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EXAMPLES OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

JOB.—The place which the book of Job occupies in the Bible, is calculated to leave a wrong impression as to the time when he lived. We naturally suppose that the Books which are placed first were written first. But this is not always the case. Dr. George Smith, in his "Patriarchal Age," shows conclusively that Job was born about two hundred and eighty years after the death of Noah. He lived in Arabia when Babylon and Assyria were in their infancy. The book of Job, probably written by Job himself, is, without doubt, the oldest book in existence. As a literary production it challenges our highest admiration. Its poetry is in the most exalted strain, and its allusions to natural science have stood the test of the criticism of ages.

As to the character of Job, God himself bears the clearest testimony. He calls him his servant, and says, *There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and a righteous man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil.* He manifested his piety under a great variety of circumstances, and with the most satisfactory results.

He is mentioned in the Bible as one of the three holy men who had the

greatest power with God. *Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God.*—Ezek. xiv. 14.

Let us look, first, at some of the elements of the character of this man who stood thus high in the favor of God.

1. He was a perfect man. The word "perfect" as used in the Bible in this, and in similar connections, is a qualifying term, not so much of degree, as of kind. It signifies "whole," "complete," with nothing lacking. It implies not an excess of one moral quality, and a corresponding lack in others, but the harmonious blending of all moral virtues in their proper proportions. There are, and always have been, but few such saints in the world. With the most, there is a want of symmetry. Their lives present the appearance of a mountainous country—sometimes up, sometimes down. Their graces are out of proportion. But Job's character was duly balanced. This is not only implied in the term "perfect," but it also appears from the other qualities ascribed to him.

2. *He was an upright man.* This is the character that man possessed before the fall. *God made man upright.* Job had regained this original character. He was governed in all the relations of life by the principles of sterling integrity.

No opportunity to promote his personal interests could cause him to swerve from the right, in the slightest degree. The holiness that does not make men honest, is hypocrisy and not holiness.

Uprightness is that disposition which leads one to give to all that which is their due. A man who binds himself by oaths and obligations to screen from justice those with whom he is associated, cannot passibly be an upright man. The heavy oaths that are upon him make him lean from the right. As long as he acknowledges the binding force of these obligations, it is impossible for him to be an upright man. They are intended to make him lean. Unless this object is secured they are an utter failure. But Job was free to deal justly with all men. He gave no preferences to one above another on account of any associations or connections.

3. *He feared God.* He was not a cold, heathen moralist. He had a deep, abiding reverence for His Creator. The fear of incurring the displeasure of God was a controlling element in his nature. *My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food. But he is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me; and many such things are with him. Therefore am I troubled at his presence: when I consider I am afraid of him.*—Job, xxiii. 11–15.

There can be no true holiness without the fear of God. The piety that leaves this out, is weak and enervated, and always gives way under pressure of temptation. It is earthly in its origin, earthly

in its motives, policy and tendency.

4. *He avoided sin.* This follows as a natural consequence of fearing God. *The fear of the Lord is to depart from evil.*—That is—it leads men to depart from all moral evil; or sin. Where wickedness openly and generally prevails, it will be found that the fear of God has been thrown off. In revivals, where the converts remain proud and dressy as before, and hold on to all their worldly associations, it will be found that the preaching is of that nature that is not calculated to produce much of the fear of God. *Knowing the terrors of the Lord we persuade men.* The old revivalists, such as Wesley, Edwards, Knapp and Redfield, whose converts generally held out in the narrow way, were men who proclaimed the law of God in thunder tones, and laid the foundation for a genuine Christian experience and a consistent Christian life, by begetting in the minds of their hearers a salutary fear of God.

Job exemplified the principles of holiness in all the relations of life, and under the most trying circumstances.

As a father, how careful he was of the spiritual welfare of his 'children! *And it was so when the days of their feasting were gone about, that Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt-offering according to the number of them all: for Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.*

As a ruler—for Job as a patriarch was a ruler among his people,—he was just and merciful. Such was his uprightness as a judge that he was treated with the greatest respect by all. *When I went out to the gate through the city; when I prepared my seat in the street—*

where to this day in oriental cities judges hold their courts,—*The young men saw me and hid themselves; and the aged arose and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth. The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.*—Job, xxix. 7-17.

Would that all our magistrates were men of this character. Thus did Job exemplify holiness in prosperity.

But reverses came upon him. His children were cut down suddenly by the whirlwind's stroke. His property was swept away; a foul disease preyed upon his body; his friends decided against him—as friends are very apt to do when we need them most; and even the wife of his bosom turned against him, and reproachingly said, *Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die.* Yet under this accumulation of trials, Job's faith in God never for an instant gave way. He maintained his fidelity to God to the last.

True holiness is adapted to us equally in all the relations and in all the circumstances of life. It is a crown of beauty to the young, an unfailing source of strength to the middle aged, an un-

wavering support to the aged, and to all a safe covering from the scorching rays of prosperity and the blasting storms of adversity. FOLLOW HOLINESS WITHOUT WHICH NO MAN SHALL SEE THE LORD.

A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

A touching African story is told by the missionary Moffat, of his coming to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River, hungry and fatigued. He and his companions were treated roughly, and ordered to halt at a distance; they asked for water, but they would not supply it; he offered at last three or four buttons off his coat for a little milk, and was refused; they had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight came, a woman appeared, who bore on her head a bundle of wood, and a vessel of milk in her hand. She laid these down, said nothing, but went her way. A second time she comes to them, with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other; she prepares a fire and cooks the food; she was long silent, until affectionately entreated to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers; then the tear stole down her sable cheek, and she replied, "I love Him whose servants you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name; my heart is full, I can't speak for the joy of seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

And what was her history? She was a solitary light in a dark place. When asked how she kept up the light of God in her soul, she drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, she had received in a missionary school. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn." We may imagine with what feelings Moffat must have looked on this precious copy, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.—*W. E. Malcolm.*

SANCTIFICATION THROUGH THE TRUTH.

The Holy Ghost is the Sanctifier of the saints. It is important, however, to understand the nature of His work. So far as we can see, it is no part of His office, in this age, to reveal truth. All that is necessary to know in order to salvation He has revealed already, through the "holy men of God," who wrote the Scriptures. He who imagines he has been taught by direct revelation some new truth respecting the character and moral government of God, or the way to be saved, is certainly mistaken. He is becoming a victim of spiritual pride, and is on the highway to fanaticism. There is scarcely any error more dangerous than that of a blind, unreasoning faith in mere impressions. We are commanded not to believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they be of God. But how can we do this otherwise than by bringing them to the test of the written Word?

The doctrine of the New Testament is, that while our redemption from the power and pollution of sin is the work of the Holy Spirit, that work is wrought, not by the *revelation* of truth to the *mind*, but by the *application* of truth to the *heart*. He is the source of all purifying influence; the truth is the medium through which the influence flows. "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."

"To us at this day the Word has come, and to us at this day the anointing of the Holy One flows down. For you, for me, (thank God!) the teaching of the Spirit remains. It remains for the servants and the handmaids; and many an obscure and lowly brother in the streets around us, can say for himself as truly as St. Paul could say, 'I have received the Spirit that is of God, that I may know the things which are freely given to me of God.' But one who thus speaks can know that his convictions are really the teaching of the Spirit of God only so far as they correspond with the eternal types of truth, which ascertain to us what the teaching

of the Spirit is. Now, as in the apostolic days, he which is spiritual can show that he is so only 'by acknowledging that the things which' these appointed teachers 'wrote to us are commandments of the Lord;' for the gift of the Holy Ghost to others, is not a gift whereby they originate the knowledge of new truths, but a gift whereby they recognize and apprehend the old, unchanging mystery,—still receiving afresh the one revelation of Christ, ever approaching, never surpassing, the comprehensive but immovable boundaries of the faith once delivered to the saints. This is the gift which makes the written Word a living Word, which fills a church with joy, and seals a soul for glory."*

The Scriptures will be to us a dead letter or "a living Word," according to the state of heart in which we read them. Many readers of the Bible fail to obtain from it either light or comfort, because their hearts are not honest.—They are not walking in the light already given. They are conscious of resistance to the will of God. It may be in a little thing, but it is important enough to make the eye evil. No wonder that the whole body is full of darkness. "It is worthy of notice," says Professor Upham, "that we have in this book abundant promises that those who will sincerely seek to obtain knowledge shall have assistance. God says in various forms of expression, Try to know, and I will help you to know; seek me, and ye shall find me."

Let a man, however ignorant, receive the Scriptures as the Thessalonians received the preaching of the apostle, "not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God;" renouncing every forbidden thing, and fulfilling every known requirement, and the Holy Ghost will soon show him Christ as the propitiation for his sins.

Let him, after he has been filled with joy and peace in believing, "follow on to know the Lord," and the Spirit of truth will guide him into all truth. Seeing, more clearly than before his con-

*Bernard.

version, how "exceeding broad" is the commandment, extending, not to his words and actions merely, but to his thoughts, his desires, his motives, he will discover the corruption yet remaining in his nature, and will long for deliverance. Nor will the Spirit leave him here. But as with an obedient heart he continues his search for truth, floods of light will fall upon the sacred page. Everywhere he will see promises, precepts, exhortations, inspired prayers, all teaching him that his longing desires may be fulfilled, and directing him to Christ as a present Saviour from all sin. His timorous spirit is ready to shrink at the thought of the self-denial, the cross, the singularity, the confession; but stronger than all his fears is his desire to be pure in heart, and he resigns his whole being into the hands of his Saviour. His confidence in Christ's love and power and promises, is too strong to allow him to question whether or not the offering is accepted; nor has he room for a doubt whether an offering which Christ accepts can remain unholy. Such faith is never dishonored. He is sanctified—entirely sanctified—through the truth.

But the believer who has been made perfect in love must grow in grace.—Growth is a necessity of his spiritual life. His growth in grace, however, will only keep pace with his growth in "the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And this knowledge can be increased only by a reverent and prayerful study of the written Word. No books, however earnest and spiritual their tone, will serve the Christian as substitutes for the Word of God. There probably never was a time when a caution on this head was more needful. The press teems with religious literature. There is some of it that it is almost necessary to read. There is much more that is stimulating and helpful. But there is danger lest in our eagerness to read it, we should neglect the sacred oracles, reading them hastily and thoughtlessly. It is said of Henry Martyn, that "so deep was his veneration for the Word of God, that when a

suspicion arose in his mind that any other book he might be studying was about to gain an undue influence over his affections, he *instantly* laid it aside, nor would he resume it till he had felt and realized the paramount excellence of the divine oracles." Can any one doubt that this was the secret of his intense devotion to the cause of his Master?

It is of such a man that the Psalmist speaks when he says, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Those who neglect the Bible are like trees planted at a distance from the river. For the most part they are unfruitful. Now and then, when special showers descend, and the river overflows its banks, they show signs of life and bear some fruit. But when the special visitation is over, and the river falls to its ordinary level, they are as barren as before. Who would not rather be a tree planted by the river, bearing fruit in his season; deriving, through the written Word of God, comfort in sorrow, submission in trial, patience under provocation, deliverance from anxious care, strength to overcome the world, grace to resist temptation, fellowship with God, power to offer prevailing prayer, sanctification from all sin?

"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be SANCTIFIED THROUGH THE TRUTH."—*King's Highway.*

Bishop Pierce, of the M. E. Church South, says in his letters in the *Southern Christian Advocate*, in regard to preaching: "Never mind about the preaching. The preachers are corrupted, and the churches are nearly ruined, by reports of big sermons by which nothing is achieved. I would not give one of Jeremiah's naughty figs for the flashing rhetoric which plays like sheet lightning about the summer clouds. I want the bolt that strikes, and rends, and burns. What of grace, style, elocution, if penitence sheds no tears, and faith feels no rapture!"

FAULT-FINDERS.

BY S. E. ULLYETTE.

There are more or less fault-finders to be found in every community, and even in most religious societies. There are different ways of finding fault. We do not always have to speak of things to find fault with them, but by a cold and indifferent manner we can show our displeasure sometimes more plainly than in any other way.

I do not mean that we are never to be displeased at wickedness, or to speak of things we know are wrong, for God tells us to, "Cry aloud and spare not;" but what I mean, is that we should not find fault with one another as Christians. When, at times, God in wonderful power visits his children, and they, under the influence of the Spirit, shout, laugh, jump or run, we hear some saying, "O, this is awful, let Christians be sober!" Or they shake their heads, and say, "What a pity, that so many should get out of the 'way!'" "They are really fanatical." Well, how was it at the day of Pentecost? Were they all sober? If so, they never would have been called drunken. Were they fanatical? No, they were filled with the Spirit. Now we approve of all that God approves of, and we will quote a little from His "Word." "Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." And again, "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains." In the second book of Samuel, we read that, "David danced before the Lord with *all his might*." And as the Ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window and saw David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart." Even in that early day there were fault-finders. Comparatively little fault is found with those who are the most quiet; for Satan does not fear much harm from them. Do not understand me to say there are no still Christians, for I be-

lieve there are some; but this I say, that the more a Christian follows Jesus, and the more of a stir he makes in the world for Him, the more Satan hates him and the more he is found fault with. We hear God saying to us through His servant, "There are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, 'I have no need of thee;' nor again the head to the feet, 'I have no need of you.'" "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular. And whether one member suffer, all suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." This should be the way with all God's children, instead of finding fault; we should pray one for another, and exhort one another. Do not think because you are found fault with by the world and by formal professors, that you are not Christians, for if you live as God would have you, this will be, for, "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution."

Then, again, we hear God's ministers found fault with. One preaches too long, another too loud, another too low, another too slow, another is awkward, and has not enough style. We know not what a cross it may be for some to preach as they do; and do we help them by our fault finding? What if they are not dressed in the latest style! We, as Christians, have renounced the world, and should not expect, or want to have worldly ministers to preach to us. What we want, is men full of the Holy Ghost, and then the work will go on.

"But they are so awkward," we hear some say. Well, if God calls them, let Him take care of his own work and we will have enough to think about, if we attend to what He gives us to do. Then we hear it said: "Well, at least, they might have good clothes, if they are not so nice." Now, who is to blame for this. It is our business to see that they have money enough, that they

might buy all needed articles. Does not the Lord say, "The laborer is worthy of his reward?" And again, "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." Our ministers need more of the prayers of the people. It will do them more good than to be found fault with. Then we hear fault found with the Conferences. "They ought to have known we did not want *this* or that minister!"

Now, if we would be perfectly happy, we must stop finding fault with all these, and ask the Lord to order all these things, and then be satisfied with the way he does them. It is an awful thing to find fault with God, and these are a worse class than any of those we have spoken of. *God makes all work together for our good.* We know not what is for our good; though sometimes, with our short-sighted vision, we try to peer into the future, to see what lies beyond for us to bear, or to enjoy; and, catching sight of a very little, we think we can see, far in the future, great blessings that will make us happy; but when the time comes, if the blessing, instead of being of a joyful nature, should be one of grief, we are apt to murmur, or find fault with God. Often when we have our plans laid, they are frustrated. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways, my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Then do we always do the Lord's bidding, as he tells us, and at the time, and places we should? He says, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world." Finally, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." Let us not each esteem ourselves better than others, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves." If we would each do this, we would not see the faults of others as

much, even though we should not think alike in every thing, we would still love each other.

EXPERIENCE.

BY IDA M. HULING.

In the year 1867, I joined, with a great many others, the M. E. Church of Saratoga Springs. I was then only twelve years of age. The head members told me I was converted, and I thought I was; I knew I did not live right; but on looking around me and seeing others who were no nearer right than I, and who professed great things in God, I thought there was no use in thinking of being any better than they.

I attended parties and theaters, and played cards with those who were in good standing in the church. I thought as long as I attended church, prayer-meeting, and class meeting, that one day I should gain heaven. I, of course, thought I could dress as I pleased, and my pleasure then was to get on as much as I could, and not look in the eyes of the world "over-loaded."

In 1873, I was induced to attend the Free Methodist Church, for the first time in my life. There, I heard things entirely new to me. I knew they had something which I had not. I became deeply convicted of sin, and called on Bro. Mathews, the pastor of the church there. He talked to me of the importance of giving up the world with its sins, and giving my heart unreservedly to Christ. But I thought it too much to "come out from the world and be separate," in the sense which he spoke of. I did not think the Lord required it. I did not think dress hindered me, for I would not believe I was proud.

I was taken sick shortly after, and did not attend any of the F. M. meetings for some time. When I recovered, I went around to places of amusement the same as before, and partially forgot all about Free Methodists. I must say, however, I could not go as deeply in sin as before I heard their preaching.

In November of this year—1873—I

went again, out of curiosity. I had attended but two or three meetings, when the truth again began to send conviction to my heart; and I did really want to be a Christian, in the true sense of the word. As the light shone on my heart, I could see no other way than to "come out from the world and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing;" and the promise was, "God will receive you." Then came the "giving up," little by little, little by little. I was fond of young company, and had a large circle of acquaintances; but they all had to go. In regard to dress, Oh! I thought, if I could only wear just a little—just enough to take off the reproach; but I could not do it. I had to "lay aside every weight," until I stood out plain for God, before Jesus spoke peace to my soul. But when I felt that the great God above was reconciled, and that "Jesus loved even me," I felt amply repaid for all that I had done; indeed, it seemed very little in comparison with what Jesus suffered for my sake. After He had been so kind to me, and given me so much of His love, it did not seem possible that I could grieve Him as I did afterwards.

The light kept shining on my heart, and showing me so many crosses I would have to take up if I kept on following God in the way I had commenced—and when I saw others that did not go as strait as I, and seemingly having so much of the glory of God in their hearts—, I thought, Why can not I do and wear what they do? After awhile, through the influence of friends (?) and the devil, I yielded and went back to my old habits.

No one can tell what an aching heart I carried beneath a smiling face at that time. But thanks be to God! He did not permit me to go on in that way long; for during the protracted meetings this spring, I was again enabled to give up all for Christ, and to "tear up the bridges," and on the 9th of March, God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. I felt, for a season, like praising the Lord all the time. Then temptation came, and sometimes it would seem as

if I would fall by the way; but Jesus kept me, and gave me to see that I could have ALL evil taken out of my heart, and be perfectly pure within—to live so near Christ that temptation would be all on the outside. I commenced seeking for the blessing of sanctification. Oh, how the evil one would tempt me! A great many times, it would seem as though there was no use in seeking any longer. At last, I made up my mind, *I would have it any way.* The Lord had promised it, and why could not I claim the promises as well as any one else! I gave myself, and all I had, and all I expected to have, to the Lord, and waited patiently for His salvation. *And it came.* Yes, it did. The 9th of this May, the Lord Jesus came in to my heart, cleansed it, and made it pure. Praise His name for ever and ever! And He will do the same for *any one* who is willing to pay the price, and die out to the world and its applause. I know it is hard to die, but you are in a blessed place after you *are* dead.

I do thank the Lord, He is enabling me to walk in the narrow way with Him. I am striving to keep step with the Master all the way. Oh, bless the Lord for His goodness and mercy to even me! I do love this way. I am learning of the Lord Jesus. Oh, it does pay to give up all for Christ! I am so glad I have given Him my heart in my youth. The remainder of my days I mean to spend in working for Jesus, and praising Him while I have breath.

To you who are seeking for perfect love, I would say, Go on; for although I am young in years, I know what it is. Give yourself wholly to the Lord, then claim the promises. Believe you receive, and Jesus will save you, as He has saved me. Glory be to Jesus for ever and ever! You who have faith in God, pray for me, that my faith fail not. The pilgrims will always have the prayers of Ida M. Huling.

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

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY HANNAH PELTON.

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, the morning cometh, also the night,"—Isaiah xxi. 11.

What a life of faith lived those prophets of the dark ages, God's true and tried ones, walking lights in the darkness of superstition, gross ignorance and idolatry. What of the night? The cheering answer comes, "The morning cometh and also the night." Yes truly the night of spiritual darkness hung over the earth. Its dense blackness enveloped the minds of multitudes. But look! over those hills of Bethlehem shines out the bright morning star, and to the wondering shepherds appears an angel from heaven; and with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." What a glorious dawning was this for poor, fallen man!

Christian pilgrim, what of the night? As through this wilderness we go, is "the bright morning star" just before, guiding you to those fields of light and glory? True it is, it leads not the way through paths of mirth and worldly fame, neither will it lead to seek the honors bestowed by fellow-man, their flattery or friendship; for has He not said, "I am not of this world?" It leads not to display and aggrandizement:—no, that star of old, that light from heaven still leads the way to the most unassuming, unpretentious of all paths. "Narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." As the ages move along, does the "old way" change? Does the bright morning star illumine other paths than those in which the Saviour walked? No! "For I am the Lord, I change not." True it is there seems to be other ways, in which throng the multitude, and as certainly true is it, that the "bright morning star,"—Rev. xxii. 16, leads not to those ways. That leads to a way, and it shall be called the "highway of holiness, and no unclean thing

passes over it." O, what a fascinating glory comes from its every ray! How it lights up the bleak and sombre hues of mortal life! Lights us on, and as we go, those who are wise so absorb those rays of light, that, according to the prophecy, "they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Luke-warm Christian, with a mere profession, with no enjoyment,—What of the night! Do you feel those vitalizing rays of glory, as you so silently go life's brief way? No, it is not possible; for in reading the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Rev., God plainly tells us how repulsive is the position such an one occupies. His life is any thing but pleasing. He knows not that he is wretched, poor, blind and naked, though he thinks himself rich. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." Yes, "that bright morning star" needs to be seen; its influence felt. Its reflection on the heart is the seal that stamps your title to that heavenly home. O! hasten and "put on the armor of light, for the night is far spent, the day is at hand, cast off the works of darkness."

Unconverted friend, What of the night! Know you not "that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night?" With what stealth does the thief approach, hid by the thick darkness,—noiseless—unseen. So, very often, does death come upon one in life, enveloped in sin's darkness, blind to soul-peril. He has health, pleasure, the looking forward to a cheery, long life, as suddenly taken from him as are the spoils taken from the owner by the midnight thief. The living note for a brief time the vacant place, but is this all? O no! "that bright morning star" has been unnoticed, which would have piloted you to the realm of light and glory, and in Death's grasp you certainly

and surely go down to darkness without its light.

Hobbes, a well known infidel of a century and a half ago, lived to be upwards of ninety, and, notwithstanding all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that he was 'about to take a leap in the dark.'

"The morning cometh, and also the night." The day of probation, the time of repentance, a morning of God's long-suffering kindness. Time waits for none. The night will come. O, what of the night! Are you ready for that great awakening? "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch-angel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Those that have followed in the way the Saviour walked, that of self-denial, with its crosses, its toils, and also its glory and happiness, shall rise and have their place at the right hand of God.

Present realities ever mark man's way through life. They may startle, affright, excite, grieve,—or, it may be, occasion pleasurable and joyous emotions. So will it be with that great day, that is to sum up all time; the great account of humanity is balanced. Time is no longer, and a never-ending existence is entered upon. Is it wise to be careless and indifferent in regard to such a wonderful future that is to come? It certainly is the height of madness and folly. O, what of the night! Are its dark shades about you? Let us be the children of light, and the children of the day, and not of the night, nor of darkness. 1 Thess. v. 5.—"Let us watch and be sober, putting on the breast plate of faith and love; and for an helmet the hope of salvation." Thus clad will we arise above the terrible scene, when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." Seeing, then,

that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness.

The night of Satan's kingdom will no longer shadow over the earth, for there shall be a new heaven and a new earth; there shall be no night there. For the glory of God will lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, the bright morning star.

Awake from that perilous indifference, that *fatal sleep of night*, and behold the glorious morning of God's goodness, mercy and love! Walk in the glorious light of holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord; then shall you see the King in his glory, and forever abide in His presence.

THE CANAANITES NOT EXPELLED.

"The Canaanites would dwell in the land." They wished to arrange the matter agreeably; they made friendly overtures to the men of Manasseh to be permitted to remain—a permission which was granted them on condition of their paying tribute. Such is the attitude which, in these latter days, the world frequently assumes toward the church of Christ in Christian countries. It is willing enough to pay tribute, both in gold and outward forms of difference, if only the church will allow it a peaceable lodging, and refrain from using against it the sword of the Spirit. Too often has the church, like the men of Manasseh, consented to accept tribute-money, whether of the state or private individuals, as the price of permitting the world to remain unmolested within its borders; and how often has she found in her bitter experience, the degrading and enslaving effect of such compromises,—verifying to the letter the prediction of Joshua in regard to such unhallowed connections. "They shall be snares and traps unto you and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes."—From "*Men of Faith*," by L. H. Wiseman.

Come out from among them!

"WORK WHILE IT IS DAY."

BY WILLIAM FELL.

God has a work for each one of us to do, and we have but a short time to do it in. He says, by the mouth of His apostle, "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men." Every day of our lives there is a chance to do good: look where we will we see souls bound for the Judgment. The command is, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The business of every child of God is to do all he can to win souls to Christ. We cannot have the love of God in our hearts long, and refuse to do it. "He that doeth good is of God." There will be no danger of your backsliding and growing cold and languid while you are doing good. You will have no time to parley with the devil, and get tried with this one and that one, if you are about your Master's work; your whole ambition will be to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. God says, "Go work." He has no idlers in his vineyard, they are all up and doing: they know that time is short, and what they do must be done quickly. They see souls dropping into hell all around them, and they are anxious and in earnest to "pluck them as brands from the eternal burning." If you want to know what pleases God, and what will cause his blessings to fall propitiously upon you, it is, "To do good and to communicate, forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Heb. xiii. 16. Christ says, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." If we are not doing something for God, the Devil will be doing something for us; "for he will always find some work for idle hands to do." Let a man cease work, and the devil, with his black wing, will fan him to sleep in a little while. Again, God says by his word, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—James, iv. 17. We have no time to set down and take

our comfort and ease. This is not our resting place. God says, "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion." It is a fearful thing to profess to be a follower of Christ and do nothing;—to allow sinners to go down to hell without warning them;—to be where men are cursing God and never reprove them;—to allow the Sabbath to be broken with impunity, and not lift your voice against it. Dearly beloved, you cannot have God's love dwelling in your heart, and neglect these things. God says, "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." You are a deceived man if you think you can get to heaven without doing something for the Master. You will dry up and become a withered branch, unless you do. There are too many dead branches in the church already, and soon they will be "gathered up and burned." Christ says, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." The work of God is hindered because there are so many dead, rotten branches in the church, and sinners are stumbling right over them into hell. A dead man or a dead woman is a useless thing to have in the church; they are no benefit to themselves or any one else. O God, help us to kindle such a fire of love around them that they cannot stand it, so that they will be glad to fly to Jesus and get blessed! The word of God says, "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."—James, i. 25. Time is short, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," and God wants us to make the very best of our time. Soon we must all stand before Him, and He cannot say, "Well done" to us if we have not been doing well. God cannot lie. If we will lay ourselves out on God's altar, for a life of usefulness, he will use us in winning souls, and O! who wants any greater honor than this? It is a work that angels would be glad to do,

but they cannot do it. God in his great mercy and love has conferred the great honor upon us poor creatures of earth. All glory, honor and praise to his Holy name! Amen.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

I shall proceed, first, to show the absurdity of that doctrine that pleads for sin for the term of life, even in the saints. Secondly, to prove this doctrine of perfection, from many pregnant testimonies of the Holy Scriptures; and lastly, to answer the arguments and objections of our opposers. First, then, this doctrine, viz:—That the saints never can, nor ever will be free from sinning in this life, is inconsistent with the wisdom of God, and with His glorious power and majesty, “who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,” who, having purposed to Himself to gather to Him them that should worship Him, and be witnesses for Him on earth, a chosen people, doth also, no doubt, sanctify and purify them. For God hath no delight in iniquity, but abhors transgression; and though he regard man in transgression so far as to pity him, and afford him means to come out of it, yet He loves him not, neither delights in him, as he is joined thereunto. Wherefore if man must always be joined to sin, then God would always be at a distance with him; as it is written, “your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you;” whereas, on the contrary, the saints are said to partake, even while here, “of the Divine nature” and to be one spirit with the Lord. Now no unclean thing can be so. It is expressly written, that there is no communion betwixt light and darkness; but God is light, and every sin is darkness in a measure. What greater stain, then, can there be than this upon God’s wisdom, as if He had been wanting to prepare a means, whereby His children might perfectly serve and worship Him, or had not provided a way whereby they might serve Him in any thing, but that they must withal still serve the devil

no less, yea, more than Himself? For, “He that sinneth, is the servant of sin” and every sin is an act of service and obedience to the devil. So, then, if the saints sin daily, in thought, word and deed, yea, if the very service they offer to God be sin, surely they serve the devil more than they do God; for besides that they give the devil many entire services, without mixture of the least grain to God, they give God not the least service in which the devil hath not a share; and if their prayer and all their spiritual performances be sinful, the devil is as much served by them in these as God, and in most of them much more, since they confess that many of them are performed without the leadings and influence of God’s Spirit. Now, who would not account him a foolish master, among men, who, being able to do it, and also desirous it might be so, yet would not provide a way whereby his children and servants might serve him more entirely than his avowed enemy; or would not guard against their serving of him, but be so imprudent and unadvised in his contrivances, that whatever way his children and servants served him, they would no less, yea, often much more, serve his enemy? What, then, may we think of that doctrine that would infer this folly upon the Omnipotent and only wise God? Secondly, it is inconsistent with the justice of God. For, since He requires purity from His children, and commands them to abstain from every iniquity, so frequently and precisely as shall hereafter appear, and since His wrath is revealed against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, it must needs follow, that He hath capacitated man to answer His will, or else that He requires more than He has given power to perform; which is to declare Him openly unjust, and with the slothful servant, to be a hard master. We have elsewhere spoken of the injustice these men ascribe to God, in making Him damn the wicked, to whom they alledge He never afforded any means of being good; but this is yet an aggravation more irrational and in-

consistent, to say that God will not afford to these, whom He hath chosen to be His own, whom they confess He loveth, the means to please Him. What can follow, then, from so strange a doctrine? Thirdly, this evil doctrine is highly injurious to Jesus Christ, and greatly derogates from the power and virtue of His sacrifice, and renders His coming and ministry, as to the great end of it, ineffectual. For Christ, as for other ends, so principally He appeared for the removing of sin, for the gathering of a righteous generation, that might serve the Lord in purity of mind, and walk before Him in fear, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and that evangelical perfection which the law could not do. Hence He is said, "to have given Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." How are they zealous of good works, who are ever committing evil ones? How are they a purified people, that are still in impurity, as they are that daily sin, unless sin be accounted no impurity? Moreover, it is said expressly, that, "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil; and ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins." But these men make His purpose of none effect; for they will not have the Son of God destroy the works of the devil in His children in this world, neither will they at all believe that He was manifested to take away our sins, seeing they plead a necessity of always living in them, as if it were spoken only of taking away the guilt of sin, as if it related not to this life, the apostle as if of purpose to obviate such an objection, adds in the following verses, "Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not;" "Let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness, is righteous, even as he is righteous; he that commiteth sin is of the devil," but he that sinneth daily, in thought, word and deed, commiteth sin. Fourthly, this doctrine renders the work of the ministry, the preaching of the word, the writing of the Scriptures,

and the prayers of the saints, altogether useless and ineffectual. As to the first, pastors and teachers are said to be given for the perfection of the saints, etc., until "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 fullness of Christ." What needs preaching against sin, for the reproving of which all preaching is, if it can never be forsaken? Our adversaries are exalters of the Scriptures in words, much crying up their usefulness and perfection; now the apostle tells us that the "Scriptures are for making the man of God perfect;" and if this be denied to be attainable in this life, then the Scriptures are of no profit; for in the other life we shall not have use for them. It renders the prayers of saints altogether useless, seeing themselves do also confess they ought to pray daily that God would deliver them from evil, and free them from sin, by the help of His Spirit and grace, while in this world. But though we might suppose this absurdity to follow, that their prayers are without faith, yet were not that so much, if it did not infer the like upon the holy apostle, who prayed earnestly for this end, and therefore no doubt believed it attainable, "Laboring fervently for you in prayer, that ye may stand perfect," etc., — 1 Thess. iii. 13, and v. 23.—
Robert Barclay.

Half-reformation in a Christians turns to his prejudice: it is only best to be reformed throughout, and to give up all idols: not to live one half to himself and the world, and as it were another half to God, for that is but falsely so, and in reality cannot be. The only way is, to make a heap of all, to have all sacrificed together, and to live to no lust, but altogether and only to God. Thus it must be: there is no monster in the new creation, no half new creation—*either all, or not at all.* We have to do with the Maker and the Searcher of the heart, and he will have nothing unless he have the heart, and none of that neither, unless he have it all.—*Leighton.*

HOW THE INQUISITION AT MADRID WAS DESTROYED.

In the year 1809, Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to a part of Napoleon's army stationed at Madrid; and while in that city, the Colonel used to express his opinions freely among the people, against the priests and Jesuits of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the French emperor that the Inquisition and monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened.

One night, about twelve o'clock, as the Colonel was walking along one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men suddenly sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, fortunately he saw at a distance the lights of the patroles, *that is*, French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, while they were hastening to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels, and escaped,—not, however, before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

In great indignation at the assault, the Colonel went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress the institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. The Colonel having told him that his regiment,—the 9th of the Polish Lancers,—was not sufficient for such a service, without the aid of two additional regiments, the troops required were granted. One of these regiments was the 17th, under the command of Colonel de Lile, subsequently pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles. The troops marched to fulfil the destined object to the Inquisition, which was about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a

wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When arrived at the walls, the Colonel addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket, and shot one of the Colonel's men.

This was a signal of attack, and the Colonel ordered his troops to fire upon those that appeared on the walls. It was soon obvious that the warfare was unequal. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with soldiers of the holy office, and there was a breastwork upon the walls, behind which they partially covered themselves as they discharged their muskets. The French troops were in an open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. They had no cannon, nor could they scale the walls; and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. The Colonel could not retire, and send for cannon to break through the walls, without much loss of time. He, therefore, changed the mode of attack, and directed that some trees should be cut down, trimmed, and used as battering-rams. Two large trees were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power that they could exert; while the other troops kept up a fire to protect their comrades from that fire which poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here they met with an incident, to which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as the French were making their way into the interior of the Inquisition; and with long faces and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been

deaf to all the noise of the attack and defense, and had only just heard what was going on, addressed themselves in language of seeming rebuke to their own soldiers, and asked, "Why do you fight against our friends the French?" The intention was, doubtless, to make their assailants think that the resistance was wholly unauthorized by them; and if they had succeeded in making a temporary impression in their own favor, they would have gained opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. But their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. Colonel Lehmanowsky caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

He then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. He passed from room to room, and found all perfectly in order. The apartments were richly furnished with altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but no evidence could be discovered of iniquity being practiced there: there were none of those peculiar features which might have been expected in an Inquisition.

Splendid paintings adorned the walls. There was a rich and extensive library. Beauty and splendor appeared everywhere, and the most perfect order on which eyes ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture which were reported to be there, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? The search seemed to be in vain.

The holy fathers assured the Colonel that they had been belied, and that he had seen all. The commanding officer began to think that this Inquisition was different from others of which he had heard, and was inclined to give up the search. But Colonel de Lile was of a different mind. Addressing Colonel

Lehmanowsky, he said, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor whereon we stand be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others."

"Do as you please, Colonel," replied the commander, and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large, and beautifully polished. When water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Colonel de Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now set to work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, cleared out the seam, and endeavored to raise the slab; others with the butt-ends of their muskets struck the slab with all their might, in order to break it; while the priests remonstrated against the desecration of their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt end of his musket struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up.

The faces of the inquisitors instantly grew pale as Belshazzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall, and they shook with fear from head to foot. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. The commander stepped up to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the lighted candles four feet in length, that he might explore the room below. One of the inquisitors endeavored to prevent him; and laying his hand gently on the Colonel's arm, with a very demure and sanctified look, said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands: they are holy."

"Never mind," said the commander, "I will take a holy thing to shed light

on iniquity: I will bear the responsibility!" Colonel Lehmanowsky then took the light, and proceeded down the staircase. When he and his companions in arms had reached the foot of the stairs, they entered a large square room which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this the inquisitors had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment, which the inquisitor-general occupied; and on either sides were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room the party proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells extending the entire length of the edifice; and here they were presented with the most distressing sights. These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death relieved them from their sufferings; and there their bodies were often suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms were made fit for others to occupy.

To prevent the effluvia proving offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells were the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; of whom some had been dead apparently but a short time; while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In other cells were found living sufferers of both sexes, and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years, all in a state of complete nudity, and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were the middle-aged, and the young man, and the maiden of fourteen years old.

The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knap-

sacks their overcoats, and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Colonel Lehmanowsky, aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it. The military party then proceeded to explore yet another room on their left. Here they found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. The first instrument noticed was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, all the joints in the hands, arms and body were broken and drawn one after another, until the sufferer died.

The second was a box in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw, that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water fell upon the head of the victim every second, each successive drop falling upon precisely the same place; by which, in a few moments, the circulation became suspended and the sufferer had to endure the most excruciating agony.

The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was all torn from his limbs into small pieces.

The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a large doll richly dressed, and having the appearance of a beautiful woman, with her arms extended ready to embrace her victim. A semicircle was drawn around her, and the person who passed over this fatal mark touched a spring which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms immediately clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him in as many pieces, while in the deadly embrace. The sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the fire of indignation in the bosom of the

soldiers. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Colonel Lehmanowsky did not oppose them: they might have turned their arms against him if he had attempted to arrest their work. They then began by punishing the holy fathers.

The first was put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor that suffered death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating: the poor wretch cried in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. Next, the inquisitor-general was brought before the infernal machine called "the Virgin." He was ordered to embrace her and begged hard to be excused.

"No," said the soldiers, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets, so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image, prepared for the embrace, instantly clasped him in its arms, and cut him into innumerable pieces.

The French commander, after having witnessed the torture of four of the barbarous inquisitors, sickened at the awful scene, and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the other guilty inmates of that prison-house of hell. In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. Oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection. About a hundred who had been buried for many years were restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were few who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Colonel Lehmanowsky caused the library, paintings, furniture, and other articles of value, to be removed; and having

sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All having withdrawn to a distance, in a few moments the walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically in the air, impelled by a tremendous explosion, and then fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more! But popery is still of the same persecuting spirit it has ever been, and is now over-running Great Britain. (And, we may add, America also.—Ed.) Who are on the Lord's side? They have much need to be up and doing!

ORDAINED TO STEWARDSHIP.

About a generation ago there lived near the eastern border of New Hampshire a man named Ichabod C——, who, though a man of marked peculiarities in thought and speech, was fervent in his zeal for God, and watchful to obey the leadings of the Holy Spirit.

In this obedience he was sometimes called to deal his bread to the hungry, distributing to the necessities of the saints, and probably also to the necessities of the sinners who dwelt in that region of country.

His excellent wife, though of a liberal spirit, occasionally felt obliged to check him in what she deemed his unwise or lavish distributions, and cautioned him to use better judgment in discharging his duty to the poor. One day after listening to one of her earnest homilies on this subject, and feeling a little of the force of her remarks, and possibly despairing of ever conducting that branch of his religion to her satisfaction, he turned to her and said:

"I will ordain you steward to attend to this whole matter;" and putting his hands upon her head, he then and there offered up a solemn prayer to God, and formally transferred to her charge the stewardship of the property and the care of the poor and needy.

To some this might have seemed an idle ceremony. Not so to Mrs. C. She

could not rid herself of the sense of obligation; while as for her husband, he took no sort of responsibility in the case. She was the steward, she had care of the poor, and she must attend to that matter herself. And she did attend to it, for she would sometimes feel so impressed with a sense of duty in that direction, that she would be obliged to start in the morning before breakfast, and go and visit the poor and relieve their distresses.

This incident has suggested the thought, O, that others who find fault with the imperfect service of their fellow laborers, might feel the hand of God laid upon them, and upon all they have, ordaining and consecrating them to stewardship and service in his cause; that they might more faithfully do the work, and more worthily fill the places of those whose errors they are so quick to perceive.

Stewardship is a solemn trust. All those who mark the faults and failings of others' modes of administration, are not thereby discharged from duty, nor released from the performance of their appointed work. The time is short, the needs are urgent, and it shall be said to one and another of those who read these lines, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." Happy shall they be in that day, who now so make unto themselves friends with the Mammon of righteousness, that when their earthly lot and portion fails, the eternal gates shall be opened wide before them, and they shall be welcomed to everlasting habitations, and bidden to enter the joy of their Lord.—*The Christian.*

SORROW'S MISSION.

BY HATTIE A. WARNER.

There is no path, however brightly gleaming,
With rays refulgent from a cloudless sky,
But hath some graves beneath it's budding flowers,
Where dead hopes buried lie.

There is no heart, however sweet the music,
That from its joyous center seems to flow,
But has some secret closet, there concealing,
The skeleton of woe.

And wherefore? God appoints to grief its mission;

And only when the eye with tears is dim,
O'er earth discords, trials and temptations
Does man look up to Him.

Presumptuous man would walk thro' time unaided;

And only when his towering Babel falls,
By which he thought to gain the land supernal,

And scale Heaven's jasper walls;—

Only amid the ruins of his labor,
Where hangs the midnight of his self-despair—

Prostrate in helpless, hopeless, deep contrition,

He breathes accepted prayer.

And wherefore? Heard ye of a wondrous vision,

Brighter than lip can tell or pencil paint,
When swung the gates that hide the land elysian,

Before the exiled saint?

Heard ye of throngs that pressed the crystal waters,

And walked enchanted on the golden sands?

Of blood-washed robes, and crowns of fadeless glory,

And palms that decked those hands?

Heard ye how they came there? Thank God! each tempest

Of midnight gloom, by which those barks were driven

On time's tempestuous sea, but tossed them nearer

To the bright port of Heaven.

With faith in Christ, griefs are but angel pinions,

That waft us toward the sweet, celestial land;

Oh, ye who weep! look upward with thanksgiving—

The scourge is in God's hand.

EMOTION IN RELIGION.

Surface emotion doesn't amount to much, and isn't worth much. It comes and goes like the lights and shadows of an April day. But there is a deep and abiding conviction, which is of another character, and has another price.

It seems to me that we want more Christian sensibility, more tenderness, more feeling; a breaking up of the fountains of our heart, like the breaking up of "the fountains of the great deep;" a melting that shall dissolve all our hardness and coldness into tears.

This overflowing sensibility, this tender and weeping state, suits well every relation and duty of our Christian life.

Certainly it fits our return to Christ as those who have wandered away from him in paths of worldliness and forgetfulness. Think of coming back to him and hear him say, "I have somewhat against thee," carrying in our consciousness the self-reproach, I have not lived so near to Jesus as I ought. I have followed him like Peter, afar off. I have not been true to my covenant with him. My love for him has been cool, my zeal languid, my witness false, my interest in his cause scarce above indifference—all this on our hearts, without breaking down into tenderness and weeping! If any of us are passing through such an experience, does it not become us to go weeping day and night?

This weeping state suits even the joy of restoration. No one has ever had any great joy who has never known what it is to weep "tears of joy." Could you come to Jesus and receive a full and fresh forgiveness; feel his hand laid upon your head in welcome and benediction; hear him say, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee;" sing that song, "Love I much, I'm much forgiven!" and yet keep the tears back? If you were revolving it in your heart, "O, what compassion my Saviour has shown me! Every shadow between my soul and his face has departed, I am in near and constant communion with him once more!" would not your eyes overflow?

Such deep sensibility suits well the

offering of earnest prayer. We cannot wrestle in prayer for great blessings with a heart cool and calm, whose pulses are unquickened, whose tenderness is slumbering.

Especially is this tenderness of heart our indispensable preparation for winning souls. You know what the promise is: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Tell a man he is in danger of losing his soul, and tell him as though it were a fact which you bore philosophically, and not as though it were a grief that were breaking your heart, and you will not move him, except to anger and contempt. You can say anything to a man without offense, which you say through tears. If you fling your arms around his neck, and weep upon him, he cannot resist you. You cannot go hopefully on any errand of salvation unless you go tenderly. Love and longing don't use cold words.

Pray for this precious grace, or rather, for this baptism of all the graces.

Bring before your mind all the scenes that stir penitential sorrow, tender joy, love's warm solicitude, and fullness of the heart of Christ.

And when emotion rises, don't be ashamed of it, don't hide your wet face, don't suppress the sigh of emotion, lest you stifle the feeling itself; give its cry free expression, and the fountain will deepen, and the issue be even more abundant.—*Rev. A. L. Stone.*

There is a force in things spoken from the heart with holy and spiritual affection: even common things thus spoken, are far above the greatest strains and notions, that are only an harangue or speech, framed by strength of gifts and study. Oh! much prayer would find life and authority unto what we speak. To be much on the mount with God, would *make our faces shine* when coming with his message to men.—*Leighton.*

Those who have little piety themselves, are very solicitous to show that they have descended from godly parents.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY W. W. DICKSON.

O, mortal! grown weary with waiting to know

What comes of thy plowing and sowing below;

Or when will the harvest and reaping-time come,

When sheaves may be gathered and victories won:

O, list to the husbandman breaking the sod,
And patiently waiting the promise of God—
Well knowing the seed that he soweth must die,

Or never be quickened with life from on high.

Its life is in dying; it dies but to live;
The life once received, was received but to give.

So, brother, thy labor is buried to hide
Thyself, that another may spring from thy side.

The ground, to be fully prepared for the grain,

The husbandman ploweth again and again;
And wheat that is choicest and finest, you know,

Is rooted and wintered down under the snow.

The valley of conflicts and trials may be
The portion divinely appointed for thee,
To test thee, and prove thee, and let the world know,

The life that God giveth lives under the snow.

Then take the cross daily—pass under the rod,—

Keep plowing, and sowing, and waiting on God;

The seed cannot perish, tho' buried below
Three-score and ten winters, down under the snow.

O, gospel seed sower! faint not by the way;
Cheer up, though the harvest appear not to-day.

The cold, stormy winds of December may blow,

And bury thy labors deep under the snow:

But trust in Jehovah,—for Spring is at hand;

The voice of the turtle is heard in the land;
Take courage; the fruits of thy labors below,

Shall spring all the greener from under the snow.

And when in the Autumn you garner the grain,

And reap the full harvest of life's golden gain—

The finest you then will be able to show,
Was rooted and wintered down under the snow.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

In a town of Bavaria, there was a little, tumble-down church building, where the duke, as often as he came that way, used to go in and pray. If, on coming out of the chapel, he happened to meet any of the peasants in the field, he loved to converse with them in a friendly way.

One day he met an old man with whom he fell into conversation on various things; and, taking a liking to the man, he asked him in parting, whether he could do anything for him.

The peasant replied, "Noble sir, you can not do anything better for me than you have done already."

"How so?" answered he. "I do not know that I have done anything for you."

"But I know it," said the old man; "for how can I ever forget that you saved my son? He traveled so long in the ways of sin, that for a long time he would have nothing to do with the church or prayer, and sank every day deeper in wickedness. Some time ago he was here, and saw you, noble sir, enter the chapel. 'I should like to see what he does there,' said the young man scornfully, to himself, and he glided in after you. But when he saw you pray so devoutly, he was so deeply impressed that he also began to pray; and from that moment he became a new man. I thank you for it. And that is why I said you can never do me a greater favor than you have done me already."

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

Anna Shipton, in her "Promise and Promiser," treating of "the banished brought home," presents some of the sharp contrasts of a holy life, in the following beautiful passages:

"The kingdom of God set up within the soul is a supernatural kingdom, and signs and wonders must follow—wonders of grace and power. They may be scorned by those who are still in the darkness of unbelief; they may be discredited by those whose hands have never been stretched forth in the name of the risen Saviour; but they must be seen. When Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people, he proved the source whence his wisdom was derived. The enemies of his Divine Master disputed with him, for they felt the power; and it was the seal of his martyrdom. Even to this day the natural mind manifests the same enmity to the Spirit's wonders. It was following Paul's account of his own miraculous conversion, and his mission to the Gentiles, that the multitude cried for his life: 'Away with such a fellow from the earth; for it is not fit that he should live.' So is the testimony of the living God to-day amid the promise of 'much tribulation.' 'And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake,' still remains for those who walk with God.

When the soul has been favored with nearness to the Lord, then Satan will come in, in some form of temptation suitable for the position; or, it may be, the Lord permits a dryness and barrenness of soul, sharp to bear as a frost succeeding a spring day, that seems to nip the buds, and cover the green beauty of earth with its chilling influence. Then are we tempted to be envious of the foolish, and of the prosperity of those who seem at ease in Zion. They are not in trouble as we, neither are they plagued, therefore pride compasseth them. 'All the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning. When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the

sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.'—Psalms lxxiii. 14-17. He who knows the plague of his own heart, knows also that pride and unbelief might compass him but for many an humbling process of discipline.

The ready utterance, fervid eloquence, and joyous emotion, may be natural gifts, or gifts of the Spirit; but we are not to judge our position by our gifts, and the lurking self-seeking may be brought to light in such seasons. The Holy Spirit bloweth where he listeth, and how he listeth; and when he would 'hide pride from man' he may call to patient waiting in place of sensible enjoyment, and ordain dryness and barrenness in a soul that seemed lately the garden of God.

'It is good for us to be here,' (Matt. xvii. 4.) so we say, and so we think, when the light of his love is as the summer to our souls; when service is seen to be fruitful; when we gather where we have not sown; when the word we speak seems to fall into the hearts prepared for it, and we see the thing we desire come to pass. Our brethren smile approval, and men seek counsel at our hands, and we say one to another, and to our own souls: 'It is good to be here.' But then comes the proving. The tender bud would wither beneath the heat which ripens the grain already in the ear,—the fruit that needed maturing. But clouds gather and overshadow it. We cry: 'Oh that it were with us as of old, when his candle shined upon our head!' Nay, we have shared the glory of the presence of the Promiser, and though Jesus is hidden, Jesus is near."

Not to go wrong in our way, we must take heed not to mistake our guides, (especially as so many in all days give themselves out for such) that they mislead us not, wrapping error in truth's mantle: yet there is ever something to a discerning eye, that will readily discover them.—*Leighton.*

Error loves to walk arm in arm with truth, to make itself seem respectable.

EDITORIAL.

ENVY.

Guard carefully against an envious spirit. Great deference is paid to worldly prosperity, and you are in danger of envying those who enjoy a greater measure of it than God has seen fit to allot to you.— Even the Psalmist confesses to having sinned in this direction. *For I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.* We have heard many confessions, and yet we do not remember to have heard one of this particular sin. And yet there is no doubt but that it is much more common now than it was in the Psalmist's day.

If you find yourself ready to believe everything that is said to the disadvantage of a brother, and incredulous as to every thing that may be said in his favor, you may be certain that envy is at the bottom. Envy cannot bear to hear its rival praised.

Envy is a fruitful breeder of discontent. No one can possibly possess all good qualities and all good things. In some respects, others will surpass you. If that makes you unhappy, then you will be ever unhappy. You cannot enjoy what you possess, because some one else has something which you judge to be better; or if not better, still you esteem its possession necessary to your happiness. Ahab is heavy at heart and displeased—not because he has not possessions in abundance; but because he cannot obtain the vineyard of Naboth. But his wicked wife helps him out, and Naboth is slain under the forms of law, and the coveted inheritance is possessed but not enjoyed.

Thus envy not only produces unhappiness, but it leads to injustice and crime. It was the moving cause of the first murder, and its character has not improved by age. Watch against it, then, with the most jealous solicitude. If it pains you to hear a commendation of the piety or usefulness of others, then be sure that envy is making its way into your heart. You are in a dangerous condition. As you give way to that you will lose the spirit of ho-

liness. You may keep up the profession—many do who are not justified—but the power will be wanting. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." CHARITY ENVIETH NOT.

LIVE BY FAITH.

You must not only be pardoned by faith and be sanctified by faith, but you must also live by faith. If you do not, you will die a spiritual death. *Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.* You must believe God's word. Rely upon it just as much when it promises temporal as when it promises spiritual blessings. Let it be to you, the word of God who cannot lie. Examine carefully, and see to it that you sustain the character of those to whom the promises are made, and if you do, appropriate them to your use just as confidently as you would a roll of Bank-bills, or promises to pay, which you knew belonged to you. Material wealth owes even its value largely to faith. When confidence is shaken, business houses go down. A dollar in gold has the ability to secure for us some material comfort, because it is believed to be the representative of wealth. Among savages who have no confidence in it, it would be worthless. He who has the greatest faith in God is the richest man. Banks may fail; but God is always good. In the greatest emergency—in the most overwhelming crisis, He can be relied upon. *Having food and raiment let us be therewith content.* God will take care of the future. Anxiety does not relieve us. All our planning and contriving cannot secure us from disasters and defeats. But God can take us through. We must dismiss our fears and rely upon Him who says, *I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee.*

CAMP MEETINGS.

Do be thorough at the camp meetings. Let not a desire to multiply converts lead you to do the work of God deceitfully.—

The curse of God will rest upon you if you do. *Cursed be he that doeth the work of God deceitfully.*—Jer.

But you do the work of God *deceitfully*, if you give others to understand that you think they are converted, when *you know* they love the world. The evidence is plain and unmistakable, right before you. They hold on to their worldly associations.—They dress to please the world, and in a way that God positively forbids. If you encourage them to think that they can be in a state of salvation, and love the world, you injure them and injure yourself, and wound the cause of God.

Notwithstanding the professed liberality of the age, there is no more communion between light and darkness than there ever was. Real, Holy Ghost religion, is as much hated as ever. It is persecuted with as keen a zest—though of course in a different manner—as it was in the days of the inquisition.

Let us look for revivals at our camp meetings this summer, that will make angels rejoice and devils rage. *A living dog is better than a dead lion.* A few really converted to God, is of more consequence and will result in more good, than it will to have hundreds deceived with the idea that they are Christians, when they have never renounced the world and taken up the cross.

NEW VOLUME.

With the next number a new volume commences. We are looking for a large increase of subscribers to commence with the volume. Do all you can to swell the list. There are many who welcome the uncompromising truths of the Gospel when they are brought before them. Show or send a copy of the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN**, to any such persons with whom you may be acquainted, and, if possible, secure their subscription.

AGENTS.—Every honest believer in the Gospel in its purity, is duly authorized to act as an agent for the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN**. Any one forwarding us the money at our regular rates, \$1.25 each, for four subscribers, is entitled to retain a commission of twenty-five cents for each subscriber. That is, we will send five copies, or any number of copies above five, for one year for one dollar each. It is not necessary that they should all be at the same place. If sent to Great Britain, 48 cents additional must be sent to prepay postage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RUM AND ITS RESULTS IN BUFFALO.

The fearful curse of God is resting upon all who are engaged in this damnable work of making and selling intoxicating liquors. God is rebuking this nation. He is calling loudly, very loudly to some, and happy the man who takes heed to the call, and gives up the accursed thing. A couple of weeks ago, God called a man right from his ale wagon to eternity. The wagon upset on Niagara, near Rhode Island street, and killed him. A saloon-keeper picked him up. I visited this saloon-keeper and warned him to give up his dreadful work. Joe Bamler, who has been Alderman of one of the wards of this city, and also a Member of the Assembly twice, and who was engaged in the brewery business on Batavia street, was called to give up his bloody work, and a few days ago he died of the delirium tremens. He raved and raged like a maniac, and it took four policemen to take him to the station-house. He was taken to the asylum, and I was told that he chewed his wrist off and cut his throat!

Men are being alarmed and troubled about this thing. I visited poor Bamler's saloon, on corner of Sixth and Carolina streets, the day after he was taken away, and spoke to his sister about giving up the saloon. I fear God will call still louder if they do not. Yesterday I visited fifty saloons, including groceries and hotels, and warned them to give up their business.—Some could hardly speak, and some would turn red and get mad. At one saloon, I found a minister in company with a doctor, and he was just in the act of taking a glass of wine when I came in. The doctor recognized me at once and said to the minister, "There is Fell;" and the professed minister of God looked as guilty as a thief and commenced to apologize to me. I talked to him in plain English, and gave him one of my rum-sellers' tracts entitled, "Thou art the man."

Called in a saloon corner of Hamilton and Niagara street—Black Rock—and the

man, a German, said he was going to give it up in a few days; for he knew it was wrong, and he was never going into it again. I exhorted him to give his heart to God, and use all his influence against the accursed thing. He told the owner of the building not to rent it for that purpose any more, and she promised she would not rent it again for a saloon. I called at another saloon, but the bottles were empty, and they had given up the business and did not intend to sell any more liquor.—Called at another saloon, and the woman said she was tired of the business and had given it up.

God is at work,—praise His holy name! I looked into the window of a place that had formerly been a saloon, the door being locked, and I saw it was empty excepting a few bottles on the counter. The proprietor had bought a farm. May God bless him, and help others to follow his example! Keep praying, brethren. We need all the prayers of God's people, and all the faith you can bring into exercise in this work.

I called into a billiard saloon the other night, and invited them to attend our meetings. One young man came with me, and went forward for prayers. Two more were coming, but the fire bells rang, and they did not come. I called at a brewer's, on corner of High and Michigan streets. They have failed in business. Well, I am not sorry, for I do not owe them anything but love. I went into the back way to see them, and have a talk. I had a word of prayer, and felt very much melted in my soul. Oh, this love is a sweet thing—glory to God! It takes away your fear, and you feel all through your soul—I know I do—as if you wanted every person on God's footstool saved. I called at the house of a brewer on Niagara street, and had a good talk with him. I told him I had felt such love for his soul, and was praying for him. He felt deeply. I asked him to give up making beer, and referred to his two sons, who had died, and that he would have to meet them in judgment soon. He said he would sell out for half, and not have any more brewery, and take the pledge not to make any more. He said if God would let

him see it was wrong, he would stop making it now. I prayed with him, and asked God to let him see it was wrong, and help him to give it up. God has got hold of him, and a great many more in this city. Pray for us, brethren, for the work must and will be done. Glory to the Lamb!

WM. FELL.

FROM REV. FRANK SMITH.

DEAR BROTHER:—Were I to write to you as I feel to-night, it would be to commence and say Glory Hallelujah! from one end of my letter to the other; but this would be useless. O! how my cup runneth over. My poor soul is on the wing for glory. Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb! How wonderfully the Lord is blessing us. The Lord is among this people; we have a shout in the camp at about every appointment; as we have an old-fashioned class-meeting at the close of each service; and many of my members are standing in the full light of God's glory. And O! such power,—such wonderful manifestations of God's love to his people I seldom have seen. I have seen them stand and testify that Jesus' blood cleanses from all sin, when the power of God would shake the frail body as though it would fall to pieces,—and O! O! such Heavenly radiance as would pervade the face,—a celestial halo would seem to dwell on them; which very forcibly reminded me of the day of Pentecost. When the Holy Ghost thus falls on one, it is like an electric shock, it passes all through the congregation: and poor me, I hardly know how to behave myself; such a *precious nearness*,—such a complete filling,—such a Heavenly radiance as flashes out upon the sacred page, I scarcely ever realized before. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! God is wonderfully saving his people here; and just now while we stopped for family prayer, O! I could scarcely refrain from shouting, glory to God in the highest! O Brother, my soul is all on fire with God's love; such pressed down fulness I certainly never did feel before. It runs all through soul and body, like heavenly fire. Praise

God, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name. The Lord is marvelously saving my soul, I'm living by the moment, all on the altar for Christ. Amen and Amen!

Howard Co., Kansas.

FROM REV. G. W. HUMPHREY.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—I want, with your permission, to say a few words to the saints through the Earnest Christian. I wish to relate a little of my experience, and a short account of my work here. For a while, at first, I never felt so lonely in my life. I found no one until I went to San Francisco that I could feel free with, that could understand me. I learnt what that Scripture meant better than ever before, "The trial of your faith is more precious than gold." I had to go through Gethsemane and feel a little of the sorrow and loneliness that Jesus had. But God kept me. I had gone to appointments before where I felt lonely for a while, but I knew I was within reach of brethren in whom I could trust. In Genesee Conference I could not get one hundred miles from Perry, or Parma, very well. But, says one, Had you not the Lord? Well, I will tell you, I never knew how much I owed to the brethren till I came here. And I love the Free Methodists more to-day than ever before. I am what I am to-day, under God, to them. I went to San Francisco, there I found a few that I could understand,—*real Free Methodists*. I had found an oasis,—my heart danced for joy. I felt as Paul did on his journey to Rome, when the brethren met him. I thanked God and took courage. Brethren, the Lord saves me this morning, He blesses me in preaching his word: and in San Francisco the light begins to break, and the glory comes to the hearts of His saints. Pray for us. More by and by. Yours in Jesus.

DYING TESTIMONY.

ASAHEL PELTON died Dec. 31st, 1873, 72 years of age.

When he was nine years old, his father

and mother experienced religion, which produced an impression upon his mind, and he was very serious for a year and a half—the subject of conviction, perhaps of grace. When he was 19 years of age, there was a great revival in the neighborhood where he lived, and he started again to seek God. From that time he was a praying man. In the summer of 1836, his mind became awakened to the importance of attaining perfect love, and he commenced a vigorous fast—not as a ground of merit, but as a means of humiliation, and breaking down before God. He did receive what he sought—a brokenness of spirit, and an unusual drawing of soul to prayer; and, considering this the most important of all business, he made up his mind to attend to nothing else till he should receive purity of heart. He went into his bed-room about nine o'clock P. M., to seek to God till he should get the blessing;—thinking, if his strength should fail, to rest, and pray again. He wrestled with the angel four hours and a half, when he received the promise, and "entered into rest." Some two or three days after this, he received his pentecost, and was very happy. Though naturally disposed to sleep late, he was now up betimes in the morning singing the praises of God.

Ten or twelve years afterward, he was afflicted with a disease of the brain, caused by going on a sultry day into a cold well, to dig it out. He suffered for years intensely. He said that noise affected his brain like the striking of a fresh wound with a hammer. He found himself in a condition where care was extremely burdensome, and thought, and prayer, almost an impossibility. He covenanted with God for his children, and often said that his inability to attend to their highest interests was his greatest grief and trial. Once, when burdened almost beyond measure for his little ones, he fled to the Bible; and God, who comforts the distressed, met him at once with these words: "Fear not, O Jacob, my-servant; and thou Jeshurun, whom I have chosen. For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon

thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

(This promise seems more like a *jewel* than ever before; for I see how every one who can "call himself by the name of Jacob," can claim it in behalf of his children.)

Of his children, Ellen went first—perfected through suffering. The last four weeks of her life were weeks of triumph, and she died singing.

Phineas next, of diptheria, after a week of excruciating suffering, during which time he gave himself to God, and was clearly and joyously saved. His sick-room was a place of glory, and he retired from life as the victor goes from battle.

Orpha went next. She suffered from derangement of mind which took a form of despair, a few months preceding the time of her death; but at the very last the cloud broke, and she spoke words of hope to mother, while her eyes, which were "like the fish-pools in Heshbon," reflected heaven again. No one who knew her heavenly life, could doubt but that she found a place among those "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

During the last years of father's life, he had more freedom from suffering, but was subject to fits, apoplectic in their nature. Though sometimes depressed, and weighed down with infirmity, he was often very happy—so much so, that he told me he could hardly refrain from shouting aloud. His last illness continued one week. During this time he had a very simple, child-like faith in God; but he said little, as it was only with great difficulty that he could talk, being palsied.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long;

Am glad that he has gone to his reward.

Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,

Softly to disengage the vital chord,

When his strong hand grew palsied, and his eye
Grew dim with age, it was his time to die."

By one of the children who live to bless his memory.

Mrs. H. A. CROUCH.

LOVE FEAST.

LIBBIE E. FELL.—My trust is in Jesus, and just now I feel the precious blood of the Lamb applied afresh to my soul, and can say, it cleanses my heart from all sin. Oh, glory to God! My soul is panting after all that God has for me. I am venturing out on His precious promises, and am determined to follow Him whithersoever He leads me. My life is in His hands; my time and talents, and all there is of me, shall be spent in His service. Glory be to the Lamb forever! God has taken my dear little babe Rachel; and though I feel it keenly, yet my soul looks up to Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me; and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. W. A. EATON.—I have felt strongly impressed, for some time, it was my duty to give in my testimony for Jesus, through the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I get wonderfully blessed in reading its contents. The Lord has sent it to me through one of His servants; and that, with my Bible, is all the spiritual help I am favored with at present. I left my class-mates, and other dear friends, for Kansas the 27th of last May. We arrived at Hays City the 1st day of June. We found a kind hearted people and a beautiful region of country, but few if any that are in the possession of inward holiness. I dare not take space to tell of the wonderful things the Lord has done for me, through the past; how He has kept me by the power of His saving grace, making me contented and happy in trying circumstances. And this morning I can say that, Hither by thy help I'm come. I do believe that I have salvation,—that which saves me from my own ways. I believe it will keep me, for it is of the Lord. I know it is,—blessed be His name! I would like to tell you, that salvation seems more precious when you are separated from friends, and away from the sound

of the Gospel, and the loved ones of our Church. Yes, it appears to me that it is better, if possible; for here I find it fills the vacancies.

"More than all in Him I find."

I am the Lord's, and I believe all things shall work together for my good. I cannot tell half I would like to, but I expect to meet many of you in glory, to tell of Jesus and His love.

Cabin on the Prairie.

MRS. J. E. FOSTER.—I want to give in a clear testimony for Christ. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. These are good days for me. God is wonderfully blessing my soul. O, how I bless God today for the doctrine,—the crowning doctrine in the Christian religion! O, how glad I am that I ever was led up out of the wilderness, into this "land of corn and wine, and oil, favored with God's peculiar smile." O, the precious blood of Christ, it cleanseth me, yes cleanseth me! This has been my experience most of the time for nearly seven years. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

MRS. M. H. FREELAND.—The narrow way is my choice this morning, as it has been for many years past. I do renounce, with a steadfast mind, the pomp and pride and show of this vain world. Glory be to God, who gives the power to do it! Souls look increasingly precious to me. Eternity seems very near. Nothing looks worth living for but God and Heaven. I am striving to make my calling and election sure. I have the abiding testimony of God's approval. My soul exults in the glorious consciousness of sins forgiven and a heart made clean in the blood of the Lamb.

Utica, N. Y.

MRS. M. C. HARPER.—I am saved of God. I am His, and He is mine. Praise His name forever! I love the narrow way.—Some say this way is too narrow. It is none too narrow for me. I praise God that He ever called after me, and led me in this good way. I praise God for a free and full salvation. It saves to the uttermost. The

blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I am doing the will of my Lord to the best of my ability. I try to do His commandments, that I may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. The Lord afflicts me with sickness and troubles, but I feel they drive me nearer to the Saviour. I am putting my trust in Jesus, knowing He will help me in every time of trouble.

BETSEY BEARDSLEY.—In my youthful days I had lords many and gods many.—One of my idolatrous practices was ornamenting my person with gold, artificial bows, ruffles, curls, finger-rings, and earrings. One of my great gods was cultivating flowers. My excuse for spending my time with them was, "God made them." "Who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshiped and served the creature more than the Creator."—Rom. i. 24. This was true in my case. But I have given them all up for Jesus. But it cost me the entire annihilation of self, to become crucified to the world. And now I love and worship God alone. He saves me, through the blood of the Lamb, above the world, *the flesh and the devil*. How many in the church love and worship the creature more than the Creator! Jesus has changed my tastes. Old things have passed away—all things have become new.

MRS. C. TERRY.—I am in the narrow way—praise the Lord! Oh, I do know it is good to obey God in all things. Although I seem to have been chosen in the furnace of affliction, and opposition, and persecution; yet I am glad that God has counted me worthy to suffer these things for His sake. My prayer is, that Jesus will help me feel that my light afflictions are nothing when compared to the glory that is to be revealed if I prove faithful. I have proved God's grace sufficient for all things. I do know that nothing but the love of Jesus in the soul, and the grace of God in the heart, can keep us from reviling back when we are reviled and persecuted for righteousness. God has never yet failed me, when I put my whole trust in Him.

Jesus is ever ready to deliver me, and make me triumph over my enemy.

Mich.

WM. FELL.—To-day my soul rejoices in God, the *Rock of my salvation*. When I look around and see how few there are among those who profess religion, that are alive to God and eternal things, I am led to exclaim with Jesus, "Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" It is truly fearful to see the death that is in the churches. May God help us, for Jesus' sake, to wake up and stir others up! The day is not far distant when the trump of God will not only wake up the churches, but will wake up the dead in their graves, and call them to Judgment. Every man and woman that names the name of Christ, ought to put forth every effort in his power to try and win souls to Christ. God is calling us to go forth. We must obey the call, or else He will take away the talent He has given to us, and give it to some one else that will use it. The dreadful pestilence that is spreading all over the land, on account of so many dead persons in the churches, is fearful in the extreme. God says, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Buffalo, N. Y.

MINNIE CRAWFORD.—I am a young girl fifteen years of age; but for the past year or more I have found congenial society with the people of God. While listening to the preaching of the word of God, I was deeply convicted. I was high-spirited and proud, and was ashamed of it, and kept it to myself as best I could. One evening, I listened to a sermon overwhelming in its power. The Holy Spirit was working in my heart, and I was ill at ease. The minister noticed my emotion, and after the close of the exercises he took my hand and said, "Minnie, would you not like to be a Christian?" I answered, with affected unconcern, "I did not know;" for, thought I, how can I bear the sneers of friends?

How can I bear to have the finger of scorn pointed at me by my young companions? The Spirit of God did not cease to strive with me, nor the spirit of the devil either. The devil already had possession, and was struggling to retain his grasp upon me.— Oft did I grieve the Holy Spirit. Oft did I scorn the kindly admonitions of Christian people. Many times have I laid my head upon my pillow at night, expecting to wake up in hell. I read my Bible, and cursed it by turns. I read in one place that "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" in another place I read, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you." I began asking, but my faith was not strong enough to trust all in God's hands. I brought little by little and laid it on the altar, and little by little my faith gathered strength. I could not tell just when or where God forgave my sins, but I know He forgave them. I can look up to God and say, Abba, Father. My peace is like a river. God dwells in my soul, and I am happy. The things I once loved I now hate. The things I once hated, I now love. I rejoice in Christ, the hope of glory. I know Him to be an all-sufficient Saviour, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I am tempted, sorely tempted; but God says, My grace is sufficient for you. If we were not tempted, what would we amount to? We would have no strength. Strong men and women are what God wants. What would you think of a man that would thresh his wheat, and carefully gather up his chaff and store it up in his granary, and let the wheat remain upon the ground to mould and spoil? That is just what that man is doing who neglects his soul's salvation, and heaps up this world's riches, instead of laying up treasures for himself in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt.

MRS. DELIA SMITH.—I want to say to the glory of God, my feet still press the rock. Glory to the Lamb. I am earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. I find it truly a warfare, but I am not fighting with carnal weapons, and Jesus is my Captain. He never loses a battle. I am trusting in God' determined not to compromise.

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