall be in Him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." I feel it in me like an Artesian well, constantly flowing; it don't require a force pump to get it out, for "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Glory be to God. Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love. I now have power with God. I "have sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat!" I have terrible temptations—terrible conflicts with the devil; but thanks be

unto God, who always causes us (even me!) to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ, I have no desire, but that God's will be done. And I realize that we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.

I have just been passing through the greatest trial of my life, yet God has sustained me so that I have come through without the smell of smoke on my garments—for the form of the Fourth was with me. There is one thing in my experience that I feel particularly thankful for. *I have power to resist the devil in my sleep!* When the strongest temptations come to me in my dreams I resist them just as effectually and as quickly I think, as I would if I was awake. My religion now lasts me over night! Glory be to God!

"Oh, that the world might taste and see,
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace."

Havana, Minn.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

BY JAMES MATHEWS.

I do not know but what this may be considered by some, a stock text with the reformer, and it may be that the reader will not care to hear anything more about it, yet the subject is of such vast importance that it cannot be prayerfully considered without great benefit. Though the subject be old, we may get new light on it.

It is certain that we may be sufficiently interested in it, not only to come to an understanding of it, but also to set out on it, if we would find soul rest here or hereafter.

Jeremiah prophesied at a time when the Jews were in a terribly backslidden condition, yet they had prophets and priests among them, and a thoroughly arranged ecclesiastical system. But to what depth had they fallen! The contents of the fifth chapter of Jeremiah will give some faint idea of their condition.

Verse 1, The judgment of God upon the Jews for their perverseness, 7, for their adultery, 10, for their impiety, 19, for their contempt of God, 25, for their great corruption in the civil state, and 30, ecclesiastical.

Are we conscious of a more deplorable condition than this? Is it any wonder that the sight of the eyes affected Jeremiah's heart, leading him to wish his head waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears?

Yet doubtless his great concern was mocked by these profligate triflers, who loved the false prophets, and the lying priests, and had no care for the future.

A weeping, groaning, stamping, smiting servant of Jehovah must have seemed but a madman to these unconcerned children of Abraham. But God had instructed him, and when a man gets eternity light upon his soul, he is apt to be serious, and to insist on a serious consideration of the claims of God.

The soul rests when it has found God. Notions about God, or the things of God,—opinions, views, sentiments, are all very well in their place, but they do not give rest to the soul. The head may be convinced, and the judgment clear concerning duty, but he only has soul-rest who is walking with God; whose motions are directed by God himself through the Spirit. Oh, that this were better understood by the anxious thousands who throng the amusement part of the religious services of to day. It is the soul that needs rest; and cheerful obedience to God will bring the needed rest. Nothing else will.

Enoch walked with God here upon the earth, in the midst of his family for three hundred years, and had, during these years the testimony that he pleased God. This, then, is the true, good, old way—viz: *to please God.*

Jeremiah could not have called his countrymen to see which denomination they would connect themselves with, or what form of worship they would adopt, for the mode of worship was prescribed by Moses. He called them to different work; to observe the course of men,

to see the good old way of worshiping God in Spirit and in truth. Spiritual worship is required and always was required from the beginning, and will be to the end. This is imperatively necessary. And God has always revealed himself to men—giving them a measure of his Spirit to profit withal. I fear that there is too much stress laid upon what is called “the means of grace;” more, perhaps, than upon grace itself.

The apostle tells us that the “grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men.”—Tit. i 11. And although this may apply primarily to Gospel grace, yet grace has been given to all men from the beginning, else how shall every man give an account of himself to God? Let it be considered that Enoch lived before there was any written Scripture, and probably before the organization of any church. But God’s Spirit taught him, and he cheerfully obeyed, until he went up and could not be found.

Then Noah was called to be a preacher of righteousness, without a Bible, and he obeyed, and had rest for his soul, and salvation for his body, too. But the time would fail me to name the many Scripture worthies, the records of whose fidelity these Israelites of Jeremiah’s day had, and we have them still for our help.

If Enoch could “come into the way of holiness by invisible God help,” surely we can, who have, added to this, the revelation of His will in our hands; His word, which is a light to the feet, and a lamp to the path of him who reads aright.

Noah lived among a godless and vile crew, who were given up to all kinds of violence, and had lost even the distinctions of virtue, yet he trod the way of holiness. But God found him, and he, rendering implicit obedience to the heavenly vision, walked in the way of holiness,—the good old way. Job trod it. His piety was real and deep, but who he was is not certain, only that he was not even an Israelite. But, obeying the motion of the Spirit which is given to enlighten all, he stands out on

the page of history as a grand example to all believers.

God’s old way is to give men light, which, if they believe, and receive the heavenly teaching, shall be accompanied with grace to enable all who receive it to walk with God while here on earth, and find their way to heaven.

Let all who inquire for the old way, inquire of God. Look into His Word. Go back to the beginning. Find out how God has dealt with man all the way down through the ages. Do not rest in old-fashioned Methodism or any human system however perfect it may seem to be. God is not “far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, and we are His offspring.”

Do not let others make all the discoveries for you. Dig for truth yourselves. This is the old way. Personal effort, personal faith, personal obedience. God save us from Churchianity, from resting in a religion of signs and symbols; of hymns or prayers. If these lead to God, well; but too often they are the end instead of the helps.

God gives us outward revelations, but it is His will, his gracious design to give us inward revelations. His old way, His good old way, back in Eden was to walk with man. Let us not rest; do I say, let us not? rather, I should say, *we cannot rest* until we walk with Him, and He walk with us. Oh, that every one may find this GOOD OLD WAY.

A manifestation of the Spirit last year will no more support a soul this year than air breathed yesterday will nourish the flame of life to-day. The sun which warmed us last week, must shine again this week. Old light is dead light. A notion of old warmth is a very cold notion.—*Fletcher*.

What the world calls the best company, is such as a pious mechanic would not condescend to keep; he would rather say, “Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity!”

IS IT RIGHT TO BE RICH ?

What is the divine direction in regard to riches ?

1. The Bible warns men against seeking to be rich. "Labor not to be rich." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

2. It shows us the danger of striving to be rich. "But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

3. It declares that it is almost impossible for a rich man to be a Christian. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." "A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven."

4. It instructs us to pray against riches. "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

5. It avers that it is impossible to serve both God and Riches. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon."

6. It pronounces a woe upon the rich. "But woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation."

7. The Scripture asserts that covetousness is idolatry, and that the covetous and the idolators are excluded from heaven. "For this ye know, that no . . . covetous man, who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." "Mortify, therefore, your members, which are upon the earth, . . . and covetousness, which is idolatry."

8. And it predicts the miserable end of men who persist in attempts to serve God and Mammon. "Go to now, ye rich men! Weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.—Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your silver and gold is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

With these averments and Scripture quotations before us, we are prepared for the statement of some definite prin-

ciples in regard to the acquisition and use of property.

1. We are to be diligent, un wasteful, hospitable, and ready to distribute.

2. We may use for ourselves and families such dwellings, clothing, food, help, recreations, etc., as are necessary for health, education, useful occupation, and ability to serve most effectually our Maker and our fellow-men.

3. We are to give, as the Lord prospers us, for the aid of the poor and the needy, the support of civil and religious institutions, the establishment and support of churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, etc., the circulation of Bibles, tracts, the spread of the Gospel, and the conversion of men.

4. But we are not permitted to amass and hoard property, with the view of becoming or being esteemed rich. If the texts quoted do not show this, they do not seem to mean anything.

It will be asked, What constitutes wealth or riches? It may be defined as an abundance beyond what our employment or necessities, the necessities of those dependent upon us, require in the community where our lot is cast.—Such an abundance is a SUPERFLUITY, which is another word for riches. It is against such selfish accumulation and such unreasonable possessions that our Saviour uttered the malediction, "Woe unto you who are rich."

If, then, the *hoarding* of riches or superfluous wealth be disobedience to the commands of our Lord, it is manifest that the *pursuit of riches* or superfluous wealth is also forbidden by him, and we may not therefore propose to ourselves, as a goal to be aimed at, either the possession or the *pursuit* of such wealth. We may labor for a support, for the maintenance of our families, for a reasonable provision for them in case of our death, and also for the means of doing good. Beyond this we are forbidden to go, and the Saviour assigns his reasons for the prohibition, reasons that evince a regard for our welfare, as well as for the honor of his cause and the good of mankind.—*Lewis Tappan*.

"LET HIM THAT HEARETH,
SAY—COME."

Let him look up to God for a blessing, and he shall have souls for his hire; for God's promise is, "My word shall not return unto me void."—Is. lv. 11. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 5, 6. "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9. In illustration of this, we shall give a few instances that occur to us of God blessing the conversation of Christians to the conversion of others, in modern times.

John Bunyan, walking one day thro' the streets of Bedford, following his trade as a tinker, came to some poor women who were sitting at a door, talking of the things of God. He stopped to listen. They were Christians, and knew well who he was. They had likely seen him coming near, and lifted up their hearts to God, and asked him to enable them to say something that He could carry home to the tinker's soul. Bunyan tells us their conversation. It was about the new birth, and the love of Christ, and the promises of God, and their unbelief, and the deceitfulness of their hearts, and the temptations of the devil, and how they were enabled to overcome them,—*religious conversations indeed*. And what was the effect? "I left them," Bunyan says, "and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one." Reader, would you not like to be the means of convincing a Bunyan? Then speak to sinners by the way, and who knows but you may have such an one as a crown of rejoicing!

John Wesley was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his purse. He gave it to him, and as the robber was going away, Wesley called him back and said, "Let me speak one word to you; the time may come when you may regret the course of life in which you are engaged; remember this,—*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.*" He said no more; but years after, that verse was the means of the conversion of the robber, who came to Wesley and told him his history. He lived for years afterwards as becometh a Christian.

More than thirty years ago, two young men were traveling in America. They were going in opposite directions, but met at a brook and stopped to give their horses water. During the few minutes that they were together, the elder spoke to the younger about his soul, and about Christ. They parted never to meet again in this world, but the Spirit of God carried home the words to the young man's heart, and they were the means of leading him to Jesus. The name of the young man was Champion. He was the only son of a very wealthy father, and the last of his name. He looked over the map of the world to see what was the darkest country. He thought it was Africa. To Africa, therefore, he determined to go, and tell its inhabitants about Christ. His father opposed his resolution, and offered to support twenty missionaries himself, if his son would stay at home. "No," was the youth's reply, "the Saviour left richer possessions, and sacrificed his life for me; I cannot stay." To Africa he went, and labored there for five years. Often did he wonder who was the man that had met him at the brook, but he never could discover, till one day, sitting in his African home, he opened a parcel that had just arrived from America. Among other things there was a new book. He took it up. On the back of it he read, "Memoir of J. Brainerd Taylor." He opened the first page and saw a likeness, and as his eye caught the likeness, he knew who was the man who had spoken to

him at the brook-side. What a beautiful story! and it is true. Should it not encourage us to "sow beside all waters?"

David Stoddart was one of the most devoted and successful of the American missionaries to Oroomia, in Persia. He was blessed by God to the conversion of many who were afterwards teachers and preachers among the Nestorians there. He was converted when at Yale college, in America, during a revival there—one of fifteen which occurred in that seminary within forty years. Those of the students who were decided for Christ, resolved among themselves that they would each visit some unconverted class-fellow in his own room, and talk to him about his soul. One day a knock was heard at Stoddart's door. It was opened, and a brother student came in and sat down. The two talked together about Christ, and the way of being saved; and after several interviews, David Stoddart found "joy and peace in believing." Christian reader! should you not speak to some unconverted one this week—this day,—and ask him to believe in Christ,—and pray God to make the Word effectual? What is there to hinder you? Will you do it?

Richard Knill writes to an intimate friend: "This morning I received from Mr. M——, the touching account of his dear son's death, and of God's love to me in making my conversation blessed to him while walking on the road. It affected me to tears,—indeed to strong crying and tears; for the dear young man is only one of many who have been led to Christ, not by preaching, but by a tender, pointed conversation." His biographer says of him, "that there was reason to believe he had been the instrument of converting a hundred persons, who in one way or another, became preachers of the Gospel." Of how few in the three kingdoms could the same be said? And what means did he use? Three, chiefly—preaching, tract distribution, and private conversation, with fervent prayer for a blessing on each and all. John Angell

James testifies of him—"Whether it was the servant girl that waited upon him in the house of a friend, or the host and hostess themselves, or the fellow-traveler in the railway carriage, or the porter at an inn, or a person he casually met on the road, or a sailor on the sea-beach, he had a tract or a word,—generally an apt word—for each. In every one, he saw an immortal being on his passage to eternity, and he longed to be the instrument of his conversion. It was his felicity to have rarely to say, 'I have lost an opportunity.'"

Oh, dear readers! when we hear of such men, do we not feel verily guilty before God? Does not the last prayer of Archbishop Usher rise to our lips—"But Lord, in special, forgive my sins of omission." God grant that we may all be stirred up to be "instant in season and out of season," and to obey from the heart this command of God—*Let him that heareth say—Come.*

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length."

—W. J. Patton.

GOD'S JUSTICE NOT MALIGNITY.

Many cannot conceive of God's inflicting the curse of his law, without laying aside his benevolence, and entering into revenge and malignity toward the offender. They fancy a contradiction to his exercise of exemplary justice, in his assertion that he delights not in the death of the sinner, and that "he does not willingly afflict the children of men." It is an axiom with them, that punishment must look simply to the good of the offender, or it must be an expression of malignant feeling. They will not allow that an officer of the law can take the life of a murderer, acting as a minister of public justice, where he has at heart such a

kindness towards him, that he would gladly spare the fatal stroke if he might. Nor will they allow that the Judge of all the earth can be clear of all feeling of malignity while inflicting the penalty of the eternal law upon the wicked.

But there is one fact which sets this matter in daylight. God inflicted the tokens of wrath upon his only Son, while he stood in the sinner's stead. The Son was "smitten of God." "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." God said, "Awake, O sword, against him that is my fellow." The whole current of Scripture goes to the point that the death that was inflicted upon Christ as our surety, was an expression of the overwhelming wrath of God, or, in other words, of God's abhorrence of sin.

But, while inflicting on him who personated the sinner, a punishment which in its results was as an element in his moral government equivalent to the eternal death of the human race, the Father can be supposed to have had no feeling of malignity or revenge to be gratified. All his love for his only begotten Son could have had no real abatement when that Son went under a cloud of wrath. By inflicting such agonies on one still so dear to himself, he made the demonstration of his hatred of sin so much the more oppressive. As there was a hiding of his power in the humiliation of his Son, so there was a hiding of his love for his Son; a withdrawal of the light of his countenance from him, when, in the sinner's stead, he went under the curse. Yet, as the magistrate may inflict the stroke which the law requires for the public good, while he has in his own heart nought but benevolence towards the sufferer, so God must have inflicted the curse on his own Son, retaining all his kindness for him, *having himself the same feeling which the son had in that prayer—"If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."*

Here, then, was one unquestionable instance in which God was willing to show his wrath and not willing to afflict. When his own Son stood in the sinner's

place, it must be believed that he delighted not in the death of that sinner. And if so, it can be believed, that for the sake of public justice, and the great purposes of his kingdom, he can sustain the penalties of his law, and show his wrath upon incorrigible sinners, without a feeling of malignity. Here is proof that if any of us shall come under that sentence—"Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," our sorrows will not have the poor mitigation of the feeling, that God has smitten us in malignity or spite. We shall *know* that God makes not even a parenthesis in the course of his goodness, while he shows his wrath upon those that spurned his mercy. When, as the apostle expresses it, wrath came upon the Jewish nation to the uttermost, God caused his feelings towards that generation of vipers to have utterance in "O that thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." The feelings of a father could not be wholly suppressed while the incorrigible son was disinherited and cast out. And in those instances of punishment that are to take place in the great day of the Lord, there will be full demonstration given that it is not malignity, but goodness, infinite goodness, that moves the heart of God, while judgment is pronounced on the wicked.

And then this instance of God's inflicting the curse upon his Son, while it vindicates him from all suspicion or malevolence in punishment, becomes a strong confirmation of all assurances that the wicked will be punished. Though the Son was nearer to the Father than than all worlds full of angels could be, yet the Father's hatred of sin was so intense, that he was willing to see it smitten, though the stroke must go through the heart of his Son to reach it. If he was willing to inflict the curse, when there was so much to make him unwilling, it were folly to presume that he would forbear, where there is a world of provocations. "If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

EDITORIAL.

TRIALS.

Do you complain of trials in the service of Christ? Where does Jesus promise his disciples exemption from trials? Does he not say, *In the world ye shall have tribulation.*—John xvi. 33. *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.

Fore-warned is fore-armed. You had notice in advance that trials await you. Did you not count the cost before you set out for Heaven? If the result to be attained is not worth the sacrifices demanded, then back out square like a man. If the far more exceeding weight of glory does not overbalance the lighter affliction, then give it up. If the eternal glory does not outweigh the trial which is but for a moment, then go back to the world. But will you go away from trials by going to the world? Will you not have more and weightier ones than those which you now experience? What are the trials peculiar to the Christian which you will escape by forsaking Christ?

1. *Reproach.* The wicked may have you in derision. But if you are yourself saved from pride, derision heaped upon you for Christ's sake will not hurt you. On the contrary, *if ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.*—1. Peter, iv. 14. By running away from the reproach of Christ, which is a real honor, you may run into the reproach of crime, which justly brings lasting disgrace. A young man of high standing and lofty ambition, convicted by the Holy Ghost, gave up seeking the Lord, because he was ridiculed by his companions. A few months afterwards he was tried and found guilty of mutiny upon the High Seas, and hung at the yard-arm of a United States' Man of War.

2. *Pecuniary losses.* If you follow Christ you will be honest. You cannot lie, nor cheat, nor steal. You cannot rob your employer, nor rob the government. You cannot give light weight nor false measure.

You cannot engage in any avocation that requires you to break any of God's commandments, or corrupt your fellow-men. This may exclude you from many of the avenues of worldly prosperity. It may cause you to lose your situation and throw you out of employment. All this is admitted. But, on the other hand, where one is thrown out of employment for Christ's sake, a dozen are because of their being unfitted by sin for the discharge of their duties. God says of the man who *walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions; that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, and stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.*—Isa. xxxiii. 15-16. God always does by his servants better than He has promised. But where the devil promises kingdoms he gives dungeons: where he promises plenty you may look for a famine.

From many of the most galling trials of life, one who is fully saved in Christ is entirely exempted.

1. *Fretfulness.* This wears men out faster than work. It occasions a great deal of ill-conduct in others.

2. *Envy.* To an unsaved person the prosperity of others is often as great a trial as his own reverses. His ill-natured remarks about it bring upon him a great deal of trouble.

3. *Tyranny of fashion.* Many of the trials of life are occasioned by efforts to keep up appearances. People *must be in fashion* even if they have to steal to do it. No matter how comfortable a dress may be, if it is out of style, how it chafes and galls!

4. *Dominion of appetite.* How many trials men bring upon themselves in their efforts to gratify their appetite! And not content with those that are natural, they go to work and deliberately create a new appetite for tobacco and intoxicating liquors, and then sacrifice their dearest interests to gratify these unnatural lusts!

From all these sources of trials, if you are saved in Christ you are delivered. You

find a peace that this world cannot give. When you feel like complaining of trials, look at the matter candidly and see whether they were brought upon you by obedience to Christ, or by disobedience to some of his commands. See whether they should be justly laid to the charge of holiness, or to the charge of sin. If the former, then count it all joy, that you are permitted to suffer for his dear sake. *If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.* If the latter,—if your trials spring from pride or peevishness or passion, come to Christ for full deliverance.

Give Him no rest until He saves you to the uttermost. But do not again complain of trials. Either get rid of them, or set them to work for your good. Avoid those which spring from your sins, by avoiding their source. Make those which you suffer for Christ's sake, contribute to your growth in grace, and thus add to the glories of your eternal inheritance.

GENUINE GRACE.

Grace is the most precious of any thing which we can have on Earth. It gives us joy here and glory hereafter. No wonder, then, that the Devil should labor so hard to make men take up with its semblance in the place of the reality. See, then, that what you have is real. If it is only the grace of penitence, let it be unfeigned. It will soon result in something better. "A little gold," says an old writer, Bishop Pilkington, "is worth a great deal of brass, and a small diamond is better than a number of stones. The oftener the goldsmith tries his gold in the fire, heating and knocking it with his hammer, the finer is the gold; the more God tries our faith in the furnace of temptation, the more He loves us and the more we glorify Him. The stormy wind cannot overwhelm the fruits of summer. Wild beasts are cruel, yet God defends the helpless sheep. Many fishes are ravenous, yet the young fish increase. Hawks are greedy, yet the little birds escape them. Summer is raging hot, yet the leaves make a comfortably cool shadow. The winds blow boisterous, yet the low bushes stand fast when the great

oaks are overthrown. The waves of the sea are rough and huge, yet ships glide safely over them. The rage of fire is quenched with water. The heady streams are kept in by the banks. Thus ever against an extremity, God has prepared a remedy, that fearful man should not mistrust God's careful providence."

God tries his people—but not above what they are able to bear. He chastens us—not for his pleasure, but for our profit. He lets us pass through the fires—but it is only to refine us from the dross. The traveller, with an honest ticket, does not fear the coming of the conductor. If our grace is genuine, searching sermons will not terrify us, nor plain dealing throw us off the track. Our prayer will be, *Search me O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*—Ps. cxxxix. 23.

CHILI SEMINARY.

This has been the best year in the history of Chili Seminary. God has been with us in the past in glorious power. But the present exceeds the past. Some were saved last term—some sanctified,—some baptized anew. This term, the tide of salvation has been steadily rising. Every class-meeting seemed better than the last. Friday night meetings grew better and better. On Sabbath evening, February 15th, four for whom prayer had been long offered up, were clearly converted, and the cloud, big with mercy, seemed to break in blessings on all around. Those who were bound were loosed and let go—timid and shrinking ones got a taste of the new best wine of the kingdom and they rejoiced;—and from every part of the building can be heard the shouts of the newly saved, and the songs of the redeemed. Some are getting faith for enlarging our borders, and are telling God what they will do to help in that direction. We are straitened for room, and shall be more so another season. We begin to feel like laying the foundation of a wing to the building, and as fast, and no faster than God gives the means, move forward. The testimony of some who have

visited this school the past winter is, "I never saw such a sight." "So many young people so clear in their experience, and so strong in the Lord." Praise God for a "Salvation School!" Mrs. E. L. ROBERTS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1874.

BRO. ROBERTS:—

I feel inadequate to the task that is placed upon me; but the Lord being my helper, I must tell you how one of the Lord's little ones was handled for rebuking sin.

The Hanson Place M. E. edifice was dedicated, Sunday morning, Jan. 4th, by Bishop Janes. In the afternoon, they held a union service, which was ordered by programme: the speakers on the list being Drs. Budington, Storrs, Fulton, Hyatt Smith, Matthew H. Smith, Duryea, Scudder, Cuyler and others. The great divines dwelt much on the Methodists having lost their former life and power; and at the conclusion of DeWitt Talmadge's remarks, one of the Lord's little ones arose and said: "It may be a mystery to some why Methodism has lost its power, but it is not to me. It is because you have turned your churches into theatres, and your preachers into clowns." After concluding these remarks, Bro. King sat down; when one of the ushers, and an officer and member of the organization came, and taking hold of him with a grip, said, "I want you to come out of here," and dragged him out through the crowd in a manner that was disgraceful to a gentleman, let alone a professing Christian, and handed him over to a policeman, who took him to the station house. The usher, Mr. Luckey, followed with several of his friends, and preferred a charge against him for wilfully and maliciously disturbing the religious worship, and then returned to join with the congregation in singing the hymn headed, *Sympathy and Mutual Love*:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Meanwhile, Mr. Luckey conveyed the idea to the congregation that he had requested Bro. King to retire. There were those who were in company with this brother and stand identified with the truth, seeing him seized so roughly, followed to see what disposition would be made of him. On reaching the street, so quickly had he been handed over to the officer, that we followed for two blocks before we found him, led by a policeman. We followed, and then waited some time outside, when the officer came out, and on being questioned, informed us that our brother was shut up for the night, and would be tried next morning at nine o'clock.

This Luckey thought to do a great thing, when he shut up God's little one in a cell, like a criminal, no communication being allowed whatever; the trial to come off in a sneaking way, with no one to stand by him. If they could have done it, he would have been tried without counsel or jury; but the Lord sends deliverance. Praise his holy name!

See the corruption, the darkness in these so called churches—following after a god of their own making! A blot is upon them, which all their working in making converts, and every effort to show prosperity, can not wipe out. They come together to flatter one another—extol one another's doings, when in their very hearts they do not mean what they say. Self reigns high. Listening to operatic performances by eminent artists; to speeches that excite laughter and applause; mixing the sacred with the profane,—is the order of the day. These are called religious services.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Two talented lawyers, unknown to Bro. King, took his case in hand. The jury—none of them members of the M. E. body, consequently not in sympathy—gave an unbiased verdict, not guilty.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The civil law protects God's little ones, while the so-called professors would condemn, because it was not after the order of man.

This people think they are doing God service. They are not aware that they are found fighting against God. Though they may be permitted to crush and kill God's little ones, who are ordained of God, the Lord can raise up others to cry aloud and spare not.

G. S. FORMAN.

DYING TESTIMONY.

SISTER MARY E. DEMSEY—wife of Rev. David Dempsey, of Susquehanna Conference—died of heart disease, at Black River, on the morning of Jan. 1, 1874, in the 50th year of her age.

She was born and reared in Sequoit, N. Y. At the age of 19 she was converted to God, under the labors of Rev. B. Mason, and united with the M. E. church. While under conviction, she put off all superfluous ornaments, which were never resumed.

On witnessing the growing worldly conformity of the church of her choice, she (together with many others) united with a Free Methodist Church at its formation, in Utica, N. Y. Previously to this, at a weekly prayer meeting for the promotion of holiness (which had been held for years at the house of Bro. J. Porter,) she entered into the rest of perfect love, of which she was a consistent witness to the last.

She was married to her surviving companion in 1867, and showed herself a most faithful and competent help-meet in his ministerial labors. Few, indeed, have a better record than has Sister D., as a devout Christian lady.

Some months previous to her removal, Providence had hung out the signal of approaching dissolution, by a paralytic stroke. This had, however, passed off and returning health seemed to promise protracted usefulness.

Still all was kept in readiness for a sudden remove to the land of rest. She was not to be taken by surprise.

From the first of the illness that terminated her earthly pilgrimage, she seemed fully satisfied it was her last. She arranged matters for her burial with perfect composure, mentioning particulars for the comfort of surviving friends which would

have escaped any but a thoughtful mind. Her sufferings were great, but endured without a murmur. As she neared the close of life, her lips seemed touched with celestial fire. A few only of her interesting utterances will here be given :

Observing the tear as at times it rolled down her husband's cheek at nature's bidding, she would say, "Husband, dry up those tears." Having all arrangements made, she said, "I am so glad I have no care." A few hours before her departure, she seemed to be specially baptized for the emergency, while a hymn was being sung, she said, "Light from the eternal world is breaking in upon my soul, 'O! glory! I have got the glory! Had I conformed to the world I should not have had the glory.'" Addressing herself to bystanders, she said, "We cannot conform to the world and have the glory—if we have the one we cannot have the other." To her husband she said, "Stand straight for Jesus; you will have the scoffs of the world a little while, but it pays, you see" Alluding to her bodily suffering, she said, "If my soul were as bad off as my body, what should I now do? but all is clear." After a seeming struggle with temptation, as if addressing the last enemy, she said with a smile, "Ah! you are a conquered foe." When the pilgrims sang, "O bear me away on your snowy wings," she said with emphasis, "They are just doing that. Amen." Her exhortations to bystanders were distinctly heard in all parts of the house.

At the close of watch meeting, which was held but a few rods from the dying saint, as the pilgrims called to hear her dying words, one said, "Happy new year, Sister Dempsey." "Amen!" was her hearty response.

Just before her final leave of earth, she said to her husband, "Well, David, I have tried to talk religion quite a number of years, and tell what I thought it would do; it is doing for me what I said it would; while you have breath preach Jesus."

It may be truly said of our departed sister, her life was consistent, and her death triumphant.

By her dying request the writer preached her funeral sermon at the Utica F. M. church, to a throng of attentive listeners, after which her mortal remains, still bearing a life-like smile were conveyed to her native village for interment.

How hallowed the spot to those at her side,
Who witnessed the contest o'er death as she died,
Where the saints from their watch-tower, had paused
By her bed,

With her consort to weep o'er the dying and dead :
While our heroine lingered at Jordan to say,
"I die 'mid the blaze of a glorious day."

E. OWEN.

SAMUEL PARDEE died June 26th, 1873, 70 years of age, at Kirkwood, N. Y.

He was a pilgrim of the "old stamp." I remember him twenty years ago, and he was, indeed, a *real* warrior. He never was a coward in the cause of Christ, but stood out in bold relief, and was always true to the light and the truth.

He never went in for any of the innovations that have come into the church, but stood up like a man of God; and the Lord blessed him and he had favor with God and with some of the people. The Church labored with him to get him to compromise, but the Lord had taken it all out of him, so that he could say, "No" to every thing that the Lord said 'no.' He told them that he would withdraw, with his wife, from the church, M. E., for she was as true as her husband, but they allowed *her* only to withdraw, and preferred charges against him, turning him out.

After this he had a church in his own house, and it was always a means of grace to go there to meeting.

Brothers Sinclair, Downing and Freeland have often preached there, and you could feel the Lord lived there as soon as you entered the room.

He and his wife were at my house the last of May, just before he was stricken down, and I could see that he was failing then. His health had been very poor for years,—but then his memory was failing him. He said, as he was going away, "I think that I ought to have joined the Free Methodist Church," but never had offered himself, because he thought we did not want him, or we would have asked him. But he has joined the Church above.

He was stricken down one morning as they sat down to have prayers. His wife had read and went to kneel down, but seeing that he made no move to kneel, she went to him to save him from falling, and assisted him to the bed. He had lost the use of one-half of his body: but in all of those hours Jesus was very precious to him! He praised the Lord all the while; and it was glorious to be there. Sometimes he would see the tears falling down the face of his wife and he would say to her, with such a sweet smile, "Don't shed any tears for me, we shall not be parted long." The last week he lived he could not eat nor speak, but could hear. His wife would say to him, "How does it seem now?" and then he would raise his hand in holy triumph. And thus he passed away. "Blessed is the chamber where the good man meets his fate!" The Lord help me and all of us to live as he lived, and we shall die well. *Praise the Lord! He had been a subscriber for the EARNEST CHRISTIAN ever since 1864 and prized it very highly, and was very earnest to get others to take it.*

R. A. STOUTENBURG.

LOVE FEAST.

WM. FELL.—I am living for God, and he blesses me from day to day. This year has been a good year to my soul so far. He saves me fully. I feel nothing but love reigning in my soul. How true it is "that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more to the perfect day." This is my experience, glory to God, just now, and what is more, I intend it shall be as long as I live, Jesus Christ being my helper. I have no desire to live any other way,—my whole ambition is to live as near to God as I possibly can while in this world; for I am confident there is no safety anywhere else. Everything I have belongs to God, and shall be spent in His holy service, and why shouldn't it be? It is His, and it is a reasonable service. I have been impressed more of late of the great importance of improving the present time. Oh, how important it is to be all alive to God and eternal things—watching our chances to do

good while we have the opportunity. Sinners are all around us on every hand, and while they are rushing to eternity as fast as time can carry them, we, who are professed followers of Christ, may warn them of their approaching end. Sinners know very well who are Christians and who are not. They know that if we feel an interest in their eternal welfare we will manifest it by our works. They expect we will talk to them about their souls, and often they are disappointed when we do not.

The work of the Lord is going on here in Buffalo gloriously. Salvation is the theme among the pilgrims, and "holiness unto the Lord" is their motto. The Lord is with our beloved pastor, Bro. Gould and his wife in power. The work goes bravely on, and our pastor has about all he can attend to. Buffalo is a big field for labor, and there is room for half a dozen more Free Methodist churches, and I would not be at all surprised if before a great while we had another church. May God help us praise His holy name! I believe God wants us to spread this fire, and if we do not branch out as a church, a spiritual lethargy will creep over us, and we will die for the want of work. But the car of salvation is moving, and sinners begin to tremble, and cold professors look wild. The fact is, God has undertaken the work Himself, and it must go on. The meetings for holiness every Friday night at our beloved pastor's house, are deep and heart-searching. If a man or woman does not know where they are when they come there, they will surely know it before they leave. It is one of the worst places in the world for a cold professor, because it is so hot, and he feels uncomfortable and restless. He might have thought he had religion once, but it is useless for him to think so now. For the light shines on his heart, and he sees he cannot live in sin and be a child of God.

J. W. VICKERY.—I do feel the blood of Christ cleanses me to-night. The peace of God fills my whole soul, and His Divine presence makes all within me rejoice. Oh, glory to His name! He does condescend

to manifest himself to those that follow the leadings of the Spirit;—and while my lips give utterance to the words: "I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine," the Spirit imparts the witness to my inmost soul. Glory! Glory!! Glory to my blessed Saviour who brought me into this state of grace! My soul is brought into entire submission to the will of God, and I am willing to be used by Him *when He wills, where He wills and as He wills*. Our little Zion in this city has been refreshed with the dews of His grace. Several have been saved and others are earnestly seeking for full salvation.

Evansville, Ind.

MRS. RUTH L. WALLER.—I wish to say for the glory of God, that He saves me to-day. Oh, how I do praise Him for this uttermost salvation! He reigns in my heart without one single rival. Glory to His name! Our Jesus lives—hallelujah! It is more than my meat and my drink to do His will. I'll follow the Lamb whithersoever He leadeth me. Oh, it pays to live for God. Yes it does, even here. Jesus and the cross are my heritage forever. Glory to the Lamb! I pray God to bless the EARNEST CHRISTIAN to the good of souls. I believe the January number is worth the whole year's subscription.

Gowanda, N. Y.

A. ELIZA HAVILAND.—I am the Lord's, and He is mine. I find in Him a satisfying portion. I know that He is my Redeemer from all sin. Glory be to Jesus! My feet are on the solid rock. I love the thorough work and a clean salvation. I feel it all through my soul. Blessed be God! I realize that "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," for I feel an almighty power in me that keeps me from all the outward influences in the world, so I do not follow them nor are led by them. Glory be to God! My heart is in tune with this verse:

"Lord, obediently I'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou my leader be,
And I still will follow thee."

Rahway, N. J.