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LEAVING THE CHURCH.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

No one should leave the church with which he is identified without good reason. It is an important step and should not be taken without sufficient cause. But to say that it should never be done is to say that the Christian church should never have been organized. For those who formed it were members of the Jewish church, which was organized by specific directions of the Almighty. It was sanctified by the blood of martyrs, by a long succession of prophets and holy men, by a series of stupendous miracles wrought in its behalf. But the time came when it was the duty of godly men to leave it. They who remained in it did so at their peril.

If it is wrong ever to leave the Church, then every Protestant Church was founded in a wrong. Then was Martin Luther a heretic, and John Wesley a schismatic, as they were charged with being. Then the Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church and other churches have no right to an existence.

There are circumstances in which

it is the duty of those who fear God, and intend to be conscientious Christians, to leave the church with which they are connected.

1. When it departs from the faith of the Gospel. Many of the doctrines and practices held by the Roman Catholic Church were derived from paganism rather than from the Bible. But the church as a body is so committed to these errors that there is not the slightest hope of a reform. Hence where one in that church comes to the truth as it is in Jesus it is plainly his duty to leave it.

The apostle says, "Though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."—Gal. i, 8. A gospel in which Christ is left out is certainly another Gospel. Many of the preachers of the popular churches of the day worship at a shrine where it is forbidden them to pray even, in the name of Christ. It is not right for a Christian man to support such a preacher. "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." 2 Jno. vs. 10, 11. If

such men swarm into a church in such numbers that they control it, decide who shall be its preachers, shape its policy and give color to its instructions, then it becomes the duty of every Christian to withdraw from its communion.

2. If a church *as a body* becomes spiritually dead and formal, seeks chiefly to bring within its fold those who can add to its wealth and worldly influence, and because of their wealth, tolerates them in their wickedness, then the saints should leave. "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." 2 Tim. iii, 5. "Men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness: from such withdraw thyself." 1 Tim. vi, 5. The command is imperative. If you cannot obey it without withdrawing from the church, then withdraw. The duty is plain.

3. Again if men are turned out of your church because they preach holiness, or believe in it, or enjoy it, as you do, and you are not disturbed because you are rich, or because it is thought you are timid and will be frightened into submission by the example made of them, then it is plainly your duty to withdraw. "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel."—2. Tim. i, 8. "After ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions; partly whilst ye were made a gazing-stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly whilst ye became companions of them that were so used."—Heb. x, 32-33. This is the way Christians stood by one another

in the days of the Apostles. A little over a hundred years later, Lucian, one of their enemies wrote concerning them: "It is incredible what expedition they use when any of their friends are known to be in trouble. In a word they spare nothing upon such an occasion; for these miserable men have no doubt but that they shall be immortal and live forever; therefore they contemn death and many surrender themselves to sufferings." Against such a people, persecution did its worst, in vain. But if they had been cowardly and refused to stand by each other, Christianity had been put down.

The *Banner of Holiness*, one of the bravest advocates of holiness with which we are acquainted, in an editorial of January 10th, says "A preacher in his pulpit, one holy Sabbath day, rolled back his coat cuffs, and averring that he would proceed to abate a church nuisance, *struck off forty names of holiness people from the church record.*" "Another preacher expunged the names of *seventeen holiness people.*"

When the holy Fletcher, then President of Lady Huntington's college, was told that Joseph Benson, then an obscure young man, had been turned out of being tutor, because he was an Arminian, Fletcher said: "I must look into the matter, and if it is so he must be restored or I resign." So all the holiness people and preachers belonging to the M. E. Church in that Conference ought to look into this matter, and if fifty-seven persons have been unceremoniously thrust out of the church because of their love for holiness, then

unless they are restored, those in fellowship with their doctrine and experience should withdraw. Cowardly submission to such an outrage is treason to Christ. Those who consent to it will be put down one by one, and some of them will in due time become the bitterest opposers of the doctrine which they now esteem dearer than life.

We have seen a similar issue worked out. We could tell you of men who kept the whole country around them in a glorious blaze of excitement on the subject of holiness, but who fled from the conflict when the issue came on which they had provoked. They fell from their high estate. One became a common drunkard. Another who began the conflict against masonry in the church, joined the masons. Another, a man of strength, and of clear experience, felt called to take up the truths which William Kendall advocated with such power, and which brought down upon him bitter persecution; but he listened to the "dictates of prudence," preached the Gospel so as to give no offence, and lost his power. The last time I met him, he said to me: "I am all dried up, just ready to blow away." The last time I heard from him he was keeping a hotel.

Let us stand by Jesus at all hazards. If he suffers in the persons of his little ones let us suffer with him. If we deny him in the person of his persecuted followers he also will deny us.

"Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp bearing his reproach."—Heb. xiii, 13.

A STRONG FAITH.

A strong faith has the power to make a virtual and present reality of those things which are in fact future. Be it so that we have not the thing itself in the literal sense of the term; that we have not heaven; that we have not the visible presence of Christ; that we have not those things, whatsoever they may be, which constitute the glory and blessedness of the future world. But it is certain that in the Bible we have the promise of them; we have the title deed, the bond, the mortgage, most solemnly made out and delivered to us. All these things are therefore ours, if we fully believe in the promise; and they can all be made, in the exercise of entire faith, a virtual and present reality. A man reckons his notes, bonds, and bills which are the certificates and confirmations of absent possessions, as so much property, as actual money, although it is only by faith realized to be such. He counts himself as truly and really owning the property, in amount and kind, which the face of his papers, of his notes and bonds, represents. And yet he has nothing in hand but his papers and his faith in the individuals who have signed them. How much more then should we have faith in our title deeds, in our bonds and testaments, which are written in the blood of the Son of God, are confirmed by the oath of the Father, and are witnessed by the Holy Ghost! And how much more should we, having such deeds and bonds, and such immutable confirmations of them, count God ours, and Christ and the Holy Ghost ours, and eternal glory ours!—*Upham.*

—True religion gives to virtue the sweetest hopes, to unrepenting vice, just alarms, to true repentance, the most powerful consolations, but she endeavors above all things to inspire in men love, meekness and pity for men.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Numerous accounts have appeared in the English newspapers of the difficulty the British authorities have had for the past three years with a class of religious people who became so annoying that finally they were locked up. But they were not intimidated. When freed, they were again at the old work of evangelizing the neighborhoods through which they passed. Sleeping in barns and corn-houses, they swept down like hurricanes or the blasts of simoons upon all forms of sin, and met the sinner face to face in the very act of his offending. Everybody acknowledged their earnestness, though many condemned their methods of operation.

About three months ago three of this "Salvation Army," as it is called, first set foot in Philadelphia. Coming across the ocean in the steerage, they turned their attention to the conversion of their fellow-voyagers, and with the consent of the commander of the steamer, several prayer meetings were held, which were termed "roarers" by several of the sailors who paid attention to the earnest people.

When they came to Philadelphia, they were so poor that they could not find a place to sleep until some English friends among the working classes took care of them. The name of the only male with the party is Thomas Shirley. His wife Eliza, a diminutive woman, is the better man of the two. The husband and wife are assisted by another woman,—very tall, large-boned and masculine in appearance. The three belong to the working class of England, as the observer will instantly decide after hearing them. The letter "h" is left undone when it ought to be done, and is done when it ought not to be done; so that there is no help in "h."

On the corner of Oxford and Sixth streets stands a crazy and di-

lapitated building, a portion of which is still occupied as a chair factory. The rear of the building might in other days have been devoted to the same purpose, but at present it is converted into a barren looking hall. On either side of the contracted doorway leading from the street into the building, are two small, old-fashioned windows, about eight feet from the ground; and with the exception of two similar windows in the rear of the hall, there is no other chance for the sunlight to penetrate the dreary-looking place. The bare brick walls which form the end and one side of the building, the board partition which separates the hall from the main building, the heavy girders, and the joist overhead, have been at some earlier time treated and surprised with a coat of whitewash, giving the place a look of squalid respectability.

In this uninviting resort, made doubly unbearable by the impure atmosphere, impregnated with the breath of fully eight hundred pairs of lungs, the "Army of Salvation" is giving the devil the hardest series of rounds he has had for many a day, in this city, at least. Their method of work is decidedly effective. Every night, at 7:30 o'clock, the three, with a number of their converts, meet on an open lot in the vilest and most forbidding place the neighborhood affords; and in many respects it is on a level with the old Five Points district of New York. At this meeting Mrs. Shirley first gives out a hymn of the Moody and Sankey type, only of English tune, and unknown in this country. She strikes it, and, as far as possible, all join in.

This, of course attracts a crowd who stand about respectfully listening, sometimes staying throughout the entire service. Then Mr. Shirley, or some one else, prays; and these prayers are of great earnestness, full of fire and the Holy Ghost.

After this, another song, and then a series of brief telling speeches,

which must go straight to the heart of the hearers. Such simplicity reminds one of the earlier days of Methodism, when all their strength lay in their application of spiritual truth to the commonest minds. This open-air-service lasts a half hour, when the march is taken up to the hall, a few blocks distant. Mrs. Shirley generally closes in this manner: "Ad, now, dear Christian friends we hare goin' to the Salvation Factory, hand we want you hall to go down with us, hand we will do you good. The Lord 'elp." Marching two by two, they start down the street, singing loudly, and shouting and praising God. At first the excitement upon the thoroughfares, as may be imagined, was considerable. The spectacle was so novel that as an innovation, even, it was thought intolerable. Some of the residents requested the police to arrest them but they wisely refused, contending they were violating no law, and were doing good rather than evil.

When they arrive at the "Salvation Factory," a crowd is generally waiting for them, seated in the building. The three leaders move quickly up an aisle to the stand, bow in silent prayer, and at once proceed to business. Mrs. Shirley adjusts her bonnet strings, loosens the bands about her throat, and gives out the hymn, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair." "Now please all git up and sing." The audience rises, and the three English people beat time with their hands, with a sort of sawing motion, the elbow being kept hard at the side, and the hand, with the palm toward the audience, striking out with sledge-hammer power. One can see there is consummate power for good in little Mrs. Shirley. Her English accent is exquisitely attractive, and if she would not bridle and unbridle that enemy of the British Islands, the well-meaning letter "h," it would be a real treat to hear her converse and exhort. As it is, this mars. Mr. Shirley prays, and

it is soon seen that he adds no strength to the two women, both of whom have no small amount of knowledge of human nature as well as mental power. As soon as Shirley has finished his prayer, the two ladies pray alternately, with great force and no little eloquence, notwithstanding their plainness of speech. The class of people attending the meetings look wildly on the proceedings, plainly showing their lack of knowledge of church customs.

Another night the open-air services will perhaps be in one of the lowest courts of the city, still near the "Salvation Factory," from which place they will march in the same manner as before. These public services are doing an immense amount of good. At the experience meeting held two Sundays ago, I was pointed out three men, one of whom had been in the penitentiary three times; the other two had been wife-beaters, and the terror of the precinct where they lived. Here they were giving their testimony with tears streaming over their faces, and going through the congregation seeking out their old companions in sin. One young man, with nutmeg-shaped head, and hair cut close to the scalp, got up and said: "Ef ever there was a wus man than I was two weeks ago, I'd like to see him. Why, I hadn't spoke to my dear old mother" (here he broke into tears) "for nine years till last Friday night. That night God busted me all up, and showed me what a bad man I was right here in this yer 'Salvation Factory.' It was after ten o'clock when I was converted, praise God! and when I got religion, I took my hat, and run out of this place as fast as I could. I run clean over to North Penn Village, (about ten miles,) and I banged away at the door, and sez I, 'Mother, mother, let me in, I wants to speak to you.' Mother come down and opened the door, and I didn't wait to get in. I just fell

down on her neck and said, 'Mother, I have been so bad a son, but now I'm going to be good, and I'm goin' to speak to you always;' and we had a little prayer-meeting all to ourselves.

Another rose and said: "Two weeks ago to-day I was in the station-house; the next day I was sent to the house of correction for three months. My brother got me out, because I told him I would not drink any more. He said he didn't believe what I said. This cut me to the quick, and I resolved to stop drinking. But oh, I couldn't; I couldn't go by a tavern. There appeared to be some evil spirit that grabbed me by the collar and threw me into the tavern door. One night I heard singin' in here as I was goin' by, and it sounded so funny to hear music in this here old buildin' that I says to myself, 'I'm goin' in there.' And I did go in, and here I am, saved, saved, saved! Now you can't get me near a tavern; I have no taste for liquor of any kind. Now I have a good place of business, and forever I will be on the Lord's side. God bless these English brethren and sisters! I never knew what a church was till a few days ago."

After every little speech there is interspersed a most touching melody of some kind. I had a long conversation with Mrs. Shirley, and was delighted with her relation of her experience. She courts opposition with all her soul. Her work she is satisfied is of God, and I have no doubt of it. She is working among a class of operatives in mills whose Sundays have started no less than two hundred and fifteen rum mills. These men would not attend divine worship at church, but they flock here, and are being converted by the score every night. The reader must remember that this class of people neither tolerate nor act the humbug. Many of the experiences I heard related came from the very lowest walks of life—rag-pickers, ash-carri-

ers, coal-heavers, hucksters, and peddlers. Frequently the pathos of their manner and the leanness of their words would melt the audience to tears. When the young man told about going to see his mother to speak to her, sobs were heard all over the house. One old man was urged to make a short address, Mrs-Shirly smiling blandly upon him as she asked him. For a long time he refused, but at last he arose and said: "Hell and the devil has led me by the nose for more'n seventy years. But I've got him down and sot on him. I don't care who knows it; I belong to this here cranky army, and I thank God I intend to stick to these cranks."

There can be no question but that this movement is of heaven. They came unheralded, and are doing the Master's work with simplicity and sincerity, carrying all opposition before them like a whirlwind.—*Philadelphia correspondence of Zion's Herald.*

INFIDELS AND THE BIBLE.—Hume used to go to church sometimes in Scotland. Collins insisted on his servants going to church, "that they might not rob or murder him." Voltaire "bnilt a church to God" at Ferney. Mr. Huxley wants the Bible introduced into boarding-schools. Professor Tyndall is indignant at being charged with hostility to religion; and Mr. Herbert Spencer leaves ample space for the "unknown and unknowable." The heart, like nature, "abhors a vacuum;" it craves for something beyond a negation, and as long as the unknown is treated as "unknown," the craving is hard to satisfy.

—Faith is simple, it is to believe; faith is sublime, it is to be born again.

—If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gait be strait, it opens into endless life.

HATING EVIL.

BY REV. A. SIMS.

10. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil."—Psalm xcvi.

Of what an endless variety of precious truths is the book of Psalms composed! So comprehensively does it treat of the duty of man toward God, and of the inestimable privileges of the righteous, that it has been well termed an epitome of the Bible. To the Christian, in particular, is this delightful, soul-reviving part of the sacred volume of great value; containing, as it does, the experience of some of the wisest and best of men—men who were remarkable for their deep piety and zeal in the service of God, and whose writings, characterized as they are by such earnestness of feeling and devotion, are eminently fitted to build up the believer and to strengthen every grace within him. So admirably adapted is its blessed teachings to our various wants, that in every dispensation of God's providence, in all the varied circumstances of life, in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, he can here find something to instruct, animate and encourage him in the divine life. But among the many important duties of which this book treats, none are set forth with greater clearness or with more prominence than the necessity for a godly life; indeed, this is one great purpose for which all the precepts and promises of the Bible are given, viz., to increase within our hearts a deeper hatred to sin, and a holy, loving fear of God. Such is the design of our text; it is an appeal to Christians to hate sin.

Notice first. The possibility of Christians not sufficiently hating sin. By this we are not to understand Christians have an inward bent or disposition to sin, for, says the word, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."—1 John iii, 9. In

the blessed work of regeneration the love of sin is changed into a hatred of it, and henceforth we feel a principle of grace within us fighting against sin. Neither is the fact that a saved person may have a besetting sin a proof that he is disposed to sin. All that can be proved by a child of God having a besetting sin is that there is some form of evil against which he has greater need to watch and pray than against any other evil. The idea of the text is, that though in the heart of every saved soul there is a hatred of sin, there is great danger of his not hating it to the extent he ought—that the sin seen everywhere around us may not be abhorred and loathed so much as it should be; that the profane language we hear, and the unlawful transactions we see may not cause us that grief of soul they should. And do you ask for a proof of this? I refer you to the facts that daily come under our observation. Does not God's word say, "Thou shalt not suffer sin upon thy neighbor?" Does it not emphatically tell us to reprove sin? It does. But behold that professor of religion listening to profane oaths and curses from the lips of his companion at work, and not uttering one word of disapproval! Witness that professing Christian mixing in company where he would shudder for death to find him! See that church member attending very questionable places of amusement, and even smiling at many unjustifiable deeds because they are considered smart and clever.

Does not God's word say, "Be not conformed to this world?" It does. Yet who will rise up and say that the greater part of the church members are not conforming to the world—talking like the world—dressing like the world—following the maxims and customs of the world—and dancing with the world? Alas! we must confess that it is too true of them, and instead of manifesting their strong disapproval of every

species of evil, popular or otherwise, we see them drifting with the multitude, and countenancing things that are a shame to our Christianity and a curse to the work of God. Do we not see on the part of many professors a readiness to cloak over some evil deed, to hush it up, or at least pass it slightly by as a matter of but little importance? Do we not see some parents professing religion who will hear their children tell falsehoods, and allow them to get angry and go on in their sinful ways, without chastising or correcting them? How many hideous forms of evil there are around us! Look at the dreadful iniquity that intemperance sends broadcast over the land; listen to the profane and lewd language of the youth in our streets; witness the fights, quarrels and murders among men; gaze upon the abominable haunts of vice and corruption that are eagerly sought for by a multitude of wanton characters; observe the countless other forms of evil that are rampant in the world—pride, lust, deceit, anger, malice, dishonesty and lying. Yet who among the multitudes of professing Christians feels very much grieved at the existence of all this? Oh, is there not an awful amount of unconcern in respect to sin? How universally it is connived at, both in the church and out of it! How few can say with the Psalmist, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes because they keep not thy law."

Notice second. How we are to hate sin. We are called upon not only to keep from sin, but to hate it; a mere dislike of it is not enough—there must be an intense loathing of it; it must be regarded as God sees it, with abhorrence—an abhorrence that will be felt against every kind and degree of evil, both little and great, open and secret sins, impure thoughts, idle words, angry looks, and sinister motives; yea, everything we know to be inconsistent with God's infinite holiness, whether it be

in ourselves or others. We are to hate sin by using every means to get the victory over it, and by being completely saved from it. Merely wishing for the removal of sin is not hating it; making good vows and good resolutions against it is not hating it. It is no good for a man to wish or even pray for meekness, and then, when provoked, forget his prayer and fly into a passion; that is not hating sin; if he really hates the sin of anger he will not only seek God's aid and use it when it is given, but he will employ the means already in his possession, he will try and avoid all such circumstances as are calculated to arouse that ill feeling, and when brought into such a position will exercise a diligent, watchful care over himself.

We have to work in unison with God if we would show the genuineness of our hatred of sin. Do we hate the sin of drunkenness? Do we mourn over the fact that thousands are yearly brought to an untimely grave through the love of strong drink? How are we going to check this great evil? By folding our arms and merely lamenting this condition of things? No. But by publishing far and wide by lip and by life that salvation that delivers man from the bondage of the cup and the pipe, and cleans out the morbid, sensual appetite for the same. The strongest proof we can give of our hatred to drunkenness is in doing our utmost to spread the doctrine of a free and full salvation the world over; for where the gospel is preached in all its fullness and power, there men hear of the most effectual remedy for the curse of intemperance in all its varied forms.

Notice third. Hatred of sin is quite consistent with the highest degree of holiness.

This hatred enjoined upon us is not that ungodly passion which unsaved souls feel; it is a holy hatred; it is that kind of hatred which Christ, on a certain occasion, mani-

fested when it is said: "He looked round upon them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." In fact, the more grace we obtain, the keener will be our perception of sin, and the more intensely shall we loathe it. Was not this the experience of holy Job? "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." The more he saw of the spotless purity of Jehovah, the more did he look upon sinful nature with disgust. Hear the saintly Paul's view of himself: "I am less than the least of all saints."

Notice fourth. Why we should hate sin. Of course we should hate sin because it is right to do so, and because God has commanded us to do so. But there are some special reasons why we should hate evil. (1) Sin, if not hated and shunned, becomes powerfully attractive, and vice versa. The poet never wrote truer words than when he said:

|| "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien;
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace." ||

It is a fact too sadly woven into the history of the human race, that sin has a fascinating and alluring power. The first snare presented to man is spoken of as being "pleasant and desirable." It was made attractive and enticing to Eve, that she might the more readily fall into it. And from that time down till now, the sons of Adam have found by bitter experience, that more enchanting than the serpent, stronger than magnetism, is that awful spell sin throws around its victims. The more it is indulged in, the greater is its influence upon us, and the less able is the participator to overcome it. The nearer we approach and dandle with it, the stronger do the desires after it become. Its tendency, if not hated, is to darken the mind and becloud the judgment, so that we think we are doing

innocently, when at the same time we are becoming more and more in love with sin. (2) Sin, if not hated, destroys our peace, and hinders the work of God in our souls. Is it to be expected that we can regard sin with indifference, and not grieve God's Spirit? And what is the result of grieving that Spirit? Do we not feel dark and barren in our souls? Is not our peace largely diminished? Do we not try to pray, and find that the heavens are as a sounding brass? Do we not go to the means of grace and find but little relish in them? One instance of not hating sin, will kill a thousand prayers. (3) Sin, if not hated, lessens our usefulness. How many professors of religion there are in the world to-day, who, with their bright talents, might be of great service in doing good, if they did but shun sin more. But their influence for good is nearly extinguished by their trifling with sin. Vain will be the ability, power, education, and accomplishments of the Christian, if he does not hate sin; his life's influence will always wane more and more.

—St. Paul, we know, complained of "a body of death" and a "thorn in the flesh," and he prayed heartily against it. But was that all? No he also kept under his body, and brought it into subjection.

—The man who has an empty cup may pray and should pray that it may be filled; but he who has a full cup ought to pray that he may hold it firmly. It needs prayer in prosperity that we may have grace to use it, as truly as it needs prayer in poverty that we may have grace to bear it.

—Words are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they act like the sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and devastating tempest.

MADAME GUYON.

In 1681, Madame Guyon, being then about thirty-three years of age, went to reside at Gex, a town on the borders of Switzerland, about twelve miles from Geneva. It is not clear why she went there. One of her historians says her purpose was to convert the Protestants of Switzerland to the Roman Catholic faith. This, however, can hardly be correct, for a few years afterwards she says: "When I first went forth, some supposed that I was called to the work of gaining exterior proselytes to the Church; but it was not so. I had a higher calling. It was not a calling to build up a party, but to glorify God; it was not a designation to make Catholics, but to lead persons, with God's assistance, to a knowledge of Christ. And now I think I can say further, that God does not so much design me, in my labors hereafter, for the first conversion of sinners, as to lead those who are already beginners in the Christian life into what may be perhaps called a perfect conversion."

But whatever may have been the reason for her removal to this out-of-the-way place, it led to very important results; for in a short time her health failing, she went, for a few weeks as she thought, to Thonon, a town on the Lake of Geneva. Here, the sanctity of her life made so deep an impression, that she became at once a public character. Some who had sought peace with God through fasting and penance and the ceremonies of the Church, but sought in vain, came and learned the short and simple way of salvation by faith. Others who, notwithstanding the errors of their creed, were undoubtedly the adopted children of God, were shown the way to perfect love and peace. "It was my object," she says, "to instruct them in the way of living by simple faith, in distinction from living ceremonially, and thus to lead them to rest upon God

alone through Christ. I remarked to them that the way of living by faith was much more glorious to God, and much more advantageous to the soul, than any other method of living; and that they must not only cease to rely much upon outward ceremonies, but must not rely too much upon sights and sounds, in whatever way they might come to the soul; nor upon mere intellectual illuminations and gifts, nor upon strong temporary emotions and impulses, which cause the soul to rest upon something out of God and to live to self. There is a mixed way of living, partly by faith and partly by works; and also the simple and true way of living, namely, by faith alone, which is the true parent, not only of other states of the mind, but of works also."

These unobtrusive labors were greatly blessed. Her little children, as she called them, became very numerous. "Great was my consolation," she says. "Never did I experience greater joy in my whole life, than to see in the town of Thonon, a place of no great extent, so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of these seemed to have given their whole hearts to God, and experienced the highest spiritual blessings. Among them were a number of girls of twelve or thirteen years of age. It was interesting to see how deeply the Spirit of God had wrought in them. Being poor, they industriously followed their work all the day long; but having acquired a fixed habit of devotion, they sanctified their labors with silent prayer and inward communion. Sometimes they would so arrange their daily labor, that a number of them could carry on their work at the same place; and then they would select one, who read to them while the others pursued their task. They were so humble, so innocent and sincere, that one could not see them without being reminded of the innocence and purity of primitive Christianity."

An eminent physician calling upon her in her sickness, she entered into conversation with him respecting his spiritual state, and the result of the visit was that he became a decided Christian.

Madame Guyon did not see, or was unwilling to acknowledge to herself, the inconsistency between her teaching and that of her Church; but others saw it, and soon there was a storm of persecution. A priest, who had been led into the light, and who had offered an extemporaneous prayer, was, by order of the authorities, beaten with rods in the open streets. The poor but happy girls we have referred to were deprived of their usual Church privileges, and some of them driven from the place. Books treating on the inward religious life were burnt in the public square.

It is pleasing to learn, however, that many of these persecutors were themselves converted to Christ a short time afterwards. "And then," she says, "the Lord made use of them to establish religion and the life of prayer in I know not how many places. They carried books, which treated of the inward life, into those very places where they had formerly burned them."

Father la Combe, who was nominally her spiritual director, but who, through her teaching, was himself directed into the way of sanctification by faith, had preached a sermon at Thonon, in which he had clearly and fearlessly taught the doctrine. This was not to be endured. In the Protestant Churches of those days such a doctrine would have been hardly tolerable; but in a Roman Catholic Church, which teaches that blessings of grace can be received only through priestly intervention, its toleration was impossible. He was accused of heresy, and some time afterwards was condemned by the Inquisition, and shut up in prison, where he lingered twenty-seven years, and then came out to die.

Driven away from Thonon, Mad-

ame Guyon removed to Turin, where "it pleased God," she says, "to make use of me in the conversion of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their repugnance to the doctrines of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God led him at length to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions."

In a few months she went to Grenoble. With the exception of a single family, she had scarcely a friend in the place, and for two or three days sat alone in her room, in silent communion with God. Then a few pious souls, who had secret sympathy with the lonely fugitive who had been denounced as a heretic, came to express respect, and to receive instruction. The speedy effect of these conversations was a remarkable revival of religion. "People," she writes, "flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled me, in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted to God at this time; God only knows how many. Some appeared to be changed, as it were, in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endued with gifts of prayer, which were wonderful. Marvellous, indeed, was this work of the Lord."

The inmates of a religious house or monastery, came to see her. "The new spirit of religious inquiry," she says, "based upon the principle that man is a sinner, and that he must

be saved by repentance and faith in Christ, and that faith in God through Christ subsequently is and *must* be the foundation of the inward life reached, the monks and many of them became new creatures in Christ Jesus." The superior of the house, grievously offended that a woman should be so much sought after, called upon her, but was so affected by her conversation, that he too was won over, and soon afterwards exclaimed, "I am become quite a new man."

But here too, although the bishop was friendly to her, persecution became so fierce that she had to steal secretly away. After a weary journey by land and water, she reached Marseilles; but had not been there many hours before the whole town was in uproar against her. She was glad to escape, and for several months afterwards wandered from place to place, often exposed to great dangers. "Alone, as it were, in the world, forsaken of all human help, and not knowing what God required of me, I saw myself without refuge or retreat, wandering like a vagabond on the face of the earth. I walked in the streets, I saw the tradesmen busy in the shops; all seemed to me to be happy in having a home, a dwelling-place to which they could retire. I felt sadly that there was none for me." But though "persecuted," she was "not forsaken;" though "cast down," she was "not destroyed." Numerous passages in her autobiography show how strong and unwavering was her trust in God, even in the darkest hour. Finally, in 1686, she arrived in Paris, after five year's absence.

Here she collected her little family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, and for a time it seemed as though she would be permitted to spend the rest of her days in peace. Inactive or useless she could not be. She formed a little association of ladies of rank, among

whom were several duchesses, for the promotion of personal holiness. Soon her influence became so great as to excite the enmity of the leading ecclesiastics of the city, who, failing to injure her in other ways, sought to do it by malignant attacks upon her private character. "But God," she says "did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls to Himself. . . . The more persecution raged against me, the more attentively was the Word listened to, and the greater number of spiritual children were given me."

Her half-brother, who was a priest, and her greatest enemy, obtained from the king an order for her imprisonment in the Convent of St. Marie, an order which was executed when she was only partially recovered from a severe illness. "When I arrived at the convent," she says "I learned that I must be shut up alone in a small chamber, which serves as my prison; and though I was feeble, I was not allowed a maid to render me assistance. The residents of the convent were prepossessed with such frightful statements in regard to me, that they looked upon me with a sort of horror. They selected for my jailer a nun, who, from the severity of her character, would treat me with the greatest rigour. Certain it is that the result verified their anticipations. . . . God alone knows what she made me suffer."

She greatly desired the society of her little daughter, now in the twelfth year of her age, who had accompanied her in all her wanderings, and shared in her privations and dangers, but this consolation was denied her.

The poem given on another page will show how free and happy was her soul during these eight months of imprisonment.—*King's Highway.*

—He who follows the Lord fully will find goodness and mercy following him.

ANTI-MASONS, BUT—

The following letter taken from the Chicago *Cynosure*, written not long before his death by the sainted President Finney, should be scattered by the million through our American churches. It was addressed to Rev. Woodruff Post, of the Methodist Episcopal church, who has borne much and still suffers for his steadfast adherence to the truth on this question :

OBERLIN, April 27, 1870.

MY DEAR BRO. POST,—Yours of the 25th is received. You believe with me that Freemasonry is a wicked and highly dangerous institution. The more prevalent it is, the greater the necessity of exposing it. The greater its influence the more unpopular it will be to oppose and expose it. If it had but little or no influence, it would cost nothing to oppose it. And now shall we offer to the Lord that which costs us nothing?

How much are these men worth, who, to save their influence, will not take a stand against popular sins? Influence, forsooth! Your friends tell you that you will lose your influence. What has God given you influence for? Is it not to oppose sin, and to promote holiness? If you try to save it, by refusing to oppose popular vices, then what does God care for it? The means you use to preserve it will destroy it. Who will believe you honest, if, with your well known opinions of Freemasonry, you fail openly to oppose it? Will any one have real confidence in you, or respect you for sincerity? What good influence can you exert when your neighbors have lost all true confidence in your sincerity? Try your own heart, my brother. Have you in your deepest convictions and feelings, any such confidence in a man that fears and fails to act in accordance with his convictions as to expect him to do much for Christ and truth? Has such an

one much influence with you for good? No, indeed, nor with any honest, earnest man. If Freemasonry is a sin, a sham, an abomination, as I know it to be, and as you also know, then there is but one way open to us, or to any honest man who knows what Freemasonry is, and that way is to bear a most decided testimony against it, cost what it may. If any man will withhold his testimony against so great a wrong to save his influence, he will sooner or later lose it. God help you, my brother. Masonry needs only to be known to be condemned. Agitate, testify, teach, reprove, rebuke with all long-suffering. Yes, suffer long and severely if need be, but faint not, and in due time you shall prevail.

Just think, where is slavery? Who of us who laid our lives upon the altar expected to see in our day what we see? I can only advise you to do as I do myself; be honest, and fearlessly act upon, and up to, your convictions whatever others may say or do. What respect have you for a man who fails to do this? But I write this not because I have not confidence that you will do this, for I firmly expect you to do it; and that you will do it whether I so advised or not. God bless you.

C. G. FINNEY.

—When Christ implants the well of living water in a man's heart, it will have not merely the refreshing influence, but a cleansing and purifying effect. If there be none of the latter, the absence of the living water may well be argued.

—A minister says: "I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender into a great sewer to improve its aroma."

A FATHER'S LOVE.

There was a family in Manchester, England, composed of two sons, a daughter and their father. The poor mother had died, happy in the Lord. One of the lads, however, was addicted to many vices. His character was blasted; his home was deserted by him; but his father, who had a loving heart, never turned the key against him, but the door was always open for him when he would return.

The brother and sister professed religion and considered their dissolute brother a disgrace to them and to their father's house. They tried, therefore, to induce their father to turn him out of doors. The father told them, however, that he would do no such thing, because he was his father, while they were only his brother and sister. Finding that they could not prevail upon him, they induced a friend to go to the father and persuade him to shut the door against the prodigal; but the old man's only reply was: You pretend to be his friend, but, said the father, we will meet on a given day, and try to bring this unpleasant business to a conclusion. We will meet here with his brother and sister and himself, and see whether we are to shut the door against him or not.

The day came, and they met at the father's house and had tea together. All sat around the table except the poor prodigal, whose tea was handed to him as he sat in a corner, as the brother and sister would not allow him to sit with them. After tea the father said:

"Now we must all have a conference as to what is to be done with this poor renegade."

Looking at him with tears in his eyes, he turned to the brother and said:

"You are his brother, and I am his father; can you sit by and see me turn your brother out of doors?"

"Oh, yes," said the Pharisaical brother.

Then turning to his daughter, the old man said:

"You are his sister, and I am his father; can you sit by and see me turn your brother adrift?"

"Oh, yes, father," said the unnatural sister, "or he will bring disgrace upon us all."

Then he turned to their heartless friend, saying:

"You profess to be his friend, do you not? And can you sit by and see me turn my son out?"

"Yes, I could," replied the cruel man.

Amazed at their disdainful and haughty responses, the father turned to them all and said:

"You are his brother, and you are his sister, and you are his friend, but I am his father," and he went and fell upon the neck of his despised and deserted son, and said:

"God bless thee, my son; though all should shut up their hearts against thee, thy poor father will never disown thee, nor turn thee out of doors."

The poor lad put his arms around his father's neck, and said:

"Oh, father, will you forgive me?"

His father forgave him, and he found peace and pardon upon his bended knee, and is now a preacher of Christ and him crucified.—*Parish Visitor.*

—No righteous man would, in his right mind, be willing to make an exchange of his smartest afflictions for a wicked man's prosperity, with all the circumstances attending. It cannot, therefore, be bad with the righteous in their worst condition.

—All cannot become scholars; but all may be wise unto salvation. All cannot acquire wealth; but all may gain the unsearchable riches of Christ. All cannot walk upon the high places of the earth; but all may be great in the sight of the Lord.

TROPHIES OF SONG.

Directly after the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Scotland, a little boy passed along the streets of Glasgow in the evening singing.

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

A Christian policeman joined in the song. At the end of the policeman's beat he asked the boy if he understood what he was singing.

"Oh, yes," said the little fellow, "I know it in my heart, and it is very precious."

A few evenings afterward, some one, in conversation with the policeman, said:

"Do you know that a woman standing where we are was awakened and saved by hearing the other night a hymn sung by a policeman and a boy?"

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

In a religious awakening a pastor invited a meeting of the young people of his congregation in the parsonage. The room was thronged with anxious inquirers. During the opening he observed a young lady deeply affected. She was one of the most estimable young ladies of his congregation, one whose amenity of manner and purity of life might have been copied to advantage by many of the members of the church. Calling her by name, he inquired, "What has brought you here?"

"My sins, sir," was her deep and earnest response.

"But," said he, wishing to test the soundness of her convictions, "what have you done that you should feel so deeply?"

"O sir," said she, "I hate God and I know it."

Perhaps never before that hour had she comprehended how deep and fearful is the enmity of the carnal mind to God.

"I hate God, and I know it; I have a heart opposed to all good; I hate my own life, and now see how empty and worthless—nay, how insulting to God—have been all my good deeds, with which I sought to merit His favor! Oh, how utterly wretched and lost is my soul!"

She rose and went into an adjoining room. There she paced the floor to and fro in an agony of soul bordering upon despair.

"What mockery!" she exclaimed. "How I have deceived and ruined my soul! My condemnation is just. But O, my God, where shall deliverance be found?"

Just then she took a hymn-book, and her eye lit upon this stanza:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

In one moment she was enabled, by faith, to plunge beneath that flood. Quicker than thought light broke in upon her soul; the Divine Spirit filled her with his presence, and she burst forth into an exultant song—

"My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear."

At a camp-meeting a man, whose vices had made him miserable stopped at one of the tents where he heard them singing

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

He heard the first verse:

"That's not for me."

The second began—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day—"

"That's for me! That's for me!" and a few minutes later he was kneeling in the tent praying for mercy, which he soon found.

—As no temporal blessing is good enough to be a sign of eternal election; so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation.

WRATH DISARMED.

Some time since, a man of my acquaintance who had a vehement and rigid temper, had a dispute with a friend of his, a professor of religion, and had been injured by him. With feelings of resentment he made him a visit for the avowed purpose of quarreling with him. He accordingly stated to him the nature and extent of the injury done him, and was preparing, as he afterwards confessed, to load him with a train of severe reproaches, when his friend cut him short by acknowledging, with the utmost readiness and frankness, the injustice of which he had been guilty, expressing his own regret for the wrong which he had done, requesting his forgiveness, and offering him ample compensation. He was compelled to say he was satisfied, and withdrew full of mortification that he had been precluded from venting his indignation, and wounding his friend with keen and violent reproaches for his conduct. As he was walking home he said to himself, "There must be more in religion than I have hitherto suspected. Were any to address me in the tone of haughtiness and provocation, with which I accosted my friend this evening, it would be impossible for me to preserve the equanimity of which I have been a witness, and especially with so much frankness, humility and meekness to acknowledge the wrong which I had done, so readily ask forgiveness of the man whom I had injured, and so cheerfully promise a satisfactory recompense. I should have met his anger by anger, etc. There is something in religion that I have hitherto been a stranger to." He soon after became a Christian.

—God often afflicts his people to bring them nearer and keep them nearer to himself, to make earth less attractive and heaven more desirable.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee.

Nought have I else to do :
I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, when they fall,
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round.
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

Madame Guyon.

—The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

—We may know the love of Christ, and be filled with it, and constrained by it, even as we know by experience the coolest refreshment of a fountain whose depth we cannot fathom, and rejoice in the warm beams of the sun whose greatness we cannot comprehend. They who best know that love, understand best what the Apostle means when he says it "passeth all knowledge."

GEORGE MULLER.

There are some names that seem fitted to stand for certain great truths; as Luther for down-right honest, sturdy thought; Howard for beneficence, and Washington for unsullied patriotism. In a similar way, the name of George Muller may be allowed to stand as suggestive of Faith in the Efficacy of Prayer. His life teaches that with singular point and effect

He was born in Prussia, in 1805, and, in his youth, was remarkable for wildness and recklessness of character. He was destined by his father for the ministry—for no higher reason than that he might be secure of a comfortable living. To this end he was sent to school, passed a rigid examination, and engaged in the study of Theology. He possessed a library of three hundred volumes; but he did not own and *had never read the Bible!* Ill-at-ease at heart, he sought relief in the theatre, the dance, and the gaming-table; but left them as dissatisfied as before. He then heard of a little Saturday evening meeting, where some of the students assembled for singing, prayer and reading the Bible. This he felt a strange desire to attend; and, at last, one of the members consented to take Muller with him to their little gathering, at his own earnest request.

Here a new world opened before him, and "the old, old story of Jesus and His love" came to him with new and strange and mighty power. Like Saul of old, he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," but yielded himself to its demands. He found peace and joy in believing; and quickened with the energies of the new life, he gave himself to the work he was called to do, in entire and hearty consecration.

And just here, it may as well be noted for the encouragement of those who believe in and love such servi-

ces, that it was not under what men call "a splendid sermon;" nor in the gorgeous and elaborately-appointed church; but in the humble meeting for Prayer and Praise, that George Muller was called to a knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus." Here his spiritual life began. And right nobly has it asserted itself before the world. Of one church in Bristol, he has been pastor for about forty-seven years, and for forty-five of these his life has been one of *simple faith in God*—proving itself by the richest fruits of Faith.

But it is not so much to follow out his life, step by step, that we now write, as it is to call attention to the great work with which his name is most intimately connected—we mean the Bristol Orphan Home. From the small beginning of caring for one destitute child; it has grown until it now numbers five Orphan Houses, erected by him; offering a home and instruction to some five thousand children. The enterprise was begun in prayer. It has been continued in prayer; and it is what it is to-day by prayer. He believes in the Living God, who answers prayer to-day, just as He did of old. His associates share that belief; and the *Bristol Orphan Home is never in debt*. As means are needed, they are provided—coming in the contribution of a servant girl on the one hand, and the princely gift of a nobleman on the other. The expenses of the Home amount to about \$630 per day; and George Muller's testimony is "that *God has never once failed me,*" or let His word fall to the ground.

Now, here is an example before the eyes of the world. It means something. It may be known and read by all men. And, after all the silly sneers of unbelief, the question comes back to be answered:

If prayer is not a Factor in the Christian Life, what does the Bristol Orphan Home mean? — The Covenant.

SLAVES TO TOBACCO.

BY REV. A. SIMS.

There are but very few forms of bondage so terribly galling as that of tobacco consumers. How many of them often make the sad confession, "I would give up the habit if I could." Is this Gospel freedom? Is this liberty from enslaving habits? "An old man, who had borne an irreproachable character up to the age of seventy-two, was lately brought before one of the tribunals of Paris for stealing a piece of lead worth eight cents. He admitted that he was entirely without means, and for the first time in his life knew not where to find a single sou; but it was not hunger that drove him to steal. After considerable questioning on the part of the judge as to what could be stronger than hunger, he confessed it was tobacco for his pipe. "Tobacco, monsieur judge!" said he growing violent. "I have the misery to be a hopeless smoker! I smoke at waking; I smoke while eating; I cannot sleep without smoking till the pipe falls from my mouth. Tobacco costs me six cents a day. When I have none I am frantic. I cannot work, nor sleep, nor eat. I go from place to place raging like a mad dog. The day I stole the lead, I had been without tobacco twelve hours! I searched the day through for an acquaintance of whom I could beg a pipeful. I could not, and resorted to crime as a less evil than I was enduring. The need was stronger than I!"

So fearfully enslaving is the habit that victims when deprived of the weed for a while, will do almost anything to get a quid, or pipeful of tobacco. A brute in human form, named William Biddlescombe, was convicted by a magistrate at Portsmouth, England, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment for skinning a living, small, terrier dog, and his only assigned reason for his cru-

elty was, that he wanted the skin for a tobacco-pouch!!!

"The Danes," writes the Brussels correspondent of the *Irish Times*, "are passionately fond of smoking. The punishment of death cannot be inflicted upon Danish criminals unless they confess their crimes; and the withholding of tobacco is said to frequently lead to an acknowledgment of guilt; and, indeed, on some occasions to this confession when they are really innocent, because the beloved weed is no longer denied them. We have heard (continues the writer) of men dying for their country, for their creed, for their love, but it is strange to hear of martyrs to a deleterious plant."

Said a young man, "I believe my pipe does me harm; I feel it is injuring me; but were I certain that it would curtail my life by fifteen years, I could not give it up"!! How distressing to hear such a statement from a free-born son of Britain! "I am a slave to tobacco," says a lawyer, "and I will give a hundred dollars to be told how to get rid of it without killing me!"

MISERY OF A WICKED MAN.— Good Lord! what a miserable creature a wicked man is! His very manna turns to worms, his very mercies make him miserable. Look upon him in his larger estate, and you will find either, he hath not the benefit of enjoying it, but only the danger of keeping it, and this adds not to his comfort; or else, if he doth enjoy it, he doth so miserably abuse it, that as one well says, he makes that which for use is but temporal to be eternal. Alas! the pleasures of it are quickly gone, but the pain of it lies in his destiny forever. Lord, therefore, help me to improve thy mercies, or else thy mercies will but increase my miseries.

—Live one moment at a time, and that moment by faith in the Son of God.

INDULGENCES.

BY REV. R. GILBERT.

"Sale of indulgences in Protestant Churches!" echoes the reader. "It's news to me. I'm familiar with the well attested historical fact, that the Church of Rome—in the era of Luther—made vast sums of money by the sale of indulgences, that is, money paid for the privilege of committing crime. Thus, if a man desired to steal, to commit adultery, to murder, &c., he went to the priest and paid the required sum, they did the crime, and the certificate he bought of his priest, was guaranteed to clear the man before the divine tribunal. "But whoever heard," continues the reader, "of the sale of indulgences by Protestant Churches?"

No Protestant church, I presume, has ever sold indulgences in a formal manner, as the Church of Rome has; and yet, it is certain, that many Protestant churches make constant, virtual sale of indulgences. Let us look at some of the indulgences constantly on sale in the ecclesiastical market.

1. Immunity from self-denial. This prominent indulgence makes millions flow into the exchequer of popular churches. Though not stated in so many words on paper, the indulgence practically amounts to this: "Join our church, and give us your influence, and money, and your reward shall be an ascension from the church militant to the church triumphant. Our conditions are made easy. You will not need the witness of the Spirit in regeneration—only a "hope-so." Your worldly pleasures shall not be abridged—worldly pleasures will only whet your appetite for the pleasures of heaven. If you admire the society of the lodge, and love to hear the mumbling of its Christless prayers—all right. Our festivals, fairs, church-gambling, &c., will afford you delightful entertainment. The end

will justify the means. The ancient pagan temples licensed nameless crime, on condition that the proceeds be applied to sacred uses. Of course, Christianity also must be somewhat liberal, in order to cope with other systems. If our lady members desire to advertise the millinery establishments, by making of themselves locomotive millinery shops, it will add to the honor of our church's popularity, and exhibit the ease with which our holy religion adjusts itself to circumstances, and to the dignified spirit of the world. If you be loyal to your church, and liberal in your support, no expulsion will be likely to afflict you for any moral crookedness."

2. Another class of Protestant indulgences—thrown on the ecclesiastical market—is immunity from censure in the utter disregard of the creed, and rules of holy living, as contained in church directories, and disciplines. This class of practical indulgences, when translated into words, is summed up thus: "Join our church—be liberal, and loyal to its new varying phases, and stand for us, whether right or wrong, and we shall make terms suit you. There are many things in our discipline that are offensive to the world, but we understand how to manage matters practically. We should be glad to expunge the unrelished portion of our church rules, but we are ashamed to do so. Years ago, holiness was diffused through our church literature, and made obligatory; but, if you so desire, you need give it no attention. If you become a conference preacher, you can, in your ordination, promise to seek Christian perfection in its Wesleyan sense, and then go away, and believe, and preach Zinzendorfism—a coetaneous justification, and entire sanctification; or, if you prefer, you can hold, and teach that consummated holiness is a slow growth after regeneration. Our rules forbid "needless self-indulgence," but practically we put

no restraint. If you love tobacco, chew on as much and as fast as you please. Our rules make attendance at class a test of membership; but, if you prefer the lodge to the class, or like a friendly chit-chat at places of public resort more than the prayer-meeting, you can do as you please without endangering your church-standing; provided you are loyal to the new, practical phases of our church, with commendable liberality. By loyalty, we mean that you stand by and for us, no matter what new, practical schemes we adopt—no matter how much our practicable schemes conflict with our discipline. If you dislike holiness, you can call it 'fanaticism', and, under various pretexts, you can successfully persecute it. Bishops can transport its propagators to starvation appointments; or, on trumped-up charges, conferences can expel them.

A practical question arises here. When churches sell out to the world, and turn their ecclesiastical machinery into a practical world-factory, are the spiritual members of these practically-revolutionized churches under obligation to remain in them? Does loyalty to God require them to be loyal to, and to support such churches. We are told that no true evangelist ever advises such a change. Let us illustrate. Here are two pastures; a high fence runs between them. One pasture abounds with luxuriant herbage, and living springs gush clear from the hill-sides. The sheep in it are fat, and sleek, and repose under beautiful shade-trees, whose green foliage waves in the gentle odoriferous breeze, that seems as if wafted from the hills of paradise. In the other pasture, there is no water, except stagnant swamps, in which swine wallow. No verdure is seen, except a few unpalatable weeds; but there is a large supply of dead stubble. No shade-tree averts the scorching rays of the sun. The evangelist—a traveling shepherd—passes along, and seeing the

staggering, panting sheep, he throws over the fence an armful of green grass, which is readily devoured by a few; but the greater part of the famished sheep still nibble at the dying weeds, as though pure grass is unknown to them. A man in passing suggests, "Why should not these sheep—by permission of the owners of the flocks and pastures—be permitted to go into the best pasture?" "O, no," says the traveling shepherd, "sheep should never leave the pasture into which they happen first to be put. No matter how poor the grass—how impure the water, let the sheep live and die in the same field. No accident, no blunder, no error in judgement, in placing the sheep in a pasture, can justify a change from one pasture to another." Does the reader see it in this light? Many spiritual shepherds—if spiritual they can be called—prefer that their famished sheep should die in their barren pastures, rather than be transferred to luxuriant fields.

—Faith has cause to take courage from our very afflictions; the devil is but a whetstone to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints.

—Get at the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in the top soil, you must open a shaft; the precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway, their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess with it the inward work of the Spirit.

—War is an incarnate demon: war is wholesale murder, and it is impossible for murder to come from him who hath said "Thou shalt not kill." "Is war, then never justifiable?" Let those who believe it, prove it from the New Testament, if they can. I know that the oftener some conscientious men attempt it the more difficult do they find the task.—*Heman Humphrey.*

"SEASONED WITH SALT."

BY REV. B. R. JONES.

Divine things are conveyed to the mind through the medium of natural things. Dr. Clark says, "Should God speak to us in that language peculiar to heaven, clothing those ideas in words which angelic minds form, how little should we understand of the things described."

Jesus spake unto the people in parables; and "without a parable spake he not unto them; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world."—Matt. xiii, 34-35.

Through familiar illustrations divine truth is brought within the range of our comprehension. Different figures are used in the Scriptures to illustrate the nature and operations of divine grace upon the heart. The Saviour says, "The kingdom of heaven (the spiritual reign of Christ in the heart) is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—Matt. xiii, 33.

One property of leaven is to assimilate into its own nature, the meal into which it is placed. By the operation of grace we become "partakers of the divine nature."

Again, the effects of grace are illustrated by the figure of salt. "Have Salt (grace) in yourselves."

Notice some of the properties of salt as illustrative of the nature and operations of grace.

1. Salt is cleansing. A small quantity placed in a kettle of boiling water will bring the corruption to the surface. Thus grace operates upon the heart. The natural heart is very corrupt. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it."—Isa. i, 5-6. It is incapable of self

purification. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"—Jer. xiii, 23. No more can a man change his own heart. But the grace of God can. "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."—Eph. ii, 8.

The wicked man may "forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," and he may "return unto the Lord," but the work of heart-cleansing is purely the province of the Holy Spirit. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."—Titus iii, 5.

All the corruptions of the soul may be removed by an application of the Spirit. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you."—Ezek. xxxvi, 25. If un sanctified, your greatest enemies are within. Pride, covetousness, lust and revenge, are among the enemies that exist in the un sanctified heart. From all of these God is able to deliver you. "From all your uncleannesses will I save you." When saved from all inward foes, and fortified by grace, your experience will continue to brighten. Though "temptations rage without," the "inner man" will be renewed day by day.

God grant that we, "being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life."—Luke i, 74-75.

2. Salt is healing. It is sometimes placed upon fresh wounds to remove the soreness, and hasten the process of healing. The operation is at times very painful, but the result is wholesome. Sore hearts are very difficult to heal.

"The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin:
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within."

Sin produces the most ghastly "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores." They cannot be "bound up, nor mollified" by human applications. But the grace of God is an all-healing balm. If you have been wounded by ill-treatment, and hard feelings are entertained, God's grace can remove the soreness. If you are extremely sensitive on certain points, and are easily hurt by the remarks of others, you need another application of grace right at that point. Your case may be a critical one, but remember, "He giveth more grace."

If broken-hearted there is relief for you. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—Psa. cxlvii, 3. It was a part of Christ's mission to "heal the broken-hearted and to set at liberty them that are bruised." "With His stripes we are healed."

If you are backslidden in heart, there is a remedy for you. God is anxious that you should return to Him. "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."—Jer. iii, 22.

If there are dissensions in the church, grace alone can "heal the breaches thereof" and restore peace. A baptism of the Holy Spirit will do more to settle disputes than any investigating committee can possibly do. It will remove all disaffection and produce a wholesome state of feeling. Suffer not the canker to eat until the whole body is destroyed, but "let it rather be healed." The Spirit will do a thorough work. "Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; for thou art my praise."—Jer. xvii, 14.

3. Salt is preserving. In our climate salt is used for preserving meats. It is said that in certain climates the atmosphere is so pure that meat will keep a long time without salt. There is a country where the atmosphere is so pure that no "poisonous breath" is ever felt. But

while we are surrounded by the stagnant influences of this world we shall need the preserving grace of God. "I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thes. v, 23.

Your triune being, "spirit, soul, and body," should be seasoned with salt." The old way of preserving fruit was to add a sufficient quantity of sugar to remove the acid from the fruit and thus prevent its souring. The grace of God should so permeate the entire being as to remove every carnal tendency. Be so "renewed in the spirit of your mind" that every bent of your nature will be heaven bent.

"My passions, my desires control;
Mould every purpose of the soul."

It may be said of you, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii, 3. In this blissful state you may be kept. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on thee: because he trusteth in thee."—Isa. xxvi, 3.

Many say, "I would get religion if I thought I could keep it." It is not the meat that preserves the salt, but the salt preserves the meat.

So the grace of God will preserve you amid the corrupting influences of this world. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forever more."—Psa. cxxi, 7-8. You are safe while trusting in God. Satan may assault you, his emissaries may plan for your overthrow, but the Lord will be your "refuge and defense, a present help in trouble." Thank God, "He preserveth the souls of His saints." The rain may descend, the floods may come, the winds may blow, but they are safe; their foundation is secure. O, for keeping grace! You must not be driven by "every wind of doctrine." "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able

to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. vi, 13.

4. Salt is good for seasoning. It is used to make food palatable. If "filled with the spirit" your life and example will produce a wholesome effect upon others. A mere profession of religion will not answer. Your associates will soon discover what "manner of spirit ye are of." A sacred influence should be felt by all, while in your presence.

Your words should be highly seasoned with grace. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.—Col. iv, 6. An unsanctified tongue may cause much evil. St. James says, "It is a fire, a world of iniquity; . . . and it it set on fire of hell." "The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Jas. iii, 6-8. But while no man can tame it, the grace of the blessed Jesus can, and enable thee to "keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Have you an "unruly" tongue? Sprinkle a little "salt" upon it, that your words may be "fitly spoken." How precious are such words. They are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."—James iii, 2.

Are you a minister? Let the truths you preach be well seasoned. The saints relish no other. The carnal heart has no taste for spiritual things. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." They can listen to a dry, prosy sermon and call it good.

But the saints want their food highly seasoned. The more of the Spirit the better for them. Your preaching should be in "Demonstration of the spirit and of power" if you would feed the saints and attract souls to the Cross. Many able

sermons are practically lost for want of the Spirit's unction.

The plain truth may be preached, the sins of the people exposed, but unless thoroughly tempered with grace it will not be a "savor of life unto life." "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." Jesus says, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—Jno. vi, 63. Every minister of the gospel should have the same Spirit, that his labors may be blessed, and the faith of the people stand, "not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap."—Psa. civ, 16.

♦♦♦
DANGEROUS CURIOSITY.—Be not curious to search into the secrets of God: pick not the lock where he hath allowed no key. He that will pry into every cloud, may be smitten with a thunderbolt; and he that will be too familiar with God's secrets, may be overwhelmed in his judgments. Adam would curiously increase his knowledge; therefore, Adam shamefully lost his goodness. The Bethshemites would needs pry into the ark of God: therefore, the hand of God slew about fifty thousand of them. Therefore, let us not hover about this flame, lest we scorch our wings. For my part, seeing God hath given me his Word, I will carefully improve myself by what he hath revealed, and not curiously inquire into, or after, what he hath reserved.

♦♦♦
DEATH.—Nothing is so sure as death, and nothing so uncertain as the time. I may be too old to live, but I can never be too young to die. I will, therefore, live every hour as if I were to die the next.

♦♦♦
—If Christ laid down his life for us, is it a great thing for us to lay down our lives for the brethren?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DRAMAS.

BY REV. E. P. MARVIN.

"The Church and the world walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time;
The world was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime."

Formerly our churches regarded it as their legitimate and only calling to propagate the Gospel, and our sanctuaries were practically devoted to religious worship and instruction.

The pulpit condemned many of the amusements and entertainments prevailing outside, and endeavored to persuade church members to abstain from them. But as wealth, worldliness and the play spirit increased, the Church demanded amusements for the young, at any price, and invented the theory that the Church must not merely condemn those that were bad, but approve and furnish those that were good.

It was expected that this would satisfy the craving, in a legitimate way, and prevent the drift toward outside amusements that were evil, and withal render Christianity "attractive" to the world. Of course, the theory was seen by many to be fallacious, and no one seriously pretended that Christ or the Apostles taught that it was any part of the business of the blood-bought Church to furnish amusement for the world, or that pure Christianity could by any means be made attractive to the world. But the world-wise experiment must be tried. Preaching and singing must be made artful and entertaining. Fairs, festivals and frolics must be held in the place of prayer. Sunday Schools must be utilized in rude juvenile dramatics to meet this craving demand for entertainment in the sanctuary. Of course these Juvenile Dramatics were called by misnomer, Sunday-School Concerts, Missionary Meetings, &c. When Mr. Eggleston lately wrote a legitimate drama for the Sunday-Schools, doubtless

much better than our common home-made performances, many of our people revolted at it, as too long a step toward the theater. A large book has been printed to furnish material and instructions for this un-blessed business of ecclesiastical entertainments. They are, of course, very attractive to the play people of the Church and to the world. They draw immense crowds, especially on Sunday nights, when other entertainments are suspended. The children are especially brought to the front to help the world to keep Christmas-day—the world that crucified the Lord and has never repented of it,—the world that will cry for rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from his face when he comes back again!

The experiments of furnishing entertainments for the world has been tried long enough to show all intelligent and spiritually-minded persons, that no possible good and much positive harm comes from them. The crowds gathered are not converted but rather rendered more worldly. Their appetite for "the real thing" is whetted, and the throng that flows to the theater is increased. The Church is thus feeding the theater instead of drawing away from it. Since this new theory has been tried, probably the attendance of Church members on the theater and other places of sinful amusements has doubled. And children, to the knowledge of the writer, have not only been trained to love the theater and opera, but to act in it.

No possible good and much evil comes from the exhibition of daintily dressed, little children on the pulpit rostrum Sunday night. Attention is drawn to their *personnel* and dress rather than to truth. They are proudly conscious of this as are their vain mammas. The whole scene is one of worldly vanity, curiosity and amusement. It may be a cheap and easy way to draw a crowd and "bring down the house," to have a

little five-year-old flirt speak a piece, with cute ways and perhaps a breakdown, but it is a shameful desecration of the house and the day.

But we have taken these unscriptural entertainments into the Church, and now since this evil is manifest, the great question is, shall we not cast them out? and if so, how shall it be done? Will pastors have the courage to condemn them and the people to cast them out?

—♦♦♦—
"WISER THAN MY MAKER."
—♦♦♦—

A young man of skeptical tendencies, walking out one Sabbath morning, proposed to a comrade in sin, to spend the day in a fishing excursion down the harbor. A Christian friend passing them on his way to church, had over-heard the remark, and politely invited him to accompany him to public worship. The young man reluctantly consented, saying, that "if preaching was effectual to convince him of error, he should believe in it; but if not, he would never again be caught listening to it."

They entered the house of God. After the usual devotional services, the pastor arose, and casting his eye over his audience, in the deepest tenderness, and solemnity said, "I do not rise to preach to you, it is God addressing you: 'Who-ever shall not receive the kingdom of God, as a little child'—do you so receive it?" "If not," he added with deep commiseration, "the closing words of this text, are God's message to you: '*He shall not enter therein.*'"

These words were uttered with deep emotion, and all felt that they came from the heart of the preacher. At the close of the services, the young man said, "I have never seen such simplicity and tenderness in a preacher, and his words sunk into my heart. I felt I had not received the word of God, as a little child, but as one *wiser than my Maker.*

That to me was preaching effectually."

"From that hour," he afterwards said, skepticism vanished from my mind, and the truth uttered in the simplicity of a little child, brought me to the feet of Jesus." He is now an earnest laborer in the cause of the Master, preaching that gospel he once derided, in its simplicity and power, to the souls of men. If we would save souls, let us be "filled with the Spirit," and our utterances shall be clothed with power to their salvation.—*Gospel Banner.*

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AFTER MANY DAYS.
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An old woman of eighty wished to become a Christian. But there was difficulty in the way. So she asked several friends to come with the minister and talk with her. She admitted the truth of all they said, but something held her back.

Said the minister:—"Why not give yourself now, within ten minutes?"

Oh, she could not!

"Why not!"

She wanted time, she said; it was too sudden. Ten minutes! Oh, no! she must have time to think about it.

"You are old," said the minister; "how long have you been thinking about it already?"

She paused a moment, and then said, slowly, "Fifty years."

"Fifty years!" cried the minister; "and yet you want more time! Isn't fifty years enough?"

That was a new way of looking at it. Fifty years, indeed!

"What shall I do?" she eagerly asked.

"Do nothing," was the answer; "but leave all with God. Let us pray to him to lift the burden."

So they prayed. And suddenly, when she no longer pleaded for time, light came through the darkness, the burden rolled away, and, like a little child, the old woman entered into the kingdom.—*Congregationalist.*

EXPERIENCE.

BY MERLIN BLOOD.

I was born Sept. 1st, 1855. At the age of nine years I commenced using tobacco, both by chewing and smoking. After using it for about five years, I made up my mind never to use the filthy weed any more. But fifteen months afterward I yielded to my strong appetite and used it more freely than ever before, keeping tobacco in my mouth night and day, all the time, except when eating.

Jan. 21st, 1876, I sought the Lord with all my heart, and received the witness that my sins, which were many, were all forgiven. I shortly after joined the United Brethren Church. I had never been taught that it was wrong to use tobacco and a large number of the ministers either smoked or chewed. When I would ask any of them if they thought it was wrong to use tobacco they would answer, certainly not.

"Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch!"—Luke vi, 39.

Jan. 1st, 1877, I again determined never to touch tobacco again, but eight months later I again gave way to my appetite for the accursed weed.

Feb. 3rd, 1877, I again left it off in my own strength, and it seemed as though I must either chew or smoke anyway.

In the following month Bro. J. S. McGeary began a protracted meeting near here. I attended. He told us that if any man would be a disciple of Christ, he must repent of all sin and forsake it all, take up his cross daily and follow Jesus. The second meeting that I attended I got so deeply convicted that I was glad of the privilege of going to the altar and of letting the saints pray for me. Although, at the time, I was a member (in good standing) of the United Brethren Church, I

saw that I was in a back-slidden state, so I took my place as a backslider. I once more sought the Lord, and received the evidence of sins forgiven.

It is written, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1st Cor. x, 31. I could not use tobacco to the glory of God, so I promised the Lord never to commence to use it again under any consideration.

It is written, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John xv, 7. Accordingly I asked the Lord to take away the desire and appetite for tobacco, which He did immediately, for which I give God all the glory. It is written, "Be ye holy; for I am holy."—1st Peter i, 16. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification"—1 Thes. iv, 3.

Being desirous of obeying the Lord in all things, and of having His will done in and through me, I sought the blessing of holiness, which I obtained May 10th, 1878.

Being led by the Spirit I joined the Free Methodist Church, May 10th, 1878. I realize every day that I am the temple of God, and that if I defile this temple I shall be destroyed. I am striving, by the grace of God, to keep the temple clean and undefiled.

I can say in the language of the Apostle, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii, 20.

—Like a morning dawn, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

EDITORIAL.

SACRIFICES.

Christ has made of himself an offering for us all. So we do not need to come to God with offerings taken from the flocks or herd, to be slain upon the altar, as an atonement for our sins. "But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."—Heb. ix, 26. The work of redemption is completed, and it only remains for us to accept Christ as our Saviour—to take his yoke upon us and learn of him.

But there is still an offering which the poorest of us can make which will be acceptable to God. He cares more for it than for the most costly cathedrals. This is an honest surrender of ourselves to Him to do His will. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalms li, 17. Let us present this sacrifice to God every day and every moment of our lives. Thus shall we be saved from a selfish and from a hard, Pharisaical spirit.

Then the Apostle exhorts us to "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable, unto God, *which is your reasonable service.*"—Rom. xii, 1. To make this sacrifice none can be too poor—the times can never be too hard. It is within the reach of all. If we make this sacrifice we shall refuse to decorate our bodies with the trappings of pride. They belong to God and we should clothe them as He directs. We shall refuse to pamper the fleshly appetites, for our bodies belong to God, they are his temples, and we shall not dare, or wish, to defile them.

Then we can, from our hearts praise Him. He cares no more for the melody of costly organs, and hired singing, than for the sighing of the winds. But praises from a sincere heart are acceptable sacrifices to God. "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise

to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name."—Heb. xiii, 15. This is a sacrifice to God which it does not need money to make, and which money cannot buy. It can be offered in the kitchen and in the field, in the workshop, and on the road, by every man, woman and child whose heart is right with God.

Then there is another sacrifice which most, if not all, can make. It consists in doing something to lighten the burdens of others and trying to make them better and happier. "But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—Heb. xiii, 16. It may cost you toil and self-denial, but the greater the sacrifice the more acceptable will it be to God; for it shows a deeper love. A little consideration for others will show you unthought of modes of doing them good and lessening their toils and pains. Whatever their condition in life they are still human beings and stand to you as representatives of Christ. If any thing can inspire us to do for others it must be his weighty words: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done *it* unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done *it* unto me."—Mat. xxv, 40.

See to it then that your religion is one that leads you to make sacrifices. Otherwise it will not save you in the last day. That religion which professes to rely upon the sacrifices which Christ has made for the world, but does not lead us into the path of self-denial and sacrifices is not the religion of Christ. It is a delusion which leads its votaries to perdition.

THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

There is something fearful in the power of darkness. It changes the appearance of things. The road that is familiar by daylight looks strange in the dark. This is as true in a spiritual sense as in a natural sense. Many who once saw plainly that "the

narrow way" is the only one which leads to Heaven, now point those who are asking for directions, to the broad road of self-indulgence. They seem to be sincere. The light that was in them has become darkness, and how great is that darkness! In losing their sight they have lost their way.

A man who has lost his natural eyesight knows it. He may think that he can feel his way around when it is dangerous for him to do so, but he never thinks that he can see when he cannot. But men who are spiritually blind are of all men most confident. They are full of themselves in the degree that they are wanting in the Spirit of Christ. Paul said to the representative religionists of his day, "Behold thou art called a Jew, and retest in the law, and makest thy boast of God, and art confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness, an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes, which hast the form of knowledge and of the truth in the law."—Rom. ii, 17-19-20. Change the word "Jew" to Christian, and how applicable these words would be to many in our day! They are full of what they call faith, but which God calls presumption. They have so tempered their zeal with worldly prudence as to provoke no opposition. They have managed things so adroitly as to secure the support of the enemies of the cross of Christ. They boast of their success, and say of themselves, "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." But how different is the opinion which Christ has of them! "And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked."—Rev. iii, 17.

If men who cannot see only knew it, and would acknowledge it, they might have help. There is One who still opens the eyes of the blind, but they must come to him for it.

If men go too long in spiritual dark-

ness they at last lose their capacity for seeing. Fish in the Mammoth Cave have no eyes. By ceasing to use your eyes you will lose your eyes.

If then the light of God shines upon you ever so faintly, then walk in that light. You cannot afford to drop blindly into hell. But you are in danger of it every step you take while unsaved.

"Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth."—John xii, 35.

BE THOROUGH.

In helping souls, be very kind but be thorough. Let there be no harshness, no severity, no unfriendly criticism. Treat every one who is trying to get to the Lord as kindly as though he were your nearest, personal friend. But at the same time do not encourage any one to stop short of being fully saved. Do not be in a hurry. God can convert a soul in a very short time, if he only comes to him; but a soul may be some time in coming to him. Going to the altar is one step. It may include all others and it may not. There may be some wrong word or action, or position, that must be confessed. There may be required some promise of restitution to be made. Ask God to let light in on the soul. Try and have every one that you help, converted so that he knows it, and all his friends and his enemies know it.

It is a great injury to any individual to imagine that he is converted to God when he is not. He is likely to become either a Pharisee, or an infidel. One who is thoroughly honest and in earnest in getting to God will, in spite of erroneous teaching, go through, as Finney did. But if he has only a moderate share of honesty, he is quite likely to conclude that, as he did what they told him to and found nothing, "therefore, there is nothing in experimental piety. All there is to it, is to

observe a few forms which do not amount to anything."

If one takes up with something short of conversion and joins the church and keeps along, he settles down into a self-righteous, bigoted sectarian. In time he becomes one of the most determined opposers of vital godliness anywhere to be met with. He is resolutely set against any marked manifestation of the Spirit of God. Those who really love God, too often give up to him in order to avoid church difficulties, and hoping for the best. So he often controls the pulpit; and the church becomes filled up with unregenerate men and women "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Many a church has been killed by a revival. The revival brought a worldly influence into the church which gradually crowded Christ out. As a religious corporation it may have continued to prosper, but as an institution to train souls for Heaven it has become an utter failure. It is managed by worldly men; it is run on worldly principles; it appeals to worldly motives and it achieves only worldly results.

If you have a revival in your church then, look well to its character. See to it that the standard of piety is raised and not lowered by it. Insist upon it that one result of the revival shall be a greater conformity to God and less conformity to the world. A church composed of a few holy men and women, will do more to keep vital piety alive in the world than a larger number of fashionable, worldly men and women, destitute of the Spirit of Christ, though baptized in his name. It is the godly character of the members of a church and not their numbers which give them their power to do good. If united in Christ, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost they will at least help keep alive upon the earth the remembrance of God. In some proper sense they will represent Christ.

CHILI SEMINARY.

The Lord is graciously pouring out his Spirit in Chili Seminary. The work began among themselves, at the family altar and in the prayer-meetings. Several were clearly converted. For about a week we have been holding meetings every evening. Sunday evening about a dozen were forward, six of whom found peace. Some have been saved in every meeting since. The work is moving forward with power. It is not confined to the students, but some of the citizens have been converted. A spirit of deep conviction is resting upon the people generally. We are looking to see many saved.

The possibility of having a salvation school has been fully demonstrated. The amount of good that is done in training up youth in the fear and love of God is too little considered. Too generally, the effort to do this at home is neutralized by the influence of the school. But in our schools, we make the salvation of the soul of the first importance. We know of no better way for those to whom the Lord has intrusted money to appropriate it, than for the building up of salvation schools.

We need here two thousand dollars to pay a mortgage, due next June, and another two thousand to finish and furnish our building.

We hope, also, to have another school at the West opened by fall.

If you have in your possession money belonging to the Lord, you had better use it as he directs, before the devil gets it. Ask the Lord about it—if he wants you to do anything for Chili Seminary, please let us know.

BOOK NOTICE.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society.

This society has made very practical use of the maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Its

primary object is, not so much to reform vicious youth, as to place the young, homeless child of the streets, who, if left to himself, would soon graduate from the streets of New York a skillful criminal, under influences which will educate and train him to become a useful citizen.

The work of the society will commend itself to every one who has a heart to love his neighbor. Most especially will those rejoice in it who have been face to face with the wretchedness of the thousands of children whose unhappy lot has been to have a sinful or unfortunate parentage.

The work comprises twenty-one industrial schools, where are gathered in the off-scourings of the worst localities, who are taught not only from books, but also to sew, by hand and machine, to cut and make dresses. Household work is taught.

These schools are located where there is the most need. A barn, a store-room or a shop, are fitted up with bathing rooms and kitchen. In the Industrial Schools for Boys, the boys are taught the printers' trade, in the School printing department. Besides the Industrial schools, there are thirteen night-schools, three free reading rooms, and six lodging houses, a summer home for poor children, and a sick children's mission.

It was a pleasure to visit the 35th Street Lodging House with the Superintendent, Capt. H. Matthews, and inspect the conveniences and comforts provided for the homeless, street boy. Here, for a nominal sum, a good bath, a wholesome meal and clean bed can be had, while a night-school is open to those who wish to attend. If a boy has no money to pay, he is trusted for that night, and the next day provided with a boot-blacks' kit, for which he will soon pay, if disposed to work, as most are. Thus they are taught honesty and self-reliance, as the object is to make them self-supporting. They soon begin to save their earnings, and

the older and more trustworthy are helped to situations. Very many are sent to the West, to Christian homes, and they soon become respected members of society. Captain Mathews informs us that he has several good, bright boys, for whom he wishes to provide a home. These youth are not criminals, but orphans, and victims of the misfortunes or sins of others.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

A short time since, the straight work commenced in Alexandria, Va. On a certain Friday afternoon, brother Joseph Travis preached here in the house of George and Lewis Peverill; and a few gave their names as Free Methodists. Hardly had the preacher finished his work, when the leader of the "holiness" meetings made objections to *this way*, before the people. He was followed by a holiness sister, who could not see any need of *Free Methodists*.

This holiness leader is obliged to hold his meetings in his own house, his M. E. Church people not having any relish for even a *smooth* kind of holiness talk. He (having it in his power) has probably hindered our work more than any other person in the place. Why this should be so is a mystery. But Paul had a good reason for speaking of "true holiness."

The world, the fleshly church, and the devil (including the newspapers), are arrayed against us; and the city is wonderfully stirred about the few pilgrims, who are striving to make their way to glory, and to exhort others to do the same. The preachers, class-leaders, and general professors are crying "STRANGE DOCTRINES!" But God sets his seal to the word, and the work goes on.

One honest soul has been exercised ever since the work commenced; and, (notwithstanding the hindrance,) he lately said: *Lord what wilt thou have*

me to do? Is it to join the Free Methodists? If so, Thy will be done! Falling asleep, he saw, in his vision, a Free Methodist standing at a distance preaching to a large crowd of people; and immediately he ran toward the preacher, crying: *Hold on, brother; Don't give way; the Lord is sending me to help you!*

And so the Lord gave us brother Samuel English; who now has the additional glory in his soul, which comes through obedience; and he is even at this time conferring with brother Peverill about the erection of a Free Methodist chapel in this place, they having already purchased a lot of ground. So the Lord can save by few. Glory to his name!

The work of entire sanctification prospers. Some of the clearest testimonies, I ever heard, have been given by colored sisters, who have recently attained to the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, through the blood. The wife of a colored presiding elder has just received the blessing of true holiness; and she stands, like the others, firm and straight for the truth as it is in Jesus. She told in meeting to-night how "the scales of ignorance" fell from her eyes.

T. F. DOLAN.

A NEW LIFE.

A new life! It first appeared to human light in the coming of a babe to the hearth and home of James and Ellen Matthews two years and a-half ago. On the 29th of January last, it took on the newness of the life that is eternal, when

ELLEN FLORENCE

their dear little girl returned to God who gave her, leaving her sorrowing parents and friends, with a desolated hearthstone and the thought that it is of the earth, earthy,—but touched with a new light and glory for them, as they see within the veil, and their sorrow is turned into joy.

The great Father's heart takes even such little ones into fellowship with Himself through suffering; her illness though short was severe, but at the end her departure to the heavenly was painless; a falling asleep, in the arms of that Jesus whose love yet calls, as we would hold them away "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

The blessedness of that coming no language can picture, for it was her entering into the glory that belongs to being face to face with the Father, and the two who had carried her in their earthly arms, had the high privilege of returning their trust pure and undefiled at His call.

Blessed was the day of her birth,—the day when it was said that a child was born—more blessed the day of her death, when in newer and better birth mortality was swallowed up of life.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,
But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the souls expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

Better place, higher privilege, more blessed fellowship, freedom from all that offends,—have come to the little one so lately with us in her earthly house.

We enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and His courts with praise at the end as at the beginning of her brief stay on earth. And as we welcome the better covenant and the better promises, is it not ours to be glad in the better day that has come by way of the house of mourning to the home and heart life of our friends in God, and as it comes to all who sorrow in hope.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed;
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—
We will be patient and assuage the feeling,
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

REV. J. LANING.

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

Some three years ago, with a dear sister, I went to a camp meeting some thirty miles from Chicago. We soon found there was a great lack of the Spirit's power. Much that savored of the world was there. The sumptuous living—the arrangements to please the tastes of those who love the world and its pleasures all too well. The spirit had been grieved, and day by day, in the gatherings of the people, we felt the word preached was not accompanied by "The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." Eminent preachers were there, but as one of them observed, "The sword of the spirit was the same as ever, but no man in these days with power to wield it." One day a holiness meeting was held. Many arose and testified to possessing this inestimable blessing, but the outward appearance told that the world had not been overcome. The costly, fashionable array, badges of the world were there, and almost every testimony finished with a request for prayer, "I feel a lack, I have not power for work in the Lord's cause," and so on. I felt all through the meeting the Spirit prompting me to tell through what a crucifying way I obtained this blessing. I hesitated, reasoned with flesh and blood, instead of listening alone to the voice of God, leaving all the consequences with him. Still the Spirit moved and I arose to my feet. Sitting at the side of the leader he did not see me, and at the moment said, "we will now change the order of the meeting." How glad I felt to sit down and avoid the cross. But as I left the tent, O! what a loss I realized in my own soul, all the hallowed feeling of a communion with God gone; a dreary void was there. Hour after hour passed away; night came and I laid down to rest, but no sleep came. It might be about two or three o'clock in the morning; I arose, left the tent and went out under the open heavens. The moon was shining

brightly through the trees, everything so calm and lovely speaking of him my soul loved. I looked up, heard the voice, felt the drawings of the Spirit as the words came to my inmost soul, "God is love." "The Lord whom I had sought had come suddenly into his temple." How I promised that night, that henceforth I would obey Him. The testing came the next day in another holiness meeting. I arose quick on my feet the first opportunity and then I told how at the St. Charles camp meeting, after the struggle of a whole year, the last idol was given up,—"The outward adorning, the gold and costly array,"—and then my Saviour sealed me as His own, "a Temple of the Holy Ghost," cleansing my soul from all sin.

During the remainder of the meeting, one and another would come to us longing for this blessing,—"this pearl of great price,"—but of nearly every one it was true, as of the rich young man who came to our Saviour desiring to inherit eternal life, they went away sorrowing as we told them the cost.

SARAH A. COOKE.

Chicago.

 LOVE FEAST.

J. B. NEWVILLE.—My testimony, this morning, is that I am fully saved. "Christ dwells in my heart by faith." I have sold all to obtain the "pearl of great price." With it I am rich, for it gives me a title to all that is "good" here, and, if faithful, a right to heaven. I now shall enter into the eternal rest that remains for the people of God.

MISS LIBBIE STAIGHT.—I was converted when twelve years old. In two years and twelve days from that time I received a clean heart, O praise the Lord for ever! this fountain cleanseth me from all sin, and I am so glad I ever plunged in.