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EXAMPLES OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

NOAH.—God does not leave Himself without a witness. When all flesh had corrupted his way upon the Earth, and the Earth was filled with violence, Noah remained true to God. He stood alone. Wickedness was general. It was also most intense. Men lived long, and became proficient in crime. *And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.*—Gen. vi. v. It is impossible to describe sin as more intense, or more deeply seated. In the midst of this moral corruption, Noah lived a holy life for six hundred years. He had all the elements of true holiness.

1. *There was a strong power of resistance.* There is never an Eden on earth into which the tempter does not enter. You cannot build walls so high that they will keep out the emissaries of evil. Every apostle of truth will find it to his apparent advantage to sell out his Master. He who is willing to follow in the evil paths will never be at a loss for some to lead the way. In the most favored localities, bad examples can be found. He who takes the broad road that leadeth to destruction, will never lack for companions.

Noah's friends and neighbors, relatives and acquaintances, all forsook the service of God. In most places, here and there one can be found who has the fear of God before his eyes. But it was not so in that age of the world. Go as far as he might, in whatever direction he might, he could find no assembly of the saints—for there were no saints to assemble. Every gathering was a wicked gathering. Every man was a wicked man. To stem this current of corruption required moral energy. He had it. We may have it. The force of gravity is just as great now as it was when the first world was swung out upon its orbit. So, grace does not degenerate. It can do for us all it did for the patriarchs of the infant world.

2. Noah was a just man. He met all his obligations, both to God and his fellow man. Some men who call themselves honest, will, when opportunity offers, take advantage of those who have taken advantage of them. They try to be even with the dishonest. If the government steals from them they do not hesitate to defraud the government. If they suspect others of misrepresenting, their own representations must be taken with allowance. But Noah was just in himself. Honesty is essential to holiness. It is but a small part of holiness, but it is a necessary

part. No excess in other directions can compensate for a lack here.

3. He was a devout man. While walking uprightly among his fellow men he maintained a spirit of true devotion to God. In every thing he was led by the Spirit. His life was one of communion with God. His prayers and praises were not formal. He walked with God.

Without a spirit of devotion the most rigid morality makes one but a Stoic. He is not a Christian. An essential ingredient is wanting. Without the love of God there can be no true service of God. But if we love God we shall walk with him. We shall have a consciousness of His presence. He will talk with us and we shall talk with Him.

4. He was consistent. His piety was all of a pattern. There was no redundancy and no lack. Some who are very devout abroad, are ill-tempered at home. Some will give liberally, but they make their money by questionable practices. Others are full of integrity, kind, polite, firm, but they encourage pride, both by silence and by example. Many hold out well for a time, and then gradually cool down to the temperature around them. *But Noah was perfect in his generations. He began well and he held out as he began.*

In true holiness there is symmetry of character. Every one has his natural defects, but grace is intended to supply these defects. Whatever is too prominent it depresses; whatever is wrong it removes, and it furnishes whatever is lacking. Any one may make a saint. Whatever is needful for the purpose God can, by the mighty operation of His Spirit, impart. The Bible affirms that not only Noah was perfect, but the Saviour commands us

to be perfect. *Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.*—Matt. v. 48. This has respect, not to any one good quality in particular, but to all good qualities. It is the practical application, made by the Saviour, of His own blessed teachings. It requires right feelings towards our fellow-men, and a course of conduct corresponding in every particular to that feeling. It enjoins love to our enemies, the kind treatment of all, and the full discharge of all the obligations which we owe to our Heavenly Father.

The end aimed at in all the teachings of the Bible, is this completeness of Christian character. *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.*—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

St. Paul also tells us that it was to secure this perfection of Christian graces that the ministry was given. *And he gave some, apostles, and some prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*—Eph. iv. 11–13. With all these helps, it is expected that the weakest Christian excel the mightiest saint who lived and died without these aids. *Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist; notwithstanding, he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he.* Does not the prophet refer to this when he says, *He that is feeble among them at that day shall be as David.*—Zec. xii. 8.

KEEP UP THE TENSION.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

If you take a stringed instrument of music and key its chords up to the right tension, so that when struck they will give forth certain notes, then if the voice, or any instruments, be made to sound those notes, the rightly-tuned strings will vibrate in consonance with the same. A vibrating tuning-fork will always make a string of kindred pitch sound in unison with its own true note.

But strings become slack unless carefully watched, and so do our hearts.—We are apt to grow weary in well-doing; and then joy fails, and love runs down, and no true, answering melody is made in the heart when the voice of the Lord speaks to us.

The word "tension" has a curious relationship to "attention,"—both being from the same root. The right tension, or stretching forward of our powers, depends upon our attention. One great reason why our hearts lose the right pitch, or tension, is because we grow careless, and are not attentive to the still small voice of the Spirit; we cease to give earnest heed to the things we have heard, and so we let them slip. Thus we get out of tune, and then the universe becomes a vast amphitheatre of discord to us. God's providences seem darkly mysterious, and appear uncommonly vexatious and perverse; even inanimate things have an unusual semblance of depravity, and we are ready to cry out, "All these things are against us!"

Just at this point it is well to examine and prove one's own self. Try the strings of your heart, and see if they are rightly attuned to the clear keynote of Christ's will. Does your spirit respond in consonance to the call of self-denial and love? Is there not a jangling note of opposition or fretting murmur, or sluggish excuse? Ah! there has been an unconscious lowering from the heavenly point of your first love. Gird yourself afresh. Keep up the tension of your heart's faith and

love, for thus only can you keep your will in accord with Christ's, and be able to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. Christ is forever the same; and except we abide true and faithful, our hearts will not thrill as the harps of God, responsive to the voice of Him that speaketh from heaven. But when the heart grows slack, it responds all too readily to the low whisperings of the devil.

Our hearts are instruments, once sadly marred and out of tune, but which the grace of our Lord Jesus is fashioning for the harmony of heaven. How lovingly and faithfully Christ, the Master, tries each string, so that all may be made perfect, and so sound in true accord with His voice, and the voices of His holy angels!

Therefore keep thy heart with all diligence. It must be rightly attuned now, else it cannot take part with the redeemed multitude who sing the new song "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God."

CLING TO JESUS.

BY EDWARD RING.

Though lonely be the weary way you tread,
Though life's dark tempest wildly round
you roll,

Though in dim sorrow's path your feet
are led,

And dull despair steals softly o'er your
soul,—

Cling unto Jesus—all shall flee away,
And darkest night gleam into brightest
day.

Though hope may die within thy troubled
breast,

Though faith may tremble, and thy love
be lost,

Though thy sad heart be filled with grief,
and rest,—

Sweet rest is gone, with pain thy spirit
tossed,—

Cling unto Jesus—in His arms lies peace,
Cast thy worn spirit there, and find release.

THE LAW.

BY REV. T. S. LADUE.

NO. II.

The redeemed in Paradise exult in the Law.—Rev. xv. 2, 3: “And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.” The most important part of their glorified employment is now mentioned, a part more important than standing on the unruffled sea and making melody on harps divine; for it involves all that which brought them there.—“And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.” This may mean that they celebrate the doings of Moses and of Christ, but to our mind it means more. Does it not refer to the Law and the Gospel? Moses, in the Scriptures, often symbolizes the Law; and Christ, or the Lamb, the Gospel. This Scripture teaches that in a vital sense the Law is equal in excellence to the Gospel, and that the redeemed will celebrate them together throughout Eternity.

The Law is worthy of praise along with the Gospel now and forever, because, first, it has preceded the Gospel. It is an eternity older. It is as old as God. It is the grand original which Jehovah delighted to honor from everlasting, before any created form moved across unpeopled immensity, and which angelic intelligences gave homage to ages before the monster sin was born, and before a gospel was needed.

Were there no Law there could be no Gospel. But it cannot be said were there no Gospel there could be no Law; for the Law is eternal.

The Gospel is great because the Law is great; that is, nothing but so great a Gospel could ever satisfy so great a Law.

The manifestations of Christ as Messiah are great, because the Law's great; that is, none but so great a Messiah,

with so wondrous a ministry of mighty works and more mighty grace, of transcendent Life, and more transcendent death, could ever meet the claims of the Law. The Gospel is remedial, something brought in, a remedy not for the Law though; for that needs no doctoring. It has never been hurt in its essential substance. We are the sick ones, and the Gospel is the doctor to cure and make us presentable to the Law.

The Gospel is not designed to honor the Law in itself; for the Law cannot be made any more honorable.—“The Law of the Lord is perfect.” The Gospel honors the Law simply and solely by making its purity and glory evident. In this law-slighting and law-despising day the notion seems to be that the Law has become deranged in some way, dreadfully damaged by sin, and needs to be mended up by the Gospel. What a blunder! The Law is in no way dependent on the Gospel. Its nature can no more be damaged than can the nature of Deity. Men have not hurt the Law by their stabs at it, but have thereby stabbed themselves; and insulted Law will thrust them through unless the Gospel comes between.

The Gospel is not a prop for the Law to lean upon, but for us to lean upon. The Law does not hobble up to the Gospel and say, “Oh Gospel, be a crutch for me!” But we come up to the Law leaning on our crutch, the Gospel or Christ. And as we come the Law sitting on the flaming mountain, with eyes of fire, lifts the red bolt, and thunders, “Rebel, stop; this mount cannot be touched.” Then we point to our crutch, “the root out of dry ground,” and as the Law sees it, the lifted thunder drops. And we, leaning on our prop, go up into that mountain Sinai, and, like the seer, sit down with the Law, and God smiles upon us and gives us his benediction, and oh, how we rejoice in his light and glory! And we come down from the mount, our souls aglow, and travel towards Calvary with everlasting joy upon our heads, clasping the stone tables to our hearts; for they no longer bear for us “the law of sin

and death, but the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

The Judge, in the Judgment day, will be the embodiment of the Law in one of its most august manifestations,—that is, the Law pronouncing sentence. Who is that Judge? See Him on yonder Cross! The saint will love Jesus on the Judgment Throne just as well as he does Jesus on the Cross.

The Law and the Gospel are extolled in one song in the hearts and assemblies of saints on earth as well as in Heaven. The saint, wherever he is, says, "Oh Lord, how love I thy Law!" No man can intelligently sing the song of the Lamb until he can sing the song of Moses. The singing of songs and hymns embodying the truths of the Law and Gospel, by unconvicted and unconverted persons, is as unmeaning, so far as honoring God is concerned, as the braying of a beast. And those churches which set up the children of Satan, the despisers and slighers of the Law and the trampers under foot of the blood of the Son of God, to do their singing, insult the Law and the Gospel.

Moses and Christ are on the most friendly terms. He esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. They communed most lovingly on the Mount of Transfiguration. And in them "Mercy," or the Gospel, "and truth," or the Law, "met together," "and righteousness and peace kissed each other."—Moses will be insulted if we come to him without Christ, and Christ will be insulted if we come to Him without Moses, or without the most hearty reverence for the Law and determination to obey it.

Away with this "faith without works," without the Law. It is dead. It has no life nor love. True faith liveth, and as living it worketh, it worketh by love. This dead faith hates works. It may abound in certain kinds of works, and make large show of religious enterprise; but these works are not the fulfilling of the Law, because they compromise with "The carnal mind which is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the

Law of God." This antinomian faith does not work by love; for "This is the love of God that we keep His commandments." It loudly and sweetly cries, "believe, believe," while all the time conforming to the world, and pandering to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." This faith, which uses the Gospel as a license to slight and dishonor the Law, and thus, contrary to the declaration of its Author, to destroy it, has not the virtue that the faith of devils has; for theirs causes them, while they believe and disobey, to tremble, while this is so pregnant with strong delusion, that those who rest in it in their worldliness and disobedience, not only do not tremble, but think they are blessed.

Saint, do you love the narrow way? "Yes," you say, "It is the Royal way, I would not have it a hair broader." And you sing, "I take the narrow way." Well this way is simple the way of the Law, and it is narrow because the Law forbids sin. And after sin has been cast out of us, the way is still narrow, because it runs through a world of mortals and devils who oppose the Law, and those who advocate and keep it. We shall be in the narrow way when in Heaven, for this way is only a streak of light, and holiness, and peace, and joy, stretching down from Heaven into this dark world, up which the ransomed are travelling. And it will not seem at all narrow in the broad expanse of light and bliss called Heaven, into which it merges, because there our sanctified spirits will have glorified bodies, which will need no keeping under, or ever know a pain, and no devils or children of the devil will there tempt, or shoot their fiery darts. Amen! Hal-lelujah!!

We speak of the laws of nature, and say it is natural and easy for the creatures to follow these; for this is their nature. Well, the moral Law is just as much a law of nature, that is, it exists in the nature of things, and in this is eternal and absolute. It is as much a law for all morally responsible natures, as gravitation is for physical na-

ture. And it is just as natural for a rational intelligence in its normal nature,—the nature originally stamped upon it by the Creator, to conform to this law of love and right, as for an angel in Heaven to do right. And the reason why men and devils are so at enmity against it and so impotent to observe it, is because they have fallen from their true nature; men in or through the fall of Adam have lapsed from the orbit in which the Creator appointed them to move. And if the greatest sphere should fall from its place, and rush, a blazing meteor, among the constellations, crushing worlds by collision, that fall would be little by the side of that of men and angels. And if that sphere after having fallen, should be held by the hand of the Omnipotent, and prevented from sinking itself and dragging the worlds with it, and at last should be lifted to its primeval place in the galaxy, that would be a miracle insignificant compared with that of the pierced hand of the Son of God holding fallen men from sinking to remediless ruin; yea, more, lifting these wandering stars out of the blackness of darkness, and restoring them to their original perfection. Yea more, placing them among those stars of the firmament of redemption, which are to shine forever and ever with a lustre surpassing their first-born glory.

I love the Law, says the saint, not only in all its strictness, but also with all its thunders, I can shout while its lightnings flash around me. As a poet wrote of another,

"He with the thunder talked as friend with friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing."

So the saint with the Law. The lightning wing of the Law becomes a crown of joy on the head of the saint, because placed there by a "pierced hand." And it is necessary that hand should handle that burning crown, not because it has anything fearful in itself, but because that brow is defiled unless touched by that hand.

During a tempest, when lightnings were flashing and thunders pealing, and floods pouring, and trees falling, a saint,

while others grew pale, walked and shouted. Why, because he was at peace with Him who holds the winds in His fists, he was at agreement with the Law. So in that day when the rock-ribbed earth shall split, when mountains shall sink in the seas of liquid fire, when, before the lightning of His eye and the thunder of His voice who sitteth on the Great White Throne, every island shall flee away, while reeling stars shall dash together in ruin,—in that day the saint shall sing:—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

And why? because he and the Law are agreed, and, because of this, that hand which crushes a universe will be outstretched with equal power to cover him.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

BY A. F. FRALIC.

Armor is for defense. The necessity for it implies that the person to be clad in it will be engaged in a warfare where he will need the armor for the preservation of his life. The Christian soldier is enlisted in a warfare with a subtle, powerful, untiring foe; yet God has provided an armor more complete and perfect than any work of man's device can be. Clad in this armor, the Christian soldier's life is secure, no enemy can lay him low.

God sees our need and commands us to take the armor.—Eph. vi. 10–18. It is first enjoined upon us to "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." There must be no indulgence in sinful passions and practices. That weakens the moral powers.—1 Cor. part of 25th verse: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." We are commanded, verse 11, to "Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." The Apostle then shows, verse 12, the nature of the foes we have to wrestle with. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood,

but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Then, because we are slow to apprehend and seek after the spiritual strength we need, we are again admonished, verse 13, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand, in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.—14, "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." The girdle of truth for strength; no equivocation in business matters to keep back part of the price; no small white lies to give zest to a story, but simple truth at all times. As, Zech. viii. 16.—"These are the things that ye shall do; Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates;" and, Psalms xv. 1, 2: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle; who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart." Falsehood can have no place in the heart covered with the breastplate of righteousness. Verses 15 and 16, "And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." With what alacrity do the feet of him, whose soul is imbued with the Spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, travel the narrow way! Truly, "They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." And the shield of faith, broader and more sure than any defence of earth, for, though the waters of tribulation rise high around us, with this shield in use, we shall be borne above them; and, though the fires of affliction burn hotly, yet if we come unto God with a heart, fully to obey and trust, laying hold of the shield, we may be preserved amid the flames. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Verse 17, "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." A

helmet—defensive armor for the head—Webster. The head, or mind, defended and guarded by the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, must be securely kept. No sinful desires, or unclean thoughts can enter the citadel thus guarded; but supreme love to God, and love for what is true, and pure, and holy abides there. The eye, too, is clear-sighted, it does not unite two objects in one, such as God and Mammon—the service of God and the service of the world; it clearly recognizes the difference and is ready to make it.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." 18, "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto, with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."

The Sacred writings abound with evidence of the efficacy of humble, fervent, persevering prayer. God has appointed it as a means of bringing His blessings into our souls, and lean indeed does the soul become that does not faithfully improve the blessed privilege of drawing nigh to God in the all-prevailing name of Jesus. Nothing in every day life which afflicts or troubles us is of too little consequence to carry to a throne of grace. But let us see to it that we go with a heart to obey God in all things. And O, let us, you, dear reader, and I, put on the whole armor. It has been bought for us at a great price. The covenant, sealed with precious blood, and this great gift, the whole defensive armor, is offered to us. Having this on, the fruits of the Holy Spirit will be manifest, we shall be lowly; yet courageous; weak in our own strength, yet strong in the Lord. Let us never rest short of having "the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left."

A self-searching Christian is made up of humility and meekness. If thou wouldst find much peace and favor with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes.—*Leighton.*

PREVAILING PRAYER.

Prevailing prayer is that which secures an answer. Saying prayers is not offering prevailing prayer. The prevalence of prayer does not depend so much on quantity as quality. I do not know how better to approach this subject than by relating a fact of my own experience before I was converted. I relate it because I fear such experiences are but too common among unconverted men. I do not recollect to have ever attended a prayer-meeting until after I began the study of law. Then, for the first time, I lived in a neighborhood where there was a prayer-meeting weekly. I had neither known, heard, nor seen much of religion; hence I had no settled opinions about it. Partly from curiosity and partly from an uneasiness of mind upon the subject, which I could not well define, I began to attend that prayer-meeting. About the same time I bought the first Bible that I ever owned, and began to read it. I listened to the prayers which I heard offered in those prayer meetings, with all the attention that I could give to prayers so cold and formal. In every prayer they prayed for the gift and outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Both in their prayers and in their remarks, which were occasionally interspersed, they acknowledged that they did not prevail with God. This was most evident, and had almost made me a skeptic. Seeing me so frequently in their prayer-meeting, the leader, on one occasion, asked me if I did not wish them to pray for me. I replied: "No." I said: "I suppose that I need to be prayed for, but your prayers are not answered. You confess it yourselves." I then expressed my astonishment at this fact, in view of what the Bible said about the prevalence of prayer. Indeed, for some time my mind was much perplexed and in doubt in view of Christ's teaching on the subject of prayer and the manifest facts before me, from week to week, in this prayer-meeting. Was Christ a divine teacher? Did he actually teach what the Gospels

attributed to him? Did he mean what he said? Did prayer really avail to secure blessings from God? If so, what was I to make of what I witnessed from week to week and month to month in that prayer-meeting? Were they real Christians? Was that which I heard *real prayer*, in the Bible sense? Was it such prayer as Christ had promised to answer? Here I found the solution. I became convinced that they were under a delusion; that they did not prevail because they had no *right* to prevail. They did not comply with the conditions upon which God had promised to hear prayer. Their prayers were just such as God had promised *not* to answer. That they were overlooking the fact that they were in danger of praying themselves into skepticism in regard to the value of prayer, was evident. In reading my Bible I noticed such revealed conditions as the following: (a) Faith in God as the answerer of prayer. This, it is plain, involves the expectation of receiving what we ask. (b) Another revealed condition is the asking according to the revealed will of God. This plainly implies asking not only for such things as God is willing to grant, but also asking in such a state of mind as God can accept. I fear it is common for professed Christians to overlook the state of mind in which God requires them to be as a condition of answering their prayers. For example: In offering the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come," it is plain that sincerity is a condition of prevailing with God. But sincerity in offering this petition implies the whole heart and life devotion of the petitioner to the building up of this kingdom. It implies the sincere and thorough consecration of all that we have and all that we are to this end. To utter this petition in any other state of mind involves hypocrisy, and is an abomination. So in the next petition, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven," God has not promised to hear *this* petition unless it be sincerely offered. But *sincerity* implies a state of mind that accepts the whole revealed will of God, so far as we understand it,

as they accept it in heaven. It implies a loving, confiding, universal obedience to the whole *known* will of God, whether that will is revealed in his word, by his Spirit, or in his providence. It implies that we hold ourselves and all that we have and are as absolutely and cordially at God's disposal as do the inhabitants of heaven. If we fall short of this, and withhold anything from God, we "regard iniquity in our hearts," and God will not hear us. Sincerity in offering this petition implies a state of entire and universal consecration to God. Anything short of this is withholding from God that which is his due. It is "turning away our ear from hearing the law." But what saith the Scriptures? "He that hath turned away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be an abomination." Do professed Christians understand this? What is true of offering these two petitions is true of *all* prayer. Do Christians lay this to heart? Do they consider that all professed prayer is an abomination, if it be not offered in a state of entire consecration of all that we have and are to God? If we do not offer ourselves with and in our prayers, with all that we have; if we are not in a state of mind that cordially accepts and, so far as we know, perfectly conforms to the whole will of God, our prayer is an abomination. How awfully profane is the use very frequently made of the Lord's Prayer, both in public and private. To hear men and women chatter over the Lord's Prayer: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," while their lives are anything but conformed to the known will of God, is shocking and revolting. To hear men pray "Thy kingdom come," while it is most evident that they are making little or no sacrifice or effort to promote this kingdom, forces the conviction of barefaced hypocrisy. Such is not prevailing prayer. (c) Unselfishness is a condition of prevailing prayer. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts."—James iv. 3. (d) Another condition of pre-

vailing prayer is a conscience void of offense toward God and man.—1 John, iii. 20–22: "If our heart (conscience) condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things; if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God, and whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." Here two things are made plain: first, that to prevail with God, we must keep a conscience void of offense; and second, that we must keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight. (e) A pure heart is also a condition of prevailing prayer.—Psalms lxxvi. 18: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." (f) All due confession and restitution, to God and man, is another condition of prevailing prayer.—Prov. xxviii. 13: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper. Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." (g) Clean hands is another condition.—Psalms xxvi. 6: "I will wash mine hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altar, O Lord"; 1 Timothy vi. 8: "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." (h) The settling of disputes and animosities among brethren is a condition.—Matt. v. 23, 24: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." (i) Humility is another condition of prevailing prayer.—James iv. 6: "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." (j) Taking up the stumbling-blocks is another condition.—Ezra xiv. 3: "Son of man, these men have set up their idols in their heart, and put the stumbling-block of their iniquity before their face. Should I be inquired of at all by them?" (k) A forgiving spirit is a condition.—Matt. vi. 12: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"; 15: "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly

Father forgive your trespasses." (l) The exercise of a truthful spirit is a condition.—Psalms li. 6: "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts." If the heart be not in a truthful state, if it be not entirely sincere and unselfish, we regard iniquity in our hearts; and, therefore, the Lord will not hear us. (m) Praying in the name of Christ is another condition of prevailing prayer. (n) The inspiration of the Holy Spirit is another condition of prevailing prayer. All truly prevailing prayer is inspired by the Holy Ghost.—Rom. viii. 26, 27: "For we know not what we should pray for, as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the heart knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." This is the true spirit of prayer. This is being led by the Spirit in prayer. It is the only really prevailing prayer. Do professed Christians really understand this? Do they believe that unless they live and walk in the Spirit, unless they are taught how to pray by the intercession of the Spirit in them, they cannot prevail with God? (o) Fervency is a condition. A prayer, to be prevailing, must be fervent.—James v. 16: "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (p) Perseverance or persistence in prayer is often a condition of prevailing. See the case of Jacob, of Daniel, of Elijah, of the Syrophenician woman, of the unjust judge, and the teaching of the Bible generally. (q) Travail of soul is often a condition of prevailing prayer. "As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." "My little children," said Paul, "for whom I travail in birth again, till Christ be formed in you." This implies that he had travailed in birth for them before they were converted. Indeed, travail of soul in prayer, is the only real, revival prayer. If any one does not know what this is he does not understand the spirit of

prayer. He is not in a revival state. He does not understand the passage already quoted—Rom. viii. 26, 27. Until he understands this agonizing prayer he does not know the real secret of revival power. (r) Another condition of prevailing prayer is the consistent use of means to secure the object prayed for, if means are within our reach, and are known by us to be necessary to the securing of the end. To pray for a revival of religion, and use no other means, is to tempt God. This, I could plainly see, was the case with those who offered prayer in the prayer-meeting of which I have spoken. They continued to offer prayer for a revival of religion, but out of meeting they were silent as death on the subject, and opened not their mouths to those around them. They continued this inconsistency until a prominent, impenitent man in the community administered to them, in my presence, a terrible rebuke. He expressed just what I deeply felt. He rose, and with the utmost solemnity and tearfulness, said: "Christian people, what can you mean? You continue to pray in these meetings for a revival of religion. You often exhort each other here to wake up and use means to promote a revival. You assure each other, and assure us who are impenitent, that we are in the way to hell; and I believe it. You also insist that if you should wake up, and use the appropriate means, there would be a revival, and we should be converted. You tell us of our great danger, and that our souls are worth more than all worlds; and yet you keep about your comparatively trifling employments and use no other means. We have no revival and our souls are not saved." Here he broke down and fell, sobbing, back into his seat. This rebuke fell heavily upon that prayer-meeting, as I shall ever remember. It did them good; for it was not long before the members of that prayer-meeting broke down, and we had a revival. I was present in the first meeting in which the revival spirit was manifested. Oh! how changed was the tone of their prayers, confessions and supplications. I

remarked, in returning home, to a friend: "What a change has come over these Christians. This must be the beginning of a revival." Yes; a wonderful change comes over all the meetings whenever the Christian people are revived. Then their confessions mean something. They mean reformation and restitution. They mean work. They mean the use of means. They mean the opening of their pockets, their hearts and hands, and the devotion of all their powers to the promotion of the work. (s) Prevailing prayer is specific. It is offered for a definite object. We cannot prevail for everything at once. In all the cases recorded in the Bible, in which prayer was answered, it is noteworthy that the petitioner prayed for a definite object. (t) Another condition of prevailing prayer is that we mean what we say in prayer; that we make no false pretences; in short, that we are entirely childlike and sincere, speaking out of the heart nothing more or less than we mean, feel and believe. (u) Another condition of prevailing prayer is a state of mind that assumes the good faith of God in all his promises. (v) Another condition of prevailing prayer is "watching unto prayer," as well as "praying in the Holy Ghost." By this I mean guarding against everything that can quench or grieve the Spirit of God in our hearts. Also watching for the answer, in a state of mind that will diligently use all necessary means, at any expense, and add entreaty to entreaty. When the fallow ground is thoroughly broken up in the hearts of Christians, when they have confessed and made restitution, as I have taught in my former two articles—if the work be thorough and honest—they will naturally and inevitably fulfill the conditions, and will prevail in prayer. But it cannot be too distinctly understood that none others will. What we commonly hear in prayer and conference meetings is not prevailing prayer. It is often astonishing and lamentable to witness the delusions that prevail upon the subject. Who that has witnessed real revivals of religion has not been struck with the

change that comes over the whole spirit and manner of the prayers of really revived Christians? I do not think I ever could have been converted if I had not discovered the solution of the question: "Why is it that so much that is called prayer is not answered?" —Pres. Chas. G. Finney.

THE THREE LIVES.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

Man lives two lives; he may live three. If he lives but two, when he dies, he dies three deaths. If he lives three, he lives them eternally. We mention the least first. It is but the casket which holds the others:—the *physical* of our nature. We cherish these bodies. It is right. They are the choice mechanism of God; instruments finely tuned for His own service and glory.

Then there is the *mental* of our nature. It is higher than the physical, susceptible of greater and nobler enjoyment, and more intensified suffering. As the mind is greater than the body, so is the soul greater than the mind.

Soul-life! Who shall tell its joy, hidden deep in the bosom of the Father? Who shall tell its raptures, as, one with Jesus Christ, it receives the glory which God gives to the Son?—St. John xvii. 22. But pure, and rapturous, and heavenly, and above everything else to be desired as it is, but few ever awake to it. But few are ever *born again*, having thus the *life of God* imparted to them, which is the only true *soul-life*. The great mass of mankind live in the physical. They are wrapped up in the pleasures of sense, and that which God designed should be a blessing, is made a curse, because all the energy and power of the creature is centered in it.

These are they "That lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat lambs out of the flock, and calves out of the midst of the stall, that chant to the sound of the

viol; . . . that drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments;" but they seek not to the Lord, neither do they realize that, sweet as it is, they only live their lowest life, and are comparatively dead to all other.

God says He *abhors the excellency of Jacob; and hates his palaces.*—Am. vi. 8.

A few wake up to a higher life. You may track them to their chambers, and see the physical under foot while the mental triumphs. Here is a crust and a library; a lamp, and a face, pale, and eager, and bright. He creates, and rejoices in his creation. Who can tell his joy? He runs out in the trackless field of thought, and seizing an idea, makes it his own, and rejoices in it.—He has knowledge of the bowels of the earth, and is at home among the stars. He scorns the flippery of fashion, and pities those who only live in the physical, and know no higher joy.

But there is a step higher. When this "new creation" is struck out into existence by God, then we begin to learn something of GLORY. The creature has a *life* it never had before. A bounding, springing life, that gushes heavenward, and is forever with God. Water will seek its level, and this life which is from God must ever *spring up* into everlasting life.

BORN OF GOD! The Spirit cries, (no faint hope, that,) "Abba, Father." This is not the philosopher's stone. *It is more.* It touches pain and makes it sweet. It makes sorrow bright. It transmutes poverty to wealth. It sings in prison, and shouts in flames. It can neither be fettered, nor killed. Strange life! New life! Blissful life! Ever increasing, and ever requiring a larger capacity, like the new wine which cannot be pent in old bottles. There must be in some sense a new creation all through, or the physical would perish with soul expansion. But "*both are preserved.*" God is as wise as man, and never puts his new wine into hardened, unregenerate hearts.

Some have prayed for God to stay His blessing, because they feared their

bodies would perish. A better prayer is for greater capacity to receive; for such tenderness of spirit as admits of expansion, so beautifully typified by Christ, in the *new* wine bottles.

But who shall tell the death of those, who, living but two lives, die three deaths? There is physical suffering, for these bodies are still to *continue* in existence, being resurrected when the trumpet shall sound: then those who have not on the wedding garment, or in other words, are not prepared for Heaven, are cast into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Then there is mental suffering; and, as we said before, the mind is capable of greater and more intensified suffering than the body. Those only can know how true this assertion is, who, bereft of reason, have dashed off, like a train of cars without conductor or brakeman, at highest speed, over a track where every imaginary evil, and every imaginary calamity, was REAL.

But the soul is greater than the mind, as the mind is greater than the body. Who shall tell its sufferings as it abides the wrath of God? Who shall fathom these waters, or drop the plummet to the bottom? Well may it be called a bottomless pit. There is no sounding such suffering.

But men propagate the lie told first in Eden, "Thou shalt not surely die," and thus are multitudes kept back from receiving the free gift of salvation, resting in carnal security, and believing themselves quite safe. They eat the forbidden fruit of sin, and say, "We shall not die. Is not God merciful?"

God is merciful; but we see, even in this life, and every day, that certain causes will produce certain results.—Those who sleep in summer, beg in harvest. Those who sail down a Niagara, will soon enough sail to destruction. Those who drain a poisonous cup, drain their death. And God is merciful notwithstanding all this. Who shall contradict Him when He says, "The soul that sinneth, *it shall die*"?

PERFECT OBEDIENCE.

BY F. R. MALLORY.

How must the Israelites have felt, when, camped by the sea, they lifted up their eyes and beheld the Egyptians coming upon them! *Then* they cried unto the Lord.

The Israelites are not alone in this particular. We are very apt, when all goes smoothly with us,—when we have no fiery trials, and no terrible temptations,—when we prosper in temporal affairs, and our consciences are at rest, and everything goes on swimmingly; then we feel that we “could run through a troop or leap over a wall,”—and there we stop. We fail to add, “through our God strengthening us.” We are apt to forget who it is that gives us all our good things. We forget to watch and pray, until some trouble gets on our track. It may be the lion of poverty. It may be that God takes away some of our loved ones, and thus gets us to look around a little. Then, when we see trouble and danger ahead, we cry unto the Lord.

Then again, we often do as did the Israelites in another respect. They laid all the blame on Moses, and there was no blame to be laid on anybody. God had brought them to just this strait, to show His power more fully. Frequently we begin to murmur and complain, when if we would only believe and stand still, we should see the salvation of God. The Israelites were not *yet* in trouble. They saw trouble back of them, but it had not yet overtaken them. It was all in the way through which they had passed.

Such too often is the case with us. We see trouble behind us, and we begin to worry about that. What is back of us need never overtake us. If we have left Egypt, not Pharaoh, nor any or all his hosts can take us back, unless we fail to trust in the living God.

Israel was not yet beyond the reach of Pharaoh. They had not gone as far as they could. They had gone as far as the Lord told them to; but now

they are afraid to trust themselves *entirely* to His care.

When they cried unto the Lord, He said to Moses, “Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.” This of course seemed preposterous. Before them lay the Red Sea. Certainly they could not go forward. Behind them were the hosts of Pharaoh. Still there was the command, “Go forward.” How often do we begin to argue and make excuses when the Lord tells us to do something! We think it would be very foolish to go back to Pharaoh; and so it would. Neither does it look any more sensible to go into the sea, that is before us; but God says, “Go forward!” and He has detailed somebody to raise the rod over the sea of trouble, and it is divided. It is none of our business what seems to be ahead of us. It is for us to obey, and leave everything else with God, when we have done all we can, and leave it to Him to do the rest. He will not disappoint us; the sea will be divided and we shall go through dry-shod. We may not have the troubles removed a great way off. They may be all around us—piled up on either side like a wall. Still, they shall not touch us. Not only so, but the very troubles that threatened to destroy us, will prove to be the destroyer of our enemies.

How often in my own experience have I looked for my troubles to be taken away from me. Instead of leaving me, they only seemed to be piled around me higher than ever. But look, right through the midst of them, a road is left that I may pass *between* them. *Not through* them, but *between* them. Not anything that is in them can harm me. I am able to see the evils that are in them, without having to experience them. I leave them all behind me, and they prove to be the death of my pursuers: such as pride, evil speaking, selfishness and impatience. A great many things that trouble us have not yet touched us.—When we come in contact with them, it will be time enough for us to worry

over them. Even then we are commanded to "cast all our care upon the Lord;" and we should obey Him in this particular as much as in any other.

If the Israelites had stopped to argue, and to express doubts in regard to the way the Lord told them to go, would they have escaped? Nay, verily. They would have perished either by the hand of Pharaoh, or in the water.

So it is with us. If we begin to look ahead, and to wonder how we are to get through this trouble, and that trouble, then we are certain to go wrong; but when we "Leave it *all* with Jesus," we have a feeling of peace and security.

God sometimes tells us He will do certain things for us that we ask of Him, and we doubt His word. Just as though God could not keep all of his promises. At last, we consent to trust him. He not only keeps his promise, but gives us a hundred-fold more than we ask for.

After awhile we want something more, and we go to Him again. We have just the same promises and our former experience to encourage us, but again and again we doubt Him; and as a natural consequence, we do not get what we want. We have to learn one lesson a good many times, because we forget.

Or it may be we want to do something for the Lord. We go to Him and get His permission. It may be we want to make money to help on the cause of God. We have the desire of our hearts. The Lord blesses our labors, and we have abundant success. So if the Lord tells us to do anything, we may be certain of success. Not only in temporal matters will He give us success, but much more in spiritual matters. Discouraged pastor: if the Lord told you to labor and toil in holding extra meetings,—if He tells you to preach a sermon every night,—do it, and you will have success, even if it is a long time coming.

But now a little time elapses, and we want to do the same thing again, and we go at it. We do not have success,

and withal we have a feeling of uneasiness which cannot be accounted for.—Now we are in trouble again, and we go to the Lord to find out where the trouble lies. Well, what is the matter? Why, matter enough. We did not get the permission and blessing of our Heavenly Father. We begin anew with these incentives, and we are astonished. The heavens are opened, and we receive "such a blessing as there is not room to contain." We are always doing something; but unless we have the divine blessing, we will not succeed. Of one thing we are certain: that is, we may always get spiritual good when we go to the Lord for it.—We may pray for success in business, or for good health, and not have our prayers answered; but when we pray for *soul* health, we will have our prayers answered.

Now, Brethren and Sisters, let us trust in the Lord more fully. Let us *struggle earnestly* "for the faith once delivered to the saints." Faith is the key that unlocks the door of Father's storehouse. Let us not ask any questions about the way the Lord sends; let us not stop until He tells us to, even if we have to wet our feet in so doing; let us go where He tells us to, and leave results with Him.

We sometimes think the cause of God is running down, and that the Church is going to destruction. It is good at such times to have a holy zeal for the cause of God; but how foolish it is for us to get the whole Church on our shoulders, and use ourselves up in trying to do the work of a God! We have "a zeal not according to knowledge," at such times. If God cannot take care of His work, we cannot. At one time, when the ark of the Lord was being borne along on a cart, it tottered, and one man put forth his hand to steady it. God struck him dead on the spot. He was attending to what was none of his business. He was not authorized to take care of the ark.—God will attend to His work if we will attend to ours.

Brethren, let us keep our hands off

from the Lord's work, and attend to our own, and the Lord will take care of His work better than we can. The man did not steady the ark any, and yet it did not fall. The Lord took care of it. Let us do what we ought to and leave the rest with Jesus.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

In William Bramwell; a native of Preston, in Lancashire, who entered the itinerant life in 1786, and died suddenly at Leeds, in 1818, we have one of the most illustrious examples of fervid zeal, which Methodism has to exhibit among its many burning brands. He stood about five feet nine or ten inches; was naturally inclined to feed, but kept his body under. His complexion was dark—his hair black—his features, though not large, strong—face inclined to round—a hard grip about the mouth, with a slight pout in the upper lip—and an eye like a dagger, dark and searching. It was impossible to forget the form and expression of the countenance when once beheld; leaving an impression upon the mind, like the stamp of a seal, bold, minute, and well defined.

Charity and fidelity attended Bramwell in all his steps,—stripping even the garments from off his person to give to the poor,—and bearing down upon sin, in high and low, in public and private, in the church and in the world, with the withering effect of a flash of fire from heaven. Few men, for the length of his race, have been more distinguished than himself, in modern times, for the conversion of souls. He was, in the strictest sense, a revivalist; but generally conducted the work, and that too, at the very moment he was heaping fresh fuel upon the fire, with great discretion, himself—as the instrument under God, being absolute monarch in its management. Persons spoke, or prayed, or sang, or were mute at his bidding. Like most revivalists, he had, wherever he moved, a coterie of his own, not constituting a party, in the proper sense of the term, nor yet form-

ed through design: but certain zealous persons, who made him their rallying point, and who found, while they acted conscientiously, countenance, support, and employment. The less sensible and scrupulous of these would form themselves occasionally into parties, and would trumpet up Paul, Apollos or Cephas; but not with his sanction, or in his hearing.

He was rigorous, so far as he himself was concerned, to the point of asceticism—scrupulous to a fault: and would make all bend to him, like the forest yielding to the motion of the passing gale. Though naturally positive, dogmatic, and possessed of strong passions, he would never stand to contest the point with others, either in public or private. While all was hushed within by the grace of God, all was subdued without by the spirit and practice of prayer—sometimes dropping on his knees in the midst of an argument in a Leaders' meeting, and pronouncing the blessing at its close. He was the subject of severe temptation; Luther himself never had more dreadful combats with invisible powers; but he was always uppermost in the struggle—and seemed, like the primitive teachers of Christianity, to be a man of one business—that of saving his own soul, and the souls of others. Time was valuable; and, as an early riser, he redeemed much from sleep, which he consecrated to study and prayer. He has been known to have four or five rounds in prayer with a friend before five o'clock in the morning,—the latter complaining of a want of matter, physical weakness, and aching knees. His faith, on some occasions, was so strong and commanding, that he only appeared to ask and to have; and there was generally a power in prayer, that brought those around him into more immediate communion with God,—the parties feeling as if they were breathing in another atmosphere,—all being ventilated by the pure breath of heaven. Being the subject of sudden impulses and impressions, it was no wonder that he should be found occasionally incorrect, but there was often

a something connected with them, like the infallibility of instinct.

His reading, like his library, was not extensive, but select,—and always directed to the useful. In fact, he studied more than he read, and prayed more than he studied. His house was emphatically a house of prayer, and every house he entered was transformed into the same.

It was his deep piety that induced the habit of spiritualizing, and led to such views, and to such a manner of illustrating different portions of the Bible, as could only be accounted for in connection with the fact of a mind deeply imbued with the Spirit of God; and he gave ample proof, that, had he cultivated the faculty, he would have risen to considerable eminence in the allegorical art; but he had too much good sense to indulge in it. He could have delineated the Christian in his difficulties, temptations, and ultimate triumph, with as much skill and poetical effect as Bunyan in his Pilgrim, and would have arrested the attention of an audience in the same way that the latter is known to do his readers; or in a manner somewhat similar—only on subjects the most serious and important, to the fixed attention of children, when engaged with a book that interests them—with a subject perhaps fictitious in itself, but with an admirable moral, and written for their amusement and profit. The slightest motion, or noise, or contrary look, caught his eagle eye, and called forth remark,—not so much on his own account, in being disturbed by it, but lest it should distract the attention of others, and prevent their profiting. Never did a mother watch with deeper feeling the slumbers of her infant in the cradle, lest foot, or hand, or voice should break its repose, than did he the profound attention of a congregation, which he never failed to secure, from the least disturbance that might be likely to occur, either from within or from without.

Perhaps there was too great a disposition to accommodate his style, particularly in the relation of an anecdote, to the tastes of the common people, at

the expense of the habits and *thinkings* of persons in polished society. Still, in these stoopings, when he consented to become a fool for the purpose of reaching the less instructed of his auditors, and when he was never otherwise than useful, the style and subject were not altogether for persons who were just beginning to hear, and who, like the readers of Sir Roger L'Estrange, could relish nothing but the meanest ideas, presented in the meanest language,—but something more elevated; and, though not exactly fitted for the acceptance, yet not at all calculated to excite the displeasure of the educated portions of the community. Few men could tell an anecdote with finer effect in the pulpit than himself, or make a more appropriate selection for the subject—not even Dr. Dodd in his “Sermons to Young Men.” He could imitate, especially in cases of tenderness, the feeling, the language, the manner, and the sentiment, so exactly, that he seemed for the moment identified with the parties—at once fixing attention, and awakening the sympathies of his hearers to tears; not only impressing them with some moral truth, and depositing in the recollection some useful maxim, but preserving the interest which had been excited, to enable them to accompany him through the remainder of the discourse.

There was great sweetness, clearness, power and flexibility in his voice; employing in public speaking, as in singing, the counter, the tenor and the base,—alternately pouring into the ear the soft windings of the lute, and the roar of the lion, and then the fierceness of a West Indian tornado, sweeping all before it. It was exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, with *amazing compass*; and, in addition to softness, adapted to express scorn, indignation,—in short, all the passions; and of amazing pathos—free from all harshness and monotony.

His command over the passions was absolute; he could wind them at will,—joy, suspense, terror, admiration,—all flickering or settling upon the coun-

tenances of his hearers, like the clouds or patches of sunshine across the harvest-field,—himself the while, full of hope in reference to the yellow grain waving beneath his eye. To sinners especially he was a son of thunder; and his feelings, and thoughts, and language, being often highly poetical, he would sometimes run on with a number of bold, brief, yet harmonious sentences, full of fire and imagery,—falling on the ear like blank verse,—increasing in strength of thought and volume of voice,—now rolling like a swelling flood, or dashing downward, from steep to steep,—breaking down every embankment,—and carrying away trees, cattle, houses, and inhabitants; or, perhaps, more properly,—though still under figure, like a fire, first attacking by its ravages a single house—then increasing in fury—spreading from street to street, till the whole city, like another Moscow, seemed enveloped in flame—timbers crackling—roof after roof giving way—the reflection gleaming afar through the midnight heavens. In “the terrors of the Lord,” on the horrors of hell, we rarely ever—unless in the case of Benson, in his *Sermons on the Second Coming of Christ*—heard his equal. The whole was so graphic, accompanied with such earnestness—such downright earnestness, that it rarely failed to rouse the sinner, and had such an effect upon the imagination, as to give an air of reality to what was otherwise only employed for illustration. He showered down upon meanness, lukewarmness, hypocrisy, vice in every form, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective. With a transition as sudden in manner, language, subject, and feeling, he would, like a blink of sunshine, have issued from the tempest of passion he had raised, and would have placed salvation within the reach of the sinner, like a rope, ladder, or other instrument of escape, to save from flood or fire; and with a winning affection and anxiety, have charmed the penitent into instant faith in Christ.

He was distinguished for strength and condensation, rather than the wire-

drawings of thought. The text was always permitted to speak for itself. His plans were varied, his divisions and subdivisions often numerous; yet never embarrassing, either to himself or the hearer; always clear; remarkable for unity of design,—causing one part of the sermon to tell upon another,—occasionally throwing back, and bringing up the materials in hand, with amazing dexterity, and making them chime in with each other like a peal of bells. Still, much ingenuity, dove-tailing, and contrivance as appeared in his sermons, and admirably as one part aided and bore upon another, he was incapable of “forging the long, compacted, and massive chain of demonstration.”

In fine, what the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who has characterized Methodism as “Christianity in Earnest,” once said of another Methodist preacher,—the excellent George Thompson,—“I never saw a man go about the work of saving souls, in such a business-like manner, in all my life,” will apply equally well in the present instance. We have heard some persons talk of Bramwell, as if he were a weak, zealous, well-meaning man — themselves without a tithe of either his piety, or his intelligence; but we take the liberty of dissenting from them, and declare, that we know not a single sentence that is more expressive of his character, than the one employed to delineate the character of the Baptist—“A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.”—*Rev. J. Everett.*

“From a vine we look for grapes, and from a Christian we look for Christianity; that is, the fruit; a Christian temper and disposition, a Christian life and conversation, Christian devotions and Christian designs. We must honor God, and do good; and exemplify the purity and power of the religion we profess, and this is bearing fruit.”—*M. Henry.*

The commonness of a wicked custom rather increases than lessens the guilt of it.—*Wesley.*

THE WRATH TO COME.

BY PETER ZELLER.

There is a wrath to come. Many deny it, and try to disbelieve it, and many more labor to forget it. Yet it will come. Hear the voice of eternal truth—"Who will render to every man according to his deeds: Unto them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ." "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness." "Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience."

And does not conscience speak the same language? What mean those fearful apprehensions, those dark and gloomy forebodings that often fill the sinner's bosom, and deprive his soul of peace? Why the alarm and trembling of the murderer at the rustling of a leaf, the fearful sights that disturb his slumbers, or the agony of spirit that holds his eyes waking? Why has God put such a monitor in the sinner's breast, except to teach him that there is wrath to come? Does not Providence repeat the lesson? Why do the wicked live, increase in riches, and rise in honor? "Their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart can wish;" while, "His people return hither and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." God's own image, the loveliest manifestation of his renewing grace, is despised, trodden under foot, and crushed by his enemies. Is God indifferent to the suffering of his children? Is he not just? Has he not power to punish? Must there not be wrath to come?

O, then, listen not to the soothing delusion, that it will be well with you, though you walk after the depraved nature of your evil heart! It is the suggestion of the father of lies, who said, with such fatal success, to our first pa-

rents, "Ye shall not surely die." Yes, there is wrath to come. It is coming rapidly, and it will soon be here. Every day brings it on with fearful haste, and perhaps the next moment it may begin to descend upon some poor soul. Look at the importance of preparing for that eventful hour; for when once it comes, all resistance will be fruitless. Entreaties, tears and groans will not avail to ward it off, or mitigate its horrors. Sinner, the indifference that you are so accustomed to in this world, will all be in vain; for you must meet the wrath of God. Every man will receive a just recompense of reward. Wrath has been accumulating during all the days and years, while benevolence has been enduring, with much long suffering, your transgressions and disobedience. The holy angels approve of this wrath to come, and the wretched victims themselves will ever find witness in their own bosoms, that they receive the just reward of their deeds. But, O how can they bear it! It is the wrath of God. Now the wrath of man, a fellow creature, a worm, may be resisted, or borne in silence. From the wrath of an angel there might be an appeal to a higher power, a refuge beneath the throne of God. But who can resist the arm of Omnipotence, or bear up under the pressure of infinite wrath? "Who hath hardened himself against him and prospered?" "Can thy heart endure, or will thine arm be strong in the day when He shall deal with thee?"

"That awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

One of the ingredients of this bitter cup, is the loss of Heaven. That world of light and glory, of beauty and happiness, the suitable and sufficient portion of the soul which God has provided for his children, and, which was so often offered to the sinner, is gone forever. All its sublime joys, its sweet harmonies, its enduring friendship, its holy fellowship, its exalted enjoyment, its glorious scenes, its perfect holiness. Yes all, all are lost, and there is noth-

ing left to supply their place, for the world is also lost. All that was cherished and loved on earth is left behind. There are no riches nor friends, nor honors, nor pleasures in hell. Utter desolation and ruin have swept away all the hopes and interests of the sinner.

Now what disappointment and grief, what shame and remorse fill the soul; while conscience, which has so long slumbered, is now awakened, and stings the soul with the recollection of its thousand thousands of transgressions. None are forgotten.

And now the sinner is given up to the full dominion of unholy passions. The Spirit no longer strives. The restraints of Providence are withdrawn, and all the fountains of iniquity burst forth. Envy, pride, malice, rage and blasphemy, tear the heart by their internal conflicts, and leave no moment of peace. At the same time the soul will be consumed with ungratified desire, crying in vain for a drop of water, to assuage its burning thirst. The outward circumstances of the lost sinner are equally terrifying. In scenes of the deepest gloom, presenting nothing but images of woe, amid ceaseless sounds of anguish and despair, he will be surrounded by companions, depraved, ruined and wretched like himself, such as the devil and his angels, and the spirits of lost men, loathsome and hateful in every feature of character, mutual recriminators and tormentors.

O, how dreadful is the wrath to come! It is unmitigated wrath. However distressing our situation in life, there is always something to soften its griefs; whatever comforts are taken away, some are still left. There are remedies to soothe our pains, medicines to relieve our sickness, friends to sympathize with us in our sorrows, and hope to cheer us in darkness. But the wrath to come has no such alleviations. It is poured out without mixture; it is pain, and sorrow, and grief without sympathy, and without relief.

It is everlasting wrath. The God of truth, who can never deceive his crea-

tures, has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." "Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Dreadful thought! Is the heart never to be eased of its pain? Will the worm never cease to writhe? Will no ray of hope ever light up the darkness? No, never. Still, as eternity rolls on its unwasting ages, the deep wailing of the lost will be heard, uttering the bitter agonies of despair. When millions of years shall have passed, and yet millions upon millions more, it will still be wrath to come. *Eternity alone* measures its duration. *Eternity, Eternity!* O, that fearful word! How it reverberates through all those gloomy mansions, piercing the soul with unknown and inconceivable horrors. Such is the wrath that will come upon all the disobedient, the impenitent and unbelieving. Fellow sinner, this is the wrath of God. O, turn not your eye from it! Say not it is a gloomy theme, and you will not dwell upon it. It is better to *look at it now, than feel it hereafter.* "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," I would persuade you. Now take the friendly warning, as it comes from a brother's heart. Nay, it comes from a Saviour's compassionate bosom. "Flee from the wrath to come." Now it may be escaped. O, blessed news! God has provided "a refuge from the storm, a covert from the tempest." A Saviour's blood has been spilt to atone for sin, and open the gate of heaven for returning sinners. His arms, His heart, are open to receive you. Hear how He invites! "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." How he reasons and pleads with you. "Come and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." "Turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die." O, fellow sinner, listen to that voice! Take shelter in those compassionate arms. What detains you? Why do you hesitate? Will you be so un-

wise as, to part with the everlasting glories of heaven, for the fleeting joys of earth, followed by endless pain? O, who can dwell with devouring flames, with everlasting burnings? But you hope to escape. Yes, you mean to "Flee from the wrath to come." So did thousands who now feel it and will feel it for ever. It is not safe to put it off. "This night thy soul may be required of thee."

REPROVE IN LOVE.

It is important to use great care and sweetness in reproving others. Reprove only when alone with the person, and take not your own time but the moment of God. As we are not free from faults ourselves, we must not expect too much from others. Be yourself very humble and child-like, and this character will act sympathetically on others. Jesus Christ was full of sweetness and charity. How patiently did He bear with His imperfect disciples, even with Judas, without anger, without bitterness, and even without coldness.

How lowly was Jesus! He "did not break the bruised reed." He imparts to His little ones no tyrannic power. They use no violence in dealing with souls, but say, with John, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Our Lord "Rejoiced in Spirit," in an unusual manner, such as we find nowhere else in Scripture, when He said, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." How happy are we in the presence of a little child; how much at ease! It imposes on us no burden of restraint, of fear, of management. It is in this child-like disposition of meekness, of sweetness, of innocency, that we should seek to benefit others.—*Madame Guyon.*

God moves his instruments, not when they please, but just when he sees it needful.—*Wesley.*

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. A. O. ROGERS.

Brother Roberts, I feel it a duty, also a privilege, to write to you. Your articles on "Trust in God," have done me much good. I must tell all of the pilgrim band, how I love Jesus. Yes, Glory to God! I have found the pearl of great price, thank the Lord! Now this is all new to me, these great things in Jesus. I must tell you some of my experience in the religious life. I experienced religion while young, for I know I loved God then, and all of my sins were forgiven. After awhile, by reading my Bible, I found we must come out from the world and be separate, and be sanctified. Still I did not really know what this meant, so I went to older professors of the M. E. Church, to which I belonged, and asked how they understood the Bible on these points. They replied, "As to dressing plain, times have changed; they are not as in Wesley's days—we must dress like others, or be thought nothing of—the young, especially, could not go in good society, unless dressed like the world." Sanctification was not yet for me they said; I was right, only go on and do duty, but not praise the Lord aloud, as I said I felt like doing, "that is excitement." I replied, "Do you do right in leading the church and not going by the Bible, when it commands us to be separate from the world?" They reasoned away my objections, and right there my religious life was nipped in the bud. If they could live religion and not give up the world, I could; and so I settled down into a mere form, but at times, O, how dreadful I felt my condition to be. I joined in the vain pursuits of the world, but at times would make solemn vows to God when alone,—mingle again with the world and they were broken!

When I married and settled in life, I still kept the form of godliness and nothing more, and lived this way till now. Eleven years ago we came from Massachusetts to Minnesota, and found some hardships, such as fall to settlers

in a new country. My troubles did not drive me to God, but they did my husband. Two years ago last August it pleased God to take my dear father to heaven. It seemed as though I could not give him up, yet I did, but not willingly. When I got reconciled to his death, I said, "Never mind, husband; I have you and the children left, I will thank God, take these and make them a happy home." And now I excused myself from going to meeting with this—"home is my place; I must take care of my children. In less than six months God showed me life was uncertain, by taking my husband, with only five days' sickness. Could I say, "The will of the Lord be done," as I saw him in the hands of death? Ah no! It was hard to look up and say, "All is yell," left alone, among strangers, with two small children and no praying friends. I thought it more than I could bear. I promised God I would serve him better if he would give me a chance.

After my husband's death, I came to Pine Island to see my aged mother. Brother T. S. LaDue was preaching there at the time, and I knew nothing of Free Methodism until then. The M. E. Church and the Free Church of course were divided in feeling; and my mother was not at my brother's, where I expected to find her, but gone to Brother E. N. Sumner's, in Cannon Valley. O, how I felt; my mother gone with that low, forsaken people! By what I was told, I thought they were a set of devils! I never could tell how I felt:—God knows one thing, I never could come out entirely against my mother; I would watch and see for myself. I lived there one year and a half, and in my inmost soul believed the F. M. were right, but dare not say so, for I was watched. Once in a while I would go to their meetings, but slyly. A pilgrim would occasionally make me a call, and always pray with me and my children:—M. E. members would call, chat about fashion and worldly goods, and leave without prayer; yet the devil kept telling me not to fall in with the F. M., it would be worse for me.

In October, 1873, I left Pine Island and went to live in the country, and work for my children's board. The place, however, did not prove to be what I expected, and I left. Every way I looked was dark, and in the agony of my soul I said, "Lord, anywhere thou wilt; only lead me and I will serve thee." My way was opened only to Bro. T. S. LaDue's:—I went, was warmly received, fed and prayed for; but the bare idea of becoming a Free Methodist, I could not endure. In Jan. 1874, I went home with Bro. Stephen Enny's people, whom I had seen before. I thought, now I will get near to God, but not do as they do, for what would all my friends say. At family prayer they took my case in hand. I soon saw they were far ahead of me in religion, by the side of them. O, how condemned I felt, and as a mere speck! They prayed for me until 2 o'clock in the morning. I made up my mind that night to walk the narrow way, and go through to the end. O, glory! glory!! I am happy while I write, to think I did decide. O, what an amount of things stood between me and God; but they were all given up and I was justified. Yet at that time God did not show me all the struggles I had to pass through,—Glory to Jesus! Very soon I attended a General Quarterly Meeting at Havana. The first night invitation was given for those who wanted to be sanctified wholly, to come forward. I went, feeling an intense desire for that work. My struggle was great, Satan seemed bound to have me and sift me as wheat; but the Lord gave me a glimpse of His glory, and then I saw the narrow way, and I was just in the edge of it,—a gulf on each side,—a small light ahead, and Jesus ready to lead me. The Spirit asked, "Are you willing to go in this narrow way?"—and O, how narrow it did look—"and was I willing to give up all of my friends and trust in God for the future?" O! the struggle I had; but, glory! when I said I was willing, how the Lord helped me! I was so overpowered I fell to the floor, glory to Jesus! The next

Sabbath I partook of the Lord's supper with the despised Free Methodists, but it was all glory! It is now nearly eight weeks, yet I can say, praise the Lord for every thing! O, those cold professors of religion; that dress like the world, live like the world, and talk like the world: where is their self-denial, for Christ and His cause? God help me in warning them! O, glory, I feel rich! God sees to all of my temporal wants, so when I want any thing I ask God for it. Praise His name! And O! how I love the pilgrims. The Bible is a new book now! And I love to meet with the praying band. I can say Glory now, and am not told "it is all excitement." I want to know more and more of God—my heart washed all clean. I want to launch out into the deep waters of God's love—to do something for God, to make up lost time. Lord, give me something to do! and keep me to the end, is my daily prayer. Pray for me, all of the pilgrim band.

The deluded professor, though shorn of his strength, like Samson, fancies himself the same. "Soul," says he, "thou hast goods laid up for many years;" even for ever: though the Lord manifest himself to thee no more; be neither uneasy nor afraid: he changes not. Sometimes the delusion grows to that height, that the farther he goes from the kingdom of God, the stronger he imagines his faith. He even speaks contemptuously of that Kingdom. He calls "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," a frame, a sensible feeling, a low dispensation, beyond which he has happily got. He thanks God, he can now rest upon the bare word, without an application of it to his heart; that is to say, he can be fully satisfied with the letter without the Spirit; he can feed upon the empty husks of notions and opinions, as if they were power and life. The end of this dreadful mistake is generally a relapse into gross sin.—*Fletcher.*

Unbelief is the confluence of all sins, and binds them all down upon us.

SCRIPTURAL ADMONITIONS.

SELECTED BY M. H. FREELAND.

Beware:—"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits."—Matt. vii. 15, 16.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."—Matt. xvi. 6.

"Beware of covetousness."—Luke xii. 15.

"Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision."—Phil. iii. 2.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world and not after Christ."—Col. ii. 8.

"Beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness."—2 Peter, iii. 17.

"Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee."—Job xxxvi. 18.

BE NOT:—"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines."—Heb. xiii. 9.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. vi. 7.

"Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."—1st Cor. xv. 33.

"Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1st Cor. vi. 9, 10.

"Be not thou, therefore, ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."—2d Tim. i. 8.

"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"—2d Cor. vi. 14.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Rom. xii. 21.

"Be not drunken with wine wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. v. 18.

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

THE STYLISH CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—
been to a stylish one—

And, seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell
you what was done;

You would have been surprised to see what
I saw there to day;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly
bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine—not
much the worse for wear—

But, then, they knew I wasn't one they
called a millionaire;

So they led the old man to a seat away
back by the door;

T'was bookless and uncushioned, a reserved
seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger with a gold
ring and clothing fine:

They led him to a cushioned seat far in
advance of mine;

I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat
him up so near,

When he was young, and I was old, and
very hard to hear.

But, then, there's no no accountin' for what
some people do;

The finest clothing now-a-days oft gets the
finest pew;

But when we reach the blessed home, and
undefiled by sin,

We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate while
poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far
away;

So, through the hour of service I could
only "watch and pray;"

Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting
near me 'round about;

Praying that God would make them pure
within as they were pure without.

While I sat there, lookin' all around upon
the rich and great,

I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the
beggar at his gate;

How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor
beggar's form grew cold,

And the angels bore his spirit to the man-
sions built of gold.

How at last the rich man perished, and his
spirit took its flight

From the purple and fine linen to the home
of endless night;

There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the
beggar in the sky,

"It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death
to die.

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in
that religious fold

Who went up from their dwellings like the
Pharisee of old;

Then returned home from their worship
with their heads uplifted high,

To spurn the hungry from their door with
naught to satisfy.

Out, out with such professions; they are
doin' more to-day

To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's
shinin' way,

Than all the books of infidels; than all
that has been tried

Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—since
Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet
how very grand—

The shells in ocean caverns—the flowers
on the land—

He gilds the clouds of evenin' with gold-
light from His throne,

Not for the rich man only; not for the
poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man,
because of lack of gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew because
his clothes are old?

A heart with noble motives—a heart that
God has blest—

May be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that
faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love
simplicity;

I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's pi-
ety;

Jesus told us in His sermons, in Judea's
mountains wild,

He that wants to go to Heaven must be
like a little child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—
our hearts are beatin' slow—

In a little while the Master will call for
us to go;

When we reach the pearly gateways, and
look in with joyful eyes,

We'll see no stylish worship in the temple
of the skies. —John H. Yates.

The multitude of those that err does
not turn error into truth.—Wesley.

EXPERIENCE.

BY DAVID DEXTER.

It is said frequently, that experience is the best school master, and fools will learn in no other. Do not the wise learn very much in this school, and practice much on what they learn there? Judges, in giving decisions, are governed by precedents as often as by any given statute. Divines teach as much by this method as by any other, and perhaps more. We are very much in favor of this mode of teaching. The Bible is a book containing much experience. Holy men of old wrote and spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. What a wonderful thing it is that the whole ground for the space of three hundred years, was traversed by one of our fellows, holy Enoch! This proves, beyond doubt, that the grace of God will never fail us in our short journey of three score years and ten. Think of the pressure that Job was subjected to! He was in the crucible and endured all but the loss of life; showing that we have something to lean upon in adversities of the severest character. In all this, Job sinned not, neither charged God foolishly. Let us turn to the Psalmist, who gives a different experience. "I waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." "Many shall see it and fear and shall trust in the Lord." Isaiah exclaims, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips. But mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." "And I saw an angel fly with a live coal that he had taken with the tongs from off the altar." Here he got a touch that took away his iniquity. And then how quick he heard the voice, "Who will go for us," and was ready to say, "Here am I, send me." He had got within hearing distance of the Spirit, where all that profess religion should stand, ready to take heed

unto its light. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. And if sons, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." If it doth not fully appear what we shall be, we have the assurance that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him for we shall see him as he is. Glory to his name!

A LEAGUE OF PRAYER.

BY REV. F. BOTTOME.

TUNE—"JOHN BROWN."

In the love that knows no waning, in the
blessedness of peace,
The white-wing'd dove of mercy spreads
her pinions o'er the seas,
And dauntless hope advancing throws her
banner to the breeze

For God is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

Oh! by the widow's groaning, and the or-
phan's bitter tear,
And the tide of desolation that blighteth
everywhere,

In the name of God we stand as one—a
mighty league of prayer!

For God is marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

We bring no hatred in our souls, no fetters
in our hands,
But in the all-resistless power that only
love commands,

We lift our eyes, and wait to see what
faith in God demands,

For God is marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

In vain the spoiler, hand in hand, in proud
defiance calls,

We answer back his hate with peace, and
march around his walls,

Till, at the trumpet-blast of God, the migh-
ty fortress falls,

For God is marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

Then shout the tidings glorious—a glad
and tireless band,

A league of faith to sweep away intempe-
rance from the land,

As the thunders of our legions roll back
from strand to strand,

For God is marching on.

Glory, glory, etc.

VICTORIOUS FAITH.

BY MRS. RAY.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

It is Jesus, and He alone, who saves us and keeps us saved. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." By trusting in Him, we shall be kept by His power unto salvation. And it is the only way. We cannot keep ourselves. We cannot fulfill the law of God—that is, keep His commandments—in but one way. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "It is the bond of perfectness." And that love we cannot manufacture—create. It is "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." Christ must be received into the heart to cleanse and keep it clean; and by His Spirit, actuate, incline us to do those things which are right. Unless we are possessed of His Spirit, we shall find ourselves hankering after the things of the world.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory thro' our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith." So we see it is by faith—trust—that we receive this indwelling Spirit, which is to us "wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."—As He dwells in us, so He will "work in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure." But if we depend upon ourselves, we shall fail; for in ourselves—naturally—dwelleth no good thing. Let us become partakers of the Divine nature—"be filled with the Spirit"—and then we shall walk in the Spirit. Do the will of God, and the strength, wisdom and love which He imparts, will render every task easy, every burden light.

It is easy for us to endure hardships for our children, because we love them. And if we have the love of God in our hearts, it will be easy and pleasant for us to keep His commandments. It is so natural for us to attempt to save ourselves by our works, resolutions, desires

—some human instrumentality,—when there is but *one* way—one name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved—Jesus. He gave His life a ransom for our sins. He lives to intercede, and pleads the merits of His blood to atone for our transgressions, and by the operations of His grace within us, save us from committing sin, or cherishing it in our hearts.

He so enlightens the eyes of our understanding, as to enable us to have "respect to the recompense of the reward, and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Are we tempted? Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life. Are we afflicted? Our light afflictions, which are for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How light they seem when offset by the anticipated joys of heaven! how momentary when compared to the ceaseless ages of eternity!

This Spirit is not of earth. It is from God. It is the Christian Spirit. He suffered, being tempted, yet sinned not. He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,—yet willingly drank the bitter cup.

He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God.

Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay for all His children suffer here. May this glorious anticipation, commingled with the joy of the Lord, so strengthen us, as to render us invincibles on the battle-field of life, in the conflicts between the powers of light and darkness.

What a certain victory to every child of God, who steadfastly fights the fight of faith! And in the Christian armor, girded by the strength of Omnipotence, endowed with wisdom from on high,—surely he may say, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

EDITORIAL.

PRIDE.

Pride will just as certainly shut a person out of Heaven, as sin in any of its grosser forms. This the Bible plainly declares. *A proud look—that is, appearance—is an abomination unto the Lord.*—Prov. vi. 16. Appearances often beget realities. Dispositions and actions often react upon each other. Begin to act mad, and you will soon get mad. Pride of apparel will be accompanied by pride of heart. No one will submit to the tyranny of fashion, unless he has a secret relish for the admiration which fashionable attire is supposed to secure.

If you would keep the favor of God, guard carefully, then, not only against pride, but against a proud appearance.—Avoid in your dress not only the *putting on of gold, and pearls, and costly array*, which the Bible expressly forbids by name, but everything that makes you look stylish and proud. If you are a Christian, take pains to look like a Christian. You will thus be preaching wherever you go. Your walk among men will be a living sermon.

It will add weight to your testimony if your dress corresponds to your language. But how can you expect people to believe what you say, if your appearance contradicts your words? A convicted person is always seeking some cover under which to hide. No matter how heartily their conscience may assent to your words, if you appear to disobey the commands you seek to enforce, they will follow your example rather than your words, and keep on in disobedience. What heed will formal professors or open worldlings give to your denunciations of pride, if you come before them, dressed up as for a fashionable party, in white vest and kid gloves, and other apparel to match? You will be much more likely yourself to tone down in your utterances, than they will be to reform. This is no time to go into battle with dulled swords and defective armor. The enemies of the cross are feeling keenly the vigorous blows which have been

dealt out to them, and they will improve to the utmost every advantage that is offered.

Pride is fast turning the churches of the land into resorts of fashion, and it will not do to give place to it in the heart. Let us take our stand firmly against it, and both by example and precept labor to promote the self-denying religion of Christ. *Be clothed with humility.*

SUBMISSION.

No matter how much grace you have received, you will not keep it until you learn to submit to the will of God. He never intended that any man should have his own way in everything. The Apostle commands, *Be filled with the Spirit, submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.* But many who pray to be filled with the Spirit, want the submission to be all on one side. Others must submit to them, but they cannot yield to others in any matter. They make it a point of conscience to have their own way. Guard against this spirit. It is dangerous in the extreme. It begets a pride of the most subtle and ruinous character. Wherever you can do it with safety, yield, for the sake of yielding, even when you know you are right. It is worth enduring a great deal of inconvenience to have the victory over your own will. Firmness you must have; but if you never give up, firmness will degenerate into obstinacy. Your own opinion must always seem best to yourself, or you would not entertain it; but if it does not seem best to others, learn to yield fully and gracefully.

Many a promising preacher has been lost to the work of God, through the pride engendered by having his own way. He was highly esteemed as a man of deep piety; so wiser men gave up to him in everything. He soon learned to dictate, where it was his province merely to advise; and to command, when he should have sought to persuade. He soon set up for a local Pope, and insisted, in substance, though not in words, that he should be treated as though possessed of infallibility.

GO TO JESUS.

A young lady in England, awakened by reading the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, writes that "Sometimes she feels that Jesus loves her; and then she feels too unworthy to partake of Christ."

Jesus loves you at all times. He wants to do you good. He says, *Come unto me, and I will give you rest.* The dryness of the ground does not always bring rain when it is needed: but the want of Christ always brings the help of Christ. He is the Good Physician—ever ready to fly to the relief of a soul in distress. If you will receive Him, He will restore you. No matter how desperate your condition may be, He is able to effect in you a perfect cure. Sin is powerful; but Christ is mightier than sin. *Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.*—Ps. lxxviii. 18. Now do not let a sense of your unworthiness keep you away. Rather let it drive you in sheer despair to Christ. The worse your case, the more ready He is to undertake it. Let the world go. You will soon have to leave it. The world cannot make you happy. Give yourself fully to Christ. The moment you do, that moment He receives you. Believe it. Receive Him by faith. Unbelief alone can keep Him out. He will make your heart pure, and will fill you with His love. Give yourself to Him now.

SANCTIFIED.

"I wish that you would pray for me, that I may become a sanctified Christian. I do not feel as though I was. J. S. B."

Then give yourself to the Lord fully, in an everlasting covenant to do His will in all things. If you had enlisted to be a soldier in the army, you would know it. So if you are given to God, you can but know it. If this consecration is honestly made, it will not be hard to believe that God accepts you: You are sanctified,—that is, made holy,—by the active agency of the Holy Ghost, through faith. It is

not so difficult to believe God as you may imagine. The difficulty in believing often arises from a want of honesty in confessing to others to whom confession is due, or in not giving up our wills to God's will. It may be so in your case. Look and see. God is ready to do His part. Do yours, and the work will be done. *Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.*

TEMPERANCE.

The war against intemperance is still carried on. The papers state that nearly two thousand saloons have been closed in Ohio since the crusade began. We hope the battle will be waged with increasing vigor, until, in every State in the Union, the law will pronounce it just as great a crime to kill a man by degrees with alcohol, as to kill him at once with a dagger. God has pronounced a wo upon all who are engaged in this traffic, which kills men's souls as well as their bodies.

The following account of an occurrence that actually took place, as attested by many witnesses, we copy from a late number of the *Graphic*:

WORCESTER, Mass., April 15.—A startling incident in connection with the temperance crusade, occurred at East Douglas, a little town near here, last Saturday. A praying-band, instituted by the Methodist church of the place, called on a tavern-keeper named Simpson, and asked him to refrain from selling liquor. His reply was, that he considered it no worse to sell liquor than he did to sell groceries, and, furthermore, whatever might be his opinions, he had chosen the business and would not abandon it. One of the ladies then produced a Bible, and read as follows: "Nor covetous, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

"I knew it before," said Simpson, "but it does not include me."

"We do not desire to bring anything new," a lady replied. "We only wish to call facts to your remembrance. You said it was right to sell, but this shuts all who use it out of the kingdom of heaven; and you don't wish to be shut out, do you, Mr. Simpson?"

Before he could reply, a second lady, who had been turning over the leaves in the Bible, read a second quotation: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh

him drunken also." The lady then read further from another part of the book, but she had hardly begun when all eyes were directed to Mr. Simpson. He leaned back heavily upon the bar, clutching it tightly with both hands; his eyes became fixed and glazed, his lower jaw dropped, and he uttered a long, low groan once or twice. The loungers in the saloon were paralyzed with fear, but some of the ladies sprang to Mr. Simpson's side and steadied him.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "Oh, God! have mercy upon my soul!"

The fast-failing man was removed to his house, and in a few hours he died. To the last his mind was clear, but he remained speechless. The excitement that followed was intense. The death of Mr. Simpson was (and is now) regarded as a direct visitation of God. Those who were present in the saloon spread the news everywhere, and testified that they felt as never before. "I was all bound—unable to stir," said one, and this was the substance of what they all affirmed. The ladies continued their visits, saloon after saloon was closed, and now they are all shut up and the liquor has been removed from the town.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Beloveds, will you not devote a little time to spread the truth, by increasing the circulation of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN? We have asked for two thousand additional subscribers, to commence with the July number. *We expect to have them.*—There are many reasons why we should, and we believe the Lord will help in this matter. One man from a region, by no means specially favorable, has sent us over fifty subscribers. This shows what a little perseverance can accomplish. We ask *every one* of our friends to procure us *one* new subscriber, at least, and as many more as possible.

Send on at once. The June number will be sent gratis to all new subscribers. *Five copies sent for five dollars.* This is a much better offer than the popular one of a chromo. We have chromos offered us for from 15 to 30 cents each, the retail price of which is, as we are assured, from two to ten dollars. We have no desire to extend our circulation by humbug. On our part, we will do all we can to give a monthly freighted with Gospel truth.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have on hand a quantity of back numbers of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, which we desire to send out on their mission of doing good. We have given away hundreds of copies, and we want others to do the same. We will send by mail 20 copies for one dollar, or 100 copies, by express, for four dollars, or 1000 copies, by express, for thirty dollars.

Send on for as many as you can.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Until farther notice, we wish our friends would address us at North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y. In sending money be sure and send it in registered letter: or in an order on the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.—Since the accession of Horatio C. King as publisher, the *Christian at Work* has been much enlarged and improved, and now offers a still greater variety of religious and literary articles, church and secular news, stories for children, etc. The editorials and regular weekly sermons of T. De Witt Talmadge, the special contributions of Spurgeon and Bonar, and the serial story of Marion Harland, are special features of this excellent journal. The terms are \$3 per annum.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHILI SEMINARY.

This is the sweetest place I have ever been in, this side of glory. It is a place where God has His own way, and manifests His power. It is truly a nursery of heaven, and a vine of God's right-hand planting. Christ has the pre-eminence here in all things, and reigns without a rival. To witness fifty or sixty young men, women and children—teachers and all—filled with the love of Jesus, and as free as the mountain air, is a sight that is worth beholding, and causes angels and all heaven to rejoice. Sinners are very scarce in this institution. They do not remain here very long before they bow to the mild

scepter of King Immanuel, and are ready to exclaim:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The sweet simplicity of Christ, that characterizes the true children of God, is clearly visible here. The teachers are highly respected and loved by the scholars, and perfect order prevails. It is like a great, big family of happy, loving and obedient children, all striving to make each other happy, and to assist each other in their studies. At family prayer, the glory of God comes down, and fills the room, and reminds one of the good old days of pentecost, and makes me feel as though I want to be there again. It is the greenest and most fertile spot I know of at present, and my prayer is, that there may be a great many more such places on this earth. If this is not the School of Christ, I do not know what it is.

They get the very best kind of knowledge here; it is "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord," and also a good, thorough education in all the English branches; and also in Greek and Latin, and other languages. God is fitting up these dear young men and women for a life of usefulness here, on earth, and a place in His eternal kingdom. Praise His holy name! The class-meeting on Tuesday evening was one long to be remembered on account of the presence of the Lord.—The testimonies were clear and to the point, and mingled with the sweet praises of God. Brother Roberts led the class, and it was a refreshing season. One young lady got converted, and immediately wanted her dear friend, Martha, blessed. They believe in going right to work to get others saved, and in obeying the injunction of the Lord, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." Love and its twin-sister humility, is the great ruling principle here. There is no distinction—all one in Christ Jesus.

This term is the largest spring term they have had yet. There are students here from different parts of the Union—Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, Binghamton, Roch-

ester, Oil City and Buffalo—and an influence is going out from here that will be felt all through the land, and all through eternity. They have a type of religion that they are not ashamed of, and that the devil cannot frighten them out of. My soul rejoices in God, that He has such a people on this earth,—glory be to God in the highest! If there is any prejudice in the minds of any one against this institution, just go and see for yourself. But be sure you do not forget to take considerable of the Lord's money with you, as they intend, as soon as they can raise the money, to build an addition to the building.—Money given in this direction is lent to the Lord, and will redound to the glory of God. My prayer is, God bless the Chili Seminary, its founder, Brother Roberts, its Teachers, Matron, and its scholars! Amen.

WILLIAM FELL.

Buffalo, N. Y.

DYING TESTIMONY.

SILAS EMORY was born in Brooklyn, Hillsboro Co., N. H., in the year 1796, and came from thence to Fultou, N. Y., in 1815, immediately after the close of the war.—Soon after his arrival here, he and several of his youthful companions became subjects of redeeming grace, and united with the M. E. Church, of which he remained a worthy and devoted member until the day of his death.

His religion was of the positive and active character. Never for a moment doubting its genuineness, he was ready to give a reason for the hope within him, with meekness and with fear. He was always ready to contribute to the support of the gospel; to relieve the wants of the poor and the distressed; to cheer and elevate the fallen. Prompt, earnest and methodical in all his business arrangements and engagements, he had acquired a reputation for honesty and integrity which remained unsullied to the end of his life.

He was remarkable for the evenness and sweetness of his disposition, and the urbanity of his manners. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him; and the universal testimony of all such, is, that

Silas Emory was a good man, an honest and sincere Christian; and his life and uniform deportment fully justified such a verdict. That he shared in the trials and endured many of the troubles incident to life is true, yet he lived above them all in purer and serener skies.

The end of such a life could not be otherwise than peaceful and triumphant. A short time previous to his death, it was evident to his friends that his end was drawing near, and that he was ripening and maturing for the event. His earnestness in his devotions, and the calmness with which he conversed on the subject, was evidence of his ripeness and readiness for the change. Just one week previous to his death, in a social meeting, he rejoiced at the prospect of soon joining the loved ones who had gone before him, and with the venerable father Cooper sang,

"I'm bound for the land of Canaan—
I'm almost there."

And his last words were those of victory and triumph.

HALE K. PATTERSON.—Departed this life, in the early morning of July 25th, 1872, Hale K. Patterson, aged sixteen years, three months and five days, the only child of Lucy T. and Orville K. Patterson.

While God has taken him from his home below, to his home in heaven, we can only say as He said, while He was here, "Not my will, O God, but thine be done."

"Though cast down, we're not forsaken—
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken:
Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

"By Thy hands the boon was given—
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of Earth, and God of Heaven,
Evermore, Thy will be done."

MRS. LUCY J. PATTERSON.

LOVE FEAST.

WM. WATSON.—I can say to the glory of God, that Jesus saves me. My feet press the rock,—bless His name forever! I find this way of the cross a warfare, not with carnal weapons, but with spiritual. I bless God for the sword of the Spirit,

that pierces men to the very heart. It sets them to thinking about the welfare of their souls, and of their neighbors' souls, bless God! A man cannot stop by seeking peace for his own soul, but it makes him think of his fellow-men all around him—not only in his own neighborhood, but in adjoining neighborhoods. I never felt any more like pressing this battle on, than I do at the present time. Although we have men on every side crying out, Peace, peace, when there is no peace, my prayer is to God that He will arouse formal preachers and dead church members to a sense of duty, and help them to see that it takes something besides a form to take men and women to heaven. Although some tell us that there is no use of such a great ado about religion, still, God tells us to seek Him with earnestness and with diligence. He also tells us to pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. When I think of the crown of thorns which was put upon His head, I do not expect to get off with merely a sprinkle of rose-buds; but I know that He is our example, and if we ever get through and have a seat with Him in glory, we will have to follow Him. There are a few who expect to do just what God requires at their hands to gain heaven. I am determined to live in that way, that I may be one of the number that will inherit our Father's land.—Bless God! we have got a few on the Coopersville charge, who are trying to gain that land where God and the angels are. Bless God! they keep the glory in their souls.

Six Corners, Mich.

MRS. HARRIET BRADFORD.—From my heart I can say, Christ was never so near, so dear, so precious to my soul as He has been of late, and is at the present moment. Glory be to God forever! While I am writing, the fire is burning upon the altar of my heart. Oh, for more of that faith which did such wonders of old!—faith that will remove mountains of opposition,—faith that takes hold on God and will not let him go. Yes, glory to God! I have faith in Jesus. He is my physician,—I believe He can cure body and soul. Three

years ago this winter, after long seeking God, and after consecration to Him of soul, and body, and everything I possess on earth, I obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. Glory to God! I shall never forget it. I am determined to keep it as long as I live. I have often been tempted and tried, but I have learned to cast all at the feet of Jesus. It has seemed this last winter, as if the powers of darkness were let loose, and were determined to devour me. I kept continually calling upon God, and looking up to Him for help. I was determined to hold fast my confidence in God, and not give way to unbelief. I could see nothing in myself but weakness, shortcomings, and failings. I did not know that I had done anything wrong, but others thought I had. I cried earnestly to Jesus for help, and found Him to be a strong tower. The enemy began to yield. I continued calling on God for an unmistakable evidence of my acceptance with Him, until late at night. I then retired. As soon as I laid down upon my pillow, I felt myself sink away as if I was dying. I said, Lord, take me. I knew not whether I was in the body or not, there being no person in the house but myself. But I was not alone, for Jesus was with me. I then knew no more of this world. I cannot tell how long I was unconscious. I thought I was walking in a wilderness where trees and bushes were growing, when all at once Jesus stood by me, putting his arm around me, and taking me by the right hand, looking me in the face. He said to me, Cast all your care on me; I have suffered all for you. He told me as often as I would come to Him, He would come to me. He would give me honey in the honey-comb; yes, honey in the white comb. He then was gone. As I became conscious, I asked the meaning of the vision. It was this: The forest is this world. The honey represents the sweets of redeeming grace—the Holy Spirit. The white comb is the pure white robe of righteousness, which is given to the saints of God. Oh, glory to God forever! Hallelujah forever!

H. A. CAMPBELL.—For the glory of God, I want to say to all of the dear pilgrims

everywhere, that I love Jesus and feel like enduring unto the end.

"Creatures no more divide my choice—
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart."

I have trials and tribulations here in Delaware, but in Jesus I do have peace.—Blessed be His holy name! It gives me new courage when I hear Him say, "Be of good cheer." I have overcome the world. By the word of my testimony, and through the blood of the Lamb, I expect to overcome, and range the blest fields on the banks of the river, and shout Hallelujah! for ever and ever.

Milford, Del.

MRS. J. CRIPPEN.—I have taken the EARNEST CHRISTIAN ever since it has been published, and know not how to get along without it. Its pure principles I can heartily endorse. I love this way of salvation by faith. I read in the word of God that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. I believe it, not alone because it is the word of God, but because there really is power in the blood of Christ, to cleanse from all sin. I know this, because it is my experience. Praise God! I feel the impress of purity on my soul to-day. I have perfect confidence in God's power and ability to conduct me through. I have a faith that reaches to God,—bless His name forever! The Lord has had to use some severe discipline to bring me where I stand to-day; but it is all right. Earthly friends, that were near and dear, have been consigned to the grave, that I might trust my Father more fully. I find this holy state of grace, is substantial, solid, permanent; not an earthly shadow, but an eternal substance. Bless the Lord for ever and ever! something that will endure through life. Praise the Lord for so great a salvation!

Mich.

MRS. MARGARET E. WILLIAMS.—It is three years this month since God gave me the faith that works by love and purifies the heart. Thank God! I am no more perplexed and carried about with every

wind of doctrine. God lives in me. I can rejoice at impossibilities, and feel it shall be done. I had a wonderful struggle to get the light; and when victory came, I thought, Now my worst trial must be over. Did I find it so? I tell you, Nay. But God took care of His own. The world and the devil were all in arms against me.—The voice of God said to me, Proclaim this blessing everywhere you go, if you are banished out of the churches; for it is better to fear God than man. Fear Him who, after He has killed the body, hath power to cast into hell. While the devil had the victory over me, he was more quiet; but just as soon as God took the victory to His side, the devil was excited, and those under his power felt just as he did. But did God leave me comfortless? No; His everlasting arms were underneath to beat back the storm. My tongue is too short to express the glorious manifestations of His power, that kept me unmoved in all the persecutions and conflicts in the way.—The blessed Jesus said, "If they persecuted me, they will persecute you also; for the servant is not above his Lord." "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God." The more they threw the ice, the more God fanned up the holy flame. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." I thank God while I write. He says to me, Go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

Dartmouth.

JENNIE TICE.—I am all the Lord's, bless His holy name! His precious blood cleanses me from all sin. Oh, glory! glory be to Jesus. Last night, in class-meeting, God came and filled me unutterably full of glory and of God. It is all glory within,—praise His name forever! He leads me, and I love to follow Him. It is safe to follow Him wherever He leads us.—Glory to the Lamb! it is all joy within; peace and righteousness reign,—glory to the King! It was late when we left the class last night, but we were in good com-

pany,—praise His name! Our beloved class-leader felt he could not leave until God had done a thorough work in the hearts of those who were seeking Him; and one of our Sabbath school scholars, who had been seeking the Saviour, found Him to the joy of her soul,—praise the name of God! She has a dear sister who is also seeking Him, and if she will let go of everything and trust Jesus, He will save her gloriously. When I gave up all and promised to follow Jesus, He came in and took up His abode in my heart; and now He has His own way with me,—bless His name forever!

Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. AMANDA WOOLF.—The Lord sanctified my soul eleven years ago this winter, at a protracted meeting, held in Jacksonville, Iowa. Bro. John Gould was the minister. While I was standing in the door, singing,

"I belong to this band—hallelujah!"

the blessing came down. I hardly knew whether I was in the body or not, such inward joy and peace filled my whole being. Language cannot express it. During these eleven years, the Lord has kept me steadfast and unmoveable. I have proved by blessed experience, that Jesus is a never-failing Saviour, just as able to keep the soul as to save it in the first place. And while I write, the fire burns all through my soul. Glory, hallelujah! Though tried during the last month by both fire and water, His grace is sufficient for me. My feet are pressing solid rock. I regret that this doctrine of holiness is not preached more than it is. Too many do not preach or believe it. Many preach it without the experience in their own souls, or speak of it only in general terms, but not in all its blessed fullness, as taught in the New Testament—a salvation from sin.—Nor do they speak against the extravagance and needless expense in dress, which the New Testament strictly forbids. But I thank the Lord there are a few, who have enough moral courage to come out boldly for Christ's cause, and cry against all sin. May the Lord raise up many more such preachers in Israel, for Jesus' sake!

Eldorado, Iowa.