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STEPHEN GRELLET, THE FRENCH QUAKER.

BY MRS. L. B. LANE.

IN the religious experience of this good man, there is a freshness, richness and beauty, seldom found in any Biography of modern times, and we have been led to quote, largely from his memoirs for the pages of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, believing that they cannot be prayerfully read without great profit.

Stephen Grellet, was born on the 2nd of 11th month, 1773, in France, in the City of Limoges. His parents were wealthy, and ranked high among the nobility of that district. His father, Gabriel de Grellet, was for some years Comptroller of the Mint, and at one time formed part of the household of Louis XVI. As the intimate friend and counsellor of the King, he was accustomed to attend service with him in his private chapel. The family of Grellet were Roman Catholics. It was the religion of their ancestors on both sides, and while some of the present generation had chosen secular pursuits, others had quitted the blandishments of the world, for the seclusion of the convent. Whilst at home Stephen was educated with his brothers and sisters, by tutors who resided in the house, as we are told by his biographer. Stephen Grellet remarks, "My parents were desirous to give their children such an education as should make them accomplished in the eyes of the world. But the simple truths of the Holy Scriptures were not the food of their early childhood—the principles of the

doctrines of Christ, were not taught them, and they had scarcely so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." A quick susceptibility to religious impressions seems nevertheless, to have marked the youthful days of Etienne de Grellet, (as his French name was,) and early indications of the work of divine grace upon his heart were not wanting. When quite a child his thoughts on the Omnipotence of the Divine Being so deeply affected him, that he never afterward lost the recollection of it. At the early age of five or six years, the efficacy of prayer to an Omnipotent and Omniscient God, was remarkably confirmed to him. His juvenile powers had been overtaken by a long Latin exercise, and he was quite disheartened. Alone in his chamber, he looked abroad upon the glories of the external world, and remembered it was God who had created them all. The thought arose in his heart—"Cannot the same God give me memory also?" He knelt down at the foot of his bed, and poured out his soul in prayer unto the Lord. His petition was immediately answered. On reperusing his lesson he found himself master of it, and henceforward, he was able to acquire learning with increased facility. Even in his old age, he could look back to "happy days" in his father's house, and remember "with grateful emotion," where "on his knees, with his eyes overflowing with tears, with his childish heart contrited; he had poured forth his supplications unto God." He exclaims "Oh, how was my heart melted, while uttering the words 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" To be permitted thus to look

up to God, to call him Father, and to consider himself his child, filled his young soul with the tenderness of reverential awe. After a few years of home tuition, young Etienne and his brothers were sent to several successive Colleges. The last he was at, was that of the Oratorians of Lyons. He here laid the foundation for that general knowledge, and moral fortitude which marked his future character. It was at this College also, that he was again favored with the Lord's gracious visitations to his soul. "As we were educated" he continues, "by Roman Catholics, we were required to confess once a month."

"My confessor I thought to be a pious conscientious man; and as I could not understand how it was possible for a man to forgive my sins, I asked him what he could say to satisfy my mind on that point, for I considered that God alone could forgive my sins,—a doctrine however, which I had never heard of." "He seeing farther than many other Priests, told me that he considered himself invested with such authority, only so far as that, if I was sincere and truly penitent in the sight of God, he was the instrument through whom information was given me, that my sins were forgiven. This rational answer gained him much of my confidence and respect. He bestowed a fatherly care over me. From my earliest days there was that in me, which would not allow me implicitly to believe the various doctrines I was taught. Though I was told they were mysteries which I was not to seek to see into, yet my reasoning faculties brought me to the root of the matter."

Some years before, he had received confirmation according to the rights of the Romish Church. He had been "bitterly disappointed" he tells us, "after the Bishop had performed the ceremony, to find his heart not at all changed, that his sense of sin still remained, that his propensities to evil, were that very day as strong as ever," "and thus" he adds, "at a very early day I learned that neither Priest nor

Bishop could do the work for me." Before leaving the University he participated in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Earnest were his prayers, that he might do this worthily, and he writes, "the Lord condescended to evince himself near to me under that shadow. This feeling remained while I continued at College, and some time after I returned to my fathers house."

"But going into company I soon lost these religious convictions. I sought after happiness in the world's delights. I expected to find it, I went in pursuit of it, from one party of pleasure to another, but I did not find it, and I wondered that the name of pleasure could be given to anything of the kind." Before Etienne had completed his sixteenth year, the political horizon of his country was changed, and with it the horizon of his hopes. Nearly allied to the nobility, the family of Gabriel de Grellet shared their reverses. His biographer remarks, their estates were confiscated, and he and his wife thrown into prison.

The nobility in general were retiring into Germany, to join the standard of the French Prince. It was concluded that Etienne, and some of his brothers should join them. Many were the dangers to which they were exposed. He remarks, "I shudder when I remember the state of insensibility I was in. No thought of Eternity was then before me,—no sense or remembrance that there was a God. The very nature of the work I was engaged in, was highly calculated to destroy every fibre remaining of those tender impressions I heretofore received, but my gracious Lord did not wholly forsake me. I was preserved from those gross evils, that are too generally attendant on an army. Divine light, would at seasons pierce into the inmost recesses of my benighted soul. Our army entered into France, in the summer of 1792. I was in the King's horse guards, which consisted mostly of the nobility. We endured great hardships, for many weeks sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, in want of provisions."

Etienne had been present at several engagements, he had seen many falling around him, had stood in battle array facing the enemy, but being in a reserved corps, he was preserved from shedding blood. In after days he recurred to this with peculiar thankfulness. Numerous incidents connected with his personal history, which would alone fill a volume, are passed over in silence.

We learn, that he and his brothers, being made prisoners of war, were ordered to be shot, when some sudden commotion in the hostile army, gave them an opportunity to escape. Etienne and his brother Joseph, concluded to leave France. He remarks, "an American vessel, being on the eve of sailing for New York, we took our passage in her." Safely arrived, after all their perils, the two brothers concluded to retire to Long Island.

Stephen Grellet, for so, dropping his French name, we shall henceforward call him, had nearly completed his twenty-second year. His standing in society, his early training, and the character of his youthful experience, had all been of a peculiar kind. Through the influence of surrounding circumstances, the serious impressions which marked some of his early days had given place to skeptical opinions and he was now a professed unbeliever. But an important crisis was at hand. His own words will best describe the simple facts connected with the great turning point of his life,—his conversion. "Through adorable mercy the visitation of the Lord was again extended toward me, by the immediate openings of Divine light upon my soul; one evening as I was walking in the fields alone, my mind being under no kind of religious concern, nor in the least excited by any thing I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice proclaiming the words 'Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!' It reached my very soul—my whole man shook,—it brought me like Saul to the ground. The great depravity and sinfulness of

my heart were set open before me, and the gulf of everlasting destruction to which I was verging. I was made bitterly to cry out, if there is no God, doubtless there is a hell! I found myself as in the midst of it. For a long time, it seemed as if the thundering proclamation was yet heard. After that, I remained almost whole days and nights exercised in prayer, that the Lord would have mercy upon me, expecting that he would give me some evidence that he heard my supplication. But for this, I was looking for some outward manifestation, my expectation being entirely of that nature; I now took up again the works of William Penn, and opened upon 'No Cross no Crown.' The title alone reached my heart, I proceeded to read it with the help of my Dictionary, having to look for the meaning of nearly every word. I read it twice through in this manner. I had never met with any thing of the kind. Neither had I felt the Divine Spirit operating within me so powerfully before. I now withdrew from company, and spent most of the time in retirement, and silent waiting upon God: I began to read my Bible with the aid of my French Dictionary, for I had none then in the French. I was much of a stranger to the inspired records. I had not even seen them before, that I remember; what I had heard of their records, was only detached portions in Prayer Books. Whilst the fallow ground of my heart was thus preparing, my brother and myself being one day, at Colonel Corsa's, heard that a meeting of Divine worship, was appointed to be held the next day in the Friend's meeting house, by two English women, on a religious visit to this land. We felt inclined to go. The friends were Deborah Darby, and Rebecca Young. The sight of them brought solemn feelings over me, but I soon forgot the servants and all things around me, for an inward silent frame of mind seeking for the Divine presence I was favored to find in me, what I had so long and with so many tears, sought *without* me. My brother.

repeatedly whispered 'let us go away.' But I felt the Lord's power in such a manner, that my inner man was prostrated before my blessed Redeemer. A secret joy filled me, in that I had found *Him* after whom my soul had longed. I was as one nailed to my seat. Shortly after one or two men friends spoke. After them Deborah Darby, and Rebecca Young, spoke also. But I was so gathered in the temple of my heart before God, that I was wholly absorbed with what was passing there. My brother and myself were invited to dine at Colonel Corsa's, in company with those friends. There was a religious opportunity after dinner. I could hardly understand a word of what was said. But as Deborah Darby began to address my brother and myself, the Lord opened my outward ear, and my heart. Her words were as a two-edged sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and as a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart; she seemed like one reading the pages of my heart, describing how it had been, and how it was with me. I was like Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened. I felt the power of Him who hath the key of David. Oh! what sweetness did I then feel. It was indeed a memorable day, I was like one introduced into a new world; the creation, and all things around me bore a different aspect; my heart glowed with love to all. The awfulness of that day of God's visitation, can never cease to be remembered with peculiar interest and gratitude, as long as I have the use of my mental faculties. I have been as one plucked from the burning—rescued from the brink of an horrible pit. Oh! how can the extent of the Lord's love, mercy, pity, and tender compassion be fathomed. I was brought," he says, "to resignation to endure the world's reproaches, or anything it might be suffered to inflict."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHARITY seeketh not her own.

ANOTHER WORD FOR FULL SALVATION.

BY SELDEN L. BECKWITH.

HAVING read the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN* with much interest and comfort, I shall be happy if I can add anything to its pages in favor of the blessed doctrine it teaches. The benefit I have myself received from the testimony of others, induces me to review the leading circumstances of my own experience, in relation to the subject of entire holiness.

It was on the evening of the 20th November, 1849, after an earnest struggle of some nine days, that I obtained the witness that my sins were pardoned, and that I was freely justified by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. My evidence of pardon was clear and distinct. It was received by faith alone in the atoning merit of Christ, and the promise of God. So well satisfied was I that I was regenerated and adopted into the family of God, that I have never doubted it from that time until the present. I found by the word of God that it was his will, even my sanctification. I read that "without holiness no man should see the Lord." I also saw plainly, that it was not only my privilege as a Christian, but that it was a command. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

I walked in the light as he is in the light. I abstained from all appearance of evil, and the very God of peace sanctified me wholly. It was in the year 1851, in my father's barn, on the floor, waiting for the promise of the Father; lo! the blessing came—the blessing of perfect love. I was emptied—cleansed—filled with all the fullness of grace. I had a desire to depart and be with Christ, but in this I think I was selfish. The Lord qualified me for usefulness. When I left the barn I was tempted not to testify to

what I had received; for I did not want to deceive myself, nor my brethren. I waited a few weeks. Attending a prayer-meeting at Bleeker street M. E. Church, Utica, N. Y., I there received the assurance again that my heart was pure. I arose and testified,

"Heaven came down my soul to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Bro. W. Wyatt was our preacher. He believed in full salvation—enjoyed it—preached it to the church. He held meetings Sunday evenings for the members to receive the baptism of fire, or entire heart-holiness. My peace for months was like a river. My confidence was strong then. I had temptations, but the grace of God was sufficient. I commenced laboring as a missionary in the city, going from house to house distributing tracts,

"Telling to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found."

Praying with the sick, and soliciting aid for the destitute. How sweetly Jesus saved me all the time. I wanted every body converted and sanctified. Soon Bro. Thurston was sent to State Street M. E. Church. I lived in that part of the city, and joined the State Street Church. Bro. Thurston made me a leader, gave me a class of forty-five members. I relied on Jesus for success. Two or three of the members enjoyed the blessing. We prayed for the baptism of fire. Bro. Thurston helped us. The Lord heard and answered our prayers. Some pleaded for a clean heart, some cried for mercy. Quite a number of all that staid with us laid aside their needless ornaments. Those that absented themselves from the class I visited every week. Some were sanctified or reclaimed every week. The Lord prospered the class. I could not do justice to my class on account of visitors, of whom we had between thirty or forty every class. When I left the class, the most of my members enjoyed sanctifying love. I give glory to Jesus for what my soul has felt, and for what my eyes have seen. I still love the narrow way. I

am satisfied in Jesus. He cleanses and keeps me from moment to moment by faith. I have traveled thousands of miles since my conversion. I have tried to give the churches the pure testimony. The Lord has blessed me greatly. I find quite a number panting for inward purity. They need the light. Oh, that the Ministry might be baptised with this power. I would say to those that are seeking for purity and power, Don't give up the struggle. The blessing will come. Receive it just as you are—receive it now. If it is by faith, why not now? Take Jesus for your sanctifier. What more can you do than let Jesus do the work for you now. Jesus says, "I will receive you. I will sprinkle clean water upon you; from all your idols will I cleanse you." When? Now! Now!! I now believe he does it by faith—simple faith. You want to feel first? Believe first! Believe that he is able—he is willing—he will—he does it! Glory to the Lamb! He does it now in my soul.

"Save us by grace through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart,—
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart."

THE CROSS AND THE REWARD.—Every prison for the cause of God, is a palace; every chain, a ray of light. Every loss is the purchase of a kingdom; every affront is an eternal honor; and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied by a never ceasing enumeration. Days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, chastity without stain, possession without fear, society without envyings, communication of joy without lessening, and thou shalt dwell in a blessed country where an enemy never entered, and whence a friend never went away.—JER. TAYLOR.

OUR dependence upon God ought to be so entire and absolute, that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolation.—KEMPIS.

OUR LITTLE ONE HAS GONE.

BY REV. LEVI WOOD.

THE little chair is vacant now,
His playthings put away;
The beauty of his cherub brow
Is vanished where he lay;
The music of his young delight
Is hushed forever more;
The sunny face that gleamed so bright
Has faded from the door.

Yet still we listen through the night,
To hear his breathing sweet,
And with the morn's recurring light,
His kiss we turn to meet;
And through the live long day we sigh,
To catch his beaming smile,
And see that form go bounding by,
So beautiful erewhile.

In vain! In vain! a shadow lies,
Where sunbeams used to fall;
The morning wind alone replies,
When his dear name we call;
The echoes of his steps are fled,
And glance, and smile, are gone;
And now we know that he is dead,
And we are left alone.

But in each wind that fans our cheek,
His own sweet breath is there;
And angel lips in whispers speak,
To comfort our despair;
And every star that burns above,
His own blest image gives,
And tells us that where all is love,
Our boy forever lives.

MANY consider that "perfect love which casteth out fear" as instantaneous: all grace is so; but what is given in a moment, is enlarged and established by diligence and fidelity. That which is instantaneous in its descent is perfection in its increase.—FLETCHER.

RESOLVED, to live with all my might while I do live.—PREST. EDWARDS.

If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.

THE SEAMSTRESS AND THE ACTRESS.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

"Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown."

Look into this room. It is small, and has only one occupant. Look around upon the furniture. All is very neat, but very plain. The hand of poverty is here. It is the home of a child of God, alone in her young life in this great city. It is the abode of a poor young sewing woman. She has seen better days. But alas! her prospects were soon under the deep, dark cloud of hopeless poverty. Yet she is a child of the covenant and a child of grace. This is her closet for prayer, as well as her place for plying the needle in unceasing toil to support herself by honest industry. Often employment fails, and then she prays that her heavenly Father will send her work, for she can ill afford to be one hour idle. She had been praying one morning for work, for employment had failed her for some days. She had prayed with more than usual earnestness. Suddenly there was a gentle knock at the door, and in stepped a creature full of life and gaiety, with a large bundle.

"Can you sew for me?" said the young, dashing-looking girl. "I am in haste to have some work done, and I can afford to pay you very liberally."

The young sewing woman met her question with a smile. "That is just what I have been praying for," said she. She took and unfolded it. She saw very rich and gaudy dresses before her.

"I am an actress," said the young lady, contemplating the sewing woman with surprise, as she noticed her embarrassed and hesitating manner. "I am under an engagement to play in the theatre at Philadelphia; and these dresses must be altered; and these others must be made at once," rattled on the thoughtless actress; "and I will

pay you very handsomely for the labor."

"I do not know about doing this work?" said the sewing girl; "I have prayed for work, it is true, this very morning, for I am in distressing need of it, so that I may earn my bread. But I do not know about this work," said she, hesitatingly.

"Why?" said the actress.

"Because I feel that in doing this work, I should be serving the devil instead of serving the Lord Jesus," answered the sewing girl, meekly.

"But did you pray for work?"

"Yes."

"And has not this come in answer to your prayer?"

"I do not know; it *seems* as if it had; but I *feel* as if I ought not to do it."

"Well! what will you do about it? How will you decide?"

"I will lock my door, and I will kneel down here, and ask my heavenly Father to direct me what to do. He will tell. Will you kneel with me?"

Said the sewing girl in relating the circumstances, "I scarcely expected she would comply with my request; but she kneeled at once."

The poor working woman poured out her heart to God, and spread before him frankly the perplexities of her mind. She was very importunate in her supplications, to be so directed that she might not sin, whichever way she decided. She went forward in her prayer with the simplicity of a little child, not dreaming of any effect her prayer was having upon the mind of the young actress, till, in the agony of her spirit, she threw her arms around the neck of the suppliant, and exclaimed, "O! do not pray any more about the dresses, but pray for me, for I am such a wicked girl."

The praying young woman was taken by surprise. She did not know whether her visitor was in earnest, or whether she was in jest. She went on in her simple prayer, telling the Lord the new doubts which were in her mind as to the sincerity of the actress; for she

really thought she might be trifling with her, and with the subject of prayer. So she prayed that if the actress was *not* in earnest, she might there, on the spot, become so; and if she *were* in earnest, she might *there and then* give herself to the Lord Jesus, to be his servant forever. She prayed that she might be convinced of the sinfulness of her present manner of life and forsake it, and that henceforth she might lead a new life, of honor to God and usefulness to her fellow-creatures.

They rose from their knees together, and stood regarding each other a moment in silence.

"I shall not let you do this work," said the actress; "no one shall do it."

"What will you do?" inquired the sewing woman.

"I will leave it as it is."

"How about your engagement in Philadelphia?"

"I will write to the manager that I cannot *play* for him, but I will *pray* for him."

"How long have you been connected with the stage?"

"Five years, and I have become exceedingly attached to my profession. I never thought to leave it. I followed it with an enthusiasm which swallowed up my life. I never loved anything so well. But I shall quit the stage forever. I shall never put foot upon it again."

"But what will you do with these unfinished garments?"

"I will keep them in just their present state. They shall remain as they are, while I live and have the control of them, as a memento of this hour and this room, and of God's mercy in arresting me just here, and just as He has."

"What will you do now?" still queried the sewing woman, fairly roused up with concern for her visitor, who now stood before her in a new light, and rejoicing too, in the resolutions which she had expressed.

"I will seek to be useful in every way I can. I know not what to do; but I will do all for Christ, whatever

it may be, and I will ask counsel of Him."

She then expressed her warmest gratitude to the poor, meek, faithful sewing woman, for her faithfulness to her principles, and for her faithfulness to her. So they parted.

Often they met afterwards, however, and conversed on the subject of religion. Often during the next succeeding days they prayed together, and talked of the obligation they owed to the Saviour. The faith of the converted actress grew stronger every day. She became more and more confident that the hand of God was in all this—that this was the method he had adopted to bring her to himself. The more she thought of it, the more she admired the amazing goodness and mercy of God in it. She felt that perhaps her heart would not have been reached so well in any other way; and this thought increased her gratitude. She gathered strength from day to day, as she went on her way rejoicing.

She is now in one of the Eastern States, where she has taken up her residence for the present. She has made a public profession of religion, and joined herself to the people of God. She writes often to her Christian friend—the sewing woman—in 29th Street, New York, from whose lips we had the preceding facts, and who is often seen in some of our daily prayer-meetings—apparently utterly unconscious of the power she exerted to save the poor actress, and ascribing all the glory of her salvation to God.

In a letter recently received, the once thoughtless actress says she is a wonder to herself; that she was attached to the stage and to stage life, that she had not supposed it possible to leave it. But that she now finds Christ infinitely more precious to her, than all things else have ever been—that she is now truly happy, and her peace is like the flowing spring, constantly flowing—that her gratitude knows no bounds—and that her desire grows continually stronger to do something for God. The dresses, she says, are in

the same state in which her friend saw them when she unrolled the bundle, and refused to do any thing to them till she had made the work a subject of prayer. They are a thousand times more precious to her now—*just as they are*—than they could be in any other shape, as *memorials* of God's wonderful love and mercy in saving a poor sinner, such as she was. So she keeps them; and so she intends to keep them to her dying day—*memorials* of God's grace.

All that remains to be said is, that the work for which the poor young sewing woman prayed, came in on the same day on which these events transpired, and has continued to pour in upon her ever since—so that her busy, flying needle finds enough to do.

We have taken especial pains to substantiate all these facts, by conversing with other ladies who are acquainted with them, so that we can say, with confidence, that they are strictly true.

Since the above was written, we have been permitted to peruse a letter from the converted actress, in which she refers, with unspeakable gratitude to God, to the circumstance of her conversion. She exhorts her sewing friend always to act as she did in her case, when called upon to do anything that is against her conscience; for it was that which convinced her of the truth and reality of religion. She says, "My old associates sneer at me, and call me crazy; but I have been enabled to draw two from the stage—one a dancer and the other a ballad-singer. They are seeking Christ also. Pray for me, that I may have Christ with me, and then I shall not be afraid to act for Him." The whole letter breathes the spirit of an humble and earnest Christian.—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

No conflict is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself.

You despair of yourself,—hope in Christ.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

A WRITER in the *Congregationalist*, who evidently believes, with the apostle James, that faith without works is dead, thus describes the kind of religion which the times require:

We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milkcans, and buttons from contribution boxes.

The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Gouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the

back-room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yardstick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard-wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge to selvedge, nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woollen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds with slats that can not stand the wind, and paint that can not stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched.

The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

HEART SERVICE.—It is not an intellectual service that reaches and pleases the heart of God. Worldly men may be pleased with a prayer that displays a great intellect, and little or no heart. But it is the pouring out of the desires of a warm heart, be the language what it may—it is the language of love, that interests the heart of God, and brings the needed blessing to the soul.

IT WON'T DO.

BROTHER, you can't make it do, turn it which way you please. Your zeal is not tempered with knowledge, the milk of human kindness. Your sentiments in the main are correct, sound, scriptural, so far, so good; but where is Christ, his Spirit of meekness, love, humility, forbearance, tender compassion? "He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Paul says: "If a man also strive for masteries yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully." 2d Tim., ii, 5. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." It is evident, beloved, from the whole tenor of your conversation, that your spirit is not subdued, brought into sweet, lamb-like submission. You yet have a will of your own, unsubdued by the Holy Spirit. Brother, go to Jesus, take your stubborn will to him, nail it to his cross. Give up your will to Jesus for entire controlment, let him mould it over in the gospel mould, transform it into his blessed image, make it meet for his service. Then, with this meek, humble, loving, Christ-like spirit, accompanied with your native talent, your correct views of gospel truth, your reformatory spirit and thundering zeal, you will perform wonders, do mighty, glorious things for God, your influence for good will be powerful, soul-kindling, soul-saving. With this spirit of the Lord Jesus glowing in your soul you will accomplish more real God-service in one week than you can now do with your fiery zeal and unsubdued spirit in a whole life-time. Indeed, much of your labor in the cause of truth and freedom is now lost, worse than lost, for the lack of this one thing: Christ in the soul, rooted and grounded, his loving, gentle, dove-like spirit. The fact is, brother, with all your excellent qualities, your noble generosity, your firm adherence to principles of freedom, your deep, sincere, heart-felt sympathy for the poor and the oppressed, you nevertheless

mar the peace of Jerusalem, grieve the hearts of God's chosen ones, cause the enemy to rejoice! Brother, go to Jesus; confess your needs, lay all at his feet, plead his merits, his dying love, claim the promise of full deliverance, a clean heart, a holy heart, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

"Rise to a higher, holier life,
Ye who are called the sons of God,
And girded with the Spirit's sword,
Go nobly to the strife."—GOLDEN RULE

YOUTHFUL SINS.—The late Dr. Spencer said that when he was a lad, his father gave him a little tree that had just been grafted. One day, in his father's absence, he let the colt into the garden, and the young animal broke off the graft. It was mended, however, on the following day, and continued to grow finely. Years passed, and young Spencer became a man and a minister. Some time after he became a pastor, he made a visit to the old homestead where he spent his boyhood. His little sapling had become a large tree, and was loaded with apples. During the night after his arrival at the homestead, there was a violent thunder-shower, and the wind blew fearfully. He rose early in the morning, and on going out found his tree lying prostrate upon the ground. The wind had twisted it off *just where the colt broke it when it was a sapling*. Probably the storm would not have broken it at all, if it had not been broken when it was small.

It will usually be found that those who are grossly vicious in manhood dropped a seed of vice in the morning of life; that the fallen youth, who was religiously trained and has become corrupt, broke off his connection with virtuous ways *just where he did a very wicked thing in boyhood*. Here is a fact to be pondered. The oldest man in the prison could not say that childhood and youth had no connection with his present condition. Perhaps he could point to the very day and hour when he decided his present character.

FORECAST is better than hard work.

EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY L. RHODES.

FROM my earliest recollection I was taught the doctrines of election; and though at the age of nine years, I felt my need of religion I was told that I was too young to entertain such thoughts, and had better dismiss my fears. As my years advanced I was less serious, but in the year 1851, the Spirit of God again called after me. I tried in vain to drown my convictions in the giddy whirl of fashion and gayety; for often after spending the greater part of the night in what some—and I blush to say it—some professed followers of Jesus, call “innocent amusement,” I have retired only to feel dark despair settle down upon my soul. Still I dared not pray. My soul was so completely imbued with Calvinistic sentiments, that I verily believed there was no hope in my case. Death came into our community, and removed an intimate friend. She was prepared and passed triumphantly home, but not until she had urged her young associates to prepare to meet her in heaven. My own poor heart, however, grew sick at the thoughts of death. Still the Lord in mercy gave me another privilege of seeking this favor. The instrument used in the hand of God, to unclothe the hands that bound my soul in worse than Egyptian night, was a sermon delivered by the Rev. B. T. ROBERTS, founded on Acts II. 39; which was the first *free* salvation sermon I had ever heard. As that man of God plainly proved from Holy Writ, that all who *would*, might seek and find an interest in Jesus’ blood, it encouraged me to seek His pardoning love; and as I cried unto the Lord, he poured the light of divine truth into my darkened soul so that I began to see what His requirements were. My Bible was all the guide I had; for if I asked for light on the subject of my soul’s salvation; I was told that if I was one of the elect, I should be saved; if not, all my efforts to save myself

were of no avail. Thus I struggled on for three weeks, sometimes hoping that God would be merciful to me; again despairing, until my distress became so great that I retired to the barn to pray, where I wrestled for several hours, when it was impressed upon my mind that I ought to ask my sister, who had professed religion a number of years, to pray for me. This was a severe task, but I was willing to do almost anything, so that I might obtain forgiveness of my sins. I returned to the house and asked *her* to present my case before the Mercy Seat. And while at prayer, the anguish of my soul was so great, that I cried unto the Lord with a loud voice; which so disturbed the family that they removed me to a remote corner of the house, where they said my cries would not disturb passers-by. There I remained during all the long night, crying unto God; and in the morning of the 10th of August, 1851, the Lord spoke peace to my poor soul. A great calm followed. How my tempest-tossed soul rested quietly on Jesus! I wanted to tell every body what the Lord had done for me, and I thought all my young friends would get religion, if they only knew how good the Lord was.

I remained in the light sometime, often being ridiculed for talking so much about Jesus, though I knew not how to live without telling of His goodness. But not being at liberty to unite with the church of my choice, I soon lost ground, and in a few months gave up all efforts to live religion. After remaining in a back-slidden state for sometime, severe sickness aroused my guilty fears, and reminded me of my broken vows. I strove to return, but received no light. At last, I promised the Lord if he would restore me to health, I would make a public profession of religion, and serve him in the observance of all the ordinances of His house, though my soul were finally lost. The Lord raised me up, to the astonishment of all, and I professed His name before the world, and for four years lived a

nominal Christian; at times enjoying the favor of God, but often yielding to temptation and committing actual sin. Thus I vacillated between right and wrong, until my heart entertained such skeptical views of every-day religion, that I could even ridicule the idea of living without sin. And when my heart had become so callous that preaching the doctrine of Purity only excited my ridicule, the Lord in mercy gave me the *kind of preaching I needed*. My lot was cast for a time among those who enjoyed this great blessing. I noticed in particular the heavenly atmosphere that seemed to surround several young ladies who were walking in the light of God's countenance. Their patience under trials first struck me as something beyond our nature, but I soon became convinced that they enjoyed a heavenly peace, to which I was a stranger. I began to investigate the matter. I could not doubt my conversion though my heart was not then right. Still I did not wish to believe the doctrine of holiness, for I clearly saw that if it was true, and if it was the privilege of common people to enjoy it, it was *my* privilege; if my *privilege* it must be my *duty*, and there were many "lions in the way" before me. My friends and the church of which I was a member, considered it all delusion, and the way looked so narrow to me, then the enemy tried to quietly divert me from the subject, by filling my mind with Calvinistic sentiments. Still I continued to look to God for light and direction.

Mr. Wesley's Plain Account of Christian perfection, enabled me to see the way more clearly, and comparing it with the word of God, I saw that Christ was a complete Saviour, and willing to save even *me* to the uttermost. Still, I was backslidden in heart. The light was shining more and more, and I now began to see that I could not be clearly and constantly justified, without going on after all the fulness of the Gospel. The great question with me was, whether I could afford to be reclaimed and justified, and take all

the consequences, namely, press immediately into the depths of perfect love. I finally decided for God, and began to make my way to Jesus. First my superfluities of dress were laid aside; then I saw there were other idols in my heart which were one by one laid upon the altar, until all were given up except my good name. When I read in the Word of God, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake," my poor heart shrunk from having my name cast out as evil!—but at last I was enabled to give up my good name also! Then I waited for God to bless me, expecting it very quietly. After waiting sometime, I found I was prescribing in my own mind the manner of receiving it. Here I halted several days. At last I said, *any way the Lord sees fit, only give me "a heart from sin set free."* Then did God "empty my heart of earthly love and for himself prepare the place." Glory to the Lamb! I was so completely filled with the presence of God that for a time earth and earthly things were forgotten. But I find that I am still surrounded by sin, and its contaminating influences. Yet the Lord does enable me to testify to the truth that Jesus' blood can cleanse and keep the soul clean, that trusts in Him alone. And though the way is rugged 'tis glorious too. This uncompromising course costs me something, still I feel that I have made a good exchange—the friendship of this world for the friendship of my Jesus—earthly prospects, for the prospect of eternal glory. Hallelujah for this salvation that saves under adverse circumstances, and enables us to see God in all the minutiae of life.

If men knew how near they are to death, many would be praying who are now scoffing.

It is much easier to rouse the passions than to direct the mind.

ALMOST A ROBBERY.

"Those who have cash,
Have trouble about it;
Those who have none,
Have trouble without it."

A FEW years ago, I was going to New York, when a friend prevailed upon me to carry for him a considerable sum of money, which he owed in that great mart. I took it with fear and trembling, and determined to do my share of watching, while I had it in charge.

At Memphis, I obtained passage on a noble steamer bound for Louisville, and was fortunate enough to have a state-room all to myself. I rejoiced at this, for, as all were strangers to me, I preferred being alone when I must sleep and could not watch.

The boat halted at Cairo, and a great many additional passengers engaged berths. The clerk informed me that I must take a partner, that the upper berth was engaged. I had a strange presentiment that I was to be robbed and ruined. Bitterly did I repent that I had accepted the money; but all that was unavailing, for I had it, and all was at stake.

Bed time rolled around, and I retired early, but I would not sleep. As yet, I did not know which of the several hundred passengers was my room-mate, but my fears suggested that he was a rough looking customer, and a regular river and steamboat thief.

The boat was making fine headway on the bosom of the beautiful Ohio. The gorgeous cabin was full of life and gayety. There were three or four tables, at which parties were dealing at cards, losing and winning large sums of gold, imbibing wine with no little freedom, and uttering blasphemies, that seemed to be enough

"To make the cheek of darkness pale."

In another part, some were engaged in the mazy dance, and thus the night wasted away, until about eleven o'clock. I was still awake, wondering what kind of a man my room-mate was, and why

he did not make his appearance. Suddenly the door opened, and there he was, sure enough, about six feet one inch in stature, square built, with large whiskers, and rather a rough exterior, just the man, thought I, to strangle me when I go asleep, take the money I had in my belt, and make his escape at a woodyard before day. I feigned to be asleep, but watched his movements with a suspicious eye. He glanced at me for a moment, but concluding that I was asleep, he opened his trunk, and was a considerable time in examining its contents. He then slowly undressed, and when ready for bed, to my surprise, he knelt down on his trunk, with his head not eighteen inches from mine, and in a whisper, which he supposed that none heard, but Him that hears all things, he committed his soul and body, health and happiness, absent wife and babes, to the keeping of the Giver of all good. He then arose, climbed into the upper berth, and I soon heard him snoring.

I was no longer afraid of being robbed by *that* man, but my conscience smote me with a scorpion whip, because in the midst of my watching, I had forgotten to pray. I thought of home and loved ones, and remembered that it was no reason why I should neglect to pray, because I was not at home, or that I was on a boat and among strangers. Reader, do you pray when you are traveling?—MEMPHIS ADVOCATE.

A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a really good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD."

BY MRS. M. F. KENDALL.

While Jesus was on earth, in the days of his flesh, he was *in haste* to accomplish his mission.

The world's redemption was to be purchased, and the value set upon it could only be impressed upon finite minds, by the most perfect example of toil and sacrifice in securing it. And the Lord of glory himself gave us that, by leaving all. The king left his throne—his kingdom, his kindred in the flesh, wandered as an exile, fasted, watched, prayed, taught, in public and private, by day and by night, till his work was finished by death on the cross.

Those, whom he called to be his apostles, were commanded to go as he did—not counting their lives dear unto themselves; and without scrip or purse, home or friends, but such as was provided on their way. To such only gave he power to do the works which he did. The seventy were commanded to go only in this way—*forsaking all*. Many ran after him, saying, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," but not many arose as Matthew did *at once*, when Jesus said, "follow me." One said, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father;" another, "Lord I will follow thee, but let me first go and bid them farewell which are at my house." Jesus warned him of the awful risk to immortal souls by *one moment's delay*, when he answered, "Let the dead bury their dead; BUT GO THOU AND PREACH THE KINGDOM OF GOD." "No man having put his hands to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." So it is to-day. All through the land, there are men who have heard the Master say, "Follow me." They understood the command. The commission was, "Go into all the world and preach my Gospel." They trembled and tarried—Eternity was unveiled to impel them out into the vineyard; they saw souls, immortal souls, rushing down to their ruin, un-

warned; a crown was held out as theirs at the end of the race, glittering with many stars, if they would go out and snatch these souls from eternal death! They cried out, "Lord I will follow thee, but let me go first and see my friends, and settle my affairs at home. My parents are feeble and must be taken care of—my property is on my hands and must be looked after or wasted—my vows are given to one who cannot go with me, I must wait till she can give me up—I am unlearned, I cannot go till I have qualified myself to stand before wise men." They were honest in supposing these things must be done before they could go untrammelled. But where are those who thus began to listen to human reason instead of the voice of God? They are *yet* waiting to have their "way open." The longer they have tarried to look after friends and property, the more have their cares accumulated, till they are perhaps forever and hopelessly involved, and to escape is to make temporal ruin certain! The more they have sought to relax the hold of creature ties upon them, the more firmly have they been bound, and some have sunk to everlasting night rather than break them! While they have *delayed* to seek earthly wisdom, with which to save souls, (?) their way has been hedged up for doing either, or they have enriched the mind, to the utter death of the soul, and every effort they now make to teach men *salvation*, betrays their ignorance of *even its first principles*!

Poor, foolish, short-sighted, unbelieving men; they have lost the light that once shone so clear on their hearts, and which God gave them to reflect on a sin-darkened world! They are unfitted for healthy action now in the pursuits of this world, and disabled for effective labor in the gospel harvest-field, which was once dearer to them than their life. Christians and infidels stand aloof from them, and despise their cowardice, if they pity their unbelief.

Where can the gospel plough turn up a furrow, that is not white with

these dead men's bones? Oh! God! what can be done to resurrect them! It would take volumes to tell what God has done to save these men, and is still doing; but they will yet cling to earthly props! They wait "to understand and be understood," but the more they mistake and are *misunderstood*. They wait to become worthy to take such responsibilities as the care of souls, and they are more and more *unworthy*, and know not that they assume the tremendous responsibility of *ruining thousands of souls*, who might and would be saved, if they were up and at their calling.

All through Christendom the blood of *murdered souls* cries to heaven for vengeance on these Jonahs! And ere long it will come! The longer the sweep of the hammer, the heavier the blow when it descends. *Not one* whom God has called to warn men to flee the wrath to come, who has refused to obey, shall escape. God will hold *every individual to all the claims* he has ever made upon him. No plea of inability or obstacles in the way, can ever destroy the obligation to meet God's demand. It is imperative from first to last. God sees more reasons for our obeying than we do for disobeying, and "He is without variableness or shadow of turning."

O! you restless unhappy man, in whose ear God has been speaking these years, "go, work in my vineyard," think not you can be saved, without taking *the whole cross*!

A little personal effort now and then will not release you; a little exhortation to sinners does not meet God's claim; nor *preaching occasionally, when convenient*, is not enough. No! you are not obeying the call, you are not doing just *what* you were called to do, till you deliberately throw body, soul and spirit into the work, and not only leave, but *forsake* friends and home; and taking your life in your hand, go out not knowing *whither*, or what shall be your *hire*, to warn and entreat men with cries and tears, by day and by night, to be saved—to tell them the

whole truth, without fear or favor, and *continue* to tell them, whether they caress or stone you, and *keep at it*, till you drop in the harness, on the field of battle! Glory to God! Every man God has called *can do this*. He can *preach*, when he stops doing what prevents God from putting the "*preach*" into his heart. It is the love of *Jesus and souls*, that enables men to preach so as to save sinners, and with all the wisdom earth can afford, a man that has not *left all* to follow Christ, in preaching the Gospel, is worse than a fool. The great want of this age is, men who know just enough to *obey God*, when He says "follow me," and to understand that when he speaks he is to be obeyed without any questioning, or our being able to see any good reason *why* he tells us to go into the vineyard. Such men, whether they have resources or not, will no more fall back upon them, than if they had more. They will remember this commission is from God, and given by the Holy Ghost, and that, whatever grieves that, destroys all *power* to obey; and yet knowing that they are to be held responsible for all the effects of their refusing to be led by the Holy Spirit, and thereby understanding God's will, they will never dare to make excuse for failures, by saying, "*I am not qualified for the work.*"

So long as it is written in our creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," let us look for, *believe* for, and *receive* the old apostolic fire; the only essential qualification for saving souls.

You, especially, whom God has recently been seeking to thrust out into the vineyard, with no other prop on which to lean, settle it at once and forever, that you will leave *God* to manage friends, property, influence and talent, for you, and improving zealously all the time and means you have, your only care shall be to have *Jesus live in your soul*, and the Holy Ghost to prepare and aim your *messages* to the depths of men's *hearts*! Would you be Jesus' favorites? Seek for the perfection of a character of purity and in-

tegrity, dearer to God than the highest titles of earth. No matter whether you have any reputation for greatness on earth or not, you shall wear degrees in heaven, that cannot be bought with gold. You, who have the light, walk in it, rush into the conflict! Wait not for an open door; it is ajar—push it open; wait not for experience—use what you have till you get more. No time is to be lost; souls! souls! souls! are perishing every hour in our churches, and somebody must warn them, regardless of consequences, or we all perish together, more surely than if we were shut up in the darkness of heathendom. Let no man or woman dare to hide the light, lest God curse them with blindness, and everlasting death.

HAPPY DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

—I knew a little boy, not two years old, who looked at his father and said, "By-by, pa: baby is going to sleep;" and he shut his eyes and never opened them any more.

And I knew another, three years old, who was just sinking in death, and said to his father, who was near his side, "Father, there is beyond the sky a heaven of joy and love."

There was another, who was a blind boy, who looked up as he was dying and said, "I see a light; it is heaven."

And a little girl, who was motherless, when lying upon her back, and thought to be dead, all at once opened her eyes, reached out her arms, and cried, "My mother!" and then died.

There was a little boy who, when taken sick, was at first afraid to die, and said, "Mother, the valley of death is very dark; will you not go with me?" His mother could only burst into tears. The little boy then put his face toward the wall and prayed, and then turning to his mother, with a sweet look, said, "Mother, the valley is not so dark now, for Jesus is with me. I can go now."

GREAT sins require great repentance.

ONE KIND ACT.—"When Mary and I were married we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a strong arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up a tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. ———, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied us; half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never forget the new face those chairs put upon our snug quarters—they never looked just right before.

The tables are turned with Mrs. M. and me now—she has turned a poor widow; but she shall never want while I have anything, never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face; "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah! now the secret was out. It was the interest of the old chairs which maintained the poor widow. She was living on the interest of a little friendly act done years before, and it sufficed for herself and her daughter.

How beautiful it is to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbor," and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, nor riches, nor fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these—the friendly acts, the neighborly kindness, the Christian sympathy of one towards another—which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

REV. WILLIAM CASE KENDALL, A. M.

PARENTS, FAMILY, EARLY TRAINING.

William Case Kendall was born Dec. 25th, 1822, in Covington, Genesee Co., N. Y. He was the sixth son of Nancy and Elijah Kendall. Elijah Kendall was born Oct. 17th, 1782, in Suffield, Conn. and married to Nancy Nimox, Feb. 10th, 1806, in Turin, N. Y. She was born in the town of Westfield, Conn., Sept. 10th, 1784. They were both born again in 1809, under the labors of Rev. Isaac Puffer, then a local preacher on Black River Circuit, N. Y. They joined the M. E. Church at Turin. They became warmly attached to the doctrines, means of grace and usages of the church of their choice, as also to the devoted ministers in the Conference, of their acquaintance, such as Rev. William Jewett, and more especially Rev. William Case, soon after their P. Elder. They here learned to love the pure ministry of the word, and class and prayer meetings where the object always was to *save souls*, and to have them saved *now*. In 1813 they moved from Turin to the flats of "old Genesee" with two sons and two daughters, and located for a time in Greigsville, N. Y. A sketch of this worthy couple, descended from a good New England stock, will not be out of place. Father Kendall in his early manhood, though deprived of the culture of careful parents, was a person prompt and decided, of strong mind and fine, quick perceptions, with a noble personal bearing, commanding respect wherever he moved. Combined with these he had the marked traits of stern, unbending integrity of character, a timid, sensitive spirit, inclined to hastiness, that made him a man of few words. Yet he was candid, clear, energetic and *uncompromising* in action, where duty and principle were involved. There was always a vein of honor in his nature, that disdained to cover up a wrong, or to gain an end by policy. He was proverbially honest, and up-

right among sinners, and when he became a Christian, it was his *first* business to serve and worship God. Everything about him was made obedient to the commands of the Lord. He was never known to spend an idle hour in public resorts. With a cheerful sobriety he stepped aside from the world's noise and show, to prove his love for the congregation of the saints; and to listen to the bold, moving and thrilling declarations of the wonders of redeeming grace. He sought first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and was blessed in basket and in store, so that it was believed, *his* fields and orchards were never barren, because God found him a *true* man everywhere, and all the time. He did not rob his maker.

In his wife he possessed a rare counterpart. She was a woman of a generation. We love to make a memorial of her virtues for she answered well to Solomon's portrait of a virtuous woman, who he said "shall be praised." Not that she was brilliant in mental gifts: though she had a strong well-balanced mind, and was possessed of uncommon discretion, and sound judgment. In her youth she was lovely in person, of a tall, full figure, graceful, buoyant of spirit, with an open countenance, habitually mild, and was delicately alive to the wants of those about her. Her habits were those of a thorough Connecticut housewife. "From early dawn to dewy eve," her light tripping step was heard, and her toiling hours were charmed away with a full sweet tide of Christian song. She became in most things a "model mother." Her government was firm, tender and quiet, never marred by harsh words. Neatness, order and *love*, ruled in her little empire, while her busy hands fed a numerous household, twirled the wheel or plied the shuttle. In her associations with society, she was marked for prudent conversation, wise counsel, benevolence to the needy, kind and tender care for the desponding and unfortunate. Religion made her an ornament to her sex, to society and

to the church. She possessed such a sweet simplicity and cheerful evenness of temper as are rarely found. And yet she was not tame, for she had a moral courage, that made her faithful to rebuke sin everywhere. She has been heard to reprove with becoming severity, those ministers who so far forgot the dignity of their office as to seek alliance with men of the world in the "Mason's" lodge, and once asked, much to his chagrin, a now aged Rev.—how he felt as a minister when led round the table by a tow string. Her prayers, experience and exhortations were always attended with the power of the Spirit, and were no more free from those "outward physical demonstrations" against which such outcry is lately raised, than the "handmaidens" of these latter days. Often she has been known to offend the careless by her shouts of praise, and by going through the aisles, warning souls, or leaping with joy unutterable. In her dress, she was simple, neat and strikingly PLAIN. In her expenditures for herself, her family, the church and every benevolent object, she was economical, systematic and liberal, and so was the scripture fulfilled: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Plenty crowned the labor of her hands, and the marks of her cheerful toil will outlive her children's children. What an honor to the world is such an useful, holy woman! She builds for herself a monument more lasting than the costliest marble. And then to have the works of her hands associated in our memory with such fervent, godly prayer, prayer unceasing—for she lived in an atmosphere of prayer—how it leads us to repeat again and again, O! for more mothers in Israel! Here was one who was a *mother* indeed! Let her name be held in grateful remembrance forever! Such parents might look to see their children arise and call them blessed, and come up themselves, to bless the church and the world.

Let us follow their history and see if it is not so. We left them in what was then considered a wild western home, on the flats of "Genesee." Here they found a wilderness which the itinerant preacher had not yet penetrated. A few families were got together by father Kendall, and a prayer-meeting was established. Soon he was able to procure circuit preaching, and a class of six was formed, of which he was made leader; an office he held with honor to God's cause for more than twenty-five years. They encountered much opposition from other denominations, on account of their Methodist peculiarities, but this did not prove they were wrong, for God wrought among them in great power, to the awakening, conversion, and sanctification of many souls. The little class grew and waxed strong. They made much of every means of grace, and almost always saw something accomplished, yet they loved and frequented the *extra* means, often at great sacrifice and expense, *walking* more miles to a quarterly or camp-meeting than most people now think of riding. At a camp-meeting in York in 1816, Mother Kendall was herself very powerfully blessed. Here for the first time, she was so overwhelmed with the divine glory, that she lay for hours insensible to all below. She said she believed God here sanctified her, soul, body, and spirit, but the preachers there, at that time were not definite in preaching and enforcing this doctrine and experience, and she afterward lost the clear witness, and ever after seemed to suffer from the want of a clear idea of retaining it by FAITH. In March, 1817, with six children, Father Kendall and his wife moved from Greigsville to Covington, and located for life on a beautiful hillside, then a thick forest, but which gave promise of reward to the tiller. In their busy hands, the privations of a forest cabin, with its incident dangers from the occasional intrusions of wild animals, rapidly gave place to a farmer's home. For many years the spot sel-

ected for their residence has been noted for its healthy air, and beautiful and extended prospect. The old homestead still stands on a high range of rolling lands, overlooking for many miles the fertile banks of the Genesee. The sloping, blue hills beyond the valley, with their mixture of cultivated fields and towering forests, where nestle the snow-white cottage, farmhouse, mansion, country church and quiet village; form one of the loveliest landscapes in western New York. The first question to be settled, when they located in this wilderness, was, "Where shall we worship?" On a bright Sabbath morning in spring, Father Kendall started out in quest of a religious meeting of some sort. Two miles from home, at the house of a Brother Alverson, he found already convened a handful of worshippers listening to the voice of a faithful Methodist itinerant. He communed with them in their songs of praise and thanksgiving, and joyfully returned home to say to his family, "Thank the good Lord we are not to be without Methodist preaching." Again he established a prayer meeting in his own neighborhood, and opened a preacher's home, that for forty-one years has stood to welcome the itinerant in his round of toil. Once more a class was formed of ten or twelve, among whom was Jonathan Cooley and his wife, who was sister to Mother Kendall, and eminent then for her gifts and piety. Mother Jeffres, also, of blessed memory, was one of the most devoted members of the little class, and although living some miles away, she never failed even on a Thursday night when well, to be at the prayer-meeting though she had to walk. Bro. Robert Minchall, late of the Baltimore Conference, married in 18—, to Miss Lucy Nimox, sister of Mother Kendall, formed this first class, and appointed as its leader Elijah Kendall. The little band met several times in a week at some private house, and afterward in a log school-house, to sing and pray and exhort and rejoice, with scarcely ever a

barren season for months and years. Father Kendall has said, some soul was awakened or converted in every meeting, for years together. No sooner did an unconverted neighbor come among them, than he became at once convinced of sin, if not saved. They did as our fathers all did, worked and believed in simplicity for *present* results, and saw them. With few extra meetings aside from their quarterly and camp-meetings, they increased their numbers in class in a few years to ninety. Many remember the thrilling accounts they have heard from these fathers and mothers of the times of saving power witnessed, even in the ordinary means of grace. How many times in the log school-house, scores were slain at once by the power of God, sometimes nearly every one present, sinners and saints, variously exercised by the deep workings of the Holy Spirit—Christians groaning and uttering most piercing cries of distress, in their travail of soul for sinners. Sometimes formalists and sinners were so enraged on this account, that they could not restrain their anger from breaking out in curses and mutterings, and then when the victory came, men, women and children shouting, laughing and bounding through the house, gave the glory to God. Sinners were confounded and cut to the heart, as they looked on their shining faces. These were days when the standard of religion was where the Bible puts it: when Methodists were what they professed to be—when they worshipped God in simplicity—*loved* the means of grace and were not afraid to be "led by the Spirit." None were so dark and unbelieving as to dream that in all these things, they were mistaking the Spirit of God for the spirit of the Devil. They simply believed in *knowing* when they were saved, and when they felt the mighty movings of the Holy Ghost, upon their bodies as well as souls. Infidels knew it, and had to acknowledge *this kind* of religion, proved the Bible true. Where were these modern moderators who now

condemn all this shouting, laughing, leaping, walking and dancing before the Lord, though the saints have done these things in every age of the church's history?—Where were *they* then? To their confusion be it spoken, some of these were the loudest actors in these very scenes, and some wonderingly stood by, and said with reverence, "we never saw it on this wise." Let them repent and do their first works, lest the candlestick be moved out of its place.

Born and reared amid such scenes of divine power, early accustomed to all the peculiarities of Methodism, the children of this family were impressed while young with a sense of sin, and most of them were clearly converted. The conversions of the elder ones especially were strikingly clear, as was afterward the experience of the eldest son, in the blessing of a clean heart. None who then witnessed the scene, will ever forget the awful, glorious power that descended while he declared he felt as it were the cleansing blood of Christ streaming through every part of his *body and soul*! And as he went around his farm and his house, his neighbors could hear the loud notes of praise, bursting from a heart filled with *perfect love*! The two daughters experienced religion before their eighteenth year, and joined the M. E. Church, but the younger one was not clear till some years after, when she became truly a bright and shining light, and with the exception of a few years interval has been ever since a host to battle with the armies of the aliens. The eldest was married in Sept. 1834, to Rev. G. Benedict, and the younger in Sept. 1837, to Rev. J. B. Jenkins, both ministers of the Genesee Conference. The third son Bro. A. Kendall, converted in the same revival with the subject of this memoir, but long disobedient to the call of the Holy Spirit, *now* stands upon the walls of Zion, a chosen vessel of the Most High. Upon him we devoutly pray may rest the mantle of the departed one, with its inseparable com-

panion, the *cross of Christ*! The fourth son, George Kendall, was early converted to God, relapsed into a back-slidden state, but was soon after powerfully reclaimed. In a little time he was taken sick of a fever, and after suffering much for several weeks, went shouting in triumph to glory, leaving a wife that in nine months followed him to the skies. Mother Kendall stood by his bed-side and calmly rejoiced that her son had been taken while he was ready. She said she could not shed a tear, for gratitude. The two youngest of the family, a son and daughter, died in infancy, leaving William C. the youngest survivor of eight children. William was his mother's boy—the Benjamin of the household—timid, sensitive and affectionate, with more than ordinary ingenuousness and simplicity. He had great reverence for spiritual things and was by nature credulous, which many would regard as more unhappy than fortunate. But it was this element in his nature, sanctified and strengthened by grace that gave his faith in God that fresh and sweet simplicity for which he became eminent. From the first of his recollections he had a conviction of sin, and often prayed to be delivered from impatience, his besetting sin. He was greatly rejoiced at one time, when about ten years old, to find that he had obtained the victory over it, so that he could milk an unruly cow without getting at all angry. He believed it was in answer to his prayer. When a mere child he had an impression that he must one day be a minister of Christ, and whenever in danger in a thunder-storm would say to himself, "God won't let the lightning kill me, for he wants me to preach the gospel." His mother was not in the habit of praying with her children daily, a thing she very much regretted in after years, but she prayed many times in a day herself, and William early found it out. One day, in his childish glee he was running about the house to find her, when he rushed into her bed-room and found her on her knees in fervent

prayer. With silent awe he stole quietly away and sat down to wait till she had finished. The impression then made on his young heart of his mother's devotion, never left him, and afterward he noticed that when her daily occupation in the chambers was finished, all was still again, and he would sit down in silence, thinking, "Mother is praying." He loved to sit in the cottage door on a summer evening, and nestle close to his mother's side while she and his father sang the sweet songs of Zion. His first impressions of home, were those of religion, cheerfulness and *love*. A mother's ear was always open to his curious, childish questions, and her answers carefully treasured up. He clung to her with unusual reverence and affection. As he grew up, and was tempted sometimes by careless companions to break over parental restraints, he was checked when "mother" spoke. Once when he had stayed from home in company till the family had retired, as he passed to his chamber, he heard a word from his mother, and several times after, a groan, as if she was grieved, and he was cut to the heart. It needed nothing else to make him resolve to do so no more. Though excessively mirthful and fond of sport, William was never tempted, he has often said, to make light of sacred things, or of professing Christians. Whenever he saw others doing it he removed from their company as soon as possible. Once being asked by a backslidden youth to go into an orchard with him to get fruit, he felt greatly mortified that such a person should make a profession of religion, and was glad to induce him to resist a temptation so strange to himself that it had no power over him. Some mistaken friends had better success in inducing him to attempt cards and dancing, but his mother ascertaining the truth, led him at once to his danger and he never was tempted again to meddle with the bewitching pleasures. Trained to habits of industry, strict attention to the forms of religion,

the observance of the sabbath, kept from the haunts of the idle and vicious; from circles of pleasure-loving professors of religion, this family learned to *love*, as well as respect the regulations of a christian household, and did not often transgress. They all grew up as would be expected, active, cheerful, serious, peaceable, educated for *usefulness* in the world, most of them receiving the advantages of a solid education. But best of all, with consciences so enlightened by religious training, and the Holy Spirit, that all became savingly acquainted with Christ in their youth, and have grown up to fill stations of honor and usefulness in the church.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOLTON.—MR. FERRY writes: "since you left us there have been seven justified and six sanctified, two of these were, I think, justified and sanctified in less than three days." I do not wonder, he adds, "Oh what a meeting was our last class. Thursday three came in and told me that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all sin. One of them told me she had been justified seven years, and had been five years convicted of the necessity of sanctification. But this easy conviction availed nothing. A fortnight since she was seized with so keen a conviction as gave her no rest, till God had sanctified her and witnessed it to her heart. Sunday Dr. King entered this rest. Since my last account many have been sanctified, and several justified. One of the former is William Moore, he was a long time struggling for the blessing, and one night he was resolved not to go to bed without it; he continued wrestling with God for two hours, when he felt a glorious change, and the Spirit of God witnessed that the work was done. We begin now to meet with opposition from every quarter. Some say this is rank enthusiasm; others, that it is either a cheat, or mere pride; others, that it is a new thing, and that they can find no such a thing in the Bible.—WESLEY.

MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT.

EXPERIENCE OF A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

On the 27th of August, I left New York, to attend a camp-meeting in the northern part of the State. My brother being at Saratoga, I stopped there to remain over night, expecting him to accompany me the next day. During the night I was wakeful, and had some precious meditations on the 1st chapter of 2d Peter, and especially on the words: "IF YE DO THESE THINGS, YE SHALL NEVER FALL." So impressive were the thoughts, that I was constrained to arise from my bed and praise God, and seek more of his grace. In the morning my soul rested and quietly rejoiced in God. My only wish for myself was, that I might wholly and unceasingly do his will.

Accompanied by my brother and Brother T——, I proceeded on my journey. On board the lake Champlain steamer, we gathered the passengers together and held a meeting. When we arrived at the camp-meeting at Schuyler's Falls, we found it a very precious and interesting season. The Spirit of God was there in power, converting and sanctifying souls. We were received with great kindness, and hospitably entertained on every side. We formed the acquaintance of some precious Christians, and were much comforted and strengthened by their clear testimony. My brother, a Presbyterian minister, who had long been interested in the subject of sanctification, was led to seek the blessing most earnestly. Late at night, in one of the tents, assisted by the prayers and instructions of some most faithful laborers, he was enabled to lay all on the altar of sacrifice, and believe the sure word of promise, and give glory to Jesus as his sanctification.

The next evening Brother T—— was greatly blessed by an overpowering manifestation of the Holy Spirit. As I was standing on one side of the encampment he came to me, and lean-

ing on my shoulders, told me that God was wonderfully blessing his soul. Soon after he went in front of the stand and having shouted Glory! Glory! Glory! for some time, he fell on the ground. I went to him and raised him up, and held him in my arms. He appeared to be almost helpless but not insensible. I observed that his arms and hands appeared to be rigid and fixed. I hardly knew what to think of it. I knew Brother T—— to be a devoted Christian, and a man of intelligence and refinement. I knew him to be incapable of acting a hypocritical part, and his refinement and good taste must revolt from what would be vulgar and ridiculous. I was aware, that he himself, as well as the Christian people around us, regarded this as a manifestation of the power of God. I felt that I could not wholly subscribe to that opinion. Yet I was perplexed. Brother T—— was prostrated by some cause, for I myself supported him in my arms for an hour or two. The only satisfactory conclusion I could come to, was that Brother T——, being of a very ardent and impressible nature, and withal quite imaginative—for he is a poet and author—and being greatly blessed in his soul, had allowed the excitement to go so far as to overcome him and prostrate his physical system. I gave no utterance to these sentiments, and had no uncharitable feelings towards such as choose to regard this falling as a direct manifestation of the power of God, rather than the result of overstraining the sensibilities. I saw another minister fall in one of the tents during a prayer-meeting. I viewed this case just as I did that of Brother T.

Having been requested to preach on Friday, I went into the woods to be alone with the Lord, and to commune with him about the message to the people. While bowed in prayer, my fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, by the Spirit, was sweet. My message was plain, and I knew he would be with me in delivering it. I then read a few verses

in a little book of Scripture texts. The verse for the day was: "Our Father which art in heaven." These words were so sweet to me that I closed the book, lest by reading any other sweet words I should lose the blessed enjoyment of these. I went back to the camp about half a mile, all the way exclaiming, "Glory to Jesus!" "Glory to Jesus!" again and again, quietly and gently, but oh! with a full heart and deep earnestness! I preached to a large audience, and had much liberty in all the exercises.

While I remained at the camp-meeting I enjoyed many precious privileges, and had, if possible, sweeter fellowship with the saints than ever before. At times my heart was filled with ecstatic love to God, then with love to the brethren in a remarkable degree, and then with mingled emotions of gratitude and deep contrition toward God. On one occasion, in a meeting, so deep were my feelings of contrition that I crouched down close to the ground, and sobbed and wept as though my heart would break. Writing to my wife just after these scenes, I could say: "I am greatly blest in my soul: I am perfectly happy."

PRECIOUS TIME AT ST. ALBANS.

On Saturday morning, in company with some beloved Christian friends, I left the camp-meeting and crossing over Lake Champlain, went to St. Albans, Vt., to spend a few days. It had been previously notified that I would preach there on the Sabbath, in the Methodist church. I staid at the house of Rev. Mr. Wells, Presiding Elder of the district.

Sabbath morning, long before I arose, I was sweetly blest in communion with God. At family-worship I was much moved and blest during the singing of these words:

"How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move and in thee live!"

Sister Lankford offered prayer; and in the course of her prayer she alluded

to God's great mercy in saving us. Immediately I had a deep sense of God's unspeakable mercy in saving me; and I was so filled with wonder and gratitude and love, that I burst out in joyful sobbing and weeping.

There was to be a love-feast at the church at nine o'clock, which I would gladly have attended, but as I was to preach at half-past ten, I wanted to be alone with God, and get from him the message to the people. As Sisters Lankford and Wells were going out the door, Sister Wells stopped and said she had been thinking of the camp-meeting, which was to commence on Tuesday, and she would read us the promise which had been given her respecting it. Opening the book she read Isaiah lvi: 1: "Thus saith the Lord, Keep ye judgment, and do justice: for my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed." Before she got through reading the verse I was overcome, and began to sob and weep with unspeakable joy. These circumstances will serve to show my state of spirituality, and the tenderness of my sensibilities in receiving impressions of divine truth, on this, and several preceding days. I had often been deeply affected by views of truth, but never before this had my sensibilities been so tender, and so easily overcome. I think that by imperceptible degrees, for several days, I had been brought into a deeper spirituality.

The ladies left for the love-feast, and I becoming composed, took my little Bible and kneeled down to commune with the Lord. It was not long before the following text was given me, from which to preach—and I may say it was a sentiment about the very opposite of what I had confidently expected to preach from. But the good Lord gave me grace to be his willing servant. The text was this: "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. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eye shall weep sore and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive." [Jer. xiii: 15—17.] I was drawn to this text repeatedly, though without a previous thought of it, or any thing like it. At length becoming convinced that God would have me make use of it, I prepared a brief little sketch of such leading thoughts as the Lord gave, for I continued to wait upon him.

THE POWER OF GOD.

When I arrived at the church, I found it well filled with people. I ascended the pulpit with the pastor, and knelt down and asked God to bless us. The pastor gave out the first hymn. I then read the 116th Psalm, being greatly drawn out in an earnest manner of reading. I then knelt upon the kneeling-bench and began to pray. I do not think I was ever before so drawn out in prayer in the pulpit or any where else. I was led to pray about the importance of improving these Sabbath hours, and the solemn responsibility of the preacher to deliver God's message, and not amuse precious souls with intellectual refinements. I was led on to confess to God that I had often sinned in this respect—and still I was drawn on to bewail and lament it; and with a feeling of deep contrition I began to weep and sob, and sigh with heavy convulsive throes, and a sense of something like partial suffocation, still speaking in a broken and hesitating manner, till presently my head fell upon the Bible before me as though my neck was paralyzed, and the next moment the same peculiar paralyzing power that had affected my head and neck, passed with a sort of painless shock through my whole body and limbs, and I fell like a bag of sand upon the floor of the open platform; I can not certainly tell whether there was a momentary unconsciousness or not. If there was, it was but momentary, for I continued to utter those

gasps or sighs. I felt an earnest desire that no one should touch me, or do any thing but wait on God. Of course I lay there speechless and silent, except these heavy sighings. I was perfectly conscious, and could hear any sounds around me. The congregation was mostly quiet, but I believe some of the people cried out to God after I fell; and the minister who was in the pulpit with me continued kneeling with his face to the wall. I could hear some ejaculations from him, though I do not recollect what they were. After a brief space I felt indications of returning strength. My sensations were very similar to what one feels, when, as we ordinarily express it, the hand or foot has been asleep and begins to recover. I felt a similar prickly feeling extensively through my frame, and this was followed or accompanied by a consciousness of returning strength. I arose, and resuming my former position, went on with my prayer. Sister Lankford afterwards informed me that when I fell she silently looked up to God in behalf of the people, and prayed that they might not be deprived of the Lord's message, and that he would therefore strengthen the poor, feeble body of his servant and enable him to deliver it. The prayer was heard.

I probably never preached with such energy. Through my whole being I realized that the word was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. The clearness, intensity, and pressure of the truth, was such that my physical frame could scarcely bear up under the labor of uttering it. I was obliged to articulate slowly, and speech seemed but a poor vehicle to convey the vivid realizations that struggled for utterance.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

I knew little or nothing about the state of the church; but have since learned that the subject chosen was most timely and appropriate. The pastor requested me to preach again in the afternoon. All was pleasant during the intermission. At the appointed hour we again assembled in the

sanctuary. I was greatly drawn out in the prayer before sermon, and also in reading and expounding the third chapter of Malachi, and giving out the hymns. I had a little sketch of a discourse on sanctification which I expected to preach, but while they were singing the second hymn, I began to feel a hesitancy about preaching it; and when the singing was through, the impression was so strong that I felt constrained to speak of it; at the same time expressing my conviction of the importance of being very cautious about following impressions. I could not preach. It seemed to me that there were those present who ought to make confessions, and I told them so. After speaking at some length on this subject, we gave an opportunity to the people. Several arose to signify that they confessed, though none seemed disposed to speak. I told them I was afraid that those who most needed to arise had not done so. I was afterwards informed that my supposition was correct. I then spoke to backsliders, and related many instances of confession and restitution. According to their usual custom we held a prayer-meeting before the people were dismissed. During the exercises in this meeting I was led to cry out repeatedly, "Blessed be the Holy Ghost!" and several times I was almost overcome, but did not fall.

The night was one of blessedness. I was much awake and the Lord smiled upon me. These words were very sweet to me, "Thy God, thy glory." and "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

At family worship in the morning I was greatly drawn out in prayer. Among other things I was led to entreat with intense earnestness that none of the people of this place might be left to commit the sin against the Holy Ghost.

BAPTISMAL SHOWER.

After family worship we went into the sitting-room, and Brother Wells, with his wife and children, sang a sweet

and joyful hymn, expressing the idea of going to heaven, with these words in the chorus:

"We're never coming back any more."

Several times during the hymn my joyful heart was near bursting out, and about the close, the full tide overflowed. I could contain myself no longer. Covering my face with my hands, I began to sob and weep and laugh, with a deep holy joy. My strength began to fail and in a little time it was utterly gone. A sort of paralysis, if I may so term the peculiar sensation, as before affected my neck, arms, and lower limbs, my head hung back over the back of the chair, my arms fell at my sides, and had it not been for the perfect balance of my position, I should have fallen to the floor. My outbursts, which I think continued until my strength began to return, were not very loud, but just as you see any one when overcome with emotion; only the sighing seemed somewhat peculiar. The friends were around me very joyful at beholding my joy. It was not long before my emotion subsided and my strength returned.

In all these cases, after the emotion passed away, I was perfectly calm, though somewhat joyfully so. There was nothing like enthusiasm. I was perfectly quiet and gentle, as if nothing unusual had happened—only I was very glad in the Lord. I did not observe in myself any physical effects from these wholly involuntary exercises except a slight weakness; and it was but slight. Writing to my brother about these occurrences, I said: "I have called these exercises 'wholly involuntary,' and they are so, but when they commence I yield myself up to the blessed Holy Spirit to do with me as he pleases. I do not do the least thing either mentally or physically to promote or hinder them. I dare not. I know the gentle Spirit is easily grieved, and I would not grieve him one way or the other."

In every case thus far, the influence seems to be immediately connected

with some truth presented to my mind. At the dinner table to-day, I was nearly overcome by merely speaking about that morning song. Several times since I have felt as though a very little would overcome me.

When I fell in the church, and while engaged in the exercises there, and during the whole of the Sabbath, I was raised entirely above all consideration of what people thought about me. My falling and presenting a spectacle before the public congregation, did not affect me with any more uneasiness than if a feather or a straw had fallen. But the next day I was somewhat tempted about it. Having an errand to do in the village, the adversary suggested that I had better not go myself, but send by another, for if I went I should be much looked at, and the people would think I had presented a very ridiculous figure in the church. For a moment I was inclined to shrink; but immediately I said: "I shall go. The devil shall not cheat me out of the blessing God gives me." Accordingly I went, and the temptation to be ashamed of God was overcome. The next day, while walking through the village, and seeing a number of persons, the same temptation was thrust upon me again. It was suggested: "The people are looking at me—I must be to them an object of contempt and ridicule." Instantly I raised my chin an inch higher, and walked deliberately on, determined that Satan should gain no advantage of me in this. Since then I have had no trouble about it.

FAITH AND PRACTICE.—An error in faith will almost necessarily be followed by an error in practice.

THERE is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

BE particularly careful to avoid those tempers and actions that displease thee in others.

GROW IN GRACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CONVERSION is important. It is the *only* entrance upon the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord—the *only* door into the fold of Christ. *Except ye be converted, ye can in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

But conversion is only the beginning, and by no means the end of the race for a crown of life. It is the tender blade and not the ripened wheat, ready for the garner.

Many a bright morning has been followed by a tempestuous night of blackness and gloom, and many a hopeful beginning in religion has been succeeded by grievous apostasies and deaths of despair. Proper protection and cultivation are as essential to a good garden as careful spading and planting, so it is necessary to retain the pardoning favor of God as to obtain it at first. The Israelites when they left the house of bondage were not yet in the land of promise, and those who, through disobedience perished in the wilderness, were no better off than if they had made their graves in Egypt. Probation is not Heaven. Paul, though miraculously converted, and in labours more abundant, said, after he had been preaching for a quarter of a century, *I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.* His urgent exhortation to all who have entered upon the Christian race is **SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN.** We very much doubt whether there ever was a real child of God, who did not apprehend that there was still danger that he might be finally lost. If his creed taught him that if he was once converted all danger was past, then he was troubled with doubts as to the genuineness of his experience. You will hardly hear a prayer offered, or a blessing asked however short, but that there is included in it the petition, "And bring us finally to Heaven."

1. *What is it to grow in grace?* Grace when applied to God denotes his free, unmerited favor and love. Eph. ii: 8. II. Tim. i: 9. II. Cor. viii: 9. Titus ii: 11. When applied to us it denotes those divine affections and virtues, that are wrought in the renewed soul by the Holy Spirit. "In men," says Professor Finney, "grace means holiness." "And great grace was upon them all," Acts iv: 33. "They were so filled with the Holy Spirit, that their natural selfishness was all taken away," II. Cor. viii: 7. "Therefore, as ye abound in every thing, in faith and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also." Hence to "grow in grace" is to grow in "faith," "utterance," "knowledge" of divine things, brotherly "love," liberality—in short it is to grow in holiness—in conformity to God.

To grow *in* grace is not to grow *into* grace. While the former is commanded, the latter receives no countenance in the Scriptures. When God pardons and regenerates a soul, he plants in it the germs of all the Christian graces. When He sanctifies it wholly, he takes away the noxious weeds—the "roots of bitterness," that hinder their rapid growth. Both of these works are wrought by God instantaneously in the penitent believing soul. No one grows into pardon or out of sin. No acts of devotion—no works of beneficence will be accepted as a substitute for repentance. If you have never been converted, or if you have lost your first love, going to meeting, singing, praying and giving, will not help you unless you REPENT.

The Pharisee within,
Still undisturbed remains;
The strong man, armed with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reigns.

You must humble yourself, and cry to God, both for "the washing of regeneration," and for "the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

2. *How may we grow in grace?* We answer, in general terms, by unwaver-

ing obedience to all the requirements of God. Pray for light. Search your heart. If you are under condemnation seek *definitely*, until you obtain the justifying grace of God. If your heart is not cleansed from all sin, come to Jesus *at once* and cry out, "*Create in me a clean heart!*" Be importunate in your supplications until your prayer is answered. Then, when you have been saved from inbred sin, you will be in a condition to grow in grace. You have now set yourself to overcome every temptation, and to discharge faithfully every duty. Satan will assault you more fiercely than ever. A skillful general will bring his heaviest batteries to bear upon the weakest places in the wall of an invested city. So the enemy of your soul will attack you where you are most vulnerable. The commander of a besieged fortress, instead of adding one stone all around to the height of his fortifications, in most places already sufficiently strong, bends all his energies to render impregnable those places where danger is apprehended. So, when in your spiritual conflicts you see you are in danger of being overcome, for the want of a greater degree of grace than you have ever yet experienced, instead of praying for every thing in general, and receiving nothing, come to God for just what you want, and intercede in faith until you obtain it. Are your circumstances such that your patience is often severely tested? God's grace is just as mighty now as

"When Job endured the trying hour."

Beseech him to give you a spirit of patience and long suffering that no provocation will ever be able to ruffle in the slightest degree. Your resolutions, however strongly and sincerely formed, will fail you in the time of trial, but if you cry out in the depths of your soul, "Lord! help!" until you feel the hand of the Infinite One hold of yours, you are safe. Are you naturally timid, inclined to shrink from the cross? Instead of seeking to acquire confidence by habit, let your petition be

"Increase my courage, Lord!"

until you can say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Thus continue. Our spiritual life is derived wholly from Christ. We do not grow in grace as the tree grows, from a principle of vitality within ourselves, but like the icicle from successive droppings from above. The Christian does not shine like the sun, because he is luminous in himself, but like the wick that needs to be constantly fed with fresh supplies of oil. If you would grow in grace you must then thoroughly understand that all grace comes from God, and is imparted freely to all who earnestly desire it and who definitely seek it by faith.

The grace thus obtained must be exercised as opportunity offers, or it cannot be kept. Like the manna in the wilderness it is good for use, but spoils whenever the attempt is made to hoard it up. Use confirms the grace we have and opens the way for our seeking for more. "To him that hath" with improvement, "shall be given;" but from him that does not use what he has received, "shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have."

3. *Why we should grow in grace.* Because God commands it. It is never safe violating the commandments of the Lord, but "in keeping of them there is great reward." A city, however large or securely built, if left to itself goes to decay; the action of the elements lays the proudest palaces in the dust. To keep the old materials good, new ones must be added. So, whatever grace you have, can be kept only by getting more. In spiritual as in organic life, when growth ceases decay commences. Let the sinner who has awakening grace neglect to go on to conversion, and his mind will become darker and more unfeeling than before. So will it be in every stage of religious experience; if you do not follow up the convictions that God gives you, the grace you have already received will, insensibly perhaps, but surely, waste away. Going to Heaven is

rowing against the current, and we have only to sit still to be borne down. If you would not be forever laying the "foundation of repentance from dead works," you must "go on unto perfection." If you would not have your profession of holiness become empty and powerless, you must "grow in grace."

It was to them who had "obtained like precious faith" with himself, that the Apostle Peter wrote, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; (or courage) and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." Not that they were entirely destitute of any of these graces, for in that case they would not have been Christians; but there was so much more for them, that what they had already received seemed in comparison as nothing. Nor were these additions to be made all at once, and in a general sense, but specifically, one by one, as the settler in the wilderness first clears off a garden spot, and then adds to the garden the wheat-field, the corn-field, the meadow and the pasture. Attend to this direction and you will be safe. "For if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." Neglect them and you are in imminent peril. *For he that lacketh these things is blind.* Your light will be followed by darkness, "and if the light that is in thee become darkness, how great is that darkness!" Your attempt to lead others will be but the old experiment of the blind leading the blind. The worst opposers of the deep experience of the faithful children of God, will almost invariably be found among those who have refused to walk up to the light they have received.

Neglecting to "grow in grace," is the reason why so many lose the blessing of holiness. They seem to think when the Lord sanctifies their soul, that they have now little else to do than to settle down and "enjoy themselves." Said the sainted Fletcher, "With me it is a small thing to be cleansed from all

sin; but O! to be filled with all the fulness of God!" But many imagine that all is done when the heart is cleansed from sin. These soon lose their power, their light, their joy, their love. They may keep up their profession for a time, but it will not be long before exhibitions of the real state of their hearts will appear. Their failure discourages others. Christ is wounded in the house of his friends.

The importance of growing in grace is further seen from this fact; by far the greater portion of the admonitions and warnings and exhortations of the Bible, are addressed to the professed children of God. There is in it comparatively but very little of what is called "preaching to sinners." The reason doubtless is that nothing so convicts sinners, as seeing the children of God enjoying their privileges, and living in the discharge of their duties. Where this is done, the community is under a religious awakening. As then you value the salvation of your soul, as you would see the cause of God advanced, set yourself from this hour to grow in grace.

POETIC GEMS.

REST not! Life is sweeping by;
Do and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

GOETHE.

Oh, how many a glorious record
Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept.—ANON.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all.—WHITTIER.

By the thorn-road, and no other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, press thou on.—JOHNSON.

EDITORIAL.

TOO SUPERFICIAL.

We are rejoiced to hear of the revival interest that prevails in many places. May it become general! But brethren, allow the weakest among you to urge you to hold steadily to a deep work. Do not heal slightly. A superficial revival is worse than no revival. In clearing off a woodland a great deal of labor is saved by having a good burn. In cultivating land much depends upon breaking up. To cut and cover is not the way to secure a good crop. So in promoting the work of God everything depends upon being thorough. If those engaged in revival efforts are not clear in their experience the converts as a general thing will not be clear. They will not feel as they know they ought to. But if their experience corresponds to that of their teachers they will be very likely to settle down satisfied with themselves. They are now in great danger. Their profession serves as a shield. God can hardly move them. Full of the life of nature, and eager as ever for the world and its pleasures, they look upon a real Christian as an object of pity and contempt—superstitious in his life and fanatical in his experience. Let there be then no superficial work if you can prevent it. If a revival is killed by close work the sooner it is killed the better for all concerned.

REVIVALS IN PROGRESS.

SOMETHING is being done for the good of souls, but by no means all that should be done. At Kendall we hear that about one hundred have been saved. At Allegany about fifty, and at Collins about twenty we understand have been converted since the last four days meeting there. Since our last issue we have held interesting meetings at Akron, Caryville, West Falls, Rose and Walworth. In all of these places except the last, Free Churches have been organized, which are doing very well.

ALBION GENERAL QUARTERLY MEETING.

THIS commenced on the fourteenth and closed on the seventeenth of February. It was very largely attended and was an occasion of deep interest. The sacrament was administered to about three hundred and forty com-

municants. One of the most thrilling scenes we ever witnessed took place in the Quarterly Convention when the

REV. ASA ABELL

JOINED THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH.

For forty years he has been a traveling preacher in the M. E. Church. He has been a delegate to four General Conferences, and for eighteen years he filled the office of Presiding Elder. He is generally known and deeply beloved. There was scarcely a dry eye in the Convention when he announced his conviction that the time had come when he must change his church relations. We cannot hope to do justice to his remarks, but they were in substance as follows: "I have long been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is with great reluctance that I leave. I owe my salvation under God to the M. E. Church. She is my mother. I cannot turn against it. It is not in my heart, and I trust it is not in the hearts of any of us to make war upon it. My sympathies are with those brethren who have been branded as Nazarites. The heel of oppression has been placed upon them. Some of them have been, as I believe, unjustly excluded, and all redress denied them. It has been thought that they could be easily annihilated. I thought otherwise. The great revival of holiness in Genesee district was branded as fanaticism. I believed it to be a genuine work of God. My sympathies have been with this class of persons. I must go with one or the other. I have made up my mind to cast in my lot with you. I could sit down and cry for an hour. I wish there had been no occasion for this step. But we are sundered in feeling. The fellowship is gone. So I must come among you if you will take me."

We need not add that he was received with open arms. He is to fill the station of Chairman of Genesee district. His post-office address is North Bergen, Genesee Co., N. Y. All desiring his services should address him as above.

On Sabbath, Rev. LEVI WOOD, formerly a member of the East Genesee Conference, also united with the Free Methodist Church. Twenty-eight members joined at the same time.

January 24, 1861.

Bro. Roberts:—Dear Sir: I have just returned from Allegany, the Lord has been with

us in power, about forty I should think when I left were converted and reclaimed. There were some of the most powerful convictions I ever saw, similar to those in Ireland.

CONVERTED UNDER HIS OWN SERMON.

A rather singular circumstance took place about three miles from Allegany, while I was there. It seems there were quite a number of young men who were engaged in lumbering, (wild fellows,) at the house of one Wheeler, talking and making sport of religion, when one of the company spoke to a young man by the name of Johnson, and asked him if he had not better preach a sermon. He took the Bible and read a chapter, his hand trembling. He then commenced preaching with power, sinners were convicted, two converted, including the preacher himself. Brother Curry went down there and preached Sunday evening. Several arose for prayers, the work is going on there, to God be all the glory.

Yours, as ever,

CHARLES HUDSON.

WALES, February 8th, 1861.

Bro. Roberts:—Dear Sir: The good Lord is with us in power. As soon as I returned from Allegany I commenced holding meetings every evening and they have been kept up, with the exceptions of two or three evenings, ever since. Some twelve or fourteen have been converted and reclaimed, the work is deep and thorough and the meetings are increasing in interest. The strongholds of the devil are giving way, some of our worst opposers are helping on this work of God, prejudice is letting go of the hearts of the people, and we are expecting to witness still greater displays of his saving power. Pray for us that our faith fail not.

Yours for a pure Gospel,

C. HUDSON.

P. S. I would just say that we have our timber and stone on the ground for our meeting-house. We expect to have it finished next summer. We should be glad to have a quarterly meeting here, but we have no suitable place to hold it this winter. C. H.

BURLINGTON, Ill., Feb. 15th, 1861.

Dear Bro. Roberts: The Lord is with us in convicting, converting and sanctifying power. We have organized two classes since I last wrote you.

I can only write of the *past* and *present*, leaving the *future* to unfold, like the leaves and blossoms of spring time.

One thing is certain; the buds are swelling, and I believe we shall have fruit as well as leaves. Almost everybody wants this *old kind of religion*. While visiting from house to house the other day; we called on a family of strangers, that we had never seen before. We were invited in by a young mother, who was alone with her child.

Wife asked if she enjoyed religion. With some emotion she replied in the negative: which was followed by another question.

"Do you want religion?" "Yes I do," said she, bursting into tears. "How much do you want it? Do you want it bad enough to get down and ask the Lord to save you right here?"

She answered by getting down upon her knees and crying aloud, "God have mercy on my soul."

And I think I am safe in saying, that within *ten minutes* from the time we entered the house, she was shouting the high praises of God, and saying "Now I am prepared to meet that *praying* mother, who on her dying bed plead for me to meet her in heaven."

This young sister went with us to the next neighbors, and I think within half an hour another soul was soundly converted to God, and both pleading with God to save their companions. *Whole families of sinners* get down on their knees together with us in our visits. We commenced a protracted meeting last Tuesday evening, and the Lord has favored us with good revival weather so far; *rain, snow and mud*. There were about *fifty* out through the mud and sleet the first evening. The Pilgrims came to the mercy seat, to get baptized with the working power. Wednesday evening *storm* and *numbers* increased. Five seekers forward for prayers. Thursday evening, one brought out into the clear light, and a backslider reclaimed. The best of all is, the work is genuine and thorough so far as it has gone.

It is not brother B. nor sister B., nor any other brother or sister, that is doing it; but it is all of God. Glory to the Lamb.

Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death:
Behold! behold the Lamb!

A. B. BURDICK.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF A SALVATION MEETING.

THE last evening of a four days meeting, which we recently held, a friend of ours arrived in the place just before the meeting closed, and put up for the night at the tavern. Men and boys kept calling in from the meeting, until a dozen or twenty had come in at different intervals. Nothing was talked of but the meeting. Each expressed in some way his opinion of the proceedings he had witnessed. "How did you like the meeting?" they inquired of one who had come some distance. "First rate," he replied, "it was the best meeting I ever attended." "But they were very noisy," it was objected. "Yes, they made some noise, but what of that? It was just such a meeting as I like to go to." "They had a sermon of course and then they sang and invited them forward and some dozen came forward to be prayed for; and they all got down and prayed. Two or three went through the aisles exhorting, and then there were two or three preachers around among the people arguing up the case." "If I had known how it was I would have brought my wife down and let her see it. I tell you I am coming down to-morrow night."

After all had left but one or two, the landlord, who had also been at the meeting, began to complain of feeling unwell. "Don't you know what ails you," said one of the men. "No," said the landlord, "I never had such a queer feeling in my life. I had several chills coming home, and I feel so cold through my vitals and around my heart." Said his friend, "I know what is the matter with you. You must keep away from these meetings. They will affect anybody. I tell you they'll have you if you don't keep away." "Well," said the landlord, "I'm dreadful glad to have the people go forward there and get religion. I wished to-night that everybody in the neighborhood would go forward and get converted." "Hadh't you a little notion of going yourself?" enquired the other. "I did come pretty near it, to tell you the truth, I almost wanted to. One or two came and spoke to me, and I almost felt like going." Thus the conversation went on. Our friend interposed—showed them it was dangerous to trifle with conviction—that God was evidently calling them to repentance, and they ought to seek

him at once. The next morning the landlord was too ill to come down before our friend left, but as the revival interest has continued, we trust that ere this he has given his heart to God.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1860.

Mr. ROBERTS, editor of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*.

Dear Sir: On the evening of the eleventh inst. I was reading an article in the *Buffalo Morning Express*, of the tenth inst. By which I perceive that you, as well as myself, have to endure persecution for the truth's sake.

But thank the Lord, who is able to succor those who trust in him, instead of quailing before it, you seem to persevere more strenuously, being fully determined to promote the cause you have espoused to the utmost of your ability, let what will follow.

And I hope that it may be the will of God that you succeed. For I admire the plan you are adopting, and your self-sacrifice, in endeavoring to establish plain, neat and comfortable places of religious worship, with free seats to accommodate all who seek the Lord, where the poor may assemble to worship at his footstool, and praise his holy name, for all his goodness and for all his mercies to the children of men.

There will doubtless be always trifling expenses accruing, to keep the house warm, clean, lighted and in repair. But such as these, and to maintain preaching, the poor of the flock, if needed, will always be ready to cast in their mite.

And as I count myself a Christian, and a steward of the manifold grace of God, I should think I was not doing my duty, if I did not lend a helping hand in such a cause.

Moreover the Apostle commanded Timothy to "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." I. Tim. vi: 17, 18. I am not rich in this world, but I delight to perform the duties of a Christian to the best of my judgment, and the ability God has given me.

And as I consider, that every man or woman who earnestly seeks the good of souls, and the glory of God in their conversion,

deserves encouragement, I inclose you ten dollars, as a donation toward the benevolent object of your desires, and one dollar as a year's subscription for your *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*.

Yours Truly in the Lord.

F. H.

HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

In many places the friends of earnest Christianity are about constructing houses of worship, with the seats free, where the poor may have the Gospel preached to them. Brethren, suffer us to make a few suggestions.

First. Let all those houses of worship that are built in the name of Jesus, and for the sake of his cause, be perfectly plain, and "not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable." Expensive, splendid churches are the offspring of pride. And they in their turn beget pride. Pride keeps out the Spirit of God, and engenders formality. You need never expect to see a simple-hearted, spiritual people, worshipping in a magnificent temple. To build them and to keep them up, requires wealth. Rich men become necessary. And when this is the case, "Farewell," said John Wesley, "to Methodist discipline if not to Methodist doctrine also."

Their tendency also is to keep away the poor. Those who attend costly, fashionable churches, generally array their persons in a costly, fashionable manner. The poor man in cheap raiment feels that he is an intruder. He is out of his place, and unless possessed of an uncommon degree of humility, he will attend but seldom, and then be but little benefited.

In the second place. *Let them be paid for when dedicated.* Debt is a great drawback to the prosperity of any church. Interest, like time, is noiseless in its tread and remorseless in its demands. Keep clear of it. Build within your means. If you cannot pay for a church use a schoolhouse, hall or private dwelling, until you can pay for it.

In small churches room can be saved by building a small portico in front for an entrance instead of taking ten or twelve feet from the body of your house for a hall. It also improves the appearance of the building and is really better.

We hope to see the time when free churches shall be opened all over the land. We have no desire to build up a large denomination, but we do hope to see Earnest Christianity prevail in all the Churches. To this end we deem free houses of worship essential.