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## RELIGIOUS SENSIBILITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Men ought to feel. God gives us sensibilities that we may feel. It is only by a long process of hardening that persons come into that fearful state described in the Scriptures as "being past feeling." If any thing should stir us, it is religion.

Every part of man's nature that can be moved—his fears and his hopes, his affections and his sympathies, his judgment, his sense of duty, his love of happiness, and his dread of suffering, of exposure and of shame—each and all are appealed to in the strongest manner by the Gospel of Christ, to lead erring mortals to return to their allegiance to God.

But the arch-enemy has succeeded not only in influencing many to resist the claims of their Maker, and to listen to his earnest appeals with indifference, if not with secret or open scorn, but to treat with contempt, and to overwhelm with opprobrious epithets, all who act as if they believe the awful truths which God has so clearly revealed. Insanity is one of the mildest terms employed to designate the state of those who are awake to eternal things.

In this number we propose to adduce some farther proof of the proposition we laid down last month. That, *It is entirely proper that the servants of God should manifest, at times, the deepest emotion.*

We need not repeat what we then said, that while the inward emotions of the child of God may vary, his outward life will preserve a consistent

uniformity; however his feelings may fluctuate, he is unwavering in the discharge of duty.

In proof of the proposition, we call attention to *the greatness of the change that takes place when the penitent sinner becomes a child of God.*

"In witnessing," says a celebrated English philosopher,\* "first the entreaties, and supplications, and tears, of a convicted, condemned, and repentant malefactor, prostrate at the feet of his sovereign; and then, the exuberance of his joy and gratitude in receiving pardon and life, no one would so absurdly misuse language as to call the intensity and fervor of the criminal's feelings enthusiastical; for however strong or even ungovernable these emotions may be, they are perfectly congruous with the occasion;—they spring from no illusion; but are fully justified by the momentous turn that has taken place in his affairs:—in the past hour he contemplated nothing but the horrors of an ignominious death, but now life and its delights are before him. It is true that all men in the same circumstances would not undergo the same intensity of emotion; but all, unless obdurate in wickedness, must experience feelings of the same quality. And thus, so long as the real circumstances under which every human being stands in the court of the Supreme Judge are clearly understood, and duly felt, ENTHUSIASM FINDS NO PLACE;—all is real; nothing is illusion."

The beggar may become a millionaire, the slave a king, with obedient nations at his feet, but this improve-

\* Natural History of Enthusiasm, page 46.

ment in his condition is infinitely less than that which the sinner realizes when he is made an heir to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Julia was born of respectable parents, and carefully tended in her early years. Her mother was a prudent, pious woman, but she died when Julia was but twelve years of age. The father, soon after, took to drinking and gambling, and spent all the property he possessed. His daughter was brought into the midst of profligate associates, and became vicious and abandoned. In a fit of intoxication she married a worthless, dissipated fellow. When she was eighteen years old she was tried for perjury, convicted and sentenced to the Sing Sing prison for fourteen years. She was naturally intelligent, active, and energetic, and the limitations of a prison had a worse effect upon her than they would have had upon a more stolid temperament. In the course of a year or two her mind began to sink under the pressure, and finally exhibited signs of melancholy insanity. Friend Hopper had an interview with her at Sing Sing, and found her in a state of deep dejection. She afterward became completely deranged, and was removed to the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale. He and his wife visited her there, and found her in a state of temporary rationality. They took her in a walk with them through the grounds; and she enjoyed this little excursion very highly. But when one of the company remarked that it was a very pleasant place, she sighed deeply, and replied, "Yes, it is a pleasant place to those who can leave it. But chains are chains, though they are made of gold; and mine grow heavier every day." Her temperament peculiarly required freedom, and chafed and fretted under restraint. Friend Hopper obtained permission for her to spend a day and night at his house in the city. The visit was found beneficial, and after a short interval was renewed. She spent several days in his family and conducted with the greatest propriety. He

soon after applied to the Governor for a pardon, which was promptly granted. He next provided a suitable home for her. When all was arranged, Friend Hopper went out to the Asylum to carry the news. Fearful of exciting her too much, he asked if she would like to go into the city again to spend a fortnight in his family. She replied "Indeed I would." He promised to take her, and added, "Perhaps thou wilt stay longer than two weeks." At last he said, "It may be that thou wilt not have to return here again." She sprang up instantly, and looking in his face with intense anxiety, exclaimed, "Am I pardoned? Am I pardoned?" "Yes, thou art pardoned," he replied, "And I have come to take thee home." She fell back into her seat, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud. Friend Hopper says, "This was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed." Obdurate, indeed, must be the heart of that man who could ridicule the deep emotion of this child of sorrow in this joyous hour.

But as great as is the difference between an eternity in perdition, and fourteen years in prison, so much greater occasion of rejoicing is there in the case of every sinner when God says to him by the Holy Spirit, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee." We do not read that any of these events, which are admitted to justify tumultuous demonstrations of delight among men are noticed above, but our Saviour has said that "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*"

He, then, that can witness with indifference, and coolly criticise, a scene that sends thrills of joy through all the ranks of the angelic hosts, has good reason to conclude that the veil is yet upon his heart,—that he has no just or proper sense of the magnitude of eternal things.

Well may Isaac Taylor say, "When those whose temper is abhorrent to religious services animadvert sarcastically upon the follies, real or supposed, of religionists, there is a sad inconsistency

in such criticisms, like that which is seen when the insane make ghastly mirth of the manners or personal defects of their friends and keepers."

The application of the argument is easily made. Events that affect greatly our temporal welfare justify a manifestation of the deepest emotion. But our temporal bear no comparison to our eternal interests.

Therefore the service of God, affecting, as it does, our eternal interests, and those of our fellow men, renders a manifestation of the deepest emotion entirely proper.

We next adduce a few of the examples of Scripture in proof of our proposition. Let us first consider the case of Moses as recorded in Ex. xix, and Heb. xii, 21. God manifested himself to him upon Mount Sinai. And "there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled; and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake." Here was the emotion of fear manifested by trembling and quaking. The sinner, too, may well "tremble and quake," when the thunders of the law are sounding in his ear.

David was a man of great strength of body and of mind. In the height of his power he did not consider it derogatory to his dignity as a king, and a prophet, to give expression, publicly, to the highest transports of joy. Read the account of his bringing up the ark of the Lord, from the house of Obed Edom, to the city of David, as given in the iv. Chap. of the Second book of Samuel. "And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord, and she des-

pised him in her heart. And Michal, the Daughter of Saul, came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the King of Israel to day, who uncovered himself to day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!" To this irony David replied, "It was before the Lord. And I will yet be more vile than this, and will be base in my own sight." Are there none at the present day who would have united with Michal in saying that King David had disgraced himself? None, who seem to feel, like her, that they have to support the dignity of the Church? Let them take warning from her, for she bore her reproach all her days; while David realized the fulfilment of that Scripture, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Jeremiah was greatly troubled because of the defection of the religious teachers of the people. They amused their hearers with fine words, and cried, "Peace! Peace! when God had not spoken peace." Hear Jeremiah express his anguish, "Mine heart within me is broken because of the prophets; all my bones shake; I am like a drunken man, and like a man whom wine hath overcome, because of the Lord, and because of the words of his holiness."—Jer. xiii, 9. He knew what it was to be burdened for souls.

Daniel does not appear to have been wanting in intellect or nerve. The prospect of lodging in a den of lions did not frighten him. But on seeing a vision from the Lord he says,\* "There remained no strength in me, for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." His awe was so great that his physical frame could not bear up under it—he fell prostrate.

On the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the disciples, there were such manifestations of feeling, that the bystanders could account for on no other theory

\* Dan. x, 8.



than that "These men are full of new wine."\* There was such plausibility in the objection, that Peter felt called upon to enter into a formal argument to disprove it, "These are not drunken as you suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day."

When the Revelator, John, was favored with a manifestation of the Son of Man, in his glorified body, he thus describes the effect that it produced upon him: "And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead."†

He assures us that in Heaven, there is the deepest emotion among the worshippers that surround the throne, "And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."‡

Reader, if you have no sympathy with those who praise the Lord audibly in His sanctuaries below, how do you think you will be prepared to join above in this mighty tumult of praise?

No more, or clearer Scripture proof can be required to establish our proposition. If religion is the same in every age, and if under the Christian dispensation, the Spirit is to be poured out more abundantly than ever before, we may then expect, that those who are earnestly engaged in the service of the Lord, shall manifest from time to time the deepest emotion.

We refer, also, to the experience of those, who, in different branches of the Church of Christ, have been eminent for piety and usefulness.

The inquiry is often made, why, if this deep emotion is essential to the earnest Christian, do we not see it manifested among different denominations? Our answer is, that we do, among the eminently pious of all denominations. We will give you as many cases as our limits will permit. Luther, having gained the reputation

of being one of the most learned men of his day, became awakened, by alarming providences, to his condition as a sinner. He solemnly determined to seek after holiness, as eagerly as he had pursued knowledge. For nearly two years he practised the greatest austerities, and discharged the most self-debasing duties. But he could find no peace. Sometimes his meditations on the divine justice and wrath, awakened such terrors in him, that his bodily powers failed him, and he sometimes lay motionless as if dead. He was found one day, on the floor of his cell, without any signs of life. "It is in vain," he says to Staupitz, "that I make promises to God; sin is always too strong for me." Staupitz told him to "look to the wounds of Jesus Christ to the blood which he has shed for you; it is then you will see the mercy of God."\* He looked; and his deep emotions were followed by peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost. But for these deep stirrings of soul, Luther had never been the Reformer he was.

Whitfield's life furnishes another example of the deepest emotion, first of penitence, then of joy. Had his conversion been of a superficial character, his name would not have gone down to posterity as the most successful preacher of modern times. Whitfield sought the Lord in earnest. He was accustomed to select Christ Church meadow as the scene, and a stormy night as the time, of his mental conflicts. He prostrated his body on the bare earth, fasted during Lent, and exposed himself to the cold till his hands began to blacken, and, by abstinence and inward struggles, so emaciated his body as to be scarcely able to creep up stairs. For seven weeks he labored under a severe illness. It was, in his own language, "a glorious visitation."† It gave him time and composure to make a written record and a penitent confession of his youthful sins—to examine the New

\* Acts ii, 18. † Rev. i, 17. ‡ Rev. xix, 56.

\* Life of Luther, by Cubitt, p. 44, 45.

† Stevens Miscellanies, p. 24.



Testament; and to seek, by prayer, for wisdom and for peace. The blessings thus invoked were not denied. "The day star," he says, "arose in my heart. The spirit of mourning was taken from me. For some time I could not avoid singing Psalms wherever I was, but my joy became gradually more settled. Thus were the days of my mourning ended." From that time, Whitfield was a joyous triumphant Christian, and the word which he preached was in demonstration of the Spirit and in power.

Mr. Flavel was an eminent minister of the Calvinistic school. His labors were greatly blessed. His works are still read with profit, by the devout of all denominations.\* Mr. Flavel gives an account of a man that he knew, that was wonderfully overcome with divine comforts. It is supposed that he relates his own experience. He says "that as the person was traveling alone, with his thoughts closely fixed on the great and astonishing things of another world, his thoughts began to swell higher and higher, like the water in Ezekiel's vision, until at last they became an overflowing flood; such was the intenseness of his mind, such the ravishing tastes of heavenly joys, and such his full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost all sight and sense of this world, and the concerns thereof; and for some hours, knew not where he was, nor what he was about; but having lost a great quantity of blood at the nose, he found himself so faint, that it brought him a little more to himself. And after he had washed himself at a spring, and drank of the water for his refreshment, he continued to the end of his journey, which was thirty miles; and all this while was scarce sensible; and says he had several trances of considerable continuance. The same blessed frame was preserved all that night, and in a lower degree, great part of the next day; the night passed without one wink of sleep; and yet he declares he never

had a sweeter night's rest in all his life. Still the joy of the Lord overflowed him, and he seemed to be an inhabitant of another world. And he used, for many years after, to call that day one of the days of Heaven; and professed that he understood more of the life of Heaven by it than by all the books he ever used, or discourses he ever entertained about it."

In these deep experiences, is found the secret of the strength of these old divines, who shook the world in their day, and whose works are still exerting a benign influence far and wide.

The revival that took place under the labor of Edwards was characterized by the intensest feeling. No cold and heartless "submission to God" was regarded in those days as all the experience necessary to constitute the sinner a child of God.

He gives, with approbation, many instances of the manifestation of the deepest emotion. He says, "Persons are first awakened with a sense of their miserable condition by nature, the danger they are in of perishing eternally, and that it is of great importance to them that they speedily escape, and get into a better state. Some have had such a sense of the displeasure of God, and the great danger they were in of damnation, that they could not sleep at nights. There have been some instances of persons that have had as great a sense of their danger and misery, as their natures could well subsist under, so that a little more would probably have destroyed them."

Of course this deep conviction was not produced in the minds of sinners without a corresponding depth of emotion in the hearts of believers. He represents that † "Some persons have had longing desires after Christ, which have risen to that degree, as to take away their natural strength. Some have been so overcome with a sense of the dying love of Christ to such poor, wretched, and unworthy creatures, as

\* Edwards, vol. 3, 257.

\* Edwards, vol. 3, pages 240, 1, 2, 3.

† Vol. 3, page 254.

to weaken the body. Several persons have had so great a sense of the glory of God, and excellency of Christ, that nature and life have seemed almost to sink under it; and in all probability, if God had showed them a little more of himself it would have dissolved their frame."

He gives, at considerable length, the experience of several individuals whose emotions were, at times, overpowering. We can find room for a brief account of only one, a young lady of "a rational understanding family." \* "She was, before her conversion, of a sober and inoffensive conversation, and was a still, quiet, reserved person. She was first awakened by something she heard her brother say of the necessity of being in good earnest in seeking regenerating grace, together with the news of the conversion of a young woman. Her great terror," she said, was, "that she had sinned against God;" her distress grew more and more for three days, until, (as she said,) she saw nothing but blackness of darkness before her, and her very flesh trembled for fear of God's wrath. In prayer and reading the Bible she sought the Lord for a number of days. One morning, on awaking, these words came to her mind, "The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin;" they were accompanied with a lively sense of the excellency of Christ, and his sufficiency to satisfy for the sins of the whole world. Her mind was led into such contemplations and views of Christ, as filled her exceeding full of joy. All the next day she felt a constant sweetness in her soul. She had a repetition of the same discoveries of Christ three mornings together. One morning while in the enjoyment of a spiritual view of Christ's glory and fulness, her soul was filled with distress for Christless persons; and she felt in herself a strong inclination immediately, to go forth and warn sinners; and proposed to her brother to assist her in going from house to house. After this, seeing three persons lately

converted, as they stepped in one after another at the door, so affected her, and so drew forth her love to them, that it overcame her, and she almost fainted; and when they began to talk of the things of religion, it was more than she could bear,—they were obliged to desist on that account. Soon after this she went to a private religious meeting, and her mind was full of a sense and view of the glory of God all the time; and when the exercise was ended some asked her concerning what she had experienced; and she began to give them an account: but as she was relating it, it revived such a sense of the same things, that her strength failed and they were obliged to take her and lay her upon the bed. Afterward she was greatly affected, and rejoiced with these words: "Worthy is the lamb that was slain." She endured unto the end and died triumphantly. He gives this and some similar cases as specimens of the experiences of those who shared in this gracious out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. It seems to have been a common thing among them for persons to lose their strength, as it is now termed.

He says, \* "It is remarkable, considering in what multitudes of instances, and to how a great a degree, the frame of the body has been overpowered of late, that person's lives have, notwithstanding, been preserved, and that the instances of those that have been deprived of reason have been so very few, and those, perhaps, all of them persons, under the peculiar disadvantages of a weak, vapory habit of body. A merciful and careful divine hand is very manifest in it, that in so many instances where the ship has begun to sink, yet it has been upheld, and has not totally sunk. The instances of such as have been deprived of reason are so few, that certainly they are not enough to cause us to be in any fright, as though this work that has been carried on in the country, was not likely to be of beneficial influence, unless we are disposed

\* Edwards, vol. 3, 260.

\* Vol. 3, p. 284.

to gather up all we can to darken it, and set it forth in frightful colors."

This Presbyterian revival must have exceeded by far, in its effects upon the body, any that have taken place, of late years, among denomination in this country, to justify him in saying, "that in multitudes of instances, the frame of the body has been overpowered." Yet, it seems that nobody was killed, and but few became deranged. Edwards was not in the habit of using, in his narratives, the language of exaggeration.

"These things did not begin," he says, "in his day." \* "They are not new in their kind; but are things of the same nature as have been found and well approved of in the Church of God before, from time to time."

We have a remarkable instance in Mr. Bolton, that noted minister of the Church of England, who being awakened by the preaching of the famous Mr. Perkins, minister of Christ in the University of Cambridge, was subject to such terrors as threw him to the ground, and caused him to roar with anguish; and the pangs of the new birth in him were such, that he lay pale and without sense, like one dead; as we have an account in the "Fulfilling of the Scripture," the 5th edition, p. 103, 104. We have an account in the same page of another whose comforts, under the sunshine of God's presence, were so great, that he could not forbear crying out in a transport, and expressing in exclamations, the great sense he had of forgiving mercy, and his assurance of God's love. And we have a remarkable instance in the life of Mr. George Trosse, written by himself, (who, of a notoriously vicious, profligate liver, became an eminent saint, and minister of the Gospel) of terrors occasioned by awakenings of conscience, so overpowering the body, as to deprive, for some time, of the use of reason.

Yea, such extraordinary external effects of inward impressions, have not

only been to be found in here and there a single person, but there have also before now been times wherein many have been thus affected, in some particular parts of the Church of God; and such effects have appeared in congregations, in many at once. So it was in the year 1625 in the west of Scotland, in a time of great out-pouring of the Spirit of God. It was then a frequent thing for many to be so extraordinarily seized with terror in the hearing of the word, by the Spirit of God convincing them of sin, that they fell down and were carried out of the Church, who afterwards proved most solid and lively Christians.

Many in France were so wonderfully affected with the preaching of the Gospel, in the time of those famous divines, Farel and Viret, that for a time they could not follow their secular business. Many, in Ireland, in time of a great out-pouring of the Spirit there in the year 1628, were so filled with divine comforts and a sense of God, that they had but little use of either meat, drink or sleep, and professed that they did not feel the need thereof."

Edwards thus shows that these manifestations of emotions were common among earnest Christians. Of course, the devil was not pleased. Too general attention to religion was excited, and too many sinners were converted, for him to be very well satisfied. He stirred up all he could to talk against this way.

Manifestations and exaggerations were freely circulated. The ministers chiefly instrumental were freely charged with looking upon them as certain evidences of a work of the Spirit. This against a Calvinistic minister was a most serious charge, as according to their theory it could not, from any amount of evidence before one's death, be certainly ascertained that he was converted. If he fell away, the theory was that his apparent piety was not real.

Edwards defends these manifestations as follows: \* "Another thing,

\* Vol. 3, p. 286.

\* Edward's Works, vol. 3, p. 343.



wherein I think some ministers have been injured, is in being very much blamed for making so much of outcries, faintings and other bodily effects; speaking of them as tokens of the presence of God, and arguments of the success of preaching; seeming to strive to their utmost to bring a congregation to that pass, and seeming to rejoice, yea, even blessing God for it, when they see these effects.

Concerning this I would observe, in the first place, that there are many things, with respect to cryings out, falling down, &c., that are charged on ministers that they are not guilty of. Some would have it, that they speak of these things as certain evidences of a work of the Spirit of God on the hearts of their hearers, or that they esteem these bodily effects, themselves, to be the work of God, as though the Spirit of God took hold of, and agitated the bodies of men; and some are charged with making these things essential, and supposing that persons cannot be converted without them; whereas I never yet could see the person that held either of these things.

But for speaking of such effects as probable tokens of God's presence, and arguments of the success of preaching, it seems to me they are not to be blamed; because I think they are so, indeed; and therefore when I see them excited by preaching the important truths of God's word, urged and enforced by proper arguments and motives; or as consequent on other means that are good, I do not scruple to speak of them, and to rejoice in them, and bless God for them as such; and that for this (as I think) good reason, viz: that from time to time, upon proper inquiry and examination, and observation of the consequence and fruits, I have found that these are all evidences that persons in whom these effects appear, are under the influence of God's Spirit, in such cases. Cryings out, in such a manner, and with such circumstances, as I have seen them from time to time, is as much an evidence to me, of the general cause it proceeds from,

as language; I have learned the meaning of it, the same way that persons learn the meaning of language, viz: by use and experience. I confess that when I see a great crying out in a congregation, in the manner that I have seen it, when these things are held forth to them that are worthy of their being greatly affected by, I rejoice in it much more than merely in an appearance of solemn attention, and a show of affection by weeping; and that because when there have been those outcries, I have found from time to time, a much greater and more excellent effect."

\*"The most specious thing that is alleged against these extraordinary effects upon the body is, that the body is impaired and health wronged; and that it is hard to think that God, in the merciful influences of his Spirit on men, would wound their bodies and impair their health. But if it were so pretty commonly, or in multiplied instances, (which I do not suppose it is) that persons received a lasting wound to their health by extraordinary religious impressions made upon their minds, yet it is too much for us to determine that God shall never bring an outward calamity, in bestowing a vastly greater spiritual and eternal good.

Jacob, in doing his duty in wrestling with God for the blessing, and while God was striving with him, at the same time that he received the blessing from God, suffered a great outward calamity from his hand; God impaired his body so that he never got over it as long as he lived; he gave him the blessing, but sent him away halting on his thigh, and he went lame all his life after. And yet this is not mentioned as if it were any diminution of the great mercy of God to him, when God blessed him and called his name, Israel, because as a prince he had power with God and had prevailed.

We cannot determine that God never shall give any person so much

\* Edwards, vol. 3, 282.

of a discovery of himself, not only as to weaken their bodies, but to take away their lives. It is supposed by very learned and judicious divines, that Moses' life was taken away after this manner; and this has also been supposed to be the case with some other saints.

Yea, I do not see any solid, sure grounds, any have to determine that God shall never make such strong impressions on the mind by his spirit, that shall be an occasion of so impairing the frame of the body, and particularly that part of the body, the brain, that persons shall be deprived of the use of reason. As I said before, it is too much for us to determine, that God will not bring an outward calamity in bestowing spiritual and eternal blessings; so it is too much for us to determine how great an outward calamity he will bring. If God gives a great increase of discoveries of himself, and of love to him, the benefit is infinitely greater than the calamity, though the life should presently be taken away. We cannot determine how great a calamity distraction is, when considered with all its consequences, and all that might have been consequent, if the distraction had not happened; nor indeed, whether (thus considered) it may be any calamity at all, or whether it be not a mercy, by preventing some great sin, or some more dreadful thing if it had not been."

\* "It is easily accounted for from the consideration of the nature of divine and eternal things, and the nature of man, and the laws of the union between soul and body, how a right influence, a true and proper sense of things, should have such effects on the body, even those that are of the most extraordinary kind, such as taking away the bodily strength, or throwing the body into great agonies, and extorting loud outcries."

We have given large extracts from writers of other denominations. We have done this purposely. Our object

has been to show that these manifestations of religious feeling that are of late so strongly opposed, have been common in thorough revivals, among those denominations that are freest from them now. We have room to fortify our position by only a brief reference to Methodist writers. These manifestations have been common among us as a denomination, from the beginning.

Almost all our books of biography and history abound with accounts of the extraordinary effects produced upon the body by the outpouring of the Spirit. I would refer the reader to Bangs' History of the M. E. Church, the Autobiographies of Finley and Cartwright, the Life of Benj. Abbott, Footprints of an Itinerant, by Maxwell P. Gaddis, and other biographical works.

I cannot forbear giving as a specimen, a few extracts from the account which Bangs gives of a wonderful revival that took place in 1775 and 1776.\* He quotes from Asbury's Journal the narrative given by the Rev. Mr. Jarratt, a minister of the Church of England, who participated largely in that revival, and contributed by his labors to its advancement. Mr. Jarratt says: "I have no doubt but the work now carrying on is genuine; yet there were some circumstances attending it which I disliked; such as loud outcries, tremblings, fallings, convulsions. But I am better reconciled since I read President Edwards on that head, who observes, 'that whenever these most appears, there is always the greatest and the deepest work.'

There is another thing which has given me much pain; the praying of several at one and the same time. Sometimes five or six, or more have been praying all at once, in several parts of the room, for distressed persons. Others were speaking by way of exhortation, so that the assembly appeared to be all in confusion, and must seem to one at a little distance,

\* Edwards, vol. 1, 528.

\* Bangs' History M. E. C. Vol. 1, p. 90, et. seq.

more like a drunken rabble than the worshipping of God; I was afraid that was not doing all things in decency and order. Indeed, Dr. Edwards defends this also. But yet, I am not satisfied concerning it. *But as this abated, the work of conviction and conversion usually abated too.*"

One of his correspondents, a local preacher, wrote him thus: "It is common with us for men and women to fall down as dead under an exhortation, but many more under prayer, perhaps twenty at a time. And some that have not fallen to the earth, have shown the same distress, wringing their hands, smiting their breasts and begging all to pray for them."

Mr. Lee in an account which he gives of a revival in 1787, says: "Hundreds of the believers were so overcome with the power of God that they fell down, and lay helpless on the floor or on the ground; and some of them continued in that helpless condition for a considerable time, and were happy in God beyond description. When they came to themselves, it was generally with loud praises to God, and with tears and expressions enough to melt the hardest heart."

The next day, "while the ministers were preaching, the power of the Lord was felt among the people in such a manner that they roared and screamed so loud that the preacher could not be heard, and he was compelled to stop. Many of the wealthy people, both men and women, were seen lying in the dust, sweating and rolling on the ground in their fine broadcloths or silks, crying for mercy."

**CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.**—The eminently pious Rev. James Hervey, said, of fashionable society, "I hear much frothy and worldly chit-chat, but not a word of Christ; and I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master, as well as for myself."

## GOD'S PRESENCE.

THE first want of our Christianity is a clearer recognition and a more perfect realization of God's actual presence and agency in all its conceptions and enterprises. Its greatest danger lurks, on the one hand, in a philosophising hard orthodoxy; on the other, in a sensuous, fastidious liberalism—the first insensibly losing, the last frankly discarding from its system the indwelling, co-working divinity. Meantime, every truly Christian aspiration that is felt among us cries aloud for the living God. Our helpless human nature turns away dissatisfied and disheartened from a religion which has no Divine manifestation to stir the soul and justify its hopes. Of philosophies and cosmogonies it has enough, or can make more; but it longs for a Divine presence, and will not endure the terrific solitude of a clime in which there is no God. In its desperate efforts to supply a want so intolerable, it creates divinities. The Israelites substituted a golden calf for Jehovah before he had been forty days withdrawn from their camp. It was not enough that they beheld the dark symbols of His presence on the dim, distant mountain top. They would see the cloud and the pillar of fire dwelling in the midst of them.

Natural religion, in all its aberrations, ever manifests its longings after Divine manifestations, that may make known, at least to the fears of men, the power and majesty of Heaven. Hence, it forms monsters hideous to the sight—Molochs to drink the blood of childhood—Juggernauts to be approved by martyrdom or self-immolations. The universal tendency is developed, though in less exaggerated forms, under the Christian dispensation. It is this, that in the absence or denial of the transforming energies of the Holy Ghost, deifies popes and hierarchies, and ordinances. It invests symbols and ceremonies with Divine attributes, and worships the wafer it has transformed into a crucified Saviour. Or, with an impiety yet more daring, as well as ab-



surd, because it will not recognize God in revelation; and in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, it deifies man and the universe, making all things living and brute, Divine, that it may reject the one only Divinity.

While we lament these deplorable errors, let us receive their lessons of instruction. They are spontaneous efforts, put forth by those who have lost God out of their Christianity, to save themselves from stark Atheism.—OLIN.

### THE CROWN OF THORNS.

*Translated from the German.*

O sacred Head! now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown;  
O sacred Head! what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine,  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine, was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken—  
Above all joys beside—  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.  
My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end!  
O, make me Thine for ever,  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

And when I am departing,  
O, part not Thou from me,  
When mortal pangs are darting,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
And when my heart must languish  
Amidst the final throes,  
Release me from my anguish,  
By Thine own pain and woe.

Be near when I am dying—  
Oh, show Thy cross to me!  
And, for my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move,  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

**MEEKNESS.**—How difficult it is to be of a meek and forgiving spirit, when spitefully used. To love an enemy, and forgive an evil speaker, is a higher attainment than is commonly believed.

It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves proves us to be Christians indeed.

The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in Court, and he openly acquitted.

So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since, in the day of judgment my judgment shall be brought forth as the noon day.

**DANCING.**—When about twelve or thirteen years old, I learned to dance. I grew passionately fond of it. I lost the spirit of subordination, did not love work, imbibed a spirit of idleness, and, in short, drunk in all the brain-sickening effluvia of pleasure. I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no one case ever kept any improper company. Nevertheless, dancing was to me a perverting influence. Let them plead for it who will, I know it to be evil, and that only.—ADAM CLARKE.

WE must believe God fully, or we shall profit little by a belief of Him in part.

## PREACHING IN ANOTHER'S PARISH.

—In December 1772, Mr. Asbury went into Kent county, Maryland. "Before preaching," he says, "one Mr. R., a Church minister, came to me and desired to know who I was, and whether I was licensed. I told him who I was. He spoke great swelling words, and said he had authority over the people, and was charged with the care of their souls. He also said that I could not and should not preach: and if I did, he should proceed against me according to law. I let him know that I came to preach, and preach I would; and farther asked him if he had authority to bind the consciences of the people, or if he was a justice of the peace; and told him I thought he had nothing to do with me. He charged me with making a scism. I told him that I did not draw the people from the Church, and asked him if his church was then open. He then said that I hindered the people from their work. I asked him if fairs and horse races did not hinder them; and farther told him that I came to help him. He said he had not hired me for an assistant, and did not want my help. I told him if there were no swearers or other sinners, he was sufficient. 'But,' said he, 'what do you come for?' I replied, 'To turn sinners to God.' He said, 'Cannot I do that as well as you?' I told him that I had authority from God. He then laughed at me, and said, 'You are a fine fellow indeed!' I told him I did not do this to invalidate his authority: and also gave him to understand that I did not wish to dispute with him; but he said he had business with me, and came into the house in a great rage. I began to preach, and urged the people to repent and turn from all their transgressions, so iniquity should not prove their ruin. After preaching, the parson went out, and told the people they did wrong in coming to hear me; and said I spoke against learning, whereas I only spoke to this purpose—when a man turned from all sin he would adorn every character in life, both in Church and state."—ASBURY.

## METHODIST MEETING IN 1775.—I

was weak in body through riding so far in extreme heat and much exercised in mind, and did not know how I should be able to go through the labor of the day. We went to the chapel at ten, where I had liberty of mind and strength of body, beyond my expectation. After preaching I met the society, and was more relieved both in body and mind. At four in the afternoon I preached again, from "I set before thee an open door, and none can shut it." I had gone through about two-thirds of my discourse, and was bringing the words home to the present now, when such power descended that hundreds fell to the ground, and the house seemed to shake with the glory of God. The chapel was full of white and black, and many were without that could not get in. Look wherever we would, we saw nothing but streaming eyes, and faces bathed in tears; and heard nothing but groans and strong cries after God and the Lord Jesus Christ. My voice was drowned amid the groans and prayers of the congregation. I then sat down in the pulpit; and both Mr. S. and I were so filled with the divine presence that we could only say, This is none other than the house of God! this is the gate of heaven! Husbands were inviting their wives to go to heaven, wives their husbands: parents their children, and children their parents: brothers their sisters, and sisters their brothers. In short, those who were happy in God themselves were for bringing all their friends to Him in their arms. This mighty effusion of the Spirit continued for above an hour: in which time many were awakened, some found peace with God, and others His pure love. We attempted to speak or sing again and again; but we no sooner began than our voices were drowned. It was with much difficulty that we at last persuaded the people, as night drew on, to retire to their own homes.—REV. THOMAS RANKIN.

Truth is the highest style of charity.

# SECTARIAN STRIFE.

BY REV. S. COLLEY.

AN Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvass of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shillalah, down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found their assailant to be one of their own faction. "Och, Nicholas," say they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?" "Troth, did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that same; but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not have helped myself." Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They scent the battle from afar." And many of the moot points for which they have done fierce fight, are so infinitesimally small that I would not give the turn of a button shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical according to the explanation given of metaphysics by the Scotchman who said: "Why, ye see, metaphysics is when twa mun are talking thegither, and the ane o' them dinna ken what he is talking about, and the ither canna understand him." Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said: "I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put up in a recent tract called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'" "Why," exclaimed the astonished Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract; I published it myself!"

That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with, "Gentlemen, define your terms." During the Pe-

ninsular war, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said in his cool way: "Well aimed, captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!" The blunder has been repeated sadly too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely deviltries enough in this world to shoot at without firing into each other.—*Household Magazine.*

**THE LIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.**—The promised baptism of the Holy Ghost is a flood of light, penetrating the darkest recesses of the soul, revealing its most concealed corruption.

It discovers dangers that were never before realized. It shows the perilous track of a wandering Church within the unhallowed precincts of sin. It compels the soul to shrink from and abhor the very things which before it has earnestly coveted. It trembles to see that the outward splendors of the Church, once deemed the reliable evidences of success, are but the attire of a harlot, both revealing and inviting illicit intercourse with a godless world.—**PECK'S CENTRAL IDEA.**

**WE ARE LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.**—Young converts often believe they should devote themselves wholly to God—in the ministry, perhaps—are unwilling—resist till the Spirit leaves them doubtful or blind. Such persons usually become mere formalists. They even fear to have more of the Spirit, lest this disagreeable conviction of duty may return.—**OLIN.**

**WHOMSOEVER I please or displease, I will be faithful to God, to the people and to my own soul.**—**ASBURY.**

**HUMAN nature is too selfish to love justly.**



## SMALL SINS.

BY D. C.

God sees not as man seeth. Hence the great impropriety of calling anything that is contrary to the law of God a small sin. The only justification I can offer for the use of the term "small sin," is the poet's license.

Sin is a transgression of the law. The greatest commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." The second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is the law. A violation of this is *sin*. It is breaking God's holy commandment. Murder, covetousness, and adultery, are only breaking the law. It is theft to take a penny that is not ours. It is only theft to take one hundred dollars. True, one is petit larceny, and the other is grand larceny, according to our criminal code; but both are *sin*. In the code of God we have no such nice distinctions. He who neglects to love God with all his soul, mind and strength, needs as much the atoning merits and righteousness of Christ to wash away his sins and make him meet for the inheritance of the saints, as does the one who steals, or who commits a murder. "The smallest sin," requires the atonement, and the darkest requires no more. There was no provision made in God's economy, for the pardon of sin, until the blessed son of God offered to take upon himself the sins of the human race. Adam's sin was only eating the fruit of one tree which was forbidden. One act of disobedience "brought death into the world." One act of impatience, or hastiness of spirits, kept the meek man Moses, after a pupilage of forty years in the land of Midian, from leading God's chosen Israel over Jordan into the promised land. One act of David's, the sweet singer of Israel, once the man after God's own heart, filled his soul with deepest sor-

row, and caused the scalding tears of repentance to flow, while he cried "Restore to me, oh God, the joys of thy salvation." It was only one act of disobedience that brought the prophet, sent to prophecy against the Altar of Bethel, to a violent and untimely death.

How hard it was for Lot to obey when told to flee for his life, escape to the mountains, tarry not in all the plains. How ready to disobey: "See, this is a little place, may I not stop here," and thus he tempts God. Balak is told not to go with the servants of Balak, and yet, after listening to the tempting offers of the servants of Balak, he again tempts God by asking permission to go with them, as though God was man that he should change. He loved the wages of unrighteousness.

Oh, that we were wise, that we understood this, that we considered our latter end!

How hard it is for us to obey God and not lean to our own wills. We too often say in effect "this is a small thing, may we not indulge in it?" Yet we profess to be Christ's disciples, and to desire to do his will, and to be made wholly his. As soon as he touches our idols, health, friends, children, money or reputation, we at once cry out, "Oh, anything else but this affliction!" What brings the soul to a sense of its true condition, and especially the believer to a knowledge of the fullness of the Gospel of Christ Jesus, our Lord, is the taking away of broken stays and props, the removing of our Isaacs, and the prostrating of our bodies with disease. Or, what is most trying of all, He has suffered, or some of our brethren in the church have without his sufferance, blasted our good reputation that we had always maintained. Though we never had said much about it, yet we were in the habit of thinking of it rather complacently as a better qualification to do good than many others professed.

But, they are now all gone, nothing left, praise the Lord. Jesus wants to

save us just now. "Whom I love, I chasten." Now we begin to desire of God that which we can find no where else. Glory to God for this bankruptcy; for it is just like him to take us now with all our poverty, without friends or character, or reputation, health, or money.

"Now rest my long divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed."

Oh, how easy it is now to believe, to trust God—to do his will. We can now pray, and know that he heareth us. We now hear him say, "Ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you." Our prayer is not for any of those things that we have lost, for we find we are better off without them. We now pray to be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. What an astonishing effect chastening has had on us! How close to God it has brought us; how humble and submissive it has made us; how our vision has changed; how wonderfully those little things have grown in a short time; how child-like we are; how we love the Lord, and those that persecute us; how willing to be anything or nothing! Glory to God for afflictions, for chastenings! Bless the Lord, oh my soul! all that is within me bless his holy name, forever and ever. Amen.

A GOOD ANSWER.—"How do you know," said an enlightened man to a poor ignorant savage of Kamschatga, "how do you know there is a God?" "How do you know," replied the savage, pointing to human footsteps near him, "how do you know that men have passed this way?"

CHRISTIAN GRACES.—Christian graces are like perfumes. The more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

## THE WEDGE OF GOLD.

An army went forth, in the name of the God of Israel, to meet the enemy. They had conquered in other conflicts, and they were not less sure of victory. But the tide of success was turned against them. The sun went down, and cast his setting rays on the prostrate banners of Israel. Defeat had discouraged their hearts, and losses had weakened their hands. It was a time of mourning and humiliation.

Then went forth the voice of the Lord to the leader of the people—"There is an accursed thing among you!" There was no mention of its nature or its magnitude; but it was an iniquity and a transgression which could not be suffered to remain, except by the forfeiture of Divine favor and support. How must the heart of that devoted leader have throbbed, during the long night which intervened between the rebuke and the ordeal by which the transgression was to be disclosed! When the morning came, and the whole multitude were commanded to appear by tribes, what heart-searching must there have been! "Lord, is it I?" was the inquiry of all, in that time of fear and suspense.

The tribes passed in review, and Judah was taken. From the tribe of Judah, the Zarhites were taken. From the family of Zerah, the house of Zabdi was chosen. Step by step, the inquisition went on; and as the guilty one saw the precision of the choice, he became more and more conscious of his sin. Man by man, the sons of Zabdi came before the judge; and Achan at last stood forth, the author of the confusion, and the transgressor.

He had seen a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold, and had seized them for his spoils. Himself and his house suffered the penalty of the broken command, and the people witnessed a solemn and impressive vindication of the Divine law.

The Babylonish garment and the

wedge of gold have their admirers to-day, as well as when Israel was striving for her possession. The cloth is just as glossy and as richly dyed; the price is just as high now as then; the cost of its purchase precisely the same. It has different forms, woven by different artists, enriched by different ornaments, but all of them are produced in the workshops of Babylon, and by the hands of idolatrous artificers. The tinsel of the world is upon them. The glitter and the spangles of earth, her baubles and her gems, are seen flashing in the light of earthly pleasures. Be they never so rich and beautiful, be they never so costly and rare, they are nothing but Babylonish garments, and are not for the children of God.

The wedge of gold is wrapped up in the garment, as it was then. It is a tempting thing to look upon. The world has riches for its worshipers: and though the purchase-price may at last be an eternal loss, yet the wedge of gold will find the eager spoilers who will seize it as their reward. It is in every church, in every tent, in every heart, in some form or other; and if the work of searching were commenced, who would escape? If judgment should begin at the house of God, how many would be found with the wedge of gold lying deep in their hearts! Searching deep, the messenger would uncover the hiding-place, and display the transgression, the covetousness, and the idolatry of the professed follower of Christ.

Shall the wedge of gold be cast aside, and the Babylonish garment be destroyed, so that Israel may be blessed? If the Church should earnestly and humbly betake itself to heart-searching, in order to find out what hinders the full glory of the Divine blessing being poured out upon us, we should soon see the fruit in a work such as the world has not seen. The hindrances would be removed, the transgressions repented of, the Church purified from worldliness and pride, and the followers of Christ would appear in robes of righteousness, and with fine gold, not of Babylon, but tried in

the fire, and stamped with the image of the Redeemer.—CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

**PREPARATION FOR DEATH.**—When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more; and when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly. That night cometh, of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily; so, when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him.

It is quite possible for a man to possess the evidence of sanctification, who is temporarily destitute of joyful and rapturous emotions. But it is not possible for a man to possess such evidence, who is destitute of a living, operative and effective conscience. On no part of our nature does sanctification work greater effects than on the conscience. It may be said to give to it an intensity and multiplicity of existence; so that like the flaming sword of the cherubims it turns every way and guards the tree of life.—UPHAM.

**HEAR ye, and give ear;** be not proud; for the Lord hath spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness.—JEREMIAH.

**OUR** advancement in the Christian life may be said to depend upon one thing, viz: whether we wish to direct God, or are willing to resign ourselves to be wholly directed by him.—UPHAM.

**PRIDE** makes more slaves than oppression.



## NO ALTERNATIVE.

BY M. H. FREELAND.

"He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad;" Matt. ii, 30.

According to this unequivocal declaration of the blessed Saviour, mankind is divided, with respect to their moral character, into two grand divisions—the good and the bad; the righteous and the wicked; believers and unbelievers; godly and ungodly; in short, those who are for God, and those who are against him. *Theoretically*, this division is emphatically true, as will be demonstrated to an assembled universe, when the books shall be opened, and the dead judged according to the deeds done in the body; but, *practically*, the accurate observer will discover the necessity of designating a third class in order to give a correct representation of the human family. It was, undoubtedly, at this would-be third class, that the Saviour aimed the searching declaration, "He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad;" for He that knew all things saw that there were such as would persist in declaring themselves as identified with a third class, (hence its practical existence,) notwithstanding the numerous Scripture tests that so plainly shows the impossibility of its existence; therefore, he was pleased to declare thus plainly and openly that all who were not with Him were against Him; that there was no such a thing as occupying neutral ground, being neither good nor bad—right nor wrong, for such was the position professedly occupied by those who professed to belong to the third class. The real position and character of all such individuals, however, can always be determined by tests that compel them to identify themselves somewhere. As a general rule, they are found voting the devil's ticket every time.

Such are the proverbially *harmless*

men of every community; who, never doing the devil any injury, are always pointed to as very consistent Christians—models of peace and loyalty. Such, too, are the devoted Pharisees—the worldly-wise and worldly prudent; yea, the worldly-policy men also. Here, too, we find that large class of individuals termed *fence-men*, who occupy such a position respecting every great political or moral question, that as soon as it is decided where the *majority* go, they instantly jump off and mingle with the throng. Hence, when the multitude cry "Hosanna to the son of David!" they too cry Hosanna the loudest, perhaps, of the multitude; and, when on the morrow the popular voice so changes as to cry, "Away with him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" their voices are again heard as loudly as before.

Again we find individuals of this third class assuming the inoffensive title of *conservatives*, professing to be in favor of the right every time, and every where, but always having some cause to advocate, or some end to gain, whether right or wrong. We hear such men crying out for peace and the exercise of charity, when some ultraist, all imbued with a sanctified recklessness, that dares do right though the heavens fall, hurls a blazing fire brand into the corn fields of the Philistines; thereby disturbing the enemy and endangering some "peculiar institution" of the devil, in which they have some personal or denominational interest. We ever find these careful souls blocking the wheels of radical reform in Church or State, preferring an unrighteous peace to a holy, righteous war. Failing to discriminate between a hot-headed fanaticism and a burning zeal for the right, they denounce agitators as enemies of the public good. Such men would not hesitate to beg pardon even of his Satanic majesty, should they accidentally disturb his repose with an arrow of truth, aimed at nothing, but which, unfortunately missing the mark, has fallen exactly into his dark dominion, and

then forced the affrighted marksman to do penance for his offence.

These third-class individuals, though seemingly so inoffensive, are nevertheless, the most dangerous members of community; for there are always enough of them found to turn the scale whenever important decisions are to be made; and, as remarked before, their vote is invariably cast on the side of wrong. Their habitual indecision begets a fearfulness that dares not face the foe; hence, you will either find them running, or cowardly seeking protection under the dark banner of wrong. Ah! how many benevolent schemes, and philanthropic purposes have been defeated by such non-committal kind of men! Their pathway is stained with the blood of their innocent victims; which in many instances their very *silence* has slain. Such men are more offensive to the Deity than the openly wicked. The words of inspiration concerning them is "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." How fearful the denunciation, and yet how just. As we look over the land—especially the church, how many immortal souls we find posting their way down to ruin under this lukewarm influence! How many glorious revivals have been quenched by this time-serving spirit! Said a celebrated D. D. when interrogated as to his non-identification with a revival movement in progress, in his immediate vicinity: "I believe God is blessing his people and saving sinners, but I cannot endorse the *manner* in which the good is accomplished." Such excuses may be heard every where from men professedly occupying neutral ground. Alas! the result is too often as in the case alluded to; throwing an effectual barrier in the way of the work of God, or the success of the right in any form.

Reader, what is your position? Are you afraid to do what you know is right, lest some one should frown

upon you and use his influence to blight your earthly prospects. Remember "He that is not *with* me, is *against* me." Who shall stand in this present evil hour? Who shall be numbered with that white-robed company, bearing palms of victory up the mount of God? They "that come up through *great tribulation*, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The walls of the new Jerusalem will never be scaled by cowards. The *fearful* and unbelieving will be without the gates to all eternity. God loves valiant hearted men who are not afraid to die. May the number be greatly increased all through the land! Amen.

"Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain  
Supported by thy word."

EVIL COMPANY.—Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons whose lives were not moral and pure.

"Father," said the gentle Eulalia one day, when he had refused to permit her to go, in company with her brother, to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "father, you must think that we are very weak and childish, since you are afraid it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth, and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child," said he; "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her tender white hand black; and, without thinking, she touched her white dress, and it was also blackened. "See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be too careful enough when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it *did not burn you*, has nevertheless *blackened you*! So is the company of immoral persons."

## HINTS TO PREACHERS.

THE following hints to Preachers are from an old copy of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. They are said to have been given in the year 1713, to Dr. Andrew Gifford, by his grandfather. Though too quaintly expressed, in some instances, they contain many good thoughts and useful directions:

Discover no more of your method than what is necessary. Pass not any thing till you have bolted it to the bran. Use the mother-speech and tone, without affectation or imitation of any man; that you may not seem to act a comedy, instead of preaching a sermon. Clog not your memory too much; it will exceedingly hinder invention, and mar delivery. Be sure that you eye God, His glory and the good of souls; having, the day before, mortified self and man-pleasing. Let your words be soft, few and slow, and see that they come no faster than the weakest hearer can digest each morsel; pause a little and look in the child's eye till he swallow his bit.

Look to your affections most carefully, that they be not feigned; nor *forcedly* let loose to have their full scope; for then they will either overrun your judgment, or be a temptation to vain glory. Preach as if speaking or talking to the people. *Look on the people* and not on the walls or roofs; and look on the most mortified faces in the assembly. Let them know that *your preaching is a real talking with them*, whereby they may be provoked, as it were, to answer you again. Take heed of over wording any thing. Be sure that you have made the people thoroughly understand what is the good you exhort them to, or the evil you exhort them from, before you bring your motives and means. Touch no Scripture slightly, nor too many in the same discourse; but open the metaphors, and let one Scripture point out another—the one being a key to the other. Let the Scripture teach you, and not you it. Be sure that you feed

yourself upon every passage with the people before you pass it, else it will do them little good, and you none at all. O, taste every bit. Take these four candles in order to find out what to say to the people. The Scriptures unbiassed; the thoughts and experience of good men; your own experience; and the condition of the people. Break off anywhere rather than run upon either of these two inconveniences—either to puddle or jumble together Spiritual things, or tire (by unreasonable prolixity) the weakest of the flock. Never pass over one point, provided it be a Spiritual point, when you have anything to say of it.

Let your doctrine, and the constant strain of your preaching, be about the chief Spiritual things; and let small controversies and external duties come in by the by.

Beware of (a servile adherence to) forms; neither be tied to any one method. Be always on the subject next your heart, and be not thrifty or careful what to say next, for God will provide. It will stink like kept manna, if preserved through distrust until the next day. Be sure that you extricate carefully, any Godly point you speak of, out of the terms of divinity, else it will freeze in your mouth and in the people's ears. Let there be no disfiguring of faces, nor snuffing in the nose, nor teasing in the throat, nor any antique gesture, pretended devotion, or made-up gravity; such things would make you look like a painted Pharisee, or a distracted man broke out of Bedlam. Do not care so much about what the people say of your doctrine, as whether you and it is acceptable to the Lord.

Do not conceive that your mere zeal or earnestness can prevail with the people, but the force of Spiritual reason, the evidence of Scripture, and the power of the Holy Ghost. Do not think that the hearers can receive as you conceive, and so make your comprehension the rule of dealing the bread of life; for so shall you only be admired, but not understood by others.



Let there be something in every sermon to draw perishing sinners to Christ. Take heed that your comparisons be not coarse, vulgar, and ridiculous; and yet be not too shy of homely ones. Study every Scripture you are to speak of beforehand, but do not overburden invention, or presume too much on your own parts. Beware of needless designs, needless heads, and innuendoes. Shun apologies, for they always stink.

### THE MYSTERIES OF THE FALL.

Before a man could understand his errors there are several mysteries which he must know. But each one of these mysteries, methinks, is beyond his knowledge, and consequently the understanding of the whole depth of the guilt of his sin must be quite beyond human power. Now the first mystery that man must understand is *the fall*. Until I know how much all my powers are debased and depraved, how thoroughly my will is perverted and my judgment turned from its right channel, how really and essentially vicious my nature has become, it cannot be possible for me to know the whole extent of my guilt. Here is a piece of iron laid upon the anvil. The hammers are plied upon it lustily. A thousand sparks are scattered on every side. Suppose it possible to count each spark as it falls from the anvil; yet who could guess the number of the unborn sparks that still lie latent and hidden in the mass of iron? Now, brethren, your sinful nature may be compared to that bar of iron. Temptations are the hammers; your sins the sparks. If you could count them (which you cannot do,) yet who could tell the multitude of unborn iniquities—eggs of sin, that lie slumbering in your souls? Yet must you know this before you know the whole sinfulness of your nature. Our open sins are like the farmer's little sample which he brings to market. There are granaries full at home. The iniquities

that we see are like the weeds upon the surface soil; but I have been told, and indeed have seen the truth of it, that if you dig six feet into the earth, and turn up fresh soil, there will be found in that soil six feet deep the seeds of the weeds indigenous to the land. And so we are not to think merely of the sins that grow on the surface, but if we could turn our heart up to its core and centre, we should find it as fully permeated with sin as every piece of putridity is with worms and rottenness. The fact is, that man is a reeking mass of corruption. His whole soul is by nature so debased and so depraved, that no description which can be given of him, even by inspired tongues, can fully tell how base and vile a thing he is. An ancient writer said once of the iniquity within, that it was like the stores of water which it is believed are hidden in the depths of the earth. God once broke up the fountains of the great deep, and then they covered the mountains twenty cubits upward. If God should ever withdraw his restraining grace, and break up our hearts, the whole fountains of the great depths of our iniquity, it would be a flood so wondrous, that it would cover the highest tops of our hopes, and the whole world within us would be drowned in dread despair. Not a living thing could be found in this sea of evil. It would cover all, and swallow up the whole of our manhood. Ah! says an old proverb, "If man could wear his sins on his forehead, he would pull his hat over his eyes." That old Roman who said he would like to have a window into his heart, that every man could see within it, did not know himself, for if he had such a window he would soon have begged to have a pair of shutters, and he would have kept them shut up, I am sure; for could he ever have seen his own heart, he would have been driven raving mad. God, therefore, spares all eyes but his own that desperate sight—a naked human heart. Great God, here would we pause and cry, "Behold, I was

shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."—SPURGEON.

## ALWAYS REJOICING.

ROM. v. 2.

"My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.

We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.

Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says Come, and there's our home  
For ever! oh, for ever!"

CHORUS.

"For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore,  
We may almost discover."

I HAVE observed that a word cast in by the by, hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoken beside. Sometimes also, when I have thought I did no good, then I did the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing.—BUNYAN.

MEN will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live it.

THE Father purposed, the Son purchased, and the Spirit applies.

## TRIALS.

Are trials appointed and permitted by the Lord for the discovery of his people's sincerity? Then let none of God's people expect a *quiet station in this world*. Certainly you will meet with no rest here. You must pass out of one fire into another. And it is a merciful condescension of the Lord to poor creatures, thus to concern himself for their safety and benefit. "What is man that thou shouldest magnify him, and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him; and that thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment?" O, it is a great honor put upon a poor worm, when God will every moment try him and visit him. It argues the great esteem the goldsmith has of his gold, when he will sit by the furnace himself, and order the fire with his own hand; when he pries so often and so curiously into the firing-pot to see that none of the precious metal upon which he has set his heart be lost.

Think it not then debasing to you to be so often exposed to trials. If God did not value you highly, he would not try you so frequently. What would become of you, if your condition here should be more settled and quiet than now it is? I believe you find dross enough in your hearts after all the fires into which God has cast you. Surely there is filth enough in the best of God's people to require all the trouble they have yet met with, and perhaps a great deal more. We fancy it a brave life to live at ease; and if we meet with larger respites and intervals of trial than usual, we are apt to say, "We shall never be moved," or "We shall die in our nest," as in Job xxix, 18; our hard and difficult days are over; but woe to us if God should give us the desire of our hearts in this. See what is the temper of these men's spirits who meet with no changes: "Because they had no changes, therefore they fear not God." O, it is better to be preserved sweet in brine than to rot in honey.—FLAVEL.

## MESSAGES OF DYING SAINTS.

We customarily divide the pious into the living and the dead; and we think with interest of the influence still exerted over the living by those who, being dead, yet speak; and we sometimes sing, with aspiring spirits, the sweet lines—

"Give us the wings of faith to rise  
Within the vail and see  
The saints above, how great their joy,  
How great their glories be."

O could we but hear from them! could we but get one message! we longingly but vainly exclaim.

But we overlook another division of the saints that lie between the living and the dead—the dying saints; and we slight their messages, delivered from the confines of eternity. Think of these favored ones, concerning whom it is said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is their death; and he shall make all their bed in their sickness." They have bid adieu to the world, they are ready to depart, and they wait all the days of their appointed time till their change shall come. They have finished their course; they expect their crown. They are midway from earth to heaven. They are a class, a division of themselves, and they make a large company; and are a standing order—as abiding as the living or dead. They are a part of the membership of every church—the members that never go to church nor sit at the Lord's table; but yet are earnest in prayers and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, by their "faith and patience." Surely it must be the good pleasure of God to have this particular order of saints; it must be that the Master hath need of them; seeing they linger often so many weary months. Now what can be their mission? Are they here to be ministered unto altogether, or to minister to the living? For the latter purpose, we think, mainly; "none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself;" and no saint is here solely to

be waited on, even when dying. These lingering, languishing, suffering ones are not useless, not a mere burthen. They are God's messengers to the busy, the active. "For us they languish, and for us they die." And what are their messages? What do they say to the living? What do they whisper to the worldly, to the ambitious, to the covetous, to the careworn? What do they testify to the dissatisfied? What comfort do they communicate to the disappointed? What words do they speak to their brethren who are in health, and can go to the sanctuary every Sabbath, and to the weekly prayer meeting? What do they say to the Marthas, the busy housekeepers, and what messages have they for those disciples who take undue thought about what they shall eat and drink, and wear? What special word have they for young Christians? What have they to witness concerning Christ? How do they regard death? Are they afraid of it? Is it gloomy to them? What is their estimate of the forms of godliness, compared with the power thereof?

These dying saints are continually sending out their messages, voiceless messages, most of them. Their sick chambers are sanctuaries, their pillows are pulpits, and every day of their stay is a hallowed day of rest, a holy Sabbath.—OBERLIN EVANGELIST.

OFTEN the water that is enclosed in a glass vessel appears to the unaided eye clear and pure. But if a ray of bright light suddenly strikes the vessel and illuminates it, we at once discover various impurities which before had escaped our notice. So our sins have many hiding places, which conceal them from the natural conscience. Hence we should ask God for light that we may find them out.—UPHAM.

"Just as the tree cut down, that fell  
To north or southward, there it lies;  
So man departs to heaven or hell,  
Fixed in the state wherein he dies."



## PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Of all the romantic and strange incidents connected with the story of the English Colony on Pitcairn's Island, there is nothing that touches the heart like the true, tender, deep and simple piety that seems to characterize the whole of that extraordinary community. Their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Nobbs, thus writes concerning the prosperity of the community:

"The community were never more harmoniously united than at the present time. There are eighty communicants, sixty scholars in the Sunday School; and fifty-five children in the day school; I am fully employed every day in the week either with the well or the sick, and I thank God, my avocations suit me, and I think I am suited to them."

His account of three deaths is very touching; the first of them is that of his own son:

"Sometimes his dear mother, flattered by the specious appearance of his insidious disease, hinted at the possibility of his being yet spared to us, but with a gentle shake of the head he would reply, 'No, dear mother, I feel I am rapidly approaching the grave; humanly speaking, my recovery is impossible, and that my dear father knows as well as I do; and if it is not improper to entertain such a wish, I would rather not return to health again; my desire and prayer is to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Such was the tenor of his discourse during the short time he remained with us; and he died strong in faith, giving glory to God."

An hour before his death he was seized with a violent spasm, which we thought would have carried him off, but he rallied again. Seeing his mother in tears, he said, 'Do not weep, mother; only one more such stroke and I shall be in the arms of my Saviour.' Shortly after he had another attack, and nothing remained but his attenuated form. The happy spirit had returned to join the glorified throng.

Daniel McCoy and his wife went to the northwest side of the Island in quest of fish. After descending to the rocks on a level with the sea, Daniel left his wife and re-ascended, intending to pass a small inlet; on doing so he fell, and his wife saw him fall; but there was the inlet between them, into which a heavy surf was running; it was to avoid this he had gone round, and in descending to the shore he fell. His wife had the presence of mind to call a lad at some distance, fishing, and despatch him to the village with the sad tidings that Daniel had fallen, but she did not know the extent of his hurt. She, being alone, plunged into the heavy surf which she had unfortunately persuaded her husband to avoid, and landing on the opposite side of the inlet, found him on the rugged beach of the shore, a corpse! Less than half an hour before, he had left her with a smile upon his countenance, for Daniel was always in a cheerful mood. What must have been the poor girl's agony, as she sat by her dead husband for more than an hour ere any could get to her assistance, I will not attempt to describe, but I will tell you what she did—on finding life extinct, she knelt down and prayed that God would give her grace so to live that she might rejoin her dear Daniel in heaven; 'for I am sure,' said she, (when speaking to me on the subject), 'that he was prepared for death, and that takes away the pain of my great loss.'

Three weeks after the demise of my son, death made another inroad amongst us. A little boy ten years old pierced his foot with a barbed arrow (used for taking fish from the holes among the rocks), which induced Tetanus; and in forty-eight hours after the terrible disease had manifested itself, his happy spirit fled to the realms of bliss. During the intervals of the violent spasmodic contractions of the suffering body, the dear child would speak of his blessed Saviour, and ask Him to take him to be with those who he took in his arms when on earth. The patient sufferer was aware that he could not

recover, still he never expressed the least fear of death. At the time of his departure, I was praying with him, his parents and several others kneeling around his bed; the contraction relaxed from his jaws, he gave one slight shudder, and exclaimed in a clear audible voice, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and then went to see Him as He is."—*Church Journal*.

### WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

A SHORT time ago, we had a sermon in our church upon worldly amusements—a sermon good in itself, but which might be misunderstood by those who wished to do so. Now young Christians are greatly troubled on this score. Perhaps a few words of my experience might be good for those just commencing a Christian course. I was a very self-willed girl, and had been in the habit of doing just as I pleased, consulting my own inclinations in all things. At first I objected to joining the Church because I thought it would be a restraint; but as my love for Christ grew, I felt that I must obey or renounce my religion. I did not hesitate. I united with the Church, inwardly resolving that I would go to the places of amusement if I liked; and as there was no express prohibition, I felt the more liberty. Gradually a change came over me. The more I went to prayer-meetings the better I liked them. Teaching in Sunday-school was a delight to me. I looked forward to Sunday with fond expectation and desire. At length came an invitation to a small party. Shall I go? Why not? I did not expect to lead a hermit's life. Conscience said, "don't go." But a hankering after the party siezed upon me. I went. Of course I was asked to dance. I hesitated. Then I thought, "I have always thought there was no harm in dancing, why should I not dance?" I did dance, but I felt terribly uncomfortable. I went home, went straight to my closet, confessed to God that I had made a mistake, asked for-

giveness, and promised, with His assistance, never to offend again in this particular. I have never since felt an inclination.

Now my dear young friends, take warning. If your heart is right, you will not; you cannot enjoy worldly amusements. If you do enjoy them, oh, beware. Gay parties and religious lectures, prayer meetings and theatres, do not agree. One must in time give way to the other. I do not say that no Christians ever go to such places; no, God forbid that I should be so uncharitable; but I do say that a Christian who does go is very apt to fall into a cold and languid state; to take less pleasure in religious duties, and after a while to find himself hesitating, (if the question comes,) to which he shall go, and finally giving the preference to the place of amusement. "Ye cannot serve two masters, for either ye will hate the one and love the other, or else ye will hold to the one and despise the other; ye cannot serve God and mammon."—*S. S. Times*.

THEY who do not acknowledge the Son of God incarnate, shall acknowledge Him when He comes as Judge in glory, even Him who now is abused in an inglorious body.—HIPPOLYTUS, A. D. 220.

✓ A SINFUL life is a bitter pill. The sinner may coat it over with pleasure, but the flames of hell will melt the sugar-coat and leave it in all its bitterness to nauseate the ruined soul forever.—A. A. P.

✓ HE that does not reason is a *fanatic*; he that will not reason is a *bigot*; and he that cannot reason is a *fool*.

PRAYER without study is *presumption*; but study without prayer is *atheism*.

✓ WHEN the wolf is dead all the dogs give him a bite!

✓ PEOPLE do not like to drink a river to get a drop of honey.

## BLUEBEARD :

AN ALLEGORY FOR CHILDREN.

"It was in the olden time; no, I forget—it was not very long ago, when there lived in some land which I shall not name, a rich old baron whom we consider to be Bluebeard. He was slow in his movements, and heavy in his gait—indeed, some said that he limped. He had a long nose, a long beard, and a long name; his real name was Procrastination."

"I don't think I can remember it," said Rosey.

"The country people around shortened the title to 'Put-off,' for Procrastination is putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day; so if you forget the long name, Rosey, you will easily remember the short one."

"Now this Baron Procrastination was wealthy, though how he had acquired his riches was rather a delicate question. If you have ever heard of him before, Lily, perhaps you can throw some light upon the subject."

"Mamma often says that 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' replied Lily.

"A thief! oh what a shocking fellow!" cried Rosey.

"A shocking fellow he was, as you will see before I conclude my story. And yet, strange to say, though he was neither handsome, clever nor good, Baron Procrastination managed to get introduced into most respectable families. I rather think that I have seen him in this!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Rosey, opening her blue eyes very wide, "did he come with his long beard and all?"

"Don't interrupt so, Rosey," said Lily; "it is so tiresome to be stopped every minute; you can't be expected to understand an allegory."

"Rosey will understand me better, I hope, before my story is ended," said George, smoothing away with his hand an angry little furrow which appeared for a moment on the forehead of Rosey.

"There are many things which we all find it hard to understand; but gradually, with patience and attention, we find the meaning drawing upon us. Think of my hero as Baron Put-off, and you may remember that he is not quite a stranger.

"Well, as I said, this baron was received in many places as a visitor—in some he was even detained as a guest; and though something was generally missed wherever he had been, no one seemed to take warning by the past, or to see any harm in this Bluebeard."

"One day as the baron was sitting before his long mirror in the long hall of the long palace of Procrastination, in which he usually abode, stroking his long beard with a satisfied air, thus he held converse with himself:

"For many a year I've meditated on the subject of taking a wife, and at length I have come to a decision on the matter. The town of Good Resolutions lies not far off: its citizens are handsome, prosperous and wealthy. It seems to me that I cannot do better than to than go there and win a fair bride; she is likely to have a rich dowry, and I am tired of dwelling here all alone."

"So the baron pulled his long bell-rope, summoned an old servant, and ordered his coach to be brought to the door. A heavy, lumbering vehicle it was, rolling from side to side like a cradle, and drawn by four fat horses that moved at the pace of snails."

"I wish I'd been the coachman!" exclaimed Eddy; "wouldn't I have made them gallop! This slow old baron of yours, George, is not in my line; I'd have had nothing to do with such a sluggard!"

George only smiled, and went on:

"Miss Study-well was the fair lady to whom my Bluebeard first paid his addresses. She was pleasant looking and comely, as indeed all her countrywomen are, for Good Resolutions, as every one knows, are an uncommonly handsome race. The baron found her seated in a library, a large atlas spread open before her, her arm resting on a



Latin grammar, and a volume of history laid on her knee!"

"Oh! I'd never have gone near her!" cried Eddy.

"I think that you took her to school with you, George," said Lily. But Rosey looked puzzled still.

"So the baron wooed the lady, and won her, and a grand marriage feast they had. Etymology, Entomology, Zoology, and all the other ologies, were invited; the wedding cakes were decorated with goose-quills, and every one complimented the bride by going through the multiplication table!"

"The poor Good Resolution, Study-well, had not been one month married to Procrastination, when tidings came, alas! of her death! Of all the fortune which she was said to possess, nothing remained to her family, as a memorial of her, but blotted copy-books and an old dog's-eared grammar!"

"Oh!" cried simple Rosey, "how sorry her husband must have been!"

"It did not appear so," said George, "for he was soon again on his way, in his rumbling old coach, to the town of Good Resolutions. Again he wooed and won a fair lady, Miss Work-well, the cousin of his first wife. She was quick and lively in her manner, and rather peculiar in her dress. She wore as a brooch a red-pin-cushion, with a thimble hanging from it as a pendant; her necklace was of reels of white cotton; scissors, needle-book and bodkin hung suspended from her waist."

Eddy glanced archly at Lily, as if suspecting that this Good Resolution might be some acquaintance of hers; but Lily looked down steadily on her knitting, and seemed to take no notice of the glance.

"Again," continued George, "there was a wedding and a feast, and soon afterwards the mysterious death of the bride! A broken-pointed pair of scissors, and a tangled skein of silk were sent to her family by Baron Procrastination, as relics of a Good Resolution now no more.

"Yet a third time came our Bluebeard to the town to wed. A sweet, smiling little fairy, was sitting in a jes-

samine bower, and weaving a wreath of the blossoms. She looked young, and bright, and happy, and her name was Please-my-Mother."

"Oh! that's my good resolution—mine!" exclaimed Rosey, a gleam of intelligence breaking over her features; "don't say that she married Put-off, don't!" and she grasped George's arm with an eagerness which set the others laughing.

"It seems almost a shame to say that she did, and yet such is my story," replied George.

"But Please-my-mother did not die like the rest?"

"When once given up to Procrastination, I fear that even she had a poor chance of life. She lived no longer than other Good Resolutions!"

"Well," exclaimed Eddy, striking his fist on the cushion, "I can only say this, that if Baron Put-off, or whatever you call him, found any one else silly enough to marry him, she deserved to disappear and be heard of no more, like that unfortunate Miss Study-well."

"I do believe, Master Eddy," laughed Lily, "that you smothered poor Study-well yourself, and that her blotted copy-books and dog's-eared grammar, are all in your school-box at this minute! But pray, George, go on with your story. Who was Baron Put-off's next bride?"

"A very sweet but quiet Good Resolution; one with gentle mien, and a soft, winning voice; one too good—oh! a thousand times too good to be given up by those who might have kept her!" George lowered his voice as he continued: "She might have made a home so happy; she might have smoothed every roughness away; but, alas! even sooner than those who had preceded her, died the gentle Good Resolution, Speak-kindly!"

A quick flush passed over the face of Lily, and she knitted on faster than before. George saw that his sister understood him, and, unwilling to inflict more pain, he passed on to Bluebeard's fifth bride.

"Rise-early was the next good Reso-

lution who disappeared in the palace of Procrastination. The baron said that the chill of a winter's morning had killed the sprightly little dame; but I think that all who study the subject will agree, that had it not been for that sad fellow, Put-off, she might have been alive to this day."

"Were there any more wives?" asked Rosey.

"There was Help-others, one of the fairest and best to be found in the town of Good Resolutions. She was one whom everybody loved, and loud were the laments in her native place when she left it for the palace of Procrastination. After what had happened to Study-well, Work-well, Rise-early, Speak-kindly, and Please-my-mother, no one was astonished to hear that Help-others had died like the former brides; and every one in the town declared that Baron Procrastination should be flogged out of the parish if ever he ventured to come near a Good Resolution again!"

"I'd not have flogged him, but hanged him!" cried Rosey, fiercely, clenching her little hands. Her temper, as I have before hinted, was none of the gentlest or best, and she might have suggested some yet more terrible punishment for the killer of so many Good Resolutions, when her attention was directed to a tap at the door, and Sarah, her nurse, appeared at the entrance.

"Miss Rosey, it is time to go to bed."

"Oh, how tiresome!" exclaimed the little girl with impatience; "I am sure that it's not seven o'clock yet!"

"I heard it strike some minutes ago," observed Lily, "just as George was finishing off poor Rise-early."

"So, now, Go-to-bed-early must have her turn," said Eddy, with his good-humored smile.

"It doesn't matter, I don't choose to go yet," cried Rosey; "nurse may come back in half an hour."

"Mistress particularly desired that you would not be late," said Sarah, to her spoilt little charge.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Eddy, rubbing his hands, "there's Baron Pro-

crastination running away with Please-my-mother! He has got hold of a Good Resolution, and will smother her dead in a minute! Oh, Rosey! run, run, or she is lost!"

Rosey burst into a merry laugh, jumped down from George's knee, and giving hurried kisses to her brothers and sisters, scampered out of the room, exclaiming, "No, no, I was just in time to save her! Old Bluebeard shan't kill Please-my-mother!"

"We must not go on with the story while poor little Rosey is away," said Eddy.

"No; and I think that I should set to my Greek," observed George, "or the Good Resolution Study-well may suffer from our evening's amusement."

"And I suppose," said Lily, taking up her volume, "that for the sake of both Study-well and Please-my-mother, I should read over my portion of Hume."

"Let me see, what Good Resolution can I keep from being smothered?" cried Eddy. "I told Rosey, before I went to school, that I'd make her a little paper box to hold her needles and pins; and oh! dear me! Help-others has been all this time shut up a prisoner in the palace of Put-off! Just lend me your scissors, Lily, and I'll have her out in a trice!"

✓ **HEAVEN A HOME.**—Chrysostom, when banished, said to a friend, "You now begin to lament my banishment, but I have done so for a long time; for since I knew that heaven is my country, I have esteemed the whole world as a place of exile. Constantinople, whence I am expelled, is as far from Paradise as the desert whither they send me."

✓ **JOHN WESLEY** preached forty thousand sermons, and traveled two hundred and twenty thousand miles.

✓ **"MILLIONS for Mars, but mites for Jesus,"** is the worldly maxim.

✓ **WE** must already be wise to prize wisdom.

## REVIVALS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTHING rejoices us more than to see the work of God moving on in power at all seasons of the year. This is one peculiarity of the thorough work He is carrying on in many places. When a person, saved to the uttermost, is enabled to sing—

"No changes of season or place,  
Can make any change in my mind,"

he is then prepared to labor successfully for the salvation of others. Such men and women the Lord is raising up. Wherever they are found there will be a religious interest.

Last Saturday and Sabbath it was our privilege to attend the first Quarterly Meeting of the *Free Methodist Church* of Rochester. God was there. All said it was one of the best meetings they ever attended. In the evening, several penitents, all broken down, came to the altar; some professed to find peace, and all expressed the determination not to rest until they have the assurance of sins forgiven. A good work is begun in Rochester, which will, we trust, go on until a multitude of souls are saved. Rev. J. K. TINKHAM, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was present, and rendered efficient service. Brother TINKHAM thinks it is hardly worth while to expend large sums of money to send delegates across the ocean to testify our love for Christians, when we can do it right at home.

## DEDICATION AT ALBION.

EVERY provision made for preaching the gospel to the masses is a matter for congratulation.

The tendency of the exclusive system upon which most of the churches in the cities and large towns in Western New York are conducted, is to alienate the masses from religious worship. In a church where a few have their pews which they occupy as a right, the many will not feel like intruding; nor will they consent to advertise their poverty from Sabbath to Sabbath by occupying seats reserved for the poor.

Hence, we are glad to chronicle the success which has crowned the effort to build a Free Church in Albion.

The Rev. L. STILES, who, with others, was expelled by the Genesee Conference, at its last session, for doing his duty as a Christian minister, was invited by the great majority of the church at Albion, which he had served with great acceptability for the two previous years, to continue his labors among them as a minister of Jesus Christ, and he accepted the invitation. Rather than have any disturbance, they gave up the church property, to which they were legally entitled, and proceeded at once to purchase a lot and erect a house of worship. This house was, yesterday, dedicated to the worship of God by the Rev. E. BOWEN, D. D., of the Oneida Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His sermon, on holiness, based upon 1 Cor. vi. 20, "For ye are bought with a price," etc., was most able and impressive, and it made a profound impression upon the vast congregation in attendance. It was judged that some 1,300 persons were in attendance. Many went away, unable to find standing room. In the evening, the Rev. B. J. IVES delivered one of his powerful appeals from the words, "We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." The thrilling shouts of the people showed that the truth had fell upon ears capable of appreciating it.

The house thus dedicated is a substantial structure, 101 feet by 55. The audience room—the largest in the place—pleasant and commodious, will seat about 1,000 persons. A basement, the whole size of the building, entirely above ground, affords pleasant and convenient rooms for class and prayer meetings and Sunday school. The lecture room in the basement will hold about 600 persons. The house is plainly and neatly furnished, and lighted with gas.

The cost of the whole has been, in round numbers, about \$10,000. The whole has been paid or provided for. About \$4,500 were raised yesterday and last evening. For this result great credit is due to the Rev. B. J. IVES, through whose indefatigable exertions the whole amount called for was secured.

The meeting continued over the Sabbath. Rev. Mr. IVES preached with more than his usual power to a congregation as large as could be packed into the spacious church, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to some 440 communicants.



Mr. STILES has collected a large and intelligent congregation—a devoted, pious, working church, and with their present facilities for doing good, the best results may be anticipated.

FROM ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS.

A brother writes us—"Please say to the friends of Jesus that, the first General Quarterly Meeting ever held in the West by the Pilgrims, took place at St. Charles on the 19th and 20th of May. Many rejoiced that they had lived to see this day. One brother, coming up to this feast from an adjoining town, testified, in the Love Feast, that when he drew near the sacred spot, he felt as though he had struck the borders of Canaan. It was a glorious day for the Pilgrim band in the West. Glory to God for a salvation that saves the people." E. O.

The following letter, from a brother at the East of this, whom we have never seen, and who has never been exposed to our influence, will show how what are called Nazarites are made. Let one be fully saved and take an uncompromising stand against all sin, and at once the most opprobrious epithets are applied to them. Let all such remember the word of the Lord, "If when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God." Let all then be borne with *meekness* and *humility*.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:—*Dear Brother*—It is persecution that urges me to write to you. I was born in the year 1841, in the town of Malling, West Kent, England. I became very much attached to the Methodist society, but, my parents being very much opposed to them, would not let me attend many of their means of grace, and, of course, I was trained up in the Church of England, and taught to read prayers. At the early age of nine, I loved to mingle in the grog shop and taste of the poison. I wandered far from everything that was good, and very far from God our common Father. Yet, I would go to Church and read prayers. Three years ago my father and mother thought that they would try America. While on the Atlantic ocean, a dreadful storm arose, and we all expected a watery grave. It was a very dark night, over four hundred souls on board—most all using forms of prayer.

Some continued to repeat their prayers several times, and others would gather together in groups and worship the Holy Virgin Mary, while I was fast asleep. But my sweet repose was broken by a huge wave which broke to pieces against the vessel. What a time was that! Too dark to read prayers; expecting every moment to perish, my mind was agitated as to what prayer could I offer, what sacrifice could I make. At length, I prayed, "Lord, save me till I land, and then I will serve Thee!" The storm decreased, but the vow was made. We safely reached the shore, but the conviction followed me, and for almost a year I was striving against the Spirit, but at last I yielded, and sought after Christ who saves me now, day by day, by His precious blood. I had never before realized what it was to seek after Christ. My seeking was all in vain, till I sought with all my heart, and gave up everything for the sake of Christ. It was early in the morning when I went to the hay shed to feed my cattle. I felt that the Lord would hear my prayer there. I prayed, but no relief. I examined my heart, and gave up everything for the Saviour, got on my knees, uttered a few words, and O how Jesus blessed my soul! Yes, Jesus set me free! Glory to God! I cried, "The power of sin and Satan is removed, and I am free!" Then the Lord set me to work. I had a father who opposed me, and a mother who ridiculed me, and a brother who mocked me, and a sister who thought I was crazy. But these did not move my integrity. Jesus had taken full possession of my soul. I continued to pray for them, talk with them, and prayed with them. Whilst at a camp-meeting, I made a covenant with God that I would never leave off praying for them. God had promised to hear and answer prayer. So I struggled on. Sometimes, at midnight, I would pour out my soul's desire, and get my faith made stronger while praying for my friends. Were those prayers useless? No! I trust the Lord was pleased, though they scoffed at me, and told me that my religion was too severe; they do not think so now, for God has had mercy, and they all have attained the precious faith. Jesus saves us day by day, through His all redeeming grace, and we are a family bound for Heaven and immortal glory. We expect to urge our way through, and when these mortal bodies

fail on earth, we shall be clad with immortality.

We worship God according to our conscience. They have tried to use me up by calling me a Nazarite, and the pastor has told me that he was sorry that I was getting to be a Nazarite. He said that the devil was at the bottom of Naziritism, but I am willing to follow Christ through evil as well as good report. I want to show to the world that I have Christ found within, the hope of glory. I very often think if I was older I would do more for the Saviour, but when I speak in prayer-meeting, and talk about pride, the ruling sin in our Church, the brethren tell me that I am too young to advise older ones, and then I often think of David and Goliath. I want to live peaceably with all men. But I pray day by day that God will make me valiant for the truth. There is quite a number in C. that would like to hear you preach. We pray for your welfare—hope that you will be successful in rooting out the sins that are so prevalent. We are expecting to come out to your camp-meeting, if you have one. A little band of Christ's flock meet together in C. on every Wednesday night to worship. We are censured. The pastor is trying to break up the Wednesday evening prayer meetings, but we trust in God, and fear not what man can do unto us."

A.

#### GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THIS body closed its labors on the 4th of June. Though the session was protracted but little was done. An intense interest was felt in most portions of the Church, that its connection with Slavery might cease. Its position upon the "vexed question" has been most inconsistent. Denouncing slavery as a sin, they yet welcome slaveholders without stint to its communion. It is supposed that there are now, in the Northern division of the M. E. Ch., at least ten thousand slaveholders communicants in the Church. Private members, class leaders, stewards, local preachers, and even traveling preachers hold slaves!

To these it must be quite a relief to have the present Chapter, which forbids official members and ministers to hold slaves, substituted by the one adopted by the late General Conference, which forbids nothing, but "*affec-*

*tionately admonishes*" all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means."

"Affectionate admonition" must exert a greater potency than it was ever yet known to possess, if it frees the Church from "this great evil." The case of GORSUCH and others of a similar stamp, almost persuade us that Methodist slaveholders would bear a little serious scolding, before they would part voluntarily with their slaves!

It is a matter of profound regret, that the Church founded by JOHN WESLEY, should occupy so inconsistent a position in relation to a system which he fearlessly denounced as the "sum of all villainies." If slavery be a sin, as we believe, and as the General Conference declares, then let the "accursed thing" be put out and no longer find a sanctuary in the Church. But if the M. E. Church intends to tolerate it let her boldly take the stand assumed by the Church south, that "the relation of master and slave when established by law, is one with which the Church as such has nothing to do." Then the meed of consistency at least, can be awarded her. What would be thought of a Church that should pronounce against gambling in the strongest terms, and then freely admit gamblers without repentance or reformation to her communion?

We look upon the action of this General Conference upon the slavery question as decisive. We fear that the M. E. Church will never be free from slavery, so long as the states uphold it within which her influence extends.

#### APPEAL CASES.

Great dissatisfaction is felt at the disposition of several appeal cases that were brought before the General Conference. Some ministers in whom the community has no confidence, guilty, in the judgment of those who knew them well, of real immoralities, were restored. The Genesee Conference matters were passed over with as little attention as possible. Petitions came in from some fifteen hundred members, asking that the judicial action of that Conference might be thoroughly investigated. The Genesee delegates professed great willingness to have their doings thoroughly examined. A committee of one from each Conference was appointed for that purpose. Just as they were

getting ready to enter upon their duties, a determined effort was made by the Genesee Conference delegates, and their partisans, to get the Committee discharged. Suspicious as this effort to shut out the light must look in the eyes of every impartial person, it nevertheless succeeded. THE COMMITTEE WAS DISMISSED.

Of the six appeal cases, two only were entertained. On one of them, an appeal from a sentence of censure, the Committee were equally divided. The other was sent back for a new trial. What there is to try is a mystery, as all the facts are admitted.

We must confess that we felt greatly disappointed. The hope had been indulged that these difficulties would be investigated with such thoroughness and impartiality, as would entitle the decision to respect. If we have been wrong in our teaching, or spirit or practice, we feel anxious to know it. No person can possibly be so solicitous as we are, to be convinced that we are out of the way, if this is really the case. But such proceedings convince us only that there is in certain quarters a great dread of LIGHT, and that other considerations weigh more heavily with the authorities of the Church than the disposition to do justice, and to judge righteous judgment.

We trust our friends will give us their sympathies and their prayers, and we will do the best we can, under the disadvantageous circumstances we are placed in, to promote the Redeemer's kingdom, waiting for the revelations of the last day to set all right.

Should any of our readers desire more particular information respecting these matters, if they will send us eight three cent postage stamps, we will in return, forward them a copy of our trial, and of the proceedings of the Laymen's Convention, and then they can read and judge for themselves.

THE following from an English paper, the *Oldham Chronicle* for May 26th, 1850, shows that the spirit of persecution is not confined to any age or country. It will be manifested in one form or another, whenever and wherever there is a revival of spiritual religion.

**IMMURING A WOMAN IN THE IMBECILE WARD FOR BEING CONVERTED.**—It may be easily imagined that on the first introduction of Christianity amongst heathens, they would look upon its professors with feelings of mingled pity and contempt. Even when Paul was

pleading the cause of his Master before Agrippa he was accused of being beside himself, but it is something astonishing at the present day to learn that people are charged with being mad when they become religious. This has, however, recently happened in Middleton, England. About a month ago, a young woman, named Hannah Lee, a reeler, employed at Messrs. Schofield and Buckley's factory, Hall Yard, and residing with her brother-in-law, John Wrigley, Swindell's Buildings, went to a religious service at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Mount Pleasant. It was a revival meeting, and Hannah Lee found her way to the penitent form. She was converted that night along with the town crier, James Tagg, and several others. She then began to pray aloud in the family, morning and evening, and to ask a blessing before and after the meals, to the no small astonishment and annoyance of her brother-in-law and his wife. Nothing of the kind had ever been known in the family before, and this unwonted introduction of prayer into the house was deemed a sure sign of madness, both by her sister, Mrs. Wrigley, and the master of the house, Mr. Wrigley. The neighbors also became alarmed for the young woman's wits, and therefore a jury of women was called, and sat in solemn conclave on the case at the Trowell Inn, where they came to the conclusion that Hannah Lee was mad, and must be immured in a lunatic ward. With a perfect conviction of their own power to act in the matter, and with no doubts as to their own sanity, some of the jury went as a deputation to Mr. Ramsden, the relieving officer, and after making him acquainted with their verdict, requested him to give a certificate for her removal as a lunatic to the female imbecile ward of the Oldham workhouse. Mr. Ramsden, at length, convinced the sane jurors that they had really no power to decide in the matter, and informed them that before he could give an order for the woman's removal he must have a medical man's certificate of her insanity. Nothing daunted by this unlooked-for information, they still hoped for success in ridding the neighborhood of a woman who was insane enough to pray aloud and be converted. So the aid of Mr. Knott, the medical officer of the Middleton district, was called into requisition, and he proceeded to subject her to the necessary scrutiny in order to determine her state of mind. He asked her how she was; to which she replied that she was very well, but a great sinner; and after hearing the statements of Hannah Lee's brother-in-law and her sister, and satisfying himself that it was a case of insanity, he made out the necessary certificate for her removal to the imbecile ward as an insane person. Armed with this formidable instrument from one of the officers of the Oldham Union, the next step was how to get the dangerous praying woman out of the district, so as to immure her amongst people bereft of reason. To accom-



plish this object as neatly as possible, Hannah was persuaded that there was a tea party at Royton, and her sister invited her to go along with her and another, because Royton was their native village. They set out and took care to have the certificate along with them. They passed along by the Union workhouse, and when they were at its gates persuaded her to call in with them, when they produced their certificate, and she was immured in the female imbecile ward as a mad woman. This is upwards of a fortnight ago. But some knowledge of the case reached Mr. Wright, one of the Middleton guardians, who had seen Hannah Lee attending a place of worship, and he therefore came up to the workhouse to see what condition she was in. He found that she was perfectly sane in every respect, and was corroborated in that view by Mrs. Fletcher, the matron of the ward. Mr. Wright then procured the poor woman's discharge, and during the last week she returned to Middleton, but not to her sane sister's house. She went to reside at another place near to them, where we suppose praying aloud, and asking a blessing upon her food, are not deemed to be tokens of insanity. On her entrance into the factory, to commence her usual work again, her old companions in the mill welcomed her back by singing, "Was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

#### REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

At the close of February "the good work of revival still continued to extend over several parts of the island."

At the close of last year, it was estimated that not less than *eighty thousand souls* had been converted since the revival began. We read of one "o'peff air prayer meeting," in Clones, of four thousand people!

In counties where the courts formerly convicted scores each term, for crime, the record now reads only "Nil"—no indictments. A general missionary laboring in that revival says:—"I was greatly struck with the great change that had passed over the people; whole families of the very worst characters were saved; and instead of drunkenness and swearing, now there are songs of praise and thanksgiving."

Whenever the historian of these revival scenes touches the antecedent agencies, he is sure to say—"God's people believed in prayer;

they stirred up their souls to cry mightily to God; and then, ere they were aware, their assemblies were moved; the glory of God seemed to fill the place, and many are converted."

Who shall set limits to the power of the Holy Ghost, coming in answer to such prayer as honors God?—*Oberlin Evangelist*.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

THESE have fairly commenced. We attended one last week at Eagle, Wyoming county, N. Y. There were only a few tents, but a large number of people were on the ground, especially on the Sabbath, and an untold amount of good was done.

To-day, the Bergen Camp Meeting commences. We trust that the Divine power to save may be more signally manifested than even at any of the previous meetings which have been held upon this ground. Thousands, all over the land, can testify of Spiritual blessings received at the Bergen Camp Meetings. They have been as the gate of Heaven to multitudes of souls. Reader, do you make it a point annually to attend a feast of tabernacles? If not, you cannot commence the practice too soon. It is not possible to devote a week to better purpose than to self-examination and the worship of God. At Camp Meeting you will meet persons of mature piety, whose faith and experience you may render very serviceable to yourself. By all means, go to Camp Meeting. Take your family with you, and leave the world behind. Look for large blessings, and you will not be disappointed.

#### HALF YEAR SUBSCRIBERS.

ANY persons wishing to provide themselves with religious reading of the first order, will be furnished with the *Earnest Christian* for the last half of the year, commencing with this number, for fifty cents. Will not our friends see what they can do in adding to our list? To those who wish the volume complete, we will still furnish the back numbers. Send on your orders.