

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

NO. 2.

PERSECUTION.

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IN ancient Athens, in the days of the republic, there was a law permitting the citizens to send into exile any of their number, however spotless his life, or distinguished his services, whenever, in the opinion of a majority, his popularity became so great as to endanger the liberties of the commonwealth. Aristides was a citizen of exalted virtues. So great was his integrity, in public and in private, that his justice had become proverbial. An accusation of being held in higher estimation than was consistent with the liberties of the people was lodged against him. His fate was to be decided at an election ordered for the purpose. One, who personally was unacquainted with Aristides, asked him, when the vote was being taken, to write a ballot for him in favor of banishment. The eminent statesman, whose abilities and patriotism had served the city, readily complied. He then asked the citizen, "friend, what harm has Aristides ever done that you desire him to be banished?" "None," he replied, "that I ever heard of, but I am tired of hearing people call him 'THE JUST.'"

Here we have an exhibition of fallen humanity. One does not like to see in others virtues which he knows he ought to have, but is conscious that he does not possess. This is especially the case in reference to those graces that are implanted in the soul by the supernatural influences of the Holy Spirit. There is an irreconcilable an-

tagonism between sin and holiness. All efforts to make the two dwell together in peace, have ever proved, and will ever prove, abortive. The period shall arrive when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, but there will always be, however the customs of the times may change, a deadly hostility between sin and holiness. Wherever sin is in the ascendant, there will be persecution. *Think not, says Jesus, that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law: and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.** Is this state of things unavoidable? It certainly is. Christ is true. He never made a mistake. Let a part of a family become holy, and the rest remain in their sins, and there will be dissension. The sympathy that subsisted when all were alike dead in trespasses is gone. Those who are unsaved will be convicted. If they yield, and become saved, harmony will return, and an affection more deep and pure than ever was felt before will result. But if they harden their hearts, and resist the light, they will, if the control of the family is in their hands, turn persecutors. They may not burn the objects of their aversion at the stake, or confine them in prison. But this is not essential to persecution. "To persecute," says Webster, is "to afflict, harass or destroy, for adherence to a particular creed or system of religious

* Mat. x. 34.

principles, or to a mode of worship."

Whoever injures another in person, property or reputation because of his religious opinion or practices, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others, is a persecutor. All men have the right of worshipping according to their own convictions of duty. With this right none should interfere. If a Protestant should go to a Roman Catholic meeting and there inveigh against their mode of worship, and suffer in consequence, he would be a victim of his own folly and injustice, but not of religious persecution. If he believes Romanism to be wrong, he should bear his testimony against it in his own meetings, and not in theirs. The taunt, the jeer, the tongue, the pen, are as much instruments of persecution as the rack, and the wheel, and the thumb-screw. To turn a man out of employment, or a child from her home because of their religion, is as truly an act of persecution as to burn them at the stake. To bear the petty annoyances that the malignity and ingenuity of persecutors may devise to worry the saints of the Most High, requires as much grace as it would to go to the stake or the block.

I. ALL REAL CHRISTIANS WILL BE PERSECUTED.

This we prove from express declarations of the word of God. The apostle Paul declares, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution."* The terms here employed are universal. No exception to this broad declaration is made either here, or elsewhere, in the Bible. One may lead the life of a moralist, or formalist, without molestation; but if he lives *GODLY, in Christ Jesus*, the persecution will certainly come. The more godly one is, the more completely he is concealed in Christ, the greater will be the contrast between him and common professors, and the more will he be persecuted. With the above text agree many other passages of the New Testament.

† "Remember," said Jesus, "the word that I said unto you, *The servant is not greater than his Lord.* If THEY HAVE PERSECUTED ME THEY WILL ALSO PERSECUTE YOU." No prudence on our part can, if we are faithful to Jesus, obviate this treatment. If they persecuted Christ, with His infinite wisdom and goodness, and His unsullied purity, let no mere mortal, however great his care, hope to escape.

Paul and Barnabas, revisiting those places where they had preached the Gospel, "confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith," taught them "that we must through much tribulation, enter into the kingdom of God."

Such is the treatment that the Bible authorizes those to expect who make God their portion. If you have never looked over the passages that refer to this subject, you will be surprised to see how much the Bible has to say about it. The soldier who enters the army, does it in view of privation, and danger and death; so God would have those who enter his service, do it with the sure prospect of a life of self-denial and reproach, and a readiness to die, if occasion offers, the martyr's death.

Holy men of God have always been persecuted. They were familiar with reproaches, and sufferings, and exile, and often with prisons and tortures. "Which of the prophets," exclaimed the martyr Stephen, have not your fathers persecuted? He challenged those who were familiar with their history to point to a single one that had escaped. The chosen servants of God, to whom he revealed the future history of coming ages, met with ill-treatment from those whom they endeavored to serve. "These," said the elder to the revelator, of those, "before the throne of God, are they WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

It is so common to revere the memory of the pious dead, that we imagine

* 1 Tim., iii., 12.

† John, xv., 20.

if they had lived in our day, they would have been honored, and not persecuted. But in every age will be found the spirit that will "garnish the sepulchre of the prophets," and at the same time, "stone those that are sent unto them." In Wesley's day, the Church revered the name of Cranmer, and closed her pulpits against those of her own sons, who partook most largely of his spirit. In president Edwards' day, as now, the puritan fathers were held in grateful remembrance, yet this devout Christian and learned and able theologian was dismissed in disgrace from the Church that had enjoyed great and wonderful revivals under his labors. He meekly sat for several Sabbaths in the congregation, permission being refused him to preach, while an obscure deacon read from a book a printed sermon. No part of the world has become so thoroughly Christianized, but that any one who follows the Lord fully, without any compromising, and is filled with the Holy Spirit, will meet with persecution.

2. Persecution is generally set on foot by professedly religious persons. It is the offspring of bigotry. Religious bigotry is the worst fiend that ever escaped the precincts of perdition. It comes with holy air, and sanctimonious garb, and solemn words, professedly to cultivate, but really to lay waste the heritage of the Lord. It robs the heart of every generous emotion, dries up the fountains of pity and affection, and renders the person of whom it obtains control capable of cruelties that would make common depravity stand aghast! The infuriated savage, ready to strike the fatal blow, has relented at the supplications of the prisoner and become his friend; bandits have melted at the distress of helpless innocence; pirates have been compassionate, but when was the bigot ever known voluntarily to relax his grasp upon his victim? Napoleon, the fierce warrior, dyed in blood, caused one of his favorite officers to be executed because he put to death an unarmed enemy that sued for mercy;

but one surrendered to the control of bigotry can see his nearest relative tortured, and remain deaf to all his entreaties for compassion. If we would find words to denote the highest degree of cruelty that imagination can invent, we must borrow them from the vocabulary of the inquisition—a tribunal of the Church, where priests presided.

Alcohol, the most pernicious poison that ever scourged humanity, is made from the most useful grains, so bigotry and persecution result from a perversion of the religious faculty, the best and noblest element in humanity. So generally has persecution been found in connection with a profession of religion, that Whitefield remarked, as published in his sermons, "that there never yet was a persecution but that a priest was at the bottom of it."

3. The reason why there is no more religious persecution in this country, is not found in the greater civilization, or refinement, or religious tendencies of the age, but in the low state of piety that too generally prevails.

Did not our Saviour say to his disciples, "if ye were of the world, the world would love his own?" Why should the world persecute a Church that countenances its pleasures, and winks at its corruptions? Had church-members done their duty, would the demon of intemperance still reign in all our land, making homes desolate, and sending the bodies of thousands to a drunkard's grave, and their souls to a drunkard's hell? But for the countenance given to it by professors of religion, would slavery, "the sum of all villainies," have strengthened itself, until, emboldened at its successes, it aspired to the overthrow of the government and the ruin of the country? Let the Church arouse to her duty and persecution will come. There is little now in her course to provoke opposition or bring reproach. Her most earnest aggressive movements amount to but little more than a holiday parade, and a sham fight with wooden swords. But let her lay aside her burnished but powerless weapons, let

her houses of worship become, not a place for ostentatious display and ineffective ceremonies, but a real battle ground where the powers of darkness are met and vanquished; let her members come out from the world and be separate, and lead holy lives, and the days of persecution will return. If you sigh for a martyr's crown, get baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and do your whole duty, and you will have as ample opportunities to win it, as if you lived in the days of Nero, or of bloody Mary.

4. How should persecutions be met? With firmness and love—with humility and rejoicing.

To yield to the pressure of persecution, to compromise in any, the slightest degree, is absolutely fatal to any well-grounded hopes of heaven. Where Christ has spoken with so much emphasis, we dare not be silent. "Whoever," says Dr. Olin, "stops to inquire whether it may cost him sacrifices to be a Christian, with any intention to hesitate if it does, has admitted a consideration utterly incompatible with his becoming a Christian at all. Whoever chooses his creed or his church with any, the slightest, reference to the honor, or the ease, or the emolument it may give or withhold, does, by such an admission, utterly vitiate all his claim to have any part or lot in the matter of saving piety." "The Gospel will admit of no compromise here. This is its point of honor which it cannot, and will not yield by a single iota."

The Saviour has marked out our duty so clearly that there is no room for doubt. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me."* So that if the love of those dearest to us will be forfeited by our fidelity to Christ, we must make the sacrifice. But he tells us that we must stand firm when even life itself is at stake. "And fear not them which kill

the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."† And, again: "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father, which is in heaven."‡ If we may not yield, to save a parent, or a child, or life itself, much less may we to save property, or business, or standing in society. Cranmer, to save his life, signed a recantation; but so great was his agony of mind for it, that, when he was chained to the stake, he stretched out his right hand, and held it unshrinkingly in the fire till it was burned to a cinder, even before his body was injured, frequently exclaiming, "*This unworthy right hand.*"

Do then, your duty; and obey the Lord in all things, and never shrink from any suffering for the sake of Christ. God will give you grace, if you only rely on Him. It was a good saying of Ridley's to Latimer as they were taking their places at the stake to be burned. BE OF GOOD HEART, BROTHER, FOR GOD WILL EITHER ASSUAGE THE FURY OF THE FLAME, OR ELSE STRENGTHEN US TO ABIDE IT.

But persecutions should not merely be endured, we should rejoice and triumph in their midst. The true soldier who is confident of victory, exults at meeting the enemy upon the battlefield. He now has the opportunity of winning the glory which he has long coveted. So our Captain says, *Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil for the Son of man's sake.* REJOICE YE IN THAT DAY, AND LEAP FOR JOY: FOR BEHOLD YOUR REWARD IS GREAT IN HEAVEN. Are these words of Christ true? Who, in the present day, acts as if he believed them? The early Christians understood Christ to mean what he said, and they "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods;" and many a martyr kissed the stake and blessed the executioner who

* Mat. x. 37.

* Mat. x. 28. † Mat. x. 33.

kindled the flame. "This," said Mary Dyar, on her way to the gallows for the testimony of Jesus, "is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand, the sweet incomes or influence, and the refreshings of the Spirit of the Lord, which now I feel."

If, then, you are called to suffer for Christ's sake, do not think of it, or speak of it, as a hardship from which you would escape if you could; but rejoice that you are thus highly favored. You should count it an unspeakable privilege to be permitted to bear reproach in so good a cause, and with the certainty, if you faint not, of so glorious a recompense.

5. Beware that you do not suffer your zeal to degenerate into the spirit, of persecution. There is danger here that but few recognize. The slave, who has suffered the most from the lash, makes, it is said, the most tyrannical master, when the whip is placed in his hands; so those who have suffered most from persecution, often become, themselves, the worst persecutors. In the very city where heathen emperors amused themselves with seeing living Christians torn in pieces by wild beasts, the Christians, when they obtained the power, erected the inquisition to torture one another, with cruelties that the imagination of a heathen never conceived. The puritans, fleeing from their homes to secure liberty of conscience, had no sooner established their power in the new world, than they passed and executed laws consigning inoffensive Quakers to the gallows for daring to set foot in the colony! Guard well then against this spirit. Be as ready to concede to others the right of doing their duty as you are to claim the right yourself.

6. Let persecutors tremble in view of their own terrible fate. They are in a far worse condition than their victims, whom they affect to pity. "Whoso," said Jesus, "shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill-

stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."* A man had better be dead, and his unburied body be the sport of the waves, and food for the monsters of the deep, than that he should "offend one of the little ones" which believe in Jesus! Husband, beware how you oppose and misuse that wife because she is endeavoring in all sincerity to follow Christ! Parents, in treating harshly your child who has chosen the narrow way that leadeth unto life, and striving by threats and promises to turn him aside into the popular road, you are filling the pillow with thorns, upon which your unblessed head will vainly seek repose in the long night of dark despair to which you are hastening. Repent, confess, restore, and to the utmost of your power, repair the wrong you have done. Give your heart to God and implore his mercy. Say—

My life, my blood, I here present,
If for Thy truth they may be spent.
Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord.
Thy will be done, Thy name adored.

CORNER PIECE.—It is close work in these "perilous times," to draw the gospel line just where it belongs: so as not to wound the friends of Jesus, or strengthen the hands of our enemies. It is like firing at wolves among sheep, while all are in motion.

How many of Christ's little lambs are killed by random shots from the hands or mouths of those who should be leading them into "green pastures, and beside still waters."

O, Lord, help us to see our mark and then take good aim.

Our war is an *holy* war. In it we are to fight *sin*, not with carnal weapons, but with arrows dipped in blood divine.—A. B. BURDICK.

I doubt we are not explicit enough, in speaking on full sanctification, either in public or private.—J. W.

* Mark xviii. 4.

WATCH AND PRAY.

WHEN does Satan get the advantage over me and lead my heart away from God? When I neglect secret prayer. When do worldly thoughts and desires rule in my mind, and thus crowd out thoughts of God, and holiness, and heaven? When does temptation assail, and overcome, and darkness cover the mind, and despair fill the heart? When is family worship a mere formal ceremony? When am I impatient under opposition? When do I neglect duty and conform to the world around? When I lack a prayerful frame of mind—when I cease to watch and be sober. When is the Bible to me a sealed book? When I read it without prayer.

When is the word of God precious and sweet to my soul? When I read it, praying. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." When does light, and joy, and peace, attend me? When do the heavens smile to me with gladness, and all the promises of God become to me yea and amen? When do I subdue self and gain an easy victory over besetting sins? When is my conversation free from guile, and my hopes and evidences bright, my head clear and my heart joyful and free? When can I diffuse a good and healthful influence around? When am I patient and compassionate towards those that oppose the truth, and when does success crown my efforts? When does my faith reach forward to the resurrection of the just with assurance of hope? When I watch and pray.

"Prayer is the incense of the soul!
The odor of the flower,
And rises as the waters roll
To God's controlling power!

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine."

Be serious. Let your motto be, *Holiness to the Lord*. Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Must have it?

CERTAINLY you must. How can you, how dare you live and breathe without it,—without a free and full salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit? How can you read, write, pray, testify, open your lips at all, without this special, overflowing grace? How can you rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing as God commands, give thanks always, be careful for nothing, glorify your heavenly Father in every relation of life, without this tongue of fire?

Must have it? Unquestionably, brother, why hesitate a single moment?—you do it at your peril. God commands you to present your body, a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto him, which is your reasonable service; "to be steadfast, unmoveable always abounding, to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;"—to be filled with the Spirit. It is your duty, your privilege to obey God, have respect unto *all* his commandments, especially touching a holy, consecrated life. It is as much your duty to put on the whole armor of God, to be wholly and unreservedly given up to his service, as it is for any sinner to repent, turn from his great wickedness and open rebellion against the Most High. How can you, with any degree of consistency, warn impenitent sinners to turn from their wicked ways, flee the wrath to come, while you are living in open disobedience to a plain and positive precept? "*Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" The command to be holy now, to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, is just as plain and positive as the command to repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Beloved, it is not optional whether you will, or will not, obey God in this holy, consecrated life; you are solemnly *bound* to do it, as a matter of positive requisition. The

voice is louder than SEVEN THUNDERS from high heaven: "*wash you, make you clean.*"

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Your usefulness, your happiness, your safety, your eternal life depend on this obedience. It is God that speaks, not man. Moreover, there are no lions in the way, no giants, the sons of Anak; the pathway is open, the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Touching this baptismal fire, the promises are ample. The Spirit is given to profit with all. The Spirit and the bride say Come, and whosoever will, let him come. Brother, sister, will you have it? will you accept this offered mercy—this purchased salvation from all sin? Will you comply with the conditions?—lay all upon the altar, give up all for Christ, bring all the tithes into the store-house, take God at his word? Will you do it? will you do it *now*? Will you?

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

Let those who complain so bitterly of being judged by others and charge them with a want of charity, read what Mr. Wesley writes to Rev. Mr. L—. "Is not the reason of your preaching so languid and coldly, that you do not feel what you say? And why not? Because your soul is not alive to God. Do you know that your sins are forgiven? I fear not. Can you say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth?' I doubt, if you did know it once, whether you know it now! Have you fellowship with the Father and the Son? Alas, it is well if you know what it means."

Gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.—J.W.

WORLDLY CONFORMITY.

BY MRS. C. D. HAYES.

In searching the inspired writings for the requirements of God, it becomes evident that there is a work laid out for every Christian to perform, to insure us of heaven. Consequently, our son-ship or heir-ship is *undeniably* conditional. To such as *do His will* are the promises. Oh, that these words were *engraven* as with a *pen of iron*, upon the heart of every *professor*!

At the commencement of our spiritual pilgrimage, our Divine Master approaches us and begins his instructions. He imparts a measure of light to our darkened minds, and tells us, by His Spirit, His Word and the testimony of His followers, "If we would be His disciples, we must *repent* of our past sins, and *forsake* them, deny ourselves and follow Jesus," which requirements, if *heartily* complied with, will relieve us of our burden of guilt, and we stand forgiven.

Our blessed Saviour, having secured our affections, "puts a new song into our mouths," and continues his instructions and encouragements. He tells us that "In this life we shall have tribulations, persecutions, revilings; that we shall be hated, and our testimonies rejected, but He bids us be of good cheer, for He has overcome the world and, if we keep near Him, His presence shall protect us, and we, through him, shall come off more than conquerors."

One of the first crosses the young convert has to bear is to renounce an evil, which is, probably, if measured aright, the *greatest* and most *delicate* that prevails in the Church of God,—the "pride of life" in its various forms. The greatest because of its stealthy approach—its extensive range, and its power to fascinate; and delicate because it seems, especially pride in dress, so loveable to its worshippers. The true Christian professes to follow the Spirit "whithersoever it leadeth him,"—if it is to "cut off the right hand" or "pluck out the right eye." Oh, what

a dangerous but prevalent idea, that we can, in these days of Gospel light, come out from the fashionable world, and unite ourselves with the Church, and be in a saved condition with no change of exterior, the index to the heart. The lover of this successful flatterer contends that the time of restrictions is past. He seems to claim a right to indulgence because there is at the present day such a variety and profusion of attractions; and thinks, "a certain measure of pride is essential now to make people respectable and influential." How can a redeemed soul condescend to waste time in such trifling? "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, so also 'are the gold and silver,' but we are to use them as not abusing them," and return them with *usury* to the Lord. We are to *deny ourselves* of what, as sisters in our church? It cannot mean, Do not lie, Do not steal, Do not take the name of God in vain *any more*, for we did not practice such things in an unconverted state. It means, at least in part, those very idols that formal professors cling to so fondly for *somebody's* sake; in remembrance of a mother or sister or particular friend, or because some lady, who is called an exemplary Christian, wears them. The Saviour says, "He that loveth father or mother," sister or friend "more than *me* is not worthy of *me*." Now let us compare our practice as Methodists with the rules we have solemnly pledged ourselves before many witnesses to obey, "God being our helper."

For the information of those members of our church who "have no discipline" or have "*never* read our rules," we would say that it lays down in plain language rules that correspond with the Bible. Our preachers are to "receive none into the church till they have left off *superfluous ornaments*. In order to this, let every one who has charge of a *circuit* or *station* read Mr. Wesley's "Thoughts upon Dress" at least *once* a year in every society. "Allow of no *exempt case*, better *one* suffer than many; enforce *vigorously* but

calmly *all* the rules of the society." "Let none be received into the Church till they give a satisfactory assurance of their willingness to *observe* and *keep* them." We are to "avoid doing what we know is not for the glory of God, *such as* putting on of gold and costly apparel." "If there be *any* among us who observe not these rules, who *habitually* break any of them, we are to admonish and bear with them for a *season*. But then, if he *repent* not, he hath no more place among us, we have delivered our souls." Now, we know this subject embraces but a part of our rules, but it is specified with as much emphasis as "Thou shalt not steal." It is a painful thought that these things are so *little* regarded. Oh, what a blighting power has formalism when united with the love of honor, the love of worldly praise and a profession of religion! 'Tis like a coat of mail to encase the heart from the influence of the Spirit. Oh, how the tender Spirit mourns to witness those professing to have come out from the world, before heaven and earth declare "We *do* renounce the devil and *all* his works, the *pomp* and *glory* of the world, with *all* covetous desires for the same, so that we *will not* follow nor be led by them," standing before the sacred altar, decked and trammelled with a profusion of these cast-off symbols of a wicked heart. Why have we, professing the same faith, become so alienated from each other in our views upon this important subject, since the Bible is unchanged and our rules from the first till now have been essentially the same? From ancient date we see that, in all ages the child of God, when walking in the clear light, has viewed with horror this besetting sin and shunned it with jealous care. The Lord by Isaiah pronounced *woes* upon the daughters of Zion for their pride in using the *same* ornaments that are now used to excess by our sisters professing Christianity.

Paul and Peter and John prohibited the use of them "by women professing Godliness." A Fletcher, and Wesley

and Judson continued to sound the warning in the ears of God's children, and have we in our generation become so wise that we shall, in our distance from the Divine Spirit, let the echo die away? Some are of the opinion that it is our education and not the Holy Spirit that influences us on this subject. It is true that when a Christian mother's example and counsel impress upon the heart of a conscientious daughter, lessons teaching her to heed the whisperings of the Spirit, they are like the refreshing shower upon the tender plant, strengthening and preparing her to *act* upon that principle in future life. But we believe from experience that our impartial Saviour, who would have *all* to repent, teaches all inquiring minds the first rudiments of grace. All must become teachable as little children to be acceptable to Him, or to benefit by his instructions.

The beloved disciple tells us in beseeching tones to "love not the things of the world." A love for them stupefies the spiritual senses, and they deny taking pride in them, while their actions contradict their words. The love of fine and multiplied ornaments is accompanied with a desire to excel others, and that and a neglect of Christian duties are almost inseparable.

They boldly display an element contrary to humility, which grace so beautifies the follower of the meek and lowly Saviour. The use of them serves to undermine the confidence in such professors, of the spiritually minded, whose feelings should be regarded. Jesus said, "Woe to *them* by whom offences come."

Again, we believe this evil is one of the most *dangerous* besetments with which we meet, for it commands at will, with few exceptions, the whole Christian sisterhood of every faith. Its siren song first attracts, and as we listen we become fascinated. What danger of being led *down* step by step, (for Satan has degrees for his followers to take,) till they unconsciously wend their way through twilight labyrinths into darkness. A fearful condition for

a professor! Jesus says: "Ye are the light of the world, but if your light becomes darkness, how *great* is that darkness!" We pray the Lord to keep such as are in the light faithful in giving "line upon line, precept upon precept" and to send his Spirit in power to those who have lost it! O, professor of the love of Jesus, Methodist sister! can you not realize how unchristlike we are in the extent of fashion into which we have fallen? Let us look into the perfect mirror, (the Holy Scriptures,) and carefully examine the features of our sustained Christian principles, and as we value our spiritual usefulness and final salvation arouse from this deathly slumber! We have solemnly pledged ourselves to perform vows that we have broken continually! need we wonder then that when we warn sinners they answer in their heart "physician, heal thyself?" Solemn thought—the remembrance of these broken vows, and the unholy influence we have shed upon tender and unenlightened minds will prey upon our guilty souls when too late for reparation. Our disrobed spirits must pay the penalty. In short, no amount of hoarded wealth—no long indulgence in sins forbidden, will excuse us or screen us *from* the eye of "Him who seeth not as man seeth." Sin is no less sin because our great enemy has so cautiously and craftily accomplished his purpose in ensnaring our minds, but we are the more endangered because of his wily art in lulling them into a deathly stupor.

Some of our sisters say they were converted with these on, and that they feel no conviction whatever. It is no wonder they feel thus, for every aperture of the heart is being shut against the Spirit. Our merciful Father accepted us as we *were*, all covered with sin, but the terms on which He became reconciled to us *were* "deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow me." You are convicted from a source you are not willing to acknowledge. Go into your closet and there *condescend* to hold communion with your own heart with

which you are (together with much of the dealings of the Spirit) comparatively a stranger! Why do you feel so *uncomfortable* in the society of those who, by example and precept, so kindly reprove you? And why do you withdraw yourself so much from such society? Why are you so *restless* when conversing upon this subject on which you so candidly bestow the appellation of "hobby" for plain people? If the Lord ever *cleanses* you, and you become purified, meet for the heavenly mansion you will *feel convicted first*. A dying sister is now *distressed* and unbelieving, because "she did not follow the light she had at her conversion upon the subject of *dress*. She has *lived* under condemnation ever since, and could not discharge her other duties to any profit to others or with acceptance to the Lord, she thinks, because in her exterior she grieved the Spirit."

O, that those in whom the power is invested, would "cause us to stand in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and help us walk therein, that we may find rest for our souls!" Are we as Christians, so sensitive or unreasonable as to take offence if our preachers, who are bound to enforce the rules, should not allow us to enter into this temptation?

A few years ago, at a Church in New England, on a quarterly occasion, I saw two young ladies (sisters) go forward with face trimmings of artificials, to receive baptism and unite with the M. E. Church. Their faithful preacher informed them that it was contrary to our rules to receive them with such ornaments, and they there, before the altar and congregation, took them from their hats! If at the present time, when persons thus present themselves, they were refused admission, by such marked respect for our rules, would it not save a great loss of time and money for better purposes and tend to prepare souls for heaven? Through the neglect of duty the god of fashion rules in part, but the Lord, whose right it is to reign, *will work*,

and burdens are laid upon his willing children to help prepare the way for the backslidden to "return to their first love, lest their candlestick be removed out of his place." Though our ranks were thinned by a disciplinary course, when closed and marching in union and love, "one could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The burden of our prayer is, the Lord hasten the time when by good works, and strong faith, the church shall "arise and put on her beautiful garments," and be prepared without spot and blameless, to meet the bridegroom at his coming.

BE CAUTIOUS.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

INDEED! What! tell your new pastor to be cautious how he speaks against certain popular sins—idolatry in dress, the evils of slavery and the like, lest he give offence to some Achan in the camp, some money-loving, slave-holding apologist, and thus lose caste? Friends, is this Bible? Did God, in sending forth his holy prophets, tell them to be cautious how they exposed certain popular sins? Turn, if you please, to Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel; how readest thou? Was Daniel, the prophet, mealy-mouthed in exposing the popular sins of his day? Look and see. Also examine the case of the three men cast into the fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont? Did Jesus Christ in his commission to the apostles caution them not to expose certain popular sins, to spare the scribes and pharisees—lest they should give offence and suffer persecution? Hark; "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace, but a sword. * * * He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Read also, Matt. x. 27, 28.

Did Paul tell Timothy, in his proclamations to sinners and backsliders, to bow and scrape to popular opinion,

shape his discourses to please time-servers and money-lovers? "I charge thee therefore," says he, "before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom: Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine. For the time will come, when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears."—2 Tim. iv. 1—4.

Brethren, do you wish to dishonor God and his cause, bring down his just retributions upon your guilty heads? Do you intend to kill your pastor outright, destroy his good influence forever! making him a laughing stock, a byword, a hissing? Apply the gag law and you do it with a vengeance! Any minister or editor, who will be cramped in his public or private ministrations, by a conservative pro-slavery church—who will not be free, outspoken against all sin, in the name of God, is unworthy a place in the pulpit, or editorial chair.

The most fearful, awful judgments, are denounced against false prophets, false teachers, those who prophecy smooth things; to please men, cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace, shun to declare God's full counsel!—Read Ep. iii. 3—34; 2d Mal. ii. 8.

This doctrine of expediency, or time-serving policy, this covering up sin, has been the ruin of the church and of the nation; it has eaten out the life blood of salvation.

"Woe to the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."—Matt. xviii. 7.

"What wants the age? Heart-earnest men
To spread the truth, the truth defend;
Such on the earth we need again
As God in ancient times did send;
Men who reck not of wealth or fame,
Of ignominy, scorn, or shame,
The stake, the fagot, or the flame;
Their only object, God; and truth their
only aim."

This is a matter of fact case; a newly elected pastor in this city was waited upon recently by prominent church-members, with an express requisition not to open his lips against certain popular sins!—Thus muzzling the mouth of the poor man in the outset, cramping his soul to death!

VICIOUS LITERATURE.

PARENTS and teachers are quite too forgetful of one incumbent duty, viz: The guarding and guiding of the moral natures of the young. Our children, unattended by faithful advisers, are wandering away in forbidden paths, guideless and friendless—treading upon enchanted ground—reveling among dangerous delusions. Call them back; go out after them; save them!

Are we heard? Well, then, again we tell you, teachers, parents, be vigilant; watch your children day and night; look well to their eternal interests, for these are times of peril. Let the influences of the *home*, the *school* and the *church* be united, and as an ark preserve our dear youth from the destructive deluge of modern infidel literature—the corrupting books and papers that flood our land.

We are in the midst of a plague not less loathsome and insinuating in its encroachments than the plague of Egyptian locusts; it is the plague of *papers*, poisoned and puffed, and *pressed* upon the people!

"Papers books—it makes me sick
To think how ye are multiplied;
Like Egypt's frogs ye poke up thick
Your ugly heads on every side."

Amid such immensely promiscuous mixtures of things trifling and truths thoughtful, there is imminent danger that our eager children may be deceived.

It is not "innocent amusement" to peruse those tedious and terrible tales of dangers and death, bombast and blood, feverish imaginations, emanating from burning brains and sin-sick hearts. Away with them! such read-

ing destroys all taste for the Bible, for history and the sciences. Nature decorated in her loveliest May, is too homely for the intoxicated fancies of the novel reader, and life itself becomes a weariness—a disappointment. Religion, so pure, and peaceful, and precious, cannot find a welcome or a home in the heart of the passionate novel reader. Aaron Burr, a man of rare genius and fairest intellectual endowments, reveled in novels and infidel books in his youth, and as a natural consequence, dwarfed and dwindled down into a traitor's grave.

For the immortal soul's sake, let us awake to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is high time for us to oppose the tendency of this latter day *satanism*. Call it what you may; mingle as much sugar with the poison as you choose; apologize for it forever if you dare, it is nevertheless, a deadly dose to all who swallow it. A grain of strychnine is not less fatal from being sweetened with a hundred times its bulk in honey. The mind must have pure, wholesome, nutritious diet, or it will languish and die the second death!

Let us, as educators and Christians, strive humbly, earnestly, devotedly, prayerfully, to counteract this growing evil. May our hostility to it be mingled with our teachings, henceforth, while life shall last.

Can any thing be more absurd than for men to cry out, *The Church! The Church!* And to pretend to be very zealous of it, and violent defenders of it, while they themselves have neither part nor lot therein; nor indeed know what the church is?—J. W.

Let Divines that laugh at the idea of "enjoying religion" hear Mr. Wesley say, "religion, it is happiness in God."

The way to the kingdom is through honor and dishonor.

At a band meeting, in Nov. 1792, four persons entered into the glorious liberty of sanctification. It has often been remarked, that when this doctrine is clearly and fully preached, and when a work of grace thus deepens in a society there is generally a considerable increase of new converts. As I was praying in my room, I received an answer from God in a particular way, and had the revival discovered to me in its manner and effects. Nothing appeared very particular till, under Nanny Cutler's prayer, one person received a clean heart. On the Sunday morning we had a love-feast for the bands, when several were much concerned for sanctification. One young man received the blessing. On the Monday evening the bands met. Four persons received sanctification, and some were left in distress. On the Tuesday evening one who had been exceedingly pained for purity of heart, for a fortnight was delivered. The work continued almost every meeting; and sixty persons in and about Dewsbury received sanctification, and walked in that liberty. Our love-feasts began to be crowded, and people from every neighboring circuit visited us. Great numbers found pardon, and some perfect love. They went home and declared what God had done for them. The more I consulted the Acts of the Apostles, and Church History, the more I was convinced that this was no new thing, either in its manner or effects; but that in every great work of God, similar effects were produced. I consulted several of the senior brethren, who exhorted me to use every means to support the revival. Satan began to use his agents in different ways: some said one thing, and some another, but no man without the Spirit of God can properly judge of the matter.—BRAMWELL.

I avoid, I am afraid of, whatever is peculiar, either in the language or experience of any one. I desire nothing, I will accept of nothing, but the common faith and common salvation.—J. W.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF
MISS LUCY BAKER.

[Of the truth of the following narrative of the wonderful interposition of God, in answer to prayer there can be no doubt. The writer is a respected member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her pastor, a minister of high standing in that Church writes "At the request of sister Baker I send you the inclosed. She is anxious to give it to the world. She has read it to me. I believe every word to be true. All believe sister Baker to be a Christian at heart, and she is certainly one in life."

We give this testimony to our readers, in the hope that it may do them good. Can any one believe that when God is pleased to work in this way he would have us conceal it from the world?—*Ed.*]

In early life I often felt myself a sinner in the sight of God. I would weep over my sins and try to pray. But not having pious parents or friends to instruct me in the way of life I was very ignorant of the plan of salvation. I therefore persisted in my wicked course. Sometimes, when I would realize my condition as it was, a sinner in the sight of God, and especially, when I thought of death and judgment, I was very much affected. But being almost entirely deprived of religious influences (my friends and neighbors all being unconverted at that time) I still went on in sin to the age of fourteen years and a half. Then a revival of religion breaking out under the labors of J. Cozart and J. B. Lanckton, the Spirit of God again strove with me. Glory to God! I was enabled to forsake my sins and come to God in Jesus' name and receive pardon.

Oh how precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

But a severe trial was before me. My father was a confirmed universalist, and was opposed to religion, and especially to Methodism in all its usages.

He would become enraged even at the sight of a Methodist minister, because he preached with so much earnestness a present salvation and future punishment. But this opposition did not continue long. The prayer of faith prevailed, and God awakened his guilty conscience, and he became alarmed on account of his sins, and came to Christ and found pardon in his atoning blood. In a few weeks our whole family, which numbered eight, were converted to God. Six of us united with the M. E. Church. I was taught that if I would be a disciple of the Lord Jesus I must deny myself, take up my daily cross and follow him, and as young and feeble as I was God was ever with me; and I was soon led to believe that there was a higher attainment in religion than justification by faith. It was taught me from the desk; besides God had said in his sacred word, "Be ye holy for I the Lord your God am holy." How could I arrive at that state of perfection, young and ignorant as I was? But still I felt that God commanded me to love him with all my heart. And I could not, until the roots of bitterness were all destroyed, and I was cleansed from inbred sin. I felt no condemnation, but an emptiness of soul, a panting after God, a longing to be filled with his love! Oh! how my poor soul did agonize and wrestle with the Lord! For many months I was laboring for the blessing. But when God showed me my own helplessness and I was brought to trust wholly in the merit of Christ and claim the blessing by simple faith. Oh how the precious blood of Jesus washed my soul and cleansed me from all unrighteousness!

Oh how I loved my blessed Saviour, and how I loved poor sinners too! So clearly did I see their condition, and so earnestly feel the worth of their precious souls when called into society, I would enter into such a struggle of soul for them, that frequently my physical strength would be overcome. But the Spirit of God would not let me rest here. A more public duty

was presented to me—to labor in the missionary cause. Is it possible, thought I, that God would call one so incompetent as I was to engage in a work of so much importance? With but one small talent, and not hardly a common school education? With feeble health, no means of support but my hands? At length, through such reasonings, I lost the evidence of a clean heart. Darkness came over my soul, and I was left to severe buffetings of Satan. Still I did not entirely let go my confidence in God, but endeavored to take up the cross and do my duty, and would frequently get very happy, and often felt an earnest desire for the salvation of sinners. But, Oh! how timid I was! afraid of every body and constantly laboring under a burden of soul for not doing my whole duty. Frequently I would weep over the cross until I became sick and feeble. When I attended a missionary meeting, or went into the society of those that conversed on that subject, I would frequently leave the company lest something might be said to me that would probe my heart and cause me to feel stonger convictions of duty. But with all this trial upon my mind I kept it concealed, notwithstanding there were many calls for young ladies to go to a foreign land to assist in that work, one of which I will mention, for it affected me more than any other. It was a quarterly meeting conducted by Rev. G. Fillmore. He announced from the pulpit that four young ladies were needed to go to Oregon to assist brother H., and his wife, who were then laboring in the missionary field. Again did I reject the invitation and sink down under the weight of the cross. I had not sufficient confidence to make my impressions known or to consult any one on the subject. My God forgive my folly and neglect. What a wonder of mercy that God did not say of the barren fig-tree, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

But another trial of a different character awaited me. I was in a decline of health. And in the year

1849, Feb. 11th, I was prostrated on a bed of sickness. A physician was called and administered medicines to me but with little effect. Disease still went on, obstinate and unyielding, and at the expiration of six months my physician told me that he could do no more for me. Consequently a council was called. They decided the case to be a critical one and beyond their skill, and if I ever recovered they said it would be a long time first. Is it possible, thought I, that I am to linger out an existence of suffering on this bed of prostration, and waste away, under chronic nervous diseases that are destroying my body and mind? Oh! what suggestions of the adversary to curse God and die! But no, I had put my trust in the Lord for many years and his grace had been sufficient for me and it should be still. Then I would try to be reconciled to the will of God, and say however grievous and severe the chastisement, it may afterward work for me the peaceable fruits of righteousness. But oh! how my poor tempest-tossed soul was driven about by the powers of darkness, and my physical sufferings were indescribable. Frequently was I so pressed down with care and anxiety, and with suffering so much at times for the comforts of life, that I would be nearly overcome and yield to the temptation. But God's care was ever over me. And so sensibly did I feel my guilt for my former disobedience against Him, and his requirements of me, that I never felt for once to murmur at my lot, or complain of the chastising rod with which I was beaten, for it was what I justly deserved. I would console myself with the thought that Lazarus had his evil things in this life but afterward rested in Abraham's bosom. Thus did I pass many years in close confinement and privation. I could sit up, but had not the use of my limbs to walk or stand. I saw a great many physicians during my sickness, but could get no encouragement from them that I would ever recover.

New trials awaited me. In 1856,

God saw fit in his wisdom and goodness to afflict me severely, in removing from me by death my dear aged mother, who had cared for me, and watched over me during the eight years of my illness. She had been a great sufferer for many years, and though severe the chastisement, I could say my loss was her infinite gain.

During the summer of 1857 my health was somewhat improved. I derived some benefit from medical treatment which encouraged me considerably, but it was of short duration. Diseases of a more obstinate character were going on rapidly through my whole system, which prostrated me very much; and although I was many times to all appearances, brought very near death's door, still there was a monitor within telling me there was yet something for me to do in this world, and the Lord would raise me up to do it. The promises of God were very precious to me, and they were many times verified in direct answer to prayer. My mind was feeble and easily overcome, and my bodily sufferings were so great, and my head so much affected and so easily disturbed, that very much of the time I was denied the privilege of engaging in prayer with my brethren and sisters in the Lord—the greatest privilege I could ask.

In the year 1860 God again visited me with another afflictive dispensation of his providence, in taking to himself my last remaining earthly parent, which affected me very much. Oh how unprepared I was to endure such a trial with the little religion that I enjoyed, and the feebleness of my body and mind, and the discouragement that pressed me down at that time. I was failing rapidly and sinking under the weight of disease. All medical aid had failed to relieve me, and I was left to trust wholly on the promises of God, believing if I was ever raised from the sick bed it would be in answer to prayer. I had felt strong convictions on that subject for three or four years, but was so much afraid that, in my feebleness, my mind would run into some

error that I did not believe, for the blessing that I was authorized in the word of God to look for. Notwithstanding, I sent for different individuals to converse with them on the subject of miracles being wrought in these days, and sometimes I would meet with one that would coincide with me in my views, and encourage me in my belief on that subject, and consequently strengthen my faith to labor more earnestly for the blessing. Thus with a feeble, wavering mind, debilitated nerves, and nearly overpowered with temptation at times, did I venture out on the promises of God, and especially that one in James v. 15, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up." I knew that God was able to raise me. But oh, to know what his will was concerning me. Then would I be willing to linger out my few remaining days of suffering on the bed, or be raised up to engage more actively in the service of the Lord, just as he pleased to use me. Oh how my soul agonized and wrestled with the Lord for a manifestation of his will.

Thus did I labor for ten successive months, some of the time in the deepest agony of soul, and other times more indifferent on the subject. But as the last ray of hope was growing dim and failing me, and disease was fast hurrying me to the world of spirits, God by his blessed Spirit, in a very miraculous manner, on the first of June, directed one of his faithful ones to assist me in my faith, and labor for the restoration of my body. And although an entire stranger to me, having no knowledge of my sickness until entering my room, he was led at once to feel that I was suffering from neglect of duty. The Spirit of God led him to probe my heart with close questions on that subject which had distressed me so much. While relating my former impressions to brother S—, I felt a settled peace of mind. And he felt such a burden of soul pressing him down that enabled him to look to the Lord in faith, and re-

ceive an answer to his prayer that God was willing to raise me from the sick bed, which strengthened my faith very much. When I was brought to see more clearly my own helpless condition in the sight of God, and humble myself before him, and confess my former neglect of duty, and became willing to be used for the glory of God in any way he thought best to use me, I was again enabled by faith to claim the evidence of a clear heart—the blessing I lost many years ago. Oh how freely was the precious blood of Jesus applied to my soul to wash away my sins and cleanse me from all unrighteousness, and fill me with his love. Then was I enabled to come to God with more confidence and ask in Jesus' name for a manifestation of his will. Although duties were presented to me that I had neglected for many years, yet I promised the Lord if he would raise me from my sick bed, by his grace assisting me, I would obey him in all things. After many severe struggles with the powers of darkness which brought me very low, I was enabled, by the grace of God, to overcome, and give up my own will and every desire of my own, and be entirely passive in his hands. Oh what a settled resting I felt in Jesus! As a helpless infant lies in the arms of its mother so did I rest in the embrace of my blessed Saviour. As clearly as I ever saw any friend with the natural eye so clearly did I see my blessed Saviour with the eye of faith—the tenderness and the pity he manifested to me I cannot describe. Oh how I was melted down before him! Truly were mine eyes a fountain of tears and my whole heart was dissolved in love. Oh how my faith took hold on God. On the 20th day of June, I was enabled to look up with mighty faith, and say, Lord, I believe thou art willing to raise up this dying, sinking body. The blessing came in an instant of time—it seemed that Heaven and all its glory was let down upon me, as the rush of a mighty wind. I felt a renovating power go through my system

straightening the curved spine, and the contracted cords in my limbs, while every nerve and muscle felt the touch of the divine power imparting strength and activity to every organ in the whole system. I got out of bed, and for the first time in twelve years and four months I walked about my room, praising God. Truly I would say it was God made manifest in the flesh. The mind, the pen, language, are all infinitely too scanty to describe the interest and the joy of that hour. Glory to God! my soul feels the hallowed influence while I write. Oh how my desires went up to God for the salvation of others. Then did my former impression of duty present itself to me, but in a different form. My missionary labor is in my own vicinity and with my own people, and notwithstanding unbelief prevails in the minds of many, and the opposing element is strong and powerful, yet God is strong and mighty to save, and his grace is sufficient, and however feeble may be the effort used to win souls to Christ, St. Paul says in 1. Cor. 1—7, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." But in the midst of my joy and rejoicing God saw fit in his wisdom to visit our family again with death, and on the ninth of July He released from this world of suffering and trial, a beloved sister. The one that cared for me and watched over me the last three years of my sickness. Oh how severe the stroke! But blessed be the name of the Lord he smiles in love and for my good. And although severe the affliction, I can kiss the hand that holds the rod, and say the will of the Lord be done. As a father pitieth his children so pitieth the blessed Saviour them that fear him.

Forever here my rest shall be
Close by his bleeding side.

Dear reader, whoever thou art! Allow me in the sincerity of my heart and the simplicity of my language to

caution you against the sin of omission. Be careful that you obey God in all things, lest he should sorely afflict you, and in his hot displeasure send severe judgment upon you. Do your duty regardless of reproach, or whatever a gainsaying community may think of you. No matter in what sphere you may be called to act, or how feeble the effort you may put forth. I say do your whole duty, and God will take care of the result. Much good may be accomplished by your labors. We are not to light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick that it may give light to all around. May these few broken sentences be blessed to your good, and encourage your heart to trust in the Lord and obey him in all things. Let your light so shine that others seeing your good works may be led to glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

BY MISS M. M. FINNEY.

Alone with Jesus, O how sweet
To bow before the mercy seat,
And give myself anew in prayer,
To Him who said He'd meet me there.

Alone with Jesus, O how blest
The soul that doth in Jesus rest,
And knows that He is always near,
And ever waits His saints to cheer.

Alone with Jesus, O how full
He sweetly fills the hungry soul,
With heavenly food He will supply
His needy children, when they cry.

Alone with Jesus every day
To wait, give thanks, to praise and pray,
I find no place on earth so sweet,
As that dear place, the mercy seat.

TEMPTATIONS when we meet them at first, are as the lion that roared upon Sampson; but if we overcome them, the next time we see them, we shall find a nest of honey within them.

—BUNYAN.

EXPERIENCE OF JOSEPH G. TERRILL.

My father and mother were members of the M. E. Church, my father a class-leader. When I was but four or five years of age, the Rev. Geo. Wilkinson came on to our circuit, and impressions that I received from hearing Sister Wilkinson testify, never left me. In 1845, when I was seven years of age, our family removed from Yates County, N. Y., to Kane County, Ill. The winter after I was eleven, I sought and obtained religion, with this impression upon my mind: I want the same kind Sister Wilkinson had. I lived in the enjoyment of religion, (between four and five years,) until I went to board with our circuit preacher and to attend the village school. While there I fell back into the world. Although living in the family of a minister of the Gospel, not a word was said to me about my soul. His wife, a poor broken hearted woman, would converse with me at times, but she was so sorrowful that it made one think that religion was to be endured, rather than enjoyed. The bad government of the family, the scolding and fretting of the father, chilled my young soul. I could get no spiritual food. I fell. I began to mingle with the gay and thoughtless, and became a very wild boy. On my return home mother's heart was pained. Night after night, I went to sleep with her kneeling at my bedside and weeping as though her heart would break. Once an aunt, unsaved, said to me, "If I had been doing as well as you, I would never have given it up." O, how those words smote me. I was troubled at times, and to drown my convictions, would trifle and also blaspheme the name of God. I began to read novels and other trash. In a few years I prided myself upon being an infidel. The summer of 1857, God began to deal with me. My health was taken away, and friends thought I would soon be gone. I had made great calculations for the future, but now all were blasted.

I was taken with a fever the 9th of July; my father was also taken sick about the same time. I was brought very near the grave. Hell was before me in all its horrors; I saw it would be mine. I prayed to God and promised that I would obey him. One evening my mother knelt beside my couch and prayed in my behalf; the fever turned, and I was raised up. The 21st of August, my father died. I had been moved to an uncle's, and could not see him die. I *felt*. My father had sold our home, and we wanted another. My mother bought in a neighborhood destitute of the means of grace. Only two professors of religion there, and they so cold, their family altars had gone down. My mother wept and prayed, and God listened. Meanwhile I strove to forget the vows that I had made to God. I gathered the fragments of my former infidelity and tried to rest upon them. When I thought I was the strongest, and could bear the most, God would by some means overthrow me. My mother getting down to pray at the family altar, and the Holy Spirit resting down upon me, my infidelity would give way, and I would be obliged to acknowledge the God of the Bible. I would mingle with the world and find so little difference between the professed Christian and the worldling, that soured and ugly at the thought, I would return home to be rebuked by the example of my mother. Sometimes after studying over my favorite theme, in the evening, I would retire to rest, strongly entrenched in my unbelief, to be awakened by the thunderstorm, to arise and pray to the God I was trying to despise. The evening of the 27th of January, 1858, I retired to rest early, to avoid family worship. In the agony of her soul, my mother prayed for her ungodly boys. She asked, that if she had done all that she could do, that God would take her and let them have her dying testimony. I heard it, and it stung my soul. That was a sleepless night. Before morning I resolved that I would get religion. When I arose my eyes were red and

swollen with weeping. I washed me and went to the barn to do my chores. I threw myself upon the hay and prayed. Ere I was aware of it I was crying to God at the top of my voice. I did not want my mother to hear me, but she did, and was upon her knees praying too. I found no relief, I was not sufficiently humbled. After breakfast I took my axe and went to the woods. I felled a large tree, and sat down upon the log to rest for a moment. I began to spit blood from my lungs. My feelings had been such that I had unconsciously worked too hard. I thought of dying. I fell upon my knees in the snow and began to pray. The bleeding stopped, and I started for the house. Stopping at a brook I washed away the blood stains and went on. I could not go in the house; it was so humbling to self to go before my mother, feeling she had prevailed.

That evening I went to see a young man that had started to seek religion, thinking he would sympathise with me. A feeling of shame came over me, and I dared not speak. He went as far as the gate with me on my return, and as I was about to leave, he asked me if I had made up my mind to get religion. That opened the way, and I conversed freely with him. I told him how I felt, and we concluded to go to Elgin the next (Sabbath) evening and go forward as seekers. I had formerly, when I wanted a horse, took it without asking; now I felt like asking my mother for it. She seemed so glad to let me have it. The time came and we went. It was rainy and cold, but we heeded it not, we were seeking Jesus. Brother Redfield preached from: *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ*. Every body was melted to tears but me. There were none for me. When the invitation was given, I with great difficulty, got to the altar, but I found no relief. We started home; when about a mile from the city, the thought came—*Tryatt has it!* the same moment he exclaimed, *I've got it*. I slept none that night. There was to be a prayer meeting on Monday evening, at

my mother's. A little before the time, I went to the barn and prayed God to help me do my duty. As I arose from my knees, the tempter said, *There, if you can pray as well as that in the meeting, you'll do well enough. I thought so too.* I went to the house, and soon the meeting commenced. At one time there was a chance for me to pray, and I lifted up my head to do it, but could not say a word. How it humbled me. My feelings became awful. As soon as an opportunity was given, I told them how I felt. In a moment my mother was at my side, and our prayers ascended together to the throne. I arose from my knees and went to the door: as I was going out, while with one foot upon the door step, before the other touched the ground, God spoke peace to my soul.

For four weeks I lived without condemnation, at times severely tempted, but enabled to triumph and rise above every tempest. I noticed when I was tempted there was something within that would rise up and struggle to get free. I wondered and went on. The 25th day of February, as I was meditating upon my experience, I remembered this *rising up*, and wondered if it could not be removed. Objections presented themselves, but all gave way before the thought, *Anything that is for God's glory and my benefit He will do for me.* I asked, what is the work? when this passage came to mind:

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature. That is it, thought I, and I will have it. How am I going to get it? I asked. The thought came, *A promise can have no effect upon us only as we believe it. But you cannot keep it! The just shall live by faith.* It was all clear, and at half past ten o'clock, I knelt down expecting to get it. The Spirit of the Lord led me through the consecration. Item after item, was laid upon the altar, until I knew all was given. Then for the first time I saw the commotion in the Church. The question came, *Will you go through all*

this for my sake? I said, I will. God has held me to my word. I have since passed over the same road that I then saw. I believed the time was up for the fulfillment of that promise, trusted in Jesus, and there came a whisper in my soul that drove away my burden. *Your prayer is answered.* No joy was brought in, but I was glad my prayer was answered. I arose from my knees; it was half past twelve. Immediately an impression was made upon my mind that God wanted me to do a certain work for him. I said, Lord let me know, by the first passage I open to. I knelt and opened my Bible at Rev. 14, 15, *Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe. What!* thought I, *must I preach the Gospel.* Then the question came, Did you not give yourself to the Lord? Yes, and I will obey thee: but Lord, convert my brother, and then I will do it. Darkness came over me, and I knew not what to do. For three days it rested upon me—thick darkness that could be felt. At the end of that time, as I was praying, the light shone upon me, and I saw that I had tried to make a bargain with the Lord. I said, *I will do thy will whether anything is done for me or not.* Then the light of his countenance broke into my soul. That evening I heard a brother preach of a higher state of grace. He spoke of the convictions; thought I, I have been over that ground. He then spoke of a determination to have it; I have been there, I thought; he spoke of a consecration to be made; I have been there; he spoke of the faith laying hold of the promise, and receiving the fulfillment of it; *I have been there;* he then spoke of the witness of the Spirit begetting a feeling of satisfaction within, I thought of the whisper. *Your prayer is answered.* Said he, this is what Methodists call the *blessing of perfect love.* I thought, can it be possible that *I have the blessing?* O, how the joy sprang up within my soul. I now knew the name of what I had experienced three days before. The

brethren misunderstood my sobbing and weeping, and thought I had been deceived in my former experience and now I saw it. They gathered around me, six or seven, and began to pray for me, and I so full I could not explain. They gave it up after a while, and one taking hold of each arm, assisted me home. From this time I was more industrious than ever before. I thought my time all belonged to the Lord, and every moment of it must be used for his glory. If I laid in bed in the morning longer than was necessary, it would bring condemnation to my soul. In the month of June I lost my health. Afterwards I saw I had gone beyond what God required of me. I had my eye on the wrong thing. I thought of making money that I might fit myself for the work to which I was called. My commission was to go right to work. By the advice of my pastor, I gave out an appointment at a place where I had formerly lived. While I was away, my class voted me a license to exhort. God opened my way and made it so clear that I could not mistake my path. In October I began to labor in a protracted meeting, and never ceased until March. I had become so strong in body, I thought I could work on a farm. Thought I would earn a hundred dollars, and go two years to the Garrett Biblical Institute, and come out a preacher. I commenced to work and in a few days had to stop. I tried again and again, until harvest came, and then I reduced my figures to thirty dollars, thinking that would buy my books. I went to work at a dollar a day, earned eight dollars, and had a doctor's bill of four to pay. I gave up, thinking it not my duty to go there for the present. In October I received a letter from Ogle county, urging me to come out there and labor. I went and commenced a protracted meeting, and God was with me. I worked on for three weeks, and my health failing, some wanted me to write to Brother Redfield to come and assist us. The preacher in charge consenting, I wrote to Brother R., and he

came, was with us two weeks with his usual success. The meetings lasted three weeks longer. Over seventy were converted and reclaimed, and fifty sanctified. I went from there to St. Charles, and spent the most of the winter. O, how God enabled me to grow in grace. In the sincerity of my soul, I walked in the light. The Lord began to teach me. After my return from preaching, I would go to God and he would help me review my sermons. I began to see that the effort to make the truth palatable, was all wrong and must be stopped. In my efforts to make the truth plain, I would forget my sermon, forget the Holy Ghost, and how powerless it would be. How God let me see that the unadorned truth of the Bible would accomplish the work, if burned in to the soul by the Holy Ghost. In Feb. I left St. Charles and went to Ogle Co. again, very feeble in body but strong in the Lord. A great change came over me, especially in the pulpit. God was with me there. I understood the promise, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." There was a confidence that the thing for which I came would be accomplished. Nearly a year and a half ago, as the light was shining upon me, I saw God wanted me to be more effective than I was, and that the great hinderance was, I was not in a condition to be trusted. I saw he was willing to endow me with a degree of power I never had. I had not learned to cavil at the light of the Holy Ghost, and I said, Thy will be done. I saw that I should so believe God, that the awful power would come down upon my congregations. Then passed before me a view of what it would be to live a life of faith,—never to know where my next meal was coming from, until I was hungry and ready to sit down and eat it, and so in regard to every thing I needed. I said, Lord, I will go through. Then commenced a work of discipline within and without, that I never thought of before. I ceased to pray to my congregation, ceased to pray *at* the people, but simply talk-

ed with the Lord about the matter. I no longer explained my prayers as I went along; but let God answer as I believed in him. Clearly I saw, how often I had spoiled what God was getting at, when I was burdened, by giving way to anxiety, instead of simply believing in God. A remark dropped by Bro. Redfield took hold upon me and helped me greatly: "God does not need coaxing, to get him to bless us." There was a shutting away from sensible delights, a looking *from* the joys of salvation to the God that bestowed, a believing that God was right, no matter how he dealt with me, a blessed satisfaction arising from the knowledge that, My Father is at the helm. I was saved from being a *formal shouter*. When I hear a person speak of believing in Jesus, it stirs my soul all through. About this time I attended a Camp meeting at Aurora. One evening, after services were over at the stand, I went to a tent where there was much of the power of God. As I stepped into the tent, the Spirit came upon me, and soon I wilted down and rolled under a table: The question came, will you take Jesus? said I, Lord, I will. Then I began to see what it meant, and as I understood it, I said, *I will*. Every time I said it, it went deeper down, until my whole soul was in the words. Up went the arms of my soul after Jesus, nothing but Jesus,—a Jesus stripped of every thing. How glad I was to get him, as he walked the hillside of Judea, despised, and misunderstood. As I thought I was receiving him, came a rugged, bloody cross: and the question, will you take this? I thought a moment, and said, the Lord knows best, *I will*. It came, —a strange glory filled my soul. I wondered. I looked, and on the other side of my cross, I found my Jesus. It was all plain. It taught me this lesson: *Jesus and the cross go together, and the cross comes first*. I love the short way of getting to the fountain. Last fall I went to a Camp meeting at Ogle; the Lord wanted to use me in starting a deep work among the brethren

and sisters. I was willing but did not like the way it opened up. I hesitated, until it was too late. My feelings were awful. I thought of the judgment. I went to Jesus, and begged my way back again. I did not regain the blessing of holiness at that time. I acknowledged what I had done but did not make a *proper use of my confession*. I was requested to preach Sabbath morning, and did so; God helping me, but not for my sake, but the starving souls must be fed. Others were blessed, but my own soul was not. On Monday we had a very searching time. I tried to make myself believe all was right, and even testified that it was so: *I was so dark*. O how the blessed Dove wanted to let me see. At the communion service in the evening I opened my eyes, and quick as thought, I saw it all. I was astonished. I did not think it could be so. I said, *I will get right*. After the service I arose and told them where I stood; some were a little frightened, but I went forward, with the determination I will have it before I leave. In about three minutes I was out clear, a few minutes after, and the power to believe as I formerly had, was received again. God smiled and I was satisfied. One brother stumbled at my confession—afterward I went to see him and found he had backslidden over his *tobacco box*. I have always found, that if a person gets hurt over their brethren going forward for prayers, that *there is a good reason for it*. For a while the Devil tried to trouble me with the suggestion, *you proved false once, God will not trust you now*. One evening while praying around the family altar at Bro. Chas. Stowes, I obtained the victory, and now I triumph in God. God deals closely with me much more so than I can tell. I find away down below the blessing we receive is enjoyment that cannot be manifested,—communion with God without ceasing. If I could only tell it I would but I cannot.—*Belvidere, Ill.*

THINK of us in your prayers.

THE PRAYING BANKRUPT.

SOME twenty-five years since, in a New England town of some maritime importance, there resided a deacon, who was engaged in lucrative business. Although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to endorse largely for one who had won his confidence as a Christian brother, but afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This issued in the good deacon's failure; when with scrupulous integrity, everything that could be claimed by his creditors was given up. A winter of great severity and general business depression followed. His wife and young children looked to him for subsistence which he knew not how to furnish, as his most diligent efforts for employment were unsuccessful. A debt incurred with no prospect of payment was, in his estimation sin; and he sadly saw the little stock of provisions they possessed, rapidly diminishing with no way to obtain more. He was a man of prayer as well as action, and carried the case to him who feedeth the ravens. Yet long weary weeks passed and no succour came. At length the morning dawned when the last stick of wood was on the fire, and little Hatty told her father that the candles were all gone; "and how," asked she, "shall we take care of dear mamma, to-night?"

The question went to the father's heart with dagger-like poignancy. This vision of his suffering wife, gasping her life away in the last fearful stages of consumption, her comfortless sick room unwarmed, unlighted, and the thick darkness which he knew would enshroud her mind, when made aware of the extent of their destitution, would have driven him to distraction, were it not that he had yet hope in One mighty to save him. He fled to his closet; and there, in an agony of prayer, besought the Lord for help; and forgetting all other wants, plead and plead again for the two articles now specially needed, specifying them with reiterated earnestness. He arose from his knees in full

assurance of faith and with heavenly tranquillity, and went forth expecting deliverance, looking for it, however, in but one way,—through his own earnings. But after a fruitless day spent in search of employment, gloomily he returned home.

He entered his gate, and was startled to see before him a generous pile of wood. Little Johnny opened the door, clapping his hands, exclaiming,—

"Oh pa! we've got some wood and some candles!"

"Where did you get them? Are you sure they were not left here by mistake?"

"Oh no, pa!" interrupted Hatty, "they were not left by mistake. A man knocked at the door with his whip; and, when I opened it, he asked if you lived here. I told him you did. Then he said, here are some candles and a load of wood for him."

"I asked him if you sent them; and he said, I rather guess your pa don't know anything about it."

"Who did send them, then?" said I.

"Oh!" said he, "I must n't tell; but you may say to your father, they are a present."

But to what instrumentality they were indebted for the relief, was a mystery. And what particularly interested Deacon P., was the character of the anonymous presents; that the very things so much needed, and no others, should be sent, and he was sure he had mentioned his want of them to no human ear.

He questioned the children anew. They described the man who knocked at the door, and the horse and truck he drove. A new thought struck him. "Why," said he, "that team belongs to my old enemy Graff. Can it be possible that he is the donor? If so, surely the finger of God has touched his heart." Deacon P. was, however, so convinced that he was their benefactor, that he resolved on an immediate call upon that gentleman.

But who was Mr. Graff?

Some years before, the sacredness of the Sabbath was openly violated by

a brisk trade in fish. The hundreds of boatmen, sailors, and their friends were so potent in influence, that nobody thought of risking interference. Deacon P., though a man of peace, was also a man of moral courage. He determined to put a stop to the iniquity. His friends warned him that his life would be endangered; but, at first alone, and afterwards with a brother deacon, he would take a walk along the wharves of a Sunday morning to ascertain who broke the laws by traffic on that day. Men swore at him like fiends, fired his dwelling at several different times, and, at last "bound themselves with an oath" to kill him. Yet they feared his presence; and, at his approach, stores would be deserted of customers, and closed with great celerity. This species of Sabbath-breaking was at length broken up, after various hair-breadth escapes on the part of deacon P. and his compatriot, the authorities being shamed into action by their fearless zeal.

The brutal drunkenness of the sailors, and the degradation and suffering of their families, with which deacon P. was, in this enterprise, brought into contact, opened his eyes to the evils of the liquor traffic; and turning over his Sabbath reform to the legal authorities, he became known as the temperance advocate. This, also, brought him enemies, sometimes changing even friends into foes. Distiller Graff was among the latter, from a warm friend becoming bitterly alienated. In vain did the grieved deacon strive to conciliate by explanation and personal kindness. Even the trifling civility of a bow was rudely unnoticed by Mr. Graff.

Deacon P. entered the distillery of his old friend. For the first time for years its proprietor looked up with a nod and smile of recognition. It was evident something unusual had softened his heart.

"I have called," said the deacon, "to ask if you can tell me who sent some wood and candles to my house to-day?"

"Yes, sir; I sent them."

"You are very kind, but pray, tell me how you came to send them?"

"But first let me inquire if you really needed them?"

Oh, I cannot express to you how much!"

"Well, then, I suppose I must explain," said Mr. Graff. "It is all very singular, and sometimes seems very foolish. This morning, about ten o'clock, as I was busy at my work, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me,—*'Send some wood to deacon P.; he is in want!'* I was astonished. I could not believe you needed it. And I could not send it to you of all others. I tried to banish the thought, and went to work again more earnestly. But the voice,—it seemed within me,—said again, with painful distinctness, *'Send some wood to deacon P.; he is in want!'* I scouted the idea as weak and silly—a mere phantasy of the brain; but it was of no use; I had to succumb: the more I ridiculed and fought it, the more vivid and irresistible was the impression, until to purchase peace, and in some awe, I confess, I bade John load his team with wood, and leave it at your door.

"For a moment I was at rest, but only for a moment. The imperative whisper came,—*'Send some candles!'* Said I to myself, this is too absurd. I will not gratify this whim. But again I was so beset with the mandate, and so distressed and baffled in repelling it, that, as a cheap way to get out of torment, I handed John a package of candles also.

"This matter has been in my mind ever since. Sometimes I have thought it almost a freak of insanity, and then again, such was the strange character of the impression, so unexpected, so solemn and powerful, and such singular peace followed compliance with its dictates, that I almost believed it to be supernatural."

"It is indeed the doings of Him who is wonderful in working," replied deacon P. "It was about ten o'clock, I well remember, that I plead with God for the very articles you sent me, in an

agony of wrestling I never knew before. It was then, too, that my soul was filled with the conviction, that my prayer was heard and relief would come."

Since hearing a venerated relative relate this incident of his own life, we have often wondered how the sceptic can dispose of such occurrences. While it would be presumption for the believer to expect to live by prayer alone, to be fed without his own co-operation, as was Elijah, yet are there not events happening all along the history of the church, in the experience of individual members to be accounted for only on the ground of special Providence, regardless of the emergencies of the believing suffering people of God. Surely "Light is sown for the righteous," and to them

"The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope."

—WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.

COVETOUSNESS. — Are Christians enough aware of the *exceeding* sinfulness of a covetous disposition? Do they regard it as St. Paul did? Read the two following passages:—

Eph. v. 4. "No whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

I. Cor. v. 9—11. "I wrote unto you in an epistle, not to company with fornicators; yet, not altogether with the fornicators of this world, or with the covetous, or extortioners, or with idolaters: for then must ye needs go out of the world. But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner: with such an one, no not to eat."

Observe:—

1. The company in which the covetous are placed, among those whose crimes are a disgrace and a shame in the eyes of all men.

2. How Christians are to treat

them. Though covetousness is a common sin among the impenitent, and as long as we are in the world we must have intercourse with the guilty; yet any *professor of religion* who is guilty of the sin, is to be avoided entirely. Christians are not to countenance his pretensions to piety by being seen in his company.

3. The inconsistency of covetousness with any well grounded hope of salvation. It is asserted expressly that *no covetous man hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.*

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Speak of it, speak of it, dwell upon its excellencies, its beauties, its glories, its life-giving power, the hope it gives, the faith, the peace, the joy—as the all and in all! Never, while life remains, shall we cease to extol this blessed volume—exalt it to heaven. Every number of the *Earnest Christian and Golden Rule* points more or less directly to this star of Bethlehem, to

"What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none."

Once induce the people to take the Bible; the old, the young, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, make it the man of their counsel, their guide, their lamp, their light, their exceeding great reward; embrace it, clasp it to their bosoms as their chief delight—the world is saved—millennial glory is here. This is the secret of all secrets, the only hope of a world's salvation. Departing from this blessed book, has been the downfall, the ruin, in all ages.

"The Bible—grand and heavenly chart,
On which is traced the narrow road,
Which leads the pilgrim-traveler
Up to the realms of bliss—to God."

The Bible is the Christian's prize,
The source of all his happiness;
He feeds upon its sacred truths,
And drinks the streams of heavenly bliss."

SHE CAN TALK.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

HER tongue glides smoothy. There is no lack of utterance in her conversational powers. Words flow apace, in conversation, on business topics, in the family and social circles, at home and abroad. She speaks fluently, on any subject of debate or controversy. There is no defect or impediment whatever in her organs of speech; her powers of oratory are perfect. And yet in opening her lips in prayer, in her family, or in social meetings for worship, she pleads inability; her mouth is closed, and no persuasions, or scriptural arguments whatever, prevail. She still persists in hushing the question of audible prayer and testimony. Sister, in the Lord, is this you? Is there not something *decidedly wrong* here? some spoke out of the wheel? some foot out of joint?

How can you? how dare you keep silence when all nature is alive in public adorations? The little hills skip in thanksgivings—the trees of the forest clap their hands joyfully. “Praise Him all His angels; praise ye Him all His hosts.” Prayer is praise, and praise is prayer. By withholding your voice in prayer, praise, and testimony, at home, and in worshipping assemblies, are you not grieving the Holy One? disobeying the still, small voice? putting your light under a bushel? robbing yourself of the sweetest consolations? You lose much by hushing vocal prayer. “Open thy mouth wide,” saith the Lord, “and I will fill it.” It is not words—polished, elegant, rounded periods—that constitute acceptable prayer. God is well pleased with broken accents, the humble breathings of the sincere inquirer; with the mere groanings after salvation, that cannot be uttered. Who ever uttered a more forcible, acceptable prayer, than the poor publican, exclaiming: “God, be merciful unto me, a sinner.”

It's the *heart* God requires. “My son, give me thy heart.”

Sister go forward—open your mouth wide. God will teach you—His Holy Spirit will dictate—your soul will be blessed. The smiles of heaven will rest upon you—your spiritual strength will be renewed, day by day.

“Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.”

Besides, your audible voice, in humble, fervent supplications to the Most High, will be blessed to others; may be, to their souls' salvation. Go forward; let not the enemy of souls rob you of this precious privilege. Go forward, in God's strength, wisdom, and grace. Is it a cross? Well, take it up, carry it, it will become lighter and lighter every step Heavenward, in the path of duty. Take the cross—embrace it. “No cross, no crown.” Christ says: “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it.” Matt. xvi. 24, 25.

“Speak sister—Stand up for Jesus!
Plead his cause—your Saviour own!
Lo! *He now your cause is pleading,*
Standing up before the Throne.
He will own you; He will claim you,
When he comes with angels down.”

In spite of all you can do, the good that is in you will surely be evil spoken of. And it is not unlikely some will join in the cry against you from whom you expected better things.—JOHN WESLEY.

RELIGION. — Christianity consists more in practice than theory, being an occupation rather than a profession.—CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS.

Do not affect the gentleman. A preacher of the Gospel is the servant of all.

A SCOFFER SAVED.

THE Gospel promises to you and me, and our children, and all that are afar off, even as many of those whom the Lord shall call, as are not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, "the witness of God's Spirit with their spirit, that they are the children of God;" that they are now, at this hour, all accepted in the Beloved; but it witnesses not that they shall be. It is an assurance of present salvation only; therefore, not necessarily perpetual, neither irreversible.

I am one of many witnesses of this matter of fact, that God does now make good this his promise daily, very frequently during a representation (how made I know not, but not to the outward eye) of Christ either hanging on the cross, or standing on the right hand of God. And this I know to be of God, because from that hour the person so affected is a new creature, both as to his inward tempers and outward life. "Old things are passed away; and all things become new."

A very late instance of this I will give you: While we were praying at a society here, on Tuesday the 1st instant, the power of God (so I call it) came so mightily among us, that one, and another, and another, fell down as thunderstruck. In that hour many that were in deep anguish of spirit, were all filled with peace and joy. Ten persons, till then in sin, doubt, and fear, found such a change, that sin had no more dominion over them; and instead of the spirit of fear, they are now filled with that of love, and joy, and a sound mind. A Quaker who stood by was very angry at them, and was biting his lips and knitting his brows, when the Spirit of God came upon him also, so that he fell down as one dead. We prayed over him, and he soon lifted up his head with joy, and joined with us in thanksgiving.

A bystander, one John Haydon, was quite enraged at this, and, being unable to deny something supernatural

in it, laboured beyond measure to convince all his acquaintance, that it was a delusion of the devil. I was met in the street the next day by one who informed me that John Haydon was fallen raving mad. It seems he had sat down to dinner, but wanted first to make an end of a sermon he was reading. At the last page he suddenly changed color, fell off his chair, and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. I found him on the floor, the room being full of people, whom his wife would have kept away; but he cried out, "No; let them all come; let all the world see the just judgment of God." Two or three were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and said, "Ay, this is he I said deceived the people; but God hath overtaken me. I said it was a delusion of the devil; but this is no delusion." Then he roared aloud, "O thou devil! Thou cursed devil! Yea, thou legion of devils! Thou canst not stay in me. Christ will cast thee out. I know his work is begun. Tear me to pieces if thou wilt. But thou canst not hurt me." He then beat himself again, and groaned again, with violent sweats, and heaving of the breast. We prayed with him, and God put a new song in his mouth. The words were, which he pronounced with a clear, strong voice, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day which our Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth for evermore." I called again an hour after. We found his body quite worn out, and his voice lost. But his soul was full of joy and love, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.—J. WESLEY.

THE Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in it, but by the world living in him.—BAXTER.

HAVE faith in God.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, FEBRUARY, 1862.

REVIVALS.

We feel pained at the lack of revival interest in Western New York. There has not been, for years, we believe, a winter when so little was being done, by the different denominations, for the salvation of souls. Under the shadow of Churches, within the sound of the Gospel, multitudes are going down to hell. The fields are white for the harvest. A neglect to put forth the necessary effort, will result in the perdition of many who might, perhaps, be saved. Revivals, deep and sin-subduing, were never more needed, and we believe there never was a greater willingness on the part of God to give the all-powerful aid of His Spirit to those who will set themselves at work, in a proper way, for their promotion. How it would rejoice us to chronicle such revivals in any denomination!

The want of revival interest is generally attributed to the existence of the war, but this, we are persuaded, is not the cause. People who stay at home, as well those in camp, die in times of war as at other times. We may be assured then that God will not withhold that measure of His Spirit which is necessary for their salvation. The worst state of the public mind to get the attention directed to eternal things so as to secure a revival, is a state of apathy. It is much easier to guide a vessel when moving, than to get it in motion. So it is much easier to direct a people waked up to their interests, to their welfare for eternity, than it is to arouse them from a state of insensibility. But to do anything in soul-saving, when the public mind is excited, there must be a religious excitement stronger than any other excitement. When Moses' rod swallows up all others, the day of deliverance to souls, led captive by the Devil, is at hand. Ministers and church-members make a great mistake when they attribute the lack of revival interest to anything but their own want of holy living and of power with God. It is not too late now to have a revival. Brother, will you talk to the Lord about it? Ask Him if it is His

pleasure that you should do more than you are doing to save your fellow-men from ruin. Plead with Him for souls as you would plead for life, and showers of blessings will come upon you and upon your people.

THE FREE CHURCH IN BUFFALO.

That all Houses of worship should be free, we have not the slightest doubt. That Churches can be sustained by the voluntary offerings of the people, where the Gospel is preached in its purity, and that God is pleased with efforts made to reach and save the masses in our large cities, is demonstrated by the success with which He has been pleased to crown our efforts in this city. We had here no nucleus to start with. The amount of prejudice and of opposition was appalling. The Lord opened for us a place to preach in the outskirts of the city. Souls were saved. One year ago last October, the building on Pearl street, near Niagara, was dedicated for a Free Methodist Church. We organized with seven members. The work has been steadily advancing ever since. For nearly a year, scarcely a week has elapsed without some souls being saved through the instrumentality of this people. The last quarter, over thirty have been received on probation. We have now 101 members, and a congregation as large as can be crowded into the church, and many go away for want of room. Many of the members profess, and we believe enjoy, the blessing of holiness. Several Swedes, and a number of Germans, have been converted among us. We have had, at one time, representatives of five different nations at our altar. Salvation is alike precious to all, and all are alike welcome.

The preacher is supported, and the incidental expenses kept up. There is still a debt of about eighteen hundred dollars remaining on the Church and lot, but if God's people do their duty, it will be met. Would the Lord have you do anything to relieve us from this embarrassment?

MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS in New York city are increasing in number and interest. Some six or eight are held weekly in different locations, and about the same number in Brooklyn. One has been recently established, No. 32 Bond street, N. Y., at the dwelling house of Rev. Wm. Belden, a Presbyterian clergy-

man, on strictly Christian Union principles. This meeting has already been signally blessed by God, and promises great good. From four to six different denominations are frequently represented in the social gatherings, as witnesses to a full salvation! From these facts it is evident that this blessed doctrine of holiness or perfect love is on the increase.

"With perfect love, 'we dwell in God
And God in us;' with peace and power
We walk the way our Saviour trod,
In sweet communion every hour."—N.

ON FORGIVENESS.

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own."

Dear friends, do you forgive your enemies, love them, pray for them, even those who hate you, treat you unkindly and abusively? This is pretty hard business, you may think, and so it is if we attempt it in our own strength, but grace is sufficient; it is very easy to forgive our enemies, Christ helping. Go to Jesus. "Ask, and it shall be given."

The Lord attends when children pray,
A whisper He can hear;
He knows not only what we say,
But what we wish or fear.

We do not inquire whether you love the actions of wicked folks, their evil deeds, this you cannot do; but do you love their souls, pity them, pray God to have mercy on them? Christ prayed for his murderers; so did Stephen. Christ says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven."

"How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love."—N.

REPORT FROM THE WEST.

We like the way that our brethren of the Free Church take hold of the work of God at the West. They are looking, not for accessions to their numbers from other denominations, but for the salvation of souls. Without a single exception, we believe, they go in for the thorough work. "Holiness to the Lord" is their motto. The following letter from Rev.

Judah Mead, chairman of the district, shows the progress that is being made in leading souls to the cross:

AURORA, ILL., Jan. 11, 1862.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS—DEAR BROTHER:—I have been 'round the district, and the work progresses beyond my most sanguine expectations. There is general peace and harmony throughout the whole work. *Bless the Lord, Amen.* Dr. Redfield and Br. M. have been holding meetings at St. Charles four weeks. There has not been as great an increase in numbers as we could wish, but the Church has been greatly blessed. The preacher is doing well at Clinton, and has taken in some new appointments. The Lord is wonderfully blessing their labors at Marengo. The most of this society enjoy the blessing of full salvation. I attended a quarterly meeting on Sugar Creek Circuit the last Saturday and Sabbath in October, and think the time is not far distant when they will have a district formed in Wisconsin. Br. B's health failed, and he returned to his home after quarterly meeting. When he left, there were six appointments out for the Sabbath, and sister S. filled three of them. They have been holding a protracted meeting in Round Prairie, Wis., and the Lord has blessed their labors in the conversion of over thirty, and about the same number have experienced the blessing of holiness. They kept up the meeting until the preacher's voice failed, and about that time help arrived, and I understand the work is still progressing.

The preacher for Crystal Lake is doing all he can, but the work is so large that his health will not admit of his holding extra meetings. On Belvidere and Bonus Circuit the preachers are laboring faithfully for souls—the Lord is blessing their labors. They have formed a new society at Winnebago. They are holding a protracted meeting at Belvidere, but with what success, I have not yet learned. They are having a good work at Ogle; they have a large field of labor. The preachers are engaged in protracted meetings, but I have not learned the number of converts. The brethren on Ogle charge, still retain the camp-meeting fire. On Newfield Circuit they have had quite an accession to the membership. The preacher is engaged in a protracted meeting, and the Lord is saving souls. At Geneva, the society is in a flourishing condition.

We held our quarterly meeting on the Aurora Circuit, the last Saturday and Sabbath in December, and think it was the best we ever had. Although there is not so great a demonstration of the Spirit as we could wish, yet the Lord is saving souls. Quite a number have been converted, and several enjoy the blessing of holiness. The preachers are laboring like men of God. And now, Br. Roberts, I can say in truth, this has been the best year of my life.

I remain your brother,
in the Gospel of Christ,
JUDAH MEAD, Chairman.

LIVING UP TO THE DISCIPLINE.

MARENGO, ILL., Jan. 7, 1862.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—I never got along as well before, as I have since the Ogle camp-meeting. The light still shines, and I am walking in it. Souls are being converted every week. We are living to the discipline, and God honors us in this course by saving the people. We close the doors of our class rooms against all persons not members of our Church, except those that manifest an earnest desire to flee the wrath to come. On last Wednesday eve, quite a number of persons who were not members of the Church, came into Bro. B's class. When the time arrived for commencing meeting, the leader, telling the rules of our discipline, kindly requested them to leave. They found a good deal of fault, but finally went out. Satan tempted the leader strongly for a while about the matter, but he looked to Jesus for deliverance, and before the meeting closed, an old grey-headed man came along, and was soundly converted to God. Bro. B's doubts were all gone. God had put his broad seal of approbation on the transaction, and he was now satisfied. Again, last evening, at Bro. R's class, a middle aged man came to the door, and the leader, opening it, inquired if he wanted religion. He said he did. He was invited in; said he had been seeking religion for six months, but could get no light. The leader asked him if he would come forward to the altar and do his own praying. He said he would do anything. He came forward and the Lord met him, and saved him powerfully. To God be all the glory!

Pray for us.

EDWARD P. HART.

The following letter from a beloved minister of Jesus Christ, in the Congregational Church, laboring in the City of New York, we venture to lay before our readers. O, how we praise the Lord that the blessed work of holiness is spreading in other churches.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 2d, 1851.

REV. B. T. ROBERTS:—I was much edified in reading the dying experience of Rev. W. C. Kendall. I think it is the brightest death-bed scene I have ever read.

The experiences given in the Earnest Christian are peculiarly rich. There is a thoroughness and depth about them that looks something like coming up to the Scripture standard. The homely phrase in which some of them are given only renders them more attractive, and carries the deeper conviction of their truthfulness.

I am trying to do my duty, and some stand by me, (thank God,) but others oppose. It is evident that efforts for thorough and deep work will meet stern opposition here, as well as elsewhere. It looks as though some of us had begun to think that the offence of the Cross had ceased, and that the devil had given up his cause, but I am afraid that the real Cross is most offensive to some who have thought that they loved it. O, for wisdom and searching power, and grace to go through and hold every one to truth, pressing upon them all their deep—deep responsibilities! Who is sufficient for these things? God has been taking me down of late, and bringing me into the dust more than ever before. There have been times when I have thought I was at least somebody, but I am fast getting to see that of myself, I am a worm and no man. My soul cries out Amen! Let the Lord show me myself as much as he will. I can, and do rejoice that myself, and all the little fancied glory of myself, will pass away as the grass and the flower thereof, *but the word of the Lord endureth forever.* Glory to God!

I have been somewhat engaged lately in forming a band, which we call "The Pilgrim Band of Laborers" in the Lord's Vineyard." Our object is to labour for the spread of holiness. I have not time and space now to give you an account of it, but may do so at some future time. About thirty have joined us and others will probably join before long. Even in the incipient movements of our enterprise

we meet with very decided opposition—but God helping us we shall go on. We do not propose to have either trumpet or flag, but we mean to blow our ram's horns whenever and wherever the Lord tells us to. Both of you please pray for us. Pray for me.

Your Brother in the Lord,
and your sincere friend, H. B.

PROCURING MEANS.

To any who think they are too poor to take the Earnest Christian, we commend the following letter from a blind sister, "poor in this world, but rich in faith." We resolved when we read it, to make the Earnest Christian more worthy the support the dear children of God give it, if any amount of prayer and effort on our part could do it.

FORKSTON, Dec. 25th, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:—Truly we are strangers in the flesh, yet I feel that I have been made quite familiarly acquainted with you through the "Earnest Christian," *Earnest Christian!* Yes, I like that name. Had it not been for the title which it bears, I should perhaps have remained a stranger to its value. I have taken it from the commencement. In it I have learned very many precious things. At the close of the last year I was in a strait how to find means to renew my subscription. My father being dead, my mother too has passed away to the spirit world; my brothers have been torn from me by the ruthless hand of death. I am left without natural sight, with no means of support but the plying of my knitting-needles. But thank God, my spiritual vision is clear. Jesus came along one day, and anointed my eyes so that I saw men as trees walking. He afterward gave them a second touch and I saw clearly.

But I see I am digressing.

I said I was in a strait. I went to my Heavenly Father, I told Him I did not know how to do without the "Earnest Christian." I promised if He would provide the means, I would do all I could to get subscribers. I have obtained a number of promises, but they have been like the man's who said he would go and work in the vineyard and went *not*. I find that people are too afraid of the light at the present day.

I told Him farther, that if He would assist that I would contribute something to its pages.

The means came from an unexpected source. I felt confident that they would. I consider it unsurpassed for Light, Love and Truth. Just say to your readers for me, that if they have not the present means to renew their subscriptions to go to Jesus.

Yours in Christian bonds,
M. M. FINNEY.

TAKING REPROOF.

Brother, sister, can you take reproof? You may excel in giving it. You may talk plain, searching things. The brother or sister whose short-comings are made known to you, may rely upon receiving proper and faithful admonition, but can you bear to be admonished. Of course you do not believe in your own infallibility, any more than in that of the Pope. When told that you are wrong, do you receive it kindly, and not take it as an impeachment of your motives, or an intended insult? We should not merely take reproof but love to be told of our faults.

MEETING AT ASBURY.

Rev. Asa Abell, chairman of the district, writes: "We had a very good general quarterly meeting in Bro. Seekin's rake-shop, large enough and convenient; their meeting house at present. The Lord was with us in power and glory. Some were converted, and some sanctified wholly."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel grateful to our friends for the efforts they have put forth, and are putting forth to increase our circulation. We wish we could write to each one of you and tender our acknowledgments, but this, with our press of labors, is impossible. The Lord reward you! We part reluctantly with a few of our old friends, for we should love to continue our monthly visits to all who have heretofore taken the Earnest Christian; but while a few drop off, a larger number step in to take their places. We thank the Lord that the number of new subscribers thus far, exceeds the number of those who have requested its discontinuance. We trust our friends will not relax their efforts until our list is at least doubled. In writing to have your address changed, or on business connected with the E. C., be particular to give the Post Office at which you have received it.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

With this number we introduce a department designed especially for the benefit of the little folks. We have some things we want to say to the children, and some things we want to say for them to their parents.

Brother Newton, whose heart overflows with love for the young, will enrich the Family Circle with the fruit of his experience and observation. We hope the world will be better in years to come for this department.

BIBLE INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

"How pure the sacred words of truth!
The blessed book to guide our youth;
Given by our Father and our God,
To guide to heaven through Jesus' blood."

Parents, in training your little ones, take the Bible, begin with the Bible, keep on with the Bible, end with the Bible.—Let the Bible be first, midst, last, *always*. What made little Timothy what he was?—the Bible—the instruction he received in early childhood by his mother and grandmother from the Holy Scriptures. From a child he became wise unto salvation. "To the Law and the Testimony." (See Deut. vi. 6—8.) Jeremiah says, chap. iii. 4, "Thou art the guide of my youth." David, the Psalmist, says: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee." Psalm cxix. 11.

Parents, are your children disobedient?—Take them to the Bible—point them to what God says concerning disobedient children—to what terrible judgments He visits those who disobey their parents. When the fact that God requires children to obey their parents is well established in their minds, a very important object is gained. Will they not listen with fearful attention, with filial confidence, when told that God says, "Hearken unto thy father that has begot thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." "Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise,) that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth." "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing unto the

Lord." "The eye of him that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother—the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Then, when reminded that obeying their parents is not only right but well-pleasing unto the Lord—that with it is connected the promise of long life, and well-being, and that disobedience is connected with fearful denunciations, when told these things, will they not feel that with all the heart they will seek to render cheerful and ready obedience?

"A child is born. Now take the germ, and make
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truths are never, never wasted."
N.

PERNICIOUS READING.

The late E. Harden, when under sentence of death, confessed that he distinctly traced his downward career to the influence of novels, but more particularly to the New York Ledger, to which he had been a subscriber. He stated that the tragical tales, which nearly every number of that paper contains, produced the most baneful influence upon his mind, inflaming his imagination with deeds of daring and mock heroism, and corrupting his moral powers.—N.

AT HOME IN THE EVENING.

A WORD TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"Of all the spots that Heaven has blest,
The dearest place is home;
'Tis there the fond heart loves to rest,
And never loves to roam;
Whilst love plays round the smiling hearth,
'Tis Heaven's own bliss enjoyed on earth."

Boys and girls, be sure to be at home in the evening, unless you attend the house of worship, or accompany your dear parents to some friends or place of innocent and profitable pastime. Boys should never, by *any means*, be found in the streets, or lounging about depots, shoe shops, tobacco shops, saloons, grog-selling hotels, or groceries, or any other resort where Satan has his seat. Home is the place for boys and girls after night fall. Keep away from these sickening haunts of vice and dissipation.

Very many night diversions and amusements, (termed innocent by some,) away from the paternal roof and watchcare, have proved the ruin of multitudes for time and eternity.

A faithful writer remarks that "one of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief, is spending his evenings away from home. Darkness is a temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this succeeding. Riots, mobs, crimes, giving fearful forebodings, are the results of youth becoming fit agents of outrage, by running uncared for in the evening. What we see in these respects is deplorable enough, but what is this compared with what we do not see. Multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world, and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interior of all the evening recreation and employments, yet, there is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The information demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience—must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to blessing is home; and by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them.

A LITTLE sin—it seems at first
Scarcely a sin at all;
But little sins are things accursed—
God does not count them small.

For, from the evil heart within,
Soon greater things proceed;
The growth of unrestrained sin
Is terrible, indeed.

And quickly, on the downward way,
The thoughtless sinner speeds,
Till in the evening of his day
He finds out where it leads.—N.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence in my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

PARENTS.

Our children, shall they love, revere, preserve our honor, and the land which cost our father's sacred blood? Not if we suffer them to trample down our heaven-appointed power to be their guides and counsellors. Not if we suffer them to trifle with the sacred name of God.—Not if we teach them honor waits on gain.

Not if the reason bends to passion's sway,
Or appetite bids conscience to obey!
Ye parents, heed your solemn trust,
Be to your children true and just.
Tell them the perils of the deep,
How storms may o'er their vessel sweep.
At morn, at noon, by day, by night,
Instruct, command, direct aright—
That when to them you yield your power,
Your influence may be the dower,
Which shall, as needle, pointing true,
Direct them all life's journey through.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

"Pray," said a mother to her dying child—
"Pray," and in a token of assent he smiled.
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The failing frame that he could hardly speak:
At length he cried, "Dear mother, in God's
book

Is is not written, unto Jesus look?

I can look up; I have no strength for prayer;
'Look unto me and be ye saved' is there."

"It is, my child, it is, so saith the Lord,
And we may confidently trust his word,"
Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

A VISIT FROM THE ANGELS.

Two young girls found Jesus, and they were so happy they wanted, like him, to go about doing good; so they went to see a poor old blind woman, and took her a basket full of food and hearts full of love. "Now," they said, "don't you want us to read you a little about the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman. And after they read, "Now, shall we not have a little prayer-meeting with you?" they said. "Oh, yes," answered the poor blind woman; and that was the best of all.

When her pastor made his next visit, what do you think she told him? "Oh, I have had a visit from the angels since you were here," said she.

"Their bloom was like the blooming flower
That sips the early dew;
The rose was budded on their cheeks,
Just opening to the view."—N.