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## FOUND WANTING.

BY THE EDITOR.

ABOUT seventy miles to the south of the modern city of Baghdad, the traveler in Mesopotamia discovers a huge hill rising abruptly from the extensive plain through which has flowed since the days of Eden, the river Euphrates. As he draws nearer, its flat, table-like top and perpendicular sides, standing up boldly from an alluvial plain, show that it is the work of man and not a natural elevation. He soon plainly distinguishes around it great embankments, the remains of walls and canals. This is the mound of Babel, the first great ruin seen on approaching ancient Babylon from the north. Other shapeless heaps of rubbish cover for many an acre the face of the land. "On all sides," says Layard, "fragments of marble, pottery and inscribed brick are mingled with that peculiar nitrous and blanched soil, which, bred from the remains of ancient habitations, checks or destroys vegetation and renders the site of Babylon a naked and hideous waste. Owls start from the scanty thickets, and the foul jackall skulks through the furrows. Truly, as the prophet foretold, "the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency is as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. Wild beasts of the desert lie there; and their houses are full of doleful creatures; and owls dwell there, and satyrs dance there. And the wild beasts of the island cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant palaces, for

her day has come." A few days' labor at excavation uncovered solid piers and walls of brick masonry running in various directions. The bricks bore the inscription, "Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Chaldees."

In one of these palaces Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, made a great feast about two thousand four hundred and thirty years ago. To this feast he invited a thousand of the nobles of his empire. Drinking freely of wine inflamed his pride, and the sacred vessels of gold and silver which his father had taken from the temple at Jerusalem were, at his command, brought out, that he and his guests might drink wine out of them. "And they drank wine and praised the gods of gold and of silver, and of brass and iron and wood and of stone." But God disturbed them in the midst of their impious revelry. Suddenly there appeared in the lightest part of the illuminated room "the fingers of a man's hand," and in mysterious characters "wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." He sends in haste for his wise men—the astrologers and sooth-sayers. He offers the highest rewards to him who shall interpret the mysterious writing. But all failed. "Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished." In the midst of the excitement the Queen came in.

She remembered Daniel, and at her recommendation he was sent for. He came, and faithfully exhorted the king and interpreted the writing. One word of the mysterious triplet is:

"TEKEL. *Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting.*"

Every one of us—I who write and you who read—will be weighed just as accurately as was this heathen king. Appearances may deceive for a time, but the days of deception will soon be over. Worthless coin and counterfeit bills may be current for a season, but they are sure to be detected at last. We may pass for more than we are worth among our fellow-men, but God will, ere long, give his true position to every member of the human family. If in good company, in an evangelical church, surrounded by godly associates, we look upon ourselves with complacency and feel secure. God will single us out and give to each one his particular value. There is a fearful directness in the language of Scripture. The warnings of God are not random shots. The arrow that put out the eye of Philip of Macedon and periled his life had upon it the inscription, "To King Philip's right eye." It hit the mark at which it was aimed. So God's threatenings will go point-blank to the hearts of those for whom they are intended. "*Thou art the man.*" "*Thou art inexcusable, O, man.*" "*Thou hast lost thy first love.*" "*Thou art poor and miserable, and blind and naked.*" "*Thou art weighed in the balances.*"

Let us consider:

# 1. THE STANDARD BY WHICH WE SHALL BE TRIED.

In nothing do men make so fearful a mistake as in testing their excellencies by a measure totally false and deceptive. Wealth, beauty, talent and power are possessions upon which men pride themselves. He who has the most of these is admired and flattered. But in the sight of Him by whom we shall be judged all these acquisitions pass for nothing. The largest measure of any or all of them

that mortal ever possessed cannot compensate for the want of a single virtue nor atone for a single vice.

(1). *We shall not be measured by one another in the day of judgment.* How often do we compare ourselves with those with whom we are acquainted! What feelings of self-complacency arise if we think we are less vicious than they! How we congratulate ourselves upon the discovery of some virtue of which we suppose them to be destitute! O, what stupendous folly! Those "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves are not wise."\* You may be more moral than any of your associates; in works of benevolence you may excel them all, but they are not the authorized pattern to which your life may, with safety, be shaped. In a flock of goats one may be much more lamb-like in appearance and disposition than the rest, but this does not render it a sheep. Cease then looking to others to fortify yourself in a course which you know to be wrong.

(2). *God will not try us at the bar of our own conscience.* It is astonishing to what an extent intelligent Christians plead, in justification of their own conduct, the fact that their conscience does not condemn them. What if it does not? Has God made conscience the rule of action? Do you not know that some of the greatest enormities have been perpetrated under the shelter of conscience? Under this cover the fires of persecution have been kindled, the cells of the inquisition have resounded with the groans of its victims, the blood of the saints has been shed like water, and true piety has been crushed. Reprove men for making merchandise of the house of God, expostulate with women for the vanity and immodesty manifested in their personal attire, and you meet with the stereotyped reply, "My conscience does not condemn me."

Did not Paul say that he had "lived

\*2 Cor. x. 12.

in all good conscience before God until this day," even though he had, meanwhile, been a bloody persecutor? Does not Jesus say, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you?" If a man refuses to obey, when the Holy Ghost illuminates his darkened conscience, and lets him see his duty, the light will gradually go out, and he will first doubt; and then persecute the very way in which he should have walked.

(3). *We must be tried by the revealed word of God.* The Holy Scriptures are the rule of our faith and practice. By them we must be tested. Paul speaks of "THE DAY when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to the Gospel."\* James exhorts us, "So speak ye, and so do as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty."† "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."‡ And Jesus declares, "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."§ Let us then bring ourselves at once to this standard.

2. THERE IS REASON TO FEAR THAT MANY WILL BE FOUND WANTING.

Jesus solemnly assures us that many who feel confident that they are in a state of salvation will wake up in eternity to find themselves damned. O fearful doom! Perdition will be sufficiently horrible for those profligate sinners who expected and defied it; but what must it be to those who, in respect to their spiritual experience, thought they were "rich and increased with goods, and had need of nothing; and knew not that they were wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked?"|| In particular,

(1). *Some will be found wanting in repentance.*

While repentance does not purchase pardon, it is a condition without which forgiveness is never granted. "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Every man's heart tells him

he is a sinner. Multiplied instances of transgression will come rushing into the memory in spite of every effort to forget them. No man's sins can be blotted out unless he repents and relies upon Jesus. The repentance of many is too superficial. It was not preceded by "godly sorrow," but was rather occasioned by the "sorrow of the world which worketh death." There was no breaking up of the fallow ground of the heart. No self-loathing, no hatred of sin resulted. Self was still the idol to which homage is paid. Particular sins were not taken up, looked at in all their aggravations, and confessed and bewailed as their enormity demanded. Genuine repentance spares no sin. It cuts off all at a stroke. It lays the axe at the root of the tree. It leads to hearty confession and prompt restitution. The reason why that brother is so vascillating in his religious experience—sometimes up and sometimes down—is because he does not make restitution for wrongs that he committed years ago. Perhaps in the settlement of his father's estate he availed himself of some legal technicality to defraud others of their rights; perhaps he pilfered from his employer; he may have ground the face of the poor and withheld from them their wages, or forced them to take something they did not want, or go unpaid! Rest assured that you will be found fatally wanting unless your repentance leads to prompt restitution. "If," said one truly penitent, "I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold."\*\* Read Exodus, xxii. 1-15.

(2). *Some will be found wanting in faith.*

Unbelief is not merely a misfortune; it is a fault. "He that believeth not shall be damned."† "Without faith it is impossible to please God."‡ We hear much said about faith, but how little of it do we see exemplified! How few really put their trust in the Lord! Ministers and church mem-

\* Rom. ii. 16. † Ja. ii. 12. ‡ Ja. ii. 10. § Jno. xii. 48. || Rev. iii. 17.

\* Lu. xix. 8. † Ma. xvi. 16. ‡ Heb. xi. 6.



bers, following their example, for fear the promise of the Lord will fail, join some secret society controlled by ungodly men, and then talk about the importance of faith! A faith that does not lead to practical results is dead and worthless. If we have a genuine faith in God we can take his promise without any indorsement from any man or body of men. If you find it hard to exercise faith make a more complete consecration of yourself to God. Begin to obey him and you will not find it so hard to trust him. Be urgent in offering up the prayer, "Lord, increase my faith." There is always a cause for unbelief, and that cause is with us.

(3). *Many will be found wanting in love.*

Without this all other gifts and graces will leave a soul short of heaven. Charcoal and diamonds are the same in substance—both composed of carbon. The same matter, which in its natural state is of little worth, becomes of untold value when crystallized. Love crystallizes the qualities of the human soul, and gives to all lustre and value. "But without love even faith, important as it is, profits us nothing."

How little there is of genuine love for God and man! It is very evident that self-love reigns in too many who profess to be the children of God. How is it with you? Do you complain of the providences of God? Do you shrink from the cross, and neglect to discharge duties required by God because their fulfillment may subject you to reproach? Do you hesitate and refuse to do unwelcome duties to your fellow-men for fear you will suffer a loss of their good opinion? Do you secretly rejoice in the misfortunes of those who have injured you? Then you need a baptism of love!

(4). *Many will be found wanting in obedience.*

Obedience is the touchstone by which all our claims to grace must be tested. The Saviour says, "*He that hath my commandments, and keepeth*

*them, he it is that loveth me.*"\* And Saint John declares, "*He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar and the truth is not in him.*"† This is strong language. But it is sustained by the whole tenor of Scripture. It does not leave us at liberty to select such commands as are indorsed by popular ministers and churches, and on the strength of keeping them claim to be Christians; but Jesus makes unqualified obedience to all his commands the test of our love. The requirements, to deny ourselves, and take up our cross daily and follow Jesus, to come out from the world and be separate, not to adorn ourselves with gold and pearls and costly array, to love righteousness and hate iniquity, are just as binding now as in the days of the primitive church. Who dares to profess even a desire to keep these plain commands of our Divine Master? Attempt it and you are subjected to a persecution less bloody, it is true, but not less annoying and trying to the soul, than that through which the martyrs passed to glory!

### 3. CONSEQUENCES OF DEFICIENCY.

(1). *Exposure.* How the man who uses deceitful weights blushes for shame as, before his neighbors, his fraud is brought to view! But how much more confounded will that poor soul feel who went on "deceiving and being deceived" until, in the presence of an assembled universe, the covering is thrown off, the hypocrisy detected, and the fatal deficiencies fully exposed! O, what disclosures will the judgment make! Some men thought to have been wealthy in their lives are found to be bankrupt at their deaths; so to a much greater extent will it be with the morals of many. They managed to make a good show in their lives; they were praised by the minister at their funeral; the tombstone told of their virtues; but the fires of the judgment will disclose secret sins and concealed abominations that will make them stand aghast.

\* Jno. xiv. 21. † 1 Jno. ii. 4.



(2). *Eternal ruin.* The foolish virgins, not for any thing they had done, but for their deficiencies, were shut out. The unprofitable servant, not for losing his talent, but for not using it, was cast into outer darkness where is "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

If a want of grace were attended with a little personal inconvenience only, it would not be a matter of so great concern; but it will result in the loss of the soul. He that is "found wanting" in the judgment must suffer banishment from heaven and take up his abode in hell forever.

#### 4. OUR DUTY.

Let us examine ourselves. If we will be honest and thorough, and bring ourselves to the test of God's word, we may know our real condition. If you find a deficiency, do not stop with the discovery. Confess it frankly before the Lord. Implore His help. Consecrate yourself fully to Him—to be singular for Christ's sake. Take up every cross. Commit yourself in every possible way to follow the Lord fully. Remember that in Jesus dwells all the fullness of the Godhead, and come humbly, trustfully to Him to be made a partaker of that fullness. There is not a defect of the soul but that He is able and more than willing to supply. He can be your strength in weakness, **YOUR ALL IN ALL.**

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**—Dear young friend, will you offer this prayer daily, and ask your companions to do the same?

O heavenly Father, give me the Holy Spirit *now*, to make me thy loving and obedient child. Teach me to feel that I am a great sinner, and to look to Jesus as my Almighty Saviour. Enable me to honor my parents and teachers, and to walk willingly in the right way. Make me what Jesus was when He was a child. Help me to serve Thee while I am young, and to go on serving Thee all my days. Give Thy grace likewise to my companions, and send a great revival amongst the young, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

## A FALSE CHARITY—A SICKLY CHARITY.

THE world is full of it—in the church and out of it. Why this looseness and slackness in family and church discipline? Why are children wayward, disobedient, headstrong, selfish, self-willed? Why do they live as they list, say what they please, go where they please, do what they please? Is not false tenderness or a sickly charity the root, the branch, the fruit of all this? meanwhile repudiating the word and the life! Why is the pruning knife almost wholly abandoned or laid aside in the church order and discipline? Why this neglecting to suspend or excommunicate disorderly members?—rum sellers, tobacco mongers, covetous men, who are idolaters, theatre goers, opera dancers, card players, novel readers, sabbath desecrators, church gamblers, time servers, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?" Why are oppressors, men stealers, apologizers for "the sum of all villanies" retained in full fellowship, received with open arms to the pulpit and the communion table? Is not a false, or spurious charity at the bottom of all this? a disregarding the word and the testimony? "O," says the temporizer, "we must have charity; for charity covereth a multitude of sins!"

When and where has there ever been a true, faithful, outspoken Bible reformer, denouncing sin as God does, who has not been accused sooner or later, of being uncharitable, of a harsh or bitter spirit? Even the wicked Ahab had the impudence to say to Elijah, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Doubtless Elymas the sorcerer accused Paul of lacking charity, or of indulging in a very bad spirit when Paul said to him: "O full of all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" Acts xiii. 10. Demetrius and his associate shrine-makers likely drew the same conclusion.

The Scribes and Pharisees unquestionably accused the blessed Lord of uncharitableness, of having a bad spirit when he said, "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." Beloved, "has the offence of the cross ceased?" Let us "judge righteous judgment." Let the lying lips be put to silence which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous." Psa. xxxi. 18. "The tongue deviseth mischief; like a sharp razor, working deceitfully." Psa. lii.

2. The beloved Spurgeon, alluding to this same false or sickly charity, says:

"A manly charity can comprehend severe language, can receive it from others without astonishment, and reply to it without animosity. Effeminate charity delights in honeyed words, smooth speeches, flowery compliments, hollow courtesies, pretended friendships, and loud professions of union; yet have we often observed that when the fit is on, it plays the bigot of liberality, and would extirpate and utterly destroy all who are not as profoundly tolerant as itself. All men are, now-a-days, freely admitted into the magic circle of the brotherhood of love, except those who have a mind of their own; we are allowed to differ if we will conceal the difference, but our name will be erased from the list if we dare to intrude our peculiarities. And this is called charity!"

So nearly allied is this plausible virtue to barefaced persecution, that one hardly knows which of the two deserves the sternest reprobation—some, indeed, would prefer the honesty of the worse to the pretensions of the better. Our churches need not fear a more terrible curse than this *blessed* charity; it is to be execrated with all the vehemence with which we would denounce the bigotry it pretends to despise. Its tendency is to lower the value of fixed and definite doctrines, and thus to cast down the hedges of the Lord's vine-

yard, and give up her vines to the wild boar of the wood.

According to the phraseology of these men, doctrines are dogmas, decision is arrogance, clear views are shallow platitudes, and zeal for truth is sectarian bigotry.

Let this plague run through the camp, and our tents will soon be desolate; no destroyer can be more mighty; the darkest form of infidelity would not be half so deadly. Let us labor after a clear and Scriptural view of the truths of God's Word; let us learn humbly, depending upon the Holy Spirit; let us judge deliberately, doing nothing rashly, but let us see to it that when once we know the mind of the Spirit, we *hold fast* that which is good, and are rooted, grounded, and settled in our faith. We need not be obstinate, but we must be firm. Like the ship in the storm, we must have good anchorage; we shall soon be shipwrecked if we are carried about with every wind of doctrine. We must have our loins girt about with truth, wearing it not as a mantle which hangs loosely upon the shoulders, but as a girdle bound firmly around the loins.

It will be well for us to prepare for the warfare, for it will surely come; and, however we may wish for quiet, we shall not find it easy to maintain a peaceful conscience if we join in affinity with error. 'Love' says Gurnal, 'goes ever armed with zeal, and draws this dagger against all opposers of truth. *'Qui non zelat, non amat.'* 'He that is not zealous does not love.' Let us then contend earnestly for the faith. Hard must be our blows—hard, we say, not because we hate, but from the very intensity and truth of our affection. That love which lets men perish in their follies is but the semblance and mockery of love; true charity will alarm a neighbor if his house be on fire, will speak to him plainly if it see him upon the brink of a precipice, and will show but little delicacy in unmasking a pretender who is attempting to entrap a friend. No truce, no parley, no surrender! 'Char-

ity' is the modern Diana of the Ephesians; but, great as the goddess seems to be, she is a false deity, and we cannot bow to her."—GOLDEN RULE.

## A COG WANTING.

BY GEORGE L. SHEPARDSON.

"SUFFER little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," are the words uttered by Him who spake as never man spake.

Who that truly loves our Redeemer's kingdom has not longed to hear this rebuke sounded in every church through our land?

Who that has a yearning for souls has not had his heart pained by the indifference manifest on the part of ministers and members to the conversion of children?

I have seen, at special meetings held for the conversion of sinners, little children present themselves for the prayers of the church, showing that their convictions were of the Lord, groaning to be free from the bondage of sin, yet the church failed to feel and act with interest for them.

Such may speak of their conversion, but in reality their actions call for the reproof of our Saviour.

The husband is the head of the wife, so our Lord is the head of the church. The church is the bride, the Lamb's wife, and they are to go out united for the world's evangelization; but it is the prerogative of the Bridegroom to lead, and the greatest condescension is exhibited in that he will permit the church to walk and work with him. The church, when she does not get above her business, is to follow and work with the Spirit.

I believe this want of perception or of willingness on the part of the church to work with the Spirit accounts for frequent failures in our protracted efforts for the salvation of sinners. When the Spirit goes out in its convicting power among children, the church fail to go hand in hand: the

Spirit is grieved and leaves them to themselves. The preacher's voice is now as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" every effort is palsied; the church is shorn of her strength; the cause injured; the church discouraged, and God abused.

God understands his own work, and when the church will consent to work with him there will be no failures, but certain victory.

There is no period in life when the Spirit works upon the mind and conscience as in childhood. The operations of the Spirit and Word are united in leading out the church in this highest mission assigned to mortals.

No command is more direct; no promises given in God's word are more encouraging than those touching this point. To the parent and the church it is written, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Again "they that seek me early shall find me."

The history of Samuel and of John the Baptist show our privilege concerning the early piety of our children, and the superior usefulness of those who "remember their Creator in the days of their youth."

How often after every effort has failed to reach the heart of the sinner, has the simple story of the Christian child broken the heart of the abandoned infidel!

When arguments fail and great efforts lose their force, God uses the weak things (children) that have no hypocrisy and in whom there can be no deception, to carry on the mission which sent his Son to earth.

Had we these workers which the Spirit goes out in search of in the early part of a reformation, we should go forth with a perfect set of tools to blast and break the hardest rocks of unbelief.

God calls for this kind of soldiery because he has use for them where all others fail.

The church needs these little missionaries in our Sabbath-schools, in



our class and prayer-rooms; in our families we need them to exemplify Christianity in life, and to prove its power in death.

At a camp-meeting held at St. Charles the past summer there was probably no sermon preached that had the effect upon saint and sinner of one preached by a child of only eight years. As he came upon the preacher's stand to deliver his message, the honesty, simplicity and tender years of the child gave opportunity for the Holy Ghost to work unrestrained, and those that could only see him felt its divine power, and were led to exclaim, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise!"

Its effect was overpowering upon the skeptic; their studied objections to the truth of our holy religion fled before it.

A remarkable evidence of the power of Christianity was evinced in the death of little Franky, son of James and Maria Powers, of Virgil, Ill. Little Franky had the advantage of praying parents, and it was apparent that their prayers were not in vain upon his short life, for he delighted in singing religious hymns and in conversing upon Christianity. Yet not until his last sickness was there an evidence of his heart being changed by grace. Little Franky was eight years old when the diphtheria laid upon him its relentless grasp. Medical skill and all that friends could do failed to release the little captive from the hand of the monster. His mother knew that he had a particular dread to talk or think about death or the cold grave, and had deferred to talk with him about dying; but some six days before his death he told his mother he did not wish to live. She asked him if he was not afraid to die. He told her, No. She then asked if he did not dread the cold grave?

"The grave," said he, "has no dread now; I shall go to Heaven, where aunt and cousins are. The Saviour has forgiven all my sins, and I want to go home."

He spent the most of the night in making arrangements for, and talking about his departure. He made a will of all his little playthings. He requested his mother to tell all his little schoolmates to be good and meet him in heaven, and at different times expressed his love and concern for them. Through his sickness, while nature was contending with this terrible disease, grace seemed to completely triumph, though his sufferings were of the most extreme character, showing that religion can prove itself equal to any emergency, even in the tender years of childhood. He would frequently request them to sing the hymn, "I am going home to die no more." When his friends would be weeping, he would say, "Don't feel bad, I am happy." And to his father he said, "Won't it be a happy meeting, Pa, when we all get up in heaven?"

All that came to see him could but see and feel that grace could and did triumph in the darkest hour. On the morning of the thirty-first of July he said he was dying and wished to see all of the family. After kissing Pa, Ma, brother and sisters, he kissed all in the room, charging them all to meet him in heaven. He then placed one hand in the hand of his father, the other in the hand of his mother, and, while kissing them, he fell into the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Such testimonies furnish the truth with precision and power that will give no place to doubt, nor chance to avoid the blow.

This is the cog wanting in our wheel of evangelization. When we take into account how much more easily children can be reached with the truth than those grown up in sin, it is to my mind a call to the church to bestow more labor for the direct conversion of our children. If parents and the church would realize their privilege in this respect, as the voice of duty, we

should see rising to take our places a numerous soldiery ready to bear arms at an early age.

## MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. MEHETABEL W. WOODRUFF.

I WAS blessed with a praying mother who died when I was ten years old. She enjoyed the blessing of holiness and exemplified it daily, for three years before her death. She used to take me to her closet, pray with me and talk to me about *Jesus* and about my soul, and though the fruit of her prayers and labors for me was not realized in her life, they always followed me and made a lasting impression on my heart. I always prayed and was very conscientious and sensitive to anything which I thought was wrong. But I never knew *Jesus*' power on earth to forgive sin till I was thirteen years of age. I was at the time of my conversion, on a visit to my aunt's. On my return home I yielded to the temptation not to tell my friends what *God* had done for me; thinking they would see the change in me and speak of it; for I knew I was greatly changed. But no one said anything to me about it. I did not confess *Christ* and my light went out.

No one unless it be a poor backslider can tell the depth of suffering, the anguish of spirit, I endured for the next two years. Oh how I used to wish that my dear mother was alive. I could tell her all of my sorrow and sin and she could help me.

My health was always poor, and about this time my friends thought I was nearing a consumptive's grave. *Jesus* was trying to win me by love, but I did not follow and thus that very love became a terror to me. At times I feared to go to sleep at night lest the judgment should set before morning, or I should die and be lost. I remember one night at family worship, my father read the last chapter of *Malachi*, and sleep fled from my eyes for that night. My diseased imagination and

unstrung nerves made the rustling of the wind sound like the crackling of the fires that were to burn the world and consume the wicked. I arose several times that night and looked from the window almost expecting to see the flames; and finally awoke my sister and begged her to keep me company. Ah how sweetly could even disordered nerves have rested, if *Jesus* had ruled in the heart.

Thus time passed till the spring after I was fifteen, at that time there was a protracted meeting held at our place, and oh, how I wanted salvation. I thought if some one would talk to me and open the way I would break the fetters and go to *Jesus*; but no one approached me with the interests of my soul,—yes one,—but it was so chilling, so repelling that I was only driven back. The evening of the last meeting came and I was aroused. I purposely put myself in the way of one who professed to follow *Jesus*, hoping, longing, to have her ask me to seek the Lord, but all the help I got was an account of a trifling adventure. How I felt as I went home that night? It seemed to me that my case was just about hopeless. I passed a sleepless night, arose at early dawn and sought a secluded spot to pour out my soul to *God*. I prayed, and prayed, till all at once I found myself on my feet feeling—O so light, and singing, "*My God is reconciled.*" I went to the house and confessed *Christ*. I think I walked in all the light I had, for about three years. Sometimes I would neglect duty, or in some other way grieve the good Spirit, and then repent and seek pardon for the offence. About this time a sister put the "*Guide to Holiness,*" in my hands, and by reading it I was led to see that *God* had greater things for me, even a clean heart. Once I was talking with a sister about the blessing; she advised me not to think of it, for, said she, no one lives long after they get it. You know, said she, that your mother only lived three years after she experienced it. Well, thought I, instinctively, I guess I don't want it.

But not long after this, I went to a camp meeting where the subject was explained and taught as I had never heard it. I began to seek for all there was for me, and was willing to give up all for Christ. I was greatly blessed at that meeting and have thought I received a clean heart, but I knew of no one who walked in the light of that blessing, had no one to counsel me, and the way seemed so narrow and full of crosses, that although I went home and for three months stood alone and walked in the light—imperfectly however—at last I settled down under the outward pressure, and became little better than a formal Christian, sinning and bitterly repenting, getting now and then a ray of light and a blessing, and again groping in mist and darkness. I will say, however, to the praise of my Master, that He did not leave me, he knew my sincerity and pitied my weakness, sympathized with my loneliness, knew how I needed the counsel of those who were experienced in the deep things of God, and He bore with me. He always helped me to pray in my school, and the last summer I taught I was led to appoint a female prayer-meeting to be held at the school-room after school. God worked in our meetings, several of my scholars were converted, and finally the brethren began to come in, the meetings were changed to evening, and backsliders found their way back to their Father's house, and some souls experienced the forgiveness of their sins and found favor with God. All glory to Jesus. It deeply humbles me to speak of this, but I feel that perhaps it may encourage some faltering one not to despair entirely, neither to remain where I was, for if God *could* bless the little seed I sowed there, how much better prepared for my Master's service would I have been, had I walked unflinchingly on as He led me.

At the age of twenty-two years I became the wife of E. S. Woodruff, a union which we have never doubted was well approved by God, though at the time he was backslidden in heart. I deeply felt the responsibility of my

station, and how I asked God for grace and wisdom. My husband erected and kept up the altar of prayer in our little family for the first year of our house keeping, and was considered by all an upright, consistent Christian, but he knew that his heart was destitute of the life of Godliness. When he suffered our family altar to fall, I felt God called me to raise it up or rather not to let it fall. I shrank, and for three years lived in disobedience and reaped bitter fruit. I still held on to the forms, but the light and vitality of religion were well nigh put out in my poor soul. When my second child was almost a year old, God laid his hand upon me, and brought me low with disease. My life was despaired of, but at the last extremity when no one thought I could live through the day, or even the next moment, I plead with God to raise me up for the sake of my child. With feeble utterance, and slow, in the presence of my friends I pledged myself before the Most High, to rear up the domestic altar, bring up my child under the influence of prayer, and train him for heaven. From that moment my fever turned, I grew better fast, and I recovered so rapidly as to astonish my physician, and every one else. As soon as I had strength enough to hold the Bible I performed my vow to God at the family altar. I kept it up one year and then I was so opposed by my husband that I let the tempter persuade me that it was no longer duty. Still I continued to take my little one before the Lord in secret, till he was three years old, when God in mercy arrested my husband. He was reclaimed, Dec. the 15th, 1851, and three days after God sanctified him soul, body and spirit. Glory to God for the miracles his grace can work. Now I saw that my prayers, and tears, and groans, were not lost. My soul was greatly blessed, and my heart did rejoice in God my Saviour.

But as Jesus led my husband on and he walked in the light, he was led peculiarly, and my unsanctified nature began to rebel. God gave him love and a bur-



den for souls, and sent him out into the highways and hedges, into the school houses and churches, and everywhere to pluck them, as brands from the burning. If he had been educated and polished a little, and then endorsed by officials, I could have endured it. But I could not bear reproach, and I backslid over his course. Not outwardly, for the closet and class-room were visited regularly, forms and ceremonies were met, while my heart was getting away from God, and losing all sympathy for the cross of *Christ*. O for-shame on such religion! How it humbles me to think of it.

My husband soon saw my condition, prayed for me and talked to me, and tried to lead me to salvation's fountain; but the enemy made use of it all to make me think he was wrong and uncharitable. Thus everything conspired to make me more miserable, and to drive me still further from God. Sometimes I would get convicted and feel so wretched that I would go to my closet and plead with God to show me the true way. The light would shine and I saw clearly that I must go with my husband to hold meetings and work for souls. I must stand by him, and hold up his hands. Then something whispered that if I took this course I should lose my reputation, lose favor even with the church and my dearest friends. And could I bear this? I, whose strongest besetment was love of approbation? Ah, I would shrink, and again all was darkness and spiritual death.

I remained in about this position for six years. None but those who have fought against God, as I did, can tell how restless and dissatisfied my poor longing heart was all those years, and especially the last two. I would repeatedly go to class, and tell just how dark and barren my soul was, and beg of the brethren to take hold of my case and help me if they could. They would pray for me as if I was under temptation and asked God to bless sister Woodruff. O they did not understand my case. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. They thought

sister W. must be all right, she was always at her post in meetings, and lived an exemplary life at home.

In July I attended a camp meeting at Great Valley. Before going I determined that if there was any such thing I would get right there let it cost what it might. I will not try to tell all my exercises of mind at that meeting. O how hard Satan tried to get me that he might sift me as wheat. Almost the first thing, I got sadly tried with some of God's little ones; then I saw this would not do; I must begin in earnest to work for myself. I did begin; I told the brethren and sisters just where I was and asked them to pray for me. I promised to obey God, and upon some one putting the question, I promised specially to do the first duty that God showed me. I went into the altar to hear preaching, and before the sermon was finished I saw that God wanted me to get up and confess to the people; as the preacher sat down I realized my position, the enemy took the advantage of me, and I ran like a frightened deer to my tent. Ah, my heart was not humbled. My will was not wholly given up to God. I had promised to obey Him, but then I did not think he was going to lead me in that way. I was so mortified over this that I just gave place to the devil and everything went wrong. I felt I was wronged, insulted, and abused by those who walked close with God, and who loved my soul too well to leave me where they saw me. Blessed be God that neither He nor His children forsook me. Monday morn came, and a dear friend, (a minister's wife,) and myself walked out alone and consulted, fortified and strengthened ourselves and each other in our own position. I told her I was so sick of holiness, and if I ever got the blessing I would not tell of it, there was such work made of it. She agreed with me and said she should let her example tell of her holiness in future. Thus we braced ourselves against God and His people. I speak of these things hoping that from my example some may see how

easy and yet how dangerous a thing it is to disobey the first teachings of the Spirit and let the light within us become darkness. I verily believe there are scores now in the Church in high repute for piety, who like Saul, are proscribing and persecuting Jesus' faithful ones, and who flatter themselves that they are doing God service. May the Holy Ghost open the eyes of the people to see that if Jesus were to come again in his incarnation, it would not be so popular a thing to profess faith in Him as now. May they see that the "offence of the cross hath not ceased," that the way is just as narrow as when it was first opened and the world, the flesh and the devil are just as much opposed to it now, as when the few who dared to walk in it, were counted the filth and offscouring of the earth, and were obliged to hide themselves in dens and caves of earth.

That Monday morning I could not get away from our tent at prayer time, as I had done, and almost the first thing as we knelt, God began to burden His children for me. Soon He gave me a burden for myself. I began to see things as they were and to feel now is my last chance for salvation, and while my husband prayed God to make thorough work of it, I saw myself only the strength of a hair from hell. Ah, I then wanted all to pray for me and all to pray at once, it did not try me then. Well I had to be held up to make my confession. O how my heart looked to me then! I saw pride at the bottom of everything, I had to confess so much, how much I had loved the good opinion of my brethren and sisters, how it gratified me to hear of their saying sister W. is such a consistent Christian. I had been ashamed of my husband, etc., and O such a confession as I had to make as the light shone upon my heart. But bless the Lord I was enabled then and there to make the consecration. I promised to take the whole cross and follow Jesus. God forgave my sins, and oh how I wanted every fibre of sin extracted, every element of my being sanctified.

We held on to God till He sent refining fire all through my heart, scattered the light through every part and sanctified the whole. Glory to God in the highest.

Since then I have found the way just as narrow as it looked at first. Friend after friend have fallen off, not being able to endure the offence of the cross. I find I cannot

"Be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease."

But glory to God all the way long I have Jesus; and the way is so delightful, with the glory in my soul. How I love to tell of Jesus' power to save! O the joys of a present and full salvation. Truly

"Half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it."

EAST OTTO, N. Y., Oct. 22d, 1861.

## A DEATH-BED.

(FROM A PREACHER'S NOTE-BOOK.)

"I HAVE nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation; nothing to expect but condemnation."

The speaker articulated with difficulty. He was a large man, massive of feature and muscular of limb. The awful pallor of his face was increased by the masses of thick, black hair that lay in confusion about the pillow, brushed off from the dead whiteness of his forehead. Struck down suddenly from full, hearty life to the bed of death, he made then and there an agonizing confession, such as too often racks the ear of the listener at unhappy death-beds.

A meek woman sat near the nurse who was striving quietly to alleviate the suffering he endured.

"Oh, don't talk to me of pain!" he cried bitterly. "It is *the mind*, woman, —the mind;" and agony overclouded his face.

He continued, slowly and deliberately: "There is a demon whispering in my ear forever, 'You knew it at the time, and at every time; you *knew* it.'

Knew what? why, that a penalty *must* follow a broken law. Mark me—I have not opened a Bible for thirty odd years, I have not entered a church for twenty; yet the very recollection that my mother taught me to pray (and she died when I was only six) has passed judgment upon all my sins. I have done wrong, *knowing* that it was wrong; first with a few qualms, then brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend. Sir, in one minute of all my life, I have not lived for heaven; no not one minute."

"Oh, yes, Christ died for sinners, but my intellect is clear, sir; clearer than ever before. I tell you," his voice sharpened, almost whistled, it was so shrill and concentrated, "I can see almost into eternity. I can feel that unless Christ is desired, sought after, longed for, that unless guilt is repented of, his death can do *me* no good.

"Do I not repent? No, I am only savage at myself to think, to think, sir!" he lifted his right hand impressively, "that I have so cursed myself. Is *that* repentance? Do not try to console me; save your sympathy for those who will bear it, I cannot."

"Thank you, nurse (this as she wiped his brow, and moistened his parched lips); I am not dead to kindness, if I am to hope. I thank you, sir, for your Christian offices, though they do me no good. If we sow thorns, you know, we cannot reap flowers—and corn don't grow from thistle-seed. I have been following up the natural laws, and I see an affinity between them and the great laws of God's moral universe. Heaven was made for the holy; without are dogs and whoremongers, and adulterers. There is a distinction—it is all right, all right."

After that, till eleven o'clock, his mind wandered, then he slept a few moments. Presently roused by the striking of the clock, he looked round dreamily, caught the eye of the nurse, then of the Christian friend who watched.

"It's awfully dark here," he whispered. My feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. Oh for some

foundation!" He stretched his hand out as if feeling for a way.

"Christ is the only help—" I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"—whispered the man of God.

"Not for me;" and pen cannot describe the immeasurable woe in that answer.

"I shall fall, I am falling!" he half shrieked; an instant after, he shuddered, and all was over. The wilfully blind, deaf, and maimed, had gone before his Judge. The poor despairing soul had taken that last plunge into eternity.

"I'm falling!" It seems as if the very chamber where he died has kept the echo of that terrible cry.

## TRAINING CHILDREN.

WE give large extracts from the famous letter of the mother of the Wesleys on her mode of training children. Mothers read it, ponder it, and ask yourself if you are doing all you can to train up your children for usefulness here, and for glory hereafter.

DEAR SIR:—According to your request, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family. The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth, as in dressing, undressing, etc. The first quarter commonly passed in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid in their cradles awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping; which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old they were taught to fear the rod and cry softly, by which means they escaped much correction, which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise, the crying of children, was rarely ever heard in the house. As soon as they grew pretty strong



they were confined to three meals a day. As soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat. Eating and drinking between meals were never allowed, except in case of sickness, which seldom happened. They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given to them, that when any of them were ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they dare not refuse it.

To form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is, to conquer their will. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy, which are hardly ever after conquered. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing. Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. But no wilful transgressions ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is done, then the child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have

taken root in the mind. I cannot yet dismiss the subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children, ensures their wretchedness and irreligion. Whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone, so that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul; the parent who indulges it, does the devil's work, and makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body forever!

The children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed-time constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers.

They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and were instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, "Pray give me such a thing." Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names, were never heard among them. Nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school morning

and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon; when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as, in the morning, they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family. And, I thank God, the custom is still observed among us.

## BE WATCHFUL.

BY I. STACY.

THE importance of being watchful is deeply felt by those who have been "born of the Spirit." Such well know that if this duty is neglected "the enemy of all righteousness" will come in like a flood, which will result in the loss of vital piety. The necessity of being watchful with reference to evil of every kind, seems to increase with every age. The Christian is not only to watch his personal safety, but he is to watch against resting in the form of religion, in the devotional exercises in which he may engage, either public or private. Are there any who have been enlightened by the Spirit, whose hearts have been regenerated, who can be satisfied with the external duties of religion? It appears to us there are none. The duty enjoined by the Saviour to "watch and pray lest you enter into temptation," must be regarded or the result will be a declension of vital piety which will be felt in the heart and seen in the life.

1. To watch implies a liability or exposure to danger. As it respects the Christian life, this liability to danger is of a peculiar character. Without watching he may be overtaken by pride, by worldly-mindedness, or led astray by that "unruly member, the tongue," or overcome in various other ways "through the snares of the wicked one." The danger is not of a trivial character through which the

disciple of Jesus is called to pass, from the fact that he is exposed to the loss of the divine favor, which may result in eternal death. This danger may be avoided by faithfully attending to the duty of watching. "Who can harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?" God only knows how many precious souls have been lost from neglecting this duty.

2. To watch also implies that an enemy is seeking our destruction. The enemy is legion. Perhaps the most destructive in human form are those who "have a name to live and are dead." The influence of such is to lower the standard of Christian experience. The enemies with which the true disciple of Christ has to contend, are to be found then among the professed friends of Jesus. It becomes the Christian to watch lest he be satisfied or rest in something short of Gospel salvation. By the Word and the Spirit we may distinguish between the suggestions and temptations of Satan and the real teachings of the Spirit. All our enemies, then, powerful as they may seem, may be discovered, routed and destroyed. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"The praying Spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart."

3. We are to watch continually. As efforts are continually being made to keep the soul from advancing in Christian experience, and to keep sinners from being converted, it becomes necessary to be as watchful as the enemy is diligent in his attempts to destroy souls "for whom Christ died." A single day must not pass without examining the heart with reference to its acceptance with God.

Are you a child of God? Then watch every hour lest you be drawn into some snare of the world, the flesh, or the devil, and thereby lose your fellowship with God. "What I say unto you I say unto all, all watch."

"Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die."

## PREACHING.

How few ministers do preach with all their might, or speak about everlasting joy and torment in such a manner as to make men believe they are in good earnest. It would make a man's heart ache to see a company of dead and drowsy sinners sit under a minister, and not have a word that is likely to awaken them. To think with ourselves, *O, if these sinners were convinced and awakened, they might yet be converted and live.* And alas! we speak so drowsily or gently, that sleepy sinners cannot hear. The blow falls so lightly that hard-hearted persons cannot feel it. Most ministers will not so much as put out their voice and stir themselves up to an earnest utterance. But if they do speak out loud and earnestly, how few do answer it with earnestness of matter! And then the voice doth but little good, the people will take it for a mere bawling, when the matter doth not correspond.

It would grieve me to hear what excellent doctrines some ministers have in hand, and let it die in their hand for want of close and lively application. What fit matter do they have for convincing sinners, and how little do they make of it; and what a deal of good it might do if it were sent home; and yet they cannot or will not do it. O sirs! how plain, how close should we deliver a message of such a nature as ours! When the everlasting life or death of men is concerned in it, methinks we are nowhere so wanting as in this seriousness. There is nothing more unsuitable to such a business than to be slight and dull. What! speak coldly of God! and for men's salvation! Can we believe that our people must be converted or condemned, and yet we speak in a drowsy tone! In the name of God, brethren, labor to awaken your hearts before you come, and when you are in the work, that you may be fit to awaken the hearts of sinners. Remember that they must be awakened or damned; and that a sleepy preacher will hardly awaken them.—  
BAXTER.

## DEATH A SANCTIFIER.

MANY insanely suppose that, when they come to die, they shall be sanctified and prepared for heaven. Let us sit down by the bedside of such a man—one who expects to be sanctified in death. What is he doing? What progress is he making? Would you speak kindly to him and inquire after his spiritual progress? But you must not allude to religion—the doctor would not like to have you. He says it might retard the man's recovery. He wants his mind to be perfectly quiet and unthinking. It will not do therefore even to whisper the name of Jesus! And is it supposable that this dying man is taking hold vigorously of that blessed name which you may not even whisper in his ear? Is he gaining the victory over the world by faith in the Lamb of God? Do you judge from what you see and hear that his soul is in a mighty struggle with the powers of selfishness and sin—a struggle in which faith in Jesus insures the victory? Ah! he sinks—he goes down lower and lower; sometimes all consciousness seems to be lost;—and you think that in these dying hours, his soul is entering into sympathy with Christ—is bursting away from the bands of temptation, and taking hold with a mighty grasp of those exceeding great and precious promises?

No man has any right to hope unless he is really and fully committed *now* to holiness, and in all honesty and earnestness intends to live so. If he does not intend to live a holy life, let him know that he is not in the way to heaven. If he is in his sins, and indulges himself in sinning, by what right or reason can he suppose himself traveling towards the abodes of infinite purity? If he hopes for heaven at the end of such a life, he is egregiously self-deceived.—FINNEY.

A FALSE friend is like a shadow on the dial which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.



## REV. WM. C. KENDALL, A. M.

## LABORS—DEATH.

He was appointed from Medina conference in the fall of 1856 to Chili circuit Genesee district, and never took a charge with higher hopes of a thorough and extensive revival. At first there were promising indications of such a work; congregations were large, attentive, and deeply serious. But when it became evident that the church was fallen, and, in order to a mighty outpouring of the Spirit, she must humble herself and confess her departure from her former glory, those who should have led the way revolted, and bitterly denounced all labors to that end. The faithful pastor, burdened well nigh to fainting under the intolerable load of the sins of the people, and of such a fearful resistance to truth, wrestled whole days and nights for power to hold on and go through. He received a mighty baptism, and such a death to self and men as he had never known. And his preaching was with increased light and power of the Holy Ghost. But it was opposed also with fresh vigor and violence, until the majority of the church were influenced to declare their will against the way in which the meetings were conducted, and such insults were offered there both publicly and privately, to the Lord and His "anointed," that suddenly the Holy Spirit seemed utterly to forsake the place of the public assemblies. The few who loved the truth and were clearly saved and blessed through the labors of God's servant, groaned and wept in secret places over the desolations, but they were forced in a few short months to abandon the place where God was forbidden to work as he had in other days.

Br. Kendall was accustomed to say, that his peculiar mission seemed to be to "let God loose among the people," and that he wanted to do, whether he could preach a sermon or not. To some extent he did it, even here. For he found that those who would fight

the Holy Spirit away from the house of God, would rarely venture into family prayer-meeting where salvation was kept at a glowing heat by the "poor in spirit!" Numbers were saved and sanctified in such meetings, and again a sort of band-meeting was instituted, where all who could bear the light and heat, were invited to come. Heresinners were converted, backsliders reclaimed, and many received the blessing of a clean heart. His house was often a scene of the manifestation of Divine power and glory. Some whose hearts were filled to overflowing, often broke out in exhortations, at the close of the sermon; several, perhaps in succession, much to the annoyance of those who cared more for well-set words and decorum, than for the presence of the Holy Ghost. But Br. Kendall cared more for a genuine work of the Spirit, than for all other excellences combined. At the funeral of a brother who had died in triumph, there was so much of God's Spirit and presence that a brother and sister broke out at the close in exhortation, having just received a powerful baptism of the Holy Ghost, of which Br. Kendall remarks in his diary, "they exhorted in power, and profitably transgressed vain notions of propriety."

He was also as prompt to discourage what would build people up in a formal religion. Speaking of one point on his charge, where some were seeking religion, he says, "Last evening I requested that none come to the altar who were unwilling to pray for themselves. Some who had been, as seekers, staid away. Far better than that they should be bolstered up with false hopes—Lord give us a *thorough* christianity! Save us from the curse of *spurious* revivals!"

The labors and sufferings of this year served to refine his soul rapidly, and some thought, as his strength began to fail, he was doing up his last work. He once thought, under a severe attack of lung disease, God was about to release him, but in answer to prayer he was restored—the Lord had one more

battle for him, and one glorious, final victory. His labors at camp-meetings during the summer of this year, were more multiplied and successful than ever, in digging out of the mire backsliders in the church. His friends noticed that his countenance bore an unearthly lustre; that his accustomed smile was more heavenly, and his singing, always so full of Jesus, was unusually sweet and charming. Few could look upon him when engaged in devotions, without feeling a sacred awe, and to be in his company was to catch rays of sunshine and glory. He rode from the ground singing clear and joyfully, as he waved an adieu to his friends,

"O! I've got a home up yonder!  
In a few days, in a few days."

perhaps already echoing back the music from the shore he was rapidly nearing! He closed up his year of apparently fruitless toil, and hastened to conference, where his friend and brother in the gospel, Rev. B. T. Roberts, was arraigned for "slander," tried, condemned and *reproved*, and, he himself was presented with two bills of charges, to prove that he was "no longer useful as a traveling preacher;" which bills however were laid over to be tried at the *next conference*; and *both* ministers, guilty, as it was affirmed they were, were sent out again to work in the vineyard. He was appointed to a distant field where it was said there was nothing to "divide," and his only subsistence would be what he could get from house to house. The people had been told by their P. E. that he doubted whether there was "a man in the conference small enough for them!" It seemed there *was* one "small enough" to love the work of soul-saving so well that he could be transferred from the best and wealthiest charge to the very poorest, and *rejoice* that there were souls to be saved! After one severe conflict over the *causes* that sent him to such an appointment, he looked to Jesus for success in his new field, and hid away full of joy, to the utter amazement of some ignorant souls,

who thought he must be out of his head, and in need of friends to keep him awhile in an asylum till he should recover his senses. How little they knew of the mighty power that was working in his soul, enabling him to say, "through Christ's strengthening me I can do all things"—*rejoicing* in tribulation. They knew nothing of his soul's agony in gaining such a victory. Could they have entered his room one afternoon at the close of the conference, and seen the tears; the face swollen and red with weeping; and heard the groans which the remembrance extorted; that all this cruel treatment had been provoked by nothing more than his unshaken purpose to keep his ordination vows as a minister of the cross of Christ, and clear his skirts from the blood of souls; they might have understood that God alone could withdraw the arrows that had wounded his sensitive, guiltless soul, and so heal the wounds that his mourning was turned into joy.

He took his appointment from the Le Roy conference of 1857, to West Falls circuit, Buffalo district. Like a true minister, and a christian warrior, he took the field to conquer or die at his post. His presence infused life and hope into veterans who were despairing of any more such seasons as they enjoyed in other days. Everywhere he came, young and old caught his buoyant spirit, and felt that *he loved* his work, and the souls of men. When he brushed away the last tear at conference, he smiled, and said triumphantly, "I will trust in God to make them repent they ever sent me to West Falls, to cure or punish me!" At one point he found the people ruled by a wicked choir, and very soon set himself to "learn *all to sing*." His school was crowded and the most seemed pleased with the rich melody of the older tunes. But old jealousies were revived, such as all choirs understand, and there was war on every side. But with his accustomed energy, he set himself to restore the ancient land-marks, and with a mild and firm hand he held a steady rein. Flatteries and frowns were alike

unavailing, and his enemies could only try to torment him, enraged that they could find no malice or guile in him. Calmly he insisted on the disciplinary rule, till the congregation voted it, and the power was broken. God's people began to see to what and to whom they had been slaves, and to assert their liberty. Love-feasts with closed doors had also become obsolete, and these he restored. The first one was owned of God in a signal manner in the conversion of souls, and the descent of the Holy Ghost at the very commencement. The tickets of that love-feast will long be remembered. As the church began to prepare the way of the Lord, meetings were held every evening, and Br. L. Wood assisted in preaching, while Br. Kendall went from house to house stirring up the people to a sense of their condition. On Christmas, a watch-night was held, and Br. Kendall preached one sermon, not soon to be forgotten, from the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He spoke with *authority* and with great power on the freeness of salvation—so free that the very air was surcharged with it, and we had only to get our moral lungs in a condition to inhale it and then take it at *will* at every inspiration. He invited seekers to the altar, and drew the lines so close, that every member in the church took their position as backsliders in heart from that hour, though all were not fully reclaimed. Instantly as it were, a bar was removed as if by a sweeping torrent, and paleness gathered on all faces. Members of the church were screaming for mercy, and fell under the power of God, while their ornaments were laid off on the spot, and sinners were seized with such conviction, they fled to the altar begging the people to pray that they might have just that kind of religion—two within one-half hour were soundly converted to God. The church had taken every block out of the way, and the Holy Spirit began to work as it always does, when *let alone*. In every direction whole families were

trembling with conviction and hastened to the house of prayer. In the fields stout-hearted infidels fell prostrate under the power that reigned, and were glad to get relief from the prayers of men they once hated. The work spread rapidly and demands for visiting were so increased, that Br. Kendall soon overtaxed his vital energies. We must not forget to mention, that instead of starving he found a comfortable home, and people on every side ready to supply his wants. As the work progressed, every new convert came with a load of something nice to the parsonage, till it was literally filled with the best the land could afford. Never had he found so many warm, open hearts. All wanted to share what they had with the preacher. When shall such godly love and simplicity *prevail*! Br. Kendall worked like a man that had just so much to accomplish in a given time. Day and night he toiled on, talking, singing and praying with superhuman energy and perseverance. His zeal was untiring to see the whole circuit enveloped in revival flames, so that he scarce gave himself needed rest. His sermons were observed to be clearer, and clothed with greater unction, developing unusual scope and depth of thought. Whenever he dwelt on his favorite theme of holiness, his face shone as with a halo of glory. It was simply an increasing faith in God.

His favorite passage in these days was, "Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The Master was about to say, "Servant of God, well done." Soon after New Year's his health failed from constant toil and exposure. Could he have been relieved of some of his severe pastoral work, he might have held out longer. He was threatened with fever, but, after a few days' rest, again got to the church for a few times. On Saturday of January 16th, 1858, he felt very unwell, and was dangerously threatened with fever of typhoid symptoms. He spent most of the day at home, conversing familiarly about



death. He had often asked his wife when she was accustomed to say she blessed the Lord for every thing, "Could you bless Him for taking *me* from you?" This day he endeavored to procure a promise from her and another friend that they would not weep for him when he was safe in glory. His wife replied it would be impossible, should he be taken from the midst of such a work, when no one could be found to hold the people to the right point as he would do. But the Lord's ways are not our ways, and they knew not that the arrow was on the string. Sabbath morning he was better, so he insisted on going to his appointment, eight miles off, saying, however, "Somebody ought to be here to help me to-day. I trust the Lord will forgive them." His wife went with him to his appointment, and noticed that the chill north wind made him much worse. He was obliged to walk, for miles, to endure the cold. He took his text from Ezekiel, xxxiii. 11., and preached with unusual clearness and power on a conditional salvation. His exercise failing, however, to produce any perspiration, he closed with a severe chill upon him, and his companion urged him to return home. He firmly refused, saying, "Let me preach at least twenty minutes at Potter's Corners. I want to say something they will always remember. I fear I have not done my duty there on conformity to the world."

He went, sang and prayed, and spoke near thirty minutes in a close, searching manner from the words, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." He prayed again, though near fainting, and rode home, groaning every step, and had to be assisted into the house, which he never left alive.

The meetings were still in progress, and had taken a new impetus that day; he felt disappointed that he could not attend, but said to one going, "Tell them to meet me in glory."

This was his last message to a numerous family of spiritual children who were weeping and fasting and praying

many days after for his recovery.—Next day he was better, but spoke in doubt of his recovery. To his wife he said, "For *your* sake I would like to live, and I find some shrinking from leaving this work in the conference, but, Jesus can do without *any* of us!"

Wednesday he was able to sit up and attend family prayers, though with difficulty. He was greatly blessed, and renewedly gave himself to God, as he said, to suffer. His burden for awhile was intense. He saw he had sometimes taken some of the glory to himself, when souls were saved through his instrumentality, although not conscious of it. It grieved him, and he plead for an utter death to self, saying, "Let me have the suffering. All hail reproach and welcome pain." He seemed wonderfully changed into heavenly resignation after this, and grew rapidly worse. Another physician was called, and powerful medicines administered, under which his system labored heavily; but he said, in his anguish, turning his eyes upward, "I shall go through, doctor, to health here, or health up yonder."

The following Sabbath he was filled with divine glory all day, and rested in body some. He said he felt sweet incense all about him, and that he had never spent such a Sabbath—such revelations! Prayed that he might not be lifted up by them. Monday he had a severe conflict with the powers of darkness, was tempted that he should be lost after all, but he soon triumphed, and exclaimed, with a face lit up with celestial glory, "Jesus, the conqueror, reigns!" His shouts rang through the house, mingled with sweetest songs of praise. Sometimes he waved his hands, crying out, "Why, heaven has come down to earth! I see the angels; they are flying all through the house!" Then he would strike out loud and clear, "My soul's full of glory," or, "How happy every child of grace, who *knows* his sins forgiven," and sing several verses.

One morning, on waking, he said, "I have seen the King of Glory, and

slept in his palace. I was so intimate with the angels!" During all this time he was conscious of all that was passing, and kept note of the time for his medicines. Not a murmur once escaped his lips in the most severe paroxysms of pain. Seeing the extreme anxiety for his recovery, and different doctors called, he said to his wife, "I wish you would throw away the medicine and go to praying; doctors can't save me. I am ashamed of you all. I have more faith in prayer than medicine."

Wednesday, the 25th of January, it was decided water was collecting on his brain, and there was strong congestion. Nervous spasms came on that were very violent. He became unable to sleep, and often wished he could hear music to soothe his nerves. The Lord favored him with most ravishing strains from the angels' harps, so that he called on those around to listen. In all the intervals between his violent spasms he was most placid and rational, usually singing in his own sweet voice and manner. With every conflict and victory his views of eternal things grew strangely clear. He had one day a view of souls unsaved, and of the judgment, and the expressions that dropped from his lips told of conceptions of truth unknown to mortals. Could he have preached *then* his words would have been fire. His last conflict was with the king of terrors, and so intense was his struggle that he rose up in bed, extending both arms, and exclaiming, "Scatter!" several times, as if facing a legion of devils, and then fell back, saying, "Jesus, the conqueror, reigns!" while every tone and look was marked with unearthly beauty.

Sabbath morning, the thirty-first, he was thought to be dying, and his room was filled with a weeping multitude. His voice failed, and he lay gazing into heaven, all entranced with its glories that were beaming down full upon him. He was waving his hands, as if in welcome to those on the battlements, and his wife held her ear to his lips,

and heard him say, "Hail! hail! all hail!" She asked what he saw, and he replied, "Light! light! light!" She asked, "Are you going to leave us soon?" He answered, "Pretty soon, pretty soon," and then, as she responded, "What shall I do?" he replied, earnestly, "Wait a little, wait a little!" After a short silence he suddenly roused, and, gazing on those around with a smile of recognition, began singing in a sweet, tremulous voice, "We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan!" His father asked, "William, is all well?" With a gaze of ineffable sweetness, he answered three times, "All is well!" The chill of death now began to come on more steadily. Late in the evening he sang the hymn nearly through, "How happy every child of grace," and then seemed lost in conversation with heavenly visitants.

Gradually the silver cord was unloosed, and while numerous friends were standing about the couch of the dying saint to catch the last whisper, at half-past ten o'clock, on Monday morning of February 1st, 1858, the warrior fell to rise immortal! Without a sigh or a struggle, the pure spirit escaped, and at the moment it shot across the river of death a holy smile settled on the beautiful clay, and such a cloud of glory was let down to bear the ransomed one away as he stepped into the chariot of fire, that the weeping multitude felt they were quite on the verge of heaven. His companion says, "I thought not of myself, but, overwhelmed with the awful glory in which I saw him enveloped, and the full consciousness of his safety beyond all sickness and dangers, *forever redeemed*, I sank to the floor, exclaiming, 'Bless the Lord, safe over!' and was lost for a time in following his flight, as I saw him speeding his way to the sight and presence of Jesus."

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BETTER it is for thee to have little than much of that which may make thee proud.

### CONVERSION OF INDIANS.

WE have long been persuaded that the true method to get the heathen converted to God, is to send among them "good men full of the Holy Ghost and of faith—men who are successful in promoting revivals at home. We find a striking confirmation of this view in the Autobiography of Rev. Alvin Torrey. After several years of successful labor among the whites he felt, in 1822, that he ought to labor for the conversion of the Indians, many of whom then resided in Canada. They were not only generally pagans, but they were exceedingly prejudiced against Christianity. The church of England had a missionary among them, and some of the natives had been baptized, but so little of true religion was there among them that even their missionary would, on the Sabbath, after the exercises closed at the church, go with the Indians to their horse-racing and card playing, and drink with them to intoxication. Such was the state of things when Mr. Torrey commenced his labors among the Indians of Canada. His brethren had no confidence in the success of his mission. Their theory was *first* civilize, then *Christianize*." But Mr. Torrey thought otherwise. He went to work as he did among the whites, relying upon the aid of the Holy Ghost to reach the hearts of his wicked, benighted, savage hearers. "Many days and nights," he says, "I spent in the woods, on my knees supplicating a throne of grace for the blessing of God upon these nations." After a few months of trial, privation and danger, he began to realize the answer to his prayers. The first break occurred at a camp meeting, and is thus described by Mr. Torrey in his interesting narrative:

"I gave out my text and began to preach. The power of the Lord was upon me, and I felt His mighty influence in my soul. As I proceeded, a deep feeling of solemnity came over the people. They swayed to and fro,

and as the mighty power of God came sweeping down from heaven upon us, saint and sinner fell before it, and the slain of the Lord were in the camp. The groan of the sinner, the cry of the penitent, mingling with the shout of triumph, and the song of the victor, rolled up from that encampment like a mighty cloud of incense, and angels looked on and shouted for joy.

Away on the outskirts of the congregation, and leaning against a tree, stood a poor, benighted son of the forest, who, during the day, had been wandering about among the tents and over the ground, and now, drawn by the sound of the minister's voice, he had approached nearer and nearer, till he stood gazing at me. As he listened, the word of truth sunk deep in his heart, and conviction seized upon his soul. The tears streamed from his eyes, and when the call was given for all who wanted religion to come forward and kneel at the altar, he hastened forward and cried aloud for mercy.

Attracted by the same heavenly influence, a sister of this poor red man came, weeping and crying for mercy, to the altar. How our hearts thrilled with joy and thanksgiving to God, as we beheld these benighted youths bowing before the God of the white man!

Here, at last, were the fruits of all our toil and labor; for this had we suffered cold and hunger, privation and want; for this had we given up the comforts of home and friends, and gone forth among strangers; to this end we had breasted wind and storm, snow and hail, and made our couch upon the damp earth, with nothing but the sky and stars above us, and the dark, dim woods, like watchful sentinels, around us; and now, as we saw that youthful couple before us, all our toils were forgotten, and we knelt around and wrestled earnestly in their behalf.

The sister was the first to be converted. When the first beams of the sun of righteousness shone in upon the darkness of her mind, she sprang



to her feet, and shouting forth the praises of her Redeemer, she then hastened to her brother, saying, "The Lord will bless you, Peter, for he has had mercy on me and blessed me." It was not long before his soul was brought into the full liberty of the gospel of Christ. When the victory was proclaimed to the anxious, praying friends of the poor Indian, a shout of triumph rolled up and swelled out upon the air, till the sounding aisles of the dim old woods echoed back the joyful cry.

On the following Sabbath we had a meeting appointed at the house of Thomas Davis, a Mohawk chief. He and his wife had renounced paganism, and had been baptized by the English missionary who officiated at the Mohawk church. When asked for the use of his house to worship in, he said, "You can have it, but I not change my religion. If you can reform my people, I be glad." He had renounced spirituous liquors, read the prayer-book in his family, and they considered themselves Christians.

This Indian was no common person. In stature he was tall, well formed, and as straight as one of his own forest pines. Born to command, he had the air and mien of one who knew his power. His forehead, like his spirit, was high; his eye as piercing as the eagle's. His mind corresponded with his person; it was like those vast solitudes of the American wilderness, which civilization has not yet reached. Though its spontaneous productions were luxuriant, and often-times gigantic, yet, had the ploughshare of civilization, and the refining process of art passed through and over the virgin soil, mankind would have been astonished at the result.

As an orator, he would have graced any of our legislative halls; and he far exceeded many who hold themselves up as patterns in the art. Bishop Hedding said of him, after listening to him, as he gave his experience in his own tongue, and seeing the grace and artless simplicity of his gestures,

"I have seen many who professed to understand the rules of elocution, and those who carried those principles out in practice, but never before did I see a perfect orator." He was grave and dignified in his manner and address, and prided himself on his stoical indifference in all minor matters which move the mass around him. He was respected by his nation, and his counsel was sought in all matters of public interest. His influence over his people was great, and in all matters of legislation he moulded them to his will. He was in the habit of calling his people together at the church every Sunday, and reading parts of the prayer-book and Scriptures to them after which, they were accustomed to finish the day in card-playing, horse-racing and drinking fire-water, as taught or allowed by the missionary of the Established Church. But Thomas could see the inconsistency of such conduct, and he never allowed himself in any of these things. He knew me to be a Methodist, and as he had been taught by his minister that Methodism was an error, he had not been disposed to look upon me with much favor. But when he heard Polly and Peter talk about leaving off their bad practices, he thought there might be something more than he at first believed, and though he believed his religion was *the* religion, yet he was willing to countenance anything which promised reform among his people.

At the time appointed, we commenced our meeting. The house was crowded, and many gathered around the windows and doors. There were several there who had been awakened to a sense of their lost and ruined condition, by the efforts of Peter and Polly. I commenced the exercises, it was not long before sobs and cries broke from every part of the house; men and women, old and young, crying out, "O, my sorry, wicked heart! O, my sorry, wicked heart! I shall go to the bad place!" The scene was solemn and impressive. Scattered all over the room were eighteen or twenty,

who were wringing their hands, and crying as though their hearts were breaking under some great grief; while others, crowding up to see what was the matter, looked on in wonder and awe. Their sorrowful faces showed, as they peered through the windows and doors, their heartfelt sympathy; while a feeling of wonder, as to what all this might be, mingling with their sympathy, caused them all to stand silent and attentive. We found it necessary to point them directly to the Lamb of God. We said to them, "Jesus Christ, the Son of the Great Spirit, and who lives with the Great Spirit above, will save you.—He can cast the bad spirit out of your hearts, and make your sorry, wicked hearts good and glad, like Polly's and Peter's. If you will say in your hearts to the Great Spirit, and his son Jesus Christ, that you will put away the fire-water, the white man's poison, and drink no more of it; that you will not be wicked any more; that you will do all this Bible tells you to do—for this Bible contains his will; he will help you, and bless you. You must believe he will help you, and his blessed Bible says he will, if you ask him; and you must believe that Jesus Christ can drive the bad spirit out of your hearts, and make them glad and happy, by entering in himself."

They seemed at once to believe these gospel truths, as thus simply expounded to them, through an interpreter, and simultaneously with their believing, they fell from their seats either to the floor, or into the arms of some one near by, and to all appearance were dead persons. The Indians at the doors and windows, and those in the house, were very much frightened at this, and ran for water.

One little girl, who was sitting by the side of her mother when she fell under the power of God, thinking she was dying or dead, ran home to tell her father. He immediately came, but before water could be brought by Indians without, they had begun to drink of the waters of salvation. In a

few moments the shout of victory was heard from those who, a few moments before, seemed plunged in hopeless despair. The father, who came expecting to find his wife dead, found her shouting and praising God. His soul was awakened, and he was soon rejoicing with his wife. Jesus Christ had now taken possession of them; their souls were filled with light and love; their tongues were loosed, and from all parts of the house was heard the cry, "O, Jesus, he make me happy! O Jesus, how I love thee! Glory! O glory!"

During all this time, Thomas Davis had remained a silent, and, to all appearance, an indifferent spectator; but now he arose, and wrapping his blanket around him, went out of the house. Taking his prayer-book with him, he went into the field, and seated himself under an oak. He had seen the deep grief manifested by the others, and had seen that grief changed to joy almost unspeakable. He had never felt any thing like this, though he had long been a Christian. He began to reason on the subject, and inquire what made this difference. He began to feel bad at heart, and remembering what he had heard the missionary say, he thought he would pray. So, kneeling down, he began to say over the words, as he had heard them. Soon the love of God filled his heart, when he arose and came to the house. During his absence, his wife, who had remained during the whole service, was awakened, and following the example of the others, soon was made happy. She said when she gave up her heart to the Great Spirit, the power of God came down upon her, as she expressed it, "All over, hoo, hoo."

Both Thomas and his wife were converted, and at about the same time of day. Thomas immediately began to exhort those about him, who still remained sinners, to turn to the Great Spirit, and partake with him of the blessed peace and joy which he felt.—This meeting lasted all day. We immediately proceeded to organize a

class; we read and explained the "general rules," and received between twenty and thirty as the fruits of that day's labor.

The Mohawk chief, Thomas Davis, after joining our church, had discontinued his attendance at the Mohawk Castle. Soon after, he was visited by an English Bishop, who was on his annual tour through the Canadas, and their interview was rather amusing. The Bishop inquired of the old chief why he had left their church and joined the Methodists. The old chief replied, "Bishop, you know your ministers preach to Indians forty years. No see at all; all dark—no feel any good. All drink fire-waters—get drunk—all bad. But the Methodist minister come preach to Indian; he feel sorry, then glad. He put away all the fire-waters; begin to pray—be sober—work—have plenty to eat—all very happy. What you think of the Methodist religion, Bishop?"

The Bishop sat listening attentively to him, till he finished, then, with a shake of his head, replied, "I don't know any thing about this Methodist religion." The old chief quickly replied, "You not know any thing about this Bible religion? I very sorry." And then warming up with the subject, he gave him such an exhortation that the Bishop was glad to bid him "good-day," at the first chance he could get."

Peter Jones, the first Indian converted, was a young man of the Mississauga tribe. He felt an inexpressible desire for the conversion of his mother, and of the tribe to which she belonged. He hunted her up, but found the whole company, except the chief, in a drunken frolic. He waited until they became sober, and then told them how the Great Spirit had saved him and other Indians at Grand River, and he invited them to come and get this religion for themselves.

They went and attended church. After singing all knelt down, and Peter led in prayer.

"The conversion of his mother was to him an all-absorbing theme; and for

months he had waited and prayed; for months he had plead with the Great Spirit to influence the mind of his mother and her tribe to listen to the Gospel of Jesus; and with his faith strong in the Lord, that he would work in his behalf, did he start on his visit to the "Credit." And now that his desires were gratified, his prayers answered, his faith in God waxed stronger, and as he knelt in that room, and saw his mother on her knees before God, his soul was moved, and he cried with a loud voice to the Lord of Sabaoth, that he would hear his cry, and answer his petition. His faith was strong, his plea an urgent one; his soul was stirred within him, and as he poured out his heart before God, his words were like fire in a dry stubble.

While Peter was still praying, being joined by the others in an undertone, the poor Mississaguas were pricked in their hearts by what they heard, and began crying aloud, while sobs and tears almost choked their utterance,—  
"O, my sorry, wicked heart! O, my sorry, wicked heart. I shall go to the bad place!" When this cry arose from those poor heathens, the effect was almost indescribable. Those who had before been praying, earnestly, to be sure, yet silently, now broke forth as with one accord, and with a loud voice cried unto the Lord of hosts to hear and deliver. When the Lord saw that they had drunk the bitter cup of repentance long enough, the sweet balm of heavenly consolation was sent to heal their wounded souls, and then came the joys of salvation.

Now, as on a former occasion, they sank to the floor under the mighty power of God, and arose with shouts of glory upon their tongues. Before many minutes had passed away, nearly all of the thirty who had entered the house of God as poor benighted heathens, were basking in the sunlight of Christianity, and praising God for his goodness in bringing them to a knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, who for the first time in their lives had stepped foot inside of a Christian church."



## EDITORIAL.

## A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Is one needed? Where is it not? What multitudes are rushing wildly, madly down to hell! O! that we realized more fully the condition and the certain fate, unless they repent, of those around us! Can ordinary efforts, formal prayers, and eloquent, powerless sermons reach them? Are they doing it? No, no! Men are dying in their sins, in civil life and on the battle-field. There is need now, if there never was before, of *religious excitement—excitement* deep, and high, so deep that it shall go to the bottom of the heart, so high that it shall overtop every other excitement, and arouse the attention of all grades of society to the forgotten interests of their never-dying souls. God can, even in these times, revive his work. He is doing it, to a small extent, in a few places. A few mercy drops are falling—enough to show that Heaven has showers of blessings in store that are awaiting an Elijah's faith to be brought down upon the people. It is unbelief, strongly tinged with infidelity and practical atheism, that says we are not to look for a revival because there are so many difficulties in the way. God loves to work in the midst of difficulties. It is then that his hand is most plainly seen.

If you would have a revival, give yourself anew to God. With the additional light you have make the fuller consecration. Get a thorough work accomplished in your own soul. Unless the agents employed in promoting a revival are clear and deep in their own personal experience, and have the courage to hold the people to the thorough work, a revival will be a curse instead of a blessing. While nothing is more desirable than a deep, genuine revival of God's work, a superficial revival is one of the worst things that can happen to a church.

## FREE CHURCH IN BUFFALO.

God is doing a gracious work in this church. It is so crowded on Sabbath evenings that it is impossible to find standing room for all who come. Many have to go away, unable to gain an entrance. On week-day evenings it is well filled. Souls are coming to Jesus every week. The gratitude manifested by the poor to think

there are some who care for their souls amply repays for all the sacrifices that have been made to procure this church. Were it paid for we should open another. Several of our friends have promised us money that we greatly need. Can you not send it on immediately? It is greatly wanted to pay money borrowed for this church. If you have not the means, ask the Lord if he will not help you to some, and when he does, do not appropriate it to some other purpose. Take encouragement from the following letter:

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 21st, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:—I take the "Earnest Christian," and peruse it with pleasure and profit. In it I notice a call for contributions to help pay for a Free Methodist church; and my heart responded to the call. I asked the Lord how I might earn ten dollars for this cause. My son is stationed here, recruiting for the army. I told him to send me some of the men to board at a shilling a meal. He thought me quite beside myself, as I was but just recovered from a severe sickness and am now far from well, but in the strength of Elijah's God I went to work; and, blessed be his name! I am enabled to inclose the ten dollars, and I feel just as though I had given it to Jesus. Praise his holy name!

SISTER HADDOCK

## JOINING THE FREE CHURCH.

We have no disposition to proselyte. Especially do we want none to join us from other churches unless they do so from a conviction of duty. If they come among us because they are thoroughly in sympathy with us, feeling that God requires it, and go to work to spread Scriptural holiness—Holy Ghost religion, they will find a large and open field. But if they come because we are weak and feeble and despised, to "give us character," and to regulate and keep us in order, they will only injure the cause they profess to serve. We love to have men join us in the way that the young preacher did who writes the following letter:

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:—Feeling strongly impressed by the "Holy Spirit" that I ought to write my experience in reference to joining the "Free Methodist Church," for the express benefit of those who may be led to join, and also my brethren in Christ, I send it to you

for publication, if you think it for the glory of God.

In the latter part of the year 1860, on the 24th of November, by request of Brother Irvine, under the Presiding Elder, I commenced traveling Chemung Circuit, as a supply. I believe in a "*full, free and present salvation*," and preached it as God helped. At our first Quarterly Meeting, I was, by the unanimous vote of the Official Board, employed to travel under the Elder. We commenced a protracted meeting which lasted about nine weeks, which was the whole quarter. God blessed the effort, and between thirty and forty received forgiveness, and some were entirely sanctified to God.

At our next Quarterly Meeting I learned that some were dissatisfied, and I accordingly resigned, remaining in the neighborhood, and occasionally trying to preach.

I bitterly opposed the Free Methodist Church, going to their meetings for the purpose of finding fault, and at times speaking against them in their own meetings. After going on in this way for four or five months, the light began to shine, and I began to feel that I ought and indeed must make a public confession, if I would save my soul. I resisted the light, and refused to listen to the voice of God, yet his blessed "*Spirit*" followed me. A few weeks before the "*Bonus*" Camp Meeting, I resolved to go to the meeting without prejudice and get right, for I felt if I lived as I was God would leave me, and perhaps I should lose my soul. Indeed, I *know* I should! I went. "*Glory be to God!*" As soon as I entered the circle of tents, the *convicting power of God fell on me*, the light began to shine clearer, and the past came rushing upon me with *irresistible force!* It seemed that I must literally sink into hell under the load of guilt. What could I do? To go back and refuse to "*walk in the light*" was *certain damnation!* To go forward and obey God was "*eternal life!*" But how can I do it? I had said *repeatedly*, "I never would leave the church until I was *turned out* at any rate, and then I would join again on *probation*." I saw what I had to do, or be damned. "*Glory be to God I did it!*" God helped me, and I resolved to go through. It seemed that every sermon, exhortation, prayer, song and shout was for me. O, how I felt! I left the ground. Next morning I re-

turned, went around from tent to tent; all were glad to see me, notwithstanding I had been, and, for aught they knew, I was their bitter enemy. On my way round I met with Sister Coon, and she spoke as follows: "*Why, Brother Miller! How do you do? Why, God bless your soul! how dare you come here? Have you got salvation?*" I replied, "*I think I have. I feel pretty well,*" etc. "I know you can't stay away from us. Why, *Glory to God!* you always get blessed when you come among us!" *These words sank into my heart.* After sitting awhile, I left the tent, feeling my heart would break, yet all the while concealing the emotions of my *troubled soul.*

The cross was so heavy I was unwilling to raise it until Friday morning, when God helped me to make my confession. *Glory to his name!*

I was greatly blessed in doing it. I had resolved to do my duty, and God restored me to pardon, and I then sought and obtained the blessing of "*Entire Sanctification*;" but the agony of soul I suffered will *never be told!* As the meeting progressed, several opportunities were afforded for joining the church, some joining every time. I felt as though it would be duty for me to do so, and so did others, as I afterward learned. On Tuesday morning I did so. Soon after, I felt as though I had done wrong, for I realized my work in the M. E. Church was unfinished; accordingly I went to Marengo and again took my letter. After having done what I felt to be duty, I left the "*prairie*" for Elgin; stayed all night there; next morning went to the Ogle Camp Meeting, and shall *praise God through all eternity that I went.*

I returned to Elgin, again felt convicted to join the church and take work at the convention. On the 27th of Sept., 1861, I gave, or sent my letter to Brother Hart, he being the preacher in charge at Marengo. I have felt clear ever since I took the step, that I was in the path of duty. On the 1st of October I went to the Convention at Clinton, and was sent to St. Charles with Brother Ladue. I have been growing in grace ever since!—have felt satisfied that the whole thing was ordered of the Lord.

God is, I believe, reviving his work in Wheaton, and there are signs of his coming in St. Charles. I am resolved to go through

with Jesus. I have learned it is good to be willing to take the "LAMB WITH THE BITTER HERBS." Hallelujah! I have consented to go through, misunderstood by all, without stopping to give an explanation. Glory to God for salvation!

Yours,

JAS. MILLER, JR.

"THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN."

Our second volume closes with the present number. We have done the best we could under the circumstances in which we have been placed, to carry out the object we proposed when we started this magazine—to raise up "the Bible standard of religion,"—holiness to the Lord—to "promote experimental and practical piety" in all its departments. We thank the Lord for his blessing which has rested upon our efforts. God has enabled us to perform an amount of labor that, a few years since, we would have deemed utterly impossible. All glory be to Him. We have abundant reason to believe that He has done a good work through "The Earnest Christian."

The next volume we hope, by the Divine blessing, to make better than either of the preceding. The Providential indications are that we shall be able to devote more time to it than heretofore has been possible. God has given us a deeper personal experience, has made us know more of ourselves and of the power of his saving grace, and we trust we shall be able to help our readers on in their delightful, though often wearisome journey, to the better land. We expect also some new contributors—some whose all is fully consecrated to God, and whose richness of experience and cultivated minds will enable them to write for your edification.

Can we not count upon the co-operation of each of our subscribers in extending our circulation? Beloveds, see if you cannot persuade some of your acquaintances to subscribe for this magazine. You may do an untold amount of good in this way. There are, in all sections of the country, and among all denominations, some who would only need to see the "Earnest Christian," to become its zealous patrons. We frequently receive letters similar to the following:

VERMONT, November, 1861.

MR. ROBERTS—DEAR SIR:—I should like to take a magazine called "The Earnest Christian," but do not know positively where to

send for it; if I did, I would send the money to pay for it a year, and will do so (and do all I can to circulate the work) as soon as I hear from you. I do not learn that it is taken in this section. Yours in Christ,

A. S. M.—

We greatly need an enlargement of our subscription list, and it rests with our friends to say whether it shall be done. Every one of you will, we trust, renew your subscriptions promptly, as such is the state of our finances that we should have early returns. We should regret to part with any of our readers, but if we must discontinue our monthly visits please inform us *at once*.

To our correspondents we tender our grateful acknowledgments, and we trust that they will continue your efforts to do good through the medium of our columns.

Direct all communications to Rev. B. T. Roberts, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Autobiography of REV. ALVIN TORRY.

This is a book of thrilling interest. Mr. Torry was the pioneer of the work of God among the Indians of Canada. He is a Methodist preacher of the old stamp—a man of God that has done good service in the cause of his Master. Our readers can form some opinion of the book from the large extract which we give in the present number. We cordially commend the book as one calculated to do good. O, that our young men might catch the spirit of those who have suffered and toiled in other years in the Master's service!

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