

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1876.

No. 4

LOVERS OF SIN.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

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Of many common vices it cannot be said that they are either profitable or pleasant, only as sin in itself is pleasant. Who ever added to his earthly store by profanity? What appetite, except for pure wickedness, is gratified by cursing and swearing? Yet, as far back as the days of Jeremiah, the frequency, as well as the unprofitableness of this vice, was noticed. *Because of swearing the land mourneth.* Jer. xxiii, 10.

The depravity of man is seen in his hatred of those that are good. This disposition is manifested everywhere, and at a very early age. Take it in a family of children. If there is one who, in the fear of God, shuns the vices that prevail, the others will make common cause against him. In an ordinary school, a scholar of genuine piety has but a poor chance for his life. In the community, those who are generally acknowledged to be the best, instead of being raised

to the highest position, are generally the objects of reproach and hatred. This holds good in all stages of civilization, and under all forms of government.

Pythagoras was a Grecian philosopher, famed for his talents, learning and virtue. For a season he was treated with the most marked respect. "He was," says a celebrated French writer, M. Dacier, "regarded as the most perfect image of God among men; his dwelling was named the temple of Ceres, and when he went to the villages, it was said that he came not merely to instruct, but to bless mankind."

Who could have thought but that a man so respected, who never did anything but good to society, would have enjoyed a tranquil old age, and a happy conclusion? The last years of Pythagoras were clouded with persecution and he met a tragical death.

A young man of a rich, powerful family, wished to become his disciple. He was greatly depraved, and when Pythagoras found that he could not reform him, he dismissed him from his school. The young man sought revenge. He circulated the most baseless calumnies against him. He represented that the followers of Pythagoras were seditious persons who sought the overthrow of the republic. A tumult was excited. The house in which Pythagoras and his disciples were assemble

MRS. SOHIA CHILDS.—I'm sure it will gladden the hearts of dear brethren and sisters, especially in Western New York, to hear from me through the Love Feast once more. It is my precious privilege to tell you that the last two years especially, have been a period of marked growth in grace and the knowledge of the truth. Oh this knowledge of the truth that makes us free indeed. This resting in Jesus; this anointing that abideth; this perfect love that casts out fear that hath torment; this being enabled to *know* that God is faithful and true in all things. These are among some of the blessings I've been learning more of the depth of. I want to tell one more blessing. The blessedness of studying the word. I am contending for all that the Prophet said we might have in the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Geneva, Kan.

A. E. GOODWIN.—I have got salvation this morning, down deep in my soul. I am trusting in the Lord Jesus, bless his holy name! I love my Saviour, and the cross, better than anything this world can afford. I find Him a satisfying portion in all conditions of life. The desire of my heart is that my whole life might be swallowed up in God. I, for one, can say that I have made progress in the divine life in the year that is past and gone.

My great aim is to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth continually. With a few Christian friends I watched the old year out and the new year in. It was a time long to be remembered by me.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy seat."

I consecrated myself more fully to God. Made a full surrender of all, and I believe God accepted the offering. Praise the Lord.

E. OSBORN.—Since God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins, I have loved an earnest Christianity—one that saves me, and one that saves me now. If it does not do this for us, and save us from the love of the world, it does not do much for us. Glory to God. Jesus saves to the uttermost all that put their whole trust in him.

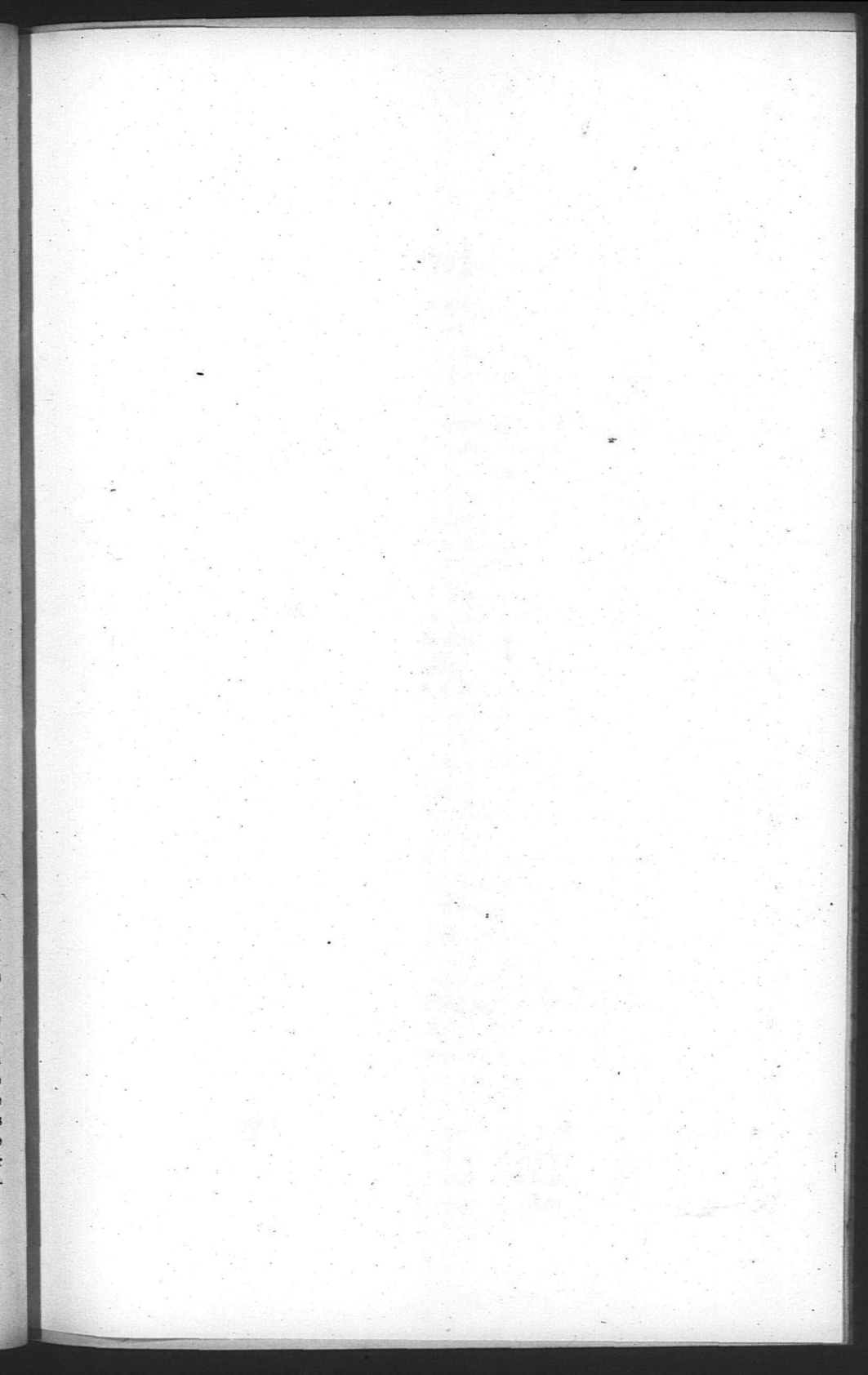
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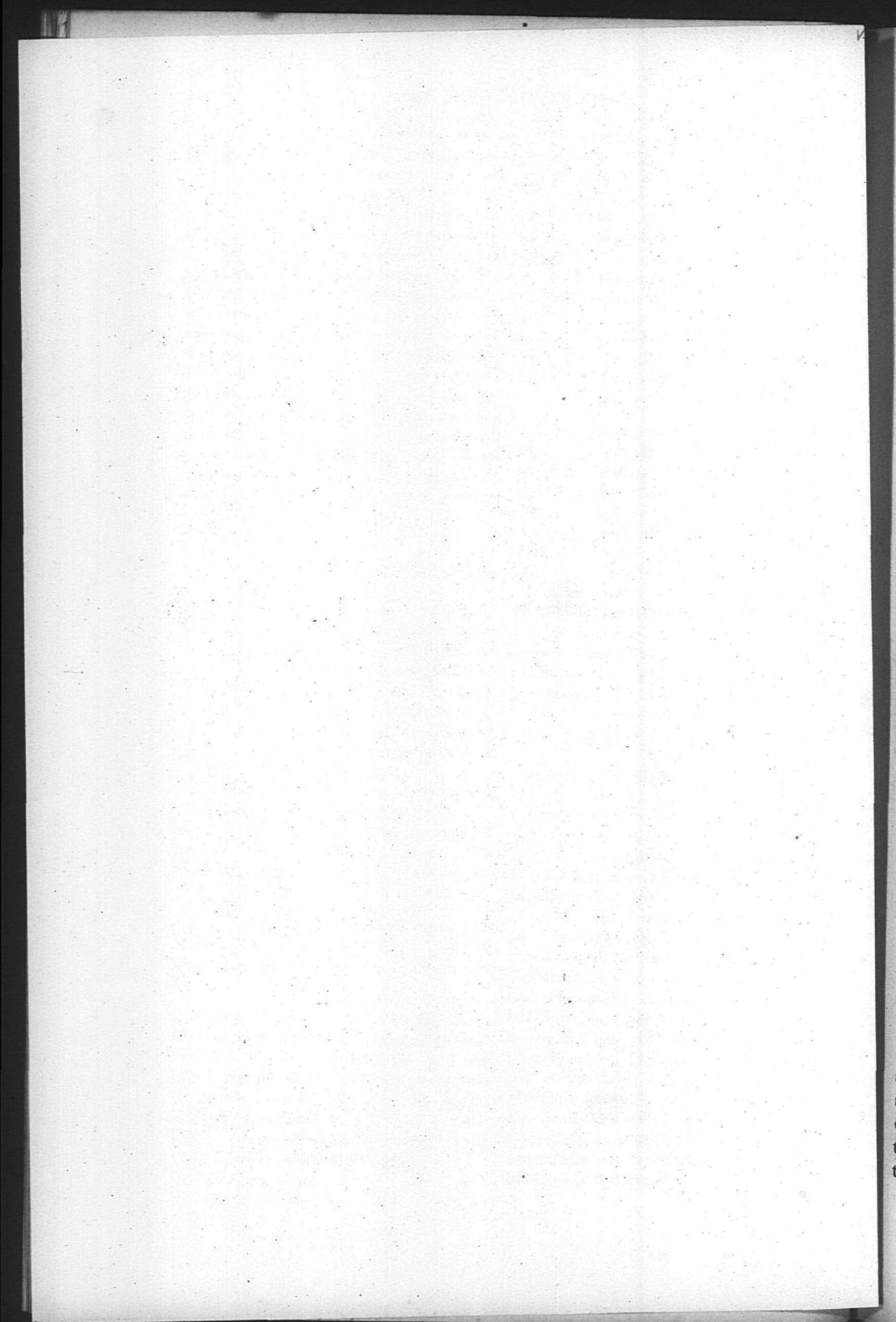
WILLIAM A. GREENUP.—To-day finds me, through Christ, saved from all sin. My all is upon the altar, and I count myself indeed dead to the world and all its allurements, but alive unto God. I praise Him for a present salvation, and trust Him for all the future. My soul feasts to-day on the fat things which God has provided for those that love and serve Him, and I feel to say, "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood, unto Him be glory and honor, dominion and power forever and ever, Amen."

LEVI POWELL.—I was converted at fourteen. At twenty-two I knew that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I received that perfect love that casteth out all fear. I was filled with soul, body and spirit with the Holy Ghost and the glory of Christ. I have a well grounded hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ. Abide in Christ the living head, and we shall bring forth the fruit the Bible speaks of. Some people try to manufacture the heavenly fruit, but it is bitter, and the real Christian does n't like it. May God help you to labor. Amen.

DYING TESTIMONY.

HANNAH KING BRIERLY was born Feb. 5th, 1799, near Manchester England. Her father was a devoted man, a Methodist. She was the youngest of eight children, four of whom lived to be over eighty years of age. She felt the drawing of the Spirit from very early years. Last November, in class, she said it was forty-five years that day since God spoke peace to her soul. One marked feature in her character was that at times of trial she was calm, apparently not easily moved, but she might be heard in her room telling the Lord and asking His help and guidance. It could be truly said of her she trusted not in the arm of the flesh, but in the Lord. She lived with her companion forty-eight years and has lived a widow twelve years. She enjoyed the consolations of grace in her long illness, and her last days were peaceful and triumphant.





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was assaulted, and all but three or four were put to death. Pythagoras escaped to Metapontum where, according to one account, he was murdered in a tumult, at the age of four-score. According to another account, he died of starvation in the temple of the Muses, where he had fled for shelter from his enemies. "Strange," says the writer referred to, "that the man who had opposed so many wars, calmed so many seditions, and extinguished the flame of discord in so many families, should perish in a tumult raised against himself. He was pursued from city to city, and the greater part of his disciples were involved in the same ruin."

Aristides was one of the bravest and most successful of the Athenian generals, one of the wisest of her statesmen, and the most virtuous of her citizens. Yet, he was driven into exile by a popular vote. When the question was being decided, a voter being unacquainted with Aristides, personally requested him to write a vote for him in favor of banishment. He readily complied. As he handed him the ballot, he asked him, "What harm has Aristides done that you wish him banished?" "None," he replied, "that I ever heard of, but I am tired of hearing people call him *THE JUST*."

This disposition is not confined to any age or any country. Everywhere we see that those who surpass their associates in excellence are, during their lives, the objects of envy and hatred. Socrates is condemned to drink the poison, and Hampden is ordered into exile.

In our country our rulers are chosen by the people. But it is well known that no man of superior ability and virtue can be elected to the highest office.

It must be some one whose comparative insignificance has shielded him from the arrows of envy.

The same spirit has been manifested in the church in all ages. The prophets were a Heaven-inspired class of men. They were superior in purity, as well as in wisdom, to those about them. Hence they were the objects of envy. St. Stephen asks: *Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?* Acts vii, 52.

St. Paul gives as one of the marks of those who have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof, that they are *despisers of those that are good*. 2 Tim., iii, 3. A good man loves goodness in others. But the fact that the good are generally the objects of persecution, proves that the nature of man is depraved. With the pure, no quality can take the place of moral purity. If the nature of man was not fallen, those who excel in virtue would be imitated instead of being persecuted. *Whose faith follow*, is an injunction that those who have true faith in God, have no hesitation to obey. The tendency to pull down those who excel us, instead of seeking to equal their excellence, shows beyond dispute, a fallen, depraved nature.

WONDROUS ANSWER OF DEVOUT PRAYER AMONG THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.—Our Christian Indians are distinguished by the name of "Praying Indians." And when they have become Christians they have been favoured by Heaven with notable successes of their praying. There lived at Martha's Vineyard a godly Indian, called William Lay, who was both a magistrate and a minister, among his countrymen. This man was, in the year 1690, visited with a rare fit of sickness, which prevailed upon him so far that he lay speechless

in the last conflict with death, as his friends apprehended, for several days together. At length his wife, supposing his end very near, desired Japhet, the pastor of the Indian church, to pray with him; who, coming to the house, could scarce perceive any life now left in him. However, Japhet would not pray at this time without first singing a psalm, and particularly the eleven first verses of the eighty-eighth psalm. Now, they had hardly sung two verses before the dying man began to revive and stir up his eyes, and move his lips, and lift his hands; and then he began to sing with them, and quickly his voice was as high, if not higher, than any of theirs. Thus he continued singing, his hands lifted up, until they concluded; and then, laying down his hands, he seemed again fallen into his dying posture. Japhet then goes to prayer, and soon after praying was begun the sick man began once more to revive; and lifting up his hand, he got Japhet by the hand, and held him till prayer was ended; and then he immediately opened his mouth in the praises of God, who, he said, "had heard prayer on his behalf and graciously restored him from the mouth of the grave, that he might see His goodness in this world, and he believed would bestow life eternal upon him in the world to come." The man recovered, and walked abroad. Just about half a year after this, he fell into another sickness, whereof he died.—*Cotton Mather, D. D.*

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

BY MISS RHODA CLAPSADDLE.

"Put on the whole armour of God; that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Eph. vi, 11.

It is essential that we have on the whole armour of God when we are surrounded by danger on every hand.

This life is a battlefield, and we must fight incessantly; therefore it will not do for God's children to live in stupidity and carnal security, sleeping as do others.

The enemy of your soul is laying many a stratagem to destroy you; and will deceive the very elect if possible. Satan is a relentless foe, doing all in his power to delude men, and lead them to disobey God. He cares but little as to who prays—or how much time an individual may spend in prayer, if he can only keep their heart filled with unbelief, knowing that, "without faith it is impossible to please God; for "he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

"Put on the whole armour of God." Let me ask you, intelligent reader, is it not very unwise, as well as dangerous to live in a land where you are continually surrounded by enemies with no self-defence? Then arm yourself with the "panoply Divine;" go to work for God in earnest. You had better wear out than rust out. Better have your armour badly bruised than to have your soul pierced through by the fiery darts of the enemy.

The devil has many auxiliaries to carry on his work. It is often the case that he employs some church member to do his dirty work; to persecute the children of God. He first robs them of the Spirit of Christ; wraps his hellish hands around their soul, takes from them all love and relish for the work of God, and gets them to excuse themselves from the means of grace by saying: "I cannot go there to meeting, because such and such ones, go there;" when in fact, they are fearfully backslid in heart; while "such and such ones," are thoroughly saved in God; and thus the pure testimony cuts its way through, making them a "terror to evil doers."

It is very important that we have on the "whole armour," not only because the enemies of the cross are so numerous; but it is God's explicit command. There is nothing ironical with God. He means just what He says. If we would escape the second death, and have part in the first resurrection, we must obey God irrespective of friends or foes. Therefore, "awake thou that sleepest," for "the night is far spent, the day is at

hand." Therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light. At once divest yourself of sinful deeds of every kind, for this armour is worn by those only who walk in the light.

Are there not legions professing religion to-day who know nothing about walking in the light of God, and living under the influence of the "Holy Spirit?" We admit they belong to some orthodox church, but whose is the kingdom within? Is not Satan the sole proprietor? And are they not led captive by him at his will? Professing to claim the precious promise of God as theirs; such are deceiving and being deceived. To them belong the fearful threatenings of the Almighty; the wrath of God is out against them.

Oh! this is a glorious war, and we should put on the whole armour of God and look like men of war; and not like citizens of the world, for our citizenship is in heaven. Those who wear this "armour" also have the spirit of Jesus.

QUESTIONS BY WESLEY.

1. Has there not been a *larger measure* of the Holy Spirit given under the Gospel than under the Jewish dispensation? If not, in what sense was the "Spirit not given," before Christ was glorified? John vii, 39.

2. Was that "glory which followed the sufferings of Christ," I Pet. i, 11, an external glory, or an internal, viz: The glory of holiness?

3. Has God, anywhere in Scripture, commanded us more than he has promised to us?

4. Are the promises of God respecting holiness, to be fulfilled in *this* life, or only in the next?

5. Is a Christian under any other laws than those which God promises to write in our heart? Jer. xxxi, 31, &c. Heb. iii, 10.

6. In what sense is "the righteousness of the law fulfilled in those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit?" Rom. viii, 4.

7. Is it impossible for any one in this life to *love God with all his heart, and mind, and strength*? And is the Christian under any law which is not fulfilled in this love?

8. Does the soul's *going out of the body* effect its purification from indwelling sin?

9. If so, is it not something else, not the blood of Christ which cleanseth it from all sin?

10. If His blood cleanseth us from all sin, while the soul and body are united, is it not *in this life*?

11. If, when that union ceaseth, is it not *in the next*? And is not this too late?

12. If, in the article of death, what situation is the soul in when it is neither *in the body nor out of it*?

13. Did not St. Paul pray according to the will of God, when he prayed that the Thessalonians might be "sanctified wholly and be preserved," (in this world, not the next, unless he was praying for the dead), "blameless in body, soul and spirit, unto the coming of Jesus Christ?"

14. Do you sincerely desire to be freed from indwelling sin *in this life*?

15. If you do, did not God give you that desire?

16. If so, did He not give it you to mock you, since it is impossible it should ever be fulfilled?

17. If you have not sincerity enough even to desire it, are you not disputing about matters too high for you?

18. Do you ever pray God to *cleanse the thoughts of your heart, that you may perfectly love Him*?

19. If you neither desire what you ask, nor believe it attainable, pray you not as a fool prayeth?

God help thee to consider these questions calmly and impartially.—*Plain Account.*

No ONE breaks down into God's hands, and takes the benefit of the bankrupt act in the atonement, but will come out all right, provided he gives the whole business into the hands of the assignee. Be sure his name is on the sign.

B. POMEROY.

TESTIMONY.

BY ISAAC M. SEE.

The testimony of the lips is important. What the heart realizes of this holy love, the lips were made to tell abroad. For this is the way God hath chosen to spread the triumphs of his Gospel. It is fully seen in the Scriptures that we are his witnesses and that our God expects our testimony. The illustrations given add weight. A simple woman brings together crowds of people to hear Jesus—the simple telling of one disciple urges another to come to Jesus. "The Bride" says "come." How does she do it? By crying out the word "come" constantly? nay, but *by description* of what the Lord hath done for and in us; *by declaration* that God hath fulfilled his word in us; and that he is willing to do the same for those we invite. Testimony of the grace of an uttermost salvation is always in order, and is always to be expected from those enjoying it.

1. *Let it be fearlessly given.* He wins in this race who testifies most boldly to what hath surely been done in his soul. The consecration was made without regard to consequences, the testimony now must be launched out leaving the result to God. Some will say, "don't be so plain," or so "bold," or so "rash," or so "fast," or so "anti-scriptural" (according to their own notions.) Our bread and butter may be endangered by our faithfulness. But still let us "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness in fulfilling promises in our souls. Let the bread and butter go, beloved. The promised bread and water of The King is better. "He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

2. *Let it be lovingly given, and without discussion.* Some will desire to draw you into discussion, some will say things harsh, and uncharitable. Let your story be in deepest simplicity, and godly sincerity. It is well to say nothing about what any may

call you, or the fierce assaults that may be made upon you. Our only business, as witnesses, is to give out what we know in our souls as accordant with The Holy Word of God. Then there will be the remembrance that all to whom we speak need *gentleness* as we ourselves have needed it, and enjoyed it from our God. His gentleness hath made us great. It is all of love in God that we have been guided so. God will use his love in us to bring other souls to himself.

3. *But let it be pointedly and distinctly given.* Let people know that we mean entire sanctification, as the work of The Holy Spirit with The Blood. Let no creeds hinder the testimony, no preconceived opinions, and no ism-atic religion—for Presbyterianism is as bad as any other "ism" when it hinders the clear, experimental testimony of The Word of God. Some of your communion will say you "go too far," and they will say worse, but let them say on, *beholding your meekness and fear.* Some of your own family, your very husband, your wife, your dearest one may sharply criticise—but take your own course most decidedly to pour out the testimony to the perfect work of The Lord out of a loving heart saved to the uttermost.

4. *Be ready to give it always, and in every place.* We do not say that you should give it without The Spirit. The injunction is to be "filled with The Spirit." We may therefore, walk in readiness, when the Lord opens the way, to "tell the story." And if the Lord has given us the story to tell, the church needs it much. *Tell it therefore in the church.* One denomination needs it as much as another. Let not, therefore the fact of your being a Presbyterian or a Baptist stop you from the testimony because it is not common in your church. *So much the more they need it.* And the more they need it, the harder it may be for you to tell it; because, possibly, many will reject it. But tell the story. Bold to speak, clear to define the work scripturally as far as you know it. *Tell it at*

home. Subject yourself to no compromises. Let all at home know and feel the force of your Blessed Life and of its distinct and final separations from all things that offend.

5. *Let your person be dressed, and your business carried on according to your profession.* Nothing will so hinder testimony as inconsistency. Better be the most singular person, better lose thousands of dollars, than put one obstacle in the way of an inquirer after holiness. For this is a multiplying grace. Each one saved to the uttermost gains others—if his impressions from you are wrong his results are seriously impaired, and the final scene on earth sadly diminished.

But the greatest of all our testimony of this grace, is—*Soul union with Christ Jesus. Lonely fellowship with him, and walking in the Spirit.*

WORDLY CONFORMISTS.

BY PRESIDENT C. G. FINNEY.

Soon after my arrival in Auburn, a circumstance occurred of so striking a character, that I must give a brief relation of it. My wife and myself were guests of Dr. Lansing, the pastor of the church. The church were much conformed to the world and were accused by the unconverted with being leaders in dress, and fashion, and worldliness. As usual I directed my preaching to secure the reformation of the church, and get them in a moral state. One Sabbath I had preached, as searchingly as I was able, to the church, in regard to their attitude to the world. The word took deep hold on the people.

At the close of my address, I called, as usual, upon the pastor to pray. He was much impressed with the sermon and instead of immediately engaging in prayer, he made a short but very earnest address to the church confirming what I had said to them. At this moment a man arose in the gallery, and said in a very distinct and delicate manner: "Mr. Lansing, I do not believe that such remarks from you can

do much good, while you wear a ruffled shirt and a gold ring, and while your wife and the ladies of your family sit, as they do, before the congregation, dressed as leaders in the fashions of the day." It seemed as if this would kill Dr. Lansing outright. He made no reply but cast himself across the side of the pulpit and wept like a child. The congregation were almost as much shocked and affected as himself. They almost universally dropped their heads upon the seats in front of them and many of them wept on every side; with the exception of the sobs and sighs the house was profoundly silent. I waited a few moments and as Dr. Lansing did not move, I arose and offered a short prayer and dismissed the congregation.

I went home with the dear, wounded pastor, and when all the family were returned from church, he took the ring from his finger—it was a slender gold ring that could hardly attract notice—and said, his first wife when upon her dying bed, took it from her finger, and placed it upon his, with a request he should wear it for her sake. He had done so, without a thought of its being a stumbling-block. Of his ruffles, he said he had worn them from his childhood, and did not think of them any thing improper. Indeed, he could not remember when he began to wear them. "But," said he, "if these things are an occasion of offense to any, I will not wear them." He was a precious, Christian man, and an excellent pastor.

Almost immediately after this, the church were disposed to make to the world a public confession of their backsliding, and want of Christian spirit. Accordingly a confession was drawn up covering the whole ground. It was submitted to the church for their approval, and then read before the congregation. The church arose and stood, many of them weeping while the confession was being read. From this point the work went forward with greatly increased power. The confession was evidently a heart work and n

sham; and God most graciously and manifestly accepted it, and the mouths of gainsayers were shut.

A CAMP-MEETING INCIDENT.

BY JOSEPH GOODWIN TERRILL.

At a camp-meeting in the West, a few years since, appeared a minister, a little above medium height, well on towards two hundred pounds in weight, and about thirty-five years of age. The atmosphere of his soul seemed to stand at the point of either rain or shine, or both—a state of mingled contentment and pity; contentment as to himself, pity for those who partook not of his own blessed delight. And he well might feel thus, for—to use his own words—“Eighteen months before, he lay fainting on the beach of the Ocean of Love, longing to be satisfied from its fullness, when a mighty wave rolled in and carried him out to sea, and he had not yet returned.”

The camp-meeting was small, considering the number of tents, but large in the blessing of God, the salvation of souls, and in the members who listened to the Word.

Sunday afternoon, the minister alluded to above had been appointed to preach; the congregation had gathered and was waiting when he entered the stand. The tears were flowing freely down his cheeks, and his strong frame quivered with emotion as he knelt a moment in silent prayer. He arose and gave out a hymn, which the congregation sung in glorious power. He knelt and led in prayer somewhat as follows:

“O Lord, we are here again in thy name. This is thy work. Thou hast ordained that a man, The Book, and the Holy Ghost, should be the triune agency for this work. O Lord, here I am; here is the Book; we wait the Holy Ghost. O, thou wilt give it, for Jesus' sake. Amen.”

He arose; his voice had been so low, he prayer so short, that the saints scarcely knew whether to rise or not.

Gradually from the stand to the rear of the altar they arose and took their seats. A holy silence reigned around the stand; it spread through the congregation to its utmost verge. Every ear leaned to listen. “Sing something brethren,” he said. A well-meaning brother, but one with no sense of adaptation struck up,

“How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!”

“Don't sing that,” cried a local preacher who had experienced perfect love the day before, who now led off with

“His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence dispenses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.”

O, how the happy Christians sang!
How the melody rolled through the forest!
It was worship, true worship.
The poor from the crowded city were there,
and they sang as but few can.

“Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear:
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.”

The singing over, the minister read for his text, “And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.” He then spoke of the humiliation of Christ; its purpose, and his glorification. At times he would break forth in apostrophe to Christ, with an unction and manner that would almost raise us to our feet. All felt that his was a mighty soul, stirred to its profoundest depths by the great truths of revelation. We in turn were stirred, quickened, as by the breath of the Almighty.

At the close the “mourner's bench *was full*. An old, wicked, hardened farmer remarked, “That is the first

sermon in ten years that has made me feel streaked."

The secret of the prayer's brevity, the sermon's power, the blessed results of all, was, *he did his praying before he entered the stand.*

BIBLE DISCOVERIES.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

This earth of ours is but a few thousand miles through it, and its circumference has been calculated with accuracy. Its surface has been traversed, and measured, and mapped in about every part. Its seas have been sounded, and its mountains deeply mined. And yet men are always discovering something new upon it or in it. The realm of nature circumscribed within the limited circle of this planet is almost inexhaustible in its richness and diversity.

The Bible is a volume of a few hundred pages. It has been classified into books, divided into chapters and subdivided into verses. Concordances have been made for it. Dictionaries have been minutely and exhaustively arranged as helps in the study of it. Commentaries have held strong and weak lights to every passage. And yet the diligent student of God's word is ever finding new beauties and fresh knowledge in its treasury of truth. New points flash upon the mind, new excellencies thrill the heart. One may have read a verse a score of times, and have seen nothing particular in it. In fact it might have seemed more meaningless than many other passages. But some new joy or sorrow, or fresh temptation or mightier victory gives us a wider view, and deeper insight. And thus we discover hidden riches, unexpected comfort and universal light in the familiar words.

"How we grow up to the Scriptures?" Said one of Christ's earnest lovers of His word. Yes. We do grow up to them. There are heights we have not yet reached. There are beauties for the soul, strong meat for the mind

undreamed of delights for the heart, but we are not yet able to grasp them. They are there, nevertheless, and if we search and study, and, above all, do the truth, and conform to the will of God, we shall surely discover these things in due time.

The best way to make new progress into the "unexplored regions" of the Bible realms, is to lovingly obey the truth. If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine. Search the Scriptures daily. Examine one verse, or fifty, or a hundred, as you find expedient, or deem best. Let every man gather the manna according to his own eating. Let every one explore as his strength permits.

We should read the Bible with a purpose. A listless perusal will do little good. Those who go prospecting for new veins of gold are alert and wide awake. The scientist scans and tests, measures and weighs, notes and compares a thousand things in the natural world.

If we would have a desire, a pure appetite for discovery of truth, we must exercise ourselves in the truth. Then we shall not be lean laggards, but robust soldiers, brave pioneers in the realm of Christ's illimitable truth. If we would make progress in God's written revelation, as some men of science do in God's unwritten one, we must explore, investigate, and ponder patiently. Above all we must steadfastly, lovingly, courageously do the truth.

My rule in regard to visiting, is to visit as much as time and health will permit. I make none but pastoral visits. I gave my people to understand when I was settled, that they must never invite me to dine or sup when they did not wish to have the conversation turn wholly on religious subjects. This has saved me much time and trouble.—*Payson.*

All men who do anything must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

LIKE PEOPLE, LIKE PRIEST.

BY AUSTIN Q. HAGERMAN.

The Prophet Hosea, among his strong utterances, has this remarkable one: "And there shall be like people, like priest." Now, the world has been wont to frame its proverb the other way, and to say "like priest, like people." But this inspired form is now most consonant with the facts of the times and the tendencies of average human nature. We are citizens of a republic. We are a reading people. Knowledge is increased and wealth also. The people have power and, consequently, influence.

Therefore it comes to pass that the people have moulding, or plastic power, over those commissioned teachers. The former are in the visible majority, and it is easy to drift with the popular current. It requires continuous rowing for one to keep headed and moving against the stream of worldliness that surges ceaselessly and turbulently around his vessel. Men are gregarious. They like to move in masses. None but he who has tried it knows the loneliness, and pain, and hardship, and heart-weariness that attends the standing-up alone against the adverse "multitudinous seas" of men.

It may once have been true to say, "like priest, like people." When ignorance was held to be the mother of devotion, the clergy were chiefly the learned, and not seldom a part of the wealthy class. And so they, being few, could very powerfully influence the many by the force, and in the line of mere human example, apart from the truth they were ordained to proclaim. If they waxed cold in love, and grew worldly, of course the people would follow. But it is different now. The laity know much of science, and not a little of theology. They control the wealth. They have much worldly influence.

In a prosperous city of Ohio, the Methodist church is one of the most prominent denominations. A member remarked concerning his pastor: "He's

a good man, a good preacher, but he's afraid of his members." Another preacher returning from his conference remarked, in a conversation on the cars, "We must conform to the prejudices of the people." There is reason to believe that these are but average cases, not exceptional ones.

Doubtless one of the roots of the difficulty lies in the ministry's permitting themselves to have two masters, trying to please the people on the one hand, the Lord on the other. In a sense not wholly Apostolic, many of the preachers become "the servants of all" in that they strive to gratify those to whom they minister, pleasing them in the "popular" way, not in the Pauline way, which is to please a man "for his good to edification." Only by being a true servant of God can a man be a helpful, wise "servant of all." "Your servant for Jesus' sake" is the mighty, impelling motive that moves the self-denying pastor to work for, and build up those under his care.

The cure of the trouble lies in a fresh enduement of power from on high, so that they shall seek to please, not men, but God only. Then the conforming influence of the people shall be effectually counteracted by a higher influence. While looking unto Jesus, and the eternal truth, rather than unto the changeful faces, and crude and temporary fancies of men, a minister of God will be the truest, mightiest, leader of the people, not their weak, vacillating, adjustable follower, trimming to their whims, rebuking with bated breath, and looking for gain from his quarter.

The divinely commissioned preacher, who is wholly given to the Lord, and upon whom the Mighty One hath set his Spirit, will have power over men to sway and lead and mould them, because he has power with and from God. Carlyle says; that men of old were wont to make kings of their strongest, and that the name king comes from *kenning* or *cauning*, and primarily means one who is *able*, one who *can do*, and does the thing that is needed to be done. Christ's redeemed ones are made

kings, as well as priests. And those set to be leaders and shepherds of the flock of God should surely be the kingliest of all, after the rule of the Lord Jesus, which says: "Whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all."

"Like people, like priest," is the easy way—for a time. It has few fightings without, however many the inward fears may be. But it is not the true, ordinary way. The follower of Christ should say "come." To what heavenly places with Christ Jesus; to what noble heights of faith and love must he rise who can lovingly, commandingly, and humbly say: "Be ye followers of me." But this is the part of true and faithful leadership. And how gladly the true and faithful disciples of Jesus follow those who, by their works, show that they are endued with power from on high, and as the Lord's anointed, have a commission from the King of Kings.

Saul feared the people and lost his kingship. Paul pleased not men, but God, and fought a good fight and gained a crown of glory. It must still be thus. The people, and the masters, must conform to our High Priest's way, for His way can never be conformed to the world's broad courses and facile modes.

WITNESSES FOR CHRIST.

BY A. V. LEONARDSON.

Christ was a faithful representative of the doctrines He taught. His pure life, His holy conversation, His heavenly spirit attracted the multitude wherever he went. He did not teach one thing and then practice another. While He was persecuted, buffeted, spit upon, yet none could truthfully say aught against him. He taught as one having authority, yet not all were submissive to His requirements. Many rejected Him through unbelief, as they do to-day. Yet He penitently bore with them, asking the Father to forgive.

His doctrine was pure. His life was

holy. The sermon on the mount contains the substance of his teachings. And the words he spoke, and the deeds of kindness, love and mercy, which He wrought, exerted a divine influence among the people. His enemies could not point to an error in his action, or a mistake in his life. Had His life been otherwise than pure and upright it would have been living out a contradiction.

To be a witness of Christ implies a great deal.

1st. That we believe the doctrines He taught.

2d. That we surrender ourselves to Him in an entire consecration of soul and bodies' powers. That we be adopted into His family. That we be made pure through His own precious blood, and thus we are made like Him in the "Spirit of our mind." "Made partakers of His divine nature." The fruit of all this is to be like Him in our lives. We believe if our hearts be right with God, our lives (in a sense) will run parallel with His life, His righteousness. Purify the fountain and the stream that issues therefrom will be pure. He who talks loudly of holiness, of the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," and yet has not the fruits of this blessed experience—the keeping, sustaining power that makes his life as straight as the commandments of God, is deluded. Think you this soul is a witness for Christ? He who loves the pleasures and fashions of this world more than Christ, and souls, think you he is a witness for him?

He who manifests a bad spirit under provocation, think you he is a witness for Christ? He that is called upon to spend a little time, or money, for the advancement of his kingdom, and, does it not willingly, think you he is witnessing for Christ?

Let us, then, be careful to follow our great teacher in doctrine, in life. Live as he lived, for the benefit of our fellow men; die his death, and in eternity share his eternal glory.

They are the most highly descended who are born from above.

CONVERSION OF PRESIDENT
FINNEY.

I was very proud without knowing it. I had supposed that I had not much regard for the opinions of others. I had, in fact, been quite singular in attending prayer-meetings, and in the degree of attention I had paid to religion while in Adams. In this respect I had been so singular as to lead the church at times to think I must be an anxious enquirer. But I found, when I came to face the question, that I was very unwilling to have any one know that I was seeking the salvation of my soul. When I prayed I only whispered my prayer, after having stopped the key-hole to the door, lest some one should discover I was engaged in prayer.

* * * *

North of the village, and over a hill, lay a piece of woods, in which I was in the almost daily habit of walking more or less, when it was pleasant weather. Instead of going to the office I turned and bent my course toward the woods, feeling I must be alone, and away from all human eyes and ears, so that I could pour out my prayer to God.

But still my pride must show itself. As I went over the hill it occurred to me that some one might see me and suppose that I was going over the hill to pray. Yet, probably there was not a person on earth that would have suspected such a thing, had he seen me going. But so great was my pride, and so much was I oppressed with the fear of man, that I recollect that I skulked along under the fence till I got so far out of sight that no one from the village could see me. I then penetrated into the woods, I should think a quarter of a mile, went over on the other side of the hill and found a place where some large trees had fallen across each other, leaving an open place between. There I saw I could make a kind of closet. I crept into the place and knelt down for prayer. As I turned to go up into the woods, I recollect to have said: "I will give my heart to God, or I will

never come down from there." I recollect repeating this as I went up: "I will give my heart to God before I ever come down again."

But when I attempted to pray I found my heart would not pray. I had supposed if I could only be where I could speak aloud, without being overheard, I could pray freely. But lo! when I came to try, I was dumb; that is, I had nothing to say to God; or at least I could say but a few words, and those without heart. In attempting to pray I could hear a rustling in the leaves, as I thought, and would stop and look up to see if some body were not coming. This I did several times.

The thought was pressing me of the rashness of my promise, that I would give my heart to God that day or die in the attempt. It seemed to me as if that was binding on my soul; and yet I was going to break my vow. A great sinking and discouragement came over me, and I felt too weak to stand upon my knees.

Just at this moment I again thought I heard some one approach me, and I opened my eyes to see whether it were so. But right there the revelation of my pride of heart, as the great difficulty, that stood in my way, was distinctly shown to me. An overwhelming sense of my wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God, took such a powerful possession of me, that I cried at the top of my voice, and exclaimed that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me.

"What!" I said, "such a degraded sinner as I am, on my knees confessing my sins to the great and holy God; and ashamed to have any human being, and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees endeavoring to make my peace with my offended God!" The sin appeared awful, infinite. It broke me down before the Lord.

* * * *

That seemed to settle the question that I could then, that day, perform my vow. The Spirit seemed to lay stress

upon that idea in the text—"When you search for me with all your heart." The question of when, that is of the present time, seemed to fall heavily into my heart. I told the Lord that I should take him at his word; that he could not lie; and that therefore I was sure he heard my prayer, and that he "would be found of me."

* * * *

I continued thus to pray, and to receive and appropriate promises for a long time, I know not how long. I prayed till my mind became so full that, before I was aware of it, I was on my feet and tripping up the ascent toward the road. The question of my being converted, had not so much as arisen to my thought; but as I went up, brushing through the leaves and bushes, I recollect saying with great emphasis, "If I am ever converted, I will preach the Gospel."

* * * *

I walked quietly toward the village; and so perfectly quiet was my mind that it seemed as if all nature lessened. I had gone into the woods immediately after an early breakfast; and when I returned to the village, I found it was dinner time. Yet I had been wholly unconscious of the time that had passed; it appeared to me that I had been gone from the village but a short time.

* * * *

After dinner we were engaged in removing our books and furniture to another office. We were very busy in this and had but little conversation all the afternoon. My mind, however, remained in a profoundly tranquil state. There was a great sweetness and tenderness in my thought and feelings. Everything appeared to be going right, and nothing seemed to ruffle or disturb me in the least. * * * By evening we got the books and furniture adjusted; and I made up, in an open fire-place, a good fire, hoping to spend the evening alone. Just at dark, Squire W—, seeing that everything was adjusted, bade me good-night and went to his home. I had accompanied

him to the door, and as I closed the door, and turned around, my heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out; and the utterance of my heart was, "I want to pour my whole soul out to God." The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the room back of the front office, to pray.

There was no fire, and no light, in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed to me as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw him as I could see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at his feet. I have always since regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality, that he stood before me, and I fell down at his feet and poured out my soul to him. I wept almost like a child and made such confessions as I could with my choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed his feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched him, that I recollect. I must have continued in this state a good while; but my mind was too much absorbed with the interview to recollect anything that I said. But I know, as soon as my mind became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office and found that the fire I had made of large wood was nearly burned out. But as I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any experience of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like

a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me, like an immense wing.

No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally belovéd out the unutterable gushing of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, "I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me." I said, "Lord I can not bear any more;" yet I had no fear of death.

* * * *

When I awoke in the morning the sun had risen, and was pouring a clear light into my room. Words can not express the impression that this sunlight made upon me. Instantly the baptism that I had received the night before, returned upon me in the same manner. I arose upon my knees in the bed and wept aloud with joy, and remained for some time too much overwhelmed with the baptism of the Spirit to do anything but pour out my soul to God.

* * * *

I could now see that the moment I believed, while up in the woods all sense of guilt had entirely dropped out of my mind; and from that moment I could not feel a sense of guilt or condemnation by any effort that I could make. My sense of guilt was gone; my sins were gone; and I do not think I felt any more sense of guilt than if I had never sinned.—*Finney's Auto-Biography.*

LIVING FAITH.

A mark of the increase of the blessed life of Christ in the disciple is an increase of serenity. Agitations belong to earlier periods; the slender stream is tossed about and troubled by trivial

impediments, frets at little roughness on its edges, bubbles and babbles at the stones in its bed, and even seems to foam sometimes at sudden accessions to its own fulness. But running on its way it gathers contributions to its force. Gaining volume and depth it gains tranquility. Slight hindrances are borne silently away before its strength, and it moves in majesty because its motion is undisturbed. So a German saint, describing in his diary the later results of a long spiritual conflict, the final issue of a slow inward struggle, borrows Isaiah's image, and says: "Now was my peace like a river." The anxiety of religious beginners is of many kinds. There is the anxiety of crude ideas, of undisciplined emotions, of morbid introspection, of comparison with others, of fear for the future, and distrust of God. In a true, healthy growth, under the Divine nature of God's House, you see less and less of this spiritual worrying. In the character of Jesus Christ nothing is more marvelously beautiful than the peace; and, in the things of the Spirit, peace comes by power. The more he gives us of his life, the more he gives us of his repose. To a large extent this peace consists in a superiority to the irritations and annoyances of our common lot, as well as to its heavier sorrows. In respect to the former, we call it patience, which is sublime, in God and in man. In the case of some eager, impetuous, and yet sensitive natures, it requires a long practice and ripe attainments to be patient with one's self,—almost as much as to be submissive to God. This evil spirit of unrest cometh not forth except by prayer and fasting; but when it is gone, a singular loveliness is seen on the face of the healed soul, and you confess that the power which, even in a lifetime of holy discipline, can work out a transfiguration so glorious, must be no other than the power of the Son of God.

As words can never be recalled, speak only such as you will never wish to recall.

HOW TO DESTROY FANATICISM.

BY REV. JOHN ELLISON.

First, when you discover any tendency in that direction, stop everything and commence fighting it with all your might, and reduce everything to a dead level, and you will effect your purpose. But you will as really kill the work of God as you will fanaticism. Be careful that you do not help the devil to destroy the work of the Lord. This is what the destroyer intended you to do. But there is a better way. One way to keep a wagon from tipping over is not to run it. The better way is to drive on level ground. You can keep a vessel from capsizing by never leaving the harbor. The better way is to have it well ballasted. If your wagon rattles don't tear it to pieces, but put on a load. If your plow clatters among the stones on the surface, and the handles hit you in the ribs, don't stop and whip the team, but get somebody to ride the beam. If you are troubled with wild-fire, it shows a lack of the real fire. If this is the case, don't put out what you have got, but kindle up the real fire on God's altar, and the church will be full of light; and fox-fire will all disappear. Then, when the inhabitants of Zion shout, they will shout from the rocks and sing from the tops of the mountains. Glory to God! But prevention is better than cure. A wound can never be so healed but what it will leave a scar. Never let your meeting run without a head. Do not let the ship drift until it strikes a rock and everybody becomes so excited that they do not know what to do, and then whip the church for it. A little turn of the helm saves from many a fatal disaster. Don't think that the Lord is going to do everything; He will fill the sails, but you will have to steer the ship. He will make vegetation grow, but He will not fence your farm. He will do what you cannot; the rest He enables you to do. Avoid every belief that there is no plain, "thus saith the Lord," for. Never think that

notions are marks of piety, or experience. A man may be ever so good a person; if he is full of notions he will destroy God's work. Never regard demonstrations as infallible marks of God's power. Flood wood will float in very shallow water, but the stream must be deep for the running of logs. A slight breeze will make the leaves fly, but it will require a heavy wind to blow down the mighty oaks. Be careful how you receive the will of the Lord second handed. If you live near the Lord He will tell you what he wants. Never shout as a matter of duty; unless it is the outgushing of your soul, do not shout. I was credibly informed that one brother thought it was necessary to shout to keep the devil off. Now, my dear brother, instead of empty shouting keeping the devil off, it is of the devil, and he delights in it. Keep the vessel under the fountain, and if God makes it run over it is all right, but if you tip the vessel it is all wrong. Never throw away your judgment and your reason to follow impressions. Never draw your conclusions in a storm, but wait until the storm is over, and then, in the clear sky of your soul, listen for the voice of God and you will be safe. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." John x, 27, 28. While we show the rocks of fanaticism on one side of the stream, let us be careful and not run into the mud-beds of death and formalism on the other side. Our safely is in the channel. If we do this we can worship God with all our might, mind and soul, without running wild or mad, and all the wilderness places will rejoice and be glad. The church will go forth leaning on the arm of her beloved, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, and her fear will be upon the wicked. Her offerings will be pleasant unto the Lord. If the Spirit of the Lord is with us there will be much diversity. Sometime we shall be on the mountains of delight; at

other times we shall be in the valleys sorrowing; often in the garden and Pilate's hall. But most of all around the cross, where flows the blood that bought our guilty souls for God. Our actions will be guided by pure love of God.

EXPERIENCE.

BY VALENTINE OLDFIELD.

For many years of my life, after believing I was in a justified state, it was rarely I ventured to speak a word in any meeting. It suited me to listen while others witnessed to the wonderful ways and work of God. I delight now to sit at the feet of Jesus, and always get full measure. A happy kind of religion suits me; full of life and fire, which burns the dross and all carnality out of the soul. I was of a very lively temperament, and, when a worldling, tried to obtain all the pleasure I could. My conversion to God did not diminish but increased my joys. I am walking in the light, and enjoy sweet fellowship with God; through the cleansing blood of Jesus; whether I speak or keep silent is no choice to me. What the Spirit tells me I must do. I cannot grieve the Holy Ghost, I never will. Experience is narrowed into the compass of a single verse. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am crucified but live; dead, but risen; all the Lords. Three steps, if taken momentarily, I shall be safe forever. These are out of self; into Christ; up to glory. The Spirit is plainly teaching me that these are the only safe steps. Nothing short of these warrant any one a home in Heaven. Oh, Lord, help me!

All my experience, hope, and happiness, are wrapped up in one word, Christ. How shall the experience of sanctification be made plain? How be made known and enjoyed? Most surely by momentarily following on to know the Lord. The Bible language is: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." Oh, how true!

how plain! how easy to know if we will obey. How sweet to live, and from a hungry heart breathe out in sweet strains of melody: "Nearer my God, to thee." I am passing down and through the valley of humiliation trembling. May the Lord enlarge our borders until the world is on fire spiritually, for holiness, and the glory of God.

It is the manner of hypocrites, after a while, in a great measure to leave off the practice of secret prayer. We are often taught that the seeming goodness and piety of hypocrites is not of a lasting and persevering nature. It is so with respect to their practice of the duty of prayer in particular, and especially of secret prayer. They omit this duty and their omission of it will not be taken notice of by others, who know what profession they have made. So that a regard to their own reputation doth not oblige them still to practice it. If others saw how they neglected it, it would exceedingly shock their charity towards them. But their neglect doth not fall under their observance, at least not under the observation of many. Therefore they may omit this duty, and still have the credit of being converted persons.—*Edwards.*

There is no danger so imminent as departing from our original simplicity in spirit, in manner, and in our mode of worship. As the world is continually changing around us, we are liable to be affected by these changes. We think, in many cases, that we may please well-intentioned men better, and be more useful to them, by permitting many of the more innocent forms of the world to enter into the church; wherever we have done so, we have infallibly lost ground in the depth of our religion and in its spirituality and unction. I would say to all, keep your doctrines and your disciplines, not only in your church books, and in your society rules, but preach the former without refining upon them—observe the latter without bending it to circumstances, or impairing its vigor by frivolous exceptions and partialities.—*Adam Clark.*

—A wayfaring man stops at a tavern and, to beguile the time of his stay there, looks around for some book. He sees, perhaps, a newspaper, an almanac, and the Bible; but chooses to pore over either of the former in preference to the word of God, thinking it hardly possible to be amused or interested in that. Even a Christian will sometimes do thus. This is as if a man should be introduced into an apartment, in one division of which were Jesus Christ and his Apostles, and in the other the most dissolute and frivolous company, and, on being invited by the Saviour to sit with them and enjoy their company, should refuse and sit himself with the other. Would not this be a most gross insult to the Saviour? And do you not equally undervalue and refuse his company when you thus neglect and despise his holy word—through which he converses with you and invites you near to himself—and choose some foolish production instead of it?—*Payson.*

—Preaching is the grand ordinance which God has instituted to save men's souls, and to build them up in their most holy faith. Christ preached in the cities of Judea. The Apostles were preachers of the Gospel. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things, that publish peace." Paul says it is the power of God, God saves "by the foolishness of preaching." He boasts that in one city he baptized but two adults; "for," Christ says he "sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." We must magnify preaching. It is God's power in earthen vessels, more honored than all other instruments—more than sacraments and prayers. "The foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man."

Success in preaching Christ crucified is the proof of our call—of our apostleship—of the divine validity of our ministry. It is the great practical argument against all who deny it or call it in question. If we save souls we are true successors of Christ and the apostles.—*Olin.*

FULL SALVATION.

BY MRS. E. C. REESE.

God has done much for me through the instrumentality of Brother Armentrout. When he came to Pana I was in a state of skepticism. Not definite, I had never dared utter it—but inasmuch as all persons are either skeptics or believers, I was a skeptic. I knew I was in darkness and error, but I knew not how to find the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Ordinary preaching and ordinary church-going put me more in the dark than ever. Persons out of the church, as a rule, bore as good fruit as those in the church, and some better, according to my judgment, which was fallible of course.

I have always had a fixed belief in God, and have recognized his hand in the results of actions, but I have not always been fixed in my belief in the Bible; for my soul had caught the echo of "Ecce Homo"

The first sermon the good Brother preached was principally on the subject of prayer, he said, "ask for what you want and nothing more." I could understand that. Ask as a child does, for just what you feel you want. He said, also, there was a science in salvation. I caught that up. If salvation was a science I could master it. I had studied Butler's Analogy and Paley, and Moral Science, and other things, that left me more in the dark than they found me, and I concluded now to go to the Bible. If it was not all inspired, I thought some of it was, no doubt. How wonderfully God glorified himself in those pages? They seemed all illuminated, and standing out with truth, I saw the trouble was not in God—not in the Bible—not so much in the preaching and in my brothers and sisters, as in myself. I worshipped God a little, the devil some, and myself a great deal. I must be centered, rooted and grounded—must give my heart, with all its deception, into the hands of One better able to take care of it than myself; and these thoughts led to

consecration. I spent two weeks and many tears running over my little list of worldly things, and I was ashamed to know, after they were all on the altar, that I had ever laid claim to them at all, for they were God's, and he was able to take everything to glorify himself at any moment. Then I saw that I must recognize God's right of possession in myself—give him my will and let it be as his will. So, after a long struggle, I threw that in. Then I thought here's the future; I must live in a state of consecration all the time. So, in my imagination, I took the future up in a lump, and threw that in. That was all I could do. I gave God all, and there was nothing of me left. I had taken a great responsibility from myself and given it to the Lord. It's a relief after all. I'm an agent now for the Lord. He gives back some things in trust, and says, "Occupy till I come;" and when I have gained the other five talents and delivered up to him the ten, he promises to say, "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

He gives me these things to cheer the way—to brighten it—to keep me occupied, because he loves me—not but that he could get along without my feeble service. * * *

Then came obedience. I lived two days of obedience without much love or joy in any service. The Comforter had not come.

Peter and James and John, when on the Mount of Transfiguration, saw a cloud of light, and they fell on their faces sore afraid, and there came a voice from the cloud saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." Inasmuch as God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, I affirm that as nearly as I can understand what that cloud of light was, I saw it and almost heard the voice—and I say it reverently, for I am filled with awe akin to fear whenever I think of it. I saw the cloud of light, and it seemed brighter just

over the pulpit (for I was in church) and I was shouting "Glory to God" before I was conscious of it. Without any will-power of my own, my lips would say those words, moved by some power outside of myself, but when I attempted words of my own I would be checked with a terrible fear, and quicker than a flash of light. If every one in the house had felt the power it seems to me the walls would have fallen, and if all in Pana had felt it, the earth would have heaved as in an earthquake. I shook with fear nearly the whole night, like a terror-stricken child.

Whatever others may think, I know it was not excitement. I was broken and crushed, and never felt so little like "shouting" in my life. I have not had a doubt since of the Divinity of Christ, or the inspiration of the Word. It is a terrible thing to be in the hands of the Living God! I have written this article to give God the glory for my salvation; to help others that may be in darkness as I was; to state my position, and to say publicly that it was through Brother Armentrout's clear and direct teachings that I was first led to see the light. I am in the habit of taking notes of the sermons, and studying them for myself, and it is my belief that if others would do the same, there would be less misrepresentation.

EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. N. J. PHILLIPS.

Among my first recollections of life are those of the family altar, with father, mother, brothers and sisters, gathered around, while God's word was read, his praises sung, and his blessings upon our family, invoked in prayer. How much I loved to hear my father pray! Even now I seem to hear him sing! To my ear no other voices sounded so sweet in prayer and praise as those of my parents. We accompanied our parents to preaching, prayer, and class-meetings. How vivid the

impressions made upon my mind as I heard God's people relating their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows in the service of the Lord.

At the early age of ten years I was converted, and joined the M. E. Church. Although not always faithful, yet I kept my place with God's people, always preferring their society to any other. My views of a real experience, however, were by no means clear. "Being justified by faith, and having peace with God"—united to a regular attendance upon the means of grace seemed, at that period, to make up a fair Christian character. The doctrine of holiness was sometimes preached but never urged as necessary to salvation. I do not remember of hearing holiness spoken of as a blessing distinct from justification, nor of being urged to seek the blessing for myself. When I read such Scriptures as "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." I felt that I needed something I did not possess. I would pray to be made holy, but without any well defined idea of how it was to be done. I inclined to think that I should grow up into that state, if I would be faithful in the discharge of duty. I knew nothing of the work of consecration. I was content with a general confession to God, but did not discriminate between those sins against him only, and those against him and my fellow man. I did not realize that while *all* sin must be confessed to God, *some* sins must be confessed to those against whom they are committed,—our friends or neighbors, as the case might be. Thus passed years, during which I enjoyed much of the presence of God, often receiving copious blessings. My experience in the Divine life would have rendered it comparatively easy for me to have attained the blessing of holiness had I been properly instructed in the way. I so longed to be a Bible Christian—so hungered and thirsted after righteousness, yet could get no farther. Now on the mountain top, then in the val-

ley; now sinning, then repenting and confessing; often renewing my vows only to break them in the hour of temptation. Thus I continued until I wandered so far from God that it seemed I could never be reclaimed. But praise his mercy! His Spirit strove with me and induced me to make an effort for life. He laid his afflicting hand upon me, and suddenly took a darling boy from me. This seemed almost like a judgment for my sins and unfaithfulness to God, and led to rigid heart-searching. With strong cries and tears I made my humble confession to God, who graciously heard, and for Jesus' sake, restored me to his favor. I rejoiced once more in a sense of pardoned sin.

Praise the Lord! "He brings the blind by a way they know not."

The summer following this, just after the Oil City camp-meeting, Rev. E. P. Hart came into our village, held several meetings, and preached a few clear and pointed sermons. Leaving us for a time, he returned again with his estimable wife, when they began the work in good earnest, being full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Numbers professed justification, and a few the blessing of holiness. The preaching was of the straight kind. Evangelical repentance was shown to mean something—going down to the very depths of the soul. Confession to God, with confession and restitution to our fellow-man, when wronged by us, was shown to be required of us by God. How the truth did probe my soul! It was as a two-edged sword. I was convicted, and came to the altar as a seeker for the blessing of holiness. Though greatly strengthened and blessed, I did not then obtain the blessing. I thought this was because I lacked faith, but afterwards found that I had a confession to make to one who had suffered wrong at my hands years before. During our late quarterly services Brother Hawkins gave us the word in demonstration of the Spirit and power. As he urged the necessity of heart purity, the light shone into my soul, and I clearly saw what I

must do or forfeit all my religious enjoyment. Oh! how the burden was rolled on my soul while at the altar seeking the blessing of holiness. Striving to make my consecration complete, earnestly desiring to meet all the necessary conditions, the Lord, by His Spirit, seemed to say *go, confess the wrong you did, and the blessing is yours.* Oh! how I agonized to be set free from this condition; but I could not be released from it, and I promised I would meet it. I was then blessed beyond power of language to describe. I shortly saw, however, that while confession of sin in a general way, to God was humiliating, to confess to man was a cross heavier than any I had ever borne. Oh! what agony it brought! I saw that the law was holy and just. I had sinned; God would make no allowance for it. I then saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Oh! wretched woman! "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death." The command came: "Sin revived, and I died." I was made so willing to do anything for full salvation that, although crucifying to the flesh and spirit, I made the confession, and was forgiven. Bless the Lord! I now am free; I know by faith, I know my sins are all forgiven, all under the blood. Sanctified by the Holy Ghost *I am wholly the Lord's.* I stand upon a higher plane in Christian experience than ever before. I am where "flows the blood that bought my guilty soul for God." I have had such manifestations of the presence and glory of God as I never before enjoyed. I see new beauty in the divine life, and have new and wonderful experiences of the life of God in the soul that "I am lost in wonder, love and praise." Glory be to God! I am where the "glorious Lord is a place of broad rivers and streams" to my soul. Freed now in Christ Jesus; all the weights cut loose, I feel that I can run up the shining way. Hallelujah, my soul catches new fire. I love the blessed Jesus, and want to do something in the glorious work of saving souls. For this cause I write, in humility, my experience, trusting it may

be owned and blessed of God, and aid some one who may be seeking, as I did, the blessing of perfect love. Glory to God! Jesus saves me *just now!*

"I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure and garments white.
And Christ enthroned within."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A friend has just sent us a bill, with a large heading, &c., from which we make the following extract: "First Grand Afternoon Concert in aid of the Good Samaritan Home, Sunday afternoon, March 12, at 3 o'clock, First Methodist Church," etc. On the programme we find, among a number of similar pieces, *Serenade—Song*, "O Ruddier than the Cherry;" *Scotch Ballad*, "There's nae room for twa;" *Duett*, "A night in Venice;" and finally, "*Grand Triumphal March.*" Of course this was not designated a "*sacred concert.*" They did not add to this outrage upon the Sabbath and the sanctuary by calling it a *sacred concert*, or "an evening of song," etc., but simply and squarely announced it as a "Grand Afternoon Concert." We keep back the name of the city in which this performance was published to take place, hoping it may yet appear there is some mistake in the matter. The programme was forwarded to us by a friend on the spot, who urged us to call attention to the perilous state of things brought on us by the excessive worldliness of the times. This thing was not done "in a corner." It transpired in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of one of the largest cities in the United States.

Perhaps some will think it is better to say nothing about such matters. That sort of policy has brought us to the shame and dishonor now upon us. We cannot—we dare not pursue it. We have seen a strong propensity to deal with some matters in the church, about after the manner suggested to a young minister who visited a congregation, in view of being called to the pastorate. The account was given in our column

a short time since. One of the elders said to him, as a friend, it would be well for him to say nothing about Universalism for there were several pew-holders who were inclined that way. Another said it would be best to avoid any reference to temperance, because they had two or three leading pew-holders who were interested in the liquor business, but contributed largely to the church, and it would not answer to offend them. So one and another spoke to the young man, and finding at length if he should regard the advice that had been given him, he would be confined to a very narrow line of thought, he said to the one who had spoken to him last: "Well, what had I better preach about?" After a moment's pause the elder replied: "Preach against the Jews, for they have not a friend in the place, and I reckon there is not one living here." This is by no means the case with the matter in hand. The evil has been long developing and is strongly entrenched in the church and finds sympathy and countenance in certain quarters, and to a degree that is surprising.

Think of it—a grand concert, serenade, marches, and songs in the house of God, and on the holy Sabbath! "A Night in Venice," and "There's nae room for twa," on the day of the Lord, in one of our leading churches! To thus defile the sanctuary, and desecrate the Sabbath, indicates a state of things that should cause the deepest solicitude, and which should at once be exposed and remedied. The desecration of the Sabbath naturally follows the pollution of the Sanctuary. Our churches are professedly dedicated to the worship of God, and should be used only for what, in the true and proper sense, may be considered religious purposes. All fairs, festivals, charades, tableaux and theatrical performances, are alike unsuitable for the place of prayer, and damaging to those who pray.

It seems the proceeds of this "Grand Concert" were to aid the "Good Samaritan Home." We presume this to have been an excellent and humane institution, and deserving the aid sought. But

the "proceeds" of such affairs generally mean a very *small balance*, after all the performers have been well paid. This thing has been working in the church for many years. A thirst for show and sham has long prevailed, and has been countenanced where we would have least expected it. In every possible way, almost, encouragement has been given to the *frivolous and dreamy* ideas of life. This state of things we think, has, in a measure, come from the practice of teaching truth by fiction. We regret to see in one of the publications of the church, a suggestion, commendatory, as it seems to us, of private theatricals. We have here introduced the piece called "*Blue Beard*," etc. True, in order to make it slightly less offensive to the sensibilities of the devout and the thoughtful, it is called "*Little Blue Beard*," and is presented as an amusement for children, and at home. It would be well to remember that when we have become accustomed to little "*Blue Beard*," we will soon be able to endure the big farce called by that name. You may see this piece, the "*Dramatis Personæ*," scene, and text of the play, all arranged in the March number of a magazine published by our church for the benefit of young people. This, to us, seems a good deal like the little girl seeing angels, and hearing heavenly music in a circus, as described in another part of this same publication. These several parts but make up a mournful whole. The danger of further estrangement is imminent. We beg our good brethren to pause in the contest about episcopacy, presiding eldership, and the relative power of layety and clergy, and let all contending parties on such issues, give attention to that which is of vastly greater consequence, and unite in an effort to restore to our Zion the spirituality enjoyed in "days of yore." A reformation must take place, or we will become a "bye word and a hissing in the earth."
—*Christian Standard.*

A saint of God may suffer and not sin, but he cannot sin and not suffer.

"SHALL DIE IN YOUR SINS."

It is saying little to say that these words are intensely significant and emphatic. They seem to us to be, almost beyond any other words, portentous and awful! "Die in your sins!" Dying only is in its nature appalling. How much more, then, is it terrific to die in one's own sins! It is well said that "the sting of death is sin." This being extracted, death is robbed of its worst horrors; indeed you might say more—robbed of *all* its real horrors. There remains nothing really horrible about it.

The words—"Ye shall die in your sins"—(found John viii. 21-24) are those of Christ to certain Jews who would not believe on him as their Saviour from sin. We must suppose that he uttered them with the deepest emotion, feeling that this doom must be beyond all expression, awful. "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins!" Slowly, tenderly, sadly, yet firmly, as one who would fain shrink from the utterance if he wisely could, but who yet must in faithfulness to men's souls give them the fearful warning—*so he spake*. He who was the very personification of gentleness and of love—he uttered these solemn words.

What do they mean?

1. *That unbelievers shall die unpardoned.* Rejecting Christ, they can have no forgiveness, for "there is none other name under heaven given amongst men whereby they can be saved." Of course, then, whoever disowns Christ must die in all his sins unpardoned. They will go with him to the final judgment. He cannot flee from them or in any way discover them from his own identity. The murderer might as well think to separate himself from the deed he has done. It is a part of himself and cannot be otherwise. If he could be pardoned, then law would look upon him as no longer in that sin! but if not pardoned, then law must forever hold him and his sin as indissolubly bound together.

2. *To die in one's sins is to die unsanctified.* His sins are in him and not cleansed away. They live in his heart; the spirit of sinning reigns unsubdued, controlling his moral activities. He dies in sin in the same sense that he has lived in sin—in the spirit and practice of real sinning. He has not lived as God's obedient child; he does not die so. He has lived as God's enemy. Of course his sins attend him, not alone in the sense of going on with him to the judgment to witness against his guilty soul, but in the yet more appalling sense of going in him—filling his heart even when he enters the awful presence of his God to receive for the deeds done in the body. Even then and there, he bears the spirit which those sins nursed and matured into inveterate rebellion.

3. To die in one's sins implies that *the body goes to the grave as the body of a sinner*, with all the impress of its lusts, and with all the traces of abuse and wrong which sin has left ineffaceably there. Is it the body of a drunkard? It goes down bloated, cankered, rum-eaten, poisoned through and through—and it must bear those sin-marks forever. The grave cannot wipe them out; the resurrection trump will raise this "vile body" to "shame and everlasting contempt." Is it the body of a debauchee? The rottenness of his debaucheries is in it, and no regenerating power can reach it henceforth forever. He dies in his sins, and it is but fitting that violated physical law should inflict her penalty so deeply that the grave shall not remove it, nor the final doom of the lost reverse it. It is affecting to think how those sins that outraged physical law and left their impress during life on the diseased, polluted body, shall go with him who dies in his sins as inherent parts of his very nature—living in their effects and results long as his body itself shall exist! Alas! it is no trivial thing to sin against one's body!

4. Much more manifestly will the sins of those who die in their sins pass over beyond death, still living in the

soul. All the evil tempers, all the sinful habits, all the malign passions—these have eaten into the very warp and woof of the soul, and must remain forever. The miserable sinner, dying in his sins, his sins go with him as parts of his own character not only, but constitution as well, and can by no power operating there be dis severed from his being. The heart that here became black in its ingratitude and rigid in its rebellion remains black and rigid there. "Shall the Ethiopian change his skin—the leopard his spots?" Neither shall they who have their life long accustomed themselves to do evil, and wrought this evil into the very texture of their soul, find anything, after rejecting the Gospel, potent enough to reverse these habits and wash the soul into purity again.

So through uncounted ages "he that is filthy, shall be filthy still." The sinner who has polluted his soul with sin here, shall never wash out those pollutions there. God provided one fountain for the washing out of all sin and uncleanness—one only;—not another. It is only right that those sinners who thrust away God's plan and God's proffered help should die in their sins, and eat thenceforth and forever the fruit of their doings.

Is it not then a fearful thing to die in one's sins? Who can face such a doom without dismay? Much as the unthinking love sin here, is there one of them all who would enjoy the thought of dying in his sins and going with them and with all their physical and moral results to his eternal abode?

STAND FAST.

In the last days many shall be as "clouds without water, carried about of winds." And this is one of the special perils of these "perilous times." The winds are let loose, and are now performing their awful work of tossing hither and thither these empty clouds.

Hence the *instability* that prevails. Men are "carried about with every wind of doctrine." They are not "rooted

and grounded in love;" and have never "tasted that the Lord is gracious," nor rested their weary souls on Him; they go about seeking they know not what. They want something that will fill them, but not going to the Divine fulness of the incarnate Word for it, they wandered on in sadness of spirit, vainly trying to soothe their uneasy souls with every new doctrine or device that meets them in the way! All in vain. For what can be a substitute for God and His free love?

Amid all this instability let us "stand fast in the faith." Let us be "strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ." Let us beware of *novelties* in religion. Let us guard against fickleness of opinion and hastiness of decision. Satan will let loose his blasts and call up his storms; let us only moore our vessels firmer, and keep faster hold of the anchor, which is sure and steadfast, "and which entereth into that which is within the veil." Thus, in patience, shall we possess our souls, for "he that believeth doth not make haste."—*H. Bonar, D. D.*

PRAY ON.

It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating it seems to say: "I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often; I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant; the door may be flung in my face by some surly servant." How different on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child into his father's presence, and, as he climbs on his knee, and flings his arms around his neck, the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some promised favor. Now, why are God's people bold? Glory to God in the highest! To a Father in God, to an elder brother in Christ, faith conducts our steps in prayer; therefore, in an hour of need, faith, bold of spirit, raises her suppliant hands and cries up to God: "Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down."—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

DEVOTION.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

Massinger said: "The immortal gods, accept the meanest altars that are raised, by pure devotion!" Devotion is a term full of meaning; its application may easily be perverted.

Devotion may be warm or cool; proper or improper; it may be true or false. Hence the warning, to "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." Every one should know to whom they make the consecration. The Athenians had some fears, when they fixed an inscription "To the unknown God." The apostle said, "whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship." Their true devotion was improperly applied, because, "Their foolish heart was darkened." Yet unfortunately, "Professing themselves to be wise." Another fact relative to the Athenians, yes, and strangers who were there, "spent their time in nothing but either to tell or to hear some new thing." How peculiar the fact, that many in the church to-day have the same spirit; yes, the same inklings for new things—even more—for many things that are wrong. Instead of asking for the old paths, where is the good way, they constantly want something new. Forgetting, or not knowing, "that Christ is always new."

Their time, their talent, their interests, and their efforts are all devoted to frivory, fashion, and folly. Looking at the maxims, customs, and habits of this world of iniquity, devotion to God is hardly in all their thoughts. "Because that, when they knew God they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations." Rom. i. 21. Again, says the same writer: "God also gave them up to uncleanness, through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves; who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator." Rom. i, 24, 25. Adding in the 26th

verse, "For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections." Had the Apostle lived now, his language would need but little modification. Is it not too true even now, in the church, as well as in the world? Seriously, who can tell the difference! How few are the marks of distinction! All dress alike. All pay equal devotion to the god of fashion. All sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play. All are devoted to parties, dances, balls, theatres, and masquerades. But to mitigate the term *all*, in the church, we will say many; yes, very many. Is it any wonder, that: "Hosannas languish on our tongues; and our devotion dies."

While we hear of the outpourings of the Divine Spirit, at so many points, and to such an extent; ought we not to fully understand the foundation of our devotion? If devotion is to dedicate or set apart, or to yield the whole heart and affections to God, with reverence, faith, piety, and humility in religious duties, was there ever a time when it was more requisite than now? The laxity in administering church rules, church discipline, and church regulations, are fearfully visible in almost every direction, and in almost every church.

Devotion to the world is apparent in spirit, practice, principle and propensity. The excuse is, "times have changed. Young people must have some amusement, and it is better to have them in the church, or at your homes. Cards, dice, dominoes, dances and billiards, must be tolerated, for the good of our youth. In all of these there is devotion with a vengeance.

In our youthful days, we had amusements, and the spirit of devotion in our prayer-meetings, class-meetings, private meetings and our public means of grace. Our delight was in God's house, among God's people, and doing God's service. No need of any other amusements; no want of any. Surely the Apostle had reference to some important affair when he said: "Remember ye not, that when I was with you, I told you these things? And now we know what with-

holdeth that he might be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity doth already work; only he, who now letteth, will let until he be taken out of the way. And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming; even him, whose coming is after the workings of Satan, with all power, and signs and lying wonders; and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved." And for this cause God shall send; (permit) them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." 2 Thes., ii, 5, 12. Middleton meant much when he said: "A wise man likes that best that is itself; not that which only seems, though it look fairer." Another has said: Election is an act of will, not voice." Pure, sincere, honest and earnest devotion, gives fervency in feelings, anxiety in interest, and happiness in experience.

Latimer informs us that St. Anthony made a long trip to see a devout, humble, holy cobbler, who lived in Alexandria, that he learned was more perfect than was Anthony. The cobbler answered him in a few words. "Sir," said the cobbler, "my life is but simple, and slender. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, but especially for all my neighbors, and poor friends. I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness. When I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly. I try to teach my wife and children to fear and love God. This is the sum of my simple life."

The true spirit of devotion has in it a sweetness, richness, beauty and benefit, it is hard to comprehend or appreciate. These words, so full of meaning, once fell from the lips of Bishop Hamlin: "I would rather be Brainard, wrapped in my bearskin, and spitting blood upon the snow, than to be Gabriel." May

heaven grant us all the true spirit of devotion.

Kethburg, Illinois.

LIVING THE TRUTH.

The one truth you live is worth a great deal more than the twenty truths you only profess to believe. Fidelity to objective truth has its uses; but nothing can take the place of the living truth, the experienced verity, the soul-transforming word of God. You are ready to kill other people for infidelity to the truth; are you willing to die a little in your self-will for any truth of Jesus? You can see the lurking atheism in your brother's sermons; can you see in yourself the lurking hostility to God's peace? No creeds, no public professions, no solemn rites, are anything to you without the clean heart and the pure spirit, except they be helps to these actual fruits of religion. If they are ends, woe to you; for you have mistaken the altar for the sacrifice, and the confession of sin for true faith in Jesus.

Live the truth. Begin to-morrow with something you understand, with the near and demonstrable facts of religion, and live them. For instance: You believe in the power of prayer. Pray, then. You tell us it can perform wonders. Show us these wonders in your own life. Get close to the throne, live there, and that life will shine through you. You attach much importance to right faith. So do we; but the best kind of faith is that which comes out of a man in words seasoned with grace, in deeds clothed in righteousness. The blessed end of right believing is right living; do not be satisfied when a man can say his catechism without faltering; lead him on to live his catechism without stumbling. And do not disparage, any more, such choice fruits as common honesty, truth-telling and good neighborhoods. They are all truths of life that are worth everything as proofs that the kingdom of God is indeed among men.—*Methodist.*

PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

To be holy, is to have the mind that was in Christ. In order to have this we must be sanctified or cleansed, not only from our actual transgressions, but from original sin, which is our temper and self-love. On these two roots grow all the sins we ever committed. Our affections must be purified and turned back into their original channel where God designed them to flow. Our self-will and self-love must be given to God, and we must take his will and his love in return. Then shall our "eye be single, and our whole body be full of light." Then will the Holy Spirit witness indeed with our spirit that we are born of God, and Jesus is in us of a truth.

What is the object of our sanctification? Not merely our own salvation and happiness, but that we may be living witnesses of the written and preached word that Jesus is the Christ, and that he not only came to pardon, but to save us from our sins. In bearing testimony I think we are liable to fall into the following errors: We speak too much of ourselves. We are to hold up Christ to the world, and not ourselves. And if at any time we feel called upon to say that he has sanctified us or cleansed us from sin, I think we ought to explain ourselves. The world seems to look upon all our errors in judgment, and the moral defects of our character, as sin; so, therefore, when we tell them we are cleansed from sin, they look upon us as being deceived and deceiving others. The world needs more instruction on this point. Some think they are perfect in judgment. To one who is naturally set in his own way this is an easy snare to fall into. Sin has so crippled our natures that we can be perfect in nothing but love and submission. Some think this is the height of Christian experience, from which they can never fall, and they rejoice more in their goodness than in their graces. The Bible tells us, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall". Now it seems to me that this is only a more

thorough preparation of the ground to insure a more perfect crop, and we are to patiently cultivate all the graces of the Spirit, and bring forth fruit to perfection.

Another error is, to follow every impression of the mind as from the Holy Spirit. The Spirit and Word always agree. We need to study the Bible a great deal, and use all other helps to inform our judgment, so that we may always act consistently with an enlightened judgment. We should always examine our motives before we speak or act, and if there is one particle of self in them, the impression is from a wrong source. We must learn to have our words few and well chosen. If we would lead a holy and useful life, we must "keep the door of our lips," for "he that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man." We are to do Christ's will and keep his commandments, as he did his Father's will and kept his commandments.

The written word then must be our law, and its precepts our delight. We must "come out from the world and be separate, and be a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Christ never testified of himself. He says: "The works that I do, they bear witness of me." Let us learn a lesson here, and instead of telling of our goodness, let our works praise us. He always gave God all the glory. He says: "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Our emotional feelings and impressions should have but little to do as a guide of action. We are to live by faith and keep his commandments, and accept such feelings as he sees fit to give; believing that all things work together for good to them that love God. To all who would live holy lives we would recommend the twelfth chapter of Romans, the thirteenth of Corinthians, and the twelfth of Hebrews, together with Christ's Sermon on the Mount, as particularly calculated to help them live in the right way. May the day not be far distant when this doctrine shall be better understood and more generally embraced!

EDITORIAL.

FORSAKING ALL.

Repeatedly is the warning given you, *Let no man deceive you.* Mat. xxiv, 4. Mark xiii, 5. Eph. v, 6. No matter what is his learning, or piety, if he teaches you contrary to the plain, evident teachings of the word of God, you receive such teaching at the peril of your soul. Many are deceived. There was a time when the Spirit applied the word with power to their hearts. But some, in whom they had confidence, persuaded them that obedience was not necessary. How few insist upon the conditions of discipleship as laid down by our Saviour! Many explain them away. Fearful is the responsibility of making void the words of Christ!

So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple. Luke xiv, 33. This, some say, was meant only for the first preachers of the gospel. Never were hopes of Heaven built on a more baseless assumption. Christ applies these words to all who at that time, or ever afterwards, proposed to become his disciples. The context fixes this, beyond dispute. This discourse was addressed—not to the twelve—but to the multitude. *And there went great multitudes with him: and he turned and said unto them: If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life, also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, he cannot be my disciple.* Luke xiv, 25-27. What more general term can you find than "whosoever?" If there is any, it is the phrase *if any man*. This is a universal term. It admits of no exception. If you limit this condition of salvation to the first preachers of the gospel, you must limit the offers of salvation to them. For nowhere is the offer of salvation made in more general terms. Look, then, honestly and fairly at this condition of discipleship. See what it means.

1. You must forsake *all sin*. It will not do to hold on to any sin, however pleasing

or profitable it may be. *He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.* Prov. xxviii, 13. *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.* Isa. lv, 7. These passages are to the point. We cannot go into particulars. But anything which the word of God calls sin you must forsake. If all the preachers and churches tell you there is no harm in it, do not let them deceive you. If pride is a sin, you must forsake it. If the word of God says: *Be not conformed to the world*, then you cannot be a disciple of Christ and adorn yourself in "gold and pearls, and costly array." If the use of tobacco is a "filthiness of the flesh," then let it be abandoned. If "covetousness, which is idolatry," is a sin, then must you, in reality, renounce the world.

2. You must forsake wicked associations. The greater their talent and refinement, the more dangerous they are. It may cost you a struggle, but if you would save your soul, you must take your stand firmly with Jesus. There must be no compromise. There can be no holding on to the friendship of the world, and at the same time living in the favor of God. *Come out from among them, and be ye separate.* 2 Cor. vi, 17. *And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.* Eph. v, 11. Then if you are a Mason, you must forsake Masonry. If your associations are of the world, you must renounce them.

3. You must forsake your property in the sense of feeling that it is all your own. It must be consecrated to God and held at His disposal. You must look upon yourself as His steward. Any draft that he makes upon you must be honored. "Neither said any of them, that aught of the things which he possessed, was his own." Acts iv, 32.

You call yourself a disciple of Christ. Are you one in reality? You certainly are not, unless you meet the conditions of discipleship. Do you meet them? Do you,

in any proper sense, forsake *all* that you have? Do you, in reality, forsake anything? Do you not delude yourself by thinking that you follow Christ, when, in reality, you are following your own inclination, and the prevailing fashion? Is Christ your master, or the world your master? When they come in conflict, do you not obey the world? Then be deceived no longer. Own the truth. You are not a disciple of Christ. You belong to another school.

Do not hesitate in the least to comply, to the fullest extent, with the conditions of Discipleship as laid down by Christ. Heaven is worth all your pains. You expect to get there; but O, consent to see the folly of "climbing up some other way!" You will wake up to your mistake when it is too late. You find already that bondage to the world is a galling servitude; but take it upon you and you will find that Christ's *yoke is easy, and his burden is light*.

Depend upon it, that a religion that involves no crosses—no self-denials, that allows you to be vain, self-conceited, proud, worldly, will leave you a poor, lost, ruined soul, to all eternity. AWAKETHOU THAT SLEEPEST. AND ARISE FROM THE DEAD, AND CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT. Eph. v, 14.

GOING BACK.

What saints there would be, if all who receive the saving grace of God were to go on, walking in the light and claiming all that God has for them! But many who follow the Saviour for a season, go back. Some forsake him entirely, and no longer claim to be his followers. *From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.* John vi, 66. Others, while retaining his name, go to the world for their rules of conduct, for their enjoyment, and for their assistance. They still profess a general fealty to the Bible, but they make no effort to obey it, either in its plain, literal meaning, or as it has been applied to them by the Spirit. Where the word of God points one way and the pre-

vailing custom the other, custom is followed. The conscience becomes seared until many approve of what they once, in the light of God's Spirit and word, fully condemned. They give their money and their influence to practices which they once saw were as evidently contrary to the Bible as stealing.

Is such a course safe? Our Saviour says: "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have the light believe in the light that ye may be the children of the light." John xii, 35-36. By the light, here, is evidently meant something more than the written word. For that we have always. Does not our Saviour plainly teach that a refusal to walk in the light brings darkness upon the soul? Light can be kept only by being used. If you will not walk in the light, you will soon get where you will not believe in the light. At first you will put it away from your mind. Then you will reason against it. Soon it will leave you; darkness will come upon you, and you will call it light. "Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked." Rev. 3, 17. Is not this your condition? Do you not feel entirely satisfied with your spiritual state? When the candle of the Lord shone in upon your soul, you saw that there were many imperfections from which you might be delivered, much of self remained that ought to be crucified, so much more grace in reserve for you, that what you had seemed as nothing in comparison. But now self is indulged to the fullest extent that your circumstances will permit; you feel offended with any one who suggests the possibility of your having more of the presence of God, you are filled with self-complacency, and the absence of the convictions which you have succeeded in banishing from your soul, you call peace. You are in a fearful state, and the worst of all is you do not know it. You pity

those who follow the Lord fully, as being deluded while you, yourself, are under the greatest delusion. You call yourself a child of God, but you do not the works of God. "Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? Rom. vi, 16.

A SALVATION SCHOOL.

We started our school at Chili, as we firmly believe, by Divine direction. There were two ends in view. First to give the youth of both sexes the opportunity to acquire a good education, where they can be encouraged to become Bible Christians, and where they will not be led into the pride and vanity, and extravagance of the day. In this respect our highest anticipations have been more than realized. From the first, a deep religious influence has prevailed, which is constantly increasing. There is no spirit of compromise. But there is, on the whole, a fuller consecration to God, and a greater deadness to the world now than at any former time, in our school. The most of the students enjoying religion. Our meetings are seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

Another object we have in view is, to give those of but little means an opportunity to acquire an education by their own efforts. For this purpose a farm was purchased and is carried on in connection with the school. In consequence of the failure of others to do their duty, we have had a heavy debt upon the farm to carry. By the almost miraculous help of God, we have been able to meet the interest, amounting to about three dollars a day, and to assist many in acquiring an education who otherwise would not have been able to enjoy these advantages. The past year we have thus assisted twenty-two young men and women. Of course we could do more in this way if we were not crippled by debt. But we are doing the best we can. Here is a great field of usefulness for some one who has the means to pay for the farm, and the heart to run it for God.

To complete the addition to our building, and to pay for what has already been done, we need four thousand dollars. It is sometimes discouraging to see those who sympathize with our objects give thousands for pride—and give us only encouraging words. But our trust is in God. If he lays it upon your heart to help us in this work, do not confer with flesh and blood, but act up to your convictions.

The Lord has raised us up teachers, thoroughly competent, wholly consecrated to Him who, teach—as true ministers of Jesus Christ preach—not to make money, but to serve God. In a pecuniary sense they might do much better elsewhere, but they are here to do the will of Christ.

But here is a work to be done for God, in which many can have a part. "Who then will consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" We have not a doubt but that if others would do their duty we should be relieved of the constant pressure which is upon us. Take counsel of God, and not of the enemies of the cross of Christ. Do not, as some have done, hold on to the means which you ought to use for this purpose, until you lose them. Beware of neglects. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they come not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Judges, v, 23.

"SHAM REVIVALS."

This article, in our last month's number, credited to *The Southern Christian Advocate*, was written by Bro. T. F. Stuart, of Burlington, Vt., for THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN, and originally appeared in our columns. It was, like many of our articles, copied into other journals without credit. At last it came round to us credited as above. We told our foreman that it seemed familiar, and we thought we had published it. But he looked through several numbers and did not find it; so it was given a place. It is worthy of re-publication, but we were sorry that we gave wrong credit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DYING TESTIMONY.

NELLIE BLOSS.—In the January number we published a letter from her, giving an account of her conversion, through reading THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

The Rev. G. R. Harvey, in sending us an account of her death, says: "The Lord is at work, and your EARNEST CHRISTIAN, eternity alone will reveal, the good it does."

Her sister, Miss Emma Bloss, in a letter to Rev. G. R. Harvey, says: "Nellie died on February 14th. Her last words were, 'Yes, dear Jesus, I come.' Just then, her happy spirit seemed to leave the body. She died the death of a Christian. I never saw any one as patient as sister was through her sickness. I do not think she uttered one complaint in all her suffering. Sometimes I would say, 'It is so hard for you to endure so much.' She would say, 'Don't, sister; it is the will of God. Bless His name. He does all things well.'"

In a letter to Mrs. M. F. La Due, Miss Emma Bloss says, "It seems almost too hard for sister to be taken from me, we loved each other so dearly. Nellie was kind, good beautiful, all one could ask a sister to be; yet God took her from me, and I have not even her Saviour to comfort me. Nellie was two years younger than I; yet in times of loneliness she had a word of cheer—never seemed to think of herself, but was trying to do something to make others happy. She received several letters from persons in the Free Methodist Church, and they seemed to do her so much good, and O! I never saw any one so happy as she would be when she read them. I remember, some time in June, she received a letter from Rev. Mr. Harvey, of Waverly, Pa. For some time she could say nothing, as she lay on her bed, but "Praise the Lord! Glory to God!" After a little, she said, "Any way, Lord Jesus, bless me any way, Thy blessing is good; let it come as pleaseth Thee;" and soon she was like one dead, yet so beautiful—if I could but de-

scribe her face to you! Methinks the angels have the same look! When she came to, she looked at me and said: "Sister, dear, wont you come and give yourself to Jesus?" Mrs. LaDue, never, to the day of my death, will I forget that look! I said "yes, Nellie I will." Said she, "Emma, will you be a plain Christian, and walk in the narrow way; there is no room in the way to heaven to take anything of the world along." For every one that came in she had a word. You will never know how pleased she was when she received your letter, and she asked me to sit by her bedside and write you every word as she said it. I did so; and you will find it enclosed in this. She was nearly all day telling it to me, she was so weak.

She often asked me to write to the EARNEST CHRISTIAN, after she died, and tell them she died in Jesus. Tell them she kept the narrow way to the end; the plain path. She spoke so often of THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I used to hear her say, perhaps in the night: "God bless Brother Roberts and the EARNEST CHRISTIAN."

Nellie died as if she was going to sleep, About an hour before, she began and sang the hymn: "Safe in the arms of Jesus." And O! such singing you never heard, and never will, till you pass over the river! I ask your prayers that I may find Nellie's Saviour. I thank you, I thank all the rest of the Free Methodists, who took such an interest in the welfare of Nellie.

The following is the letter above referred to:

DEAR SISTER.—Your letter was received yesterday. It finds me near death's door; but Glory to God, Jesus is with me; he never forsakes us, bless his name. It is so good to have the Saviour take us over the dark river. I know I have him with me, Hallelujah! It pays to go the narrow path. We will have many to discourage us, but if God is for us who can be against us? He is more than all the world beside. O, how happy I am! Dear sister in Christ, how my heart rejoices to think there are some that will stand true for God. It is

now six months since I found Jesus; since he first blessed me. And, glory to God, do you think I will ever forget it? No, never. Not even when I get home! He has blessed me many times since. Some have said I have gone wild on the subject of religion, that my mind was not right, or I never would dress the way I did. I had been very proud. They seemed to feel sorry for me, and I am sorry to say, the most of them were professors of the religion of my blessed Jesus. O, may the Lord bring them to see the harm they are doing in the world.

Tell those seekers you speak of, for me, that I want them, and all the pilgrims, to meet me in heaven. Tell those who have been misled, to take no person's word as their guide, but *God's word*, and follow its teachings, no matter what any one tells—God is to be their judge. Bless his name, he is able to keep us from all harm. Sister, I feel I am almost home, can almost look through the mist, almost hear the songs of the blessed; but the best of all is, Jesus is with me. O, how I love him; I have no fears of death, Jesus takes all fear out of my heart. Am so glad I ever came out on the side of truth; glad I could lay off the things of the world and go plain for Jesus. Why is it so many stay away from the feast, and live on the husks, when the Father has prepared so much for us? Bless his name. He is feeding us fresh food every moment. I shall soon pass over to be with him forever. Think of it, to be with Jesus forever! Meet me, won't you? "In the sweet bye and bye."

No! no! not I, ashamed to have God bless me in a public meeting, he *has* blessed me there, more than once. I hope I never was unwilling to be blessed anywhere. I expect to shout louder than ever before when I get home. Tell the readers of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* that Jesus kept me true to the end, thank God.

I hope Sister La Due you will pray for my sister that I leave behind me. She will need the prayers of God's children, yet I feel sure God will save her yet. I can say no more, but be true to God. Tell the people the plain truth. May the Lord bless and keep yourself and husband, and

give you many souls, is the prayer of your sister in Christ. Yes, sister in Christ, bless his name forever and ever, is the prayer of my heart. Good bye until we meet all at home! Glory to God! Praise the Lord!

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RUOMA E. WILCOX.—My sister was taken sick January 18, 1875. Disease, consumption. As she began to be confined to her bed, she told us her work on earth was done, and although the Lord gave her kind friends to do all they could for her, her spirit passed to the better land November 18, 1875, leaving her husband and three children to mourn the loss of a good wife, and Christian mother. She was 41 years and eleven months old at her death. Her first child died when it was seven months old, and she murmured against God, but in 1858 she gave her heart to God, and when, about five years ago, death came again and took a lovely daughter, aged fifteen, she could say with such a spirit of calmness and trust: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." She suffered so much that we could almost wish she could be taken home; but she would still whisper, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!" In July our dear mother passed away, in the same spirit. She said, "the Lord is good." When sister began to feel the swellings of Jordan, she gave one more proof that her trust was in God. She looked upon the lifeless form of her son, who was sick but a few days. Still the same quiet spirit, and whispers, "All is well. Think of this, you who are living without God to lean upon. But sister has gone, and the heart that loved to see God honored, and justice done to others—the heart that loved to minister to the wants of the good and the needy, and which felt so thankful for all that was done for her, beats no more. We feel sad, but we mourn not as those who have no hope. Our heart says:

.. Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can say thy will be done."

Gowanda.

SARAH E. WHITAKER.—I am again left to mourn the loss of my dear companion Sarah Ellen Whitaker. She died Feb. 7, 1876, in great peace. She was wholly consecrated to God. Was permitted to look out and see her way clear through, two days before her departure. She saw the river of Jordan, described its banks, and said: "Jesus led her clear over, and took her up on an high mountain, which she said was heaven," and went on to talk of its beauties. For two days before her death she would sing and praise God with a clear, strong voice, and often exclaim: "Oh! how rich I am—I am all the Lord's." In the evening before her departure she sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand;"
with the chorus.

"Victory! victory over death!" Her victory was complete.

UTICA.—The work is going on gloriously here. We have been holding on for most fifteen weeks. It went hard for about ten weeks, and then we had a break. A large number have been clearly converted. Yesterday sixteen joined on probation; all of them men and women of middle age, that never started in religion before. This morning a strong infidel came to our house and said he had not slept a wink all night. We prayed with him an hour, and he came through gloriously, and went away shouting. Praise God forever.

A. N. MOORE.

LOVE FEAST.

PETER STINEMAN.—I praise the Lord that he has done so much for me—a poor sinner saved by his grace. Glory be to God for ever and ever! O my heart is so full of his love that I cannot find words to express his goodness. Praise his holy name for ever and ever!

I was converted when about twenty years old. My conversion was so bright and clear that the devil never attempted to make me doubt it; but I soon found many trials and temptations, and did not always walk in the light. I had a hard way of getting along. At that time I joined the

Evangelical Association—for it was the best church that I knew of. Soon after my conversion I read the life of Hester Ann Rogers. I believed in the work of holiness, and I read that blessed little book. I realized that I was not cleansed from all sin, but how to get cleansed I was at a loss to know. In the church to which I belonged, and all around there, the living of a holy life was a strange thing. When I read the life of H. A. Rogers, I learned that the witness of being cleansed from all sin was to come in a blessing. When I was justified I was blessed so wonderfully that I thought a person could not get blessed any more than I did. Therefore I did not ask the Lord to cleanse me from all sin. For several years I went on sinning, and repenting till in August, 1864, I went to a camp-meeting held by the Evangelical Church, in Erie Co., Ohio. There Brother Shearman preached about it, and stated that he was cleansed from all sin, but I could not see how I would know when the Lord would cleanse me. One day I met him, and told him how I felt. He said if I felt the need of being cleansed, I should consecrate myself to the Lord, and he would give me the witness. But I could not think how I would get it, so that the Lord would let me know. I went into the woods, and knelt down by an oak tree, and consecrated myself to the Lord. He then answered my prayer. Such a cleansing power came over me as I had never realized before. The Lord gave me the evidence so clear that I could not doubt it, and I realized that all sin was taken out. At that time I had a wife, and one child, that was dear to me. The war was going on with the South. Men were drafted all around. It appeared to me if I would not enlist in the army, that I would then be drafted. So I enlisted for one year or less, as the war was not expected to last long, left my little family, went in the army, and was kept by the good Lord; but I did not grow in grace much. I was a young saint, but did not get any instruction how to live a holy life, and grow in grace. I did not make much progress in the way. In July, 1865, I was discharged and went home to

live, but my health was very poor. When I got home I was so glad that I hardly knew what to do. My wife would sometimes commence joking, and I would laugh some, knowing that it was not right. Yet I thought a little would not hurt me. So little by little I gave way, not expecting to lose the blessing of holiness, until it was all gone. When I realized I had lost it, O what a time I had. It was worse than ever before.

I went to a camp-meeting with the intention of being cleansed again, and sought for the blessing, and was blessed some, but it was not the blessing of holiness. I knew I was justified again.

PETER ZELLER.—Jesus saves me to-day. Praise his name. I am working for him with gladness, and he is doing more for me than I deserve. I thank the Lord that he selected my circuit, for me. I came on my work, but it appeared very gloomy. I thought of the remark that our beloved Superintendent Hart made, that my circuit would be just what I made it; so I concluded that something must be done, but if I undertook the work of making a circuit, I would fail. So I told the Lord, I would trust in his grace, and obey him and walk in *all* the light that he let shine on me, and let him make the circuit what he would have it be. He has undertaken the work. It is under good headway. Souls are being converted. Skeptics are troubled and are changing their minds; some are saved from drunkenness, and others are saved from the use of tobacco, and ladies are laying aside feathers, flowers, ruffles, and velvets. The Lord is still at work by his Spirit, and sinners are thinking of their eternal welfare, and my soul is wonderfully blessed. The Lord is really with his people. Glory to God in the highest! Amen

G. GRARAM.—I praise God this morning for salvation that saves from the love of the world, and the pride of life. I expect on the resurrection morning to receive the crown of life.

Stouffville, Ont.

EVA J. CHAPMAN.—To-day finds me enjoying the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Bless his holy name for ever. It is nearly a year since God for Christ sake forgave my sins; and since then he has kept me sweetly saved by strength and grace from on high. How I love the narrow way! All the way long it is Jesus. I find new beauties in serving God every day. How he pours out the richest blessings of Heaven upon my soul, when at home all alone. And, oh, how I praise his holy name that "the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Glory to our God on high! How I love the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I can't get to meeting very often and it is such a comfort to enjoy a love feast at home. Amen. Glory to God!

MATILDA BILAND.—I think the EARNEST CHRISTIAN is worth a thousand times more than we pay for it. It is a gift of God. It helps me to renew my strength, and soar on wings of love and faith. I praise the Lord for such a visitor, so very welcome and beneficial; so quickening and reviving. They all go out from our home to bless others. I am so glad that Jesus loves me. I am so glad that I have got the victory—a living, holy fire in my heart continually. I want to meet you in Heaven.

MARY A. ROOT.—I can say that I am still striving in the narrow way. In my lonely hours I find Jesus precious to my soul. I have many stormy billows passing over my defenceless head, but oh how firmly do I find my feet placed upon the Rock of Ages. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Advance, Mich.

S. M. HARDY.—My experience is this moment that I have a religion to enjoy which has an indwelling Christ. I love this holy warfare and expect to be in the thickest of the fight. Praise God, oh my soul!

Wrights Corners, N. Y.

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