

# THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

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## RUNNING WELL.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

The Bible speaks often of the saints as running for heaven. The Psalmist says, *I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.*—Ps. cxix, 32. To run is to move with rapid pace. He does not say, "I will walk;" but, I will run, will go at the very top of my speed.

The Psalmist is particular to tell us where he intended to run—*The way of God's commandments.*

I. The place where we run is a matter of the first importance. No degree of motion will take us to heaven unless we go in the way to heaven. Many are rushing with headlong haste to hell. They go fast enough; but they go in the wrong direction. Their speed does not alter their destination, but only brings them the sooner to their journey's end. Of sinners it is said, *Their feet run to evil.*—Prov. i, 16.

But how may we know that we are in the way to heaven? Nothing is easier, for it is—

1. The way of innocence. It is not enough to do no harm; but still it is a good deal. They who are in the way of life can say, *Receive us; we have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have defrauded no man.*—2

Cor. vii, 2. The way to hell is often over blasted hopes and broken hearts; but he who runs in the way of God's commandments never wrecks another in his progress. He does not do what God says, "Thou shalt not do." He has repented of whatever he did wrong when he was in the way to hell, and now he avoids wrong-doing of every kind, as he would avoid death. His repentance is proved genuine by reformation.

2. It is the way of self-denial. Can you not tell whether you are denying yourself of the gratification of appetite for the sake of Jesus? If you are parading yourselves before the world in the apparel of pride; if your limit to self-indulgence is your opportunity to gratify your appetites, then rest assured you are not in the way of God's commandments. What can be plainer than the words of Jesus: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."—Luke ix, 23.

That religion which encourages its votaries to build for themselves on earth, splendid mansions, and adorn them with every luxury and elegance which wealth can purchase, and then, in order to be consistent, builds splendid temples and dedicates them to God; and then sells the right to worship him

in these temples to the highest bidder, is, whatever it may be, not the religion of the New Testament. They who go in this way, do not go in the way of God's commandments.

3. It is the way of faith. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."—Jno. vi. 29. Those who do not believe in God, do not obey his commands, even when they do what he enjoins. They do not do it because he commands it, but for some other reason; because they conceive it to be for their interest, or their credit, to do it. When worldly considerations and the commands of God come in conflict, they obey the world. A covetous man dresses plain. Why? Not because God commands it, but because he wants to save his money. Is he obeying God? Not at all. He is all the while obeying the dictates of his covetousness. A proud man gives a large sum for a splendid church. Why does he do it? Because he wants to be considered a liberal-hearted man. He is obeying his pride just as much when he is giving, as he is when he is adorning his person. If he was obeying God, he would pay as much respect to those plain commands which it is unfashionable to obey, as he does to those by observing which he may gain credit.

4. In short, it is the way of universal obedience. They who go this way, take this path across the sea and through the desert; in the face of reproach and persecution, and death. They obey God's authority, alone. They ever realize his presence. Their words are, "Thou art near, O Lord; and all thy commandments are truth."  
—Ps. cxix, 157.

It is the way of scriptural holiness—of obedience to all the commands of God. Holiness is obedience to God's requirements. And it does not ask any other reason for obeying them than the simple fact that God requires it. When God's will is ascertained, all hesitation ceases. The path of duty is plain. This, then, is where we should run, the way of God's commandments.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is the best place for running. It leads directly where you wish to go. There are no obscure turnings, which render it difficult for you to tell which road to take. You are in no danger of getting out of the way. Keep in it and there are no obstacles over which you are liable to stumble. It is the way of safety.

II. To run implies decision. Men who run are decided. While they saunter leisurely along they may turn back at any moment; but when you see men running, you conclude that there is some place which they are trying to reach. Many miss heaven because they are not in earnest about getting there. They are ready to halt at any apparent difficulty, to turn out of the way for any trifling obstacle which one running would clear at a bound. Indifference is stealing over many who used to be full of zeal. We are too apt to slacken our pace because others do. The Galatians are not the only ones of whom it may be said, "*Ye did run well.*" Many have been bewitched by the delusive influences of worldly society and have turned aside from the way of life to the poisoned sweets of earthly delights. They are taking their repose in the gardens of pleasure. Vampyres fan them to sleep, and then

suck their heart's blood and leave them to die. If others around you are taking it easy, you must stir yourself up all the more. Go to running, and you will get others to run. But if not, run alone. The prize is worth securing at all hazards.

If you would run this heavenly way to the end, you must have supernatural strength. Human energies, taxed to their utmost, soon give out. The most vigorous can run but for a short time. They who attempt it in their own strength, no matter how strong they may be, soon become exhausted. Peter was honest when he said, "*If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise.*"—Mark xiv, 31. In ourselves the best of us are weak. But *in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*—Isa. xxvi, 4. The same Power that has kept mighty worlds in motion since the morning of creation, can keep us running in the way of his commandments during the short journey of life. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the *Lord* shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."—Isa. xl, 31. Ye tired ones, all the trouble with you is, you go too slow. Stir yourselves up. Get under full motion for heaven, and your weariness will all be gone. Pray more, and more earnestly. Consecrate more fully. Let all your energies be employed in promoting God's Kingdom, and in doing his blessed will.

Be tremendously in earnest. Get such a baptism of the Spirit as shall take all the natural indolence out of

you. The end is worthy of your effort; for you are running for an everlasting kingdom. "*Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all; but one receiveth the prize. So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly.*"—1 Cor. ix, 24–26.

In all the churches there is a great fear of excitement. But running through a crowded city creates excitement. Let a dozen run in one direction, and others start to see what they are running for. Where one shoots beyond the mark and lands in fanaticism, a hundred come short and land in hell. Where one spends too much time and fervor in prayer, a thousand spend too little. Christ will reject us for lukewarmness alone, even if it is not attended with a single other fault. The young man who had great possessions could not run because he would not unload. He turned his back upon the Saviour; for he would not strip himself for the race.

Many are staggering along under a load of worldly possessions that renders it impossible for them to run in the way of life. To all appeals which Christ makes to them for assistance, they turn a deaf ear. They miss heaven by carrying so much of this world, and they leave their load to relations who are already overburdened with earthly possessions. For your souls' sakes, lay aside your weights, and so run that you may obtain.

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—Keep near to that which will keep thee.

## MRS. FLETCHER.

The wife of that eminent servant of God, the sainted Fletcher, has left on record, the following account of her experience of full salvation :

In the years 1761 and 1762 there was a great revival among the societies, both in London and many other places; and an earnest desire was stirred up in many hearts after full salvation. Prayer was made without ceasing by the faithful, that the glory of God "might go forth as brightness," and his salvation "as a lamp that burneth." These prayers were answered in a very powerful manner. The Spirit was poured out on some in such a degree as can hardly be conceived, but by those who felt the Divine influence. Not only Mr Wesley and Mr. Maxfield were blessed in their preaching; but many simple persons, both men and women, were lively harbingers of the approaching Pentecost, and cried aloud, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" The mighty power of God was seen on every side! Christ was held out as a complete Saviour, and represented to the eye of faith, as crying out on this festal day, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink: he that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." The rivers did indeed flow from heart to heart. The gift of victorious faith was given to many, not only for themselves, but for others. A clear light shone on these truths: "They that are in Christ are new creatures: old things are passed away, and all things become new." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The whole soul, with every faculty, shall be so "brought into subjection to Christ," as to feel, "I live not, but Christ liveth in me!"

Some portion of this river seemed now to reach me also. The means of grace were as marrow to my soul: and often these words were applied, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." But I could not believe so as to give my whole heart to the Lord. I knew him mine:

but other things had yet life in me. I was now assured that the blessing of sanctification, or in other words a heart entirely renewed, could not be received, but by simple and naked faith; (by simple faith I mean, taking God at his word without reasoning; and by naked faith I mean, stripped of every other dependence, but on Christ alone,) and my soul groaned out its desire in these words:

"That mighty faith on me bestow,  
Which cannot ask in vain;  
Which holds and will not let thee go,  
Till I my suit obtain."

One day, as a few of us were praying together at Brother Guilford's, we were so drawn out that we were, I think four hours engaged, when I really thought we had not been above one, and this was frequently the case with us. Another day, as I was at a meeting for prayer at a friend's house, when we had continued for some time I seemed as if I had lost all. Deep discouragement seized my spirit; but I wrestled on, and was in an agony to "love God with all my heart." Brother Guilford was praying for me, when in a moment, Brother Guilford changed prayer into praise, telling the Lord he had heard and answered; he had set me at liberty, and now he would praise Him. This surprised me, as I had not given the least sign, by either word or motion, of what I had felt within. He asked me how I felt. I answered, I could not fully tell, but I found that the love of the will of God had brought an unspeakable peace into my soul: that, however, I did not feel joy; only a rest in that thought, "The Lord reigneth," and "His will shall be done." As I was walking home, I found the presence of the Lord to be with me. He seemed to say, "Round thee and beneath thee are spread the everlasting arms." I felt they were so, and my faith seemed to gather strength continually.

Yet for some days I was much exercised by temptation, and continually accused, that I had thought, said, or done something amiss. But after a little time I found a more solid rest, and

sensibly felt that my will and affections were fixed on God. And most powerfully was I penetrated with these words:

"Their daily delight shall be in his name. They shall as their right his righteousness claim; His righteousness wearing, and cleansed by his blood. Bold shall they appear in the presence of God!"

—Christians are never raised so high above temptation that temptation in all cases loses its power.

—There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves.—fatal moments when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.

—"Love is not provoked." Let it be observed, the word *easily*, strangely inserted in the translation, is not in the original. St. Paul's words are absolute: "Love is not provoked;" it is not provoked to unkindness toward any one. Occasions, indeed, will frequently occur; outward provocations of various kinds; but love does not yield to provocation; it triumphs over all. In all trials it looketh unto Jesus, and is more than conqueror in his love.—*John Wesley.*

—The reason why the Methodists in general do not believe in this salvation is because there is too much sleep, too much meat and drink, too little fasting and self-denial, too much conversation with the world, too much preaching and hearing, and too little self-examination and prayer. A number of Methodists now will be in public the whole of the Sabbath; and if they heard angels all the time they would be backsliders. It is astonishing how the devil is cheating us, and at the same time for a moment filling our heads, and emptying our hearts. What shall we do? How shall we return? Is it possible to bring the body back into the same way? I fear not. I sometimes nearly lose my hope. In all churches till the present time, Satan has used outward splendor to darken the inward glory. Is it too late to see, to know, to understand the temptations of the devil?—*Bramwell.*

## A STEP TO HOLINESS.

BY FRED H. CLARK.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. iv, 6.

"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."—Mark iii, 35.

Are we living with the hope of doing the will of God to-morrow? or next week? Or to do some great thing or something unusual for God? We will never do it! The words do not say, "he that *will* do it," but most distinctly, "he that shall do at the present time; he that *doeth*."

No man ever jumped to greatness.

No evangelist ever saved a thousand souls at his first effort.

As we grow in the grace and knowledge of Christ, so will our capabilities of working out his will. But to do the will of God, that is it. To do it, not only in great things, not at expected times, but *now*, this moment, in everything, in small things and in great things. "Now is the accepted time," "Now is the day of salvation," "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." If we keep putting off every little thing thinking to do right when some grand thing comes, it will not be long till we have fallen entirely from grace. Therefore, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

What is one of the ways of doing the will of the Father? "Ye are not able to do that which is least," and "Why take ye thought for the things of to-morrow?" "If God so clothe the grass of the field . . . will he not much more clothe you?" "Therefore take no thought for the things of to-morrow, for the things of to-morrow will take care of themselves; sufficient unto the day, is the evil thereof."—Matt. vi, 34.

Do not all these foregoing sentences bring us more clearly to the understanding of our text, "Be careful for nothing." We are taught, from the

first page of Genesis to the last verse of Revelation, the almighty power and care of God toward us; and that we must trust entirely to him. As soon as this trust, in the minutest point, fails, so soon are we in trouble, and our supply of grace is lessened or gone. What did Eve bring upon the children of men by her desire to become dependent upon herself?

How surely did the children of Israel bring again and again punishment upon themselves as soon as they failed to trust God. So we, as soon as we take thought of providing for ourselves, we are in trouble; our supply of grace lessens. "Be careful for nothing." Just as long as our faith is in God, and we trust him for all things, doing his will at all times, just so long do we have peace and grace, but just as soon as we go to caring for things, just so soon we fall from the blissful blessing.

"Because he trusteth in thee, thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." Is not this our reward, which we joyfully clasp while defying the world, a perfect peace, an unbroken peace?

You are all aware of the desolation which immediately comes to you when the devil has broken your peace by setting you to being careful for something. Does not the text plainly say, "Be careful for nothing?"

When the children of Israel gathered manna, those who gathered much had nothing over, while those who gathered little had no lack.—Ex. xiii, 18.

Has not God spoken unceasingly in the Old Testament of the trust we must have in him?

Has Christ ever spoken without anew repeating it?

Have not the Holy Three in One, the Spirit, plainly sent it through the Apostle condensed in one verse: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Oh what a glorious thing the Bible is! God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. The same God who

fed the children of Israel with manna, showing them—if they gathered much they had nothing over; the same God who said, "He that will find his life shall lose it," tells us if we do his will all things shall be provided for us.

If we are careful for nothing, what will be our reward? Read one: Is there not a blessing in the very words? "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

*Leipsic, Germany.*

FELLOWSHIP.—Fellowship of souls does not consist in the proximity of persons. There are millions who live in close personal contact—dwell under the same roof, eat at the same table, and work in the same shop—between whose minds there is scarcely a point of contact, whose souls are as far asunder as the poles; whilst contrawise, there are those separated by oceans and continents, ay, by the mysterious gulf that divides time from eternity, between whom there is a constant intercourse, a delightful fellowship. In truth, we have often more communion with the distant than the near.

POWERFUL PRAYERS.—Has not the church almost to learn yet what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of believing prayer, before which mountains depart? What of persevering prayer, which causes us to stand continually on the watch-tower in the day-time, and which sets us in our wards whole nights? What of importunate prayer, which storms heaven with its violence and force. What of united prayer, gathering us together to ask help of the Lord? What of consistent prayer, which regards no iniquity in our hearts? What of practical prayer, which fulfils itself? Let but such prayer be understood, let but our spirit "break with such longing," and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—*Dr. Hamilton.*

## COTTON MATHER.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

Cotton Mather was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He was born in 1662, in Boston, in what was then the Province of New England. He graduated at Harvard University, at the age of sixteen. Even at that age he was distinguished for his learning. He drew up systems of the sciences and made an almanac for 1683. At the age of twenty-two he was ordained minister of the North Church, Boston, as colleague with his father. He was one of the greatest workers of that or any age. In addition to his labors as a minister, which he discharged with great fidelity and zeal, he wrote, during a period of forty-one years, 283 books and tracts—some of them volumes of large size—and all showing great labor, piety and learning. He published some works in Latin, some in Spanish, and some in the Indian languages of the native tribes. He was the greatest linguist in America.

In 1692 he published his "Wonders of the Invisible World," it being his account of the witchcraft cases of the day. For this he has been charged with credulity. But that these were supernatural manifestations, not unlike in some respects, those described by the Spiritualists of our day, seems to be established by the strongest testimony. Cotton Mather, very properly, as we think, ascribes these manifestations to the influence of demons.

In 1710 was issued a work from his pen entitled, "*Bonifacius; an Essay upon the good to be devised by those who would answer the great End of Life.*" Dr. Franklin, when a young man, was well acquainted with Cotton Mather. In a letter written by Franklin when an old man, to Samuel Mather, son of Cotton, he says: "When I was a boy, I met with a book-entitled, '*Essays to do good,*' which, I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves had been torn out;

but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than on any other kind of reputation."

In the same letter is an account of an interview which he had with Dr. Mather, which is still as instructive as when it was first told:

"You mention being in your seventy-eighth year; I am in my seventy-ninth; we are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather; having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave he showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, '*Stoop, stoop!*' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, '*You are young, and have the world before you; STOOP as you go through it and you will miss many hard thumps.*' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high." Wise advice; and wise are they who profit by it.

Cotton Mather was made Doctor of Divinity by the University of Glasgow, was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in London, and was held in honor by the learned men of Europe, with several of whom he held correspondence.

He died the 13th of February, 1728. The New England Journal of the 19th of February of that year, said of him, "He was perhaps the *principal orna-*

ment of this country; the greatest scholar that ever was bred in it. But besides his universal learning; his exalted piety, and extensive charity; his entertaining wit, and singular goodness of temper; recommended him to all that were judges of real and distinguished merit. After having spent above forty-seven years in the faithful and unwearied discharge of a lively, zealous and awakening ministry, and in incessant endeavors to do good, and spread abroad the glory of Christ, he finished his course with a Divine Companion and joy."

As his writings are by no means common, and breathe a spirit of exalted piety, we shall, occasionally give our readers choice selections from them.

—Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

—To the sinner there is a way to escape from wrath—an offer of salvation through Christ. To the Christian there is need for greater growth in grace and meekness for heaven. Soon this time of change will cease to all of us; soon this world of change will vanish.

—All of Christ is accepted by the sincere convert: he loves not only the wages, but the work of Christ. Not only the benefit, but the burden of Christ; he is willing not only to tread out the corn, but to draw under the yoke; he takes up the commands of Christ, yea, and the cross of Christ.—*Alleine.*

—Do not condemn, but pity. Do not destroy, but heal. Do not drive, but draw. If possible, live in all the union, the power, the salvation. Watch. Keep your body under, mortify, slay, crucify. Give a good account. Stand before the Son of man. O, the glory of bringing all things to the judgment seat. This would cure us of sloth and everything else. Determine. Keep from everything wild, everything that goes before the Spirit. Take God with you, but never hang behind. Keep up and abound; increase with the increase of God.—*Bramwell.*

## NOT FORSAKEN.

One night last winter, or in early spring, there entered the Berkely street church, Boston, at a young men's meeting, a middle-aged man, who had had an extraordinary experience of sin and sorrow, covering a period of twenty or more years. He had fallen so low, that three times in his life he had been deserted by all his friends.

"My first glass of wine," he said one day, at a temperance meeting that took place some weeks afterward "was offered me by one who professed to be a Christian. Suppers followed, and then I was led to the gambling table. I had entered a law-office, and in fifteen months after a most promising beginning, I was turned out of the office for drunkenness and immoral conduct.

"My poor mother loved me; I was her favorite child. She bore her sorrow in silence; but at last she was stricken down by my behavior, and her hair turned white. My father forbade me the house; my sisters and brothers forsook me, and even the children took a different side of the street when they saw me coming.

"At last my mother died. Her last years were full of sorrow, of which I was the cause. She remembered me to the day of her death, and sent me this message: 'Tell Joe that I love him, and that, if all his friends forsake him, Jesus Christ will not forsake him.'

"I went to Maine. Friends set me up in business; I joined temperance societies, and I tried to live a better life, but my thirst for liquor came on me again, and I fell. I was again forsaken, and I shipped and went to sea.

"In the lonely watches of the night I thought of my mother, and her last message to me: 'Tell Joe that I love him, and that, if all his friends forsake him, Jesus Christ will not forsake him.'

"I used to get down on my knees and promise God that if ever I saw my country again, I would become a Christian man.

"God did not forsake me. He brought me home. I married, had a



family; then I became a common drunkard, and my wife and family were compelled for a time to leave me. They forsook me deservedly and in sorrow, but I was again an outcast in the world.

"Still I heard my mother's message, 'Tell Joe that I love him, and that, if all his friends forsake him, Jesus Christ will not forsake him.'

"Then I resolved again to drink no more; but my own strength was not sufficient to save, and I fell.

"My true wife returned to me, but the help of family and friends was not powerful enough to keep me from yielding to my temptations."

The man came to the church we have specified as an inquirer. He wished to know if there was a power in religion, more than human power, to save him and keep him from his own confessed weakness. He was instructed to trust in the power of Christ. Penitent, he accepted this power, and surrendered himself wholly to One whose power and grace are sufficient to overcome all human weakness. Tears filled his eyes as this new experience of love came into his heart, bringing to mind his mother's words that had followed him like a good angel in all his lapses and wanderings.—*H. Butterworth.*

—A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

—Dost thou despair of the mercy of God? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Christ telleth thee, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Matt. ix, 13. Again, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will ease you." [give you rest.] Matt. xi. 28. "At what hour soever a sinner repents himself of his sin from the bottom of his heart, I will put away all his wickedness out of my remembrance, saith the Lord. I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." Ezek. xxxiii, 11.—*Bishop Jewell.*

## THE IN-DWELLING GOD.

BY F. D. SANFORD.

Nearly four months I walked in Jesus, my Sanctification, through faith; but my soul cried out for *power*. I was aware that I had not received the promise of the Father. I knew the Father; I also knew Jesus as a Saviour from sin; but I had no personal knowledge of the Holy Ghost as an abiding Guest. I was resting at *cleansing*; resting on the Canaan-bank of the Jordan, and not going on to possess the whole land,—not following on to know the in coming of the blessed Comforter.

At conversion I had all I believed for—pardon of actual transgression. I did not then realize the need of a further definite work. I knew nothing of the natural propensity to sin. This, however, soon became manifest to me; and I was led to see and claim my privilege of "cleansing from all unrighteousness," through faith. Yielding myself to God in an entire and final consecration, I stepped out on the bare promise, in a definite act of faith, and believed that my heart was cleansed and purified through the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ. I had no emotion: nothing but God's word as evidence that the work was done; that all sin was extirpated; and that my soul was filled with perfect love.

In nineteen days after acting faith, I received the witness of the Spirit to my entire sanctification. Thus God gave me again, all I believed for,—heart purity, or sanctification through faith. My life now was one of victory over sins, through Jesus, who always causeth us to triumph. At my sanctification, this was the felt need of my heart—victory from the power of sin; and my faith apprehended Christ only to cover that need.

But no sooner is the heart cleansed, than we wake to the consciousness of the need of being filled with the Spirit. I felt my need of power to speak unto the people all the words of this new life. I studied the Word by the hour,

to see what further knowledge and blessing God had for me; and beautifully it unfolded under the teaching of the Spirit,—“Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” But had I not the Holy Ghost already? Yes, in an important sense, I had; but I knew him not as an abiding Comforter, and in his full office work. I knew nothing of the endowment of power, for I had never looked to God definitely for it. I at once sought this from the hand of the Father; but as I looked for some great manifestation I failed to exercise simple faith, and thus admit into my soul, him whom I needed. But the dear God-Father had chosen me for himself; and it was his will to fill me with his fullness. One of his dear children taught me, through the Spirit—something new? No, but the same old, old lesson,—*Believe and receive*, and bowing before God, I took through faith, the in-coming of the Holy Ghost, the endowment of power, as I had previously taken pardon and cleansing. It was done. I was filled with the Holy Ghost. He entered in to abide forever. I experienced no special manifestation; but a gentle hush stole all through my being; and soon came the testimony,—“Strengthened with might by His Spirit,”—“according to His glorious power.” As at my sanctification I gave a clear testimony, so now did I also give my testimony to having been endowed with power from on high.

For one year I have walked with the adorable Trinity enshrined within. Such wonderful unfoldings of the Word; such rich mines of grace! No longer perplexed regarding my leadings, all is plain now, for it was said in my soul by him who was to “guide me into all truth,” “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go.”

Ah! wonderful life in God! Depths and heights unfathomable, and yet fathomable through the revelations of the Infinite. Altitude upon altitude, in the God-head, catch the soul’s vision, as it is buoyed up in the arms of Om-

nipotence, to be launched further and further into Divinity.

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 A PREACHER HELPED.—When I came to York, I found “a few names who had not defiled their garments;” a few who walked with Christ in white. Their solid, rational, and rich experience of the things of God; their uniform, pious and exemplary conversation; their clear, unequivocal, and satisfactory testimony of the Spirit’s operation upon their hearts, bore down all my prejudices, and removed all my doubts. I saw that none of them militated in any degree, against that great mystery of the Kingdom of God. Rash and mistaken professors may conclude themselves perfected in love, when they ought rather to repent, and do their first works; injudicious persons may handle the Word of Righteousness in an unskillful manner; and the testimony of the saints may vary, justly so, according to diversified circumstances; but the word of the Lord endureth forever; the testimony of God shall stand. My doubts being removed, I found a particular blessing in communing with that people. My heart became more simple, it was as a wearied child; my love to God more fixed and abiding; my confidence in him more strong and unshaken. I received the Kingdom of God in a sense and manner I had never done before.

♦♦♦  
 —Seriousness is the Christian’s ballast which keeps him from being overturned with vanity.

—Live for something; yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life.

—There are three modes of bearing the ills of life—by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual; for it can teach us to bear them with resignation.

## COMMUNINGS WITH CHRIST.

To think of Christ has become exceeding frequent with me. I meditate on his glorious person, as the eternal *Son of God*, incarnate, and I behold the infinite God as coming to me and meeting with me in this blessed Mediator. I fly to him on multitudes of occasions every day, and am impatient if many minutes have passed without some recourse to him.

Every now and then I rebuke myself for having been so long without any thought of my loving Saviour. How can I bear to keep at such a distance from him! I often look up to him and say, "O my dear Saviour, draw near unto me! O come and dwell in my soul; and help me to form some thoughts wherein I shall enjoy thee." Upon this I set myself to thinking of his glories, his merits, his pattern, his memories, what he has done, and what he will do for us. I find the subject infinitely inexhaustible. And after I have been thus employed during the day, I fall asleep at night in the midst of some meditation on the glory of my Saviour. So I *fall asleep in Jesus*; and when I awake in the night, I do *on my bed seek him whom my soul loveth*. The desires of my soul still carry me to him, who was last in my thoughts when I fell asleep. I find when Christ comes, a wondrous light, life, and peace comes with him, together with strength to go through services and sufferings. The holiness and happiness to which I am introduced by this way of living, is better to me than all the enjoyment of this world. All the riches of this world appear contemptible to me, while I have the unsearchable riches of Christ thus brought into my possession; and all the glory of the world would not tempt me to forego them. Now, O my dear Jesus, I know I have an inward witness that thou art the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world.

My life is full of sacrifices; but that which carries me well through them all, is this consideration, that

while I have Christ, I have enough; I can rejoice in him though I have nothing else left me.

By the faithful dispensations of God I am brought to this, that I feel myself dead unto all creatures. I have given the sacrificing stroke to all my worldly enjoyments.

A godly man is a temple of God, a living temple, far dearer to him than the most splendid and costly material temple in the world. And our Saviour comes into a heart that is continually instructing, reforming and solacing itself by thinking of him. O thou heart that panteth after thy Saviour, so kind is he, so very kind, that even at the call of a thought, he will come unto thee. My concern with this wonderful Saviour, is to accept the offers which he makes now of being mine, and bringing me to God.

I have nothing but this one thing left me now, that I may have my Jesus not only doing for me, but also dwelling in me, and enabling me perpetually to feed and live upon him. This will be enough. I care not if I am stripped of everything else, if I may but enjoy this felicity.

God has led me into various methods of conversing with my Saviour; and it is impossible to express the satisfaction I have had upon the discovery of some new method for it. No affluence of worldly wealth, no, nor any advances in learning or improvement in my knowledge of the sciences, could transport me so much.

As for the riches of this world, I use no labor for them, I have no desire to obtain them. They appear to me as contemptible things; my riches are my opportunities to do good, and those illuminations of my mind which furnish me for it. In my Saviour I have unsearchable riches, and in my fruition of him I have a full supply of all my wants.

As for the honors of this world, my abhorrence of having the great God robbed on my account, by people honoring me, without their being led through me to him, renders the praises

of men distasteful to me. I do nothing to gain honors for myself, and whatever honors are conferred upon me by men, shall be improved for the interest of God.

To be accepted of my Saviour, to have his image imprinted on me, and to be employed in his work, for the advancement of his Kingdom, are all the honors that I wish for.

Many persons are inquiring after news, with great eagerness; I am grown very cold to such things; my concern about them and my pleasure in them is very much extinguished. Some new thoughts of my Saviour shall be the news after which I shall inquire most. Here I have my curiosity gratified a thousand times more, than by the news of the common occurrences in the world.

I have done expecting any good things from this world; or if such expectations do at any time arise in my mind, I check them with this thought: What is the good, O my soul, of that which thou expectest? All this good thou hast already in thy Saviour.

I find in myself daily such imperfections, infirmities, and mis-carriages as cause me to humble and to offer myself before the Lord; but I endeavor to gain the honor of Christ upon my own humiliations. For whatever I see mean and vile in myself, leads me to think how much the reverse of this is to be seen in Jesus; from loathing of myself, I would proceed to loving my Saviour; and from a sense of my own unrighteousness, I would affect my heart with that only righteousness which I have to plead, that I may be justified before God.

I see my Saviour dying on the Cross for my sins; I feel the power of it in the death of my sinful dispositions, in my dying unto creatures, and in the world's being crucified to me, or, my affections being weaned from it.

I see my Saviour in his resurrection triumphing over the powers of darkness, and entering upon a new life, which he lives forever more; I feel the power of it, in my rising out of a state

of spiritual death and darkness, and walking in a newness of life, as being quickened with an everlasting principle of piety, to which I was once a stranger.—*Cotton Mather.*

BE FRIENDLY.—The following is told of two staunch Scotch Presbyterians: Johnny Maton, a keen Burgher, and Andrew Gebbie, a decided Anti-Burgher, both lived in the same house, but at opposite ends. And it was the bargain that each should keep his own side of the house well thatched. When the dispute about the principle of their Kirks, and especially the offensive clause in the oath, grew hot, the two neighbors ceased to speak to each other. But one day they both happened to be on the roof at the same time, each repairing the thatch in the slope of the roof on his own side; and, when they had worked up to the top, there they came face to face. They could not flee; so at last Andrew took off his cap, and scratching his head, he said,

"Johnny, you and me, I think, ha'e been very foolish to dispute as we ha'e done, concerning Christ's will about our Kirks, until we ha'e clean forgot his will about ourselves; and sa we have fought sae bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fact, tae hate ane anither. Na, na! that's the devil's wark, and na God's. Noo it strikes me, that maybe its wi' the Kirk as wi' this house, ye're working on ane side, an' me on the ither; but, if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the top at last. Gie's your han' auld neighbor."

And so they shook hands, and were the best of friends ever after.

—Persons who make a peculiar profession of godliness should be peculiarly circumspect in their moral walk; else they hurt not only their own character, but above all, the cause of religion itself.

## CHURCH AMUSEMENTS.

BY REV. E. P. M.

"I have called to talk with you about your published article on ecclesiastical amusements and money-making. I see a radical difference in our views. I believe that the practices referred to are a great improvement on the dull monotony of old times."

"Yes, we differ radically and I fear unchangeably, as do the two parties in the churches to which we belong. I profoundly hold that when the church becomes a bureau of amusements for the world, her glory and her God depart from her, and that her members for the most part, become lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."—2 Tim. iii, 4-5.

"But we must draw in the world or we cannot benefit them, and we must have money to pay necessary expenses. Religion must be made especially attractive to the young."

"You do not convert those you draw by your entertainments, and in many cases you might beneficially reduce your extravagant church expenses. Did Moses get up shows to attract the surrounding heathen, and get means to build the Tabernacle? Did the early Christians rely upon 'outsiders' to help pay their expenses? Did Christ and the apostles teach us that the pure gospel can be made 'attractive' to carnal hearts, either young or aged? Read Rom. viii, 5-7.

"The fact is that the worldling of average sense despises the Church for these religious sprints and unblest shows, and has no confidence in the piety of most of the men and women who get them up."

"But do not these entertainments prove a counter-attraction to the theatre and other worse amusements and vices? Can we not by decorating our churches and giving them, now and then, to novel and innocent and elevating entertainments, meet the desires of the

young, and keep many from worse places of amusement?"

"No, my brother, you will sharpen the appetite and send two there as often as you keep one away. The Church of God can only excel in holiness and usefulness. She cannot rival the play-house and dance-hall in their spheres, and all her efforts in that way will but swell their throngs. The rude and illegitimate drama of the Church will lead to the more legitimate drama of the play-house. Young people after all will prefer to take their amusements straight."

"But religion makes us happy, and we must show the unconverted that they never can have any real pleasure until they are converted. Do you not sing and believe the song, 'O the good are always happy?'"

"We must treat this matter with caution. The Christian's life is a paradox to the world. 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing,' says the Apostle.

"God's Word and all experience teach that there are real pleasures in sin to the impenitent, and that the good are not always happy in a worldly sense. The Christian has spiritual joy and godly sorrow. The unbeliever has carnal joy and worldly sorrow. Study the lives of Christ and the Apostles and you will see that while they were not ascetics, neither were they 'jolly' after the manner of some now."

"But I believe that Christianity bathes everything in the sunlight of heaven, and that we should show the world how to be innocently and truly happy. I hate this log-faced and unattractive piety. It belongs to a past age. The day of weeping preachers is passed."

"Beware, my brother, of 'lies that are half truth.' Remember that Christianity not only presents the brightest, but also the darkest possible pictures of the future of humanity. Does not God frown upon the wicked and threaten eternal death; as well as smile upon the good and promise eternal life? Is there not a hell as well as a heaven? Are not both the morning and night

coming? Is not the doctrine you profess to believe, of universal immortality and a partial salvation, the most solemn and tremendous faith ever revealed or believed? Stand beside the form of the impenitent dead; around which loving and beloved kindred are weeping, and apply this doctrine to the case before you, in your own mind, for you dare not in words, and then tell me if Christianity bathes everything in the sunlight of heaven, and if sorrow is unbecoming a Christian. If the day of weeping preachers is past, the day of Christ-like and Apostolic preachers is past also."

"But molasses will catch more flies than vinegar."

"Truly, but we deal with men and not flies. We commend ourselves to the conscience of free, moral, and accountable agents. The world is gay enough without our help. It needs to be brought to a serious consideration of God and eternity. But look at facts in this matter of catching men. Universalist churches, though comparatively very few in number, are the most thinly attended of all, except as some clap-trap performance is resorted to, and no Universalist ever undertakes to reach the masses as an evangelist."

"But I believe that if we could convince the world of sinners that God loves them, it would not take twenty-four hours to bring them all to Christ. Love is omnipotent and any sinner can be reached by it."

"My dear brother, one sober, second thought ought to convince you that this sentiment is absolutely contrary to Scripture and observation. The most subtle and ruinous errors of modern times have their origin in false views of God's love. Many flatter themselves that God the Father loves them too well, and that he is too good to send any one to hell. Their consciences need to be aroused to a sense of the holiness of God's love, and his righteous indignation against sin."

"But moral motives vary with the times. The key-note of former revivals was terror, but now it is love.

Motives that were useful in a rude and uncultured age may become useless in a more advanced and cultured age."

"No degree of culture can lift man above the sway of the two great motives, hope and fear. The great facts and truths of Revelation remain the same, and the moral nature of man is not essentially changed by intellectual and aesthetic culture. 'By the manifestation of the truth we commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.'—2 Cor. iv, 2. Mere taste exerts but a slender influence in matters of religion. While it is true that the doctrines of sin and retribution are employed less in revivals now than formerly, is it not also true that revivals are more shallow and transient in their influence?"

"It seems to me that your views of methods are behind the times. We must fall in with the spirit of the times if we would be popular and useful."

"The spirit of the times is not and never has been the true Christian spirit.—1 John ii, 16-17. The voice of the people is not the voice of God. Play and amusements should have a very small place in Christian life. It is a sad spectacle to see a church fritter away its life in such affairs. Remember that work and not play, is your great business and privilege."

"But does not Paul say, 'I am all things to all men?'"

"Yes, that he may win some; but do you win one to vital godliness by religious frolics? He conformed to common usages, in things indifferent; but in the true spirit of Christianity, he was absolutely radical and uncompromising in all things involving matters of principle. If you want to popularize the Gospel, as much as possible gather the masses into the churches, build plain churches; open your pew doors and make your church as free as a public hall; dress in a plain and becoming manner; arouse the people to congregational singing; demand simple and earnest Gospel preaching from the pulpit, and then take pains to go out after the poor, and

make them feel at home in your church services and fellow-ship."

"I am sure that ministers do not preach so much as formerly upon the three great R's; *Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration*. We seldom hear a sermon now upon the mortifying doctrine of human depravity or the alarming doctrine of eternal punishment."

"True, and Zion's watchmen will have a fearful account to render for this time-serving policy. Read *Ezekiel xxxiii*. Faith in some of these fundamental doctrines is fading out of the minds of the people through this neglect. The most powerful independent paper in America says, 'People do not believe in the Fall, the Atonement, the Resurrection, and a future state of reward and punishment at all, or do not believe in them with the certainty and vividness which are needed to make faith a constant influence on a man's daily life. They do not believe they will be damned for sin, with the assurance they once did, and they are consequently indifferent to most of what is said to them of the need of repentance.' This witness is true, and ministers of the Gospel are responsible for it to a fearful extent. Evangelists are more and more required because they do preach these doctrines."

"Well, I heard a man once say of your preaching, 'If that is your religion, I want none of it.'"

"So much the worse for him. In the same spirit the rich young ruler turned away from Christ, but Christ did not call him back and compromise. Christianity is essentially and unchangeably unpopular with the world. All efforts to make it pleasing to the world lead to its corruption. There is an essential offense in the Cross. We should neither unnecessarily repel the world by asceticism nor seek to attract it by worldliness. The Church has been trying conformity until the world sees but little to be converted to. I should like to see her now try the old method of nonconformity, and missionary zeal."

## PLUNGE IN.

BY AUGUSTINE CALDWELL.

Of the first steps in the Divine life, none are more difficult than casting ourselves upon Jesus, and believing that we are saved. Yet, to become satisfied, these two advances, consecration and belief, must be made. Those who have wept, and prayed, and longed for full salvation, are finally obliged to cease weeping, praying, longing, and anything and everything else, and just do these two simple things, and assurance will be given, liberty will come.

When we see souls brought to the place where they are convinced that only this will bring them into the light, we are reminded of summer bathing in boyhood.

An old mill stood on the bank of the Ipswich river. Its foundation stones extended beyond the building, and made a fine and secluded place for boys to swim.

The rocks were so laid that there was no gaining the water but by a precipitous plunge. The stream was deep; the rocks high for boys to jump from; and the waters looked cold. We wished for the bath, but dreaded the plunge. We stood shuddering on the brink, till finally the leap was taken, and then, instantly, every dread vanished, and the waters were such a luxury!

The great immensity of Jesus' love, stretches before us. We are invited to plunge,—body, soul, and spirit,—and be cleansed.

"And sinner's plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

But it seems an uncertain step. So many questions arise:

"How shall I know that I have given up everything?"

"Can Jesus receive me?"

"Have I conviction enough—emotion enough?"

"I don't doubt his ability to save; I don't doubt his love, but, does it reach me? Can I have the assurance that it does?"

Oh, Unbelief! Oh, Satan! Bewildering and devouring souls with these endless thoughts. A severe task-master is Satan!

But while Satan perplexes with queries, the Spirit breathes,—

“Only believe!”

“Can I be fully saved?”

“Only believe.”

“Can I be saved with such a sinful heart?”

“Only believe.”

Like a guide-board to glory, these words are printed on heart and brain,—

“Only believe!”

At last the resolution comes:

“I believe!”

The whole being is then plunged into the Ocean, and salvation full, complete, is given. The wide spread arms of Jesus receive.

“I will receive you.”—2 Cor. vi, 17.

“I went, and washed, and I received sight.”—John ix, 17.

—Meekness is a virtue by which a man may know a Christian better than by his own name.

—He is not necessarily in the right who has proven all others in the wrong; nor does he hold in his creed only truth who has shown in others only error.

—Heaven has, as it were, been opened to me this day. How did I long to die, and fly away to heaven. I have seen and felt unutterable things; I have “tasted that the Lord is gracious.” I can by no means relate the communications of heaven, to which I have been admitted. I am now sure that the *great God is my God*, that I stand before him in the righteousness of Christ, that no good shall be withheld from me, that God will use me to glorify him greatly, and that I shall be an object for the everlasting triumphs of infinite grace. I was scarce able to bear the ecstasies of Divine Love, into which I was raptured; they exhausted my spirits, they made me faint, they were unsupportable; I was forced to withdraw from them, lest the raptures should make me swoon away.—*Cotton Mather.*

### “HELP ME.”

The Rev. J. Ashworth of England, relates the following instructive incident:

Many of the inhabitants of Manchester and the surrounding towns will remember a singular old minister, with a red, round, pleasant-looking countenance, a bald head, and who often preached in a velvet skull-cap. He was a man of very peculiar views, but almost unequaled in his description of Christian experience. This man once preached in Rochdale, from the text, “Lord help me.” Having read his text, he took off his spectacles, and, in his usual, deliberate way, looked round on the congregation, saying:

“Friends, by way of introduction, I will tell you how I got this text; and if you will allow me to speak in the first person, I can tell you easier by saying I, than he.

“Well, then, before I was fully devoted to the ministry, I was in business, and; as most business men do, I worked a little on credit. When I gave up business and settled as a preacher and pastor of a congregation, I was owing several sums of money; but much more was owing to me, so that I had no fear of being unable to pay my creditors. One of these creditors, to whom I owed twenty pounds, called upon me for the payment. I said to him, ‘I will see what I can do for you next Monday.’ He called on the Monday, but I had not got the money. He was rather cross with me, saying I ‘had no business to promise except I intended to perform.’ This observation roused my pride, and I told him that I would pay him on the coming Monday. He went away in a rage, saying, ‘He hoped I would.’

I set out on the following day to see some of my debtors, not fearing but I could raise the twenty pounds, but I did not get one farthing. I tried others, but with the same success. I then put down on a sheet of paper the names of several of my friends, certain



that I could borrow twenty pounds from any one of them. But, to my utter amazement, I was mistaken. All of them could sympathize with me a deal better than lend me anything; and I began to find it out, that if a man wants to know how many friends he has, he had better try to borrow some money.

"The next day I made out another list of those not so well able to help me as the former, for I thought if I could get five pounds here and five pounds there, I would be able to raise it all. I traveled many miles on my errand, spending a whole day, but returned in the evening without one penny. I began to ask myself, 'How is this that I, a respectable man, and, as some people say, a popular preacher, cannot, in the whole of my acquaintance, borrow twenty pounds? I thought I had as many friends as most men, but now I cannot find one that will trust me twenty pounds.' My pride got a terrible shake, and I felt very little indeed:

"Friday came, and my spirits were sinking. I could not tell which way to turn. I had promised to pay, and was very anxious to fulfill my promise, for good reasons—my honor and veracity as a minister of the gospel were at stake. I feared that if I did not pay the man he would send me the bailiffs; and for a parson to have the bailiffs after him would be a terrible disgrace. I read the seventy-third psalm that morning at family worship, for I thought it was nearest my case; the mourning portions of God's word best agree with the feelings of God's mourning people. I began to look out texts for the Sunday, but could find none, for I could think of nothing but twenty pounds. I tried to read, but it was no use; the twenty pounds covered all the letters. Twenty pounds seemed written on everything—on the ceiling, on the walls, in the fire, on my dinner-plates, on the faces of my wife and children—and the whole of that day was a day of morbid depression of spirits. I was really miserable.

"Saturday morning came, and I arose from a sleepless bed. I ate very little breakfast, and when at prayer I was so overcome with my feelings, that my wife asked me if I was poorly, or in trouble. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I am in trouble enough;' and I then told her all about the cause of my sorrow. She was silent for a few minutes, and then said, 'You have often talked and preached about the power of faith, I think you will now need some yourself.' Having said this she arose from her chair, and went rattling among her pots and kettles. She was evidently mortified because I had been refused the money by those she had considered our friends.

"My wife is a good Christian woman, but she thinks works are the best evidence of faith, both in preacher and people.

"Saturday was spent much as Friday had been. I was in a state of torpor until evening. I then, with a heavy heart, went up stairs into a little room I called my study; for I had three times to preach on the Sunday and no text; twenty pounds to pay on the Monday, and no money. What was I to do? For a long time I sat with my face buried in my hands, and then I fell on my knees, and I believe I said, 'Lord help me,' a hundred times, for I could say nothing but 'Lord help me, Lord help me.' While praying, I felt an impression that these words might serve me for one text, and as Sunday came before Monday, I began to prepare, as well as I could, for the Sunday work; but no other text could I think of but 'Lord help me.'

"While preaching on the Sunday morning, I had so many thoughts and illustrations, arising out of the subject, that I felt great liberty in preaching. One of my illustrations was about a man I well knew, who was a deacon of a church, and had been an executor for two orphan children. He was tempted to make use of the money, and much of it was lost. This so preyed upon his mind that he began to drink. He lost his character, lost his peace of

mind, and died with the reputation of a rogue.

"'Now,' I said, 'had this man, the executor, when he first thought of taking the children's money, resisted the temptation, by calling on God to help him—help him to be honest, help him to do nothing but what a professing Christian ought to do—instead of losing the money, his good name, his peace of mind, and, perhaps his life, God would have heard his prayer, and saved him.'

"Noon came; but my sermon was not half done. I preached from the same text again in the afternoon, and again in the evening; and I felt that I could have preached from it a week. So, you see, the Lord helped me through my work on Sunday; and I believed he would in some way help me through the Monday.

"After finishing the night's service, when I got to the bottom of the pulpit stairs, a young man stood there, with his hat in his hand, wishing to see me in private. I took him into the vestry, and requested his errand, expecting it would be something about his soul. For several minutes we were both silent, but at length he said;

"'You knew my mother, Mr. Gadsby.'

"I looked him in the face, saying, 'Surely I did; but I did not know you at first sight.'

"'Well, sir, when she died she left me some money—in fact, all she had, except two small sums she wished me to give; one sum, of five pounds, to a poor old woman of her acquaintance; and speaking of you, she said, 'Our minister needs help, and I wish you to give him twenty pounds.' I paid the five pounds to the old woman; but, thinking no one knew, I resolved never to give you the twenty. But while you were talking about the roguish executor this morning, I felt thunder-struck, and I have now brought you the twenty pounds. Here it is, do take it, and do forgive me.'

"It was now my turn to be thunder-struck. I was amazed; and while the

young man was putting the twenty sovereigns into my hand, I trembled all over. God had heard my prayer; He had helped me through the Sunday, and sent me the twenty pounds for the Monday. It was mine, and I took it. I shook the young man by the hand, and, without putting the money into my pocket, I went quickly home, spread it out on the table before my wife, saying, 'Here it is! I now see how it was that I could not borrow the money. God knew where it was, and he has sent me the twenty pounds, and delivered me out of my trouble. He has heard my prayer, and helped me, and I will trust him, and praise him as long as I live.' Oh! my dear friends, when that little prayer, 'Lord help me,' comes from the heart of one of God's children in distress, neither men, devils, nor angels can tell its power. It has brought me thousands of blessings, besides the twenty pounds."

—Many have lazy desires after Christ, that are never satisfied, and they are none the better for them—like beggars wishing they were rich.

—Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves, nor into remote places to gather it, since it has rained down from heaven, at our very doors, or rather within them.

—We read of one of the saints, that, so availing were her prayers, people came to beg her to recommend their necessities to God. She, immersed in her contemplation, heard and forgot them. She was amazed, therefore, when they came to thank her for answers that had come; and she spoke her wonder in the ear of Jesus. "Daughter," replied he, "your will is always and only to do my will; and I will never let you vanquish me in love; and therefore my will is to do your will, even when you have forgotten that you ever willed it."

CONTENT.

Our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf of bread is on the table and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God; while in a palace you will see and hear discord sounding her war-whoop, and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor.

I stopped one day on Broadway at the head of Wall street, at the foot of Trinity Church, to see who seemed the happiest people passing. I judged from their looks the happiest people were not those who went down into Wall street, for they had on their brows the anxiety of the dollars they expected to make; nor the people who came out of Wall street, for they had on their brows the anxiety of the dollars they had lost; nor the people who swept by in splendid equipage, for they met a carriage that was finer than theirs. The happiest person in all that crowd, judging from the countenance, was the woman who sat at the apple-stand, knitting.

I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of a humble home, than through the opera-glass of the gilded box of a theater. I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find King Ahab going to bed at noon, through melancholy, while near by is Naboth, contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat, and Ahithophel, one of the greatest lawyers of Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself.

The wealthiest man forty years ago, in New York, when congratulated over his large estate, replied: "Ah! you don't know how much trouble I have in taking care of it."

Byron declared in his last hours that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. I do not

believe he had seen twelve minutes of thorough satisfaction.

Napoleon I. said: "I turn with disgust from the cowardice and selfishness of men. I hold life a horror; death is repose. What I have suffered the last twenty days is beyond human comprehension."

While on the other hand, to show how one may be happy amid the most disadvantageous circumstances, just after the Ocean Monarch had been wrecked in the English Channel, a steamer was cruising along in the darkness, when the captain heard a song—a sweet song—coming over the water, and he bore down toward that voice, and he found it was a Christian woman on a plank of the wrecked steamer, singing to the tune of St. Martin:

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

The heart right toward God and man, we are happy. The heart wrong toward God or man, we are unhappy.  
—*Talmage.*

—There is only one thing that makes God weary, and that is sin; hence he complains, "Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities."

—The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.

—Charles V., Emperor of Germany at the close of his active and stirring life, retired to a monastery, where he amused himself by constructing clocks. The Emperor is said to have expressed no less regret than astonishment at the remembrance of his own folly in having used such violent measures to make about twenty millions of people agree in their religious sentiments; when he found, after repeated experiments, that with all his skill, he was unable to make two clocks go exactly alike for any length of time.

## TRIBULATION.

BY MRS. THIRZA HUTTON.

"And not only so, but we glory in tribulation also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope, etc."—Rom. v. 3-4.

### *Tribulation worketh patience.*

What encouragement we find in these words. No matter what our condition, or what our surroundings; no matter what our temptations or trials, if we trust in God and follow him fully, they are all working out something good for us. And here is the great secret of success in the Divine life. We too often look at trouble or tribulation as a misfortune, as something to be dreaded. The more we try to get away from our trials, the thicker and faster they often come, until we are compelled to submit, simply from lack of power longer to resist them. This ought not to be.

Submission is the one great lesson God is trying to teach his people. The sinner, convinced of sin, takes his first step toward God, when he *submits* to God's requirements, and yields himself up to be saved. The unsanctified believer shrinks, stumbles, and reasons over duties and crosses presented, when seeking to be wholly saved. It is *submission* God wants of us. He can get along without any of us in his work. It is *great condescension* in God to notice us; but he does, bless his name, because he wants to bring us to heaven at last, and *not* because we are necessary to his work.

It would be very easy for the Lord to lay any one of us aside, and take some other one to do his work. Therefore we ought to consider it a privilege to be led, and instead of raising our wills in opposition to God, if we would cheerfully and lovingly submit to *all* his will, small or great, not regarding self at any time or in any place, we would soon find ourselves surrounded with heaven and the innumerable company. Oh, the blessedness of submitting *thoroughly* and completely to

God! How he can and does reveal himself to such a soul.

Never can we *understand* God's ways until we first submit to them. Then we can see infinite *love* in the firmness with which our Father has dealt with us. We read, "Whom he loveth he chasteneth." No matter what our profession may be, if we are not in a state of submission to God, we are not in a state of saving grace.

### *Tribulation worketh patience.*

Let us then think it not strange concerning the fiery trials which may come upon us, as though some strange thing had happened unto us, but let us count it all joy, and begin to reckon *right*, for "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope."

There is everything in keeping our reckoning right. Beginners in mathematics often make many mistakes, and so do the beginners in the Divine life. It is difficult always to keep our reckoning just right. We shall need often to look to the Great Teacher for help. And he is always ready to give light and wisdom, and loves to be sought after, bless his name! He will tell us often to write under the column of blessings, just what we want most to rid ourselves of. And some things we prize most highly will be counted as nothing by him. But oh! how I love him to-day, for such faithfulness to my soul.

—The life of a Christian is a life of dependence, obedience, and suffering.

—If the disposition is good, the acts will be so too, though a man may not be able to do as he desires.

—It is little to appear a Christian, if one is not so in reality; that which makes a Christian is not a false appearance or flowing speech, but is greatness of soul and solidity of virtue.

—Christianity is sent, not to destroy, but to restore human nature, to renew, to give to it, whilst waiting for the perfection of glory, a part of the attributes of primitive days.

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

One of the most interesting books recently published is "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," written by his friend, Peter Harvey, and published by Lute, Brown & Co., Boston. To this we are indebted for the following:

Mr. Webster thought often and profoundly on religious subjects. He had the most devout reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and was long in the habit of reading them every day. He often spoke of the delight their perusal gave him, especially the Gospels. He searched himself; and while he had doubts and fears in regard to his own spiritual state, his conviction of the truth of the leading Christian doctrines was full and unquestioning. Throughout his life this seems to have been his condition of mind on religious subjects. The early lessons of piety taught him by his revered mother were never forgotten to the end of his days.

The year before Mr. Webster died, in the Autumn of 1851, I was spending a few weeks with him at his place in Franklin. One pleasant morning he said to me:

"I am going to take a drive up to Andover, and I want you to go with me."

Andover was about ten miles from his place in Franklin. He added:

"We can start after breakfast, and it will take an hour and a half or two hours to go. We shall only want to stay there an hour or so, and we will return in time for dinner. When we get into the wagon I will tell you who I am going to see."

The horse was harnessed, and we started off. As we rode along, Mr. Webster had a great many reminiscences called to mind by different objects that we passed. Such a man used to live here, he would say, and such a man lived in such a house, and there I remember such a man lived in such a house; and here he used himself to live when a boy, and there he used to pitch quoits, and in another place he used to play with John Holden's boys.

After Mr. Webster had recounted various pleasing reminiscences of this kind, he said:

"Now I will tell you the object of this trip to day. I am going to see a man by the name of Colby. John Colby is a brother-in-law of mine. He married my oldest half-sister, and was, of course, a good many years older than myself,—as she was. I have not seen him for forty-five years, as nearly as I can recollect. My sister, his wife, has been dead many, many years; and any interest I may have had in John Colby has all died out; but I have learned some particulars about his recent life that interest me very much, and I am going to see him. I will tell you something about him. When I was a lad at home, on the farm, John Colby was a smart, driving, trading, swearing yeoman, money-loving and money-getting. In that rather rude period, when there were not many distinctions in society, when one man was about as good as another, and when there were very few educated persons, he was considered a very smart, active man. I remember him, however, with a sort of terror and shudder. He would pick me up when I was a little fellow, throw me astride of a horse bare-back, and send the horse to the brook. The horse would gallop, and I had to hold on to his mane to keep from being pitched into the brook. Colby was a reckless, wild, harum-scarum, dare-devil sort of a fellow. Well, John Colby married my oldest half-sister. She was a religious, good woman; but beaux were not plenty, and John Colby was a fine looking man. His personal habits were good enough, laying aside his recklessness; he was not a drinking man, and he was, as the world goes, a thrifty man. Any of the girls in town would have married John Colby. After he married my sister, I went away to college, and lost sight of him. Finally, he went up to Andover and bought a farm; and the only recollection I have about him after that is, that he was called, I think, the wickedest man in the neighborhood, as far as

swearing and impiety went. I used to wonder how my sister could marry so profane a man as John Colby. I think she herself was very much shocked, and I know her father was, who was a religious man. And still Colby was considered 'a good catch.' I came home from college during vacation, and used to hear from him occasionally; but after a few years—perhaps five or six years—my sister died, and then, of course, all the interest that any of us had in John Colby pretty much ceased. I believe she left a child—I think a daughter—who grew up and was married, and also left a child.

"Now I will give you the reason why I am to-day going up to see this John Colby. I have been told by persons who know, that, within a few years, he has become a convert to the Christian religion, and has met with that mysterious change, which we call a change of heart; in other words, he has become a constant, praying Christian. This has given me a very strong desire to have a personal interview with him, and to hear with my own ears, his account of this change. For humanly speaking, I should have said that his was about as hopeless a case for conversion as I could well conceive. He won't know me, and I shall know him; and I don't intend to make myself known at first."

We drove on, reached the village,—a little, quiet place, one street running through it, a few houses scattered along here and there, with a country store, a tavern, and a post-office. As we drove into this quiet, peaceable little hamlet, at mid-day, with hardly a sign of life noticeable, Mr. Webster accosted a lad in the street, and asked where John Colby lived.

"That is John Colby's house," said he, pointing to a very comfortable, two-story house, with a green lawn running down to the road. We drove along towards it, and a little before we reached it, making our horse secure, we left the wagon and proceeded to the house on foot. Instead of steps leading to it, there were little flagstones

laid in front of the door; and you could pass right into the house without having to step up. The door was open. There was no occasion to knock, because, as we approached the door, the inmates of the room could see us. Sitting in the middle of that room was a striking figure, who proved to be John Colby. He sat facing the door, in a very comfortably furnished farm-house room, with a little table, or what would perhaps be called a light stand, before him. Upon it was a large, old-fashioned Scott's Family Bible, in very large print, and of course a very heavy volume. It lay open, and he had evidently been reading it attentively. As we entered, he took off his spectacles and laid them on the page of the book, and looked up at us as we approached, Mr. Webster in front. He was a man, I should think, over six feet in height, and he retained, in a wonderful degree, his erect and manly form, although he was eighty-five or six years old. His frame was that of a once powerful, athletic man. His head was covered with very heavy, thick, bushy hair, and it was white as wool, which added very much to the picturesqueness of his appearance. As I looked in at the door, I thought I never saw a more striking figure. He straightened himself up, but said nothing until just as we appeared at the door, when he greeted us with,

"Walk in, gentlemen."

He then spoke to his grandchild to give us some chairs. The meeting was, I saw, a little awkward, and he looked very sharply at us, as much as to say, "You are here, but for what I don't know: make known your business." Mr. Webster's first salutation was:

"This is Mr. Colby, Mr. John Colby, is it not?"

"That is my name, sir," was the reply.

"I suppose you don't know me," said Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, I don't know you; and I should like to know how you know me."

"I have seen you before, Mr. Colby," replied Mr. Webster.

"Seen me before!" said he; "pray, when and where?"

"Have you no recollection of me?" asked Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, not the slightest;" and he looked by Mr. Webster toward me, as if trying to remember if he had seen me. Mr. Webster remarked,

"I think you never saw this gentleman before; but you have seen me."

Colby put the question again, when and where?

"You married my oldest sister," replied Mr. Webster, calling her by name. (I think it was Susannah.)

"I married your oldest sister!" exclaimed Colby; "who are you?"

"I am 'little Dan,'" was the reply.

It certainly would be impossible to describe the expression of wonder, astonishment, and half-incredulity that came over Colby's face.

"You Daniel Webster!" said he; and he started to rise from his chair. As he did so, he stammered out some words of surprise. "Is it possible that this is the little black lad that used to ride the horse to water? Well, I cannot realize it."

Mr. Webster approached him. They embraced each other; and both wept.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of recognition was past, "that you have come up here to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, why," said he, "I cannot believe my senses. Now, sit down. I am glad, oh, I am so glad to see you, Daniel! I never expected to see you again. I don't know what to say. I am so glad," he went on, "that my life has been spared that I might see you. Why, Daniel, I read about you, and hear about you in all ways; sometimes some members of the family come and tell us about you; and the newspapers tell us a great deal about you, too. Your name seems to be constantly in the newspapers. They say that you are a great man; that you are a famous man; and you can't tell how delighted I am when I hear such

things. But, Daniel, the time is short,—you won't stay here long,—I want to ask you one important question. You may be a *great* man are you a *good* man? Are you a *Christian* man? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? That is the *only* question that is worth asking or answering. Are you a *Christian*? You know, Daniel, what I have been: I have been one of the wickedest of men. Your poor sister, who is now in heaven, knows that. But the Spirit of Christ and of Almighty God has come down and plucked me as a brand from the everlasting burning. I am here now, a monument to his grace. Oh, Daniel, I would not give what is contained within the covers of this Book for all the honors that have been conferred upon men from the creation of the world until now. For what good would it do? It is all nothing, and less than nothing, if you are not a Christian, if you are not repentant. If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity and truth, all your worldly honors will sink to utter nothingness. Are you a Christian? Do you love Christ? You have not answered me."

All this was said in the most earnest and even vehement manner.

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be answered lightly. I intend to give you an answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't give you any. I hope that I am a Christian. I profess to be a Christian. But, while I say that, I wish to add—I say it with shame and confusion of face—that I am not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world, surrounded by its honors and its temptations; and I am afraid, John Colby, that I am not so good a Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I have not your faith and your hopes; but still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, and that the same grace which has converted you, and made you an heir of salvation, will do the same for me. I trust it; and I also trust, John Colby—and it won't

be long before our summons will come—that we shall meet in a better world, and meet those who have gone before us, whom we knew, and who trusted in that same divine, free grace. It won't be long. You cannot tell, John Colby, how much delight it gave me to hear of your conversion. The hearing of that is what has led me here to-day. I came here to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears the story from a man that I know and remember well. What a wicked man you used to be!

"O Daniel!" exclaimed John Colby, "you don't remember how wicked I was; how ungrateful I was; how unthankful I was! I never thought of God; I never cared for God; I was worse than the heathen. Living in a Christian land, with the light shining all around me, and the blessings of Sabbath teachings everywhere about me, I was worse than a heathen until I was arrested by the grace of Christ, and made to see my sinfulness, and to hear the voice of my Saviour. Now I am only waiting to go home to him, and to meet your sainted sister, my poor wife. And I wish, Daniel, that you might be a prayerful Christian, and I trust you are. Daniel," he added, with deep earnestness of voice, "will you pray with me?"

We knelt down, and Mr. Webster offered a most touching and eloquent prayer. As soon as he had pronounced the "Amen," Mr. Colby followed in a most pathetic, stirring appeal to God. He prayed for the family, for me, and for everybody. Then we rose; and he seemed to feel a serene happiness in having thus joined his spirit with that of Mr. Webster in prayer.

"Now," said he, "what can we give you? I don't think we have anything that we can give you."

"Yes, you have," replied Mr. Webster, "you have something that is just what we want to eat."

"What is that?" asked Colby.

"It is some bread and milk," said Mr. Webster. "I want a bowl of bread and milk for myself and friend."

Very soon the table was set, and a white cloth spread over it; some nice bread was set upon it and some milk brought, and we sat down to the table and ate. Mr. Webster exclaimed afterward:

"Didn't it taste good? Didn't it taste like old times?"

The brothers-in-law took an affectionate leave of each other, and we left. Mr. Webster could hardly restrain his tears. When we got into the wagon he began to moralize.

"I should like," said he, "to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion. There was a man as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Christian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious; never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. And here he has been living on in that reckless way until he has got to be an old man; until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change; and yet he has been brought into the condition in which we have seen him to-day—a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing," added Mr. Webster, "can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I, with my own eyes, have witnessed in the life of John Colby."

When we got back to Franklin, in the evening, we met John Taylor at the door. Mr. Webster called out to him:

"Well, John Taylor, miracles happen in these later days as well as in the days of old."

"What now, squire?" asked John Taylor.

"Why, John Colby has become a Christian. If that is not a miracle, what is it?"

—Strive to get quite above a light spirit. You know that the Spirit of the Lord is a happy Spirit; but it is a quiet, serious Spirit.—*Bramwell.*



## PASTORAL VISITING.

The Lord has placed servants in the vineyard to take care of it; it appears to be very weedy: now, if the servants should run through the field, between the rows with a cultivator, to be sure a great show would be the result; but the cultivator does not come near enough to uproot the weeds that surround the plants; consequently, each plant must receive personal attention, in order to have it grow and flourish. It cannot all be done by machinery; a little hand-work is necessary. Many of our pastors fail in their efforts, their congregations grow smaller, the pastor looks upon the scene with a sorrowful heart, and wonders why his hearers depart from the congregation; what the reason is he cannot tell. He tries to solve the mystery; his sermons are well prepared and well delivered; his reasoning profound, and his theology sound also. But the fault is here: he is trying to do his work in a mechanical way, and the result is a failure. He does not know his congregation, their faces are familiar to him, but their hearts he knows nothing about.

If the carpenter does not understand the nature of the timber he works at, he does not know how to apply his tools to it. It is equally so with the pastor, he must know the state of feeling they have, if he would do them good. He must preach a sermon that will apply. If they are all sinners, a sermon on sanctification would do them little if any good; or if they are all living Christians, a warning to sinners would not be appropriate.

Now, I know of no better way for a pastor to do, in order to be successful as a pastor, than to visit each one of his hearers; have personal religious conversation with them. Pastor and people will both be benefited thereby. The people will say, "Surely our pastor has an interest in our spiritual welfare; he comes to see us, talks very kindly to us, teaches us experimental religion, and practical piety: we have confidence in him as a man of God,

therefore we do not fear to unbosom our thoughts and feelings to him; he tenderly sympathizes with us in our sorrows, and tries to comfort us in our afflictions. He is gentle and meek as we converse with him, and kindly rebukes our wrong, and corrects our errors." In this way the pastor will win the love and sympathy of many; he will be looked upon as one who is seeking to do them good; they will readily receive religious instruction from him.

Pastor and people are closely connected by ties of spiritual love and friendship; and much good will grow out of it. But perhaps some pastor will raise this objection: "If I spend my time visiting, I have no time to study out sermons; besides, there are many poor people who feel slighted if I do not visit them also, and as they can contribute nothing to my support, I think my time can be better employed." This sentiment is often thought, if not spoken, but, my erring brother, visit the poor by all means; that is the way I learn what kind of preaching is needed, what will do the people the most good. A sermon, with a few words that will directly apply, is much better than many words that will not apply.—*Rev. Wm Barber.*

—If thou hide thy treasure upon the earth, how canst thou expect to find it in heaven? Canst thou hope to be a sharer where thou hast reposed no stock.

—I find the thoughts of my Saviour forever sweetening the bitter waters of Marah to me; I find him the Comforter that always relieves my soul.—*Cotton Mather.*

—The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

## LEVITY.

BY B. F. SHIPLEY.

"Nor foolish talking or jesting."—Eph. v. 4.

No time for jest or foolish talk,  
For us who with the Master walk  
In light that leads to God.  
We've only time to watch and pray,  
And patient run the shining way  
The lowly Jesus trod.

Who, in pursuit of glorious rest,  
Has time to frame an idle jest,  
Or speak one trifling word?  
Not he, who Jesus' spirit shows,  
Who armed against the prince of foes,  
Is grounded in the Lord.

O, may this thought alarm my fears  
And keep me all my future years  
From foolish levity;  
May every word, and every thought,  
Be pure and prayerful, as it ought,  
In meek sincerity.

## ADVENTITE.

BY MARY E. C. WYTHE.

O glorious Bridegroom! come!  
Come, for thy waiting bride has wait-  
ed long—  
Oh, touch her lips, and bid them break  
in song—  
Thy song of welcome—come.

Our great Deliverer! haste!  
Rest not upon the grand, triumphal  
way;  
The captives sigh, the pris'ners weep  
and pray,  
For their release. Haste!

Hope of the world! Oh, come!  
Breathe on the dead; regenerating  
breath.  
Save by thy life those saved not by  
thy death.  
Hope of the hopeless! come!

Saviour! make no delay;  
Thy heritage lifts up her hands to  
Thee;  
Thy Church doth yearn her absent  
Lord to see.  
Hosanna! Lord, we pray.

Lord of the kingdom! come.  
At JESUS' name, lo! every knee shall  
bow.  
Come to thine own! oh, take thy  
kingdom now.  
Lord Jesus! quickly come.  
—*Sunday School Times.*

MIRACLES VINDICATED.—"I regard a miracle," said Uncle, "to be merely such an interference wi' the established course of things as infallibly shows us the presence and the action o' a supernatural power. What o'clock is it wi' you, sir, if you please?"

"It is half-past twelve, exactly, Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well sir," said Uncle, pulling a huge old time-piece from his pocket, "it's ane o'clock wi' me: I generally keep my watch a little forrit. But I may hae a special reason noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, see ye, I'm turnin' the hands o't around. Noo, wad ye say that I hae violated the laws o' a watch? True, I hae dune what watchdom in a' its laws, couldna hae dune for itsel'; but I hae na dune violence to nae o' its laws. My action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end; but I hae suspended nae law, violated nae law. Weel, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' movin' the hands, say, God acting worthily of himself: and we hae a' that I contend for in a miracle; that is, the unquestionable presence of an almighty hand, working the Divine will. And if He sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder Him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and who dare say that He'll not get leave to do't again?"

## EDITORIAL.

### RE-CONSECRATION.

With increasing years comes increasing light. If we walk up to our convictions, and really grow in grace we see new fields opened ahead. There is much land to be possessed. Never was a man so learned that he does not continue to learn. Never was one so devoted to God, but that he saw that a deeper devotion and a closer union was possible for him. Whatever his attainments are, his language is, "Not as though I had already attained either were already perfect. 'But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'" This was the statement of one of ripe experience. When our piety ceases to grow, it begins to decay. "Now," said Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, "I perceive that I am growing old, for I am satisfied with my work." Our Christian experience should be "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." Wrinkles are the marks of age. There should be none in our experience. We must go forward. To do this, we must consecrate ourselves up to all the light we receive. Consecration and progress go together. No matter how fertile the soil may be, each successive crop follows a plowing for the purpose. If you would reap a harvest of righteousness you must break up the fallow ground.

But perhaps you have not gone forward in your experience. If this is the case, then you have gone back. You may not acknowledge it; you may not know it; you may have yielded to outside influences without being aware of it. "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not: yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not."—Hosea vii, 9.

If you do not have the joy that you had when you were first converted, then you have declined. Your religion ought to be growing better. You should find in

it increasing enjoyment. It should be more to you every year of your life.

If you are not as conscientious as you once were, you have declined. If you can put on articles of dress which the Bible forbids you to wear, and which you formerly laid aside, then have you declined in your spiritual life. No matter what excuses you may form, the real cause of your increasing conformity to the world is a decline of spirituality.

If you do not govern your tongue as strictly as you did; if you talk about people behind their backs; if you are given to foolish talking and jesting, then are you already, though still strict in your attendance upon the means of grace, in a dangerous condition.

If you do not take up your cross, reprove sin, and testify freely to the grace you have freely received, it is because you have lost your first love.

Examine yourself honestly and carefully. If you find there has been any loss, you must, to get back, repent before God and re-consecrate yourself fully to Him. Your consecration must be full, and complete. You must give yourself up to God to walk in all the light he has ever given you. Let there be no mental reservation. Do not be afraid to let God have full control of you. Let every dollar in your control, let every faculty of your soul and body, let every energy of your being be handed over to God. He will sanctify to the full extent that you consecrate. So let him have full and complete possession of you. Take back the light you have let go; take up the cross that you have laid down, and retrace the ground over which you have gone back.

You have already had your own way sufficiently to convince you that God's way is best. Take His will for your will. Let Him control in everything. Have the courage to stand by the convictions that God gives you. He will not lead you wrong. Let His blessed word be your guide in all things. Consent to let self die. Let Christ live in your heart and control your affections and your will.

*Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price.*

## A LIFE FAILURE.

He came from the Isle of Wight. All his wealth was his strong arms and strong will and good habits. He went to work with a resolute purpose to become rich. He hired out by the month for small wages, but did good service and was valued by all who knew him, for his industry and fidelity. He saved his money. Soon he became a sub-contractor in getting out rail-road ties. This brought him in contact with some rail-road officials, who prized his energy and honesty. Contracts were awarded him, and money began to come in abundance. He invested it to the best advantage. He built saw-mills; and houses, and cleared up farms.

He married an estimable lady, and a young family grew up around him. Yet he could find but little time for domestic enjoyments. Often on a Sabbath evening he would sit down with his children and sing from the Primitive Methodist hymn-book which his mother gave him, the stirring hymns which he had been accustomed to hear in youth.

But he could not find time to attend family-prayer, or to attend to the interests of his soul. He built a village around him, houses for his workmen, and a store to furnish them with supplies for their bodies. But there was no church, no place of worship. They were all too busy in making money to make preparation for another world. But death did not wait. The one who kept the little world around him in motion, worn down by care, took sick and unexpectedly died. He never meant to die without religion, but a violent fever brought on delirium, and there was no opportunity to seek religion after he was taken sick.

The business stopped; the village which bore his name was deserted. We passed it the other day. The fine store was empty. The houses of the workmen were deserted. The machinery of the mills was gone. The horses and carriages went at a nominal price. The property was scattered. The expectations of wealth in which the family were reared, were not realized. Still his life was what is commonly called successful. Was it not rather a failure? What shall yours be?

## ANOTHER GOSPEL.

The Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., at present pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, Chicago, is one of the leading ministers of the Rock River Conference. The *Chicago Tribune* of November 30th, reports him as saying, at an entertainment given by one of the Masonic Lodges of that city: "The elements of Masonry might be put alongside of the ancient Hebrew moral laws and those of the Christian religion, and they would be found to compare very favorably. Masonry brought men to God."

If Masonry "brings men to God," then it is either the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or a rival to the Gospel. But it does not even claim to be this Gospel. It rejects it as authoritative in matters of belief and practice. It places the Gospel of Christ on an equality with the Koran of Mohammed and the sacred writings of the heathen. According to the judicial decisions of the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia, "To offer prayer in the name of Christ, is contrary to the universality of Masonry."

Then it must be a rival to the Gospel of Christ. It proposes to do the same thing—to "bring men to God"—but by contradictory methods. It has no Mediator, no Holy Spirit, no Atonement, no Repentance, no Regeneration, and no Pardon. Its obligations are terrible oaths—its penalties are murderous inflictions, which each member engages himself to suffer or inflict, as circumstances may demand.

Can there be any doubt that it is to the ministers of such a religion as this who, at the same time claim to be the ministers of Christ that the Apostle refers? "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness."—2 Cor. xi, 13, 15.

Such ministers, the followers of Jesus Christ, are forbidden to sustain. "But

though we, or an angel from Heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."—Gal. i. 8.

### THE BURNING EARTH.

It is well for people who are endeavoring to make for themselves a paradise on Earth to keep in mind that "the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Pet. iii, 10.

In point of fact much the greater portion of it is burning already. Men of science consider it a demonstrated fact that the interior of the earth is liquid fire. The solid crust is only about fifty miles thick. This globe then, now consists of a ball of internal fire about seven thousand five hundred miles thick and an outside covering of land and water about fifty miles thick! That is, about three-fourths of the matter of which the earth is composed is liquid fire. It is owing to this that volcanoes, the chimneys to these internal fires, send out with such force such mighty masses of burning matter.

*The Recreative Science* says,

"Cotopaxie, in 1738, threw its fiery rock, ets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1744, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797, the crater of Tungunagua, one of the peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a thousand feet wide, made deposits of six-hundred feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1791, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1679, Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty-four square miles of surface, which measured 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the scoriæ formed the Monte Rossi, near Nicolosi, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard per day for nine months after the eruption, and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius A. D. 70, the scoriæ and ashes vomited forth far ex-

ceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660 Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own maas. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxie has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles, and Tambawa, in 1815, during the most terrific eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles, and out of a population of 12,000 souls, only 20 escaped."

How soon the crust will break up and the floods of fire burst forth none can tell. "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

2 Pet. 10, 11.

### WAITING.

You expect to become a Christian before you die. But why should you not become a Christian now? It is true there is no pillow on which to lay your head in the dying hour like the promises of the Gospel; but it is also true that there is no rule by which to govern your life like its precepts. If you would have its comforts, you must yield to its restraints. If you would reach the termination to which it leads, you must walk in its ways. But why should you not commence now? You may put it off until it is too late.

A friend of ours urged a young man to seek salvation. He said he meant to do so before he died; but he was now young, and he wanted to see more of the world. He went to town. He had not been in the habit of drinking. But he took a few social glasses. He started for home at night intoxicated. He staggered off from a bridge, and the next day his body was found in the stream. He who meant to die a Christian, died a drunkard.

"A NEW TESTIMONY."

The bishops of the M. E. Church, in their recent Pastoral Address, say: "We greatly desire a new testimony from the masses of the Church. Besides our historic testimony of sound experience and holy joy, let our people in love-feasts and class-meetings speak humbly and tenderly of their visits from house to house, of the suffering sick and poor requiring relief; of their Bible readings and tract distributions; of the wanderers brought back to the fold; the children brought into Sunday-school; and the souls they have led to Christ."

It is a sad reflection that the testimony of "sound experience and holy joy," has become to so large an extent, "historic;" that there are now so few in comparison to the whole number of church members who know anything about "holy joy" from present experience. But is it best on that account, or on any account, to give up the old testimony? Not while "the kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xiv, 17.

To obtain a "sound experience," one must repent of his sins, and turn from them; he must renounce all self-righteousness and self-seeking; he must come out from the world and be separate; he must take Christ as his King as well as his Prophet and Priest; he must humble himself and take the self-denying way of the cross.

All experience proves that men naturally choose any other way in preference to that which involves a crucifixion of self. The great cathedrals of Europe, built in the dark ages, show how ready men are to devote their money to the cause of Christ, provided only that they be permitted to hold on to their sins. He who admits the idea that any of the fruits of a Christian experience can take the place of such experience, admits a dangerous delusion. Can it be that the bishops of the M. E. Church have embraced the doctrine which, a few years ago, made so much trouble in the Genesee Conference, that, "Christianity is a

religion of beneficence and not of devotion?"

Besides, is this "new testimony" Scriptural? Read carefully what Paul says about making the best of good deeds a substitute for inward piety: *Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*—1 Cor. xiii, 2.

And as to our going to Love-Feast and Class-Meetings to tell our good deeds, we trust before any undertake it they will weigh our Saviour's words: *Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.*—Mat. vi, 1-4. What the bishops recommend, except proclaiming their good deeds, true Christians will do; but one may do them and publish them, without being a Christian.

In accordance with these sayings of the founder of Christianity are the words of the founder of Methodism. John Wesley says, "Though I divide all my real and all my personal estate into small portions; and diligently bestow it on those whom, I have reason to believe, are the most proper objects; yet if I am proud, passionate, or discontented; if I give way to any of these tempers; whatever good I may do to others, I do none to my own soul." Although rather than deny the faith—rather than commit a known sin, or omit a known duty, I voluntarily submit to a cruel death, yet if I am under the power of pride, or anger, or fretfulness—"it profiteth me nothing."

There never was greater danger than at the present of substituting a part of religion for the whole. Money is so greatly needed to build costly churches,

with their parlors and kitchens, and pay the high-priced preachers and singers, that liberal contributions to the cause cover a multitude of sins. We must see to it that we have that inward religion which produces not only some, but all the fruits of righteousness in the outward life.

#### SECRET SOCIETIES.

We are glad to see this subject taken up by those who have hitherto stood aloof from its discussion. In *The Churchman*, a leading organ of the Episcopal Church, an article appeared in its issue for Oct. 13th, and another Nov. 17th, showing, as we have demonstrated in these pages, that Masonry is a religion hostile to Christianity,—“an order that practically denies Christianity and its Divine Author.”

In the number for Nov. 17th, a Mason in a short article says: “No true Mason will ever use the quotation, ‘Masonry is a good enough religion to live by.’” With singular inconsistency he adds in the very next sentence, “The first principle of Masonry is religion; the teaching through the first three degrees is pure religion in its highest sense.” Like a true Mason, he endeavors to shut out the light, and intimates that the editor does not know his duty. “The discussion is one that is of no especial interest to the public, and therefore out of place in a religious journal.”

If religious journals should not raise the warning against the encroachments of an institution which rejects Christ, which places the Bible on a level with the Koran, and yet assumes to be a religion that “meets all the wants of the soul,” “saves from sin in this life,” and “saves the soul in the life to come,” upon what subject should it treat? There is no other enemy to the Christian religion in this land so dangerous, as Masonry.

The open attacks of Atheism are harmless in comparison with the insidious assaults of Masonry. The one working in the dark, secretly undermines the very foundations of the Christian system; while the other scarcely makes an impression upon its solid bulwarks. It is high time that editors, and preachers waked

up to the dangerous character of this institution which is making such inroads upon the Church of Christ.

**ASK AND RECEIVE.**—When will Christians learn to go to God with their requests for temporal as well as for spiritual things? Is not the gold and the silver the Lord's? Are not the hearts of all men in his hand? Some will not obey the inward motions of his Spirit, but thank God, some will. A sister writing for the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* says:

“Please send to my address, your most excellent magazine, the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, for the next twelve months. I wait for its coming as for the rising of the morning sun. It has food for my soul, such as cannot be found among the common papers of the Church. Would that more of them came to our city. I feel like telling you how I received this money. I was asking the Lord for it for some time by prayer. Not a soul in the world knew it. A brother came to my door the other day and said: ‘What is it that you want? Is it vegetables, or coal, or what? I have had no rest all day, feeling that I should come and give you this amount of money.’ So I have it in answer to my request, glory to God!

**ATHEISM.**—Carlyle is one of the greatest thinkers and scholars of England. He has very little patience with those who, in order to appear scientific, believe it necessary to be atheistic. He says:

“I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son: atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraved with this legend—“*Omnia ex conchis*”—everything from a clam shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his “*Origin of the Species*” and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren, had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near monkeys. A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well meaning, but with very little intellect.”

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DYING TESTIMONY.

REV. ANSON LEROY HOLLIDAY departed this life, at his home in Smyrna, Chen. Co., N. Y., on the 30th of September, 1877, aged fifty-two years. His disease was acute inflammation of the brain. His last sickness, although of but one week's duration, was very severe.

Brother Holliday was converted nearly forty years ago, and most of the time since has lived in the enjoyment of religion. He first joined the Baptist Church. Afterwards he joined the Methodist Church, and was licensed as a local preacher, in which capacity he labored in the work of the Lord, and saw souls saved.

Nearly fourteen years ago, in the dawn of Free Methodism, Brother Holliday came to the Free Church, and it became the home of his entire being, so far as this world was concerned. He soon joined the Susquehanna Conference as a traveling preacher. He was appointed on the Edmeston Circuit one year, with J. Olney. After the expiration of this year, he was appointed to the Brookfield Circuit two years.

He was ordained deacon at the Conference session at Rose Valley, and was granted a location. Since that time, it has been his practice to hold meetings as opportunity presented. As the fruit of his labors, under God, he has seen souls saved. Love for souls and the prosperity of the church, lay near his soul. Brother Holliday commanded the confidence of the people of God, and of the world. He went about doing good.

About twelve years since, he suffered a slight shock of a paralytic nature, and since then he has been failing in health, until the Master called him to rest on high from his labor and toils.

### LOVE FEAST.

MARY J. ROOT.—Though much afflicted in body, I feel to say, "Good is the will of the Lord." All is on the altar, and I am well pleased with all the way in

which God leads me. Praise His name forever! Oh! I feel the glory welling up in my soul, as I begin to repeat His praises. Yes, my whole heart says, Praise the Lord. Whether my days be few or many, they shall all be spent in the service of the Lord. I have enlisted for life, and am serving under the banner of holiness. King Jesus is my captain, and I have no fears but that the victory will be on my side at the end of the war. I will struggle on until I exchange the cross for the crown, God being my helper. Amen.

EVA J. CHAPMAN.—To-day finds me enjoying free and full salvation. Praise the Lord God forever! Although deprived of the privilege of meeting with God's children very often, I enjoy religion every day at home. I have no Christian friends at home, but I have the company of the blessed Saviour, a good, kind husband, and a dear little son that joins in prayer to Jesus for papa. Glory to God, for religion that keeps us from sinning against the great God that is so good to fallen man! I have taken THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN for nearly two years, and prize it very highly.

B. V. CRAPO.—My soul is drinking from, the great Spiritual Fountain, Christ Jesus. I love to drink of this Fountain of life, for it heals the soul from all the diseases of sin, and gives it health and strength, and happiness, and fits it for heaven and eternal life. Glory to our God.

MARIA F. STEARNS.—The narrow way—the way of life, opens up bright and glorious before me. My feet have trodden it but a little more than one year, but this life in Christ seems better to-day than when I learned to love it. I have forfeited all by obeying Jesus, but am trusting the consequences with him, and feel his peace in my heart. I find it easier to work for Jesus than ever before, and have the evidence that my efforts tell now for him. I am learning to live by *faith* instead of *feeling*.