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AND

## GOLDEN RULE.

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### FAMILY TRAINING.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"The family is like a book—  
The children are the leaves,  
The parents are the cover, that  
Protection, beauty gives.

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me,  
and I will give thee thy wages."—Ex., ii: 9.

"Train up a child in the way he should  
go, and when he is old he will not depart  
from it."—PROV. xxii: 6.

Whenever a babe is born into the world, the injunction of the Almighty comes to the father and mother, "take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages." And then follows, as inspired evidence of the fulfillment of a Divine promise, the wise man's observation: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"Train up," that is educate, discipline, instruct, subdue, transform, mold over. The word train in this connection is very expressive, very comprehensive, very emphatical. And who are the ones especially alluded to in the text to be thus disciplined, trained up, transformed, molded over, into the heavenly? the rising youth, young men and women, persons of mature age, those advanced in life? Nay, but children, *little* children, "Suffer little children," said Christ, "and forbid them, not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix: 14. Again: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Matt. xxi: 16

"Jesus loves the little children,  
Calls them to him day by day,

Lays his hands on them in blessings,  
Bids them always near him stay."

"He will feed his flock like a shepherd; he will gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom." Isa. xl: 11. But the way here spoken of, what is its purport, its implication? Has the training here specified respect merely to outward habits of virtue? the external deportment? a training for future conversion? Whence the idea that children may grow up in sin, serve Satan some six, eight, or ten years before embracing the gospel, turning to the Lord with full purpose of heart? Who that takes the Bible for his guide can believe for a moment that God ever intended the adversary of God and man, should rule and reign in our little ones, in the bloom of life, the flower of their being? that their young and tender hearts should "become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird?" Rev. xix: 2. Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. In whom? Let us not be deceived.

Where the license for sinning, in thought, word or deed, in any part of the sacred oracles, from Genesis to Revelation, from the cradle upwards?—Where the chapter, the page, the line, the syllable? The command is positive, exceedingly broad, having no respect of persons, of high or low, rich or poor, little or big. There is one law for all, great and small, "*The soul that sinneth it shall die.*"

Not a *particle* of distinction, in looking over the pages of holy writ, can we find between little folks and great folks, touching God service, God fearing, God

living. God makes no distinction in the way of salvation, between little folks and great folks. What he tells great folks about the Bible, the way of life, about heaven, hell, death, judgment and eternity—the very same he tells little folks. When the Lord commands great folks to be holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, the very same he commands little folks. When he commands great folks to rejoice in the Lord, in like manner he commands little folks to rejoice. Hark! here it is, in the cxlviii Psalm:—"Both young men and maidens, old men and children: Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent: his glory is above the earth and heaven."

The false, delusive, soul-ruinous idea has gone forth extensively, almost universally, that children may grow up\* in sin and rebellion against God, or at least spend much of the precious, golden season, the spring time of life in sinning, in forming habits of vice which tears of blood cannot efface! What is this but the stratagem of the devil, the liar from the beginning, the father of lies, to further his hellish purpose, secure his prey, fill the regions of dark despair with weeping, wailings and gnashings of teeth?

#### AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.

*"While man slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."*

\* When we speak of growing up in the Lord from early infancy, let no one suppose we deny the atonement, a change of heart through the operation of the Holy Ghost. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." The only name given under heaven, by which we can be saved is that of Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world., "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." John xiv:6. Had not this article already occupied too much space we would have given scriptural examples of training children "in the way they should go," and the views of standard writers, &c.

We have aimed from the first to the last to sustain the idea that training a child "in the way he should go" is a holy training, and nothing short.

The way of training expressed in the text is unquestionably God's way—the way of truth, life, love, salvation eternal, life spiritual, life everlasting. And yet who takes this view of it? What parent believes this promise means *what* it means? that, in every instance where the conditions of the precepts are complied with, the promised blessing is sure?

Will not children, trained from early infancy as God requires, in virtuous purity, the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life, grow up *exclusively* Godward, and in no case depart from it? Parent, believest thou this? To the law and the testimony; if we speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in us. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," saith the Lord, "but my word shall not pass away." Matt. xxiv:35.

Every blessing promised in the Holy Scriptures is based on conditions, either expressed or understood,—and when these conditions are complied with, is not the promised blessing sure in every instance? Why should we make an exception in the promise touching household discipline? Surely no command in the Bible is more clearly or forcibly expressed than this: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And what promise accompanying this command is more important, more glorious? And yet who believes it, acts upon it, takes God at his word, trains his children in the way they should go, with the assurance they will not depart from it henceforth and forever? Where the faith, the fruits\* of this Bible training? O where! If parents believed the text, and were obedient thereunto,—why do we see multitudes of children, which no man can number, growing up in sin and folly, impenitent, conscience seared, harder than the nether mill-stone, in the broad road to ruin? "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

Let us look at this question of family training, minutely, specifically, turn it over and over, enquire why is it so very important the command in our text

should be obeyed?

(1) Because God requires it. When God speaks let the earth tremble! It is a fearful thing to slight one of God's least commandments. "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v: 19. "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." 1 Sam. xxv: 22.—Trace every act of disobedience against the Most High, what the result? Ask fallen spirits, devils in hell; the Antediluvians, the Sodomites, "suffering the vengeance of eternal fire!" What! the evil consequences from disobeying God in this *one* command, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?" Alas! tears of blood, oceans and oceans, could not atone for the misery, ruin, desolation and damnation, resulting from this one sin of omission!

(2) To obey God in training our children in the way they should go, is a safe way, and the only safe way. It is always safe to obey God. The path of duty is the path of safety. "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured by the sword: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. i: 19.

(3) This way of training indicated in the text is the right way; it must be so, it cannot be otherwise, for God, in infinite wisdom marked it out, set his seal to it.

(4) *It is a perfect way.*—What! expect children to be perfect? Why not, beloved reader? We have previously shown that God is no respecter of persons, that he makes no distinction in the way of salvation, what he requires of great or adult sinners he also requires of little sinners. Sin is not tolerated, *will not be tolerated* in the least, in any shape or form whatever. "Whoso committeth sin is the servant of sin."—"He that committeth sin is of the devil."

We talk of holiness, the inner life, entire consecration of spirit, soul and body to God's service, in those of advanced life; the duty of being dead to sin and alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This is Bible doctrine.—"Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But why not preach "holiness or perfect love" to little folks; the duty of presenting their "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service? the abstaining from all appearance of evil? What season more hopeful, more joyful? And this way of unreserved consecration, or "holiness to the Lord" is the way spoken of in the text; entire submission to God from the mother's womb. This way of training children in the way they should go, is a high way of holiness.—"A high way shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness: the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those, the way faring men though fools shall not err therein." Isa. xxxv: 8.

"To the little ones offer flowers  
Of stainless beauty—let religion's glow  
Be holy on the yet unshadowed brow.  
So shall the spirit's loftier manhood be  
From passion's storm and guilt's wild  
darkness free;  
And visions of thine age, like tents of  
Eden,  
Bright with unuttered bliss, melt into  
Heaven."

This purifying, sanctifying process should begin at the cradle, in the nursery, and be followed up daily, prayerfully, with renewed consecration, till the heart is established in grace, rooted and grounded in love. Every one under the law, and under the gospel, arriving at the age of accountability is under obligation to love God supremely, with all the heart, the soul, the life, and his neighbor as himself. We speak not of perfection immaculate, spotless, angelic, or Adamic, but of gospel requirements, the "faith that works by love and purifies the heart."

"First fill the bushel with the wheat,  
With wisdom—food for souls to eat;



Then chaff, the fiction of the day,  
Will find no place, and blow away."

(5) This gospel way of training children in obedience to the *Great I Am* is a happy way, joyful. Abraham found it so; so did the mother of Moses; Hannah, the mother of Samuel; Zachariah and Elizabeth. The mother and grandmother of little Timothy. To obey God is always pleasant, always joyful; but to obey him in household duty in training children "in the way they should go," is happiness unspeakable, everlasting! Would you find a little heaven on earth, a paradise? Go to a family trained in the fear and wisdom of God. O what a blessing are sons and daughters walking in wisdom's ways; for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"O happy house! whose little ones are given  
Early to thee in faith and prayer—[heaven  
To thee, their friend, who from the heights of  
Guard'st them with more than mother's care.

O happy house! where little voices  
Their glad hosannas love to raise;  
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices  
To bring new songs of love and praise."

If happiness, pure, unalloyed, paradisaical, is found on earth, it is in the domestic circle around the fire side, where husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, dwell together in unity, in harmonious love, where God is feared, where God is loved, where God is adored.

"Domestic happiness! thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.  
Happy they! the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being  
blend."

"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Ps. cxxvii: 3.

"Home thy joys are passing lovely—  
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

"What a charm rests upon the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of

earthly happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands. There a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.—Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert."

"Of all the joys that man can feel,  
The purest sure are there!  
While o'er his heart affections steal,  
Like balmy summer air;  
His wife's caress, his children's smile,  
Unlike the world, are free from guile."

### CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is intimately connected with religion. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of an *uncleanly christian*!

Cleanliness should be regarded in every department—in person, in the family, in the house, bed, at table, in garments, and throughout the entire connections of physical life. It costs but little to be clean, when once we set about it, and the gain of health and comfort is incalculable.

If mothers have a household duty par amount to all others, it is to keep little children's hands and faces clean, or see that they are so kept. It is a fact—and such is our respect for matronhood that we blush as we give it in—that a good many small boys and girls who are paraded in sumptuous attire, on fine days in Broadway, wear rather a soiled aspect in the nursery. We have a great reverence for soap and water. They form the basis of that fine "institution"—washing, which never did any body any harm.—"Cleanliness," says the old proverb, "is next to Godliness."

Study neatness, modesty, virtue, purity, love—what things soever are true, honest, just, and of good report.

"Abstain from the very appearance of evil."



## AS YE GO PREACH.

BY REV. HENRY BELDEN.

We are greatly obliged to Brother Belden for sending us the following highly interesting narrative. We had the happiness of forming an acquaintance with the sisters referred to, last winter, and found them truly devoted to God, walking in the light of full salvation.

We thank the Lord that they have reached their home in safety, and we most earnestly pray, that they may be instrumental in spreading scriptural holiness throughout Scotland. We hope that the example of these young disciples may stimulate those who have been longer in the way, to greater diligence in taking up the cross and preaching Jesus.—Ed.

If we love Jesus as we ought to we shall want every body else, love him; and if we love our fellow-men we shall want them to be holy and happy in Jesus. Such a spirit will make everybody who possesses it preach Jesus wherever they go.

On the last day of March, three dear sisters in Christ left the port of New York on board a packet-ship bound for Liverpool. All of them enjoy the blessing of perfect love. Before going on board they thought of the sailors and others whom they might meet in the ship, and provided themselves with tracts, hymn-books, etc., not forgetting to offer many prayers that God would be with them. I will give some extracts from a letter recently received from them, giving an account of their voyage. It may encourage others to do likewise:

"On Monday night we crossed the bar. The change from smooth water to rough soon made itself felt in our internal mechanism. Soon we betook ourselves to our cabins, but not until we

had unitedly commended us, and dear friends from whom we had that day parted, to the Keeper of Israel, the Lord our Keeper.

That night and the two days and nights following were spent in silent endurance. We were all *very* sick, but not discontented or disturbed in spirit; not so sick but that we could pray and give thanks in and for it all. We did not forget that

"All is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His dear will."

On Thursday we began to recover.—The sun shone brilliantly. Our beautiful ship danced over the waves in great glee. Gladly we left our close cabins with all their uncomfortable associations, for the open deck, where we had our hot heads fanned by the cool breezes, and drank in the pure air to our hearts' content. Friday we noted as our first good day.—We now began to ask God what he would have us do, and we looked to him for the wisdom of which we felt the lack.—Approached the captain first. He frankly owned that he was not a Christian; confessed to having been a rum-drinker for forty years—a blasphemer for thirty-five.—Has it firmly fixed in his mind that religion is not for him or any other sea-faring man, yet he hopes by God's mercy to be saved at last,—believes that everything is fore-ordained, and it's no use trying to change God's decrees. Annie asked, if he thought God had fore-ordained whether or no the ship would arrive at Liverpool. He said he did. "Then why spread the sails and put a helmsman at the wheel? no effort of yours can change his purpose." He could not answer, and ended the conversation by saying, that he believed we had ninety-nine chances of salvation for his one.

All we say he takes in good part, and the more faithful we are the better he seems to like us; but God only knows if any real and lasting impression has been made. We pray much for him, and have told him so. He says he fears we wont get paid for our trouble. He despises himself for swearing and wants

to give it up. The steward says there is a great change over all the ship, in this respect, since we came on board.—In former voyages, profanity was as common in the saloon as on deck—now an oath is rarely heard.

We next turned ourselves to the first mate, who dines with us at the captain's table. He is the son of a pious mother—ran off to sea at twelve years of age—has lived to repent his folly—confessed he had lived a wicked life. Like the captain he does not think it possible for a sailor to be a Christian. While I spoke to him I felt that God helped me. He is resolved to give up drinking and swearing, and all outward sins. The second mate is a harder case. He is a skeptic, and tries to draw us into argument whenever we speak to him. In spite of this I have delivered my message, and told my own experience, leaving the results with God, who has converted as hardened sinners as he.

It was on Sabbath the 6th, that we first approached the sailors and distributed tracts and hymn books among them. They received them gladly.—We spoke to several, and asked if any were Christians? "I am," said Jim,— "And I want to be," said Bill." Another said he was not a Christian himself, but he had two uncles who were. We told them what Jesus had done for us, and that he was able and willing to do as much for them.

A storm coming on drove us back into our cabins, and we could neither say nor do much more that day. All through the night the wind blew strong, and the sea yawned and gaped as if it would have swallowed us up outright. But we were not afraid, for we knew that Jesus ruled the storm, and that neither wind nor waves could have any power at all against us unless permitted by him. Towards morning we heard the cry, "A man overboard." He was outside the bow fixing a rope when the sea struck the ship, and he fell to rise no more. Attempts were made to save him by throwing out a rope and life-buoy, but all in vain, the ship was going too fast, and the

sea was too high. He was soon left far behind to struggle hopelessly for a little, and then resign himself to his watery tomb. He was a quiet man, some say a Christian. None knew his name or his story.

On Tuesday, a young man, a passenger, who had been suffering from severe sickness for eight days came on deck.—He is very gentlemanly and highly educated. He was converted when seven years of age, and was once a more earnest Christian than now. M. B. had a long and interesting conversation with him, and told her experience of Jesus as a full Saviour. We have all been praying the Lord to heal his backslidings.

April 13th.—God gave us a beautiful Sabbath—a great contrast to the last.—Once more we distributed tracts and books among the sailors, and spoke to them of Jesus' power to save. They listened attentively, and seemed pleased at being taken notice of. Accustomed to be driven about like slaves and growled at all the time, a kind word falls very pleasantly on their ears. We failed in getting the captain's consent to our having worship in the saloon. But God gave us opportunities to speak to several through the day. We had prayer among ourselves in Annie's cabin and Jesus met with us and blessed us.—After the moon had risen, as we were seated at the stern of the ship admiring the scene before us, I espied a group of sailors at the other end of the main deck. Between us and them the first and second mates were pacing to and fro. I went to them and proposed that we sing some hymns with their men. They made no objection, and the first mate kindly offered to call them up and bring them into line for us. We first sung, then spoke to them, and ended by offering up prayer. We felt the Spirit's power on our hearts, and I doubt not some of these rough seamen felt it too. This I believe was the first prayer meeting ever held on board the ship. I hope it will not be the last.

Tuesday the 15th, will be remembered by us as a day of uncommon beauty.—

The sea, dark blue—the sky cloudless, and a flood of sunshine pouring down upon the waters—balmy southern winds fill the sails and drive us gently and steadily onward. Every living thing on board seemed to look happy. The second cabin passengers, as well as ourselves, came on deck to enjoy the scene.

Eight o'clock P. M.—Another moonlight night at sea surpassingly beautiful. How good God is to delight our eyes with such fair pictures, in addition to all the other pleasant things his bounty has provided for us.

On this night we have held our second prayer meeting with the sailors.—Just at the time when many of our dear friends would be meeting in those blessed, consecrated rooms in Rivington st., might be seen by the light of the moon, four sisters on the deck of the C—, surrounded by a group of weather-beaten seamen from many different climes. Sister Annie, Ann, and myself sang "Homeward Bound," "The Shining Shore," and "Come to Jesus just now," in which all who could, joined: Sister Mary prayed; we then talked to them. They listened with earnest attention.—Miss B. spoke very impressively; set before them life in receiving, and death in rejecting the offers of salvation just made to them. We tried to get them to promise to pray and begin a new life. One poor fellow said he had drank his last glass of rum, and would not swear any more. The Lord help him to keep his vow. It is very touching to hear their sad histories. One told us an unkind step-mother drove him to sea, another had a cruel father, lost his mother before he knew her. Most of them are ready to own that it is their own sin and folly that has brought them where they are, and all agree that they have found the Devil a bad master. Though he gives them a large allowance of rum, and fills their mouths with cursings; he empties their pockets of money, and their hearts of peace. O how my heart yearns over sailors as it never did before. While we were speaking, the first mate joined us. I had been talking to him

the night before of the duty of confessing Christ before his men; and prayed to God to strengthen him. "Come, boys," he said, "you must do as these ladies advise you. I want you to become Christians, and I'm going to try to be one myself." How my heart thanked God for this answer to prayer. I did expect it, but not so soon. I knew the struggle it must have cost him to take this stand, and how God's grace alone could have given him the victory. I believe that man will yet be made a living witness of the power of Jesus to save sinners,—and sailor sinners too. We closed our meeting with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—We had two meetings more after this, but I cannot take time to finish my narrative now."

MARGARET.

HOW TO MOVE AN AUDIENCE.—Chrysostom, speaking of the composition of a sermon says, "As in a reverie, I had a vision. I thought I saw the communion-rails crowded with angels, listening to the sermon. When a man speaks as in the sight of God, with an open heaven—with Christ and angels before him—he catches the true prophetic fire; he offers from a present Saviour a present salvation; the spirit of glory and grace descends, and the flame communicates to his auditory, and accompanies them to their houses."

PEACE IN DEATH.—Gellert said, in his last moments, "Only repeat to me the name of my Redeemer; when I speak or hear it, I feel strength and joyfulness within me." On the morning of his death, Dr. Chapin said, "It seems as if heaven had come down to earth." His final words were, "Sweet repose in heaven."

If God has chosen your way, depend upon it, it is the best that could be chosen; it may be rough, but it is right; it may be tedious, but it is safe.

The way of the wicked is as darkness.



### EXPERIENCE OF MISS JULIA GODDARD.

At the age of twelve I was brought to see that I was a great sinner before God and was exposed to eternal burnings.—I stood, as it were, shivering on the brink of hell. It seemed that the walls of lost souls pierced through my heart, and that I could see the smoke of their torment rising up forever and ever. In that hour I knew not what to do. Pray I could not, although I had been taught to by my parents ever since I could lisp the name of Jesus. I could not believe God heard me. There was no excitement in the place upon the subject of religion, but, on the contrary, both minister and people were dead. My mother, in speaking of the coldness of the people, remarked; It seemed to her, their darkness was like Egyptian darkness that could be felt. There were some Methodists in the place, but I never attended their meetings, for my parents were Congregationalists. I believe my mother was a *living Christian*. I told her my distress of mind. She pointed me to Jesus, the Saviour of just such sinners. She prayed with and for me, but all seemed of no avail. It appeared there was no hope in my case. I could not eat and durst not close my eyes in sleep lest I should awake in endless torment. But O, glory to God! at length the Spirit spoke through that mother's lips to my heart, and I began to see the way to get to Jesus. I came, in all my guilt and misery, and fell at his feet.—That moment he picked me up, my burden vanished, I knew not where, but in its place a sweet, holy calm pervaded my soul. I saw Jesus my reconciled Saviour. Words are too weak to express praise to God. But how shall I tell the rest. This was but the beginning of what God was to do for me. I sent for my sister to come home to hear what God had done for me. Almost instantly an arrow of conviction fastened in her heart, and was not removed until washed away by the blood of Christ.—Then one of my brothers was hopelessly

saved, and soon it appeared the Spirit of God was at work in all the place, which resulted in a great revival of religion. During the revival the minister was willing the females should take a part in the meetings; but after the protracted meetings closed, it was no more encouraged. All stopped it but myself. I felt that God required it of me, and I must do my duty. The minister would call upon the names of the men he wished to speak or pray, and that would leave me no opportunity,—but, child as I was, I would arise and testify for Jesus. However this did not last long. The cross was so heavy I laid it down, went back into the world and served the devil nearly four years in that church. I had times of deep repentance. I wanted to live right but did not.

When we moved from Vermont to this state, I joined the M. E. Church, because there was no Congregational church in that place. Soon after, I attended a camp-meeting, not because I wished to go, but because urged by friends. I did not approve of such meetings, believing there was more injury than good done there, but thought if I *can* get any good I will try for it. Eternity alone can reveal what good I did receive there. I got back the blessing of justification, and was taught by mother Cobb there was such a thing as the blessing of sanctification. I was at once under conviction for it, and should like to tell what I passed through in getting myself all on God's altar, but I fear it would take too much room. Suffice it to say I sought and found that blessing. I thought then I could return home and tell the family about it, and had not one doubt but what I could show it to them in such clear light they would instantly see and embrace it, but I was disappointed in this. They only thought me crazy. I lived in this state of grace a few weeks, but being very ignorant about the way, not hearing it preached, or seeing it lived by any one, I lost it.

I remained in this church, glad for a better home than I ever before had had, but was in a state of perfect unrest for

months. Then my eyes were opened wide to see just where I was. I saw what trust I had betrayed, and felt that God would never again give it me.—My guilt in lurid flames burned through my soul. I pass over the gloomy picture of my life for the few succeeding weeks, and light upon the moment when hope began again to dawn upon me.—*Wondrous mercy* alone can account for it. God received me back. Then he began to show me the straight way in which I must walk as I never saw it before. Neither did I ever see any one live such a life. I thought, how can I be so different from any one else. Duties crowded in upon me; crosses, such as I never heard of before for a weak female like me to bear; and, in the agony of soul I longed for death to release me. Yet a merciful Jesus bore with me, and still wooed me along by his Spirit. I sought for some one to direct me, but those I talked with, only thought the exercises of my mind were temptations from the devil. Then I came to the conclusion I must take my Bible and the Holy Spirit for my guide, and go on alone, for I knew of no one on the earth that saw the narrow way as I did. Soon after, I found some whom the Lord was leading in the same way; took courage and went on. Last summer I attended a Wesleyan camp-meeting. The Lord was present to save.—Through the influence of one of his children I was enabled to make a more complete consecration of all to God, and received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. The day I left the ground the person above referred to, asked me this question; can the Saviour depend on you now? I told him, Yes! In a few weeks after, I dared not answer that question in the affirmative. The reason was this: The Lord let me see the condition the church was in. I saw her as having the form of godliness but destitute of the life and power. I saw her as in the “gall of bitterness,” and under the strong bonds of iniquity. I knew there were some honest, humble hearts there, but they were so fettered, or had so little Christian independence they

were afraid to take the Bible stand for *right*, knowing it would offend the majority of the members. I promised the Lord I would do my duty, if they turned me out. The next, I was led out to arise after the minister had ceased preaching and exhort the church to come out from the world and be separate, and serve God. It was not accepted. I was told by a minister's wife that the people thought I had not better talk in that way. I began to reason with the Devil, and thought, perhaps I had mistaken my duty. The preacher remarked the next time he preached in that place, that a person that set himself or herself up for a teacher or preacher might know they were not called of God if their teaching was not accepted by the people. I had no doubt but he designed the greatest part of his sermon for me. He spoke in very *severe terms* against the course I had taken. I lost ground by reasoning with the adversary, but saw plainly I could not follow the leadings of the Spirit and remain there. The Lord led me out of the church. I felt that I had no home on earth. My mind was not made up to join the Free Methodists.—I knew not what God was going to do with me. I had heard about this people, but was not satisfied they pursued a right course, as I had not heard the true statements with regard to them.—Last winter in a very providential manner I was brought to Winnebago, having a school engaged in Lena, and to commence in three days. I received word from here they were in want of a teacher, and if I could get released from that engagement, they wished me to take this school. My mind, at first, was to stay there; however, I looked to the Lord and said, “Thy will be done.” I cared not where I was, nor how I was employed, only so I was doing God's will. I found it was his will and he opened the way. I did not understand then why he led me so strangely, but I see it plainly now. The same day I arrived here, brother and sister Shaw returned from the Bonus camp-meeting, and told me how the Lord was there, and I saw he had come home with them in power.

Still I looked upon the Free Methodists with a suspicious eye, and after I began to believe they were of God, and had forsaken *all* for Christ, it was hard for me to make up my mind that I could join a people so despised by every body. Self was not entirely dead.— Since I have seen them in the light of God's Spirit, it has been a wonder they could take in so unworthy a person as I.

Prayer meetings were held at father Shaw's house—each one honored by the presence of God in a wonderful manner—the room filled with persons, some eager to get the influence of the meeting, others to look on with a speculative motive. Then the gospel was sent us, not dressed up in a beautiful exterior to suit the fancy. It was the naked truth of God, not palatable to many. It did not soothe and comfort, but it *cut*, it *burned*, it *seared* to the bone. Thank God forever. It showed me what I never knew before. I almost feared to say I had religion, though I had been professing sanctification for a long time previous to this. I was honest at heart—thought I had it, and think now that I walked in all the light I had. As the clearer light shone I walked in it. I was determined I would build so firmly on the rock that nothing again should move me. I set about the work in good earnest. God began to deal more closely with me than ever before. He showed me what he required of me, and what I would have to suffer if I followed him that way. Looking it all over and counting well the cost, I settled it then and forever to be wholly the Lord's. The act was sealed in heaven and established on earth. Hallelujah to the Lamb! Since then I have been a free person in Christ Jesus. Not one of my father's family or relatives, save two cousins, approve the course I take. All are *strongly opposed*. They are good, kind, loving friends, ready to do any thing to contribute to my comfort and happiness, but are grieved because, as they think, I am being led astray. When I went through the thorough work of consecration I told the Lord I would forsake all my friends, if he required it, for his sake.

He took me at my word. I've had to do it. I love them still, but have them entirely on the altar of consecration.— I am richer to-day than ever before.— Being the daughter of a King, and learning by experience that "'tis his good pleasure to give me the Kingdom." I can sing "Hallelujah, glory, glory," all the way long. My heart is light because 'tis free from sin. 'Tis Jesus' home.— Glory to God! He comes in, bringing his Father with him, my body being the temple of the Holy Ghost! The Triune God reigns here. Hallelujah!

Winnebago, Ill.

#### THE REASON WHY CHILDREN DIE.—

It is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, sloshed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed-clothes. So much for in door. When permitted to breathe a pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peep into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothing at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air, and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woollen stockings, and thick, doubled-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day, a child of three years old—an infant's flesh and blood and bone and constitution—goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and lay it to the Lord is too bad. We don't believe the Almighty had any hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that He has any agency in the death of the child, is a presumption and profanation."—*Journal of Health*.

Grow in grace.



## THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

BY MRS. M. H. FREELAND.

"Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet I show unto you a more excellent way.—1st. Cor., xii : 31.

Among the publications of men, we search in vain to find one so worthy of our confidence as is the holy book of God—the Bible. Here we may come with confidence, as the sailor to his long tried compass, and be sure it points in the right direction. Here is the end of strife. "To the law and to the testimony. If any speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Hence, what is in accordance with the plain, unequivocal meaning of the word, we may unhesitatingly follow as a rule of action.

The Apostle, in addressing his Corinthian brethren, presents in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle, a compendium of the gospel. In the preceding chapter he enumerates the gifts of the Spirit, and represents them as the purchased inheritance of the church under the gospel dispensation, but, anticipating the danger to which the church was exposed of resting in the gifts, and stopping short of the grace that bringeth salvation, he proceeds to give in this chapter the more excellent way; not, however, without exhorting them to covet earnestly the best gifts.

We find in this brief compendium of Divine truth, the difference between a spiritual and formal religion so clearly pointed out that he that runs may read and understand. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that commentators are quite unanimous in the decision that the word translated *charity* in this chapter is much more properly rendered, *love*.

What is this *more excellent way*? Is he a traveler in this way who is miraculously endowed with the tongues of men and of angels? Nay, this is not in itself sufficient.

Is he, who with prophetic ken proclaims things to be, as though already past, the one whom God approves?—Nay; and he who, mighty in faith, can

believe in God even to the removing of mountains, is not thereby qualified for a place in the ranks of the redeemed.—But, more than this; and who can bear the test? not even he who gives all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned is, therefore, all right.—A *martyr* for Jesus, an heir of perdition! Fearful thought! If the way be so straight "who then can be saved?"—All the gifts of the Spirit do not suffice, though possessed in an eminent degree. *Light* is not the vitalizing element in the moral world any more than in the natural. There must be *heat*. As heat is indispensable to vegetable life, so *love* is indispensable to the true spiritual life in the soul. A *shining* light is not enough, it must be burning to be effective. The true characteristics of love have, however, been grossly misapprehended, if we may rely upon the enumeration the inspired Apostle makes in this chapter as correct. Here we find, love is long-suffering, kind, free from a spirit of envy, does not exalt itself, is not puffed up.—

This love, so far from being identical with the "cloak of *charity*" so often talked of by professors of religion, has no likeness to it. True scriptural charity or love, is free from a spirit of compromise. It rejoiceth not in iniquity but in the truth. It does not take up an evil report against its neighbor but rather silently bears to be misrepresented and scandalized, putting the best possible construction on even the malicious words of its enemies; hoping they *intended* no harm. Ah, there is no failure here. Charity or love never faileth. Though the intellectual powers may become so dimmed by disease or age that the *light* of truth is scarcely visible to the mind's eye, still the *heat* is felt by the soul filled with *love*, and in full hope of a glorious rest above, it triumphs over death, hell, and the grave, singing as it nears the cold flood

"'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,  
And death must yield to love."

It was this love that made the early Christians live harmoniously with all things common; for if possessed in all

its fulness, it annihilates the principle of selfishness from the soul, and makes its possessor love his neighbor as himself.

Saved from *ourselves*, we become prepared to feel, to sacrifice, and to labor for the salvation of our fellow men. It is this great salvation that makes real missionaries out of fallen, depraved, pleasure loving, and pleasure seeking men and women. It thrusts out such as laborers in the Master's vineyard and prepares them to go about doing good as did their great Exemplar while on earth. Without this element of moral life it is utterly impossible for any individual to labor successfully for the salvation of souls. Love must make our willing feet move in swift obedience to the Spirit's teachings if we would have our messages regarded.

Beloved readers of the Earnest Christian, shall we not heed the exhortation of the Apostle and "follow after *charity*?" Suspecting the genuineness and depth of our piety if we feel like taking up a report against any one, but especially our Christian brethren; or, if we feel duty a task rather than a pleasure. The dutiful child loves to obey its parent; so the saved soul loves to obey God. Brother, sister, do you love to do God's will in all things? Is it more than your meat and drink? Or do you find a disposition to evade the cross, choosing the flowery path of ease and self indulgence? If so, you may rest assured you are not in "The more excellent way;" and get there at once, before the precious hours of probation are forever passed. What is wanted to give the efficiency to the Christian Church, which it possessed in the days of the Apostles is the fire of Divine love shut up in the hearts of believers, or rather filling their souls so that they shall be constrained to cry aloud and spare not, in warning, reproving, rebuking with all long suffering and doctrine. May the Holy Ghost again descend in pentecostal power upon the Christian Church, filling her with undying love for souls and energizing her for the great work of winning back our fallen race to God.

## LIVING GRACE.

BY J. S. HART.

Not unfrequently is the petition offered for "dying grace," when that hour shall come that comes to all. To those who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage, this aspiration must well up unbidden. It should be remembered that dying grace is needed but once, while living grace is needed daily, to the end of life, and that if the latter is secured the former can never fail us in the last conflict.

"How can I meet and bear this anticipated trial?" "How can I endure the burdens now laid upon me?"—"What shall I do if business prospects do not improve?" How can I live if this beloved one is taken away?"—These, and similar inquiries, are more frequently heard even from Christian lips, than the beautiful expression of one of old, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."—HAB. iii: 17.

For the tried and afflicted believer, how often has the precious assurance of our Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," proved as an exhaustless mine of wealth. While earthly things are, at most, but the passing pageants of an hour, earthly ties frail as the gourd that may wither in a night, the soul that truly leans on Jesus and contemplates the promises, with an appropriating faith may ever rejoice in the Lord."

The following case, which is well authenticated, is worthy to be commended to the afflicted and desponding, as an example of the faith that sustains while outward circumstances are all adverse:

"There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small unpainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman by the name of Chloe

Lankton, bed-ridden with an incurable disease. For twenty-seven years she has lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise or be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain, and at times so excruciating as to make her continued life almost a miracle. Her father, her mother, her four sisters, have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has for many years been left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which occasional and unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common hired domestic.

Yet the grace of God has so wrought in the heart of that lone woman, that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess.—Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures, and no new dress or doll, or knife, or kite, is thought quite complete til it has had the approval of their dear confidant and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young?—Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her a heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways.”

### BE TRUE.

Thou must be true to thyself  
If thou the truth would'st teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul would reach.  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

### PIC-NIC RELIGION.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Pic-nic religion is on the increase, the order of the day. Conviviality is the ultimatum, the first and the last.—“Let us have a jolly time, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.”

Curtail in the least the joyfulness of the little folks or the great folks? Not for the world. Our joy is increased with their joy. We delight evermore to see parents and children, teachers and pupils, on the wing of happy, joyful extacy, always abounding in cheerful vivacity. But how is this joyfulness to be, save in the Lord, in all purity and loveliness; save in the seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; things true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report? The question is, whether the pic-nic or convivial religion is gospel, pure, undefiled, such as meets the emergencies of the day, and is well pleasing in the sight of Heaven. It is possible that pic-nics may be harmless, the amusements connected therewith, the relaxation also, lawful and healthy, but are they so? Are pic-nics profitable, spiritually or religiously, the way they are generally managed? Do they tend to reform, enlighten the mind, convict and convert the soul? Instead of exerting a saving, salutary influence, do they not frequently prove detrimental to spiritual life and hope? The excitement for weeks is more or less dissipating, swallowing up every thought of the soul's welfare. Children are on fire for a spree,—and what else are very many of these pic-nic excursions but sprses or frolics?

We rejoice to see a waking up on this question. A valuable correspondent of “The Boston Recorder” inquires whether Satan is not spreading his net hereabouts; whether there is not now an excess of this pic-nic religion, and whether we are not losing sight of the spiritual in the animal. All false religions seek to attract interest by amusements and animal gratifica-



tions. The worshippers of the golden calf sat down to eat and drink the oblations to their new god, and then rose up to play. And a bait of sensuality in some form has always been the lure to heathen worship. Popery has always followed in the same line. Even its Sabbath worship connects a dance with the mass. And throughout the whole structure of that "mystery of iniquity," the sensual and the comic are interwoven with the pomps and ritual of worship. And one of the most common methods by which decay advances upon sound churches is by pleas of amusements to give an attractive and hilarious character to religion, which usually are so many pleas for conformity to the world.

I am not unaware of the value of a cheerful religion. I respond to the reasonableness of the command to "rejoice evermore." And yet I read that the "Joy of the Lord is your strength," and that your rejoicing must be in God to make it a religious joy, where professedly religious men indulge in gratifications that are worldly, sensual, and frivolous.

"There is a path that leads to God;  
All others go astray."

**EARNESTNESS.**—Where, where is earnestness, now? It is neither in pulpit nor yet in pew, in such a manner as we desire it; and it is a sad, sad age, where earnestness is scoffed at, and when that very zeal which ought to be the prominent characteristic of the pulpit, is regarded as enthusiasm and fanaticism.—I ask God to make us all just such enthusiasts as many despise. We reckon it the greatest fanaticism in the world to go to hell, the greatest enthusiasm upon earth to love sin better than righteousness; and we think those neither fanatics nor enthusiasts who seek to obey God rather than man, and follow Christ in all his way.—SPURGEON.

Have no fellowship with sin. Neither commit it thyself nor countenance it in others.

## USING TOBACCO.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

We are about to notice one of the most loathsome practices in the whole catalogue of vicious habits. It is no desirable task for one who is free from the contamination and servitude of tobacco, to enter upon a subject which presents so many repulsive features, and discloses so many unwelcome scenes. But when our feet are lashed by waves of spittle, and our eyes are blinded by clouds of smoke, issuing from a thousand mouths, it seems imperatively demanded that *some one* speak with a loud voice, write with a bold hand, and act with a strong nerve, to stay the unholy tide that pollutes our earth.

The cause of the *universality* of the practice is one of the strangest problems that common life has ever offered for solution. Tobacco has surely triumphed over mighty obstacles, and won its way to popularity contrary to every human probability in the case. It is revolting to the natural senses. It seriously disorders the stomach, producing in nearly every instance the most disagreeable nausea. It would seem that the great God had thus interposed an effectual barrier to so gross a practice; but so deep-seated is the principle of revolt in man, that he rushes on in his headlong course, *intent* on disobedience, though it be at an immense sacrifice of his own comfort and interest. The practice has now become *fashionable*. Many a man adopts it from a dread of singularity. But its popularity can never become its palliation. It is *wrong*. With rare exceptions, tobacco has no gracious qualities to be applauded. We meet it as an *enemy*, preying upon its millions of deluded votaries insidiously, destructively. It is an enemy that ought to be *exposed and routed!* We come forward to contribute our mite.

1. *It violates the laws of health.*—The salivary glands are so constituted as to be naturally acted on by whatever solid substance is taken into the mouth. This action results in a certain fluid,

called saliva, which mixes with the food and prepares it for digestion. It is of great importance that these glands be kept in a healthy condition. In order to this, they must be neither over-taxed nor superseded. They are *superseded* in their functions when we habitually wash down our food with extraneous fluids, such as tea and coffee, or even water. The tobacco-chewer, on the other hand, is constantly *over-taxing* these glands, and spitting away an essential element of his vitality. So much for the physiology of the case. What are the facts? If we had the ability to ferret out and collect the facts that stand connected with the use of this vile weed, they would undoubtedly be such as to shock the sensibilities of the whole world. But tobacco is a deceptive narcotic. It acts as a soothing opiate, at the same time it gnaws away the foundation of life. It silently diffuses poison through the system, without apprising the mind of the dangerous fact.—But despite all the difficulties of the case, the veil has been penetrated and much positive knowledge acquired. The most eminent physicians are now agreed in their verdict of condemnation. Tobacco lies at the bottom of many diseases that annually sweep their victims into a premature grave. It is estimated that twenty thousand of our own countrymen are killed by it every year!

2. *Its associations are bad and its tendencies dangerous.*—Tobacco frequently heads a long and dark list of vices.—Drunkenness not always, but often follows in the wake. You will find but very few drunkards who were not previously the slaves of tobacco. Nor is the fact without a reason. There is a natural connection between the two.—“Chewing and smoking tobacco,” says Dr. Stephenson, “exhausts the salivary glands, thus producing dryness and thirst. Hence it is, that, after the use of a cigar and the quid, brandy, whiskey, or some other spirit, is called for.” Dr. Messey says: “In the habit of smoking there is no small danger. It produces a huskiness of the mouth which calls for some liquid; hence the kindred habits of

smoking and drinking.” This position is confirmed by the testimony of such men as Drs. Rush, Alcott, Coles, and Warren. It is more strongly confirmed by the *practice of thousands*, who have made tobacco the stepping-stone to downright drunkenness. One vicious habit seldom stands alone. If “misery likes company,” so does sin.

3. *It kills time.*—The time required to procure, prepare, and use this article, may be limited and fragmentary; but life itself is made up of fragments, and every fragment fraught with high responsibilities. Let the wasted minutes, scattered along the pathway of the smoker, chewer, or snuffer, be gathered up, and the aggregate may fill his soul with astonishment and regret. Are there not some who profess to be living for eternity, and yet spend more time in smoking than they do in supplication? O how these murdered moments of time will stare them in the face like a thousand ghosts, when that significant—“Give account of thy stewardship”—shall ring in their ears! It will then be seen how often the *pipe* took the place of *prayer*, and with what sad results.

4. *It involves much expense.*—It may be small in detail, but it is enormous in the aggregate. A brother in this neighborhood, recently converted, was, at the time, a confirmed tobacco chewer. A few weeks ago, convicted of its unholy character, he renounced the practice. The other evening he held up a new hymn book in the church, as the product of his tobacco money for five weeks. He expressed his intention to purchase a Bible with the money that may next accrue from the same source, and after that to devote such money to charitable purposes. He saves in this way ten cents a week. Who can fail to see that such a sum of \$5.20 a year must be far more pleasing to God than the way in which it has been worse than wasted for many years past.

Let *statistics* speak with all their stubbornness and force. *Thirty millions* of dollars are annually expended for tobacco in the United States; *five millions* of which are paid out by pro-

fessed Christians! This was true several years ago. It is probably below the truth to-day. Here is an argument that needs no dressing up to make it impressive. It must come home with burning conviction and terrible force to every honest heart. How many needed improvements might be effected with this vast sum! How many schools might be established; how many asylums founded; how many church edifices erected; how many missionaries of the cross supported; and how many bibles, tracts, and religious books, distributed among the millions of earth, who go mourning in sorrow and sin!—Let this turbid stream of selfishness be dried up, and the appeals of charity would meet with a more hearty response. Let the money now expended to supply the Christian Church with tobacco, be allowed to flow into the treasury of the Lord, and many a desert would “blossom as the rose,” and produce the fruits of faith and love. How many precious souls will welter in their blood forever, who might have been reached and redeemed by the very money which the church has been squandering to gratify a lust—“earthly, sensual, devilish!” How can the friends of Jesus thus parley with conscience, and ignore the rightful claims of Heaven?

5. *It is a violation of common decency.*—One would suppose that a practice so pernicious, and filthy, would retire with the march of civilization. It is fit only to be reckoned among the barbarisms of savage life. What then, is our surprise to find it overleaping its original limits, and receiving the patronage of thousands and millions scattered throughout the civilized world, who urge their claim to high respectability and refinement! But strangest of all, we find this vile intruder strongly entrenched within the sacred precincts of the church of God! *Horribile dictu!* We had supposed that a fair degree of tidiness was essential to godliness. This opinion has been strengthened by the following scriptural injunctions: “Let all things be done decently.” “Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of

the flesh.” “Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.” If some tobacco chewers are not too filthy to enjoy religion, we have misjudged the moral bearings of the question. A Christian’s “body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.” Is it not with some reluctance that the “Holy Ghost” consents to abide in a body all saturated and poisoned with this filthy drug? We put the question seriously, not sarcastically. We suppose the filthiness of the practice will hardly be denied. It is frankly acknowledged by many who are fast bound within its iron grasp. They despise it, and yet they cling to it. Their judgment revolts at the vile habit, but appetite pleads and prevails. If however, any need conviction on this point, let them seriously consider a few scenes.—And first, what do you think of that sister, at whose house you just called?—You think she lacks a little in tidiness; but do not judge her harshly. The stove and the floor around it present a rather dreary aspect, it is true; but if you knew how much sweeping and scrubbing, and blacking and rubbing that woman has done to keep her stove and floor in a decent condition, you would pity instead of blaming her. The effusions of her foul-mouthed husband are so abundant, and so carelessly deposited, as to baffle all effort to keep up with him. It has worn out all her strength and her patience also. Let us pass. Here is a church edifice. It has been solemnly dedicated to God, in all its parts. But somehow it looks as though the floor had been taken back. It cannot be that God owns such a floor, especially on the men’s side! It is so besmeared with tobacco that the really tidy are sickened at the sight. Who would wish to sweep their clothes through such filth, by kneeling in church? If Christians are to humble themselves in “dust and ashes,” they are never required to do it in puddles of tobacco spittle!—The picture is surely a dark one in theory, but darker still in practice, as many



of the sisters can testify, who are called on to clean our churches once a year.—We leave the reader to imagine the scene, while we drop the curtain. Once more: Who thinks it very desirable to enter a store, or shop, or hotel, and nearly suffocate with tobacco-smoke before you finish your business? And do you think it extremely polite for several gentlemen (?) to be puffing away like so many walking volcanoes, and you going the same way just behind them, *facing the wind*? Beautiful, isn't it? Yet such is the etiquette of many who try to figure largely in this fast and fashionable age.—We might very justly refer to the *juicy lips*, the colored *teeth*, the scented *breath*, and many other unpleasant associations of “the weed.” But enough.

6. *It ignores the principles of self-denial.*—The habit of using tobacco is hard to form, and harder still to renounce. But is this any reason why a Christian should persist in it? The Bible requires us to “deny ourselves”—to “mortify the deeds of the body”—to “abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul.” It does not promise us exemption from all difficulty in so doing. If we get into a wicked snare it will cost us something to get out. God will always help those who help themselves, and sometimes he helps them *amazingly*. There are many cases where, in answer to prayer, God has taken away all *desire* for a surrendered idol. This has often been true in regard to those who have given up their tobacco. But however hard the struggle may be, every idol must fall—every sinful object must be abandoned—every unhallowed lust crucified. And yet we hear our brethren constantly apologizing for using tobacco, because they love it, and find it difficult to give it up! Is this the spirit of Christian sacrifice and heroism? May we consult our own taste in the matter, and follow out our own inclinations? If so, “what do we more than others? for sinners also do even the same.” To take this position, is to ignore the self-denial of the gospel and discard the authority of God. How strangely inconsistent, is it for man to

denounce one species of self-indulgence while himself a slave to another. We have sometimes thought we could detect such inconsistency in those ministers or members who pour out, from a mouth all defiled with tobacco, a torrent of burning denunciation against the tinselry of the sisterhood! If any one can prove that it is more blame-worthy for a sister to wear artificials or jewels than for a brother to use tobacco, we should like to see the demonstration. In the light of these facts it is difficult to see the propriety of legislating against superfluous dress, unless we denounce with equal emphasis the vile practice under consideration.

“But I use tobacco for my health.”—This excuse has become stereotyped.—Some may be conscientious, but with many they are vain words. It is doubtless true that in rare cases, tobacco is an excellent medicine. It is equally true that it kills many more than it cures.—Injury is the rule, and benefit the exception. But even in cases where tobacco might be beneficial, as a general thing something else would answer the end equally well, and often better. How do women get along without it? If tobacco possesses such restorative properties as many would have us believe, then, certainly, the stronger sex ought not to monopolize it. Let the sisters be “partakers of the benefit.” Either let our tobacco-using brethren forever abandon this threadbare apology, or else use their influence to introduce “the weed” among the weaker sex. Which will they do?

O brethren, this is no trifling matter. A gigantic evil has been working long and insidiously, and the time for reform has come. Already the star of hope begins to arise. The conscience of the church is waking up. The light is shining, and many are willing to walk in it. We are looking for a mighty revolution of public sentiment on this subject; similar, indeed, to what has taken place within the last fifty years on the subject of intoxicating liquors. But shall the church wait for the world to lead the way? Surely, God designed his redeemed children to be the great

heralds of reform. O that the work may begin in the right place, and go on with accelerating speed, till first the *Church* and then the *world* shall burst the last chain of the tyrant, *Tobacco!*

West Greece, N. Y.

### THE BELIEVER'S PORTION.

BY MRS. B. M. GILLEY.

"The Lord is my portion," saith my soul. Glory be to God. What a satisfying portion! This is the language of a heart in which the love of God is perfected. In the estimation of such a heart gold is but glittering dust, and fame is but vanity. It is the language of a heart that not only loves God, and loves him supremely, but loves him exclusively. Some, whose attainments are lower may prefer him above their "chief joy;" but they cannot say in the full and exclusive language of the prophet, "THE LORD IS MY PORTION SAITH MY SOUL." And yet the state here presented is the only consistent and safe condition. And in view of the great love wherewith God hath loved us, it surely is not too much that we should love him to the exclusion of every rival. If "the Lord's portion is his people," it is not unreasonable that his people should take him as their portion. Still it is to be feared that some professing to be the disciples of Christ, and who cherish a hope of heaven, instead of crucifying the flesh, do actually "make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Surely these have chosen their portion in this life. There are many who desire to be Christians, and with feelings of deep concern inquire "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?" But the prospect of sacrifice and self-denial keeps them back. They are not willing to "renounce all the treasures of Egypt," and become self-denying, cross-bearing followers of Jesus. But there must be the spirit of sacrifice—a spirit that would give all that the heart holds dear, for the sake of enjoying the favor of God. For the Saviour himself has declared "Whosoever will save his life

shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."—There is a state, blessed be God, in which we realize that not only is God "in all," but that he is *emphatically* "ALL IN ALL." For if the disciple of Jesus has sacrificed much, he has gained much more. If his heart is emptied of the world, it is filled with God—for God fills with himself that heart from which everything else is cast out. Jesus himself said, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." And again, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."—Many also that have obtained this great salvation fail of that perfect rest in God which it is their privilege to enjoy.—There is no lack of confidence in God, but a defective view of their privileges as his children.—they believe his promises so far as they understand them, but have not yet learned how great and precious those promises are, and how universal in their application. When the heart overflows with sensible comfort they can repose upon God; but in outward affliction and internal desolation, they can only cling to him, and that too, with trembling. When will believers learn, under all circumstances, to "trust and not be afraid?" When will they learn to be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let their requests be made known unto God;" and then with unbroken composure await the result?

Then and then only will they learn it when they learn to say in the exclusiveness of its meaning, "The Lord is my portion." O brother, sister, consider the greatness of your wants,—the infinite bounty of the Donor; and then ask and expect accordingly. You shall not ask in vain; you cannot ask too much, for "he giveth liberally and upbraideth not." How satisfying is the believer's portion. Those who seek happiness in the world are always disappointed. But he who has chosen God for his portion, already enjoys what the Psalmist antic-

ipated when he said "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." And while with holy exultation he cries, "The Lord is my portion," he is permitted to contemplate that portion as it stretches away through the immeasurable ages of eternity. Glory be to God and the Lamb forever and forever!

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find."

### SERIOUSNESS.

Nothing is so contrary to godliness as levity. Seriousness consists in the matter of what is spoken, in the manner of speaking, in dignity of behavior, and in weighty, not trifling actions.—Some people are serious by nature, some by policy, and for selfish ends, and some by grace and from a sense of duty.

Jesting and raillery, lightness of behavior, useless occupations, joy, without trembling and awe of God, an affectation of vivacity and sprightliness, are all contrary to the Spirit of God. "A fool laughs loud," saith Solomon: but a wise man scarce smiles a little.

Levity is contrary to contrition and self-knowledge—to watching and prayer—frequently to charity—and to common sense, when death is at our heels.

Levity is also destructive of all devotion in our own heart—and those of others, by unfitting the company for receiving good, and bringing a suspicion of hypocrisy upon all.

Seriousness is useful to prevent the foregoing miscarriages, to keep grace, to recommend piety, and a sense of God's presence, to leave room for the Spirit to work, and to check levity and sin in others.

And have we not motives sufficient to seriousness? Are we not priests and kings to God—temples of the Holy Ghost? Are we not walking in the presence of God—on the verge of the grave—and in sight of eternity?

All who walk with God are serious, taking their Lord for their example, and walking by Scripture precepts and warnings.

"But are we to renounce innocent mirth?" Our souls are diseased. "Are we to be dull and melancholy?" Seriousness and solid happiness are inseparable. "Is there not a time for all things?" There is no time for sin and folly.

FLETCHER.

AFFLICTIONS OF CHRISTIANS.—They have frequently more of these sufferings than others. The husbandman does not prune the bramble, but the vine. The stones designed for the temple above, require more cutting and polishing than those which are for the common wall. Correction is not for strangers, but children. The Christian mourns over those infirmities which are not viewed by others as sins, such as wandering thoughts and cold affections in duty. It is said of that beautiful bird, the bird of Paradise, that when it is caught and caged, it never ceases to sigh till it is free. Just such is the Christian. Nothing will satisfy him but the glorious liberty of the sons of God.—*Jay*.

BACKSLIDER.—If you are *worldly minded* you are a backslider. If you find the things of the world are uppermost in your mind, and occupy your first thoughts in the morning, or press spontaneously upon your attention as soon as you are alone; if your associations and thoughts and feelings are earthly, you are a backslider in heart.—FINNEY.

DIFFICULTY ADVANTAGEOUS.—Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator who know us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amiable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—*Burke*.

"Whosoever will, let him come."



## THE STRICKEN ONE.

"In all points tempted like as we are."—Hsa. iv. 15.

WHEN to the heart by sorrow broken  
The words of Holy Writ are spoken  
By friend's or pastor's voice,  
Which bid thee take thy chastisement,  
As by a Father's mercy sent,  
And in thy grief rejoice.

Say, do the words which strike thine ear  
Dull as a twice-told tale appear,  
Or song of idle sound,  
Said with the mouth, but not the heart,  
By one who acts his formal part  
In set, mechanic round?

O, think not of the earthly lips,  
Whose heartless chill may half eclipse  
The rays of Love Divine;  
But gaze on Him, th' Eternal Son,  
Who, having made thy griefs His own,  
Will make His comfort thine.

Has death, with iron fingers cold,  
Grasped in his unrelenting hold  
The flower thou would'st have kept?  
Remember, that by Lazarus' tomb,  
Potent himself to unseal his doom,  
'Tis written, "Jesus wept."

Have coward friends in sores need,  
Left thee in loneliness to bleed,  
And breast life's angry tide?  
Thine be the vengeance Jesus took,  
When Peter met his Master's look,  
His Master thrice denied.

Or, falser yet, in friendship's guise  
Hath treachery lured thy blinded eyes  
Then plunged the poisoned blade?  
O, think for whom that fraud was planned,  
When Judas led the midnight band,  
And with a kiss betrayed!

Or, is it love all unreturned,  
Or e'en with wanton mockery spurned,  
That turns thy soul to gall?  
Remember on what hearts of stone,  
That ne'er one grateful thought had known  
A Saviour's love could fall.

Whate'er the thorn that bows thee down,  
There is a sharper in the crown

That hangs on Jesus' brow;  
O, faithless heart, in Him confide,  
By every human sorrow tried,  
"In all things like as thou."

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN BY  
DELIRIUM TREMENS.

We have just buried him. We feel sad and gloomy. He was but twenty-four years old, and a few days since passed and repassed our door, a robust, muscular, strong appearing young man. *He killed himself.* Every day, four or five years past, he has been pouring a fiery liquid into his stomach.

He commenced drinking; he drank more and more; he soon loved it so well that he bought and drank alone, because he loved the drink and the excitement that came from it. Then he ran down rapidly. Down he went. Drink, Drink!

One morning, last summer, his associates noticed something unusual in his manner. His eyes appeared swollen, bloodshot and wild. He talked nonsense. Pretty soon he commenced as if he were pulling something from his mouth, and measuring it off, and winding it up into a coil. They asked him what he was doing. He said he was pulling wire from his mouth. "Why, no you are not," said they. "Well, I'll show you, then;" and he pulled away, and broke off about a yard, as he thought, and handed it to them.

His friends saw what was coming, and watched him through the day, and at night got him home, where he had not been long before he fell, speechless and helpless, in a fit. His teeth were hard set, he frothed at the mouth, his eyes became glassy, his veins swollen and blackened, and his face had a livid, purple hue. He passed from one to another of these fits—each lasting from ten to twenty minutes—till he had quite a number. Finally, he slept. Then came the dreadful time of suspense to those who knew what to expect. He awoke suddenly, near morning, with a dreadful scream, and our worst fears were realized. He was raving in delirium tremens.

In the morning I obtained four strong men, who were well acquainted with this disease, to take care of him. Their united strength and all their wits were often necessary to confine him to the room, and to prevent him from injuring himself or others.

I wish you to be able to judge something of his sufferings from his wild talk. Let me say that he knew, and would call by name, all his acquaintances that came into the room; and yet he was raving crazy.

"There, sting away! Now bore another hole! O, get off my foot, you little green d—I, you! Father, if you don't stop that, I'll smash your head! You think you've got me now—four or five great lubbers—but wait till I get off this old rotten boat! I'll fix you! There he goes! See his tail shake! O, take him off!"

His mouth was all bloody, where he had pulled out imaginary cotton, digging with his nails to get it from between his teeth. He thought we were stuffing it into his mouth. His tormentors seemed to be an innumerable host of little annoyances—small bugs, worms, or stinging insects. From this, the doctor inferred he would recover. And so he did. After two days and nights of such torment, he went to sleep, and slept twelve hours. He awoke rational, pale, feeble, sore, and as simple and penitent as a child. He vowed never to taste strong drink again; He recovered, and in a few days was about. *Now mark the power of habit and of bad associations.* He was determined never to drink again; but he mingled with the same persons, and frequented the same places, and they were too strong for him. He held out *just one week!* He then went to drinking again, and continued to drink for some eight months, and until within a few days past. He drank more and more. His physicians told him that one more attack would kill him. Well, a few days since, he came home and fell prostrate upon the floor in a fit. One fit succeeded another. He became rigid, turned black in the face, frothed at the mouth,

and shook with dreadful convulsions. He finally came out of the fits, and was rational for a short time. Almost as soon as the fits left him he asked his mother if she thought he would have delirium. She was frank, and told him she thought he would. With a dreadful, heart breaking groan, he turned his face away, exclaiming, "O, dear! O, dear! and in a short time was raving in delirium. He never spoke another rational word. His looks of dread, his trembling frame, his bloodshot, glaring eyes, his ravings, his shudders, and his fearful recoils from his enemies, I can give you no idea of. You shall hear something of his language, just as nearly as possible as he uttered it. You will mark that *now* all his fears are of something great, high, deep, dark, crushing, suffocating, overwhelming. It seemed as if his brain was suffused, pressed, crushed, stifled. Before, his troubles were small; now, too great for endurance. Listen to the mad ravings of the poor young man we have just buried out of our sight.

"Come down here, some of you! Help! O, I'm sinking lower and lower! *Do reach something down!* O, dear! *It's getting so dark, and damp, and cold!* Pull me out! Heave away, now! Heave! Here I come! There, it comes now! Get away, quick! Let me jump before it crushes me! O, what a mass is rolling down! How black it gets! Where shall I go? Open the window! Open—break it—smash it out! O, it's on me! I'm crushed! Don't let 'em in, don't. What's this round my neck? Untie it! It chokes me! Don't! O, my—breath—my O—!"

He raved and suffered thus until within a few hours of his death. Then he fell into an unconscious, quiet state. He never knew any one after he became calm—never spoke, and soon expired.

Let us learn to *watch and fear*, and to shun his course. A few years since, his mother held him in her arms, an innocent babe. She hoped for him only as a mother can hope. Childhood passed; youth came, and the temptation too strong for him. He fell!—*Anti-Tobacco Jour.*

## SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

BY MANLY S. HARD.

It is not difficult to cause ourselves to believe almost *any thing*. By continued association with the most glaring faults, we learn to apologize for them.—The truth, that we “first endure, then pity, then embrace,” finds a verification in the developement of almost every heart. Those that are least *conscious* of a revolution in their belief, are often the most sensibly changed.

The reason for the tenacious adherence to present opinions, which once were disavowed, may not be that the former received theories were erroneous, but that, by a continued contact with an opposing belief, we soon look upon it with complacency, and later, incorporate it into our creed. We delight to cherish that which causes the least conflict with our idea of morals, be the same true or false. The man whose natural heart shrinks from the scathing truth, as it is brought hard by the word, which is to be the test-book at the decisive hour, joyfully embraces the hope, that the “love that knows no bounds,” will pervade the heart of the Mighty Judge, and that the drunkard and the saint; the faithful of God, and the patrician; the distrusted of earth and the favored of heaven, may share one common home. We dare not believe this at once. Our hearts know a strange fluttering, as we seek to poise them upon this trembling basis. At first we feel fearful apprehensions of imbibing an insecure faith. But, later, although the elements of the creed are still wanting in reconcilability, the folds of a faithful morality are wrapped about the groundless trust, and the deluded heart is content. The germ, of which this is the developement, at its budding time, demanded constant nursing. We forced ourselves into the damning belief.—Many a hardened one, whose offered plea is, “no feeling,” has, the hundredth time, been lulled to rest, by the murmuring tones of a mother’s prayer.—No reluctance is echoed from our hom-

barded hearts, although the approach may be made, with the tear dimmed eyes of a tender father, or the purest love a sister knows.

The feeblest utterance Jehovah’s of truth, once gave us unutterable alarm.—Now, the forked lightnings of changeless doom, awaken no fearful apprehensions. For this awful state, *we alone must account*. The will, which Heaven can not force, nor hell subdue, causes us to become white-robed saints, or fire-wrapped fiends. A single act, in violation of better judgment, may drag down a blood-washed soul to share with blackened spirits forever, the rayless night, or point it to glory unending.—God has given us the power for investigation. He intended we should search for truth, not only in the revealed word, but in *men*. Not only in creeds, but in *judicial acts*. Not only in what men preach, but in what they *do*. The right is given us, not only of knowing, but of imparting truth. The boon of thought, with the denial of expression, is the very antipode of Christian freedom.—He limits his manhood, and has diminutive views of his nobler rights, who walks within himself, since none seek his ideal of moral worth. We choose the clamor of the thunder, to the night without a whisper. The raging of the tempest, to the eve without a breath.—The tossing of a nation, to the quiet of ignoble peace.

The utterance of truth, which found its echo in heaven, has cost many a man his life, the suppression of it many a man *his soul*. The guillotine and block; the inquisition and rack, live in history, but the spirit of their instigation *has yet to find its grave*. The land that we love, for whose preservation our blood shall flow, if need be, shields the Christian rights we hold dear, but the baser passions which it checks, live still in the human breast. He alone is true, who, not only walks in the light possessed, but seeks for all to be obtained.

Lima, N. Y.

DUTY.—God’s people should be prayerful.



## THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, JUNE, 1862.

### RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We have no sympathy with a form of Christianity that does not inculcate, and insist upon, personal righteousness. An honest heathen is a better man than a dishonest professor of the religion of Christ. His hopes of heaven are better founded. This easy, amiable, compromising holiness, that gives its countenance to worldly-conformity, as far as is popular, that supports slavery, and welcomes men-stealers to the communion as brothers beloved; and then makes speeches to promote a popular war brought on by slavery; that dares not inquire for the right, and when it sees it dares not stand by it, is not of God. The holiness of the Bible has for its chief element love—but it is the love of a kind father who chastens his son while there is hope, and does not spare for his crying; and not the fondness of a weak mother that, to spare present pain, will expose to future and eternal misery. "They that forsake the law praise the wicked: but such as keep the law contend with them."

In nothing is much of the Christianity of the age more defective than in righteousness. Faith is insisted upon. Love is made the one thing—and by love is meant an unthinking, blind-fold charity, that takes for gold all that glitters—that considers it harsh and unbrotherly to question the profession of any who belong to, and liberally sustain "our church," no matter how flatly his profession may be contradicted by his life.—What! know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? The life must be right—the actions—the words—the influence.

"When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness," saith the prophet, and how the prediction is being verified." God's judgments are indeed in this land. Many of our noblest young men have already fallen, and many more are yet to follow.—Scarcely a neighborhood that is not shrouded in mourning.

It is a satisfaction to know that the men of the world are learning righteousness.—The state, thus far, seems to learn much more rapidly than the church. The noble proclamation of General Hunter, offering freedom to all the slaves in his department, is an indication of the great advance that has been made in favor of human freedom. Many valuable lives and much treasure would have been saved if the President had made it months ago. But he has repealed it, without however repudiating its principles. He reserves to himself the right of deciding whether it is competent for the commander-in-chief to declare the slaves of any state free, and whether at any time there is a necessity for executing that power.

The infatuation of the South is evidently judicial—and the savage tempers they exhibit show very plainly that they will never submit to the government as long as they have slaves to till their land and keep them in food and ammunition. God's hand has written the doom of slavery; and every effort on the part of the government to prolong its existence only causes needless suffering. It is a mistaken mercy that stealthily feeds the felon doomed to death by starvation.

The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia calls for devout thanksgiving.—Slavery has infected the very air of the capitol of the nation until it has become a Sodom in sin, and sensuality.

The passage of the Homestead bill is another evidence of improvement in the administration of the government of the country. By this wise law every head of a family may, if he will, by God's blessing become, in five years, the owner of a good farm of one hundred and sixty acres. The public lands will be rapidly settled, under this new law; and the friends of Jesus must see that the Gospel goes into the now desert regions that must soon blossom as the rose.

### A MISSION FIELD.

In the city of Buffalo, between the canal and the lake, is a region known as the Five Points, where Satan reigns supreme. Here

"Wander the sons of Belial,  
Flown with insolence and wine."

'Almost every building has a brothel and a bar. In some respects it is a more heart

sickening, ruinous place than the noted Five Points of New York. In a walk through the latter place one sees the old, decrepit, ignorant, most of whom, apparently, never knew a better condition. But in Buffalo, in these suburbs of perdition, are found youth and intelligence among both sexes. Many have been, evidently, respectably brought up, and once had prospects as bright and promising as any.—Here sailors and boatmen spend their hard earned wages. Here clerks, and merchants, and mechanics, and young men from the city, and young men from the country lay the foundation of a ruin more terrible than any war or commercial disaster ever wrought. The "strange woman sitteth at the door of her house, to call passengers who go on their way. She hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

Last summer we had meetings on the dock, in the vicinity of this neighborhood. This spring, a boatman, living in the very worst part of this bad place, who had attended these meetings and had been partially awakened, was taken sick and thought he was going to die. He was greatly alarmed, and sent for some of our people to go and pray with him. Several went; and he gave good evidence of being converted. The noise of singing, and praying, and shouting, brought many in from the adjoining saloons. Most of them knelt, and a deep solemnity pervaded the room.

We felt as if it was a providential opening, as if the time had come for us to make a special effort for the salvation of souls in that region. The conviction fastened upon us that a place of worship must be procured, and the Gospel carried into that desolate, dark place. We visited among and prayed with them, and on looking around, found, over a saloon, a large hall which apparently stood waiting for us to occupy. We hired it at ten dollars a month—seated it and commenced meetings. We needed no bell—the sound of praise and prayer in that region was sufficient at any time, to draw a large congregation. We have held meetings five Sabbaths and some week days. Five fe-

males, and two young men have been clearly saved, as the visible result of these meetings.

To the young women who become converted, we furnish a home in our family, until the way is opened for them to take care of themselves in a respectable manner.—Sisters, if any you feel that Jesus would be pleased with your helping us in this work, by taking any of these penitent ones into your families, and looking after them; caring for them, and helping them on in the way to heaven; please to make us acquainted with your wishes.—Many of them are quite young, and to hear the sad stories of the wrongs they suffered, which brought ruin upon them, would make your hearts bleed.

In the great day of retribution, when the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, it will be seen that a fearful responsibility for these wrecks of humanity, rests upon some who occupied a respectable position in society. The deepest place in the pit of woe, the hottest billows of fiery damnation will be reserved for the wretches who, by leading virtuous females into the path of sin, send to happy families a desolation such as death never made.

#### SENSITIVENESS.

Do not be so sensitive. Some cannot hear a close sermon or exhortation, or a fervent, Spirit-inspired prayer without appearing to feel that it was meant as a personal affront to them, or their friends or party. This morbid sensitiveness always indicates an unhealthy state of the soul. One, with a wound unhealed, can hardly pass through a crowd without injury. So, he who is forever getting hurt in a religious meeting, may rest assured that he is healed but slightly.

There are some who hear, as did a pro-slavery politician. Being invited by a friend to attend church, he said he had quit going, because he did not like to hear politics preached.

"But our minister preaches the Gospel," said his friend, "he never makes any allusions to politics. Go with me, and I assure you that you will hear nothing offensive."

He went. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his friend on their way home. "Just as I expected. The ministers can-

not let politics alone."

"What did he say of a political character?" inquired his friend. "I listened attentively but heard nothing. What was it that you object to?"

"Why, he said the wicked should be turned into hell; but he meant them, *them Democrats*."

Thus it is with many. They are on the continual look-out for something with which they can find fault. This morbid sensitiveness is sadly out of place in one professing to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. You must get rid of it or you will backslide. Pray earnestly that you may become crucified with Christ, and then these little things will not hurt you.

#### PRAYING AT PEOPLE

never does any good. In fact it is not only not Christ-like, but is decidedly cowardly.—Prayer should be the out-pouring of holy hearts, and not a medium for expressing compliments on the one hand or dislike on the other. Prayer, to be of any avail, must result from the Spirit making intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered."

#### A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

We are much obliged to Sister McCrosson for sending us the following letter from one of our brave volunteers. God bless the soldiers. No where is religion more needed than in the army. We devoutly pray that such meetings as he describes may become common. And we believe they would if the Chaplains were *good men and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost*. Men elected to this office through Masonic influence, who go chiefly for the sake of the salary, who sign false vouchers, and draw pay to which they have no title, and who manage to keep along by smoking, drinking, and lounging with the officers, are a curse to the soldiery and tend to make infidels rather than Christians.

#### CAMP MAION.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have just returned from one of the most affecting meetings I ever enjoyed. It was held in our chapel, where Jesus has often met with us, but never in such power as to night. I wish I could

describe it to you, for I know it would do you good, but I must not complain, for it would take an angel hand to portray the scene I have just witnessed. We met to sing and pray as is our custom on Wednesday evening. We had not proceeded far when it was evident the Lord was with us in power. Chaplain Inskip made a few remarks, also Bro. Dean and myself; when, to the astonishment of all present, tears could be seen rolling down the cheek of every soldier present. The stoutest hearts were softened by the influence of the Spirit of God. Never was there a more sublime illustration of Christian principle. A body of brave men living in camp nearly a whole year—been in battle severe and long—affected to tears and weeping like children.—It was the power of the Gospel of Christ, brought to bear on their hearts. Chaplain Inskip asked, if there were any present that would go to heaven with us, to stand up.—Most every one arose. One came forward and said, "Here chaplain is my hand."—at the same time bursting into a flood of tears; which was soon followed by most all present. All cried and wept like children, even to the chaplain and his wife, and we shook hands and wept, wept and shook hands.—One and another would get hold of my hand and cry, William, or Billy, *do pray for me*. I have been in many meetings, but never in such a solemn and impressive meeting as this. This work is all of God, as we have made no effort (extra) to get it up. This revival man did not get up, but it came down from heaven. It will never be forgotten by any one that was present. Here, then, is over thirty souls who desire salvation.—"Pray for me, *pray for me—pray for me*," is the request of all these. Bro. will you not pray especially for us? God has heard prayer in awakening these souls. Now may they be saved. God grant it. You and your dear class will pray for us. Pray in faith, as in less than thirty days these very men will be on the battle field in deadly strife, and some must make soldier's graves. For myself, I have perfect peace in Jesus.—So don't worry about me, death will be my eternal gain.

Yours in Jesus,

WM. C. O. D.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many precious letters to which we should have been glad to have replied in season. But most of the time we have been away, travelling, preaching, and trying to lead souls to the cross. Our friends will please accept our cordial thanks for their kind words of encouragement, and we hope they will continue their favors.

GIVE THE NAME OF YOUR POST OFFICE always; in writing on business, relating to the Earnest Christian and Golden Rule.—This omission has prevented us from complying with the wishes of some who have written us. We could not do it, *for we could not find their names*. If the name of the office is given, we can at once turn to any name on our books. Be particular about this.

## WE WANT,

for binding, the 2nd or February number of vol. 1st. of the Earnest Christian.—If any one can procure it for us and forward it by mail we shall be greatly obliged, and will pay them for it besides.

## A QUIET BOARDING PLACE,

in a family deeply devoted to God, where family worship will be regular, and every religious privilege will be enjoyed which can be offered in the Domestic circle, can be found by any of our friends visiting New York for a longer or shorter period, at 189 West 20th St. The 8th. avenue cars running from the City Hall, render it of convenient access.

## THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE. A NEW VOLUME.

We have thought it best to make two volumes a year of our Magazine. This will accommodate those whose subscription commences in July. It will also, we trust, help in getting a good list of new subscribers to commence the first of July this year. We need about one thousand. Will our friends assist us all they can in getting this number of new subscribers? We are confident that with suitable effort it can be done. God is doing a glorious work through this instrumentality. If you would promote an uncompromising Christianity—one that stands out unqualifiedly against sin in all its forms,

then aid us in extending the circulation of the Earnest Christian and Golden Rule.

The terms are only one dollar a year, in advance. Any one sending us four dollars for new subscribers will be entitled to a fifth copy. Have you not a child or a friend that you might benefit by sending them this Magazine? Address Rev. B. T. Roberts, Buffalo, N. Y.

## MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS.

"Do you have meetings for holiness in your place?" inquired a friend, of a Gospel minister. "Certainly," was the reply; "all our meetings are meetings for holiness, entire consecratedness to God—nothing short. I preach no sermons, give no exhortation in the pulpit or out of it, unless richly intermingled with the doctrine of purity, perfect love, the entire abandonment of all sin, *now and forever!*" God is explicit on this point. "Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous." "He that committeth sin is of the Devil." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." The Bible is full of this blessed doctrine from first to last. The very name of Jesus indicates the fact of this purification. He came to save his people *from* their sins—not *in* their sins. This is the reason *why* his name was called Jesus. Matt. I:21.

In my public and private ministrations, I begin with holiness to the Lord, keep on in holiness, conclude with holiness. Holiness is the first, midst, last, always. No meeting for worship is Gospel, or what it ought to be, save inculcating the principle of loving God with all the heart, soul, might, and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

In our meetings for prayer, praise, and conference, holiness to the Lord is uppermost. No sin is tolerated for a moment, either of omission or commission. The least *particle* of pride, covetousness, self will, ostentation, or sensuality, is repudiated, discountenanced *instantly!* No idol is spared, winked at, or covered up. The axe of Gospel truth is laid at the root of *every* sin, at the least deviation from strict

rectitude, Gospel purity and simplicity; justice, mercy, and truth. The Bible is our motto, guide, and watch-word—the man of our council, a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path.

It is the *special* object of my public and private ministrations to purify the church, dig up, and root out the least and last remains of selfishness, or old Adam, that it may be a pure church, without spot, blemish, wrinkle, or any such thing—"fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners."

The special object of Christ's mission was to build up a spiritual house, an holy Priesthood; to purify unto himself a peculiar people, a chosen generation, a royal Priesthood, an holy nation, to show forth the praises of him who called them out of darkness into his marvelous light. To this end, our leaders in religious worship must be sanctified men, holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. Their souls must be on *fire*, the fire of holy love, pouring out, *constantly*, the living flame of full salvation. I preach holiness in my family, make it a special, definite business, morning, noon, and at even tide—around the family altar, at table, spread with the bounties of Heaven. The Lord's day is a special day for holiness, the rest of faith, a holy rest, emblematical of the heavenly. A part of this sacred day of holy rest is devoted *exclusively* to experimental, and practical piety, to self examination, prayer and praise, in connection with the reading of select portions of God's word.

"Day ever bless'd, thy light, thy rest,  
I hail with glad emotion;  
Ordained for man when time began,  
For solace and devotion."

During this family gathering on the Sabbath, all my family are present, from the least to the greatest, and participate more or less, in these sweet, heavenly, hallowed exercises.

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

I teach holiness to my children and servants daily. The first thing in the morning is holiness, entire consecration, the presenting the whole being a living sacrifice—a

whole burnt offering to God.

As the first thing in the morning is holiness, so the last thing before retiring to rest is holiness. I teach holiness *diligently* to my children—talk to them of holiness, of serving God with a perfect heart—when I sit in my house, when I walk by the way, when I lie down, when I rise up.

Holiness to the Lord, or entire sanctification, should begin at the cradle, in the nursery, on the first lispsings of moral accountability, and followed up daily, prayerfully, with renewed dedication on dedication, till Christ is formed in the soul, the hope of glory. This doubtless is the true meaning of the inspired penman in the passage which says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I write holiness on the posts of my house, and on my gates. I bind holiness for a sign on my hands, and holiness is as frontlets between my eyes. It is holiness, holiness, holiness. God is holy, Heaven is holy, and the way to Heaven *must* be holy,—a high way of holiness, no unclean thing shall pass over it. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." "Be ye holy," saith the Lord, "for I am holy." Holiness is happiness, and happiness is holiness.

"O God! Thou fount of love,  
My soul exults in thee;  
The promised peace I have,  
And perfect liberty.  
By faith I walk the Heavenly road,  
Joint heir with Christ, an heir of God."

N.

#### POETRY.

We have a considerable amount of poetry sent us which we cannot use. Perhaps we are fastidious in this respect; but if we are, those who send us poetical effusions must bear with us. We do not like to publish anything that will not bear criticism. A prose composition, if the ideas are good, and forcible, though somewhat inaccurately expressed, we can correct; but we have so little poetical talent that we do not presume very often to mend verses; so if they come to us in a shape unfit for the public—for a critical eye, we have no alternative but to lay them aside.

Besides this, there is a great deal of good poetry that is not suitable for us. We must keep our object in view—the promotion of experimental and practical piety in every line we publish.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## A BRAVE BOY.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood lodge, one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave, and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said; "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly to a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer.—Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again.

That was a *brave boy*, who feared God rather than man, and who, when he felt he had neglected his duty to Him, made no delay in repairing the fault, without being afraid of how his companions might wonder or laugh at him. I do not know what they said or thought at the time, but they never forgot the incident, and told it long afterwards.

This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country till he fell leading on his men to the attack in the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of *His* service, ever ready to fight His battle.

When his regiment was at Montreal, in Canada, there was much sickness among the soldiers. Captain Hammond was often with them in the hospital, telling them of the Great Physician who was able to heal their souls, and his labors were greatly blessed. Here is part of a letter from one soldier, giving an account of a companion who had died;—

"You will have heard of the death of M—. Oh, he was truly happy! And what do you think it arose from first? Captain Hammond took him into the surgery, and there knelt down and prayed for and with him. He said until that took place he never thought of praying, or if he had, he would not have done so. But when he saw a gentleman was not ashamed to kneel with a private soldier, he said, surely he would not be ashamed of kneeling by his bedside, when all were his equals; and from that

time he was continually holding communion with his God. He was repeatedly speaking to S—, and all the others too, and, in fact, made them promise to commence a new life. He said to them, men may laugh at you, but they can't strike you."

In reading this I felt how truly one of our great poets has said, "The boy is father of the man." The brave officer being ready to kneel down with the sick soldier in the surgery of a public hospital, was just what I should have expected from him who, as a boy, was not ashamed to repeat before his playmates his own neglected prayers. Only there was great difference,—the man was praying from the heart; the boy (at least he thought so afterwards,) was only doing what he had been taught to look upon as a duty that must be done. Hammond's real conversion to God did not occur till he was about twenty years of age.

Young reader, what is prayer to *you*? Is it only a form of words which you repeat regularly because you have been taught so to do, and if by any chance you happened to forget it, would that give you little concern? Or is it a real enjoyment, a blessed privilege, without which you feel you could not begin with comfort the work of the day, or close your eyes at night in peace? Can you say with the Psalmist, "It is good for me to draw near to God?" Think over these questions, for the answer your conscience gives will show you much of your true state of heart and soul.

And are you ever *ashamed* to pray?—Though you have done so morning and evening in your own quiet home, have you ever felt reluctant and ashamed to read your Bible, to kneel by your bed, when you have left home and gone among new and thoughtless companions? Think, then, of the poor soldier at Montreal, and his brave officer, and ask the Lord to give you faith and courage like theirs, and to deliver you from the "snares" of the "fear of man."

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."—(Matt. x. 32; Luke ix. 26.) J. L. B.



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