

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1861.

NO. 5.

GEORGE MÜLLER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS is the most remarkable man of the present age. There are many divines more learned; many preachers more eloquent; some reformers as active and self-sacrificing; but none among ministers or laymen that we ever heard of whose trust in God is as full and unwavering. He believes God. He understands the Bible to mean what it says, and he acts accordingly. He "seeks FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and then trusts in Him for all he needs. *He is at the present time sheltering, feeding, clothing and instructing over one thousand orphan children, without any other means except such as he receives, unsolicited, in direct answer to prayer.* He is not supported by any of the "leading denominations." He has never solicited in his enterprise, either directly or indirectly, one dollar from any individual. He has no organized association to fall back upon if the promise of God fails. By prayer and supplication he makes his requests for temporal supplies, known only to God. By this means, there have been sent to him, within the past twenty-seven years, for the support of orphans, and for carrying on the various benevolent enterprises in which he is engaged, about one million of dollars! His life has been, not inaptly, called "*The standing miracle of the nineteenth century.*"

George Müller was born at Kroppenstaedt, in the Kingdom of Prussia, Sept. 27th, 1805. His boyhood was remarkable chiefly for the indulgence of vicious

propensities. He stole government money from his father, who was a collector of excise. He read novels, played cards, frequented taverns, and drank to intoxication. His father furnished him with money, and sent him to classical schools to prepare him for the University—for he designed to educate him for the ministerial profession. At fifteen, he was "confirmed" according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, and admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's supper. To fit himself for this solemn rite, he made a confession of his sins to the minister, and cheated him of the greater portion of his fee, giving him only one-twelfth of the sum furnished him by his father for that purpose. At Heimersleben he read the classics with a clergyman, and appears to have been quite steady for a time. In the fall he made a pleasure excursion to Magdeburg, where, he says, "I spent six days in much sin." Returning, he took all the money he could, and by a number of lies obtained permission of his tutor to visit Brunswick. One week's festivity at an expensive hotel consumed all his money. He was obliged to leave his best clothes as security for the payment of another week's expenses at a neighboring village. He then walked about six miles to Wolfenbutter, put up at an inn and began to live as if he had plenty of money. Attempting to run away without paying his bill, he was arrested and sent to jail. Here he remained for nearly a month, until his father sent money to pay his expenses, and got him out. He went to Nordhausen, where he devoted himself to study for two years and six months.

Though he still lived in secret sin, he gained, by his outward conduct, the favor of the director, and was held up as an example to the rest of his class.

In 1825, he was admitted to the University of Halle, with honorable testimonials. The resolutions to reform his life, which had been repeatedly made, and as often broken, were now renewed with greater earnestness. But to no purpose. The student of divinity was as powerless when he undertook to struggle with sin, as he was before he was licensed to preach in the Established Church. His dissolute life continued. When vacation occurred, he and three other students, by means of forged letters, obtained passports, and by pawning their books, obtained money, and made the tour of Switzerland on foot.

On entering a new term, he again resolved upon a new course of life, but to no better purpose than before. He had no idea of experimental religion. He partook of the Lord's supper twice a year. Though a student of divinity, he had not a single Bible in his library of over three hundred volumes. He never had read it but little, and scarcely at all for years.

A fellow-student casually informed him that he was in the habit of attending a meeting on Saturday evenings, at the house of a Christian, where they read the Scriptures, sung and prayed, and read a sermon. The Holy Spirit used this simple circumstance to arrest him in his wild career. He went, and a deep impression was made upon his heart. "That evening," says Müller, "was the turning point in my life." His wicked companions, and sinful practices, were given up. He continued to attend these irregular meetings, read the Scriptures, prayed, and stood upon the side of Christ, though laughed at by his fellow-students. He gave himself fully and unreservedly to the Lord, and began to enjoy the "peace that passeth all understanding." "In my joy," he says, "I wrote to my father and brother, entreating them to seek the Lord, and

telling them how happy I was; thinking that if the way to happiness were but set before them, they would gladly embrace it. To my great surprise, an angry answer was returned."

Young Müller had given himself to the Lord in earnest, and the Holy Spirit graciously led him forward. He felt a desire to devote himself to missionary service, and went to his father to obtain his consent. "My father," he says, "was greatly displeased, and particularly reproached me, saying that he had expended so much money on my education in the hope that he might comfortably spend his last days with me in a parsonage, and that he now saw all these prospects come to nothing. He was angry, and told me he would no longer consider me as his son. But the Lord gave me grace to remain steadfast. He then entreated me, and wept before me; yet even this, by far harder trial, the Lord enabled me to bear."

After this, he supported himself in college, by teaching his native language to some Americans who were at Halle for literary purposes.

At the close of his University course, he went to London, to be received by the London Society as missionary to the Jews. A delay of some weeks occurring before the engagement for his services was completed, Mr. Müller began to doubt the propriety of his going out under the patronage of this Society. The relation was dissolved with mutual consent and good feeling. He commenced laboring as Providence opened the way. At Edmouth he preached for a few weeks, and then went to Teignmouth, to preach ten days. The Lord blessed the word. The little Church of eighteen invited him to become their pastor, at a salary of fifty-five pounds, and the invitation was accepted. Before the close of the year, he began to have conscientious objections against receiving a stated salary, for the following reasons, which he assigns:

1. The salary was made up by pew rents; but pew rents are, according to

James ii, 1-6, against the mind of the Lord, as, in general, the poor brother cannot have so good a seat as the rich.

2. A brother may *gladly* do something towards my support, if left to his own time; but, when the quarter is up, he has, perhaps, other expenses, and I do not know whether he pays his money grudgingly and of necessity, or cheerfully; but "God loveth a cheerful giver." A box was put up in the chapel, into which contributions could be put for his support.

"About the same time," he adds, "my wife and I had grace given to us to take the Lord's commandment, 'sell that ye have, and give alms,' Luke xii, 33, literally, and to carry it out. Our staff and support in this matter were Matthew xxi, 19-34, John xiv, 13, 14. We leaned on the arm of the Lord Jesus. It is now twenty-five years since we set out in this way, and we do not in the least regret the step we then took.

The success of the Scriptural plan thus adopted, is shown in the following extracts:

"Nov. 18, 1830. Our money was reduced to about eight shillings. When I was praying with my wife in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask Him for some money. About four hours after, a sister said to me, 'Do you want any money?' 'I told the brethren,' said I, 'dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would, for the future, tell the Lord *only* about my wants.' She replied, 'But He has told me to give you some money. About a fortnight ago, I asked Him what I should do for Him, and He told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night that I could not help speaking of it to brother P.' My heart rejoiced, seeing the Lord's faithfulness, but I thought it better not to tell her about our circumstances, lest she should be influenced to give accordingly; and I

also was assured that, if it were of the Lord, she could not but give. I, therefore, turned the conversation to other subjects, but when I left she gave me two guineas. I would call upon the reader to admire the gentleness of the Lord, that He did not try our faith much at the commencement, but allowed us to see His willingness to help us before He was pleased to try us more fully." In this manner were all their temporal supplies procured. They told no one of their wants but the Lord. With earnest supplication and unwavering faith they spread them before Him, and He never failed to interpose in their behalf in time of need. "About Christmas," he writes, "when our money was reduced to a few shillings, I asked the Lord for money; when, a few hours after, there was given to us a sovereign by a brother from Axminster. This brother had heard much against me, and was at last determined to hear for himself, and thus came to Teignmouth, a distance of forty miles; and having heard about our manner of living, gave us this money."

Their faith was sometimes thoroughly tested.

"On the 6th, 7th and 8th of January, 1831, I had repeatedly asked the Lord for money, but received none. On the evening of January 8th I left my room for a few minutes, and was then tempted to distrust the Lord, though he had been so gracious to us, in that he not only, up to that day, had supplied all our wants, but had given us also those answers of prayer which have been, in part, just mentioned. I was so sinful, for about five minutes, as to think it would be of no use to trust in the Lord in this way. I also began to say to myself, that I had, perhaps, gone too far in believing in this way. But, thanks to the Lord! this trial lasted but a few minutes. He enabled me again to trust in Him, and Satan was immediately confounded; for when I returned to my room, out of which I had not been absent ten minutes, the Lord had sent deliver-

ance. A sister in the Lord had brought us two pounds four shillings; so the Lord triumphed, and our faith was strengthened."

In reference to the effects of this course upon his spirit and state, he writes as follows:

"This way of living has often been the means of reviving the work of grace in my heart when I have been getting cold; and it has also been the means of bringing me back again to the Lord, after I have been backsliding. For it will not do—it is not possible to live in sin, and at the same time, by communion with God, to draw down from Heaven everything one needs for the life that now is. Frequently, too, a fresh answer to prayer, obtained in this way, has been the means of quickening my soul, and filling me with much joy."

Their labors at Teignmouth and vicinity, were blessed to the salvation of many souls. In the latter part of May, 1832, after much prayer and deliberation, that they might know the mind of the Lord, they went to Bristol. Here, the first thing, they persuaded the brethren to give up the pew rents, and to have all the seats free.

August 13th, he writes: "This evening one brother and four sisters united with brother Craik and me in church fellowship at Bethesda, (chapel) *without any rules, desiring only to act as the Lord shall be pleased to give us light through His word.*

To this small society one hundred and four were added during the year. Their temporal wants were supplied, as heretofore, in direct answer to the prayer of faith. At the close of the year he writes:

"During the last three years and three months, I have never asked any one for anything; but, by the help of the Lord, I have been enabled, at all times, to bring my wants to Him, and He graciously has supplied them all. At the close of each of these four years, though my income has been comparatively great, I have had only a few shillings, or nothing at all left; and

thus it is also to-day, by the help of God."

If the principle developed in the following extract be correct, can we wonder that there is so little spiritual life among Christians, when almost all their religious enterprises are carried on by contracting alliances with the world?

"January 31. This evening a Dorcas Society was formed among the sisters in communion with us, but not according to the manner in which we found one when we came to Bristol; for, as we have dismissed all teachers from the Sunday School who were not real believers, so now believing females only will meet together to make clothes for the poor. The being mixed up with unbelievers had not only proved a barrier to spiritual conversation among the sisters, but must have been also injurious to both parties in several respects. One sister, now united to us in fellowship, acknowledged that the being connected with the Dorcas Society, previous to her conversion, had been, in a measure, the means of keeping her in security; as she thought that, by helping on such like things, she might gain heaven at last. O, that the saints, in *faithful love*, according to the word of God, (2 Cor. vi, 14-18,) might be more separated in all spiritual matters from unbelievers, and not be unequally yoked together with them."

Feeling that he could not co-operate with any of the existing Missionary Societies, because of their connection with the world, the unscriptural aims they propose, and the worldly manner in which their affairs are conducted, Mr. Müller was led, in Feb. 1834, to form a new Institution for the establishment and support of Sunday Schools, the circulation of the Scriptures, and the spread of the Gospel. Through this institution there have been expended, in twenty-six years, the following sums, sent in *unsolicited*, to Mr. Müller, in answer to prayer: For the circulation of the Scriptures, \$28,405; to aid Missionary efforts in

various parts, \$25,000; and for the distribution of religious books and tracts, over \$40,000, besides the amounts he expended in procuring instruction for 13,124 children and youth in Sunday and day schools.

But the great work of his life, and that which makes it appear marvellous in the eyes of unbelievers, is the establishment and support of the Orphan Asylum at Bristol, without any other means, except such as God sent him in answer to prayer. He felt a desire to benefit poor orphans, and by providing for their wants and seeing that they were trained up in the fear of God; "but still," he says, "the first and primary object of the work was and still is, that God might be magnified by the fact that the orphans under my care are provided with all they need, *only by prayer and faith*, without any one being asked by me or my fellow-laborers, whereby it may be seen that God is FAITHFUL STILL, and HEARS PRAYER STILL."

After praying and deliberating much over the matter, he asked the Lord to teach him, through the instrumentality of a brother in whose fidelity to God he had great confidence. Contrary to his expectation, this brother greatly encouraged him in this undertaking. A public meeting was called. Mr. Müller stated his plan. *There was purposely no collection.* Ten shillings were handed him after the meeting. He sent to the press the substance of his remarks at the meeting. The same day a brother and sister proposed themselves for the service of the orphan house, offering to give their furniture and to labor without any salary. In the evening, a brother brought, from several individuals, three dishes, twenty-eight plates, three basins, one jug, four mugs, three salt stands, one grater, four knives, and five forks. Thus supplies came in. He writes, Dec. 12, "While I was praying, this morning, that the Lord would give us a fresh token of his favor concerning the orphan house, a brother brought three dishes, twelve plates, one basin,

and one blanket. After this had been given, I thanked God, and asked Him to give, even this day, another encouragement. Shortly after, fifty pounds was given, and that by an individual from whom, for several reasons, I could not have expected this sum. Thus, the hand of God appeared so much the more clearly. Even then, I was led to pray that this day the Lord would give still more. In the evening, accordingly, there was sent, by a sister, twenty-nine yards of print. Also, a sister offered herself for the work."

From this time, donations were made of furniture, half-worn clothing, and money, in sums from one hundred pounds to a half-penny.

On the 21st of April, 1836, the orphan house was opened, with seventeen children. Within a short time, forty-three more were admitted, and the number kept increasing. They occupied rented houses for about ten years. Then Mr. Müller was drawn out in prayer in reference to building. For twenty-one days he kept pleading with the Lord before making his thoughts known to any one. On the thirty-sixth day after he commenced praying about it, he received one thousand pounds towards the building of the orphan house. Prayer, unceasing, was offered—funds were sent in,—lots were purchased, and suitable buildings erected, one after another, until three large stone buildings, capable of accommodating eleven hundred and fifty orphans, have been put up and paid for, without any one having been applied to personally for anything. The orphans are well cared for, clothed and fed and educated, from money obtained, without donation parties or solicitation from any one personally, but in direct answer to prayer! What an illustration of the power of faith, even in the nineteenth century! Reader, be encouraged to TRUST IN GOD.

CALLOUS hearts that are insensible to others' misery, are susceptible of no true delight.

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

I gazed down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then;
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep and spirit-loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild,
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above,
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared,
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky. [divine
Strange, my dull thought could not
'Twas lifted—but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar.

TAKE THE RIGHT TURNING.

"JOB," said my father to me, one afternoon in the winter, "I want you to take these two empty sacks to miller Brown's." Now, the miller lived in the next village, about two miles away. "Be sure you take the right turning, Job; and as it will be quite dark before you get back, you had better take the lantern with you."

"Oh," I replied, "I can find my way back in the dark with my eyes shut; there is no fear of my taking the wrong turning."

It was very foolish of me to answer in this manner, as our family had not long lived in that part of the country, and I was therefore a stranger to the places around.

On my way home the night set in dark; there was neither moon nor star to be seen. After first walking in one way, and then in another, I was quite brought to a stand. Whilst thinking what I should do, I heard some footsteps. They were those of a man who was going home from work; but I could not tell whether he were a robber or not. However, with a good deal of fear, I called out to know if I were in the right way for my father's house. "Why, my lad," he said, "you are quite out of the way; you have taken the *wrong turning*."

As the man was going the same way as myself, I was glad to have him for a guide; and by his friendly help I got safely home, though in rather a more humble temper of mind than that in which I set out. I wish this had been the only time in my life when I did not take the right turning.

Shortly after this, I went to work at the Manor Farm. It was agreed that I should live in the house, and sleep in the same room, over the stable, along with a fellow-servant, the carter. Before I went to my place, my pious mother said to me "Job, if you would have the blessing of God rest upon you, do not forget to pray to him every night and morning." The first

night I retired to rest, the young carter was soon in bed, but I sat down on an old chair in the room. "Why don't you get into bed, Job?" said the carter. Ah, why did I not? The fact was, I was ashamed to pray, and yet afraid to lie down to sleep without prayer. The fear that the young carter would laugh at me made me a coward. I wished that I had slept in another room, or that my fellow-servant would fall asleep. There was a struggle in my heart. My duty clearly was to kneel down—to make a decided stand for what is right—to obey my mother, and to seek my mother's God and Saviour. But I gave way. I got into bed without prayer, and in a short time I was fast asleep. It was a turning point in my life, and I failed to take *the right turning*.

Well would it have been for me if I had stood firm to duty, for I was soon thrown into the midst of snares and trials. You may be sure of this, that if you give up prayer, you will get on to slippery places, and be in the highway of sin. So I found it.

My pious father and mother were soon laid in the grave, and I quickly forgot all their wise advice and warnings. Their Bible was sold for a few pence. The house of God was given up; and I got among those who told me that "I might live as I liked, and get to heaven at last." There are, alas, many in this world who are ready to help on the young to ruin.

After a time I got tired of farming, and enlisted to a sergeant who came into our village with ribbons on his cap, and a medal on his breast; but not liking the duties of military life, I ran away, and, getting to the sea-shore, I engaged myself as a sailor. I thought it a fine thing to visit many lands and see the world. A sailor's life may be all very well in fine weather, but storms will come, and the smoothest sea will be lashed by the winds into fury. Certainly our ship met with storms enough, and in one of them she was wrecked on a rock. Of the whole crew three only were saved.

That was a dreadful night when I found myself on the top of a rock in the midst of the wide ocean. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed across the sky, and the waves rose like mountains; you may suppose that I was filled with terror. Though I had been ashamed to pray before the carter in the little room over the stable, I was not ashamed to call upon God before my two ship-mates on the top of that rock. I cast myself on my knees, and prayed to God to save me, body and soul, for Jesus Christ's sake. Well, the dreary night passed away; in the morning the storm began to lull, and, to our joy, a ship hove in sight. We made signal to it, which was seen, and a boat was sent to take us on board. I returned, in due time, to my own land, a wiser man than I left it.

It was some time after I had given up a sailor's life, that God, by His Holy Spirit, brought me to see that I was in the broad way that leads to death. I felt that I was a sinner; but then I was taught that Jesus Christ was a Saviour, able and willing to save the chief of sinners. I believed in him with all my heart, and through his grace was led to repent of sin, and to live, as I hope, a life devoted to his service.

As I now sit in my old arm-chair, in the front of my cottage, I think of days that are past. While I cherish a good hope of heaven through the merits of my Saviour, I wish to do a little good to others. And so I say to you, my young friends,—Be sure that you take *the right turning*. There are many false guides ready enough to lead you in the wrong way; but if you have been trained, as I was, in the ways of piety, stand fast by your early instructions, and they will stand fast by you. —*Wayside Books*.

A MAN that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

AFFECTATION in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

BY REV. WM. REDDY.

THERE is a tendency among men at this day to depreciate or deny the *supernatural* in religion, and to account for all the phenomena of religious manifestation on natural and scientific principles. Hence, remarkable power or fluency in speaking is *oratory* or *elocution*, either natural or acquired; deep solicitude for sinners, amounting to a "*travail*" of souls, is the result of mistaken views of the danger of sinners or of a *sympathetic nature*; deep religious joy, amounting to ecstasy, expressed by shouting, crying or laughing, and especially by falling down, is the result of "nervousness," or excitement of the animal passions. The effect of prayer, of what the apostle calls the "fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man," that is sympathetic, or the effect of the workings of imagination.

If the sick are restored in answer to prayer, it is because just then the disease had reached a crisis, though the fact may not have been known at the moment. And this tendency is spreading in the Church. The tales told us by our fathers of the "mighty works" that were witnessed in the days of Abbot, Wooster, and Wesley, were the offspring of credulity, or of superstition. And even the miracles of the New Testament, they might all be accounted for on natural principles, if the laws of the material universe were better understood. Perhaps the time will come yet, in the developments of the future, that all these will be made plain. But if they be admitted to be *supernatural*, they were confined to the days of the apostles, and the supernatural has ceased from the Church, especially all things of a tangible or sensible nature. These are the days of science, of *intelligence*, of *refinement*. "The former days were not better than these,"—even when those mighty works were wrought, when devils were subject to Christians through the name of Jesus. So says an unbelieving, skept-

tical world; so say merely *philosophical*, *metaphysical*, *psycological*, *formal*, fashionable professors of religion. But what saith the Scriptures? Let us look at the doctrine of *spiritual gifts*, especially as St. Paul says, "Now, concerning spiritual gifts, I would not have you ignorant."

The apostle says, "There is a diversity of gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all." "But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." See 1 Cor. xii: 4-7. Then follows an enumeration of some of those gifts: "The word of wisdom," "the word of knowledge," "faith," "gifts of healing," "prophecy," "discerning of Spirits," &c. Now mark, these are all *supernatural gifts of the Spirit*. Not *natural endowments*, not *acquirements* merely. And these are divided by the Spirit to every man severally as he wills,—ver. 11.

Then there is the gift of "utterance." The apostles spake "as the Spirit gave them utterance." Pray for me, says St. Paul, that "utterance may be given to me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel." Eph. vi: 19. "Praying for us that God would open a door of utterance." Col. iv: 3. Now, though the Spirit divides these severally to every man (each member of Christ's body) as he wills, yet he teaches us to *covet* the best gifts *earnestly*, and the Church is called upon to pray that their ministers, as also themselves, may be endowed with these gifts.

It will not do to say that these gifts were restricted in their bestowment to the Apostles and early Christians. All will allow that what St. Paul says of "charity" or love, "the more excellent way," in xiii of 1 Cor., applies to Christians in all subsequent time, and yet he immediately exhorts to *covet earnestly the best gifts*. The truth is, the Church needs these gifts at this day, to battle against error in its various forms. She needs them to preserve in her own mind the idea of the *spiritual*,

the *supernatural*. She needs them as *ornaments* to supersede her *jewelry*. Let her "*covet earnestly*" these gifts, and there would be less covetousness of worldly riches and honor, less covetousness of worldly display. Take, for example, the gift of "*faith*," 1 Cor. xii: 9. By *faith* here, the Apostle evidently intends something more than justifying or sanctifying faith. He speaks of faith as a special endowment—an extraordinary power of believing against great difficulties and overcoming them—of removing mountains—of casting out devils—of securing mighty results.

"A faith that will not shrink, though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe."

"That laughs at seeming impossibilities, and cries it must be done."

See the instances of the power of this faith, as cited by St. Paul, Heb. xi: 32-35. These instances, to be sure, are cited from the Old Testament, but if such power of faith was enjoyed by the ancient worthies, how much more may the Church now covet it, seeing Christ has "*ascended on high*," and led captivity captive, and received *gifts for men*!

There are mighty *Jerichos* to be taken in these days, with their triple walls of error, prejudice, and unbelief. And these walls cannot be battered down by logic, nor scaled by rhetoric, nor undermined by philosophy; they must be leveled *by faith*. Logic, rhetoric and philosophy have their part to act, but they must all be subordinate to, and employed by faith, or they are powerless.

We need the *gift of utterance* in a more eminent degree, not merely the use of language, but the utterance of truth *in the Spirit*, so that words shall be *shot* out of the mouth of the speaker like the balls from a well-charged ordnance—the Spirit being the propelling force. What was that power that clothed the preaching of Abbott, and other early Methodist preachers? Was it not a special endowment?

We should covet the gift of prophecy. It is a New Testament endowment. See the quotation of Peter from Joel on the day of Pentecost: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy in the last days," saith God. "Tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe not; but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but to them which believe. But if all prophesy, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all. And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest, and so, *falling down on his face*, he will worship God, [why not sitting up, or leaning forward?] and report that God is in you of a truth." The Apostle concludes: "Wherefore, brethren, *covet* to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues. Let all things be done decently and in order." 1 Cor. xiv. Prophecy does not always include the idea of foretelling future events, though that gift the Spirit may still bestow if "he will;" but prophesying also means imparting Divine wisdom, under the immediate promptings of the good Spirit. Mr. Fletcher says: "On all who are *renewed in love*, God bestows the gift of prophecy;" but "to prophesy in the sense he meant, was to magnify God, with the new heart of love and the new tongue of praise; as they did, who, on the day of Pentecost, were filled with the Holy Ghost! And he insisted that believers are now called to make the same confession; seeing we may all prove the same baptismal fire." "O, for that pure baptismal flame! O, for the fullness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! Pray, pray, pray for this! This shall make us all of one heart and of one soul. Pray for gifts; for the *gift of utterance*, and confess your royal Master. A man without gifts is like the king in disguise, he appears as a subject only. . . You are kings and priests unto God."—Memoirs of Mrs. H. A. Rogers.

It is possible that gifts and grace do not always go together. We know this is certainly true of natural gifts,

and it may be true of Spiritual gifts. Yet, generally speaking, our gifts will bear some proportion to our grace, especially if we *covet* them. And how vastly important it is that God should be allowed to display his "richest energy" in the Church for its edification, and the conviction of them that believe not. O, may the Church apprehend her privilege and responsibility in respect to these things, and relying on the Omnipotent energy of its head, go forth to the conquest of the world.—NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, 1855.

VALUE OF ONE LEAF.—There was once a caravan, crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and, sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. How, or where, he thought, could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got his hope? And as he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you suppose was his surprise and delight, when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle of John, in which these words occur? On that page the man had found the gospel.

A MAN without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

A GOOD servant makes a good master.

EGOTISTICAL—IS IT?

Is it egotistical to relate your experience, tell what the Lord hath done for your soul, to speak of your personal exercises in things spiritual and eternal? Is it egotistical to witness for Jesus, specify definitely, humbly, what God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, has enabled you to do in His service?—a poor, miserable, wretched, dependent, hell-deserving sinner, without His constant redeeming grace?

Well, beloved reader, if to declare these things publicly is egotistical, then the greatest, wisest, and best men in all ages, have been very egotistical. The holy prophets were egotistical. King David was one of the most egotistical men that ever lived. Who ever referred to his own experience in heavenly things more frequently and definitely than the sweet singer of Israel, the blessed psalmist? He told every body how the Lord brought him up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, planted his feet on a rock, established his goings, and put a new song in his mouth, even praise to God. "Come," said he, "and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Whole psalms are filled, *overflowingly*, with personal gratulations to God for His redeeming, sanctifying grace. He calls upon all heaven, all earth, all nature—things animate and inanimate—to bow the listening ear to the voice of his thanksgivings to God, for His superabounding mercy in his personal salvation and sanctification. See Psalms xviii, xxiii, xxvii, xxx, xxxiv, cxvi. "I will pay my vows," says he, "unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all His people." Psalm cxvi: 14. If referring publicly to God's special merciful dealings to our own soul's welfare, be indicative of pride, self-conceit, self-seeking, or egotism, surely then, David, the prophet of God, was among the proudest and most egotistical. The primitive disciples, after the pentecostal baptism, filled with the Holy Spirit,

with joy and peace in believing, were very egotistical. They went everywhere relating the glorious things God had done for them. This personal, definite testimony was the purport of their message, the sum and substance of their preaching, and marvellously did God bless these personal testimonies to the salvation of multitudes.

Paul, on the same principle, was one of the most egotistical men of the age. On every suitable occasion, Paul made special allusion to God's *overshadowing* goodness and mercy in the redemption of his own soul. When brought before the councils of his wicked persecutors, the first thing, by way of vindication, was to open his lips wide for Jesus, in personal, definite testimony. When summoned to appear in the presence of a persecuting Sanhedrim, what his plea, his defence? God's dealings with his *own* soul, his conviction, conversion, justification and sanctification. Turn to Acts xxii,—how readeest thou? See, also, his defence before King Agrippa, in Acts xxvi. Mark, moreover, the tenor of his epistles, how frequently, pointedly, and definitely he alludes to his own experience, his firm faith, his entire consecratedness to God and his cause, his deadness and crucifixion to the world, his temperance in all things, his example of purity and consistency, the bright, seraphic, glorious manifestations of God to his soul; his translation to the third heaven, hearing and seeing things unspeakable. Surely, Paul, in accordance with the reasonings of very many, must have been very egotistical, filled with vain boasting and self-conceit!

The most humble, meek, modest, holy, useful, in all ages, have been bright examples of this so-called egotism. The Lord is ever well pleased with it, smiles upon it approvingly, blesses it greatly to the participants, to the conviction and conversion of the impenitent, to the building up of his people in their most holy faith.

"Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Christ says, "Ye are my witnesses." How? by our godly walk,

our meek, modest humility? By keeping a conscience void of offence towards men? By doing justly, loving mercy, walking humbly, providing things honest in the sight of all men? Is this all? "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." *Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me.*"

One special cause of the perpetual, increasing, holy kindlings of soul in God's faithful ones, is their meek and humble testimony, their frequent allusions to the cleansing, purifying efficacy of Christ's blood, in their own redemption and sanctification. The beloved, godly, courteous, modest, refined, pure-minded Fletcher, lost the blessing of perfect love four times successively, by yielding to the tempter, the promptings of the evil one to close his lips, hush the question of personal, definite testimony.

The Lord give us more of this same egotism, falsely so called, a thousand fold, let the world be full of it, let it be sounded out to the ends of the earth, ring from pole to pole!

It strengthens the heart spiritually, increases faith, hope, and love. Every time we witness for Christ publicly, meekly, and humbly, we gain renewed spiritual strength.

Instead of puffing up with pride or self-glorying, the relating what great things God has done for us, tends to self-abasement, the grace of humility, humble adoration and praise.

It is a great blessing to others, encourages and strengthens the weak disciple, the doubting and hesitating. The psalmist says, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof and be glad."

Again, this witnessing for Christ, testifying to his redeeming, sanctifying grace, is a positive duty, God commands it: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering." Mark "the *profession* of our faith." We omit this duty at our peril. Beloved brother, sister, will you suffer the cry of egotism, pride, self-glorying,

or any other cry, to rob you of this privilege, so long as you walk softly, keep a conscience void of offence, abstain from all appearance of evil, aim to please God in all things? The holy prophets ceased not this personal, definite testimony; David did not; the early disciples did not hold their peace; Paul did not; he positively declared that no man should close his lips in publicly witnessing to God's superabounding mercy to his soul! It was a blessing to him, a blessing to others. Even the wicked King Agrippa was almost persuaded to be a Christian, by hearing Paul testify to the efficacy of Jesus' blood to save to the uttermost. Brother, sister, go forward in God's strength, wisdom and grace; open your mouth wide in praise; tell to all around what great things God has done for your soul; be definite; publish it; sound it out: let heaven's arches ring! Give God the glory, and many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

"Never be ashamed of Jesus—
Glory ever in His cross;
Count it most exalted honor
To advance his blessed cause;—
Hallowed honors, untold blessings
Cluster round the Saviour's cross!"

THE OCHRE SPRING.—On the moors of Yorkshire there is a stream of water, which goes by the name of the "Ochre Spring." It rises high up in the hills, and runs on bright and sparkling for a short distance, when it suddenly becomes a dark and muddy yellow. What is the reason of this? Why, it has been passing through a bed of ochre, and so it flows on for miles, thick and sluggish, useless and unpleasant. The world is full of such "beds of ochre." Fairs and races, sinful companions, Sunday bands in the parks, bad books,—all such things are just like beds of ochre; *connection with them is pollution.* "Enter not in the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass by it, turn from it, and pass away."—*Church of England Teachers' Magazine.*

FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. A. PHELPS.

[CONTINUED.]

4. Look at the nature of masonic oaths.

1. The first thing about them that attracts our notice, is their profound and unwarranted *secrecy*. The initiatory oath contains this sweeping pledge: "Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will not write, print, stamp, stain, hew, cut, carve, indent, paint or engrave it on anything movable or immovable, under the whole canopy of heaven, whereby or whereon the least letter, figure, character, mark, stain, shadow or resemblance of the same may become legible or intelligible to myself or any other person in the known world, whereby the secrets of masonry may be unlawfully obtained through my unworthiness." Of course, this raises a partition between a man and his own wife as effectually as between the veriest strangers on earth; and, indeed, more so; for if the strangers be members of the same fraternity, they can freely discuss what they dare not lip to those dear companions for life, whom the Scriptures represent as "one flesh" with themselves! Can this be right? Let Nature answer. Let Revelation answer. Let the secret grievances and half-suppressed feelings of heart-stricken wives answer, and let that answer be faithfully recorded.

2. The next point is the *terrible penalty* under which every mason binds himself to keep inviolate his pledge of eternal secrecy. He closes the initiatory oath in these words: "Binding myself under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea, at low-water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours; so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same." The penalty of violating the second oath, is thus expressed: "Binding myself under no less penalty than to

have my left breast torn open, and my heart and vitals taken from thence and thrown over my left shoulder, and carried into the valley of Jehoshaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field, and vultures of the air, if ever I should prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath or obligation of a fellow-craft mason." The third oath, which elevates the subject to the degree of *master mason*, obliges the candidate to adopt the following fearful language: "Binding myself under no less penalty, than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the north and south, my bowels burnt to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least track or trace of remembrance remain among men or masons, of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, were I ever to prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this, my solemn oath, or obligation, of a master mason."

Think of this, ye advocates of loyalty to Church and State! What legal right has a Masonic Lodge to administer *any* oath? None at all. The laws of the land no more recognise such right in a combination of masons than in private citizens. But if they had ever so much legal sanction to administer a simple oath, where is either the civil or moral authority to administer oaths with such a penalty? If masons have the right to bind a man under penalty of death, they have the clearest right to inflict that penalty in case of violation. But if they *have* any such right, why not exercise it in open day? Why do they always seek to execute their culprits under nocturnal shades? It is evident they have no confidence in their own authority to inflict the penalties of masonic oaths.

But a man has no more right to *take* an oath under such awful penalties, than the fraternity have to connect such penalties with the oath which they administer. What right has a man to swear away his *life*? To do so, is to rob both God and his coun-

try. "Every man's life," says Stearns, "as a creature, is the property of God; as a citizen, it is the property of his country. No law will justify him in swearing it away to masons. It is what he has no right to dispose of. According to the laws of masonry, his life might be forfeited, when, according to the laws of God and his country, he would have the same privilege to live as others have." Little do the young men of our country seem to realize the dangers to which they heedlessly expose themselves, when they enter into masonic bonds. They know not what unexpected hour, or on what vain pretext, they may find themselves on trial for their lives, and hurried into the jaws of death. We prefer to keep out of such hands.

The penalties above described are sufficiently shocking, but far less so than the one we are about to note. It is the penalty annexed to the oath of Knights of the Red Cross: "Binding myself under no less penalty than that of having my house torn down, the timber thereof set up and I hanged thereon, and when the last trump shall blow, that I be forever excluded from the society of all true and courteous knights, should I ever wilfully and knowingly violate any part of this solemn obligation." The candidate afterward swears "to put confidence in every illustrious brother of the Cross, as a true and worthy follower of the blessed Jesus." Hence, the above is swearing that he will be forever excluded from heaven, and forever suffer the pains of hell, as the penalty of violating the oath. There is another oath, called the "sealed obligations," in which the candidate drinks wine from a human skull, and swears: "As the sins of the whole world were laid upon the head of the Saviour, so may all the sins committed by the person whose skull this was, be heaped upon my head, in addition to my own, should I ever knowingly or wilfully violate or transgress any obligation that I have heretofore taken, take at this time, or shall at any future period take, in rela-

tion to any degree of masonry or order of knighthood, so help me God." Here we see that masons of high degree not only swear away their *lives*, but also their *souls*! They volunteer to suffer the eternal and even double torments of the damned, provided they ever violate any oath, from first to last, in the masonic category! How can any be so daring as this? Least of all, how can Christians have such effrontery. And yet, think of the thousands that claim to be the followers and ministers of Christ, binding themselves under the penalty of eternal death never to disclose the secrets of a corrupt institution! Heaven save us from such degeneracy!

3. Look at the requirements of masonic oaths. They enjoin what may often be unlawful in itself. Every master mason swears to "obey all regular signs, summons, or tokens, given, handed, sent, or thrown to him, from the hand of a brother master mason, or from the body of a just and lawfully constituted Lodge of such, provided it be within the length of his cable-tow." When a member violates his oath, and subjects himself to the terrible death-penalty annexed, *somebody* is required to execute the bloody deed. Any man receiving a "summons" to that effect, must consent to perform a *murderer's* part, without a word of complaint! Suppose the man thus drafted or summoned, to be a professed follower of Jesus Christ, or a minister of the gospel, how would such a one appear, engaged in *such a work*?

In taking the third oath the candidate swears—"That a master mason's secrets, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing him to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, murder and treason excepted, and they left to my own election." In taking one of the higher degrees, the candidate thus affirms: "Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will aid and assist a companion Royal Arch Mason wherever I shall

see him engaged in any difficulty, so far as to extricate him from the same, *whether he be right or wrong!* Furthermore do I promise and swear, that a companion Royal Arch Mason's secrets, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing him to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, when communicated to me, *murder and treason not excepted!*"

On this shocking oath, a few remarks from Rev. John G. Stearns may suffice:

"How many professed ministers of Christ have taken this oath! These men who preach that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord,' nevertheless, have solemnly sworn that they will conceal the crimes of a traitor or murderer, and even aid and assist him to escape detection and the justice of his country—to extricate him from his difficulty, 'whether he be right or wrong.' Should they be called to testify against this Royal Arch traitor or murderer, whose crimes they have been charged to conceal, the oath, if they consider it binding, must close their lips; or, if they swear, they must swear falsely—that they have no knowledge of his crimes. They must swear thus, not only to keep his secrets, but to 'extricate him from his difficulty.' The tendency of such oaths must be seen at once by every intelligent reader. Instead of deterring from vice, they remove the barriers to its practice, and serve to defeat the government of God and men.

PERRY, N. Y., April 6, 1861.

[To be continued.]

As in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time.

CHARITY obliges us not to mistrust a man; prudence, not to trust before we know him.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

PREACHING.

BY REV. JNO. FULLER.

PROBABLY, a greater number of Christian young men have their minds perplexed, and their grace tried, by the question of its being their duty to preach the Gospel, than from any other one cause. Nearly all young men, we think, and many older ones, who have been truly converted, and whose hearts are yet warm with new life from God, receive from some source, a feeling of duty to go and proclaim the tidings of salvation to lost men. Nor is this idea of duty limited to men; but when the Spirit is poured out, as on the day of Pentecost, then some of Lord's "handmaids," also, begin to feel that they must "prophesy;" so that, in a great many cases, the Church is troubled to know what to do with these ardent brothers and sisters, as well as these persons to know what to do with themselves. Now, are these numerous impressions of duty from God; or are they not? Our opinion is that they are genuine—are from the Holy Spirit. But it is also our opinion that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the notions of these persons concerning *what* is required by the call, or *how much* is included in it, are greatly erroneous; and that from these mistaken notions as to *what* and *how much* their duty to preach implies, arises the great trouble. Whoever teaches another, or a few others, the necessity, and conditions of salvation, through Jesus Christ, has already, in a very scriptural and important sense, become a preacher of the Gospel; and any greater amount of time and talent which one might afterward employ in the work, and any greater number of people to whom he or she might offer Christ, would not alter the *nature* of the work; it would still be nothing more than preaching. When a persecution arose about Stephen, the disciples generally—the common membership, went into different places, "preaching the Lord Jesus."

So, the Church generally, to which Paul was writing, Heb. v. 12, was blamed for not being *teachers* of the things of the Oracles of God. And Christ said, "Whosoever shall do and teach these commandments, shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven." And the general experience of living Christians is that of a voice in them, crying after perishing sinners, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Accordingly, a call to preach should be understood to be a common call—common to Christians in general, agreeing with Rev. xxii, 17, "The Spirit and the *bride* say come." If it were the general understanding in the Church, that whoever does what he can to "teach others also," is a preacher, there would not be so many in trouble from a belief that extraordinary service for the cause of Christ is required of them. We think a broad distinction should be made between a call to *preach* and a call to take the *ministerial charge* of a Church. The first does not, by any means, necessarily imply the second. A call to preach is direct from God, and is not necessarily conditioned on the will of men, but a man's duty to take the oversight of a Church as their Pastor, must depend on the wish or assent of that Church. We ought, also, to make a distinction between a duty to preach, and a duty to give one's *whole time* and attention to that work.

It is an injurious doctrine which some have taught, that if a man is called of God to preach, he is, therefore, required to make that his one and only work, and that for life. Such a sentiment would deprive the Lord's work of the help of numerous local preachers, and exhorters, and Divinely-gifted women, all of whom ought, either alone or in company with others, to go and hold meetings in every neighborhood and village, where good can be done in that way, and so to keep the people in a constant excitement. The Apostles "ordained Elders in every city." These must have been,

comparatively *local* and *self-supporting*. The good which has attended the labors of self-supporting individuals, all along in the history of the Church, is a Divine call for much more of the same kind of work. In the great majority of cases, then, the duty to preach narrows itself down to this: To speak and labor for the good of souls, so far, and only so far, as our duty to support ourselves and families, and to help others will admit, and so far, and only so far, as the time which belongs to *others* in the meetings which we attend will allow of *our* exercise. As for a call to the constant work of one who has the oversight of a Church, or Churches, and who receives an entire support from them; such a call is not to be believed in merely from what we feel in our own hearts, and without any reference to a request from men; but is to be considered as only half made till the Church manifests a wish for our services.

If these views are correct, is it not wrong, as well as needless, for so many to be borrowing trouble about the future duty of sermonizing, and of pastoral responsibility, which future they may never see, or to which office the people of God may never call them?

If these views are correct, does not a sister hear more than God speak, if she believes it required of her to stand before a congregation, *as a minister*, or as the *principal* religious teacher, to whom they are to look for the Word of Life? So did not those women, (we think,) who labored in the Gospel with the Apostles. So do not various women who are now publicly laboring in the Gospel, greatly to the honor of God, and the good of souls. And if these views are correct, may not that brother who is anxious and unsettled respecting *his* duty in this matter, very safely conclude as follows? I will not, for the honor and pay of the ministry, be anxious to have it my indispensable duty to preach; but I will attend to all my duties as a Christian, embrace

the common opportunities which the institutions of my Church affords of speaking to others to "edification, exhortation, and comfort;" and if I have a better gift than common for public speaking, others will perceive it, and open the way for me to improve that gift as soon as I shall need to know my duty in that matter, and then, "immediately I will confer not with flesh and blood," but move forward to do only so much as the good and wise believe me called to do; and when I have shown my gifts and grace in this new sphere, it will appear to others whether I am or am not qualified for still higher responsibilities; and if I am so qualified, they will again make known their wishes as soon as I shall need to make known my duty; and with these views, I will calmly leave my case with the Lord and His people, believing that each new position which I ought to fill, will, in due season, be pointed out to me by those whom I ought, as a duty to God, to serve.

LYNDONVILLE, N. Y.

THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.—Love puts a man upon the use of all means to enjoy the thing loved. He that loves the world, how active is he! He will break his sleep and peace for it. He that loves honor, what hazards will run! He will swim to the throne in blood. Jacob loved Rachel, and what would not he do, though it were serving a two seven-years' apprenticeship for obtaining her? Love is like wings to the bird, like sails to the ship—it carries a Christian full sail to heaven. Heaven is a place of rest and joy—it is paradise, and will you not love it? Love heaven, and you cannot miss it; love breaks through all opposition—it takes heaven by storm. Love, though it labour, is never weary.

TEMPERANCE is the strength of the soul.

A good word for a bad one, is worth much and costs little.

STEPHEN GRELLET, THE
FRENCH QUAKER.

BY MRS. L. B. LANE.

[CONTINUED.]

"My spirit, for several months, has looked earnestly for direction, as it regards my removal from Philadelphia, to join my beloved brother, Joseph, in New York. The prospect is trying, but if I know my own soul, I have no will in it, only desiring to be in the right place." After his removal to New York, he engaged with his brother in mercantile pursuits. "But," Stephen Grellet remarks, "I was not long able to pay much attention to business—my mind became much enlarged for the inhabitants of this land. I greatly wondered why such an exercise should come upon me, but I was brought to such a state, that to obtain peace, and the lifting up of the Lord's countenance upon me, I could have given up to go to the ends of the earth." He had already made several religious visits, not far distant from his home. Some time after this, I heard that my dear friend, J. Hall, was coming from England on a religious visit, and the impression was strong that I must accompany him in that service. I cried earnestly unto the Lord that if it was indeed His will that I should engage in such a work, that He would give J. Hall to see it himself with clearness. I visited him soon after he arrived, when he took me aside, and told me that I was the person he had seen while at sea, prepared of the Lord to be his companion in the service of the Gospel here. I marvelled at the Lord's condescension in giving me such an evidence of His will.

Leaving my small temporal concerns with my brother, and resigning myself to my dear Master's Spirit, I went to join my friend, John Hall, who was now in Philadelphia."

They were more than twelve months traveling in the Southern States, attending the meetings of Friends. Ste-

phen Grellet remarks: "On the 8th of 9th month, I was permitted by my blessed Master to enter into very deep baptisms. O, the depth of the anguish that came upon me. No past experience of the Lord's redeeming love and power was able to administer to my distress. I was plunged into a state of doubting, and even of unbelief in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ; a dark spirit, on which account, I have at times since, so bitterly suffered for those who have been carried away by it. I continued in such a state for some days that I could not travel. It would, indeed, have been presumption to go forth as an ambassador for Christ, while I was tempted to doubt His Eternal Divinity and Godhead, His meritorious sacrifice for the sins of the world, even to let go the hold of my hope in Him, through whom is the atonement, through faith in whom alone remission of sins is to be obtained. Oh! the the workings and subtlety of this spirit of unbelief! Forever and ever blessed be the Lord, who, after days and nights of fiery conflict, was pleased to lift up again the light of His countenance upon me, and at the brightness thereof darkness fled apace. O, never have I beheld the excellency of the Gospel of Christ with more ravishing beauty than I did then. The same light which gave me to see the transforming power of Satan, showed me also the Lord of glory, even Him who has been delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, without which none can come to the Father. Whilst wondering why such an exercise should come upon me, I saw I must be prepared to feel for those that were thus tempted.

It was but a few days after that we heard of one of our ministers, then on a visit to England, who had become a prey to this spirit of infidelity, even denying the Lord that bought us with His own blood, and calling in question the validity of the Holy Scriptures."

The commencement of the year

1804, was marked by the interesting event of Stephen Grellet's marriage to Rebecca Collins, of New York. "It might be truly said," his biographer remarks, "that their union was in the Lord."

A short time before, he had visited the Eastern and Northern States, having attended all the meetings of Friends. On his return, he records the death of his Father, whom he had the strongest assurance had died "the death of the righteous."

Again he visits the States of New York and Vermont, and parts of Canada. After an interval of six months, he visits the Churches in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. "At Bayside, Maryland, many slaveholders were present. I showed the inconsistency of slavery, and its various features, with the spirit of Christianity. At Williamsport, after having made a fresh surrender of my all to the Lord's will, I was prepared to enter into feeling with the meeting, which was very largely attended. The Lord's power rose into dominion, and under it I was able to minister to the people, many of whom were tender in spirit, when on bended knees, I offered prayers, intercessions and praises. I came, that night, to the Widow McCarty's, who has eighteen children living. Some of them are pious. She is a valuable Minister."

In the midst of a variety of religious services, at and about home, Stephen Grellet felt the "necessity laid upon him" to visit his Father-land. In the Spring of 1807, "believing the time had fully come to resign himself to the Lord's requiring," he again left his all, and went forth, as an Ambassador for Christ, to the land of his nativity. His beloved wife, just recovering from a severe attack of yellow fever, which he touchingly describes, and by which her dear Mother had been summoned to the tomb, was left behind. "Though parting with her," he says, "as not likely to see each other again in this world, she was my faithful helper, in encouraging me to devote my all to

the service of the dear Redeemer. It was a solemn parting, but the Lord gave strength. Lord, for Thy sake, and Thy Truth, my dear companion and Thy servant have offered one another to Thee; keep her by Thy power, comfort her by Thy presence, fulfil Thy promise Thou hast made Thy servant: 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' We came, yesterday, in sight of Marseilles, and having taken in a pilot, he has brought us safe into port. Curiosity to see a Quaker, frequently brings persons of various ranks and conditions, to see and converse with me. Several Catholic Priests are among the number. My exercises in approaching Brives were great. The meeting with my precious Mother was an affecting one. We had not seen each other since 1790, and many eventful circumstances have occurred in that series of years. I am here entirely surrounded by Roman Catholics. Every part of my dress, speech and conduct, is narrowly watched by them. In almost every company, to which I am introduced, their spirit of inquiry leads to the unfolding of the principles and doctrines of the Gospel, and the nature of pure religion. Thus, I have to set before them how unsafe it is to trust the salvation of a never-dying soul to what Priests can do for them, to prayers to their Saints, etc.; the short and only true way being with sincere repentance for our sins to come to Christ Jesus, the only Saviour, who has given Himself for us to save us from sin. Yet I find, amidst such a mist of darkness, some tender, spiritually minded persons, whom I trust are near the kingdom of God. Our merciful High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, has regard to the integrity of their hearts. I have had frequent opportunities to open to some of these, the pure and undefiled way to life everlasting. Their hearts rejoice at the glad tidings. Several of these are among the Nuns. In one Convent, their Superior being a sensible woman, hears the truth with

gladness, and gives me opportunities to unfold the truths of the Gospel of Christ to the Nuns of her Convent. If the Priests encouraged them in the right way, instead of setting a stumbling block before them, bright instruments might arise from among them. I marvel, indeed, how, under their present circumstances, I can have so open a door with them, as the Priests have represented me as a dangerous person. But these pious persons say, that it is the true and everlasting Gospel that I declare to them, and therefore their confidence in their Priests is shaken. This is the case with my beloved Mother. She felt such concern on my account, thinking that, according to the representation of the Priests, I must be finally lost as a heretic, that she had them to say Masses on my behalf, and paid also money, that prayers might be put up on my account. Not satisfied with that, she urged me to accompany her, to her Confessor, a Monk in whom she placed great confidence, hoping he would convert me to the Papist's faith. To satisfy her, I yielded to her request. But great was her disappointment, when she saw that, instead of using the arguments she expected to convince me, he gave way to bitter invectives, because I would not fight, refused to take oaths, etc. I brought forward clear Scripture passages, as authority from the commands of Christ the Lord, whom we are to obey in all things. Then he gave way to anger, so that he could proceed no further, and being worked up into a passion, I left him in that state. After we got out, my beloved Mother lifted up her hands in astonishment, at conduct so unbecoming a Christian professor, and from that time her mind has been much more open to receive the truth. Like the noble Bereans, she searches the Scriptures diligently, a copy of which I have given her.

I went to Bellac, to visit my Sister De Bois. I had some interesting religious meetings and opportunities, one of these was with one of my old tutors in my Father's house. He is a

Priest, and at the head of the College at Magnac. He was pleased to see his former pupil, and manifested more liberality than is common to find among that class of men. My dear Sister is one that is less under the shackles of superstition than most. I have great comfort in being with her. But my spirit is under great heaviness with regard to the people generally. Vital religion has fled from among them, and they have set up their Priests' inventions instead of it."

Stephen Grellet's labors in his native land were brought to an earlier close than he had looked for. Under the restrictions of Napoleon, he was not allowed to proceed to Paris, as he had wished to do. He, therefore, felt at liberty to leave France and return home. He remarks, "I have felt satisfied for the present to retire from this country. I am far, however, from being able to say, I leave it with a clear mind. I am, more than ever, united to a remnant in it."

Peacefully returned from an interesting visit to his Father-land, Stephen Grellet was soon called to mingle again in religious exercise with the assembled brethren of his own Church. He again made a religious visit to the Southern and Western States. The history of all his journeying is so deeply interesting, it is difficult to select, as we are obliged to take only here and there an incident for these papers.

"At Georgetown," he remarks, "the meeting was well attended, as was that at Washington. My Holy Helper strengthened me to bear to them 'good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people,' testifying of the Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. D. Madison, the President's wife, and her sister, who were at the meeting, appeared tender, and invited me to go and see them. They were formerly members of our Society. A physician, a tender spirited man, related to me the following circumstances: A few weeks ago he was sent for, by a planter, who resides some miles hence, to visit one of

his slaves. On entering the miserable cabin in which the sick man was, the slave-holder accompanying him, he saw the poor slave stretched on a little straw. On examining him, he found him in an apparently unconscious and dying state. The Master, who was not aware of his low condition, began, in very abusive language, to upbraid and threaten him, using very coarse epithets. He said, by pretending to be religious, and going to your meetings, you have got this sickness, but as soon as you are better, I will cure you with a thousand lashes. The Physician told him, from appearances, the poor man had but a few moments to live; upon which the slave raised himself, lifted up his eyes, and stretching forth his hands said, in an audible voice, 'I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, my blessed Redeemer, for all Thy mercies to Thy poor servant; now receive my spirit into thy kingdom,' and expired.

The scene was awful, the slave-holder stood speechless and amazed; amidst his threats and reproaches, his poor slave was taken out of his power; he could oppress him no longer; his spirit had triumphantly quitted its afflicted tenement."

[To be Continued.]

OUR acceptance with God, when our hearts are wholly given to Him, does not depend upon our being in a particular state, which may seem to be more devout or eminent than another, but simply upon our being in that state in which God in his providence requires us to be. It would be a great mistake to suppose, that a man who bears the Saviour's image, is any the less, on that account, a good neighbor or a good citizen; that he can think less or work less when he is called to it; or that he is not characterized by the various virtues, appropriate to our present situation, of temperance, truth, forbearance, forgiveness, kindness, charity, justice. Here is a law, involved in the very nature of holiness, which requires it to adapt itself to every variety of situation.—FENELON.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

BY REV. HOBATIOUS BONAR, D. D.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might,
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So I shall walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let Thy way
That leads to it be Thine,—
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my Friend,
My sickness and my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things, or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

JULY, 1774.—Monday, 25, I went on to Sheffield, and on Tuesday met the select society. But it was reduced from sixty to twenty; and but half of them retained all that they once received! What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin cannot lose what they gained! It is a miracle if they do not; seeing all earth and hell are so engaged against them; while, meantime, so very few, even of the children of God, skilfully endeavor to strengthen their hands.—WESLEY.

EXPERIENCE OF MRS. MINERVA HATHAWAY.

My parents professed faith in Christ when I was a child. They did not teach us to pray; yet the spirit of God strove with me at quite an early age. I well remember the many restless nights I have had thinking of the danger I was in, without an interest in Him that died to redeem us. But His gentle Spirit I refused to welcome, and thus pursued my dangerous course, until I was nineteen years of age, when a great uneasiness again arrested me, and I was brought, by witnessing the death of a much loved aunt, to see more clearly my presumption in delaying to accept Jesus as my Saviour. She had "washed her robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb." Her joy was truly unspeakable and full of glory." God made her all tranquility and resignation, and I could not solve the mystery; therefore I resolved to understand the secret of her composure; but I had no one to lead or teach me the way of life. My parents had left "their first love," and I felt an inward timidity and a desire to keep my convictions secluded from the world. My distress of mind was very great, and, thought I, How can I obtain favor with God? I then remembered hearing a Methodist preacher relate the course a person might pursue, which was, fervent, effectual prayer for two weeks, three times a day. I resolved to try this process. With increasing earnestness I implored aid from on high. Finally my convictions were so intense that I could hide them no longer, and as I was engaged in spreading clothes on the green, a short distance from my father's house, I there knelt and gave vent to my burdened soul, in loud exclamations. My cries were heard a half a mile. Brother Darius, the one I stood in more fear of than any one else, came to me and wished to know the cause of my grief; but he very readily observed the cause, and at the same time advised me to stick to my reso-

lution, and to get that which I was seeking. I was very much surprised at this, as I was looking for great opposition and reproaches from him, as he was a wicked, boisterous youth. The enemy then assailed me, and I felt a spirit of shame, and I fled to a wheat field, where I was again alone, hidden by the waving grain from the gaze of any one. There I remained until evening. My brother Darius then searched me out, and I accompanied him to the house, but immediately threw myself on the bed, still writhing in agony, in consequence of my sins. In the meanwhile the enemy would suggest that my prospects for this world would be gloomy indeed if I persisted in following Jesus.

My associates were there arrayed before me, and the parties of pleasure I so much delighted in, with other worldly attractions, and especially the love I bore for one who I knew could not in his carnal state appreciate a spiritual life. I truly realized that I was to leave all—that I could not serve God and mammon. Therefore the conflict was very great. But I was not willing to give the struggle over. Our people then wished to know if I desired the prayers of any person. I told them I would like to have a young lady sent for that I frequently associated with, who was then engaged as an assistant in an academy, four miles distant. She was then a child of prayer, and I remembered listening to her affecting petitions, when betimes I would enter the house of prayer, and I thought she would administer consolation, and prevail with God in my behalf. She remained with me during the night, and prayed with me. As the morning dawned, in a vision I saw my Saviour enter the parlor door, all robed in spotless white. He approached the bedside, and presented me the cup of Salvation. I received it joyfully, at the same time realizing a strange sensation all through my being. I felt that from this striking manifestation I was adopted into the family of God. Yet, after all this, doubts and

fears were in my mind; but that awful burden was removed. Still I doubted my conversion, as it did not come in the way I had anticipated. I remained secluded from the family three days, when my uncle visited me, and conversed with me, wishing to know my position with reference to my conversion. He repeated a passage of Scripture, which he said I might claim as an evidence of my acceptance with God. "By this ye may know that ye have passed from death unto life, because ye love the brethren." This served to settle my mind, for once I evaded them, but now I loved them, and delighted in their society. I doubted my conversion no longer.

I went to church the following Sabbath, where the Lord revealed Himself to me in such a melting spirit, that it strengthened my faith.

"For Heaven came down my soul to greet,
While Glory crowned the mercy seat."

My mind then ran out after sinners, and especially those of our own household. Darius was next younger than myself. I felt an ardent desire for his salvation, and I commenced pleading with the ever Blessed to remember my brother in mercy. My Father heard and answered, for conviction seized him. I went to the barn to pray for him, during his conflict in yielding to God, and I felt an assurance that he was then converted, for I had no power to pray for him. I soon learned that he was in the same building, on a scaffold near the roof, freely forgiven, and full of joy and comfort in the Divine presence. And now the most of the family are striving to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

When I was about twenty years of age I was united in marriage to a man of a decided Christian character, which I have ever believed to be in the order of God, as he has ever loved the ordinances of God, which in my timidity and weakness has served to encourage and support me.

Twenty years have passed since I gave my heart to Jesus, but seventeen years of this time I did not under-

stand the secret of "casting my care on Him who careth for me. But for three years my mind has been greatly enlightened, for the deep things of God—Scriptural holiness—have been taught in our land, and how gladly have I received the light, and my constant study is to know and do the will of my Heavenly Father. The world hath lost its charms to me.

"Nothing on earth do I desire
But thy pure love within my breast,
This—only this—will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

"GOD SEES ME."—Dr. Nettleton used to tell a little anecdote, beautifully illustrating that the same truth which overwhelms the sinner's heart with fear, may fill the renewed soul with joy.

A mother, instructing her little girl, about four years of age, succeeded, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in fastening upon her mind this truth, "Thou God seest Me." She now felt that she "had to do" with that Being "unto whose eyes all things are naked and opened," and she shrank in terror. For days she was in deep distress; she wept and sobbed, and would not be comforted. "God sees me, *God sees me*," was her constant wail.

At length, one day, after spending some time in prayer, she bounded into her mother's room, and, with a heavenly smile lighting up her tears, exclaimed, "O, mother, God sees me, *God sees me!*" Her ecstasy was now as great as her anguish had been.

For days, her soul had groaned under the thought, "God sees me; He sees my wicked heart, my sinful life, my hatred to Him, and to His holy law;" and the fear of a judgment to come would fill her with agony. But now a *pardoning* God had been revealed to her, and her soul exclaimed exultingly, "God sees me! He has seen my misery, my repentance, Christ's righteousness *on* me; He takes pity on me; He forgives; He will guide and guard me. God sees me!"

CHURCH PROSPERITY.

PROSPER, can they? How can churches prosper, grow in grace, be light-houses, cities on hills, the salt of the earth, looking "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners"—when they depart from the simplicity and purity of the Gospel, "hew out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water?" How can that church be a soul-saving church unless she obey God, come out from the world, be separate, and touch not the unclean thing? How can any church prosper so long as she imitates popery in her splendid, gay, pompous temples, costly adornments, fashionable and ungodly church-music?

How can any church prosper while disobeying God in accumulating debts to gratify pride and ambition in splendid, ostentatious houses of worship? How many religious societies are well nigh bankrupt, pressed down crushingly with enormous debts, by vieing with each other in gorgeous temples and high steeples, having begun to build and were not able to finish? "Owe no man anything but love."

Again: how can a church prosper spiritually that contracts debts to gratify a spirit of ungodly emulation in high-steeped, fashionable churches, costly adornments, and then resort to worldly policy to liquidate these debts, extricate herself from the intolerable burden—resort to fancy fairs, lotteries, grab-boxes, post-office gambling, festivals and oyster suppers;—"sit down to eat and rise up to play."

"The church and world amalgamate,
A union worse than with the State,
Though motives are the same;
The love of pleasure and of gold,
On some professors have such hold,
They oft forget their name."

How can churches prosper in spiritual things, so long as Achan's are in the camp, idolaters in dress, the covetous, the proud, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? Distillers, rum-sellers, wine-bibbers, tobacco-sellers, chewers, smokers, dancers, frolickers,

theatre-goers, novel readers, defrauders, oppressors, Sabbath-desecrators?—those having a name to live while dead, professing godliness, meanwhile denying the power thereof? How is it possible for a church to prosper when "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint?"

Once more: how can churches prosper who "heap to themselves teachers having itching ears,"—men-pleasers, time-servers, who keep back part of the price, prophesy smooth things, cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, refuse to open their lips for the dumb and those appointed unto death? Instead of prosperity, is it not a marvel the Lord does not come in His wrath, quickly, and fight against us with "the sword of his mouth."—GOLDEN RULE.

A VOICE OF CONSCIENCE. — When Professor Webster was shut up in prison for murder, he complained to the prison authorities that he had been insulted by his fellow-prisoners, for he said that through the walls of the prison he could hear them always crying out to him, "Thou bloody man! thou bloody man!" As it was not consistent with law that one prisoner should insult another, the strictest enquiry was made, and it was found that no prisoner had ever said such a word, or that if he had said it, Webster could not have heard it. It was his own conscience; it was not a word coming through the walls of the prison, but an echo reverberating from the wall of his bad heart, as conscience shouted, "Thou bloody man! thou bloody man!" You have only to listen to it, and you will soon find that every pretence of being saved by your good works must crumble to the ground. Oh! hear it now, and listen to it for a moment. I am sure *my* conscience says, "Thou sinful man!" and I think yours must say the same, unless you are given up of God, and left to a seared conscience to perish in your sins.

PRAY without ceasing.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

I was left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favorably impressed, and who told me if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticised. Oh! how often I have thought since then—had my Bible but been my text-book!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard—never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Jerry Althorp—a fine fellow, in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larrys—O, yes, a host of them—I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L—, a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favorite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal beauty, and the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of

the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L—, I began to notice, sitting in the pit, a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited—always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he oftener made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and I gradually forgot him.

But God had not forgotten me. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have seen more than seventeen sum-

mers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the candour of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fullness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some complaint to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life! I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now,—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the fitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure, sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and his cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in — street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from its broad arch swept masses of silken, light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grieved, careworn look gave to the features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

"I was startled—awe-struck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the Gospel now! Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement.—He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying!—I say you have ruined me! Thrall'd by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. "Come," and he laughed with a mocking shout

that froze my blood with horror, "undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair I ask you—that you, my destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus," I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins." He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long, low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest, and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed, "I have lost all that makes men honored—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage, and I hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but Oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in Heaven

over one that repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

"Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Heaven will accept me—Oh! pray for me, and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands!—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he *would* and *did* give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early the next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news, Death had been there in the stillness of the night. I was led again into that room—led, blinded by tears, to the bed. Serenely beautiful gleamed the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said that I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him: but, oh, pity me! pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had

prayed with the son, and subsequently, as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into Heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, Heavenly message that my soul had longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.—EXAMINER.

THE EARNEST EXHORTER.

A LADY from the city was on a visit to her friend in a certain village. She was a Christian lady, and gladly accompanied her friend to the weekly prayer-meeting. In course of the exercises, Mr. Hale made a very earnest exhortation. He spoke under the influence of deep emotion, and commanded the attention of all present. Mrs. W. was deeply impressed by his remarks, and felt very desirous of forming the acquaintance of so earnest a Christian.

On their return from the meeting, Mrs. W. observed, "Were you not delighted with the remarks?"

"They were very animated," said her host.

"They were admirably adapted to do good?" don't you think so?"

"In themselves they were," was the cautious reply.

"Do you not think he was sincere in making them?"

"Yes, I believe he was. He felt what he said."

"Why do you express yourself with so much reserve respecting the adaptation of what he said to do good?"

"The permanent effect of what is said depends in no small degree on the character of the speaker."

"In the present instance, is not the speaker regarded as a good man? Surely a hypocrite could not speak with so much feeling on such a subject."

"I believe he is generally regarded as a good man, but he is not regarded as a very consistent man. He is very impulsive, and can see but one thing

at a time. He is very changeable in his modes of feeling and action. To-morrow, you may find him as much engaged in driving a hard bargain, as he was to-night in exhorting men to watch for souls. The rapid changes of feeling to which he is subject cause his good to be evil spoken of. Those who know him well have confidence in his sincerity, but no confidence in his stability. With them it is a matter of doubt whether he does more good or harm. Those without, charge him with affectation and hypocrisy, and the Church suffers from the charge."

"Have the brethren ever told him of his faults?"

"I cannot say. It is very doubtful whether any change would be wrought by the advice of friends. His faults are the result of his temperament, and hence will not be easily corrected."

"You surely do not mean to intimate that his temperament excuses him for his want of Christian consistency?"

"By no means. I was not stating what ought to be, but what is. Mr. Hale is not the only one whose influence is lessened by want of consistency."

No, indeed. How many are vainly attempting to serve God and Mammon at the same time—who are vainly attempting to unite the kingdom of Christ and this world! If Christians would aim at consistency more, they would accomplish more good at less expense of exertion.—SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

I FEEL no anxiety in view of what my enemies will do to me. I have no fear of anything but of *being left to myself*. So long as God is with me, neither imprisonment nor death will have any terrors. If they should proceed to extremities, and should put me to death, *come and see me die*.—MADAME GUYON.

ALL things are possible to him that believeth.

EDITORIAL.

OUR COUNTRY.

CIVIL WAR is upon us. The citizens of our common country are arrayed against each other in deadly strife. The appeal has been made from the ballot-box to the sword. The cold-blooded North is fully aroused. Active preparation for war is going on in city and town, and country. The star-spangled banner floats from public edifices and private dwellings; it greets you everywhere in the street—from the heads of horses—in the hands of boys, upon the shoulders of girls, and in the ranks of military companies; and the determination is strongly expressed to protect it, at any cost, from being despoiled of a single star. A little idea of the intense enthusiasm that prevails in this city, may be gathered from the fact, that Ex-President FILLMORE, whose conservative principles are well known, presided over the first war meeting that was held, and paid the first contribution that was offered for the support of the families of volunteers in their absence for the defence of the country. Manufacturing companies pay wages to their hands who have enlisted, and keep for them their places till their return.

Never was there a contest more righteous than that in which our government is engaged. The South, reduced to a state of barbarism, by the institution of slavery, "the vilest," said JOHN WESLEY, "upon which the sun ever shone"—a system which he fitly described as "the sum of all villainies," has persisted in a series of aggressions upon the North, of the most insolent and aggravated character.

Citizens of the free states, "colored" it is true, but none the less deserving of protection on that account, engaged in lawful traffic, have, without even the allegation of any offence, committed or intended, been taken from ships lying in Southern harbors, and committed to jail, and then sold for their jail fees; and the threats of personal violence have been made to those who should venture the effort to test the constitutionality of such laws. Freedom of speech and of the Press, the guarantees of constitutional liberty, have been suppressed. Senators have been murderously assailed in the halls of Congress for daring to utter their sentiments in debate. The mails

have been robbed, and periodicals that ventured to call in question the arrogant assumptions of slavery, consigned to the flames. Even the New York *Observer*, whose obsequiousness to the slave power is well known, has been put upon the proscribed list by the black inquisition of the Southern states. Ministers of the Gospel have been mobbed and hung for being connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church—a church that admits slaveholders to her communion, and takes them to her fostering embrace. The territory of the North has been turned into a hunting ground—men made in the image of God, are the game which Northern freemen are to catch and shackle and transmit to the house of bondage from which they were seeking to make their escape.

As a fitting climax to her aggressions, the South has, to the utmost of her ability, robbed the treasury, stolen the property of the government, and commenced civil war. The end of such a war cannot be doubtful. The blow has been struck which is to put a termination to American Slavery. As long as that has an existence, there can be no settled peace. In such a struggle, the duty of all lovers of God and humanity to sustain the government admits of no question.

Over all, God reigns. To Him let earnest supplication be made, that every chain may be broken, and every slave set free. Let His aid in behalf of the right be implored, that the conflict may be as short and accompanied with as little suffering as possible.

In the meanwhile, should efforts for the *salvation of souls* be relaxed? BY NO MEANS! They should be redoubled. Christian, gird on your armor! And whether you stand on the battle-field or stay at home, work more faithfully than ever for God. Be a true soldier of the cross. Let your enthusiasm in saving souls surpass that which any exhibit in matters which, however important, dwindle into insignificance in comparison.

OUT DOOR MEETINGS.

WE love them. They are so free! Rich and poor, moral and immoral, Catholics, Protestants and Jews, rumsellers, gamblers and their victims, great sinners, hardened sinners, men and women, who never go to Church, and those who do go to Church—all, seem to

enjoy a lively, spiritual out-door meeting, where they can listen to the songs of Zion, not "performed" in operatic style, by professional singers, *hired* to worship God for the congregation, but sung in the Spirit, by those whose souls are in harmony with the sentiments they utter; and where they can hear, not faultless essays read in faultless style, but soul-stirring exhortations, and thrilling relations of personal experience. In these assemblies no aspirant for the honors of social aristocracy can gratify his vanity by purchasing the right to the occupancy of the best pew, for there are no pews. Respect of persons is laid aside. The great truth, that the Lord is the Maker of us all, is practically recognized.

Out door meetings have the sanction of the Scriptures. They appear to have been common among the children of God from the earliest ages. Adam and Eve never entered a house of worship prior to the fall, but

"Under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, earth, air and
heaven."

Under the labors of Ezra, a great revival occurred, the result of a meeting "held in the street," though a "great rain," was falling. At the close of the pointed exhortation of the man of God, "all the congregation answered and said, with a loud voice, 'As thou hast said, so must we do.'"

The preaching of John the Baptist, was "in the wilderness." Many of our Saviour's most interesting meetings were held out of doors—on the mountain—by the sea-side, and in the places of popular resort. Out-door meetings have generally been held in connection with great revivals of religion. WESLEY and WHITFIELD, excluded from many of the Churches, at first from necessity, afterwards from choice, went out into the streets and grave yards, upon the moors and commons, and called sinners to repentance. HUGH and JAMES BOURNE, and WILLIAM CLOWES, about fifty years ago, were accustomed to hold out-door meetings, commencing at six o'clock Sunday mornings, and continuing till dark, in which hundreds were converted, and the foundation laid of the Primitive Methodist Connection, one of the most spiritual and prosperous members of the Methodist family.

In the recent European revivals out-door meetings were of common occurrence. On Glasgow Green, in Scotland, a religious meeting was held in June, 1859, attended by 25,000 persons, who staid through the rain to hear the truth of God, and feel His saving power. A prayer meeting in the Botanic Garden, in Belfast, Ireland, was attended by from 25,000 to 30,000 people.

God honors out-door meetings. They are the most successful meetings we ever held. At almost the first one we attended, after we began to be excluded from the churches, there was present a wicked man, who had not been to church for several years. He was struck under conviction. As he was going home, his agony became so intense that he cried out in the street for God to have mercy on his soul. His faithful wife was so rejoiced that she began to shout, and the cry of penitence and the notes of triumph were borne aloft to Heaven. The same night he was converted, and became a devoted follower of Christ.

Not long since, we received a letter informing us of a lady, who, from the reports that she had heard, was too prejudiced to go out to hear us preach. But she listened through the windows of her house, which adjoined the city park, where we held meetings several days. The Spirit of the Lord arrested her, she gave up the world, and the last we heard from her she was walking in the light of the blessing of holiness.

We hope our friends who make arrangements for us to hold meetings, will not, as soon as the weather gets warm enough to go out-doors, trouble themselves about procuring churches. We prefer a grove, an orchard, a shady park, or even an unsheltered common, to the best churches, especially if the right to worship God in them is a subject of merchandise.

To the preachers who aim at doing good to the souls of men, we say, hold out-door meetings. On the last charge we had in the Genesee Conference, we had a regular appointment every Sunday afternoon in a grove. Hundreds attended that no house in the vicinity could accommodate.

Earnest Christian, will you up and at it? Do not make the excuse that if we go out of doors for meetings *the rabble* will attend. This is what you want, if you are a real follower of

Jesus. He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. If you have a proper degree of the Holy Spirit's influence with you, there will be no difficulty, as a general thing, in maintaining just as good order as if you were in a church. If God is with you, there will be solemn attention in the congregation. Aim at immediate results, and you will save souls.

PARMA CENTRE, N. Y., April 4, 1861.

BRO. ROBERTS:—The Lord is greatly blessing the Free Methodists on Parma charge. Having got a little settled, after changing disciplines, we have witnessed, during the past month, powerful displays of Grace. Believers have been sanctified, and sinners converted. I will mention an incident or two.

Among those sanctified, was a young lady, who joined the Free Church at the General Quarterly Meeting at Albion. With others, she answered those searching questions in Section 3 of the Discipline, and pledged to seek, diligently, for "*that perfect love which casteth out fear.*" That promise was constantly before her, and she kept gaining ground, feeling that she was freely justified. After working in the revival for three weeks, she began to groan, in good earnest, to be cleansed from inbred sin. Her agony was great, and praying for two hours in the afternoon meeting, before she came to the point of asking definitely for the great blessing. A brother suggested to her, "You are seeking a Bible blessing, use Bible language in prayer." With reluctance she at length cried out, "O, Lord God! for Jesus' sake, sanctify my soul." In that moment a shock of power came down on her and others in the room. Several were slain. From that day, that dignified sister testifies in great humility, both in word and deed, to the power of Jesus' blood to save entire.

Another case is an excellent old mother among us, who was for some 50 years a member of the M. E. Church. Now 71 years old. She always liked a live religion, but was a little averse to the definite profession of holiness. But having earnestly sought and obtained it herself, she now says, "She wants to tell every body that she is sanctified." Some of the young converts, of a few weeks' experience, have also obtained "*this great salvation.*" Of these I will not speak, but will tell you.

LETTER TO THE FREE METHODIST PREACHERS.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—Will you permit me through the *Earnest Christian*, to salute the little army of prophets who now man the walls of our infant Zion?

DEAR BRETHERN:—On recovering from my late affliction, I find a pile of letters which were sent to me while I was very sick, and so sick that it was thought best not to allow me to see their contents. I am now, in answer to the prayers of many of God's people, so far restored as to be able again to take my place in the harvest fields of the Lord. I now tender to you all my heartfelt gratitude for the sympathy expressed, and the prayers offered by you for me. I expect, soon, to return west, and as one of you, I hope to be able to do my share in trying to build up the Kingdom of Christ. I feel intensely anxious for the cause of Free Methodism in the West, believing it to be the cause of Christ.

Allow me, dear Brethren, to urge you to maintain inviolable the great commission committed to us as a people. Holiness of heart and life is the standard. To gain this blessing among us, we must make it the great and all-sorbing theme of our preaching, praying and singing. Don't allow a fastidious spirit to creep in among us as to the instruments or accompaniments in carrying on this mighty work. Be ashamed of nothing that God owns. If all God's people turn prophets and God owns them, glory in the result and be willing to bear a little of what JOHN WESLEY had to bear much of, and to be called enthusiasts. Hard names won't draw blood, nor break bones. Don't be anxious about what the people will pay. No man is worthy to be employed in our work who can be swayed by salary. Preach and press holiness, and the people will see that you do not starve. But should you show more concern for what you shall eat or drink, than for the salvation of souls, the people will lose confidence in your motives, and they ought to. I do hope God will give us none to labor among us who will not willingly be kept starved to the very verge of glory, if need be, and count it a great privilege to labor on as long as we see that the pleasure of the Lord prospers in our hands. Seek every open door to preach and raise new societies. But whatever else you do, don't

allow yourselves to be betrayed into a proselyting spirit. Don't ask any one of the old church to join us. Say nothing about the M. E. Church. But talk up Jesus and a complete salvation.

We have a great mission to fulfill. To spread Scriptural holiness over this land. This, and this mainly, is the work of the F. M. Church, and the leading engine to move our train to the heavenly land.

Some divide on church government, others on Slavery, and yet they will oppose the Wesleyan views of holiness and the free movements of the Spirit. We have a Church that takes all the good things and combines them in one, and holiness and Jesus is our watchword. If we should attempt to proselyte from other churches, which make anti-slavery or church polity the main articles of their creed, we shall get an element among us that will very much hinder our success. Allow no one to join us on probation even, who is not fully with us in word and deed, and ready to sacrifice everything for the cause of holiness and freedom of spirit in worship, and abundant in labors for the salvation of souls.

Your Brother in Christ,

J. W. REDFIELD.

HOW TO GET RID OF THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.

We were very much interested in hearing a pious Lake Captain relate how he was cured of his appetite for tobacco. He said, "I had used it for twenty-two years. I had tried, several times, to quit it, and would do so for a few days or weeks. My love for it would overcome me, and I would take to using it again. A year ago last summer I was engaged in making reapers in Montgomery, Illinois. The hard times came on. Bills kept coming in, and I was troubled to get money to meet them. I used to go in the office about sun-down to pray. One evening, as I was very much perplexed about our affairs, I went into the office about half an hour before sunset, to tell my troubles to the Lord and implore His assistance. I felt that I must be cleansed from all impurity if I would have access to God. My tobacco came up. I threw it away, and went into the yard to a pile of charcoal, and took some of it and cleansed my mouth. I washed myself perfectly clean, and

then went into the office and presented myself to the Lord. O, how He blessed me! I came out a new man. From that time, I have had no appetite for tobacco. The Lord helped me in my business, and I have never wanted for a dollar. Everything goes well. Praise the Lord!"

HOW A FAULT-FINDER WAS SERVED.

She was a Baptist, and when she came first to the meetings, thought she enjoyed religion; yet, she afterwards said, "what she saw and heard, took all her religion away." (*old hopes*, I guess.) Her husband got under conviction, and was powerfully converted. While his soul was filled with praise to God, and he could not sleep for joy, she would grumble and complain, "that it seemed, since his conversion, as if there had been a death in the family." We said, "yes, and ought to be another." In the meeting she saw them falling under the power of God, and to this she objected, as well as to the shouting. She arose, one evening, and was speaking her mind pretty freely on these points. Her mouth was closed suddenly, and so were her eyes. She was led home speechless and blind. Prayer was offered for her and two seekers. The two were converted, and at 3 o'clock in the morning, she was able to open her eyes. The next night her eyes were closed again. She then confessed more fully, and said in substance, "that the Lord had closed her eyes that he might reach her heart." Led home again, it was some hours before she could see. May the Lord reveal himself to her, in mercy and love. I trust, hereafter, she may be willing that God shall work in His own way. This work of saving souls, I love it! I love it!

C. D. BROOKS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF TRUST. Being a Narrative of the Lord's dealings with GEORGE MUELLER, written by himself. Edited and condensed by Rev. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND; etc. Boston: GOULD & LINCOLN.

We give an imperfect sketch of Mr. MUELLER, in this number of the *Earnest Christian*. We wish our readers to become fully acquainted with his manner of life. We regret that the publishers did not see proper to give the Eng-

lish edition entire. Mr. MUELLER received the "second blessing," or new light, through the agency of some of God's faithful children, at Teignmouth, "for which," he says, "I shall have cause to thank Him throughout eternity." He gave a clear account of this new light in the original narrative.

Like many other earnest Christians of the present day, Mr. MUELLER is a believer in the speedy personal coming of Christ; though he does not pretend to a knowledge of the precise time when his advent shall be made. He says: "Another truth, into which, in some measure, I was led, was in respect to the Lord's coming. My views, concerning this point, up to that time, had been completely vague and unscriptural. I had believed what others told me, without trying it by the word. I thought that things were getting better and better, and that soon the whole world would be converted. But now I find in the word, that we have not the least scriptural warrant to look for the conversion of the world before the return of our Lord. I find in the Scriptures, that that which will usher in the glory of the church, and uninterrupted joy to the saints, is the return of the Lord Jesus, and that till then, things will be more or less in confusion. I found in the word that the return of Jesus, and not death, was the hope of the apostolic Christians; and that it became me, therefore, to look for his appearing. And this truth so entered into my heart that though I went to Devonshire exceedingly weak, scarcely expecting that I should return again to London, yet I was immediately, on seeing this truth, brought off from looking for death, and was made to look for the return of our Lord. Having seen this truth, the Lord also graciously enabled me to apply it, in some measure, at least, to my own heart, and to put the solemn question to myself, 'What may I do for the Lord, before he returns, as *He may soon come?*'"

He adds: "In addition to this truth, it pleased the Lord to lead me to see a higher standard of devotedness than I had seen before. He led me, in a measure, to see what is my true glory in this world, even to be despised, and to be poor and mean with Christ. I saw then, in a measure, though I have seen it more fully since, that it ill be-

comes the servant to seek to be rich, and great, and honored in that world where his Lord was poor, and mean, and despised."

We would urge every earnest Christian to procure and carefully read this book. It will, probably, do you more good than any book you ever read, except the Bible. Buy one, if you can, but if you cannot, borrow one, and read it carefully. The publishers' retail price is \$1 25. To any of our readers who will send us this amount, we will send a copy, postage paid. Or we will send a copy gratis to any one who will send us six new subscribers for the *Earnest Christian*.

ULAH, AND OTHER POEMS. By AMANDA T. JONES. Buffalo: Published by H. H. OTIS.

This is a volume of poems of more than ordinary merit. They evince possession, on the part of the authoress, of real poetic talent. Ulah, the principal poem, is an interesting Indian legend, narrated in flowing verse. It will be read with interest. We are glad to see that a second edition has been called for.

Price \$1 00. Single copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address Rev. R. COOLEY, Box 2723, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

We welcome the monthly visits of this unflinching advocate of an uncompromising Christianity. If all professedly religious papers would speak out fearlessly, as does this little sheet, against the popular sins of the fashionable churches of the day, there would soon be a manifest improvement in the moral condition of the country. We are glad to see that the "Golden Rule" is finding its way into the families of our friends. We cannot commend it too strongly to every lover of Jesus. Single copies 50 cents in advance. Five copies to one address, \$2 00; and 100 copies, \$25 00. Address Rev. DAVID F. NEWTON, Box 1212, New York.

Bro. NEWTON also keeps a good supply of sterling Tracts for sale. Send for a dollar's worth for distribution.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.—We can supply a few hundred new subscribers with the back numbers of the current volume of the *Earnest Christian*. Will not our friends procure them for us, and send on their names? Address B. T. ROBERTS, Buffalo, N. Y.