

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1862.

NO. 3.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY MRS. M. H. FREELAND.

"AND the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." I. Thes. v. 23, 24.

The doctrine of entire sanctification is one that stands out in bold relief throughout the divine record. It needs but eyes enlightened by the Holy Ghost to perceive this chain of gold extending from Genesis to Revelations. God is holy; and whatever partakes of his nature must be alike pure from moral defilement. Man was created in the image of God—consequently holy; sin obliterated this glorious likeness of Deity, stamping its own deformed visage in its place. Jesus died to redeem man from the thralldom of sin and restore the divine image to his soul. That, "where sin abounded, grace might much more abound." He came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly. "Wherefore, he is able to save even to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." His name shall be called Jesus, "For he shall save his people from their sins." These are but a few of the many scriptural expressions that clearly point out the entireness of the salvation wrought out for us by the sufferings and death of the blessed Saviour.

But, more definitely, what are we to understand by entire sanctification?

In answer to this question we remark, it is not synonymous with entire consecration, though the term sanctification is repeatedly used in its literal signification, meaning simply to consecrate; but as used in the passage of scripture, quoted at the commencement of this article, it means something more than the act of consecration on our part. The apostle prays for God to do something, viz: *sanctify wholly* the Thessalonian brethren. *Entire consecration* is the act of the creature; *entire sanctification*, the act of the Creator. Abraham's offering was consecrated when laid upon the hallowed altar according to divine appointment, but not sanctified until the fire descended and consumed it. So it is with all offerings. It is God that sanctifieth.

Neither is entire sanctification one and the same with regeneration. Regeneration is a change of relation between the soul and God, by which we are enabled to say "Abba, Father;" entire sanctification, a change of the state or condition of the soul from impure to pure—all moral defilement being removed and the divine image perfectly restored to the soul.

To be sanctified wholly is to be wholly saved from the *indwelling* of sin, with all its *defilement*. A truly justified soul is saved from the *condemnation* and *dominion* of sin, but not from its *indwelling* or *defilement*. Thus we see the clear distinction between the two states of grace. In justification, the graces of the spirit are implanted in the soul, but the antagonistic elements that formerly reigned there supreme are not removed, only subjected

to the reign of grace. Entire sanctification *removes* the root of bitterness that ever and anon spring up and trouble the simply justified soul. This being the character of entire sanctification, we readily see the necessity of this work being wrought in the hearts of all believers. As the seeds of disease in the physical system of a child are continually being developed to a greater or less extent, hindering its growth and proper development; so the seeds of sin in the heart of a child of God hinder their progress in the divine life, and the rapid development of the Christian graces. Were this blessed state of soul enjoyed as God designs it should be, by all adult believers, there would be a power in the Christian Church that none could gainsay or resist, only to their own eternal damnation. Young converts would go forward and grow in grace. There would not be such lamentable seasons of declension in religious interest, but like the evergrowing verdure of the torrid zone, revivals would be continuous. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green: and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Ah, what would be the moral power of the Church of God filled with such men?

Wake up brother! wake up sister,
Seek, oh seek this holy state!

This is not an ideal thing, but the actual experience of many who now live, and of many more who have gone before to join the blood-washed company. Reader, will you help to swell the innumerable company of the fully redeemed ones who come up through great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? May God enable you at once to place your little all a willing sacrifice at Jesus' feet, and look for the sanctifying fire of the Holy

Ghost to descend and consume the sacrifice. It will come, only believe, and soon the very God of peace will sanctify you wholly, for "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Glory to his name forever!

GENTEEL RELIGION.

THERE is not only to be found in the religious world, a solid, substantial, consistent, and devoted character, but there is also what may be termed, a *pretty genteel sort of evangelism*, which too well combines with the luxurious ease and partial acquiescence of the world and the flesh, not to say the devil also. But such evangelism will not prepare the soul for sickness, death, and eternity, or will at best, leave it a prey to the most fearful doubts, or still more to be feared, the delusions of false peace. The way that leads to eternal life is much more narrow than many of our modern professors are aware of; the gate is too strait to allow all their trifling, and self-will, and fastidiousness, and carnal-mindedness, to pass through it. The Gospel is a system of self-denial. Its dictates teach us to strip ourselves, that we may clothe others: they leave us hungry, that we may have wherewith to feed others; and send us barefooted among the thorns of this world, rather than silver shod, with mincing steps, to walk at our ease amongst its snares. When our Lord was asked, "are there few that shall be saved?" he answered neither yes or no, but said, "*strive* to enter in at the strait gate;" and this word "*strive*" might be translated "*agonize*." Beware of belonging to that class ingeniously called "*Borderers*." Choose whom ye will serve, and take care not to prefer Baal. Ask yourself every night what portion of the past day have I given to God, to Christ, to devotion, to improvement, to benevolent exertion, to effectual growth in grace. Weep for the deficiencies you therein discover, and pray for pardon and brighter progress.—
LEIGH RICHMOND.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"And I will give him the morning star." Rev. II. 28.

Methought once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come;
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear lost child;
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and
smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The garb he wore looked heavenly white
As the feathery snow comes down:
And warm, as it shone in the softened light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odor of flowers from the thornless land,
Where we deem that our blest ones are,
Seemed borne in his skirts; and his soft right
hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, looked tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half veiled in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him in folds it fell.

I asked him how he was clothed anew,—
Who circled his head with light,—
And whence he returned to meet my view,
So calm and heavenly bright.

I asked him where he had been so long,
A way from his mother's care,—
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, "Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear:
I touch the harp with a golden string
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

"It was but a gently fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time, called Death,
Hath ministered life to me.

"My voice in an angel choir I lift,
And high are the notes we raise;
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

"The bright and morning star' is he,
Who bringeth eternal day;
And, mother, he giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

"The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star.'

"Thy measure of care for me was filled,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye, distilled
And numbered every drop.

"While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learned the way to a world above:
The home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayers thou didst make for me,
Which only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gathered around his throne.

"My robe was filled with the perfume sweet,
To shed upon this world's air,
As I joyful knelt, at my Saviour's feet,
For the glorious crown I wear,

"In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink:
Behold my feet, as they've pressed the flowers
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there:
There's nothing of chill or blight,
Or sighing to blend with the balmy air,—
No sorrow,—no pain,—no night!"

"No parting?" I asked, in a burst of joy:
And the lovely illusion broke;
My rapture had banished my beautiful boy,—
To a shadowy void I spoke!

But, oh! that star of the morn still gleams,
With light to direct my feet,
Where, when I have done with my earthly
dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

CAPT. BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

I was at work one afternoon in my garden, when a visitor entered, and approached so silently that he stood within a few feet of me before I was aware of his presence.

"You appear to be very busy this afternoon," he said, calling my name.

I looked up, and was not a little astonished to see standing before me with an embarrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded and irreverent characters in the village.

"Yes, Captain Ball," I answered, "I was giving these young pea-vines something to climb upon."

"And very busy thinking also."

"Yes, neighbor; I was thinking how much we are like these pea-vines. How much we need something to climb upon. A spiritual Staff to lift us above the tangle of worldliness."

"Mr. Rainsford," said the visitor in a choked voice, "I—I am trying to find such a staff."

"My brother!" I exclaimed, full of sympathy and joy, "there is but one staff; that Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon Him as a pillar of support, and love and truth. You have not far to seek—you have only to reach out the tendrils of your heart in aspiration and faith, and they will clasp it. The command is 'repent and believe.'"

He was a middle aged man, whose hair had grown early gray with worldly cares; whose eyes were unaccustomed to tears, and it was affecting to see that hard face soften, and melt at last almost to weeping as he grasped my hand.

"I have had a strange experience," he said, recovering himself, but still speaking with much emotion. "It began about three weeks ago. I had lately been making very good trades, and one night as I was riding home, reckoning on my gains, and feeling a pride and triumph in the start I had got in the world by my own shrewdness and exertions—it was starlight and very still—I could scarcely hear a

noise but the field crickets, and the tramp of my horse on the dark road, when suddenly a voice said, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned as he hesitated.

"No, I knew it wasn't at the time. It was, I have no doubt, in my own mind. But the expression was just as distinct and unexpected as if it had been spoken by some person in my ear. The words I probably learned when I was a child, but had forgotten them, and had to look in the Bible afterwards to see if they were there. I found them, and found a good many things besides, which seemed to have been intended expressly for me, to break up entirely my way of life, and trouble all my calculations. The thing has been a working ever since, and I can't stop its working. I have come to the conclusion that I must be a different man, and live for a different purpose; and I have come to talk with you about it."

Having commenced giving the Captain's story as he related it, I shall continue it in his own words, as well as I can remember them. The reader, however must imagine several weeks to have elapsed since my first conversation with him, the scene to be changed for an evening meeting, where the Captain, after a long struggle with himself, got up to state his experience.

"I went to talk with the minister," he continued, after having astonished many others as much as he had me with the repetition of the above narrative. "I wanted to get into the Church, where I thought I should be safe. I had no conception of repentance and a change of heart. I supposed our pastor would commence questioning me about doctrines, and so forth, to let me know what I would have to understand and believe before I could become a church member. But he didn't take any such course. He made me go into the house, and sit down in his study, when he talked with me a long time about the blessedness of religion, and its value above

all things in this world, independently of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

"Captain Ball, do you know the first thing requisite to be done, if you would be a Christian?"

"I did not know."

"The Christian life, the life of a faithful follower of Jesus Christ," said he, "can be founded only upon repentance. Now it is easy to say we repent of sins, and even to think we repent, but the only repentance that is worth anything is an active repentance—by which I mean, not only sorrow for sin, and an earnest desire to avoid it in future—but one that goes to work, and seeks as far as it is in his power, to make amends for every wrong we have ever done. Is there a person in the world Captain Ball, who can look you in the face, and say you have wronged him?"

"He knew my weak point," added the captain.

"I meant, however, to confess something which I supposed was known to everybody who knows me—my horse trade with Peter Simmons, last spring."

"Did you wrong Peter?" said the minister.

"I shaved him a little," said I.

"How much?" said he. "Tell me honestly what you think."

"I let him have a ring-boned and wind-broken nag that I had physicked up to look pretty gay—worth, for actual service, not over ten dollars, and got in return a sound steady beast, worth sixty dollars, and twenty-five dollars to boot. So, I honestly think," said he, "that I shaved him out of seventy-five dollars."

"And with seventy-five dollars in your possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons, do you think you can commence a life of Christian purity? Do you think that Christ will hear your prayers for pardon?" said the minister.

"I said something about a trade is a trade, and they must look out for themselves when they swap horses—but he cut me short."

"Your own soul," said he, "will not admit the excuses which your selfishness invents."

"But the rule you apply," said I "will cut off the heads of church-members as well as mine. There's Deacon Rich, he trades horses, and shaves when he can."

"No excuse," said he, "whose head is cut off, no matter what Deacon Rich does. You have to deal with your own soul, and with your Lord. And I tell you, whether you are out of the Church or in it, a single dollar which you have unjustly or knowingly taken from any man, without rendering him its full value to the best of your ability—a single dollar, I say, will be like a mill-stone hung upon your neck, to sink your soul and body into the sea of spiritual death."

"I couldn't stand that. The Spirit of God used these words with terrible effect upon my heart. The truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my understanding with irresistible power. I went away, but I could't rest. So I took seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter and paid him; making him promise not to tell anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known that I was conscience-stricken and paid back money. Then I went to the minister and told him what I had done. He didn't praise me, as I thought he would.—He took it as a matter of course, and no more merit in me than it was to wash my hands before I sit down to supper. On the contrary he seemed to suspect that my hands were not clean yet. He wanted to know if I had wronged anybody else besides Peter. I tried to say no, but my conscience wouldn't let me. I could have told a plumper lie than that once, without finching; yes, and flattered my own heart to believe the lie. I was discouraged, I felt bitterly disheartened. It was indeed, so much harder being a Christian than I had supposed, that I had regretted going to talk with the minister at all. Like the young man who had great possessions, I was on the point of going away sorrowful. But my heart burned within me and I was forced to speak."

"In the way of business," said I, "no

doubt I have taken advantage here and there, as everybody does—as church-members themselves do when they can.”

“What everybody does is no rule for you and me, Captain Ball,” said the minister.

“It is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not simply to be church members—that we must strive with all our hearts. The fact of being in the fold does not make the lamb; there are wolves in the fold, alas! but we are by no means justified in doing as the wolves do, even when they appear in sheep’s clothing.”

I felt the rebuke. “Well,” said I, “there is Deacon Rich. I think he paid me a note twice. The first time he paid it, we were transacting other business, and by some mistake the note wasn’t destroyed. I found it among my papers afterwards. I was a good deal excited, and lay awake more than one night thinking what I ought to do about it. The deacon was a hard man, I considered, and took advantage of people when he could. He had driven more than one hard bargain with me.”

The deacon, who was present and heard these allusions to himself, winced and coughed uneasily. Captain Ball went on without appearing to mind him.

“So,” said I to the minister, “I concluded I would serve the deacon as he would probably have served me under similar circumstances. I kept the note by me a good while, and when I thought the particulars of our settlement had slipped his mind, I said to him one day, maybe he would like to take up that note which had been due a considerable time. He was surprised—looked excited and angry—said he had paid it, and held out stoutly for a while; but there was the note. There was no proof that it had ever been paid, and finally he took his pocket-book, and, with some pretty hard words, paid it over again with interest.”

“And now,” said the minister, “what are you going to do about it?”

“I suppose,” said I, “the money must be paid back.”

“So I went to the deacon next day, told him that on reflection I was convinced he was right and I was wrong about the payment of the note, and returned him the money—one hundred and thirty dollars—a good deal to his astonishment.”

The deacon coughed and wiped his forehead.

“I hoped then all was right,” continued Captain Ball.

“I tried to satisfy my conscience that it was all. But I was afraid to go back to the minister, he has such a way of stirring up the conscience and finding mud at the bottom, when we flatter ourselves that, because it is out of sight, there is no impurity there. And I knew that, as long as I dreaded to see the minister, something must be wrong; and on looking carefully into my heart, I found the little matter of a mortgage, which I had foreclosed on a poor man, and got away his farm, when he had no suspicion but I would give him time to redeem it. By that means I had got into my possession property worth two thousand dollars, for which I did not actually pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually realized more than half that amount. But the proceeding was entirely legal, and I tried to excuse myself. But my awakened conscience kept saying.

“‘You have taken a poor man’s land without giving him a just return; the law of God condemns you, although the law of man sanctions the wrong. You shall have no peace of soul—your heart will burn you—until with justice you wipe out your own injustice to him and to others whom you have wronged.’

“Against the decree of my conscience I rebelled a long time. It was hard for me to lose a thousand dollars, together with the interest due from the time the mortgage was foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion of my life to be obliged to subtract so much money from my gains, and give it to a man who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned and mourned over it in secret, and tried to pray, but that

mortgage came right up between my prayer and God, and heaven looked dark and frowning through it. At last I could not resist the appeals of conscience any longer, and went again to the minister, told him my troubles, and asked him what I should do."

"There is a simple test," said he, "Do you love your neighbor as yourself? If you do, you will be just to him, if it takes from you the last dollar you have in the world."

"That was a terrible sentence—I went out staggering from it as if I had received a blow."

"O, God!" I said "how can I be a Christian."

"But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I could never have ended that struggle. I knelt before God, and solemnly vowed for his sake, for the sake of his pardon and love, I would not only do justly to the poor man I had wronged, but would give up, if need be, all I had in the world, so that I might find peace in him. A strange, soothing influence came over my soul, and a voice seemed to say, 'Though you lose all, you have God and Christ; and the blessings of a heart pure and at peace shall be left you—the best and only source of happiness and life.' And in the solemn night time, after I gave up the struggle, that comfort came to me, so great and precious, that I felt willing, if it would only stay with me, to accept poverty and go into the world poor and despised, hugging that priceless blessing in my heart. The next day I felt as light as if I had wings. Nothing could keep me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note for the remainder of what I owed him."

"Well," said the narrator, with tears running down his cheeks, "I only wish that every person here could have seen the Dorr family, when I visited them, and made known my errand. Poor Isaac had grown quite discouraged, and had just made up his mind to quit his wife and children, and go to California. His children were crying, and his wife

was in the extremity of distress and despair. She received me a great deal better than I anticipated; 'I had acted according to law,' she said, 'and Isaac careless and improvident, was greatly to blame.'"

'Yes,' said Isaac, with the firmness of a desperate man, 'it was a savage game you played on me, but I was a fool ever to get into debt as I did, and then fancy that any one would not take the advantage when the law permits it. I am ruined in consequence; and here you see this woman and these babies'—

The poor fellow broke down as he looked at them, and cried like a child.

"Isaac," said I, as soon as I could speak, 'I have come to show you that a man can be honorable even when the law don't compel him to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because God commands it, and I have come to tell you that you needn't leave your wife and babies yet, unless you prefer.'

"Prefer to go off into a strange country, and leave them here to suffer!' he cried, and he caught the children in his arms, and wrung his wife's hand, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Then I counted out the money I had brought, and explained what I intended to do, and gave him the note, and such surprise and kindness I never saw. They would all have kissed my feet if I would have let them. It seemed to me as if heaven had opened then and there—and it was opened in my heart, with such a flood of light and joy as I had never experienced or thought possible before.

"My friends," added the captain, his once hard voice now almost as mellow as a woman's, his cheeks still moist with tears, "I have been constrained to make this confession; I thank you for listening to it. The minister tells me a man may be a church member, and not a Christian. I mean to be a Christian first, and I fail"—

He could proceed no further, but sat down with an emotion more effective than any words.

I have nothing to add to this narra-

tive, except that he became a church member, and that his example of thorough repentance, of child-like faith in Christ, and of vigorous, practical, every-day righteousness, elevated many degrees the standard of Christianity among the people.

TRUTH IS OUR ELEVATOR.

BY MRS. MARY A. SHEPARDSON.

In order to the highest development of man, his soul must be operated upon by religious truth.

Truth is the mind's necessary aliment, and when embraced it expands and disciplines its powers.

Surroundings, in the abstract however propitious, possess no latent power to ennoble man, and if confined to the sublunary his thoughts would be of the earth, earthy, a depressing weight would dwell upon all the faculties. There would be no aspiring to the light, no piercing beyond the sepulchre. Oh, how unlike the one who feels and knows himself to be the offspring of infinite mind—allied to the very throne, destined to immortality and eternal advancement, where every aspiration is climbing and yet he climbs. There is certainly a secret here. It is a hidden spiritual seed germinating, unfolding, bursting into flowers of intense beauty and sweetness, and at the same time laden with ripened and delicious fruits.)

How every faculty points above, where shining worlds and myriad hosts are bedecked with the unsurpassed grandeurs of their God. Oh, the soul of man, when thus impregnated with the truth of his relationship to the Deity, is a wondrous power, wearying not in its research for divine foot-prints and when baffled, still advances with the encouraging assurance—"what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Again he plunges, and with the Holy Ghost for his director he conceives of no terminus. In his progress he enters a cloud of thick darkness, unwearied and unstified, (with

reposing confidence in his guide,) he penetrates its intensity and exclaims,

"Darkness shows me worlds of light
I never saw by day."

In all creation he beholds beauty and grandeur, for his heart now beats in unison with the great *I am*, and loves to respond, "Thy will be done." As he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love; so in proportion to the measure of this spirit possessed, is the increasing gravitation of the soul towards God.

For we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Possessing scripture measure, he now finds the numerous fibres of his heart loosened and torn from their exotic entwinings, and he stands *alone* in unveiled sunlight, with each tendril directed to the source whence true light and nourishment emanate. Thus he advances, with his eye on things above and every faculty in employ, following the Holy Spirit into all truth. In his onward course many huge monsters appear in his way, but the Spirit within has taught him to know no fear; and advancing, each obstacle becomes but a round in the ladder of his ascension.

Oh, how heart-sickening the thought that the lesson has been so rarely learned; that whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, are founded upon no other basis than religious truth, which is the word of God.

Sister, brother man, here is the crystal fount which alone can quench thy thirst.

Make haste! Come hither and partake of the water of life freely, that thy soul may be pardoned—washed from its stains, and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Still may thy soul with holy zeal
Pursue its upward way,
Undaunted by the storms of life
Enter the port of day.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF
MRS. LUCINDA SPENCER.

In Sept., 1860, I attended the Wesleyan Conference, at Wheaton, Ill., and met many faces radiant with the love of God. I heard much said in relation to holiness of heart and an entire consecration. I attended a little prayer-meeting—the burthen of the meeting seemed to be Holiness to the Lord. Each seemed to breathe out the prayer, "Lord create in me a clean heart." I felt a desire to know the length and breadth of Christian love. As I spoke in relation to myself, I observed that I knew of nothing that I had kept back. Bro. Roberts replied, with a scrutinizing look, "*Sister, have you given your voice to God?*" How those words went to my heart; I never had thought of such a thing. On my return to Bro. Harker's, I received some good instructions from sister Harker. Also, a Bro. Shepardson, taught me in the way as I had never been taught before. I was led to give up item by item until all was on the altar, and self had to be bound on the cross. As I was passing through the crucible, the Bro. says, "*Let her die;*" and as I went with him, on bended knees, to the cross, oh how the light shone into my poor heart! Oh how I praise God for that interview with his servant. On my return to the chapel, as I took my seat, I picked up a Wesleyan Hymn Book, and opened to these words, "Thou God that answereth by fire," 386th hymn, and on that Conference floor, before all that brilliant talent, I felt impressed to read that hymn. Oh how it expressed my feelings, and how Jesus blessed my soul. As I returned home, how that light shone around my pathway; when I spoke of it, I called it light. I had some burdens to bear, but I cast them on the Lord and he sustained me. I lived in this way until a few weeks before the Diamond Lake camp-meeting, commencing June 13th, 1861. I begun to stumble at the unfaithfulness of preachers. Thought

I, can it be possible that God sends them forth while their minds seem to be absorbed with everything else more than with saving souls—more ready to discuss doctrine than point sinners to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. Looking at them and indulging in a wrong spirit I neglected to look to Christ, and, oh what gross darkness gathered 'round my soul! What cold infidel thoughts brooded my mind, and still I did not give them utterance. At the camp-meeting I found myself praying that the thoughts of my heart might be forgiven me. I believe God answered my prayer, and the gentle influence of His Spirit surrounded me again, and I felt that same calm and heavenly-mindedness that I had previously. But when I went to the Rosco Camp, July 2d, and heard them shout and sing, I thought they must possess something more than I ever attained, and I began to measure myself by them. We gathered in Bro. Smith's tent for prayer. I kept a little back of the rest, but oh how I wished my tongue were unloosed to sing the praises of God! I looked on as the meeting progressed. As I went to our own tent my feelings grew calm. I was willing to be just, as God wanted me to be. In the morning, I remarked that I was not one of the shouting kind, but would content myself to set under their eaves and catch the drippings, and silently praise God with them; but that morning, in the family prayer-meeting, unexpectedly, I felt such a groaning to be delivered from this body of sin as caused me to open my mouth wide, and God filled it; and such a glory in the soul I never felt before. I just cried, Glory! Glory be to God! In that moment I was willing to be a fool for Christ's sake. Anything, so my ways please God. From that time on, what a settling down into His will I have felt, and oh how it rejoiced my heart to know that His blood cleanses from all sin. Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, oh my soul; while I live will I praise the Lord.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN THAT NOTHING BE LOST."

BY REV. HIRAM MOORE.

HAVING felt deeply impressed for months to write some of my religious experience, I now comply with my convictions of duty. In the year 1813 under the labor of Rev. Gideon Laning, I was convinced of my lost and sinful state. In February, 1814, brother Laning formed the first class in Hamburg, Erie Co., N. Y., of which I had any personal knowledge, at the house of Michael Miller. I joined as a seeker of religion and was never formally admitted into the Church. I was a weak, stammering, timid youth, in my 19th year. I lived at the halves, or did not half live, for I did not pray in the prayer meetings for a number of months, and then not until I was urged to it by a brother who knelt at my side. I then opened my mouth, uttered a few broken sentences, was greatly mortified and ashamed of my performance and thought I would never try to pray again in public. But after a few weeks I made another trial, and finally kept on trying until I got my shackles off, and now I bless God that I ever learned to pray. In the year 1815, Robert Minshall, of blessed memory, was our pastor. He preached the doctrine of holiness or Christian perfection, and urged the attainment of the blessing upon all the members of the Church, and encouraged them to press into the kingdom. I was soon convicted for the blessing. Myself and two others set out in earnest to seek the blessing of a clean heart. In my day book I find a few lines on record, the substance of which I here transcribe. Sunday, September 24th, 1815, at a quarterly meeting held in the town of Clarence, in love-feast God blessed me powerfully; I went to this meeting weighed down under heavy trials—had a hard strug-

gle to get free, and poured out my heart to God in earnest prayer. God heard and answered, for at the close of the love-feast the slaying power came. The like I had never seen or felt before, for I had never seen any one fall under what is called the power. I felt it as plain and as sensibly as I ever felt an electric shock. It streamed through my whole soul and body, for I even felt it to the ends of my fingers, and I fell under the mighty weight of the presence and glory of God. Thursday, October 5th, 1815, brother Minshall preached at Henry Clark's, Hamburg. The power of the Lord fell upon me again; my hands were fastened so that I could not open them for some time. I lost my strength so that I was unable to sit up. Sunday, May 19th, 1816, the Lord sanctified my soul. I received the blessing at the house of Michael Miller, the same house where God converted or justified me. I had been praying for the blessing—was greatly blessed—was shouting glory to God, when it was impressed upon my mind that God had sanctified my soul. I could not disbelieve, and yet I hardly dared to believe, but was so happy through the night that I slept but little. I was very happy day and night most of the time until the Thursday prayer meeting. Before the meeting it was powerfully impressed upon my mind to tell what God had done for me, but by reasoning with the tempter I concluded to hold my peace and say nothing about it. At once the light of his countenance was withdrawn, the Spirit was grieved. I was fearful that I had lost the blessing. I confessed my fault, promised the Lord that if he would forgive me, and give me again the peace and happiness that I had lost, I would testify to all, both saint and sinner, what God had done for me. I requested my brethren to pray for me. I fell upon my knees, looked to God by faith, the blessing soon came; my former peace returned, I arose, paid my vow, and never doubted more." It was within the limits of this year, 1816, on one particular occasion, that God spoke

very encouraging words of promise to my soul. I saw no visible form, I heard no words with the outward ear, yet the conviction or impression was deep and abiding. It has never worn off, and is as clear now, in 1862, as it was in 1816. If God, manifest in the flesh, had stood near me, and had I known that fact, and had I heard Him, speak and utter in plain and distinct words, what was at that time so deeply impressed upon my mind, I think that it would not have had any greater or more lasting effect. The information or promise to which I refer was in substance as follows: Thou shalt live to see a great and glorious work of God among men before thou shalt be called hence. The impression made upon my mind was that the work here referred to would exceed in power and glory anything that I had ever witnessed. Some may ask, had you no misgivings or doubts whether or no this impression was direct and immediately from God? I answer, No: The circumstances and effects were such that I could not doubt. I lived some 41 or 42 years, I think, without naming the subject to any one, or before I had any light direct from God on the subject. Yet during those forty long years the subject often occurred to my mind, particularly when sick nigh unto death, and once or twice given up by most of my friends to die. Then the subject would rush upon my mind in this form, "You have not seen the promise that God made to you fulfilled yet." This would enable me to believe that God would surely raise me up again, and so it was. In January, 1858, for a few days, I attended a protracted meeting at West Falls. The meeting was carried on by the Rev. Wm. C. Kendall of blessed memory, assisted by Rev. Levi Wood. There I witnessed a powerful work of God, far beyond anything that I have ever seen. More than once did brother Kendall propose this question to me, "Do you endorse this as a genuine work of God? I answered without hesitation, "I do." I put up at the parsonage, and there in their

morning family prayer meetings, I witnessed more of the divine presence and glory, than I had ever seen or felt before. Our circle numbered five or six generally, at these special prayer meetings. Such wrestling with God for the salvation of sinners, such a firm hold on the promises by faith, I never witnessed before. In one of those meetings God spake to me again in power, and informed me that the promise which he made to me more than forty years before, was now being fulfilled. This is the substance of the divine communication. "This is the commencement of that powerful and glorious work of which I spake to thee more than forty years ago." At that announcement I had such a realizing sense of the divine presence and glory, and was so overwhelmed with the same, that I could not refrain from speaking. Therefore I cried out in the simplicity of my heart and with my soul filled with glory, "I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, yet God said to me more than forty years ago, that I should live to see a great and glorious work of God among men before I should be called hence, and now he tells me this is the beginning of that great and glorious work." We were then all of one heart and mind; and my heart is yet in sympathy with that praying band, all of whom still live save brother Kendall, and he yet lives in our affections, and will while reason maintains its throne. I have not lived one day since that blessed scene without having the witness of perfect love or full salvation: bless the Lord! I love religion that has glory to God in it. HALLELUJAH! *Jesus, the Conqueror reigns!* "His name shall be called Jesus for he shall save his people from their sins." God is mine and I am his. I can sing now with a glad heart, and free as I did four years ago with brother Kendall,

"My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
All hail reproach, and welcome shame.
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

I have been a member of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church some forty-seven or eight years, but that union, as far as membership is concerned, is now dissolved. I shall ask for and seek a home in the Free Methodist Church, as soon as may be, where I feel at home, and where my sympathies have been ever since their church organization, and, indeed, ever since I formed a personal acquaintance with that persecuted people, for I have seen and enjoyed much of the salvation of God among them. That I should identify myself with this people will not seem strange to any unprejudiced person, after receiving the information which they may soon obtain by a little pains-taking. That I should obey God rather than man, will not give offence to the humble and contrite ones.—*Hamburg, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1862.*

CONSISTENCY.

BY MRS. E. GREENE.

ARE we, as Christians, consistent with our profession? We profess to have received a new heart filled with new desires, new hopes, new joys; we profess to be separate from the world, and to be saved from the love of it, from all conformity to it, from the love of its applause, and the fear of its reproach. We profess to be saved from sin, its pollution, its stain, from all its infection. Well all this is right, for this is professing no more than the word of truth enjoins upon us: this is consistent Bible profession. But let us be thorough in the examination of our own hearts. If our desires are all new, they are tending toward heavenly things, upward, upwards they will mount, and refuse to be satiated with earthly good. If we are consistent, there will be deadness to the world, not recklessness, nor insensitiveness, for we shall be keenly awake to all the devices of Satan, but our souls will be kept hidden in the cleft of the rock, and we shall have victory over the world, the flesh, and the Devil. But are there not too many that profess to be saved,

from the love of the world and its maxims, that are afraid to lift up one word against it? They even crouch to the opinion of the milliner or mantua maker, fearing they will think them whimsical, too particular, odd, or without taste; there they yield just a little, and ponder, and strive to quiet the stirrings of conscience, and thus almost imperceptibly sacrifice the principle of consistency. Do we never see persons, who seem to get powerfully blessed, in class or prayer meeting on the Sabbath, when perhaps the little annoyances of the following washing day will entirely throw them out of that happy state? They yield to impatience and fretfulness, and their peace is all gone. O consistency! where art thou? O come and adorn the heart of every earnest Christian! We want a religion of consistency, not one that shouts and sings in meetings *alone*; but one that glows, and warms, and burns in the heart, preparing us for little duties, home duties, neighborhood kindnesses, soft words of love to the down-trodden: one that binds up the broken, and keeps that which is lame from being turned out of the way. Do not some go to the anxious seat to be prayed for, and receive, they say, a new blessing, but they are no sweeter in their spirit, no softer in their mould, no more filled with yearning of soul for the salvation of men, no more sensitive to the approach of sin, no more self-denying, no more self-sacrificing, no more religious in the family, and as far as we can see, no better Bible Christians than before? Now what kind of a blessing is it that increases our ardency but does not increase our love in the same ratio? O let our love, long suffering, forbearance, be increased, with every blessing, then our religion will be one of Bible symmetry and consistency.

About food and raiment we take no thought. Our heavenly Father knoweth that we need these things and he will provide.

CONSECRATION.

BY REV. A. F. CURRY.

To consecrate, theologically considered, is to set apart to the service of God.

This is done officially, as setting apart persons, buildings and vessels to sacred use.

The act of consecration is not, however, confined to persons occupying official positions. It may and ought to be performed by every person as an individual act.

To this latter unofficial sense I intend to confine my thoughts in this article.

We hold it to be the duty of every individual to consecrate himself with all he is, and all he hopes to be, and all he has, and all over which he exerts any control, to the full extent of that control to the service of God. This duty rests on a threefold obligation.

First, that of obedience to divine authority. God requires it. Lev. xi. 77. "I am the Lord your God, ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves and ye shall be holy." Sanctify, in this passage, means "to set apart," "to consecrate." Rom. xii. 1, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Col. iii. 17, "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." This involves a consecration so complete and entire, that you are to regard yourself as absolutely possessing nothing, not even your self. When all belongs to God by a solemn act of consecration, then, and only then, may all properly be done and said in his name and to his glory.

The second obligation to consecrate is based on the principle of justice. God is the rightful proprietor of all creatures and things. He has a right to them for this very good reason, He made them. Moreover he claims them. "The world is mine and the fullness thereof." Whatever be-

longs to God he has a right to use. Hence, common honesty requires of you to set apart at once all to God's service. If you fail to do it you rob your maker, you are guilty of a breach of trust, you are a criminal before God and man. Then add to the right of creation the right of redemption. You are not your own; "you are bought with a price;" you are the purchase of the blood of Jesus. How sacred is the claim of Jehovah! How doubly wicked and deserving of punishment is every one that fails to acknowledge that claim by a full consecration of all to Him.

Third, we are bound by the sacred obligations of gratitude to make the offering. And truly God has placed us under the highest possible obligations in this regard. We are fallen by nature—have no right or title to anything good—are deserving only of punishment, yet rich and without number are the blessings that we have received at his hand. All that renders life desirable is a gift of his grace. How came it to pass that you are not an idiot or a poor, helpless, deformed object of charity? It is thy God that made thee to differ. Call to remembrance, as best you can, your temporal blessings. Great is the amount of enjoyment you have derived from them. Indescribable would have been the pain and suffering you must have endured without them. Are you under no obligations to God? Is there no debt of gratitude here? But add to this the richer, incomprehensible, boundless manifestations of the love and grace of God in the redemption of thy soul! Thou wast a poor, hopeless sinner, trembling and faint under thy load of guilt, just ready to fall into the fiery vortex of hell, to endure the burning of its unquenchable flames—the gnawing of its undying worm—just ready to begin the ceaseless wail of the damned! Thy sins had dug an impassable gulf between thee and every good. Nay more, they were as spires of steel ascending to the throne of God, ready to catch the lightnings of his wrath and

convey them down on your guilty head. But to what matchless grace thy offended God is moved with compassion. He gives his son a ransom for thy soul. Jesus comes to thy rescue. He places those spires on his sinless breast, and receives the chastisement of your sins in his own person. He bridges the impassable gulf with his lifeless corpse. You pass over and stand to-day on probationary ground. The blood of cleansing is provided—a free pardon offered—the Holy Ghost given. God invites. Heaven with all of its everlasting beatitudes is offered on the easy terms of the gospel. Does not gratitude loudly demand the offering? If you are capable of the exercise of this noble virtue you will at once make the entire consecration, and then regret that you have no more to give. Your language will be—

Were the whole realm of nature mine
It were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

HOME WORK—HEART WORK.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

BEGIN at home, do your first works, set your own house in order, reform yourself, your household, your children, your servants. Practice *what* you preach, *while* you preach. No man is prepared to reform others until he is reformed himself, sets an example of Gospel order, purity and simplicity. Some desire the office of an editor, a preacher, a missionary to foreign lands; while it is evident those very persons, desiring these offices of high responsibility, are entirely unfit for any service of the kind. They lack the first elements of christian reformers, the spirit of Christ, humility, meekness, love; entire consecratedness to God's service, holy boldness. Moreover, they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work. Says an eminent writer touching this

point, "I have constantly and frequently to say, "My dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office. Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The plowman can put his hand to the plow in as holy a manner as ever did minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew bullocks, and burned them with the holy fire, in the days of yore. This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers, as good, upright traders; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their common conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom, though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you to be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but to make holy men; the preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building; ye, in your common acts and common deeds, are they who are to serve God."

"He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.

Then will fall the rain of Heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine,
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine."

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. SARAH BEACH.

I WAS brought up by religious parents. When about fourteen years old I attended a protracted meeting. The Lord was there in convicting power. I felt very much the need of religion: the Holy Spirit was striving with me. When the invitation was given for seekers to come forward, my father came to me and asked me if I would not go. He said that my mother was in heaven, and he inquired if I did not want to go there too. This sent an arrow deep into my already wounded soul. But my stubborn heart was too proud to yield to that gentle Spirit. After I reached home that night, I felt very bad, but was not ready to give my heart to God. I promised the Lord that, if ever I was in such a meeting again, and felt the same convictions, I would get religion. The moment I made this promise the Spirit left me. Little did I realize what I was doing. From that time I began to grow hard. When I attended such meetings I would think of the promise I had made, and begin to look for the same convictions, but they did not come.

At the age of seventeen I was married, and moved to Illinois. There I lived in the society of professors of religion, attended their meetings and sewing circles, but all that four years there was not one word spoken to me on the subject of religion or the welfare of my soul. At times the Spirit would strive with me and I would feel as though I wanted religion. At length a young preacher, a man of God, came into the neighborhood and began holding meetings in the church that we generally attended. He talked as the Spirit gave utterance. The truth reached my heart—my old promise came to mind, and I began to look for the same feelings. Every night the truth came closer—it seemed to be all for me. One night the preacher remarked “that if any one had once had strong conviction and had grieved away the

Spirit, they need not look for the same feeling again, for they would not get it, but it was enough to know that we were sinners in the sight of God.” I thought that meant me. I concluded if they gave an opportunity I would go forward and get religion. The opportunity was given, and I started. Every step I took toward the altar the worse I felt. I succeeded in getting there, and sank powerless on the floor. My heart seemed to be so wicked that it was not fit to offer to the Lord. I groaned, cried and tried to make myself better, but soon found that I got no better. I was then enabled to exclaim, “Here, Lord, I give myself away, ’Tis all that I can do.” My faith though weak, then grasped the promise, “Believe that ye receive it and ye shall have it.” Just then a sweet, calm peace filled my soul. This was different from what I had expected, and I was somewhat confused, but it was all made clear in a short time. In a few days there was another man of God sent for. He held up the doctrine of holiness, preached very plain, and made it very clear to the minds of his hearers. My heart was drawn out after this blessing—my convictions were very clear, but the enemy suggested to me that this blessing was not for any one so soon after they were converted. The young preacher went home with us one night. The next morning I ventured to tell him that I would like to have the blessing of perfect love. His answer was, “Well, it is for you.” O, what a thrill of joy ran through my soul, to think that so great a blessing was for me. I saw such beauties in it. That day he led me through the consecration. I willingly, nay gladly, laid all upon the altar, for the world and the things of the world looked small to me, when compared with this blessing. I felt that all was given and Christ received. My faith laid hold of the promise, but I was not satisfied yet. I went to meeting that night, and when they called for seekers to come forward, I arose and went. I had not been there but a few minutes when the Lord Jesus

met me, and filled my soul unutterably full of glory and of God. The house seemed filled with an unearthly light. I was awe-struck. I found that the blessing did as much, yea far more, than I had anticipated. Thanks be to God for the untold riches of redeeming grace.—*Ogle, Ill.*

THE TEMPLE.

BY S. H. LOWE.

"FAMILIARITY breeds contempt."—The child accustomed to squalid scenes from infancy, will tread with awe the gorgeous parlors of a merchant-prince; but as the scenes of its new home become familiar, we see it romp where once it hardly dared to gaze. Sacred places lose their sanctity, and consequently their influence, by the intrusion of worldly thoughts, and the atmosphere which is hallowed week after week by the voice of God's ministers and the presence of the Father, feels the impression of worldly conversation as sensitively, as the tender conscience of a Christian does the approach of sin. If this be true, how much is to be regretted the increasing tendency to the admittance within many of the Churches of our land, of societies and parties of a worldly nature. This world is by man dedicated to the service of Satan. The mammon worshipper in the halls of commerce thinks and says nothing of his priceless soul; the pleasure seeker in the theatre or ball-room desires not to hear anything of the pleasures of serving God; any intrusions of this kind are demurred at and objected to by the worldling. How much more sensitive should the child of God be, concerning the invasion of worldly language and sports upon the sacred spot dedicated by solemn and impressive ceremonies to the worship of his Heavenly Father.

As memory brings the fondly cherished scenes of childhood like a panorama before my mental vision, there is one, at least, around which clings a sacred awe—a hallowed influence, felt

only in connection with those spots where the Deity especially dwells. In that consecrated building, the irreverent seldom entered except to hear the Gospel proclaimed; and if I chanced to enter it alone, I stepped lightly through the broad aisle, or gazed timidly into the pulpit, sincerely believing that none but holy men ever entered there.

Alas! Time is a disenchanter. Very different from this must be the feelings of those who from childhood have been accustomed to hearing and seeing within their Churches acts and words which should never be heard and seen in any place more sacred than a concert hall. The senseless jest and sacrilegious joke are successful rivals of prayer and praise in God's own house, and frequently some interesting couple may be seen enjoying a refuge from the sallies of their friendly tormentors where none but the watchmen of Zion should enter. What would the dedicator of one of these Churches have thought as he stood with out-spread hands and a devout heart, setting apart the pulpit, the aisles, the seats and all that appertains to the building, to the service of our Creator, could he have had a view of the scenes that would be there enacted in after years?

Rest assured, Christian, God will never prosper your Church spiritually, so long as singing schools, donation visits, oyster parties, festivals, with all their worldly influence are allowed within His Temple. Sinners should feel as they enter His courts, that they tread upon holy ground; that they are leaving the world behind them; then could you hopefully pray,

"Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell!
Here give the burdened conscience ease,
And here the wounded spirit heal,"

"Ne'er let thy glory hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone,
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne."

Kendall, Jan. 18th, 1862.

GLORY be to Jesus.

FAITH AND WORKS.

BY ELIZABETH E. BEATY.

"But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead." James ii. 20.

Happy would it be for the church and for the world if the above text of Scripture, with others of like import, had been more frequently the subject of pulpit discourses. Ministers of the Gospel seldom, if ever, preach from this text—refer to it or read the chapter containing it in the public congregation. In fact, they seem to avoid coming in contact with the sentiment expressed in this language of an apostle. But it is read, pondered upon, and understood by the great mass of thinking men and women, who are not unfrequently heard repeating it in the ear of some who had rather hear nothing about it. Ministers preach about faith, read chapters from the Bible to the congregation having a direct bearing upon the subject of faith, apparently with the greatest satisfaction; in fact, they never appear to get into their favorite element until they are descanting upon faith. It is true that a living faith cannot be too highly estimated, nor can there be too much stress placed upon it, since from it flows every act of goodness, but the speaking of faith in general terms, as though there were no distinction between a living and a dead faith, is calculated to befog and mislead honest minds, and thus to increase the amount of scepticism and infidelity that is in the world. It is shown by the plainest declarations of God's word, both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, that faith and works are joined together; yet, in this, as in many other things, what God has joined together man has put asunder. The times demand something more than exhortations—*merely to believe*. "How can ye believe," says Christ, "who receive honor one of another." From which it is inferred that there are certain conditions to be met in order to exercise a saving faith. It might be

said with great propriety to the people of this time—how can ye believe who are unwilling to obey—who keep back part of the price, choosing rather to enjoy the pleasure of the world than to suffer affliction with the people of God, thus reversing the rule by which Moses, God's ancient servant, was governed. When the people came to John the Baptist, inquiring of him what they should do, he gave them to understand there was something for them to do besides believe. He bade them bring forth fruits meet for repentance, addressing them in a manner that, were he now living, would subject him to the charge of a want of charity. So, now, ought ministers of Jesus Christ to talk to the people. In their work of saving souls let them plainly and emphatically declare what is to be expected of those who believe. In this way would the axe be laid at the root of all sin—pro-slaveryism, pride, worldliness, in a word selfishness in all its forms, would be driven from the Church.

The secret of John Wesley's success and usefulness may be found in the fact that he was, in an eminent degree, zealous of good works, showing through the whole of his life, by precept and example, the importance he attached to the same. While he was an unwavering believer in the doctrine of justification by faith, and lived in the daily comfort of that belief, yet by his works was his faith perfected. He was a practical Christian—a moralist and philanthropist, as well as a professor of the religion of Christ. His self-denial, his care for the poor, his deadness to the world, is a standing rebuke to Christians of the present day, especially to those who profess to be his followers. This doing the whole will of God inspired him with confidence in the fulfilment of his promises. He had victorious faith, because he was conscious of having fully met the conditions upon which such a faith is based. They who please God in all things are universally honored with a strong and vigorous faith. The fact that faith

is kept alive, strengthened and matured by good works, clearly shows the necessity of urging this consideration upon every one in the strongest manner. This dwelling continually upon faith, and this ignoring good works, is one of the most dangerous and damnable heresies to which the Church is exposed and of which she is guilty. What a harvest of sin and moral corruption is being reaped from this heresy. As the result of it, the Church is flooded with ungodly professors of religion, haters of the light, of whom it may be said, the publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven before them. Entrenched behind forms and ceremonies of religion, they rest secure, and most likely will never be awakened out of their sleep till, like the foolish virgin, they begin to knock and are refused an entrance into life. Christian brother—sister—would you have “a good foundation laid up against the time to come,” “be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.” Would you have the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, abide with you both day and night, obey God in everything. Would you have the faith of a Wesley or Fletcher, walk by the same rule and mind the same things which they did—follow them as they followed Christ, and the joy and holy communion which was theirs will be yours.—*Mt. Vernon, Iowa.*

MINISTERIAL PRIDE.

ONE of our most heinous and palpable sins is *pride*. A sin this which has too much interest in the best, but is more hateful and inexcusable in us than in any; yet it is so prevalent in some of us, that it indites our discourses, it chooses our company, it forms our countenances, it puts the accents and emphasis upon our words; when we reason, it is the determiner and exciter of our cogitations; it fills some men's minds with aspiring desires and designs; it possesses them with envious and bitter thoughts against those who stand in their light, or by any

means eclipse their glory, or hinder the progress of their idolized reputation. What a constant companion, what a tyrannical commander; what a sly, subtle, and insinuating enemy is pride! It goes with men to the draper, the mercer, and the tailor; it chooses them their cloth, their trimming, and their fashion, and dresses them in the morning. Fewer ministers would follow the fashion in hair and habit, were it not for the influence of this imperious vice: and I would that were all; but, alas, how frequently does it go with us to our studies, and there sit with us, and do our work! How often does it choose our subject, and our words and ornaments! God bids us be as plain as we can, that we may inform the ignorant; and as convincing and serious as we can, in order to melt and change unchanged hearts: but pride stands by and contradicts all. It puts in toys and trifles, and under pretense of laudable ornaments, dishonors our sermons with childish conceits. It takes off the edge and life of all our teaching, under pretense of filing off the roughness and superfluity. If we have a plain and cutting passage, it throws it away as rustical or ungraceful; when God charges us to deal with men as for their lives, and beseech them with all the earnestness we are able, this cursed sin controls all, and condemns the holy commands of God, calls our most necessary duty madness, and says to us, “what, will you make people think you are mad; will you make them say you rage or rave; cannot you speak soberly and moderately?” Thus does pride make many men's sermons; and what pride makes, the devil makes; and what sermons the devil will make, and to what end, we may easily conjecture. Though the matter be of God, yet if the dress, and manner, and end be from Satan, we have no great reason to expect success.—*BAXTER.*

HITHERTO the spectacle has been: not the church converting the world; but the world converting the church.—*JENKYN.*

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST.

BY MARIETTE TINKHAM.

The more we know of God, the more we understand the depravity of our nature. We need to "die daily" to keep self in subjection to the Divine will. The will of the creature is what destroys the soul, and yet without it we are nothing. It will either prove our salvation or damnation. When Jesus undertakes for us, we may resist or submit to the scourgings from Him that doeth "all things well."

I would not murmur, while being chastened, but would gladly kiss the hand that inflicts the blow, knowing that our Jesus cannot err, and that His children shall suffer with Him, if they would reign with Him. God's promises are "yea and amen." His grace is sufficient. Were it not for sore trials, the flesh would glory. By this we are brought to see our nothingness, and that out of Christ we can do nothing.

"What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend, so long;
I rise superior to my pain.
When I am weak then I am strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

The greater the abilities and the stronger the will, the more severe will be the trials. As in the case of an obstinate child, some would rather be damned than yield.

Our Lord was set at nought, and His disciples were scattered, gloomy and disconsolate as He was smitten and crucified, for they trusted that it was He that would have redeemed Israel, and for a small moment their hopes were blighted, for they understand not His sayings. The sons and daughter's of the Lord Almighty will suffer as much as the creature is able to bear, and their suffering will compare according to their strength with those of the blessed Jesus.

There will be a time in the history of all of Christ's chosen ones when they will be led to cry "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," and if they meekly say "Thy will be done," they

will henceforward be less known by the world; and will be more precious to "God than the apple of His eye." Never until we have suffered with the Lamb of God, can we duly appreciate the value of his blood. Jesus had many followers, when He was applauded with hosannas, and He was blessed in their sight as long as glory and renown accompanied Him; but when all manner of evil was spoken of Him, and the most extreme reproach, even to the considering Him of the same class of His company on the cross, the one that was most certain He would not deny Him, soon found that only in the strength of the Almighty could he stand. When the weight and pressure of the cruel multitude with their swords, staves and torches, were pressing the innocent to the cross; and when raised to the gaze of the world by the mocking ones, Jesus amidst it all, with the sweetness of a Redeemer, forgave them, they in the meanwhile wagging their heads, glorying in themselves that such was His end, and that He would be no more a troubler in Israel. To all appearances Jesus with His disciples had come to naught, and they it appears thought peace was again to reign in their borders and they would resume their worship and continue in the old dispensation. I rejoice that our Jesus was born in a manger, that the poor and bereaved ones might not feel delicate to make their requests known unto Him. Heaven will be mostly composed of the poor, for the love of money the greater portion will be *lost, lost*; "To them that overcome, will I grant to sit down with me in the kingdom of our Lord."

Glory be to God, I am learning how to overcome, because I listen to the voice of my Shepherd and will lie passive by His grace. His angels will keep me, if, in every emergency, I calmly say "Thy will be done."

SHINING substances need no other evidence of their existence than their own radiance.

AN ADMONITION TO PASTORS AND TEACHERS.

IF all who laboured for the conversion of others, were to introduce them immediately into prayer and the interior life, and make it their main design to gain and win over the heart, numberless as well as permanent conversions would certainly ensue. On the contrary, few and transient fruits must attend that labour which is confined to outward matters; such as burdening the disciple with a thousand precepts for external exercises, instead of leaving the soul to Christ by the occupation of the heart in him.

If ministers were solicitous thus to instruct their parishioners, shepherds, while they watched their flocks, might have the spirit of the primitive Christian, and the husbandman at the plow maintain a blessed intercourse with his God: the manufacturer, while he exhausts his outward man with labour, would be renewed in internal strength: and every species of vice would shortly disappear, and every parishioner become a true follower of the Good Shepherd.

O when once the heart is gained, how easily is all moral evil corrected! it is, therefore, that God, above all things requires the heart. It is the conquest of the heart alone, that can extirpate those dreadful vices which are so predominant amongst the peasantry, such as drunkenness, blasphemy, lewdness, envy and theft. Jesus Christ would become the universal and peaceful sovereign, and the face of the church would be wholly renewed.

The decay of internal piety is unquestionably the source of the various errors that have arisen in the church; all of which would speedily be sapped and overthrown, was inward religion to be re-established. Errors are only so far prejudicial to the soul, as they tend to weaken faith, and deter from prayer; and if, instead of engaging our wandering brethren in vain disputes, we could but teach them simply to believe, and

diligently to pray, we should lead them sweetly unto God.

O how inexpressibly great is the loss sustained by mankind from the neglect of the interior? And how tremendous must the great day of retribution be to those who are entrusted with the care of souls, for not having discovered and dispensed to their flock this hidden manna.

Some excuse themselves by saying, that this is a dangerous way; pleading the incapacity of simple persons to comprehend spiritual matters. But the oracles of truth affirm the contrary:

"The Lord loveth those who walk simply." Prov. xxii. 22. vulg. And where can be the danger of walking in "the only true way," which is Jesus Christ? of giving up ourselves to him, fixing our eye continually on him, placing all our confidence in his grace, and tending with all the strength of our soul to his pure love?

The simple ones, so far from being incapable of this perfection, are by their docility, innocency, and humility, peculiarly adapted and qualified for its attainment; and as they are not accustomed to reasoning, they are less employed in speculations, less tenacious of their own opinion. Even from their want of learning, they submit more freely to the teachings of the divine Spirit; whereas others, who are blinded by self-sufficiency and enslaved by prejudice, give great resistance to the operations of grace.

We are told in Scripture, "that unto the simple, God giveth the understanding of his law;" Psalm cxviii. 130. (vulgate) and we are also assured, that God loveth to communicate with them; "The Lord careth for the simple; I was reduced to extremity and he saved me." Psal. cxiv. 6. vulgate. To warn spiritual fathers against preventing the little ones from coming to Christ, he himself said to his apostles, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xix. 14. It was the endeavor of the apostles to prevent children from going to our Lord, which occasioned this gra-

cious charge. Man frequently applied a remedy to the outward body, whilst the disease lies at the heart.

The cause of our being so unsuccessful in reforming mankind, especially those of the lower class, is our beginning with external matters; all our labours in this field, do but produce such fruit as endures not; but if the key of the interior be first given, the exterior would be naturally and easily reformed. To teach man to seek God in his heart, to think of him, to return to him whenever he finds he has wandered from him, and to do and to suffer all things with a single eye to please him, is the natural and ready process; it is leading the soul to the very source of grace, wherein is to be found all that is necessary for sanctification.

I therefore conjure you all, O ye who have the care of souls, to put them at once into this way, which is Jesus Christ: nay, it is He himself that conjures you, by the precious blood he hath shed for those entrusted to you, "to speak to the heart of Jerusalem." Isa. xl. 2. vulgate. O ye dispensers of his graces, ye preachers of his word, ye ministers of his sacraments, establish his kingdom!—and that it may indeed be established, make him ruler over the hearts of his subjects! for as it is the heart alone that can oppose his sovereignty, it is by the subjection of the heart that his sovereignty is most highly exalted. "Give glory to the holiness of God, and he shall become your sanctification." Isa. viii. 13. vulgate. Compose catechisms particularly to teach prayer, not by reasoning nor by method, for the simple are incapable thereof; but to teach the heart, not of the understanding; the prayer of God's Spirit, not of man's invention.

Alas! by wanting them to pray in elaborate forms, and to be curiously critical therein, you create their chief obstacles. The children have been led astray from the best of fathers, by your endeavoring to teach them too refined, too polished a language. Go then, ye poor children, to your heavenly Father, speak to him in your natural language;

and though it be ever so rude and barbarous in the opinion of men, it is not so to him. A father is much better pleased with an address which love and respect in the child throws into disorder, because he knows it proceeds from the heart, than by a formal and barren harangue, though ever so elaborate in the composition. The simple and undisguised emotions of filial love are infinitely more expressive than all language, and all reasoning.

By forming instructions how to love by rule and method the Essential Love, men have in a great measure estranged themselves from him. O how unnecessary is it to teach an art of loving! The language of love though natural to the lover, is nonsense and barbarism to him that loveth not. The best way to learn the love of God, is to love him. The ignorant and simple, because they proceed with more cordiality and simplicity, often become most perfect therein. The Spirit of God needs none of our arrangements and methods; when it pleaseth him, he turns shepherds into prophets: and, so far from excluding any from the temple of prayer he throws wide the gates that all may enter; while wisdom cries aloud in the high-ways, "whoso is simple let him turn hither;" Prov. ix. 4, and to the fools she saith, "Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled." Prov. ix. 5. And doth not Jesus Christ himself thank his Father for having "hid the secrets of his kingdom from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes?" Matt. xi. 25.—MADAME GUYON.

Be patient under all the sufferings God sends; if your love Him be pure, you will not seek Him less on Calvary, than on Tabor; and surely, He should be as much loved on that, as on this, since it was on Calvary that He made the greatest display of love.—MADAME GUYON.

God never makes us sensible of our own weakness, except to give us of His strength.

ON IDLE CONVERSATION.

BY REV. E. BOWEN, D. D.

SOME time ago I met with a series of inquiries in one of our Church papers with regard to "idle conversation," which excited no small degree of interest in my mind. I was exceedingly glad that a subject so intimately connected with the character and destiny of Christians should be proposed for discussion; and hoped that some well-instructed scribe—some wise and discriminating seer, would soon place the matter in a proper light before the public. Nor, indeed, do I yet despair of seeing something on the subject which shall be worthy of those master-spirits among us whose highest ambition is to "teach the way of God truly," and make their fellow-creatures "wise unto salvation." But while they are delayed by other claims upon their time, I beg, Mr. Editor, "you will hear me, of your clemency, a few words."

It will, doubtless, be generally conceded that in fixing the standard of conversation, very little reliance can be placed upon the various systems of ethical philosophy which have been put forth at different times for the regulation of our conduct; as they are mostly founded upon natural religion rather than upon divine revelation, while each separate system, taking its characteristic features from the creed of its author, or the actual state of morals at the time he wrote, will render us little aid in understanding the principles of Christian duty. The Holy Scriptures, which are the all-sufficient and only rule of faith and practice, must be our standard in this case. These alone will suffice to settle the distinctive and uncompromising outline of social intercourse. But while it will be admitted on all hands, in general, that the Scriptures are to be regarded as the great rule of life; some are of opinion that their teachings upon the subject of our conversation with each other cannot be clearly ascertain-

ed; and others, that, however well we may understand these teachings, their observance is nevertheless impracticable. I think it can be readily shown, however, that by virtue of the gracious ability vouchsafed to us in the gospel, we may not only *know*, but *do* the will of God, concerning us in all things; and consequently may "order our conversation aright."

In the first place, we may readily *discover* the will of God on every point of Christian duty, whether it pertain to social intercourse or otherwise, by coming up to our high privilege as Christians, or availing ourselves of the light of full salvation which is perfectly within our reach. I would not be understood that holiness constitutes its subjects infallible, or frees them from all error in judgment; but that the sanctified, being "of full age, have their senses exercised to discover both good and evil:" or that they can distinguish between moral right and wrong, as well in regard to their conversation as their conduct generally. I am aware that there are thousands of professors whose moral perceptions are quite indistinct and erroneous. Like the bewildered traveler who has lost his point of compass, or is quite turned round, as we express it, they are never in the right path except when they are crossing it, and are almost sure to take the contrary direction in attempting to recover their way. Hence we read in the Scriptures that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." "If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him." That "he puts light for darkness, and darkness for light—calls evil good, and good evil." From all which it appears that sin not only blinds, but also perverts the understanding, insomuch that all who are under its influence, i. e., all by whom it is committed, are utterly unable to determine where the path of duty lies. And, "calling evil good, and good evil,"—sinners saints,

and saints sinners,—they are among the first to raise the cry of heresy, fanaticism, wild-fire, and the like, against “those who live godly in Christ Jesus.”

In support of the doctrine, so cheering to the pious heart, that holiness enables us to discover “the way of righteousness” under all circumstances of life, many passages of Scripture might be adduced, among which are the following: “If any will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.” “If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world.” “We are not ignorant of Satan’s devices.” “But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.” “Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things which are freely given us of God.” “But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.” “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.” “Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” The scope and meaning of these passages, with all others of the same class is, that the perfect Christian, “walking by faith and looking at the things not seen,” is so illuminated by divine grace that he can easily distinguish “the strait and narrow way,” through all its different stages, from that which leads to death: and that too in regard to his conversation as well as to his conduct generally. The apostle says, alluding to the plainness of the path of religious duty, that even “the Gentiles who have not the law, when they do by nature the things contained in the law; these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: and show the works of the law written

in their hearts; their consciences also bearing them witness; and their thoughts meantime accusing or else excusing one another.” We are also assured by a virtuous heathen—the celebrated Athenian philosopher—that he was forever accompanied by what he denominated his “genius,” which taught him to distinguish between right and wrong; approving the one and condemning the other. Waiving every other consideration, however, experience alone teaches us that the perfect Christian, or sanctified believer, can no more violate the will of God, either in conversation or otherwise, without being conscious of it, than he can unconsciously put his hand in the fire, or wander from the public highway in broad day-light. The truth is, “if we walk in the light as Christ is in the light,” we shall not only be “cleansed from all sin,” but we shall be “preserved blameless, (conversation and all,) to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Again: as the sanctified believer, upon whom the light of God’s countenance clearly shines, can easily discern the path of duty, in all the relations, associations and pursuits of life; so can he *uniformly tread therein*, his “faith” which “works by love and purifies the heart” being “counted to him for righteousness.” This is clearly implied in the following commands: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.” “Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace to the hearers.” “But as He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.” These divine commands, presupposing a capacity on our part to obey, like all others enjoined by the same authority, prohibit in the most unqualified sense, all “idle conversation;” and of course all such conversation may be forever avoided by all who look to the “wise for wisdom, and to the strong for strength.”

O, what a glorious victory is this. It is the crowning triumph of Christian virtue. For, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

"But are these passages of Scripture which interdict 'every idle word' even, allowing of such conversation only as is 'good to edifying,' to be taken in their strictest sense? Or may we consider the language as allowing of some latitude of interpretation?" In settling this question according to the analogy of faith, the genius, structure, and general principle of holy writ, which is a paramount rule of interpretation, it is clear that no latitude of interpretation can be allowed; for the obvious tenor of all those Scriptures which are intended to regulate our conversation is, that it shall be, not generally, but *always* "holy, ministering grace to the hearers." And, is "idle conversation" "holy?" Does this "minister grace to the hearers?" "But it is remarked by Dr. Doddridge," "that discourse tending to innocent mirth, to exhilarate the spirits, is not idle discourse; as the time spent in necessary recreation is not idle time." Well, if whatever tends to exhilarate the spirits, (animal spirits, of course, for mirth tends to exhilarate no other spirits,) if whatever "tends to exhilarate the spirits" is compatible with a holy life, then there is a principle in Christian morals which allows of dancing, ballad-singing, theatrical amusement, and whatever else belongs to mirthful entertainments; for *all* these indulgences "exhilarate the spirits." Or, should it be said that mirth, however "exhilarating," is not to be tolerated unless it be "innocent" at the same time, I should like to know what species of "mirth" is "innocent." And also by what criterion we are to distinguish between that which is "innocent," and that which is sinful. What law of Christian ethics, or of common language, is there, if any one can tell, which teaches the indicated discrimination here? For my own part, I am

an utter stranger to any kind of "mirth" which can be properly termed "innocent," for, though it may tend to exhilarate our spirits, yet, as it never fails to hurt the soul, of course it cannot be innocent. And hence the phrase, "innocent mirth" is a contradiction in terms; a phrase I am exceedingly sorry to have met with, especially in Christian writers; as it has doubtless been the means of misleading many to their final ruin, who might otherwise have gone to heaven; having "lived soberly, righteously, and Godly, in this present world." But though Doddridge has asserted, and many have persuaded themselves, that discourse "tending to innocent mirth," by which I suppose is meant light and trifling conversation, "is not idle;" "but rather that it is even necessary to 'exhilarate the spirits;' yet, for this very thing—"the indulging in light and trifling conversation"—Mr. Wesley, as we are told in his "Works," "excluded several individuals from society." And who among the "thousands of Israel" that has ever conversed in a light and trifling manner, does not know too well the soul-blighting influence of such conversation?

"But, if those Scriptures which inhibit all conversation, which tends not to 'edify,' or 'minister grace to the hearers,' must be taken in their strictest sense, how then shall any one escape the awful censure denounced in Scripture? Would it not, indeed, seem impossible that any one's conversation should be literally conformed to so strict a rule?" Yes, altogether impossible in the case of an un sanctified person, (unless he be seeking after the blessing of sanctification *with all the heart*,) for "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit:" but easy enough with one who is saved from all sin, for "a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit." Nay, "he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

[To be Continued.]

Fools make a mock at sin.

FULLY SAVED.

BY IRA G. GOULD.

I received a knowledge of my sins forgiven in the spring of 1853, near Belvidere, Ill. I was as confident that my sins were forgiven, as that I had an existence. Bless the Lord for this great work! *I loved God and I loved everybody.* I was willing to do anything for Jesus. About the middle of Feb., 1859, I had become cold and careless in religion, and in fact almost entirely backslid, when, by the grace of God, I was *pungently* convinced that, unless I was saved soon, I would lose every spark of God's love from my soul. I was reading, one day, a sermon of J. Caughey, and the Lord, by the Holy Ghost, sent the word like thunder and forked lightning to my soul. I determined at that moment to give all to Jesus, and serve him forever. I had a great cross to bear, but by the grace of God, I took it up. I fell on Jesus as *my Jesus now.* He pardoned me. Glory to Jesus! The Lord then called me away from home and friends, to Iowa, to labor with C. F. Hawley, a missionary. One year ago, I was convicted for the blessing of *sanctification or entire holiness.*

I was at this time supplying a circuit with preaching, and was endeavoring to live up to the light that I had. Let none here mistake, supposing that I was convicted of sins committed. *These were all forgiven. I knew it.* I began to pray and study the Bible more than ever,—especially on this doctrine. Instead of feeling better as I expected I should, I felt worse, the more I prayed, and I finally concluded I will do the will of God as he makes it known to me, and trust him to do all he can for me. I was not satisfied, but felt the need of more of *God's Spirit*—a more complete deadness to self and the world. This winter, about eight weeks ago, I was seized again with these same convictions, though they were more powerful than ever. I felt, "I must be sanctified or leave off

preaching." The Devil said, "You have sought for it, and you were worse off." But God had given me convictions for having everything rooted out of me that was not like Jesus; and the words of the Bible, and the experience and counsels of Christians encouraged me to say, that I was *determined to have the blessing.* The more I prayed the more awful I felt. O, my feelings were indescribable! I felt an *uneasiness, a leanness, a weakness, a deadness of spirit, a lack of moral power, an unfitness to do my duty, a diminution of mental light* which deadened the energies of my soul and body. Who knows my feelings? God, and those that have felt them, alone. I retired to the woods, weeping, groaning, and praying that God would set me at liberty. But O! my lack of faith, "I lift up my hands and try to plead with God. God, I know, is able and willing too, but I do not receive. O! that I could. O! that He would come. O! that He would say, "I will, be thou clean." O! that He would say, "live! I save thee to the uttermost." I pray, struggle, groan, agonize, weep, fast, look,—O! help me to believe and enter in." These words do not fully express the feelings I had, though written when I had them. I went 12 miles to see my brother Lucius, who was on his death-bed, and who enjoyed this blessing, to get counsel. I thought once that I would not eat anything until I was set at liberty, and fasted over two days. During my fasting my *spirituality* was greatly increased. I had my appointments to fulfill, but when I preached, it was like "beating the air." However, sometimes I felt the Spirit in preaching, but all my blessings were *temporary.* Religion was *endured not enjoyed, a medicine not a cure, a commotion not a rest.* Praying was a *burden,* and I may say all Christian duties were. O! wretched man that I was. The devil would cause me so to despair sometimes, that he would throw me down flat on the ground, and then in agony of soul and body and mind, I would wallow foaming. I thought I would preach no

more. I durst not cherish it. I wondered that one trying to do the will of God could have such feelings. It was a mystery! Sometimes I would envy the lot of the worldling, as he seemed so *happy*. But the devil could not make me believe that I had never received a real change of my nature. All this time God was *killing* me to self, sin and the world. On the night of the 6th of Jan., this year, I attended a prayer-meeting in Belvidere, Ill., of the Free Methodist Church. I prayed for the blessing. I was told, by dear brethren, to believe for it *now*. This was the *sticking* point. I resolved to have it that night. I had consecrated *all*, I thought, but not *entirely*. After laying *all*, which means *everything*, on the altar, I believed like this: "*I now receive it.*" And glory to Jesus! I did receive it. Eternal glory to God! *I got it—the Blessing.* Not a blessing, but *The Blessing of sanctification entire*. Involuntarily I was raised upon my feet, after having prayed for it about three hours, and gave glory to God as I never had before. The degree of *joy* which I felt at that moment, was as indescribable as that of *misery*, when most convicted for the blessing. Between ten and eleven o'clock, God, for Jesus' sake, did this in an *instant*. I *here* testify that the *blessing* is just as *distinct, specific, and instantaneous*, as regeneration, in my case. Convictions for it, however, as *gradual* as those for regeneration. Mark! Reader, do not you say that my sins were simply forgiven. These were forgiven when I began to *seek* for this blessing, and I know it, and did not *doubt*. I have not received any new powers of mind by the blessing—no new intellectual faculties. But I am saved *now*, and know it, from *all sin, to the uttermost*. Jesus is *in me, through me, and about me*. Glory to Jesus! for what he hath done. Hallelujah to Christ!

It is not death, but life that we long for, when we sigh to flee away and be at rest.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

CHRISTIAN beware of them, time is precious. A member of a church playing euchre, did you say? Ah, my friend, its a question if he is a member of Christ's body; or he would no longer relish the empty pleasures to be drawn from such a source; but would sing,

"I thirst but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share,
Thy wounds Emanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there."

His joy would be that of God's free salvation, and it matters not what his trials—what his sufferings, he can go to an inexhaustible fountain and draw all the consolation he needs. Fellow traveler to the New Jerusalem, let us watch unto prayer. Let us be careful lest we bring reproach on the cause of our blessed Redeemer. Let us try to adorn the doctrines of Christ in all things, remembering that the world has a right to expect better things from us.

Whenever we see a professed Christian taking pleasure in sin, we cannot help fearing he may be a deceived soul; because the Scriptures expressly teach us, "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature."

"Why do you idle stand!
There is something for all to do;
Look forth on the wants of our teeming land,
The sorrow and sin upon every hand;
Say! is there no work for you?"—N.

If we had strength and faith enough to trust ourselves entirely to God, and follow Him simply wherever He should lead us, we should have no need of any great effort of mind to reach perfection. But as we are so weak in faith, as to require to know all the way without trusting in God, our road is lengthened and our spiritual affairs get behind. Abandon yourself as absolutely as possible to God, and continue to do so to your latest breath, and He will never desert you.—FENELON.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN
AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, MARCH, 1862.

OUR COUNTRY.

THE slaveholders' rebellion, appears at last, to be in a fair way to be crushed. The recent victories are of the most decisive character. They evince the vast martial superiority of the North. A few more vigorous blows, which we hope for the sake of humanity will be speedily given, and this most unnatural and causeless war will be terminated.

While there is enthusiastic rejoicing in public places—flags waving, bells pealing and cannon booming—and there is just occasion for rejoicing,—there is also weeping and lamentation in family circles. Many a home mourns the loss of a father, a son or a brother, many a hearth is made desolate by the fall of loved ones on the field of strife.

All this with heavy taxation, for years yet to come is the result of unholy compromises made in behalf of wrong.

Let us pray the Father of all mercies to have compassion upon the sick and wounded and bereaved, and lead them to the cross the only source of consolation, and let us beseech Him to bring slavery, the cause of all this desolation, to a speedy end.

PROSELYTES AND CONVERTS.

ANY man of common ability can, by proper efforts, secure followers. The more rational his doctrines and the more popular his cause, the more readily will he gain adherents. But proselytes to opinions however correct, or partisans of men however holy, or of churches however orthodox, are not necessarily converts to God. Our Saviour indorsed the teaching of the Scribes and Pharisees in the main, directing his disciples to "observe and do all they bid you observe." He bears testimony of their untiring zeal: "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte," but he adds, "when he is made ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves!" What a lesson is here taught us! These zealous preachers had sound doctrines, divine rites and forms; but they were deficient in personal piety, God was

not with them and those added to the church through their labors became fierce bigots, but were as far as ever from being the children of God.

How is it with us and ours, beloved? Are our hearts right? Are we wholly given up to God, laboring not to build up a sect or party, but to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom? How is it with our converts? Are they fully saved in Christ? Do they have victory over sin, and are they followers of God as dear children? Are they more attached to Christ than to ourselves? Strong partisans are poor Christians. "While one saith I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal?" Let us see to it that those under our influence are not partisans or bigots, but real, living Christians.

DEDICATION OF THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH,
AT GOWANDA GENERAL QUARTERLY MEETING.

By Divine permission the new Free Methodist church in Gowanda, will be dedicated to the worship of God, on Thursday, March 13th, 1862. Rev. B. I. Ives of Auburn, will preach the dedication sermon, at 10½ o'clock A. M. Several Ministerial Brethren from abroad are expected to be with us throughout the meeting, which will continue over the Sabbath. The quarterly convention will be held on Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all, both preachers and people, to come and worship with us. This will be the fifth general quarterly meeting held at Gowanda, all have so far been seasons of great profit. May this be better than any previously held here. Come brethren and sisters, friends of Jesus, from all parts of the country, and help to make this a time of salvation.

CHARLES HUDSON.

THE SICK.

ARE you sick, beloved? does the hand of disease press heavily?—look to God, not to the administrator. The Lord can bless the simplest means, or no means, for your restoration. Never rely on means, or an arm of flesh for a cure, but on God, the giver of all good. "Every good and perfect gift is from above."

All means, all doctors, are unavailing without the accompanying blessing of the Most High. Wait on God; seek wisdom from above. "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him,

and He shall direct thy paths." Reader are you ill, afflicted with a painful disease? What now?—speed, post-haste to the earthly physician? Stay mortal, *stay*; ask God what to do; ask counsel first of him in whom you live, move, and have your being. Honor God, and God will honor you. Why was God displeased with king Asa in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, when his "disease was exceedingly great?" Because, in his disease, "he sought not unto the Lord, but to the physicians."—See 2 Chronicles, xvi. 12. "Is any sick among you?" says the apostle James, "let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

This is God's method of healing, on conditions of faith, repentance, holy living, walking in newness of life, of doing justice, loving mercy and walking humbly with God.

We know many once in feeble health, to all appearances on the borders of the grave, beloved, consecrated disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. God in great mercy restored these feeble, sickly ones to new bodily vigor, raised them up in answer to prayer, the prayer of faith. After long and fruitless application to physicians of no value, Jesus the great Physician of body, mind and soul, was resorted to with complete success, so that now they are enabled to endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross. They are now imitating their blessed Master, "going about doing good," speeding their course on wings of love, mercy and truth. "He hath done all things well." "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matt., viii. 17. God restored to life and health these sickly ones *expressly* to do His will henceforth and forever. The very moment they fail in faith or charity, lower in the least the Gospel standard of holy living, cease to co-operate with God in the redemption of a lost world, that moment they forget His special interference in their support. Beware! "Our God is a jealous God." "I am the Lord," saith He, "my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." Reader, are you diseased, weak, enfeebled? afflicted chronically, or in any way? subject to wearisome days and nights? What now?

Obey God or man? Will you take the Lord at His word? Go immediately to Jesus the great Physician, the merciful Redeemer who went about doing good, healing all manner of diseases? Go to Him speak out your case before Him in child-like simplicity and humble confidence, tell Him all that is in your heart. But in the restoration of your physical powers, or bodily strength, what is your motive, your intention? Is it your fixed unalterable determination to serve God *with all your heart*; to present your body a *living* (or perpetual) sacrifice to the Lord, holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable service? Is it to give all your time, talents, income, everything to elevate, purify, sanctify? Is it your fixed purpose to do as Paul did, count not your life dear in this cause of Jesus? What things were once gain to you will you now count loss that you may win Christ, be found of Him, not having your own righteousness which is of the law; but that which is through the faith of Christ. Then and not till then can you go to the great Physician with humble confidence for your restoration. "According to your faith be it unto you."

N.

SPECIAL SEASONS.

READER, have you special seasons for prayer, humiliation and confession? Aside from your secret devotions, closet prayer, family prayer, social prayer, prayer in the great congregation, and prayer ejaculatory, telegraphic, have you another season, weekly or oftener for renewed heart-searching, self examination, prayer and fasting for special redeeming, sanctifying grace, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon your own soul and upon the souls of others; for salvation to go forth as the light of the morning; can you safely meet the perpetual overflowing tide of popular seeking, the general *unceasing* current of worldly-mindedness, without these special, regular, heart-searchings, humiliations and earnest God-seekings? The most devoted, holy and successful servants of the Most High in all ages have had one day, or a part of a day in each week for special renewed consecration to God. They tell us in their own case, such seasons were indispensable to rapid growth in grace to spiritual conquest, to holy triumph, the rising above the world, the flesh and the devil.

Brother, sister, we renew the inquiry, have you a special day, or a part of a day for fast-

ing and prayer *exclusively* Godward; laying all upon the altar Christ Jesus. In these special devotional seasons for prayer, praise and deep heart-searchings, do you enquire definitely your state and standing by the unerring word of truth? Do you make this heart-searching a *personal* business? "Am I in the faith, lovingly, joyfully, mounting up as on eagle's wings?" Am I truly benevolent? Is selfishness *entirely* extirpated, root and branch? Am I doing *everything* to please God? Is the spring of every motive pure? Am I doing all to the glory of God, whether I eat or drink or whatsoever I do? Am I a *faithful* steward ready at any time to render my stewardship joyfully? Am I squandering nothing of God's bounty on pride, lust or extravagance, or to gratify a false taste or perverted appetites? Am I temperate in all things, keeping my body under and bringing every faculty of my being into due subjection to the law of Christ? Is there anything like a sectarian spirit lurking in my wish or secret corner of my soul? Am I doing all I possibly can for Christ, who has done so much for me? Am I faithful in rebuking sin *everywhere*? Am I obeying the Lord in condescending to men of low estate, in visiting the poor, the widow and the orphan? Am I remembering those in bonds as bound with them? Am I shrinking from no duty, from a man-fearing, time-saving policy? In a word, can I say with Paul: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live, I live by faith on the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me." These are some of the items suitable for reflection on these special days of humiliation, fasting and prayer.

N.

THOSE VALUABLE ARTICLES.

BR. ROBERTS: Would it not be well to refer your readers again and again to those two articles, the one on the first page in the January number, headed "LOSS OF FIRST LOVE," the other on the first page of the February number, on the subject of "PERSECUTION." Long articles are often passed over hastily or not passed over at all. Generally we are in favor of short, pithy, cutting articles; giving merely the cream, the marrow, the essence of Gospel truth; laying the ax at the root of all sin *at once*. Yet there are subjects that necessarily

require elucidation, to be somewhat extended. The articles referred to, are such pure gold that we should regret exceedingly to have them passed over slightly or indifferently. They ought not only to be read and re-read, but pondered, treasured up, brought home to every heart practically, prayerfully. Furthermore, we should rejoice to see them issued in tract form and placed in every household throughout the land.

Readers, beloved, how is it? Have you given these articles an earnest, careful, prayerful investigation? Made them your own, *heart-searchingly*? You would be paid weekly in so doing. These two articles are worth the subscription price of this beautiful Magazine, twice told.

Friends, turn back to the January number; begin anew to do your first works. This loss of first love is awful, heart-rending; enough, were it possible, to cause angels to weep tears of blood. And worst of all is, many do not seem to know they are in a dreadful back-slidden state, do not seem to realize they have lost this pearl of great price, of infinite value. N.

ST. CHARLES, Feb. 4th, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:—A beloved sister sent me a note yesterday containing \$1,00, with a request that I would write a few lines and send with it. About 22 years ago she experienced religion and united with the church, sat under the ministry of men who knew nothing of the power of godliness; her soul was not fed, and she soon became like the rest "a goodly formal saint."

While living in this state she married an unbeliever. A short time ago the light shone upon her heart, she saw that her life did not correspond with the requirements of the Bible. Through a member of the church she was convicted for Bible Religion. God blessed her, she obtained it, then pressed into the enjoyment of Perfect Love. Since she has been fully saved her soul has been drawn out for her brethren and sisters in the church, for she felt that most of them were destitute of pure religion.

She knew they were steeped in pride and prejudice, and how to get to their hearts was her constant prayer. At last the Lord suggested to her to send the "Earnest Christian" to as many as she could. It came with such

sweetness that she could not doubt. So about two months ago she handed me \$1.00 with the request that the "Earnest Christian" should be sent to her Pastor. I forwarded the money, and no doubt he has received the book. God grant it may not be in vain.

Now comes the second dollar; this time it is to be sent to one of the deacons. Who will "go and do likewise?"

This sister is poor; since she has been walking in the light, her ungodly husband has opposed her in every way that he could; refused to attend church with her, ashamed of her since her tongue has been unloosed. But Jesus keeps her sweetly, bless His name! Again I say, she is poor; that husband will give her no money for religious purposes, and what little she gets, she obtains in answer to prayer, and as the price of self-denial. God bless her, she is holding on for the conversion of her husband, and begs an interest in your prayers.

Be encouraged Br. Roberts, some may drop the Magazine because of its uncompromising stand; but many will rise up in the great day and speak of it as a messenger of mercy to them.

Slack not your hand, give us a *whole* Gospel, give us *meat* as well as *milk*, "to each a portion in due season."

We are still laboring in St. Charles, the Lord is with us. Over twenty have been reclaimed; some in the church, some out. We still hold on. Pray for us.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES MATHEWS.

HOLINESS IN NEW YORK.

SINCE our last month's issue we have had the privilege of visiting some of the saints in this great and wicked city. While sin stalks abroad with unblushing air, and the evidence of defection in the churches from the gospel standard are but too apparent, yet there are many who are striving to walk closely with the Lord. Several meetings for holiness are held weekly both in New York and Brooklyn, and they are, we learn, generally well attended. The spacious rooms at 54 Rivington street, Dr. Palmer's, were crowded at the Tuesday afternoon meetings, and a good spirit prevailed. A large number professed to enjoy the blessing of holiness, and many arose expressing a desire to seek it.

At the house of the Rev. William Belden, a Presbyterian minister, 32 Bond street, a meeting for holiness is held every Wednesday afternoon. On Friday we were permitted to meet there with "The pilgrim band of laborers," and found a greater degree of simplicity, plainness, freedom and power, than in any other meeting we attended. May the Lord greatly bless their labors! Pride and worldly conformity are utterly inconsistent with real holiness. Whosoever is not sufficiently consecrated to God, to lay aside their "gold, and pearls, and costly array" for Jesus' sake, may presumptuously talk of enjoying full salvation, but it is impossible for them to exercise saving faith in Christ. "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that comes from God only?"

A cordial invitation was given us to preach in two of the Methodist Episcopal churches, which we accepted; and we endeavored to improve the opportunity by speaking plainly for our Divine Master.

PAYING FOR THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

The following shows how our Magazine is prized. Rather than lose food for the soul this good sister chose to give up, what by many is considered necessary food for the body. God bless her. With such subscribers we have no fears but that our Magazine will be sustained. —Ed.

BROTHER ROBERTS:—Dear Sir, Inclosed is one dollar for the *Earnest Christian*. I give you my reasons for not renewing before the first of January. I had only 50 cents, it would be no use to send that; besides I thought I should have to spend it for tea. I did not know how to do without the *Earnest Christian*. I thought much about it, and prayed more, and finally told the Lord that if I could get another half dollar, I would send it to you and give up the tea; and bless the good Lord! in a few days, through the kindness of a friend, I received the other half dollar. Glory to Jesus! I cheerfully gave up the tea after using it nearly twenty years; and the best of all is, I have not tasted it since, nor wanted to. M. C. S.

THERE is a faith so strong, a love so fervent and a hope so lively, that they prove their own existence, both to those who possess them and to those who observe them.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BIBLE INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN.

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

Parents, in training your little ones, "in the way they should go," take the Bible, make it your guide, your wisdom, your text-books, the word of authority, let God speak. Lay your finger on the very spot of evil or mis-doing of your children, on the least possible deviation from strict purity and love. Suffer not sin to rest upon them a single moment. Point them *directly* to the very passage in holy writ, where such and such sins are denounced? show them how *intensely* God hates sin, even the *least*, and what fearful, awful judgments are visited upon transgressors,—what an evil and bitter thing it is to violate any of God's holy precepts. Tell them that the Almighty, the Great I Am—the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, says so and so, that he is able to kill and make alive, to destroy both soul and body in hell forever! Take the commandments delivered on Mount Sinai, *mid thunderings and lightnings*, explain them one by one, bring them home to every heart with fearful, awful solemnity, the first table and the second table of the law, the duties we owe to God and man. Tell them how terribly the Lord visits disobedience to parents, those who lie, steal, break the Sabbath, take God's name in vain, swear falsely or commit adultery. Once get the eyes of children open clearly, distinctly fixed on the authority of a God of justice as well as a God of mercy, and it will have a might infinitely above all human authority or enactment. Remember the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, pressing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In not taking God's word as the chief instrument of reform in family discipline, has been one grand mistake in all ages. Parents have neglected the word of life, the Holy Scriptures which are able to make their little ones wise unto salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ.

"This holy book is all divine,
To man in mercy given;
Its truths all radiant and benign,
With beams of holy luster shine,
And gild the path to heaven."—N.

PLAY THINGS ON THE LORD'S DAY.

A WORD TO GREAT FOLKS AND LITTLE FOLKS.

"The Sabbath! 'tis a holy day: Let no base thought intrude."

Little folks, lay aside your play things, on holy time, your doll babies, your little carts and wheels, the implements of husbandry and mechanism. Lay them aside, never think of playing a moment, or of indulging the least in sports or pastimes on the Lord's day.

Children, even little children, should keep the Sabbath, remember it, do nothing but deeds of mercy. Parents, will you see to this? train your little ones to respect this day as God requires, that his blessing may rest on you and your family? Some little boys and girls are permitted to race about, out doors and in, indulge in hilarity, trifling sports and amusements, as on other days. In this way they grow up, from early infancy, to trample on God's precepts and ordinances; and as they advance in years, they advance in sin and open rebellion, desecrate holy time with an unlifted arm, unblushingly! This is the way Sabbath breaking is perpetuated from generation to generation—bringing down, meanwhile, God's just retributions upon families, cities, states and nations.

Parents, we earnestly and kindly entreat you, not only to observe strictly and scripturally the Fourth Commandment yourself, set it apart exclusively for God and his service, but especially see to it that your children, from the least to the greatest, do like-wise. God is very jealous of this day, and is sure to visit with stripes the violator. See Isa. lviii. 13, 14.

"Oh! what a sweet relief from anxious care,
The dawn of each returning Sabbath brings:
It comes to bid the weary soul arise,
And shaking off the dust of six days' toil
Mount as on eagle's wings, renewed in strength,
By waiting on the Lord."

May no vain thoughts
Disturb our peace this day; and when at eve
We linger still amid its holy scenes,
Regretting that so soon the morrow's light
Must call us to the cares of earth again;
May our hearts burn within us; may we feel
That we are yet a little further on—
A Sabbath nearer home.

This precious day,
Which God in love to man hath sanctified,
Is the sure earnest of the rest above."—N.

SWEARING.

A WORD TO LITTLE BOYS AND BIG BOYS.

How much swearing there is! Little boys swear, big boys swear, young men swear, old men swear. One of the worst things which I meet with in our streets is swearing.

God says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." It is a great sin to swear, and it is an unprofitable sin. Some people cheat and rob and lie for the gain of it. It is very short-sighted policy, to be sure; but nothing is gained by swearing. Your horse does not go faster. Nobody works better or pays quicker by being sworn at. You may fill your mouth with cursing, and what good does it do? while the harm is more than words can tell. Some people in telling a story pepper it all through with oaths. Can anything be more disgusting and foolish as well as wicked?

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Exod. xx., 7.

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trivial theme!
Maintain your rank, vulgarly despise;
To SWEAR is neither brave, polite nor wise;
You would not swear upon the bed of death;
Reflect! your Maker now could stop your breath!"
N.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion."

"What is the blooming picture of a skin,
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright painting of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No, those at first the unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain."

THE SLANDERED.

A venerable old man says, "Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

The old man is right. Who ever saw *thieves* throw stones at the birch, maple, or palm tree? The more fruit the tree bears, and the richer it is, the more it is likely to attract the attention of the *thief*.

No man, that tries to do his duty to his fellows, and endeavors to live to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will of necessity have some

enemies; and these enemies will try in every way to injure him, and among other things they will not be slow in stirring up the polluted waters of defamation and slander.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Exod. xx., 16.

Beware the tongue that's set on fire of hell
And flames in slander, falsehood, perjury,
In malice, idle talking, thoughtless tales.
Speak not too much; nor without thought; let
truth
In all things, small or great, dwell on thy lips.
Remember, God hath said, "He that in word
Offends not, is a perfect man; while he
That bridles not his tongue, deceives himself,
And shows his faith is vain!"
N.

TO DAY, NOT TO-MORROW.

"Ma, where is to-morrow?" inquired a little boy one day while talking over some pleasure that was to come off "to-morrow."

Before his mother could reply, his little brother looked up and said, "I know where it is ma; GOD HAS IT."

Yes, God has to-morrow in his keeping, and He will give it to whom he will. No man can say, without vain boasting, "To-morrow is mine." No man can say whether God will give him "to-morrow" in this world or in eternity.

Reader, if your to-morrow should be spent in eternity, would it be YOUR FIRST DAY IN HELL, OR YOUR FIRST DAY IN HEAVEN? Which?

"Arrest the present moment; stay its flight;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms, far more
precious
Than all the richest treasures of the earth!
O, let it not elude thy grasp; but like
The good old patriarch of God's holy word
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee."

A WORD TO OUR LITTLE READERS.

THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

Young friends, have you pennies or any loose change in your pockets?

Well, how will you dispose of these gifts; on trifles, golden trinkets, candies, or sweetmeats, things of no value that perish with the using? Or will you consider the poor, open your little hearts and hands to deeds of mercy and salvation, "cause the widows heart to sing for joy."

"Should you like to be told the best use of a penny,
I will tell you a way that is better than any;
Not on candies, nor cakes, nor playthings to spend it,
But over the seas to the heathen to send it.
Come listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please.
Of some poor little children far over the seas,
Let children be taught from right motives to give,
To divide with the needy the gifts they receive;
Like the widow's two mites may these offerings
appear,
To the Searcher of hearts and the Hearer of prayer."
N.