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JUSTIFIED.

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ARE you justified? Were you arraigned before an earthly tribunal, on the charge of crime, what solicitude would you feel for the result! Nothing would be neglected that could contribute to your acquittal.

But it is with reference to a higher than any earthly court that we ask the question, Are you justified? *Do you stand acquitted at the bar of God? Does the Great Judge pronounce you guiltless?*

In his presence, none are innocent.—However we may differ in other things, we are all alike, in being, in our natural state, guilty sinners. Not a single member of the human family would dare to claim that he had never transgressed the commandments of the Lord. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. On the ground of personal innocence no man, living or dead, could be justified. Suppose you are free from those grosser acts of immorality that are punishable by human law, or by the scorn of mankind, does not your own conscience convict you of pride, of sensuality, of murmurings against God, of impiety, of selfishness, of profaning God's holy day, of many secret faults? Nor can we plead any circumstances in justification of our multiplied and aggravated sins. We have sinned against light, against knowledge, against our best interests, and against conscience.

Who then can be justified? In a legal sense, none. At the bar of Heaven no one can plead, "Not guilty." Every

knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess to God.

In a Gospel sense, justification means pardon. He is justified whose sins are blotted out. The publican who smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house justified,—that is, forgiven.—"Through this man," cried Paul, "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him, all that believe, are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Here we see that justification and forgiveness mean the same thing. At the bar of Heaven, those who were once sinners may be justified. If they repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ their sins shall be blotted out and they shall stand acquitted before the Great Jehovah.

Justification is the lowest degree of grace that one can have and be in the way to Heaven. All sinners have, to a greater or less extent, *restraining grace*, or human society could not exist. *Awakening grace* is imparted from time to time to all, or reformation would be impossible. But many are restrained, and many awakened, who are never saved. Conviction is often taken for conversion. Many, especially if they belong to the Church, conclude that because they are occasionally melted to tears, under powerful appeals, they must therefore be in a state of salvation. But you are not therefore saved because you are not given over to hardness of heart. It is a high mark of Divine favor to be justified. One in this state enjoys the special protection of God. He can look up with confidence, and call him, Father. Angels are his minister-

ing spirits. The daily occurrences of life are laid under contribution to promote his growth in grace. He is happy with the smiles of God resting upon him, patient under trials, rejoicing in hope, and ready for death whenever it may come. Justification is, then, a high state of grace. No earthly heir has prospects as bright as the humble believer whose transgressions are forgiven.

It is, then, an important question that we ask, "Are you justified?" You may answer, "I profess to be a Christian, and so of course I am justified."—But this does not follow; many are deceived. Our Saviour has said so. A feeling of security does not insure safety. He declares that some who say they are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, are, nevertheless poor, and wretched, and blind, and miserable. Self-deception is easy, and it is fatal. We have need to try ourselves by all the tests that are laid down in the word of God. Let us consider then the Scriptural marks of a justified state.

1. JUSTIFIED SOULS ARE HAPPY IN GOD. Unconverted men are happy in the possession of worldly good. Many professors, in the possession of health and home, and of the favor of friends, and having a sentiment of gratitude for these mercies, deceive themselves into the belief that this complacent feeling is religious enjoyment. A great mistake. The happiness of a saved soul rests in the Giver and not in his gifts. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also. Some may be at a loss to know what Paul means when he says, *we glory in tribulations*. In the original the word translated, *we glory* is the same as that, which, in the preceding sentence is translated, *rejoice*. So that the meaning is, *we rejoice in tribulations* also. The self-deceived rejoice in worldly prosperity—the truly justified *rejoice in tribulations*. Their

happiness is not at the mercy of passing events. When trials come, instead of yielding to them or barely enduring them, they triumph in their midst. Of course the world, and the devil can do nothing with them. You may as well attempt to drown a fish in water, or consume a salamander in the fire, as to destroy a justified soul by trials. They are the elements in which he thrives most rapidly.

2. JUSTIFIED SOULS OBEY GOD.—They love his cause. They delight to do his will. Their minds have been renewed so that the sins they once loved they now hate. The Bible is so explicit on this point that we wonder greatly that any have mistaken its teachings.—If men will advocate the necessity of disobedience to God, let them not do it on the pretended authority of His word. John declares, *He that saith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.** This is explicit. It gives no countenance to those who talk of having faith in Christ at the same time that they disobey him. Our Saviour's words are to the same effect. *He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me.†* Obedience is the test of love. Mark! It is universal obedience that is required. We are not left at liberty to select those commands, the observance of which is agreeable or popular, and disregard those that call for self-denial, and bring us in conflict with the fashionable indulgences of the day. Worldly professor! How many commands of Christ can you disregard, and still be a Christian? Which are those commands, that you may set aside at your pleasure? There are none. *Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.‡* Our Saviour teaches, that a much stricter mode of life is required under the Gospel than under any previous dispensation. He declares that he who is angry with his brother without a cause, is liable to the same punishment that the murderer was in olden time.—

* 1 John, 2: 4. † John, 14: 21. ‡ James, 2: 10.

Read carefully the fifth chapter of Matthew, and you will find that the Gospel standard of morality is much higher than, from the lives of professors, is commonly supposed. Are you habitually neglecting your duty? Do you shun the cross? Then do not claim to be a Christian! You may dwell upon the sacrifices you have made. It is to no purpose. Obedience is better than sacrifice. You must deny self, and follow Christ, or you can be none of his. It is idle to talk of visions and raptures, of communion with God while the life is disorderly.

Do you disregard God's commands in relation to your every day mode of living? Are you an evil speaker, feeding upon the failings of others? In your dress and in your style of living do you conform to the world? Do you adorn yourself with "that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel?" You can not be justified.—God's word condemns you. We need inquire no further. You may be good-natured, polite, and orthodox in your opinions, but you can not be a child of God. The fruit is wanting.

3. JUSTIFIED SOULS ARE CONSEQUENTLY SAVED FROM SIN. This is implied in the preceding proposition. But there is such opposition to this doctrine that we choose to state it in explicit terms.—From some cause or other, the idea seems to prevail that ordinary Christians may live in the commission of sin. Yet the inspired Apostle emphatically declares: *He that committeth sin is of the devil.** This is a general statement, and no limitation to it can be found in the whole compass of the Scriptures. It does not say he that committeth gross sin. But he that committeth sin, at all, that breaks one of the least commandments of God, is of the devil—is inspired by him, and belongs to him.—*Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.†* "Whosoever" means every one. How plain! The child of God, however young in experience, is

so far saved that he does not *commit sin*. Jesus received the name he did because he should save his people from their sins. All who belong to him, have this mark. They have dominion over sin. Why should any seek to evade the force of such plain declarations of the Scripture? Is it not because they secretly love sin? And if they love sin they can not love the Father.

"What then is the difference between justification and entire sanctification?" some may ask. The difference is inward more than outward. Both alike have victory over sin. The justified believer, while he does not yield to sin, but through grace overcomes it, yet feels it oftentimes struggling for the mastery. The sanctified are saved from inward sin. They not only do not yield to anger, but they do not feel it. In its place, holy love, gentleness, and meekness fill the soul. If you hesitate to seek full salvation for fear that you will be obliged to lead a stricter life, you may set it down that you are not justified, that you are yet in your sins. Toplady has well said:

"The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin."

If you are really justified you will feel anxious to obtain all the grace there is for you. No one who is walking in the clear light of justification will be found opposing the doctrine of inward purity. Loyal men would have all traitors excluded from the camp of the defenders of their country. He who is truly devoted to God will rejoice at having all His enemies—all sinful passions forever exterminated from his heart.

"If this is the doctrine of the Bible, where are your Christians?" We answer, wherever there is one saved from his sins, through faith in Christ, there is a Christian. Some such there are, we are persuaded; in all the Churches.—They may not make a great show in the world—They may lead a life hid with Christ in God, weeping over the desolations of Zion, but the eye of the Master is upon them, he loves them

* 1 John, 3: 8. † 1 John, 3: 9.

tenderly, and will, at the proper time, take them home to himself.

Wesley says: "Do they which abide in Christ Jesus, walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit? Then we can not but infer that whosoever now committeth sin, hath no part nor lot in this matter. He is even now condemned by his own heart.—But if our heart condemn us, if our own conscience beareth witness that we are guilty, undoubtedly God doth; for he is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things, so that we can not deceive him, if we can ourselves. And think not to say, 'I was justified once; my sins were once forgiven me.' I know not that; neither will I dispute whether they were or no. Perhaps, at this distance of time it is next to impossible to know with any tolerable degree of certainty whether that was genuine work of God, or whether thou didst only deceive thy own soul. But this I know with the utmost degree of certainty, 'He that committeth sin is of the devil.' Therefore thou art of thy father the devil. It can not be denied; for the works of thy father thou doest. Oh flatter not thyself with vain hopes. Say not to thy soul, Peace, peace! For there is no peace. Cry aloud! Cry unto God out of the deep; if haply he may hear thy voice. Come unto him, as at first, as wretched and poor, as sinful, miserable, blind and naked! And beware thou suffer thy soul to take no rest till his pardoning love be again revealed; till he heal thy backslidings, and fill thee again with the faith that worketh by love!" —*Wesley's Works*, V. 1, p. 74.

Search your heart. Be determined and thorough. If you find that you are not justified, let no false shame keep you from confessing the painful fact.—The truth will one day appear. You deceive yourself to your eternal undoing. Pray for light that you may understand your true spiritual condition. Attend the most searching preaching, and seek the company of the truly devout. If you have never been converted, or have lost your first love, or have become lukewarm, stir yourself up to lay hold on God. Repent in dust and ashes before him. Seek his favor with strong crying and tears. Better lose all else than lose your soul. If your heart is hard and unfeeling, so much the more desperately must you struggle. The tendency of formal religion is to produce the most stupid insensibility.—

Then arouse! arouse! You must be justified or you will be lost. Pardon to be obtained, must be sought for when God offers it. To-morrow may be too late. Seek shelter at once in the wounds of Jesus.

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness.—Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man, who from his prayerless awaking bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and, though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wise who sets all in order before the march begins.

A COMMON CASE.—Last Sunday a young man died here of extreme old age, at twenty-five. He labored hard to ruin a good constitution, and unhappily succeeded; yet amused himself with the hopes of recovery almost to the last. We have a sad knot of such poor creatures in this place, who labor to stifle each other's convictions, and to ruin themselves and associates, soul and body. How industriously is Satan served!

THE WILL OF GOD.

"Thy will be done."

I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesus' toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his Heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
O thou art loveliest then!

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the Church full oft,
And then how easily thou turn'st
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for, come what will,
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will!

FABER.

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

THE greatest enemies of God will be but contemptible creatures at the last judgment. What underlings then shall those appear, and be, who now are principalities and powers! Satan, who hath had so many followers, adorers, who now is the prince of the air, yea, the god of this world, shall then openly appear to be a trembling malefactor at the bar of Christ. As once Joshua's soldiers set their feet upon the necks of the Canaanitish kings, so the poorest saint shall at the last judgment trample upon these fallen angels. Death speaks the impotency of men, but judgment even that of angels. Legions of angels shall no more oppose Christ than can a worm all the angels of heaven. Methinks, even all the crowned, sceptred, adorned, adored monarchs of the world, if enemies to Christ should tremble at the approaching of judgment. The greatest safety and honor even of a King will then be, to be a subject to Christ, and what the Emperor Justinian was wont to call himself—the meanest servant of Christ. Robes will then fall off; the dimmer light of human glory will be obscured when the sun of righteousness shall appear. Let us neither fear nor admire the greatness of any, but of Christ; much less that which is set against Christ. How great is the folly of Satan's subjects; they serve a master who is so far from defending them, that he can not defend himself from judgment.

If a righteous cause brings you into suffering, a righteous God will bring you out of suffering.

If Christ breathes not in your duties, you can not grow under them.

SEEING VISIONS.

HARRIET HOSMER'S NARRATIVE OF A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

Lydia Maria Child's article on "Spirits," in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, contains the following interesting passage:

When Harriet Hosmer the sculptor, visited her native country a few years ago, I had an interview with her, during which our conversation happened to turn upon dreams and visions.

"I have some experience in that way," said she. "Let me tell you a singular circumstance that happened to me in Rome. An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for a long time, but was finally obliged to return to her mother, on account of confirmed ill-health. We were mutually sorry to part for we liked each other. When I took my customary exercise on horseback I frequently called to see her. On one of these occasions I found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was something in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. During the remainder of the day I was busy in my studio, and I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that some one was in the room. I wondered at the sensation, for it was entirely new to me; but in vain I tried to dispel it. I peered beyond the curtain of my bed but could distinguish no objects in the darkness. Trying to gather up my thoughts, I soon reflected that the door was locked, and that I had put the key under my bolster. I felt for it, and found it where I had placed it. I said to myself that I had probably had some ugly dream, and had waked with a vague impression of it still on my mind.—Reasoning thus, I arranged myself comfortably for another nap. I am habit-

ually a good sleeper, and a stranger to fear; but do what I would, the idea still haunted me that some one was in the room. Finding it impossible to sleep, I longed for daylight to dawn, that I might rise and pursue my customary avocations. It was not before I was dimly able to distinguish the furniture in my room, and soon after I heard, in the apartment below, familiar noises of servants opening windows and doors. An old clock, with ringing vibration proclaimed the hour. I counted one, two, three, four, five, and resolved to rise immediately. My bed was screened by a long curtain looped up at one side. As I raised my head from the pillow Rosa looked inside the curtain, and smiled at me. The idea of anything supernatural did not occur to me. I was simply surprised, and exclaimed 'Why, Rosa! How came you here, when you are so ill?' in the old familiar tones, to which I was so much accustomed, a voice replied, 'I am well now.' With no other thought than that of greeting her joyfully, I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there! I moved the curtain, thinking she might perhaps have playfully hidden herself behind its folds. The same feeling induced me to look into the closet. The sight of her had come so suddenly, that, in the first moment of surprise and bewilderment, I did not reflect that the door was locked. When I became convinced there was no one in the room but myself, I recollected that face, and thought I must have seen a vision.

"At the breakfast-table I said to the old lady with whom I boarded, 'Rosa is dead.' 'What do you mean by that?' she inquired. 'You told me she seemed better than common when you called to see her yesterday.' I related the occurrences of the morning, and told her I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had dreamed it all. I assured her I was thoroughly awake, and in proof thereof told her I had heard all the customary household noises, and had counted the clock when it struck five. She replied, 'All that is very possible, my dear. The clock struck in your dream. Real

sounds often mix with the illusions of sleep. I am surprised that a dream should make such an impression on a young lady so free from superstition as you are." She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question, I summoned a messenger and sent him to inquire how Rosa did. He returned with the answer that she had died that morning at five o'clock."

I wrote the story as Miss Hosmer told it to me, and after I had shown it to her I asked if she had any objection to its being published, without suppression of names. She replied, "You have reported the story of Rosa correctly. Make what use you please of it. You cannot think it more interesting, or unaccountable, than I do myself."

THREE EVANGELIC ERAS.

IN England there have been three evangelic eras. Thrice over have ignorance and apathy been startled into light and wonder; and thrice over has a vigorous minority of England's inhabitants felt anew all the goodness or grandeur of the ancient message. And it is instructive to remark, how at each successive awakening an impulse was given to the nation's worth which never afterwards faded entirely out of it. Partial as the influence was, and few as they were who shared it, an element was infused into the popular mind, which, like salt imbibed from successive strata by the mineral spring, was never afterwards lost; but, now that ages have lapsed, may still be detected in the national character.

The Reformers preached the gospel, and the common people heard it gladly. Beneath the doublet of the thrifty trader, and the home-spun jerkin of the stalwart yeoman, was felt a throb of new nobility. A monarch and her ministers remotely graced the pageant; but it was to the stout music of old Latimer that the English Reformation marched, and it was a freer soil which iron heels

and wooden sandals trode as they clashed and clattered to the burly tune. This gospel was the birth of British liberty. Its rights of private judgment revealed to many not only how precious is every soul, but how important is every citizen; and as much as it deepened the sense of religious responsibility, it awakened the desire of personal freedom. It took the Saxon churl, and taught him the softer manners and statelier spirit of his conqueror. It "mended the mettle of his blood;" and gave him something better than Norman chivalry. Quickening with its energy the endurance of the Saxon, and tempering with its amenity the fierceness of the Gaul, it made the Englishman.

Then came the Puritan awakening—in its commencement the most august revival which Europe ever witnessed. Stately, forceful, and thrilling, the gospel echoed over the land, and a penitent nation bowed before it. Long-fasting, much-reading, deep-thinking—theology, became the literature, the meditation, and the talk of the people, and religion the business of the realm. With the fear of God deep in their spirits, and with hearts soft and plastic to his word, it was amazing how promptly the sternest requirements were conceded, and the most stringent reforms carried through. Never, in England, were the things temporal so trivial, and the things eternal so evident, as when Baxter, all but disembodied, and Howe, wrapt in bright and present communion, and Alleine, radiant with the joy which shone through him, lived before their people the wonders they proclaimed. And never among the people was there more of that piety which looks inward and upward—which longs for a healthy soul, and courts that supernal influence which alone can make it prosper; never more of that piety which in every action consults, and in every incident recognizes Him in whom we move and have our being. Perhaps its long regards and lofty aspirations, the absence of short distances in its field of view, and that one all-absorbing future which had riveted its eye, gave it an aspect too

solemn and ascetic—the look of a pilgrim leaving earth, rather than of an heir of glory going home. Still, it was England's most erect and earnest century; and none who believe that worship is the highest work of man can doubt that, of all its predecessors, this Puritan generation lived to the grandest purpose. Pity that in so many ears the din of Naseby and Marston Moor has drowned the most sublime of national melodies—the joyful noise of a people praising God. The religion of the period was full of reverence, and adoration, and self-denial. Setting common life and its meanest incidents to the music of Scripture, and advancing to battle in the strength of psalms, its worthies were more awful than heroes. They were incorruptible and irresistible men, who lived under the All-seeing eye and leaned on the Omnipotent arm, and who found in God's nearness the sanctity of every spot, and the solemnity of every moment.

Then, after a dreary interval—after the boisterous irreligion of the latter Stuarts, and the cold flippancy which so long outlived them, came the Evangelical Revival of last century. Full-hearted and affectionate, sometimes brisk and vivacious, but always downright and practical, the gospel of that era spoke to the good sense and warm feelings of the nation. In the electric fire of Whitfield, the rapid fervour of Romaine, the caustic force of Berridge and Rowland Hill, and the fatherly wisdom of John Newton and Henry Venn—in these modern evangelists there was not the momentum whose long range demolished error's strongest holds, nor the massive doctrine which built up the tall and stately pile of Puritan theology. That day was past, and that work was done. For the Christian warfare these solemn iron-sides and deep-sounding culverines were no longer wanted; but equipped with the brief logic and telling earnestness of their eager sincerity, the lighter troops of this modern campaign ran swiftly in at the open gate, and next instant huzza'd from the walls of the citadel. And for spiritual masonry the

work was too abundant, and the workers too few to admit of the spacious old temple style. Run up in haste and roofed over in a hurry, its earlier piety too often dwelt in tents; and before the roaming architect could return, his work would sometimes suffer loss. But when growing experience urged more pains, and increasing labourers made it possible, the busier habits of the time could still be traced in the slighter structure. The great glory of this recent gospel is the sacred element which it has infused into an age which, but for it, would be wholly secular, and the sustaining element which it has inspired into a community which, but for its blessed hope, would be toil-worn and life-weary. No generation ever drudged so hard as this, and yet none had worked more cheerily. None was ever so tempted to churlish selfishness, and yet none have been more bountiful, and given such strength and wealth away. And none was ever more beset with facilities for vice and folly, and yet none has more abounded in disinterested characters and loving families full of loveliness. Other ages may surpass it in the lone grandeur and awful goodness of some pre-eminent name; but in the diffusion of piety, in the simplicity and gladness of domestic religion, and in the many forms of intelligent and practical Christianity, it surpasses them all. With "God is Love" for the sunny legend in its open sky, and with Bible texts efflorescing in everyday duties round its agile feet, this latter gospel has left along its path the fairest specimens of talents consecrated and industry evangelized. Nor till all missionaries like Henry Martyn and John Williams, and all sweet singers like Kirke White and Jane Taylor, and all friends of humanity like Fowell Buxton and Elizabeth Fry, have passed away; nor till the Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies have done their work will it be known how benign and heart-expanding was that gospel largess which a hundred years ago began to bless the land.

Three evangelic eras have come, and two of them are gone. The first of these

made its subjects Bible readers, brave and free. The second made them Bible-singers, full of its deep harmonies and high devotion, and from earthly toil and tumult hid in the pavilion of its stately song. The third made them Bible-doers, kind, liberal, and active, and social withal—mutually attractive and mutually confiding—loving to work and worship together. The first found the English commoner little better than a serf; but it gave him a patent of nobility, and converted his cottage into a castle. The second period saw that castle exalted into a sanctuary, and heard it reecho with worship, rapt and high. And the third blended all the rest and added one thing more; in the cottage, castle, sanctuary, it planted a pious family, living for either world—diligent but tranquil, manly but devout, self-contained but not exclusive, retired, but redundant with blithest life; and in this creation it produced the most blessed thing on earth—a happy, Christian, English Home.—*Dr James Hamilton, in the North British Review.*

WITHHOLDING.

“There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.”—Proverbs.

STRIKING and varied are the many incidents in the providence of God, which might be adduced to illustrate and confirm the above Scripture fact. God has ten thousand ways and means by which to strip of their property those who withhold from the poor and from his cause “more than his meet.”

There was a rich farmer of our congregation, who walked by the rule, “Get all you can, and keep all you get.” He regularly attended church. Every Sunday he and his family were there, but he would pay nothing towards the support of the minister. When asked to do so, he said, “I hold by the good old book” (the Bible) “which says to ministers, ‘freely ye have received, freely give.’ I have not the skill of them gentlemen parsons. Peter and Paul could preach as good as the best of them, and they fished and made tents for a living, and parsons

now-a-days ought, as did they, to work for their bread.”

The late Rev. Dr. Abeel, when about to return a second time to China, visited our church to tell us about matters and things in China and take up a collection to aid the missions there. The rich farmer came, and heard with attention, all that the Dr. had to say about China, but at the close, when the collection was to be taken up, he took his hat, and walked out of the church.

That same night a knock was made on my bedroom window. “Who is there?” being asked. “It is Mr. G—t (the rich farmer.) Mrs. D. is dying, and wishes to see you immediately.” I was soon dressed, and off in his cutter, with all speed to the bedside of the dying lady. We had gone but a little way, when he said

“I have met with a great loss to-night.”

“How?”

“You know,” said he, “that noble yoke of oxen I lately bought of Mr. S.?”

“Yes; what of them?”

“Well, as I passed the creek on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barn-yard and lay dead in the water.”

“I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had tken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be taken up, you left the church, and “Shall a man rob God and prosper?”

“Poh!” said he, “do you think God takes notice of such little things?”

“I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received.”

“That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.”

God, by affliction, separates the sin that he hates so deadly, from the soul that he loves so dearly.

They that carry not the yoke of Christ upon their necks, will never carry the cross of Christ upon their backs.

THE WAR OF THE LORD.

MAN'S deliverance is of God. Man had neither the inclination nor the power. His salvation originated in the Divine Love, and burst forth like an ocean from the fountains of eternity. Satan, as a ravenous lion, had taken the prey, and was running to his den with the bleeding sheep in his mouth; but the shepherd of Israel pursues him, overtakes him, and rends him as if he were a kid. The declaration of war was made in Eden:—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; thou shalt bruise his heel and he shall bruise thy head." It shall be fulfilled. The league with hell and the covenant with death shall not stand. The rebellion shall be quelled, the conspiracy shall be broken, and the strong man armed shall yield the citadel to a stronger. The works of the devil shall be destroyed, and the prey shall be taken from the teeth of the terrible. The house of David shall grow stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul shall grow weaker and weaker, till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, and Satan shall be bound in chains of darkness, and cast into the lake of fire. All the enemies of Zion shall be vanquished, and the forfeited favor of God shall be recovered, and the lost territory of peace and holiness and immortality shall be restored to man.

This campaign is carried on at the expense of the government of heaven.—The treasury is inexhaustible; the arms are irresistible; therefore the victory is sure. The Almighty King has descended; he has taken the City of Bozrah; he has swayed his scepter over Edom; he has risen victoriously, and gone up with a shout, as the leader of all the army. This is but the pledge and the earnest of his future achievements.

In the battle of Armageddon, he shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy as a man of war; and he shall prevail against his enemies. They shall be turned back—they shall be

greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images. "Ye are our gods!" Then he will open the blind eyes, and bring the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house. He will make bare his holy arm—he will show the sword in that hand which was hidden under the scarlet robe—he will manifest his power in the destruction of his enemies, and the salvation of his people. As certainly as he has shed his blood on Calvary, shall he stain all his raiment with the blood of his foes on the field of Armageddon. As certainly as he hath drained the cup of wrath, and received the baptism of suffering on Calvary, shall he wield the iron rod of justice, and sway the golden scepter of mercy, on the field of Armageddon. Already the sword is drawn, and the decisive blow is struck, and the helmet of Apollyon is cleft, and the bonds of iniquity are cut asunder. Already the fire is kindled, and all the powers of hell can not quench it. It has fallen from heaven; it is consuming the camp of the foe; it is inflaming the hearts of men; it is renovating the earth, and purging away the curse. "The bright and Morning Star" has risen on Calvary; and soon "the Sun of Righteousness" shall shine on the field of Armageddon; and the darkness that covers the earth, and the gross darkness that covers the people, shall melt away; and Mohammedism, and Paganism, and Popery, with their prince, the devil, shall seek shelter in the bottomless pit. There is no discharge in this war. He that enlisteth under the banner of the cross must endure faithful until death—must not lay aside his arms till death is swallowed up in victory. Then shall every conqueror bear the image of the heavenly, and wear the crown instead of the cross, and carry the palm instead of the spear. Let us be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, that we may be able to stand in the evil day; and after all the war is over, to stand accepted in the Beloved, that we may reign with him for ever and ever.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.

PROFESSORS WARNED.

God hath declared, Gal. vi: 7, "That he will not be mocked;" i. e., if any presume to mock him, they will find him by experience, to be no contemptible being. God will vindicate his holy majesty from the contempt of those who dare to mock him, and he will do it effectually: they shall fully find how dreadful a being he is, whose name they have daringly profaned and polluted.—Defilers and profaners of ordinances, be known and allowed wickedness, provoke God more than the heathen, who have no ordinances. Thus the wickedness of Judah and Jerusalem is said to be far worse than that of Sodom, though the inhabitants of Sodom were, as we have reason to think, some of the worst of the heathens. See Ezek. xvi: 46, 47, etc. The sin of Sodom is here spoken of as a light thing in comparison with the sins of Judah. And what should be the reason, but that Judah enjoyed holy things which they profaned and polluted, which Sodom had no opportunity to do? for it is not to be supposed, that Judah otherwise arrived to the same pass that Sodom had.

Consider therefore, ye who allow yourselves in known wickedness, and live in it; who yet come to the house of God, and to his ordinances from time to time, without any serious design of forsaking your sins, but, on the contrary, with an intention of continuing in them, and who frequently go from the house of God to your wicked practices; consider how guilty you have made yourselves in the sight of God, and how dreadfully God is provoked by you.—It is a wonder of God's patience, that he doth not break forth upon you, and strike you dead in a moment; for you profane holy things in a more dreadful manner than Uzza did, when yet God struck him dead for his error. And whereas he was struck dead for only one offence; you are guilty of the same sin from week to week, and from day to day.

It is a wonder that God suffers you to live upon earth, that he hath not, with a

thunderbolt of his wrath, struck you down to the bottomless pit long ago.—You that are allowedly and voluntarily living in sin, who have gone on hitherto in sin, are still going on, and do not design any other than to go on yet; it is a wonder that the Almighty's thunder lies still, and suffers you to sit in his house, or to live upon earth. It is a wonder that the earth will bear you, and that hell doth not swallow you up. It is a wonder that fire doth not come down from heaven, or come up from hell, and devour you; that hell flames do not enlarge themselves to reach you, and that the bottomless pit hath not swallowed you up.

However, that you are as yet borne with, is no argument that your damnation slumbers. The anger of God is not like the passions of men, that it should be in haste. There is a day of vengeance and recompense appointed for the vessels of wrath; and when the day shall have come, and the iniquity shall be full, none shall deliver out of God's hand. Then will he recompense, even recompense into your bosoms.

EDWARDS.

In 1 John iii: 3, we read, "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." This verse is very commonly understood, and read and quoted, as if the word "him" referred to the believer, and not to the Saviour, in whom he believes. The last is undoubtedly the true reference. This reference, which is very plain in the original, is required by the context, and especially by the last clause of the verse,—"even as he is pure." The believer in Christ strives to be pure, that he may be like Him in whom he trusts for salvation. Whoever has hope in Christ wishes to be like Christ.

Godly sorrow is such grace, as without it, not a man shall be saved, and with it not a man shall be damned. If thy heart be not broken in thee, thy guilt is not broken from thee.

God alone is great.

DEATH OF A PERSECUTOR.

Fox, in the the third volume of his ecclesiastical history, an old and valuable work, gives the following account of God's punishment of one who took especial pains to annoy a holy martyr as he was on his way to execution. We publish it as it was printed.—Ed.

In the time of the Martyrdom of *James Abbes*, what befell upon a wicked Railer against him, now ye shall further understand. Whereby all such railing Persecutors may learn to fear God's hand, and to take heed how or what they speak against his Servants. As this *James Abbes* was led by the Sheriff toward his execution, divers poor people stood in the way, and asked their Alms. He then having no money to give them, and desirous yet to distribute something amongst them, did pull off all his Apparel saving his shirt, and gave the same unto them, to some one thing, to some another; in the giving whereof he exhorted them to be strong in the Lord, and as faithful followers of Christ, to stand steadfast unto the truth of the Gospel which he (through God's help) would then in their sight seal and confirm with his Blood. Whiles he was thus charitably occupied, and zealously instructing the People, a Servant of the Sheriff's going by and hearing him, cried out aloud unto them, and Blasphemously said, Believe him not, good People, he is an Heretick and a mad man, out of his wit, believe him not, for it is Heresie that he saith. And as the other continued in his godly admonitions, so did this wicked wretch still blow forth his Blasphemous exclamations, until they came unto the stake where he should suffer. Unto the which this constant Martyr was tied, and in the end cruelly burned, as in his Story more fully is already declared.

But immediately after the fire was put unto him (such was the fearful stroke of God's Justice upon this Blasphemous Railer) that he was there presently, in the sight of all the People, stricken with

a Frenzie, wherewith he had before most railingly charged that good Martyr of God, who in this furious Rage and madness casting off his shoes, with all the rest of his Cloaths, cried, out unto the People, and said, Thus did *James Abbes* the true Servant of God, who is saved, but I am damned. And thus ran he round about the Town of *Bury*, still crying out, that *James Abbes* was a good man and saved, but he was damned.

The Sheriff then being amazed, caused him to be taken and tied in a dark house, and by force compelled him again to put on his Cloaths thinking thereby within a while to bring him to some quietness. But he (all that notwithstanding) as soon as they were gone, continued his former raging, and, casting off his Cloaths, cried as he did before, *James Abbes* is the Servant of God and is saved, but I am damned. At length he was tied in a Cart, and brought home unto his Master's house, and within half a year or thereabouts, he being at the point of death, the Priest of the Parish was sent for; who coming unto him, brought with him the Crucifix, and their Houseling Host of the Altar. Which gear when the poor wretch saw, he cried out of the Priest, and defied all that Baggage, saying that the Priest, with such other as he was, was the cause of his Damnation, and that *James Abbes* was a good man and saved. And so shortly after he died.

In the evening I talked largely with the preachers, and showed them the hurt it did both to them and the people, for any one preacher to stay six or eight weeks together at one place. Neither can he find matter for preaching every morning and evening, nor will the people come to hear him. Hence he grows cold by lying in bed, and so do the people. Whereas, if he never stays more than a fortnight together in one place, he may find matter enough, and the people will gladly hear him. They immediately drew up such a plan for this circuit, which they determined to pursue.

WESLEY.

EXPECTATIONS RAISED.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand."

We do expect more, and look for more, from those professing entire purity of motive, a holy, sanctified life, than from those making no pretensions to this superlative grace.

We look for consistency in the every day walk and conversation—a spirit of meek, modest, lamb like humility—a benevolence—disinterested—exalted—Christ-like; a benevolent humility, that looks not merely on its own things but also on the things of others; a cheerful, pleasant, smiling, complacent yielding of rights to the rights of others, where duty calls. We expect a complete, humble, meek, modest, retiring, self-renunciation, gospel-like, in those testifying publicly the assurance of faith, great peace of mind, joy unspeakable, exalted views of Christ and of God.

Where this high profession proceeds from a sincere, honest, upright, purified heart, there will be a corresponding transparency of feeling, a tender regard towards the rights and privileges of others. Selfishness, in every form and shape, is cast off, repudiated, banished. Spiritual pride, self-will, arrogance, dogmatism, self-conceit, the lording it over God's heritage, are looked upon by the meek, humble, dove-like Spirit, as the very essence of the pit! Have we not a right to look for these gracious fruits of the Spirit, beaming forth radiantly in those thus testifying to the fruits of love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness goodness, fidelity? That wisdom also that cometh from above, which is first pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, without partiality and without hypocrisy? Mark, "easy to be entreated." Blessed grace! Superlatively beautiful! The topmost grace, the grace of all graces is humility, the sitting at the feet of Jesus as a little child, mild, meek, modest, submissive, teachable, "in whose spirit there is no guile."

Without this crowning, superlative,

beautiful grace of humility, what avail our high professions, our boasted enjoyments, exalted views of Heavenly things? We may be eloquent, loud in our professions, speak with the tongues of men and angels, and after all be "as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal!" How sadly, grievously disappointed, when we see in those making these high pretensions to a sanctified heart, the very reverse of what they profess, in their spirit, conversation, and general deportment, selfishness, a disposition to trample on the rights of others! O, what a dagger to the soul! Nothing so surely and speedily brings this blessed doctrine into disrepute as the inconsistencies of those professing to enjoy it. When the disciples put the question to Christ, "Who is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven?" what the reply? Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve,
And in the knowledge of our Lord,
The life of angels live."

FAITH OF THE MARTYRS.

TITELMANN was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecution at the epoch of which we are now treating, but he had been inquisitor for many years. The martyrology of the provinces reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds. Hearing once that a certain schoolmaster, named Geleyn de Muller, of Audenarde, "was addicted to reading the Bible." he summoned the culprit before him and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, if he was guilty of any crime, to be tried before the judges of his town.

"You are my prisoner," said Titelmann, "and are to answer me, and none other."

The inquisitor proceeded accordingly

to catechise him, and soon satisfied himself of the schoolmaster's heresy. He commanded him to make immediate recantation. The schoolmaster refused.

"Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titelmann.

"God knows," answered the heretic, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water and in bondage."

"You have, then," answered the inquisitor, "only to renounce the error of your opinions."

"Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," answered the prisoner.

Thereupon Titelmann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled and then thrown into the flames.

In the next year Titelmann caused one Robert Ogier, of Ryssel, in Flanders, to be arrested, together with his wife and two sons. The crime consisted in not going to mass, and in practising private worship at home. They confessed the offence, for they protested that they could not endure to see the idolatrous sacraments. They were asked what rites they practised in their own house.

One of the sons, a mere boy, answered, "We fall on our knees and pray to God that he may enlighten our hearts and forgive our sins. We pray for our sovereign, that his reign may be prosperous, and his life peaceful. We also pray for the magistrates and others in authority, that God may protect and preserve them all."

The boy's simple eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of some of his judges; for the inquisitor had placed the case before the civil tribunal. The father and eldest son were, however, condemned to the flames.

"O God!" prayed the youth at the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives, in the name of thy beloved Son."

"Thou liest, scoundrel!" fiercely interrupted a monk, who was lighting the fire; "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children!"

As the flames rose about them, the

boy cried out once more, "Look, my father, all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth."

"Thou liest! thou liest!" again screamed the monk; "all hell is opening, and you see ten thousand devils thrusting you into eternal fire."

Eight days afterward the wife of Ogier and his other son were burned; so that there was an end of that family.—*Motley's Dutch Republic.*

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

OPPOSED it? Oppose what God loves, one of the most glorious gifts he ever gave to the children of men, and which causes all heaven to rejoice? Oppose what God commands us to be on pain of exclusion from glory eternal? "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Oppose that, and only that which qualifies us to glorify God, makes us happy here, happy forever. Is not sin the greatest evil this side of hell?—The bane of life, the tormentor, the only thing that renders us wretched, and miserable—hateful to God and every holy being? What objection can we possibly have to being "delivered from the body of this death?" The very *thought* of being saved from sin in this life, through the blood of the Lamb, should fill us with ecstasy, joy unspeakable; cause us to shout hallelujah, glory to God in the highest! All heaven is in jubilee, at the mere name of holiness. The heavenly host rest not day nor night, saying, "holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Rev. iv : 8. Holiness is the only thing that makes us like God, and like the Heavenly host. Nothing short of this can remove the curse of the fall, heal our spiritual maladies, and restore us to the Eden lost. President Edwards says, "It was a part of God's original design in the work of redemption, to destroy the works of the devil and confound him in all his purposes. "For this purpose was the son of God manifested,

that he might destroy the works of the devil. "1 John, iii:8. It was part of his design to triumph over sin, and over the corruptions of men, and to root them out of the hearts of his people by conforming them to himself. He designed also that his grace should triumph over man's guilt, and sin's infinite demerit. Brother, instead of opposing this blessed doctrine of the Bible, you should advocate it, publish it, sound it out to the ends of the earth; pray for it, beseech God to perfect holiness in your own soul, and in the souls of his people, that the earth may "blossom as the rose." Oppose the doctrine of holiness? You oppose that which must prevail to save the world. This opposition to holiness, the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, is what retards the glorious work of salvation, and perpetuates sin, misery, death, ruin, all the works of the devil. Let holiness prevail in all the churches, entire consecratedness to the work of saving souls, and millennial glory dawn. "Satan falls as lightning." Hallelujahs sing, from pole to pole "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Glory to God in the Highest," let it come—"Holiness to the Lord,"—let it come. It must come; "Yet a little while and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry."

This blessed doctrine of purity, entire consecratedness to God, should now especially be the watchword. Never was there a time that called more loudly for its continued, uplifted advocacy. Every sermon, prayer, exhortation, should be well spiced with the immediate, entire renunciation of the old man and his deeds. The new converts should be pointed *directly* to this open fountain: justification and sanctification should go hand in hand. Sanctification should follow justification as quickly as possible. Established on this rock of assurance, the waves of temptation dash harmlessly. Young converts in the field, thus armed, will chase a thousand, and two, put ten thousand to flight.

Christ says, "I am the way."

A STRANGE BRIDAL TOUR.

About the middle of December last, 1861, two slaves in the family of a Southern planter were united in marriage.—The man could read, and he learned by a paper which came in his way, that if they could reach the Federal army they would be free. He immediately proposed to his young bride that they should attempt to make their escape.

At midnight, when the family were asleep, they stole quietly off, and in the course of a couple of days reached the Federal camp. They were kindly treated and permitted to go on their way to the North. For seven long weeks they travelled on foot till they reached New York. They often slept on the frozen ground, with only the shelter of a tree. Of course, with their poor, thin clothing they suffered severely from the cold.—The man froze his feet so badly, that when he reached New York he could scarcely walk.

This was their wedding tour! She is a very bright and pleasing young woman—only nineteen years old—and was stolen from Africa when a little child. Her mistress was a most cruel woman, and often whipped her severely. After the death of John Brown, the slaves on that and other plantations were branded, to prevent their escape. With her own hands, the lady (?) applied the red-hot iron to the legs and back of this poor girl!

We asked the young woman how long it took for these wounds to heal. She replied "for a fortnight I could not put my feet to the ground."

"O Slavery! thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account!"

Is it not high time to sweep this horrid system of atrocities from our land?

A man may suffer without sinning, but a man cannot sin without suffering.

Men are believed on their word, but God is not taken at his.

THE CALL.

The night is dark ; behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper—
"Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with
me?"

O thou! so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy daily cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy little trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease,
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through the dark hour only;
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath the plumed crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee—
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no more;
Faint-hearted mariner, still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore?

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou' hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God—

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee because so near to Him?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription—
"Behold we count them happy who endure?"
What treasures wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

Poor wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure—
The way too narrow for thy inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh! that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life—
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The father yielded back a thousand fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature—
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power,
To set his earnest hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

OVERDOSING.

DR. HOLMES has little faith in the curative power of drugs, or the expediency of the large doses which many physicians give their patients. In his lecture on "Currents and Counter Currents," he uttered the following wholesome truths, which startled some of the faculty:—

Invalidism is the normal state of many organisms. It can change to disease, but never to absolute health by medicinal appliances. There are many ladies, ancient and recent, who are perpetually taking remedies for irremediable pains and aches. They ought to have headaches, backaches and stomachaches; they are not well if they do not have them. To expect them to live without frequent twinges, is like expecting a doctor's old chaise to go without creaking; if it did, we might be sure the springs were broken. There is no doubt that the constant demand for medicinal remedies from patients of this class, leads to their over use; often in the case of cathartics, sometimes in that of opiates.

I will venture to say this, that if every specific were to fail utterly; if the china trees all died out, and the arsenic mines were exhausted; the sulphur regions burned up; if every drug from the vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdom were to disappear from the market; a body of enlightened men, organized as a distinct profession, would be required just as much as now, and respected and trusted as now, whose province should be to guard against the cause of disease; to eliminate them, if possible, when still present; to order all the conditions of the patient so as to favor the efforts

of the system to right itself, and to give those predictions of the course of disease which only experience can warrant, and which in so many cases, relieve the exaggerated fears of sufferers and their friends, or warn them in season of impending danger. Great as the loss would be, if certain active remedies could no longer be obtained, it would leave the medical profession the most essential part of its duties, and all, and more than all, its present share of honors; for it would be the death-blow to charlatanism, which depends for its success almost entirely on drugs, or at least a nomenclature that suggests them.

There is no offence, then, or danger, in expressing the opinion that, after all that has been said, the community is still overdoled. The best proof of it is, that no families take so little medicine as those of doctors, except those of apothecaries, and that old practitioners are more sparing of active medicines than younger ones.

ONE IDEA MEN.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Men so called by way of reproach and derision, are often the best and most efficient men in the field; the most zealous, laborious, self-denying, godly. The man well posted on one reform, is generally correct on all others—and the man deficient or conservative on any of the glorious reforms now agitating the world, is as a general thing deficient on all others. Instance, slavery. We find the most holy, active, intelligent, reformatory men of the age taking the true position on this question; consequently you perceive these same men, uniformly consistent on all subjects of moment and eternal welfare. How was it with John Wesley, who was fifty or a hundred years in advance of the age? Whoever took higher and holier ground against oppression, or modern slavery? Who ever raised his voice more powerfully against the curse of all curses? What epithets more vividly, forcibly, and graphically denunciatory? Does he spare the man of blood, the

trafficker in human flesh, in human souls? The very hair is made to rise on our head! his holy soul is poured out! every ear is made to tingle! he saw, he felt, he knew, that modern slavery was the bubblings of the pit, the very quintessence of hell! boiled and steeped to a jelly.

He looked upon the slave holder, persisting in this evil, as among the most hardened wretches, the vilest of the vile—the very embodiment of the devilish!

He termed slavery the “sum of all villainies.” What appellation more just, more appropriate? Nor were his thunders merely against the slave trader or men of the world, who trafficked in the bodies and souls of men, but against every one in the church, and out of it, who gave it this sanction.

Would this beloved Wesley tolerate slavery as it is now tolerated in the church, the missionary Boards, the benevolent institutions, North, South, East, and West? Would he receive the price of blood into his treasury, or take robbery for burnt offering?—Would he invite the man stealer to his pulpit, or to the communion table? Give the slave-making monster a shake of welcome to his sacred feasts? If now on earth would he cease with holy boldness to raise his warning voice like a thunder clap! against the time serving, half hearted pro-slavery policy, which now threatens the dissolution of our once blessed nation? Were it possible for a glorified spirit to weep tears of blood, would it not be at the present abounding corruptions in the church? this fellowshipping iniquity, daubing with untempered mortar, crying, “peace, peace,” when there is no peace.

Let this same John Wesley, the holy, the heavenly, the immortal Wesley, whose spirit now glows *seraphically* around the burning throne of God, let this same reformer go through our American churches, preaching salvation as he once preached, in his native costume of whole souled consecration, his burning love to God and man, bringing down the sledge hammer of omnipotent truth, against tobacco; intemperance in every

form, slavery, etc.; would he not be excommunicated, forthwith?*

Idolary in dress, popish worship, even in the house of God, now stares us full in the face, unrebuked.

Now, lips are closed, silence reigns. Our brother's blood crieth. What now? Pass by on the other side? "Am I my brother's keeper?" How is the fine gold become dim—how is the fine gold changed! The stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street.

Is not God calling on us in thunder tones—"Turn, O backsliding children, acknowledge your iniquity that you have transgressed against the Lord your God, and scattered your way to strangers under every green tree, and ye have not obeyed my voice saith the Lord."

God sends some teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of
Truth

Into the selfish rule of the whole race;
Therefore each form of worship that has
swayed

The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge—reverence,
Enfolds some gems of goodness and of right,
Else never hath the eager soul, which loath-
es

The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

* John Wesley was certainly a most remarkable man. In many things he was a century in advance of the age in which he lived. He was remarkable especially for his reformatory movements. No man ever understood more clearly or advocated more warmly, the cause of temperance, freedom of body, soul and mind. No man ever took stronger ground than Wesley, or declaimed more vehemently, against rum-selling, tobacco chewing and smoking, the pride and folly of dress, extravagance in Church-building, popish worship, fashionable singing and instrumental music in the house of God. Entire sanctification, though a Bible doctrine, was revived by him, embraced, advocated with a spirit of holy zeal, overflowing energetic!

Slavery, intemperance in the use of strong drink and tobacco, the idolatry in dress, gay and costly equipage, received the sledge hammer of his righteous indignation. He cut and slashed—slashed and cut with the sharp two-edged sword of Gospel truth. Satan was driven from the field. The

PRAY IT FIRST.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Do you, friends? You can't preach it or write, unless you first pray it. Here lies a sad mistake. Some ministers attempt to preach—and some editors attempt to write before praying over the subject, or seeking God's special aid. No minister can preach, and no editor can write, as he ought, unless he pray over it and over it, fervently turn it over in prayer, take it to the mercy seat, spread it out before God, every word, every passage, every page, practically; interweave the whole subject in the very *fibres* of the soul. Then, there is hope, glorious hope. The omission of this prayerful duty is a sad—a fearful one; to both writers and speakers. This neglect is one chief cause of so much dry, profitless preaching, so much dry, profitless writing and reading. So many heartless, soulless performances in the pulpit and out of it. No one can talk, preach, pray, write or exhort with suitable unction, life, power, grace force or effort, until the whole thing, be first molded over in the furnace of sanctified, gospel prayer.

Let a minister get his sermons thus saturated with prayer, energized, spiritualized, wrought up to the highest pitch of practical fervency of faith, hope, joy, love. Then, let him open his lips, write or speak. What now. Any signs of life? Ask Paul, Peter, James, Wesley, Whitfield. The people will see, feel, know, realize personally that there is authority, commanding, influential, soul-saving authority, in these praying men of God; that what they write and speak bears the impress divine. It will tell on the consciences and lives of men—

bands of hell and death were burst asunder. Simplicity, purity, love, predominated, holiness beamed, God's name was honored, glorified—salvation streamed!

Stronger, more decisive, uncompromising language against oppression or manstealing could not be used. The same language used now on the subject of modern slavery is counted ultra fanaticism, wild-fire, branded with the hated epithet—abolitionism.

be quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword.

These men, living *constantly* by faith on God, praying *always* with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, are the only men for the times. They are enabled by holding continued intercourse with Heaven, to "speak with authority and not as the Scribes."

Lord send us such men (ministers and editors) full of faith and the Holy Spirit, send them every where, all over the world.

Friends, when you write for the press, will you bear these facts in mind? write with prayer, begin with prayer, continue in prayer, end in prayer? lift up holy hands every where—*always*?

Communion with God ere the work of the day,
In its multiplied cares shall call me away—
The sweetest of all other duties by far,
Is to plead for the multiplied subjects of prayer.

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MELISSA SEDORE.

The earlier part of my life, to my regret, was spent in vanity and sin.—When I became old enough to know good from evil, I knew that I was a sinner, and thought many times, when thinking of death, about praying, but concluded that I did not know how, and that I was too wicked. In the eighteenth year of my age God saw fit to awaken me more fully to a sense of my awful condition, without God and without a hope in the world. My sister was called upon a bed of sickness, from which it was thought she could not recover. She expected in a very short time to be in a better world. As she called me to her bedside, and talked with me about my soul, my heart melted, and it seemed as though it would break. I went away alone and wept until I could weep no longer, but no peace could I find. I did not look in the right direction. O, if I had turned to Jesus then, how quickly would he have spoken peace to my troubled soul. But the Lord saw fit to give us back our sister from the jaws of death, bless His name! Soon after,

this, Bro. Prindle commenced a protracted meeting in our neighborhood. I went regularly to the meetings. The power of God was there. The Spirit of God kept striving with me, but I resisted it, and it left me, not in that careless state of mind that I had been in heretofore, but with an aching void the world could never fill. I plunged deeper into sin than before, trying to throw off the sense of guilt that lurked in my heart. O, what a dangerous path was I in!—the same road that many are in to-day. What feelings I had when alone! Such a fearful looking for of judgment! God, in tender mercy, spared my life one long year in this condition, calling loudly at intervals, "Give me thy heart!" I finally yielded, bless the Lord, while reading a book called "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted."—The book was very urgent, beseeching the reader now to pray and give himself to God. I made the resolve, and said,

I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
I shall forever die.

I told my determinations to my sister. She encouraged me, prayed with me, and pointed me to Jesus. The devil now tried to make me ashamed of the step I had taken, bade me give it up, said my sisters that were unconverted were so much happier than I, mourning over my sins. Then the blessed Jesus would hold out the joys of his salvation and bid me buy without money and without price. I read the BIBLE, and prayed for two days, but found no relief. On the third morning, when I read and prayed, I felt somewhat lighter of my load, but thought it was because I was doing my duty, seeking the Lord. I asked my sister if she thought it possible that I could be forgiven so soon. She told me that my own wicked heart would not tell me that I was forgiven, and then Satan certainly would not. She asked me what I thought it could be? I went away in secret to pray. My weeping, struggling spirit was all gone, prayer was turned into praise. All I could say

was, "thank God," over and over again, while tears of gratitude coursed down my cheeks. The month of September, that nineteen years before, witnessed my natural birth, now witnessed my new and spiritual one. Glory to God! I was now a Christian. I lived on with scarce a cloud between me and my Saviour for a number of days. O, how sweet the precious Bible seemed to me. Light shone upon its sacred pages, and I could claim its blessed promises through the blood of the Lamb. But soon duties presented themselves at home and abroad, and I was looking too much at the blessing, and not enough at the cross. When the crosses came I shrank from some of them, and some I bore, but O, how weak I felt! During the winter and spring following I began to feel the need of something more. I felt the risings of anger and pride, and my most easily besetting sin was fear of man. O, how much pain it cost me! I used to tell my sister were it not for the hope I had of gaining special victory over all these, I should be discouraged. I had a faint idea of what Jesus had in store for me, but I did not know how to get it. In June they held a camp meeting at Victor. I looked forward to that as being the time when my hungering soul should be satisfied. I went. It was all new to me, and I was very much tried. Instead of looking right to Jesus I lost sight of Him in speculating upon what was passing around me. O, how I felt! I hardly knew where to find him whom my soul longed for. At length, when the week was about half spent, they prepared a seat in one of the prayer circles, and invited all that were not satisfied with their present enjoyment to go to it. I went with a number of others. A brother prayed for us earnestly. I tried to pray for myself, but I had not given my voice to the Lord. I was not willing to cry aloud for the blessing, neither was I willing to praise the Lord aloud when blessed, and I know the Lord will never bless any one upon such terms. But my agony began to be so keen that I commenced crying aloud. I lost all fear of the

world then. I gave myself away anew to Jesus. Soon he filled my heart and mouth with his praises, and for the first time in my life I praised the Lord in the midst of the congregation. O, bless Jesus, that I ever learned to praise him. I have often heard my pastor say, "shout glory once, and it will come back twice." Now I proved it. Bless the Lord! The Glory of God kept settling down until my strength and breath left me, and I lay perfectly helpless for some time. O, how plain I saw the narrow, shining way that leads from earth to Glory. The rest of the winter was a precious season to my soul. I returned home, feeling I could do anything for Jesus. I took up my former neglected duties, and enjoyed the smiles of my Saviour a short time. Then I yielded to temptation. The doctrine of entire sanctification was taught as plain to my mind as it has been since, I failed to hold on to Jesus, by simple faith, in the hour of trial, and I thus lost the glorious privilege of walking and talking with my Saviour continually. I spent almost another year serving God more from fear than love! O, how merciful the Lord was to me. While in this state I often received largely from His hand, but I was not to be trusted. When the blessed cross came, I shrank again and again. Finally, in the month of February, after the camp meeting in June, I commenced attending a series of meetings in the town of Rose, held by Bro. Stacey. The first evening my soul was blessed. I was led to praise the Lord aloud the next night. O, how He did fill my soul with rejoicing and praise. I could enter into the convert's joy, and had the evidence that I was clearly justified before the Lord, but as I returned to the place where I was stopping, and tried to pray in secret for sinners, how keenly I felt the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart. Finally, in one of the afternoon prayer meetings, they invited all who desired the blessing of perfect love to come to the anxious seat. I accordingly went, and as I bowed and offered myself anew to Jesus, O, how he searched my heart. Bless His name!

I was led to promise the Lord in public, that I would do nothing, say nothing, wear nothing, that was displeasing to Him, and He has ever held me to my promise. Glory to the Lamb! I saw so plain the requirements of God while pleading with Him alone, it seemed as though Jesus said to me, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and "be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." My soul cried out, "As the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." I was enabled to wait patiently upon the Lord, and he inclined His ear. On the Sabbath following, I could claim the blessing of a clean heart through faith in my crucified Saviour. Glory be to God!

There has been nearly a year that I have not seen one unhappy moment, but all the way along it has been Jesus. Glory! Glory! Last August I was taken sick with the fever and ague.—After being sick a couple of weeks I was convicted to take the Lord as a physician of my body—I felt as though I could not call Jesus my full Saviour until I could trust him for my body as well as my soul. It was a great cross, but I had promised the blessed Lord tonight to do every duty, and I was now led to promise Him, that through His grace I would never take any more medicine. He healed me of the ague, after a severe trial of my faith. I was then prostrated with the inflammation of the lungs. The way looked all dark before me while suffering a severe pain under my shoulder at every breath, but I had a clear evidence within that this sickness was not unto death, but for the glory of God; and, though to all outward appearances, I was failing fast, and my mother and other friends thought I had the consumption. I just hung on Jesus by simple faith. O, how sweetly I felt the healing power of God all through my body; and in three weeks from the time I was so low, I was enabled to ride fourteen miles to a watch meeting. O, glory to God! I feel well now, both in body and soul, and I would not be without Jesus as my blessed physician of

soul and body for all the world contains. O, bleeding Jesus! Blessed Saviour! He now reigns in my heart without a rival, and I am looking forward a little while, when I shall meet all God's dear ones in Heaven.

Galen, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY.

BY REV. JAMES MILLER.

WHAT unspeakable need is there at this present time of *clear, definite testimony* on the part of Christ's witnesses! Scores are eagerly listening, anxious to hear, and learn about the way of faith, and to receive light on the subject of *Entire Sanctification*. In many places there are (and in all there should be,) meetings held for the *promotion of holiness*; and how are these meetings conducted? Have they been permitted to run into a kind of general prayer meeting? Are the prayers there offered, *indefinite*, praying for "more religion," a "deeper work of grace," "sanctify our hearts," "give success to our arms," "awaken sinners," and the like? if so, *nothing definite* will be accomplished, and your meetings will die out.

God only knows, with what *unutterable groanings*, and deep emotions, I have witnessed the progress of our "meetings for holiness." What *lack of point!* What a lack of *clear, definite testimony!* How few to give in a *Scriptural* testimony; one that will *edify!* and yet many profess *holiness!* aye, and how many that have no correct views, or clear ideas of *what it is*. All seems, *is*, confusion. Meetings are held for the special benefit of the church; numbers that have promised before God, and their brethren, that they would diligently seek until they obtained the blessing of "*perfect love*," that are not enjoying it, nor pressing on to it. I doubt their *justification*.

I feel the importance of having more definiteness in this respect. Oh, how soon shall we as *individuals*, as a *church*, lose our *power and influence*, if we leave the "*old paths*," and *hunt out new ones*. Oh may God help us. Brother, Sister,

do you profess holiness "*entire*," and do you speak of it in general terms, calling it "*religion*," "*love*," "*doing the will of the Lord*?" Though all these terms express the *idea*, yet, they are *indefinite*, and do not express *the thing itself*. There must be *plain, pointed, and practical instruction* in regard to this *state of grace*. Do you say, "let the *Lord teach us*." Amen! but I understand God works by *means—through instruments*. God uses *some* more than others! Are you disposed to say "I have been longer in the way than you," therefore I know the *why better*, and *consequently* can not be taught by you? Oh brother, sister, in the church, there is *pride* enough in your heart back of all this to *damn your soul*; unless you get rid of it, it will just as certainly do it as *pride exists*.

Indefinite testimony, makes *man sceptical*, charges God with falsehood, or *prevarication*, and will sooner or later grieve the Holy Spirit from your heart. Oh! my brethren and sisters, bear with me, for I cannot forbear. I love you all "*with a pure heart fervently*," and "*our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*," and I know my *highest ambition* is to please God, and my brethren and sisters to "*their edification*." If you cannot give in a Scriptural testimony in favor of *Entire Sanctification*, do not, I beg of you, try to lead *others* in the way, for both will "*fall into the ditch*." Are you at a loss for words? Read our best writings on the subject, "*Wesley's Plain Account*," "*Peck's Central Idea*," "*Mrs. Palmer's way of Holiness*," and above all, *read the Bible*, and not only read, but study, "*search the Scriptures*," *inform yourselves*, seek to become, *educated* in the things of God.

Do you refuse to comply with the course your pastor *marks out*, in reference to the meeting, on the ground that, "*God can lead us*." You are *fighting God*, *rebelliing* against his government. If God has called men to *preach*, he has called them to *lead the meeting*, to *give advice*, and to *conduct the meeting* in a manner *best* calculated to promote the cause of Christ. Do you object to be-

ing led by one not as old as *yourself*? This is of the devil, for if a minister, or any man lives near God, they will not be *twenty years* in learning the way.— Oh! may God help us to keep to the point in our meetings, *speaking definitely, praying definitely, singing definitely, and teaching definitely*, and we shall not have general prayer meetings, of our meetings for holiness.

AURORA, Ill.

BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYER.

The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must often be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has for years neglected it. 'I have never done anything since I became a Christian,' writes one, 'which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty, from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ, but I shrank from its performance so painfully, that day after day, and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night. Again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when morning came was much agitated.

'Before breakfast, I said to my wife, I feel, C—, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.' No,' she replied, but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we rose from the breakfast-table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silent and be seated. They did so, but I felt that their eyes were fixed wonderingly upon me. I took a large Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that

presented itself. I then knelt and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I know not why it was, but during the performance of this service my soul was so filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplication for his blessing with as much freedom and fervor as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears.

The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones, was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full unison with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and to many of them I believe the hour of family prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us.'

TOBACCO AND MANIACS.

TESTIMONY OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HARTFORD RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 26th ult. came duly to hand. I have no hesitation in giving you a decided answer to your question as to my opinions of the effects of the use of tobacco. These opinions are mainly based upon the observations I have made, during the last twenty years, among several thousand cases of insanity which have come under my care and observation. It is well known that tobacco is one of our most active drugs; and I am convinced that its use, excepting as a medicine, is in all cases evil, and evil continually. Its effects upon the healthy action of the digestive organs and nervous system must be more or less pernicious in all cases; the extent of injury generally being in

proportion to the amount used.

I not unfrequently find its inveterate use a predisposing, and occasionally, a most efficient exciting cause of insanity; and, moreover, where this has been the principal exciting cause of the most grave disease, I have generally found the cases to be of a hopeless character.

I remain, with much respect,

Your friend,

JOHN S. BUTLER.

The superintendents of the New York Asylum for the Insane, in their late report to the Legislature of that State, say, "Our own observation leads us to the belief that this pernicious weed has done more to enervate the body, and precipitate the mind into the vortex of insanity, than spirituous liquors."

The following testimony of the injurious effects of long addiction to the use of tobacco, is from the pen of a respectable physician:

"I am now laboring under a *monomania*, caused in good part by sucking an old pipe the most of the time the last thirty years. Tobacco has nearly used me up—deadening my nervous sensibility; causing languor and loss of energy, a dreadful foreboding of the future in temporal matters, a dreadful feeling about the pit of my stomach, etc. I can't begin to tell you the half of the agony I have suffered in by-gone years. It is passing strange that I should have sucked the nasty old pipe so long, when I knew that it was consuming my vitals. I quit the loathsome practise some three months since, and it is now perfectly disgusting to me. I have not yet got rid of the effects of it on my nerves. I am like a man with the *delirium tremens*, although I do not see sights, etc., but am constantly filled with gloom. Shall I ever get rid of these effects? One thing is certain—I shall not take up tobacco again. I have been advised by physicians to do so, but I know better. *Warn all young men for me to let tobacco alone. I positively believe that it does as much harm as liquor.*"—*Anti Tobacco Journal.*

EXPERIENCE OF

MARY THOMPSON.

It is now six years since I first experienced the pardoning love of God. The light of God shone brightly upon my soul, and I then knew the joys of pardoned sin. But alas! for me. I had ever loved the world and had sought for its applause with all the eagerness of my soul. And now, though I felt that I was a Christian, I had no idea that it was wrong to follow the maxims and fashions of the world.— Older professors around me did the same, and I only followed their example. I joined the M. E. Church on probation, and lived along as others did, until my probation expired. The minister then asked me if I wished to join in full connection, to which I answered, "If I am worthy." He then left me without a word of advice or reproof, or asking me a disciplinary question.

I was admitted into the Church with all my pride and worldly conformity. And God knows I was *very, very* proud. I continued to deck my poor body with all the vain trappings of the world, such as jewels, flowers, etc. And all this time I fancied I was a very good Christian, at least, as good as others, and as I had no one to lead me in the straight and narrow way, I sank into carnal security and dreamed of happiness and heaven, when I was in the broad road to death. After living in this way for three years I was sent away to school, and, although it professed to be a religious institution, the surrounding influences tended to draw me still farther from Christ. I had wandered from my blessed Saviour, and now I loved to wander. I attended parties, joined with the gay in the mazy dance, often surrounded the card table for amusement, and all the while was a member in good standing in the church, professing to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus! About two years ago God in his providence sent us a minister who preached a free, full, and present salvation. He labored very hard, and before the expiration of the first year he, under God,

succeeded in getting the church considerably aroused. And the people began to worship God in "spirit and in truth," and in the "beauty of holiness." Living Christians had become a curiosity. The people came from far and near to the weekly prayer meetings to hear the saints of God pray, sing, and shout. About this time I returned to my home. I found that the principal topic of conversation was the wonderful prayer meetings. My curiosity being aroused, I too went to the meetings to see for myself what possessed the people, I with others believing it to be the work of the Devil. The people were praying when I arrived. I entered the room, took a seat among them, and looked on with amazement. Their shouts and hallelujahs seemed to me like idle mockery, until nearly the close of the meeting, when a brother whom I had ever respected and highly esteemed came out in the blessing of sanctification. While witnessing this scene of glory, God sent arrows of conviction to my poor, unworthy soul. I now felt that God was among the people, and I resolved then and there, to seek him with my whole heart. About a week after this, God for Christ sake poured the light of reclaiming grace upon my soul, and again I heard his pardoning voice saying, "Daughter thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee, go in peace and sin no more." A short time after this at a prayer meeting I experienced the blessing of sanctification. *Praise the Lord.* Previous to this I had laid aside many of my ornaments, but now *all* was required and *laid upon the altar*; not only my ornaments but *home, friends, and even the "dearest idols I had known"* must be included in the sacrifice. My heart responded to the sentiment breathed in the beautiful lines—

"Ye gay, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth hath prevailed too long,
Now I must break the spell;
Go, cherished joys of earlier years,
Jesus forgive th' s. parting tears."

Welcome, thou bleeding cross,
Thou only way to God.

My former gains were loss,
My path was folly's road ;
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given, and Christ received.

Yes, the world was given and Christ received. Now my peace flowed like a river, and my joy was like an overflowing stream. *Glory to His holy name.* Jesus was my prophet, priest, and king. He reigned without a rival in my poor soul. *Glory to God!* About eight months have now passed away since that eventful hour, and the *hallowed flame* is still burning in my heart, and with increasing brilliance. *Glory to God.* I can now shout victory, *victory* over all sin. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Yet I find that the Christian's life is indeed a warfare, and they that would live godly in Christ Jesus SHALL suffer persecution. I have passed, and am still passing through severe trials. My dearest friends oppose me, thinking me to be deluded or carried away by a false doctrine. But with Paul I can say, "none of these things move me." They only drive me nearer my blessed Saviour, and I find that trials, temptations, and persecution, and all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. And they that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and they that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. *Glory to the Lamb forever!*

And now dear reader, if you are unconverted; if you have never tasted of the joys of a Saviour's love; if you have never known the blissfulness of sins forgiven, oh! turn to God, oh! turn and live, for Jesus is ready and willing to forgive. Oh remember that you have within your breast a gem, a priceless jewel, that is destined to live as long as God lives. Life and death are set before you. Will you be a *child of God*, and an heir of happiness? or will you be a child of wrath, an heir of ruin, an inhabitant of hell?

There is more evil in a drop of corruption, than there is in a sea of affliction.

MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

LUCY M. BULLOCK.

In early life I was blessed with a praying mother, and in answer to her many prayers I was brought to feel a quick perception of sin. I would often meditate upon a perfect state in which I could be freed from all sin. I was so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of a state of holiness that I would often try to be perfect in all my ways. Still I thought I should obtain the blessing by my "good works," therefore, all my endeavors were in vain. I would enter into a controversy with my young associates, about a perfect state, into which even young children could come, and have all their evil passions brought into complete subjection to the divine will, but all the encouragement I got was their scoffs and sneers. Still that did not discourage me. The same small voice continued its impressions. "Be ye perfect—be ye perfect." I strove for it, until at the age of fourteen. Then I came to the conclusion that my own righteousness was as filthy rags, and I would go to work and get converted, then I would push my way on to the city of the new Jerusalem. A protracted meeting was commenced at that time by L. Northway. I attended, and found peace in a pardoning God, and united with the Methodist E. Church on probation. The good Lord gave me some light concerning this state of purity which made me more eager to grasp it. Being so young and ignorant I dared not say anything about it to older professors. Hearing of a Wesleyan quarterly meeting in our place, I attended and found a people there, styled the Nazarenes. I inquired into their belief and found it to be, that one could live on earth without sin; that without holiness of heart none could see God in peace. It was as good an introduction as I wanted. I made haste to inform them of the dealings of His Holy Spirit with my soul. Oh! the blessedness of that hour! They took me to their hearts and said they would remember

me in their prayers. We parted.—Shortly after, I was requested to go and live awhile with this much despised people. I granted their request, and had been there but a short time before I could testify there was efficacy in Christ's blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness. Oh, what a peace I enjoyed in my God! It was my meat and drink to do the will of God.—Hallelujah to the Lamb! I loved my precious Redeemer so, I could praise Him night and day without ceasing. Finally a hard temptation came. It was this—"What will your friends say about your plainness of person? Why, how dare you go in that new M. E. Church looking so?" I came near yielding to the temptation; but only thought the will of the Lord be done. I stayed with this beloved people nine weeks. Then I received a letter from my mother requesting me to return, as her health was very poor. I hastened home, and shortly after, a protracted meeting was commenced. I attended and worked faithfully for souls. None were converted. But, oh! how I was staggered at the leading ones in the church. I saw them in a light I never did before—cold, stupid, having a name to live when dead. Those I loved in the church had a great influence over me. They told me I could dress more fashionably and enjoy just as much religion. The adversary of my soul sanctioned it—furthermore he said they had been in this way much longer than I had, and I must take them for my pattern. Ah! yes, I soon found that shouting was not popular, and my plainness of dress was far more unacceptable. I put on those things that I had been obliged to take off in order to get blessed; and fell from grace. Oh, most deplorable situation that I was in! to lose my power with God! When I came down in religion, I went up in the estimation of the church; but where was my peace that had flowed like a river? It was blown to the four winds, and I enjoyed only the company of friends, and the serpent that daily haunted me. Three years passed away with groans mingled with tears. I need not try to

describe my feelings, for none but my Heavenly Father knows what I underwent. At last I came home from boarding school to attend a camp meeting, and was determined to get blessed. I was fully aware if I had persisted in my own way I should not have lived one year longer. I was in a prayer meeting and the Holy Ghost came down there and found lodgement in my heart. I was enabled to praise God again. I was only justified, and calculated to get in the higher degree of religion on the camp ground, but did not. Camp meeting broke up. I enjoyed myself very well, still there was an emptiness which I daily mourned over, and prayed that I might be filled with the presence of God. Hearing of a meeting carried on by brother and sister Coolly, I could not be deprived of going, for "those people are my people, and their God my God." I went, praying that they might be a blessing to my soul. Thank God, my prayer was answered, February 11th, 1862, between eleven and twelve. I could shout the high praises of God with a sanctified heart. I felt the power of God upon my body more than I ever had in my life. Winter has passed since that time, and I can feel the evidence glow in my heart. "Glory, glory" to God for this highway of holiness which He has cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in. Oh! bless the Lord, I will praise him with my whole heart.

Reader will you meet me in heaven, where we can walk together those streets that are paved with gold? Oh! meet me, meet me, will you? Perhaps you are surrounded with formal professors. If so, let me entreat you to keep your foot upon the rock, and your eyes on the promises, then you will be sure to win the day. May God bless you, and give you a home in heaven.

Never deal rigorously with any one; the exactitude of honesty does not demand all that is due. If you would be a friend beloved, be not strictly exacting, nor fear to be in the advance.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, AUGUST, 1862.

RELIABLE.

GOD is reliable. He never disappoints expectations that he creates. Every promise that he has made is sure—more to be depended on than the rising of the sun, or the succession of the seasons. St. James says that “with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” The original reads, “He is without parallax.” Perhaps an explanation will enable you to see the force of this expression. As our position changes, the position of a stationary body, at a distance, appears to change. The width of a river can be accurately ascertained by noting with a compass the direction of an object on the opposite bank, from two places at a given distance apart. The angle formed in the centre of the body by two lines drawn from the respective places of observation is the parallax. Suppose it is desired to ascertain the distance of the moon from the earth. An astronomer locates himself at a given point on the earth, with his telescope directed to the moon. Another locates himself far distant from the first, with his line of sight also on the moon at the same instant of time. The angle of the visual ray with a perpendicular to the earth’s centre is carefully noted by each observer; and when this angle—the parallax—is found (the base of the triangle being the distance between them, it is easy to tell at what distance from the earth the protracted sides would meet, and that point of junction will be the centre of the moon.

Making of the earth a grand travelling observatory, and taking an observation upon a fixed star, the astronomer waits till the end of six months when the earth has travelled half way around her orbit, and again sends up his visual ray to the same star, when he finds, to his astonishment, that, though he has a base line of 200,000,000 of miles, the two lines of vision are apparently parallel! From whatever part of the earth’s orbit it is viewed it appears to occupy the same position.

Thus it is with God. Correct observa-

tions made at the beginning of time, compared with those now made, show him to be the same, unchangeable Being.

Men are uncertain—their solemn vows are often disregarded, their firmest resolutions are like a rope of sand; but God is in one mind, and never changes. The foundations of the earth shall be dissolved, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, but He abides the same forever. His every word shall be fulfilled, and his promise shall stand firmer than the pillars of Heaven.

Just in proportion as a fallen man becomes a *partaker of the Divine nature* does he, too, become reliable. In an emergency he can be depended upon for all that is to be expected from a human being. His word is worth all it calls for. This is equally true in secular and in religious matters. One restored to the image of God is, in all business matters, thoroughly honest, and faithful to his engagements. If he is carrying on business himself, he meets his promises at the stipulated time, and you do not have to pay for his work twice—once in running for it, and again in money. If he is in another’s employ he makes his employer’s interests his own, and works just as faithfully in his absence as in his presence. Even worldly men soon learn to place confidence in one who bears in his whole life the image of the Heavenly. Such a man meets his religious duties with fidelity and promptness. He can be depended upon in the church, at the altar, in the Sunday school, and class-room. He sustains the social means of grace, and is always ready to help the distressed, to reprove the wicked, and to pray for the penitent. If you leave your sick in his care, they will receive the same kindness and attention that you, yourself, would give them.

“*Partakers of the Divine Nature!*” What blessed words! What a desirable state of grace! The inconstancy of the great mass of professing Christians shows how few there are who attain to this sweet repose in God. Yet, for that end were the exceeding great and precious promises of the Bible given.*

*2 PET. I. 4.

Have you availed yourself of their benefits? Have you become a *partaker* of the Divine Nature? Are you rooted and grounded in love? Not if you are unreliable. Profess what you may, but if you are unsteady and inconstant; if you are fitful and fluctuating, uncertain as the sun-shine of an April day—if your good nature depends upon the state of your health, your happiness upon your worldly prosperity, and your devotional feeling upon the atmosphere you breathe, if you cannot be depended upon for all that others have a right reasonably to expect of you, there can be no mistake in your case, you have not the spirit of Christ. Almost any old hulk will float in fine weather, but the tempest, the waves rolling mountain high show the capacity of a vessel; so the trials, the every day vexations of life test the nature of a man. Do you stand the test? Are you reliable?

If not do not lay the blame on God. If you are vacillating and unsteady, going back and forth, like an empty shuttle, accomplishing nothing, do not pretend to be led by the Spirit of God. If you disregard obligations into which you have entered, or disappoint expectations to which you have given rise, do not seek to screen yourself from blame, by throwing the responsibility upon the Lord. The light which He gives, like that of the sun, is sure and steady, and points straight onward towards the skies, that which conducts you in an unsteady, unreliable course, like the *ignis fatuus*, is of lower origin, and but

Leds to bewilder,
And dazzles to blind.

If you are really led by the Spirit of God you can be depended upon.

BEARING THE CROSS.

There is a cross to be borne daily, if we would be the disciples of Christ. To "bear the cross," is to voluntarily undergo suffering, trials, privations, or to do unpleasant duties for the sake of Christ. There is no such thing as going around the cross that Jesus lays upon us. It is always so large that it completely fills up the "narrow way that leadeth unto life;" and every effort to go around it either brings one to a dead halt, or conducts him back into the "broad

way that leadeth to destruction." If you would live a Christian life you must, then, take up the cross, whether it is to witness for Jesus, to reprove sin, to keep silence, to mortify the deeds of the body, to visit the sick, or to labor for the salvation of the ignorant and the degraded.

But be sure you take the cross that Jesus lays upon you. If you do not, and still strive to retain the grace God has given you, Satan transformed into an angel of light, will begin to make crosses for you; and he will harass and perplex your poor soul, and will drive you about from one thing to another until you have scarcely any life, spiritual or natural, left.

It is no evidence that a cross is from Christ because it is heavy; on the contrary, when he presents a cross there is a degree of encouragement, and an assurance of His help, that makes it easy. The cross that Jesus lays upon us may be heavy, but, like the wings of a bird, it is a burden that carries us while we carry it—and carries us too, much faster and easier than we could otherwise go.

Nor is it safe to conclude that a thing should be done because it is a cross to do it. We cannot ascertain our duty in this way. Search the Scriptures, and if you find no general precept applicable to your circumstances, ask for the light of the Holy Spirit; and if the matter be important, consult some devoted friend, and have them unite their intercessions with yours; *be sure and have no will* about the matter, and you can hardly fail to be led aright.

*Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.*

GOOD PERIODICALS.

"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."

Friends! are you aware of the amount of light and life, a good periodical diffuses? Can ministers and public lecturers do all the work? all the preaching? all the talking? A weekly or monthly that speaks out boldly, kindly, earnestly, affectionately, uncompromisingly; lifts the warning voice: points out clearly, faithfully, church duties, domestic duties, state duties, individual du-

ties; exhorts, entreats, rebukes, judiciously, with all long suffering and doctrine; holds up the golden medium of life, and salvation, should be duly appreciated. Such a publication is a lighthouse, a city set on a hill—a faithful and efficient auxiliary in reform, salvation and sanctification. Should not a periodical, thus true to the best interests of the community, the cause of virtue, benevolence, humanity, purity and love—excluding every thing of a vicious or pernicious tendency; all that is light, vain, foolish and frivolous; be amply sustained? Should not ministers, church-officers, laymen, every one, use all laudable means for its support; stretch every nerve to give it a firm footing, and extensive circulation? A good and substantial periodical, ably conducted, breathing the atmosphere of the apostolical days, will preach effectually, where the minister cannot preach; in the house, by the wayside, in the clerk's office, the workshop, the reading room, in the parlor, around the fireside;—its silent, but persuasive voice, will be heard *every where*—even by thousands who never enter the sanctuary of God. It opens the way, indeed, and prepares for successful pulpit labor, and strengthens the hand of the minister, in his parochial duties, or pastoral visitations. A speedy and extensive circulation of the virtuous, the solid and the pure, will tend to forestall the light, the visionary, the romance, the vain, the fictitious—the foolish, and the trashy. The people will read, and, if something valuable is not thrown in their way, rest assured Satan will sow his tares in abundance! Is there not a strange and unaccountable indifference and supineness on this subject? It appears to us, the pulpit and the press should go hand in hand, walk side by side, be mutual helpers in every good word and work—that the prayers of God's people should ascend fervently, perseveringly, for holy, reformatory editors, a sanctified press—that God would strengthen these editors, give them great grace, wisdom, and righteousness, the pen of the ready writer, that they may write for God, and *only* for God. And by *all means* see to it, their subscription list is well sustained.

"Good papers live when you are dead,
Light on the darkened mind they shed:

Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage,
They nurse the gems of holy trust;
They wake untired when you are dust."

N.

FULL SALVATION.

The following extract from a business letter, from a dear brother in Christ, contains such clear testimony to the faithfulness of God that we give it to our readers, praying that it may help some into the same great blessing;

BRO. ROBERTS:—I wish to say to you and sister R., that the Lord has given me not only a clean heart, but the witness of the same. O, how the Lord has led me—truly in a way I knew not. Without giving my experience in detail, I will simply state how I received the evidence. After undergoing a severe testing and cross-examination by the Spirit, I felt in my heart that God had heard my prayer and given me my heart's desire—namely, the blessing of sanctification. I prayed thus: "O Lord, if thou hast given me this blessing, give me the witness!" And bless his holy name, it came in a manner I least expected, but perfectly conclusive. This was the answer—"The altar sanctifieth the gift. O how clearly I saw the whole matter. *First*, "it is the will of God, even your sanctification. *Second*, "all things are possible to him that believeth." *Yes. Third*, "the altar sanctifieth the gift." *Yes.* You are *now* on the altar; what does the altar do? Sanctifieth the gift. *I am the gift.* therefore the altar sanctifies me. Do I believe it? Yes, Lord. How plain, how simple, how easy. I clinched the promise of the word by *faith*. O, how the light has shined and is now shining on my pathway, illuminating my whole being. Hallelujah! my soul is full of glory and the love of Jesus.

Your brother in Christ,
J. W. M.

CAMP MEETINGS.

THE BERGEN CAMP MEETING is the great Camp Meeting of Western New York. The saints of God come together here from all quarters, and from great distances. The attendance this year, as usual, was large. There were, it is said by those who counted

them, sixty-six tents on the ground—most of them of large size. The weather was rainy, a portion of the time, but this it was thought had a beneficial effect upon the meeting. Instead of one service at the stand where but few comparatively could take an active part, many were held at the same time in different tents, a good deal of close work could be done, and a much larger number were probably saved than would have been, if the weather had been pleasant. Some, who endeavored at the close of the meeting to ascertain the number of conversions, estimated the number as over one hundred.

AT UNION, Broome County, N. Y., we attended a very profitable Camp Meeting. Satan contested the ground hotly, but God gave us a most glorious and complete victory. The influence of that Camp Meeting will, we believe, be long felt for good in all that region of country. Brother Henry Belden, of Brooklyn, was present, through the meeting, and contributed very much to its success by his fervent prayers, his faithful expositions of the word of God. Brothers, Joseph Palmer, of New York, Joseph Travis, of Saint Louis, Edward P. Hart, of Illinois, were also present, and rendered efficient and valued assistance.

AT ALLEGANY the attendance was respectable, though an alarm about the small-pox kept many away. The meeting was successful—quite a number of precious souls gave evidence of having obtained the justifying grace of God—some came out in the blessing of entire sanctification, and the cause of God received a new impetus which will, we trust, result in a great amount of good.

We have attended, thus far, four Camp Meetings this year, and judge from what we have seen and heard that the work of Earnest Christianity is in an encouraging state. While some turn back, tired of the reproach of Christ, and unwilling longer to bear the afflictions of the Gospel, some, thank God, do hold out from year to year, and some are constantly being won over from the ranks of sin and formalism to the cross of Christ. These are perilous times in which we live, and happy is he who, resisting all influences to the contrary, remains faithful to the grace of God.

MISTAKEN.

We never met a person that claimed infallibility. All admit, in theory, the possibility of being mistaken. Yet practically how hard it is for any one to admit, in plain words, that he has entertained opinions that are incorrect, or indulged in prejudices that are not well-founded. There is no pride so strong, or so dangerous, as pride of opinion. When men's sins are exposed they are generally willing to confess them; but when it is apparent to all that opinions which they have publicly avowed are false, they still cling to them with the utmost tenacity.—The prayer of the old Scotch Divine is one that we might all offer to advantage, "O Lord! keep me right; for thou knowest that when I go wrong, it is very hard to turn me."

Among those of our acquaintances who adopted the second-advent doctrines propagated a few years ago by Mr. Miller, were some devoted Christians. At first, their meetings were among the most deeply spiritual that we ever attended. But when the time they had fixed upon for the second-coming of Christ passed by without his making his appearance, many could not admit that there had been any mistake in their calculations. To save themselves from the mortifying confession that they had not fully understood "all mysteries, and all knowledge" they resorted to various expedients. Some held that time was really passed—that we were now in eternity—some held to the annihilation of the wicked—some went to the Shakers—and many made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.

Beloved, take warning. "Consistency is a jewel," but jewels have their value. They may be bought too dearly. *Truth is too high a price to pay for consistency.* If you are deceived a dozen times a day, have the frankness and humility to confess it. It is a thousand times better to be true and honest, than to be consistent in error. So long as you are too proud to admit mistakes the Lord cannot lead you. When you can assign no better opinion for maintaining a position than that you have taken it publicly, you had better abandon it. If you have been misled, confess it frankly.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"DO YOU KNOW WHO WANTS A BOY?"

Returning from our office, the other day, we met at the junction of the Cincinnati and Greenville railroads, a sturdy little fellow of German parentage, who inquired—"Do you know who wants a boy?" He was weary, for the sun was nearly down, and he had been all day seeking a place; yet he stood up bravely and his voice was as clear as a bell.

"My little friend," said I, "what do you want to do?"

"Work," he replied, and he put his hands in his pocket and threw out his chest, as if to say, "I am not too small—I can work."

"You are a brave boy—but don't your mother want you?"

"My mother's dead."

We felt reproved for asking the question, but it occurred to us that a mother *would* be proud of the clear-eyed flaxen haired hero.

"Where is your father, my son?"

"O he lives over in Dayton: but he has another wife, and she don't want to be bothered with me. But I can work if I can find anybody that wants me."

Young soldier of toil, you will soon find some one who wants a boy, a boy like you, we hope; and may some good angel provide you with work not too hard for your small hands; and may cares lightly touch you, that your young spirit may not be wounded or crushed. Long life and health to you!

"Do you know any one who wants a boy?" Ah! yes, many a mother's eyes will grow dim as she reads this artless question, and thinks of the two bright eyes she closed not long since—and of the two little hands she crossed on the still breast—of one who is now an angel, but for whom her heart *will* yearn, despite her philosophy and Christianity, until she clasps him again to her bosom.

And if we could go in spirit to Donelson, Roanoke, Pea Ridge, and Pittsburg Landing; how many an anxious wife and mother, sister and father, would we see on those

fields, slippery as they are with blood, and covered with corpses, seeking for "a boy." This bloody war is robbing us of our noblest boys. "O! my dear boy," sobbed a farmer's wife at the depot the other day. "Where is your boy?" asked a sympathizing friend. He fell at Pittsburg Landing, and I cannot even get his dear body! O, my boy, my boy!"

"Do you know who wants a boy?" Yes, Satan. He loves to take a young mind and blot it with falsehoods—a young heart and foul it with sin—a young countenance, artless and innocent as an angel's, and trace upon it lineaments of vice and shame.—Yes, Satan wants a boy.

"Do you know who wants a boy?" Yes, Jesus, the Lord. "Suffer them to come unto me," he cries. When he would tell who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he places a little child on a seat, in the midst of a company, and says, "Behold him!" He promises mercy to publicans and harlots, but to those who cause a little child to stumble, he says, Death is better than life; well for you would it be if a millstone were hanged about your neck, and if you were cast into the sea; for children are dear to God, and in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father. Truly Jesus wants every little boy and girl in the land, and in all lands—wants them to make them good, wise, and happy forever.—*Cincinnati Paper.*

THE LITTLE BOASTER.

Walter Thorndike was a little boy who was never satisfied with telling a straightforward story. He was always obliged to invent a little to add to it, so that it might sound rather more wonderful. For instance, if he passed through a field in which there were one or two cows feeding, he would come home and say, 'O mother, I came through a *whole herd* of cattle this morning, and there did not one of them touch me!'

Thus you see he told a story which was almost entirely untrue, although he only meant to make his mother think he was a very brave boy, and I dare say he would have been very much displeased if any one had told him that he had told a falsehood.

His parents tried in a great many ways to cure him of this bad habit, but they did not succeed very well. One day, however, his father had given his elder brother Johnny some work to do out in the barn. It was to sort over a large box of nails, laying the different kinds in separate piles. 'I think, Johnny,' said his father, 'that you can get it done in an hour, if you keep on steadily.'

O, O father,' cried Walter, 'I wish you had told me to do it instead. I could do it in ten minutes, I know.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Thorndike, 'you shall do it; but if not all done in ten minutes, I shall not take you with me to your grandfather's, to spend the day, as I expected to.'

Of course Walter could not finish the nails in so short a time, and so he lost his pleasant visit. For a long time after that, whenever he wished to exaggerate a little, he remembered his disappointment, and only said what was actually true.

THE PERFECT PATTERN.

THE HOLY JESUS.

"There is no friend like Jesus,
So gentle kind and true;
This friend is always near us,
And sees whate'er we do.

Little readers, do you want an example, beautiful, safe, heavenly? perfect as perfect can be, without spot, blemish, or any such thing? a pattern to imitate in all you think, say and do—calculated to make you happy here, happy forever? Where will you look for such a pattern? Where will you find it? On earth? There have been great men, good men, wise men—very great, good and wise, from the days of Enoch till now; but where, among all the sons and daughters of Adam, can we point you to one, even one that would be safe to imitate in all things? The greatest, wisest, and best men on earth have nothing, save what God gives, and are subject to like passions as we are; liable to err, mistake in judgment—they have nothing good or praiseworthy, save what is received; their light is a borrowed light.—

If the greatest, wisest and best men that ever lived were unsafe guides, where shall we look for a perfect pattern; safe to follow

always, everywhere? Look to Jesus! Yes, that is it, little friends; look to Jesus, the bright image of his Father, "full of grace and truth."—The voice from the excellent glory said; "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." One special design in his assuming our nature, was to set us a perfect example in all things. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Christ was a perfect pattern from his childhood; perfect in patience, in meekness, in love, in humility, in self-denial, in doing good, in submission. All the christian graces were in him, and abounded; "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law." Is it not safe and wise to imitate Jesus in all these things? "Even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. Who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously!" 1 Pet. ii, 21-22-23.

Children, were to you see a little boy, that did every thing just right; was meek, modest, mild, sweet tempered, kind, affectionate, obedient, always wearing a cheerful, heavenly smile, who went about doing good, doing all he possibly could to make every body happy, would you not think such an example worthy your imitation? Well this is Jesus—the lovely Jesus. There was not a thought in his heart, not a word in his lips, not an act of his life, that was not full of love, mercy, and truth. His whole life, from his childhood, was "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Little folks, will you take this blessed Jesus for your example; strive to imitate him in all things?—follow him through evil report and good report? He invites you, freely! "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," saith the Lord. N.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE Lord willing we will hold a Camp Meeting in Rose, Wayne County, N. Y., commencing the tenth of September next. All, of every name, who desire to take the narrow way that leadeth unto life are cordially invited to attend.

There will also be a Camp Meeting at Lyndonville, Orleans County, N. Y., commencing the 27th of August.