

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1862.

NO. 6.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

Some time since, I read the following essay before the Cortland District Association, who asked a copy for the Northern Christian Advocate; but for certain reasons, which I need not name, I thought not best to comply with their request. I will just say, however, that as I never have seen any thing in that paper, or any other one belonging to the M. E. Church, disapproving of secret societies, I presumed that nothing of the kind would be admitted into its columns. Nor, indeed, do I know of any periodical, except "The Earnest Christian," which has the moral courage to encounter that hoary abomination. If you think it worthy of a place in your columns, (and I am sure you will not reject it on account of the nature of the subject,) please give it an insertion, and oblige

Yours, respectfully,

ELIAS BOWEN.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY REV. E. BOWEN, D. D.

I. OF THEIR NATURE.

1. They are not *religious* institutions. This is not claimed for them by the initiated themselves.

2. They are not *moral* institutions. They neither aim at the promotion of morality in general, nor of any specific moral virtue, so far as we know; and though they pretend to require morality in their members, many of them are grossly immoral. They cannot therefore be placed in the category of moral reform societies.

3. They are not *benevolent* institutions. Far from it. To be sure, this

character is *claimed* for them; and their devotees vaunt themselves most offensively on this feature of their character; but where is the proof? Benevolence consists in a disposition to do good—to relieve the suffering, and promote the happiness of all, *indiscriminately*—and is this characteristic of secret societies? It is with them, as with "the world" in general—"They will love their own, and them only"—for whatever there is in them, as an *association*, which assumes the appearance of offices of kindness, it is confined to their own fraternity; and is nothing else than the paying out of dividends to stock-holders, or the appropriation of the funds of a business corporation, like that of a mutual fire insurance company, to those members of the institution who have become unfortunate.

4. They are not *business* institutions. Business, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, forms no part of their object. They aspire not to the dignity, nor are they at all governed by the laws of such institutions. No one gets his bread by them, unless it be a few, perhaps, of their officers and lecturers. They are a source of expense, and not of income, to the fraternity in general.

II. THAT THEY ARE NOT BUSINESS INSTITUTIONS WILL APPEAR FROM THE FOLLOWING CONSIDERATIONS:

1. Business institutions are usually conducted by an agent, a board of officers and managers; either separately, or together; instead of by the whole company.

2. The business of business institutions is usually attended to in the day-

time, rather than in the night—always so, except there be some other reason for it than that of secrecy—and wives, and other female friends are permitted to know something about it. Who but a criminal conceals anything from his own family?

3. The business of business institutions is not usually incumbered with festivity—with ceremony—or with imposing titles. No paraphernalia are understood to be appropriate to mere business operations.

4. The employment of watch-words, countersigns, and passes, in business transactions, is unusual. The register of names, a certificate of membership, or something of that sort, is deemed sufficient by business men for all purposes of identification and the prevention of imposture.

III. WHILE SECRET SOCIETIES EVIDENTLY ANSWER NO GOOD PURPOSE, THEY ARE A SOURCE OF MUCH EVIL.

1. They destroy confidence, and awaken suspicion of something unlawful and designing. Where no justifiable object of an assemblage of men is apparent, and they refuse to make known the object of their coming together, in the manner of secret societies, they are justly liable to suspicion. They are indeed suspected. Nor can it be otherwise while the laws of society, and of our mental and moral constitution, remain unchanged. It is due to society that we act in accordance with its universal laws and instincts—i. e., openly and above board—concealing nothing from the public eye, except those matters of domestic life, and our own private business, which universal custom and common sense assign to the sanctorum of privacy.

2. In the case of Methodist travelling preachers, the belonging to secret societies is found seriously to interfere with their professional duties—calling them away from their appropriate work—dividing the church, some siding for, and others against them—and greatly embarrassing the Episcopal oversight, it being extremely difficult often to find a

place where they will be acceptable to the people. This difficulty lessens, however, with the lessening piety of the church where this class of ministers have been stationed.

3. The dressing out of secret society ministers in their senseless regalia, is clearly a matter of extravagance and pride; setting a pernicious example to their people, (who, by the by, are expected to bear the expense of all this parade,) and utterly incompatible with the spirit and teachings of the Gospel of Christ, which enjoins economy and plainness.

4. Their assumption of sacred titles, nay, of a *Divine* title in that of "High Priest," involves the most profane and shocking blasphemy! Christ alone is now "High Priest;" and none may assume his title at their peril!

5. The will of the Conference having been clearly and solemnly expressed on two different occasions against its members connecting themselves with secret societies; all those among us who go into these societies, under the circumstances, are guilty of a contumacious disregard of the authority of the Conference, and a palpable violation of their ordination vows.

6. The tendency of secret societies is to produce a clannishness, which we have often seen manifested, and greatly to the interruption of the intercourse of general society. This is the case, as any one who opens his eyes to the subject will see, both with respect to the church, and to the community at large. Nor is it doubted that the tendency of their institution, to which they often yield, to say nothing of its horrid imprecations and oaths, is, to induce the fraternity to defend each other in every issue between themselves and the non-initiated, irrespective of the claims of justice.

7. The co-incidence of the growing influence of Odd-Fellowship and Free-Masonry among us, and of the declension of experimental and practical godliness, so manifest wherever this influence is felt; but too clearly shows their affinity for, and mutual production of, each other. How many among the

preachers, who belong to these secret societies, exhibit a tithe of the spirituality pertaining to a live Methodist preacher, attend with any effectiveness to matters of church discipline, or look after their flocks with the interest of faithful pastors? If there has ever occurred a genuine revival of religion which could be traced to the labors or influence of an Odd-Fellow or a Mason, my observations and inquiries, during a ministry of forty-eight years, have left me utterly oblivious of the fact.

8. Taking the Holy Scriptures for our rule of judgment, we can but regard all secret societies, properly so called, as belonging to "the works of darkness." "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."—Let the members of secret societies grapple with this two-edged sword to their hearts' content, if they will. It belongs as well to oath-bound *associations*, "who love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil;" as to *individual* "evil-doers;" cutting them all up, indiscriminately, root and branch.

9. "But you have no right to judge," say the initiated of these societies, "as you know nothing about our institution; and cannot therefore form any proper idea either of its character or claims." This fact of itself, admitting it to exist, forms the strongest possible ground of condemnation. For if it belonged to the system of religion, or morality, or benevolence, or business, or any other good thing under heaven; and not to "the works of darkness," as we maintain it does; we should know much about it. It would then become both the duty and the delight of the initiated, upon the supposition of course that they are so wonderfully philanthropic and benevolent, as they pretend, at once to acquaint us with it by all the means in their power. Their oaths, if any were needed—at least their consciences—would bind them to let us all into their secrets, instead of keeping them

from us. The upbraiding us with our ignorance, therefore, instead of enlightening us upon the subject, proves to a demonstration, either that their institution is wicked, and that they do not choose to divulge it for that reason; or else that they themselves are wicked in refusing to make us acquainted with what might be so beneficial to us.

10. "But it is none of your business what associations we belong to, or how we conduct our affairs," they proceed; "We claim it as a *private right* to join whatever institution we please, and to manage its interests in such way and manner as seemeth good in our own eyes. And we insist upon it that you shall cease your judging us in regard to a matter you know nothing about, and let us alone." Nay, but you have no right, either private or otherwise—no right whatever, to do as you please. "You are not your own." Both God and universal humanity have an interest in you. Every individual of the race is a social being, whose private rights, whatever they may be, are limited and controlled by the obligations of social life. "No man liveth to himself." Each has a claim upon all; and all upon each.—And as the interests of the parties—society on the one hand, and the individual on the other, are mutual; so are their obligations; each being charged, in an important sense, with the other's interests and well-being. "If one member suffers, the whole body feels it." Where then is your boasted right to do as you please in respect to your associations, or intercourse? Were it even possible for an individual to injure himself, without injuring any others thereby; still, it would be their business to interpose a restraining arm; for every one of us "is his brother's keeper," and responsible, to a fearful extent, for any injury he may do himself! But from the very constitution of society, this were impossible. Especially is this true of the Christian Church. Here, most emphatically, for one to injure himself, is to injure the whole body, both in their character and sympathies; as also the cause in which they are engaged. Above all,

if he be a Christian minister, he cannot disqualify himself for usefulness, or become unacceptable to the people by the doing of any thing that would tarnish his character—as the connecting himself with a secret society, without violating their claims upon his undivided and unimpaired attentions, shocking their confidence in his moral and ministerial integrity, and inflicting a deep and cruel wound upon their feelings! Tell us not, then, that you “have a right to do as you please about joining secret societies, and that it’s none of our business”—a right to open a moral pest-house in our midst, and seduce within its polluted walls our fathers, our brothers, our husbands, and our sons; aye, and our Christian friends, who are fast falling victims to its deadly contagion! It is our business, we would have you know, to abate such nuisance if possible; as well for your sake, whom we are commanded of God our Saviour to snatch from ruin, as for our own. And “the Lord being our helper,” we shall endeavor to do it, whatever obloquy may be thrown upon us as the consequence. Would to God we could enter upon the work with less of present apprehensions that the plague of secret societies, in connection with that of slavery—its german relic of barbarism—had not already accomplished the ruin of our once beloved and happy church!

JERUSALEM.

BY MISS A. ANDERSON.

THERE are some interesting young Jewish girls attending Bishop Gobut’s school on Mount Zion, whose eyes brighten when the name of Jesus of Nazareth is spoken. Their faces express the deep interest they have in that name—far greater than many in Scotland who have been taught the knowledge of Him from their infancy, and who are without fear of persecution from owning their belief in Him. The influence of these intelligent girls betokens a brighter day for the future of Jerusalem.

THE SPIRITUAL WAR.

1. The soldiers are gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, ’twill be fearful and long,
We’ll gird on our armor and be marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, we are marching along,
We’ll gird on our armor and be marching along;
The conflict is raging, ’twill be fearful and long,
But we’ll gird on our armor and be marching along.

2. The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.

Marching along, etc.

3. We’ve enlisted for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The sword of the Spirit both trusty and strong,
We’ll hold in our hands as we’re marching along.

Marching along, etc.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend with temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.

Marching along, etc.

I am going to live with God, where sorrow never comes; where heaven’s own sun always shines with benignant beams; and where love, pure and perfect, flows on in one everlasting stream.

There are four things extremely beautiful in themselves, viz: *courage, modesty, gentleness, and love*. Life is a scene of triumph and glory, where these are fully embodied in it.—*L. Wood.*

CHRISTMAS EVANS' COVENANT WITH GOD.

[MR. EVANS was a Calvinistic Baptist Minister. He was converted to God when quite young, and soon after, commenced preaching. He possessed great preaching talent, and was a very useful minister of Jesus Christ. After he had preached a few years, there arose among the Baptists of North Wales, a bitter and distracting controversy, concerning Sandemanianism and Sabellianism. Mr. Evans was at first inclined to fall in with these doctrines. He says:—
 “The Sandemanian system affected me so far as to quench the Spirit of prayer for the conversion of sinners, and it induced in my mind a greater regard for the smaller things of the kingdom of heaven than for the greater. I lost the strength which clothed my mind with zeal, confidence, and earnestness in the pulpit for the conversion of souls to Christ.” He continued in this controversy a long time, destitute of all religious enjoyment. But God came to his deliverance and rescued him from the snare of the evil one. He then entered into solemn covenant with God in the following words, which we copy from his memoir. We would to God that all ministers of Jesus Christ would covenant with God with the same earnestness—*M. N. D.*]

1. “I give my soul and body unto thee, Jesus, the true God, and everlasting life—deliver me from sin and from eternal death, and bring me into life everlasting. Amen.—C. E.

2. “I call the day, the sun, the earth, the trees, the stones, the bed, the table, and the books to witness that I come unto thee, Redeemer of sinners, that I may obtain rest for my soul from the thunders of guilt and dread of eternity. Amen.—C. E.

3. “I do, through confidence in thy power, earnestly entreat thee to take the work into thine own hand, and give me a circumcised heart, that I may love thee, and create in me a right spirit, that I may seek thy glory. Grant me that

principle which thou wilt own in the day of judgment, that I may not then assume pale-facedness, and find myself a hypocrite. Grant me this for the sake of thy most precious blood. Amen.—C. E.

4. “O, Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, take, for the sake of thy cruel death, my time, and strength, and the gifts and talents I possess; which, with a full purpose of heart, I consecrate to thy glory, in the building up of thy church in the world, for thou art worthy of the hearts and talents of all men. Amen.—C. E.

5. “I intreat thee, Jesus, the Son of God, in power, grant me, for the sake of thy agonizing death, a covenant interest in thy blood, which cleanseth; in thy righteousness, which justifieth; and in thy redemption, which delivereth. I intreat an interest in thy blood, for thy blood's sake, and a part in thee for thy name's sake, which thou hast given among men. Amen.—C. E.

6. “I desire thee, my great High Priest, to confirm, by thy power, from thy High Court, my usefulness as a preacher, and my piety as a Christian, as two gardens nigh to each other; that sin may not have place in my heart, to becloud my confidence in thy righteousness, and that I may not be left to any foolish act that may occasion my gifts to wither, and to be rendered useless before my life ends. Keep thy gracious eye upon me, and watch over me, O my Lord, and my God forever. Amen.—C. E.

7. “I give myself in a particular manner to thee, O Jesus Christ, the Saviour, to be preserved from the falls into which many stumble, that thy name, (in thy cause,) may not be blasphemed or wounded, that my peace may not be injured, that thy people may not be grieved, and that thine enemies may not be hardened. Amen.—C. E.

8. “I come unto thee, beseeching thee to be in covenant with me in my ministry. As thou didst prosper Bunyan, Vavasor, Powell, Howell, Harris, Rowland, and Whitfield, O do thou prosper me. Whatever things are opposed to

my prosperity, remove them out of the way. Work in me every thing approved of God, for the attainment of this. Give me a heart sick of love to thyself, and to the souls of men. Grant that I may experience the power of thy word before I deliver it, as Moses felt the power of his own rod, before he saw it on the land and waters of Egypt. Grant me this for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood, O Jesus, my hope, and my all in all. Amen.—C. E.

9. "Search me now, and lead me in plain paths of judgment. Let me discover in this life what I am before thee, that I may not find myself of another character, when I am shown in the light of the immortal world, and open my eyes in all the brightness of eternity. Wash me in thy redeeming blood. Amen.—C. E.

10. "Grant me strength to depend upon thee for food and raiment, and to make known my requests. O let thy care be over me as a covenant privilege betwixt thee and myself, and not like a general care to feed the ravens that perish, and clothe the lilly that is cast into the oven; but let thy care be over me as one of thy family, as one of thine unworthy brethren. Amen.—C. E.

11. "Grant, O Jesus! and take upon thyself the preparing of me for death, for thou art God; there is no need but for thee to speak the word. If possible, thy will be done; leave me not long in affliction, nor to die suddenly, without bidding adieu to my brethren, and let me die in their sight, after a short illness. Let all things be ordered against the day of removing from one world to another, that there be no confusion nor disorder, but a quiet discharge in peace. O grant me this, for the sake of thine agony in the garden! Amen.—C. E.

12. "Grant, O blessed Lord! that nothing may grow and be matured in me, to occasion thee to cast me off from the service of the sanctuary, like the sons of Eli; and for the sake of thine unbounded merit, let not my days be longer than my usefulness. O let me not be like lumber in a house, in the

end of my days, in the way of others to work. Amen.—C. E.

13. "I beseech thee, O Redeemer! to present these my supplications before the Father; and O! inscribe them in thy book with thine own immortal pen, while I am writing them with my mortal hand, in my book on earth. According to the depths of thy merit, thine undiminished grace, and thy compassion and thy manner unto thy people, O! attach thy name, in thine upper court, to these unworthy petitions; and set thine amen to them, as I do on my part of the covenant. Amen.—CHRISTMAS EVANS, Llangevni, Anglesia, April 10, 18—."

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

God calls for an *aggressive Christianity* in the lives of his people. The first religious impulses felt by the child of God, are aggressive. Like the first physical effort of the new born child for air, they indicate a *necessity of the being!* And as, when great exertion is required, an increased action of the physical organs is demanded—so earnest, straight forward, zealous aggressive effort feeds the spiritual powers, and tunes them up to greater efforts and more lasting triumphs. The most holy Christians are those who fight the most. O how much is needed a generation of daring warriors for God, who shall court danger, and esteem peril as a privilege, and sacrifice an honor!

Aggression is a law of life for the church—may Heaven give us more of it!

Dr. Wayland relates that when the Baptist Mission commenced among the Karens, the Missionary could only labor a few months in the year; but he labored faithfully, and a few were converted. The Missionary was obliged to leave his station, but returned in a year or two, fearful that they had all been scattered, and enquired for them. Judge of his surprise when he learned that 1500 persons desired baptism.—How was it? Each pointed his neighbor to the Saviour. There was an in-

dividual responsibility and an aggressive spirit.

In the year 1835, a Baptist church was organized in Hamburg, in Germany, consisting of seven members!—That church has multiplied itself into forty-two churches, sustaining three hundred and fifty-six stations, numbering four thousand two hundred and fifteen communicants. How was it done? "Every disciple acknowledged the obligation laid upon him by the last command of our Lord."

They were aggressive Christians!

The truths and agencies of religion are equally well adapted to all classes and all times; hence its appeals are constant and universal; and aggression and extension enter into its very nature.—Hence the questionable benevolence which would merely make the Gospel accessible to all, finds no place here, but a burning love and zeal, which would *press it upon each*, is the distinguishing characteristic of its beneficence. God has done everything necessary for the salvation of the world, even to the imparting of the excitements of his Spirit to that end, so that nothing is now needed, but for men to urge home the claims of Heaven, upon every one, by precept, by example, by the powerful persuasions of urgent prayer, and vehement exhortation. *God calls for Christians for the times!* Men of depth of principle, and purity sufficient to sustain them in position, amid the whirl and foam of this superficial age. Men of sober sense and modest pretensions, to rebuke the extravagance of the day.

Men of far seeing sagacity, and calm, determined prudence, to stand as the helm of the church, amid the reckless race for worldly bubbles. Men who will estimate wealth, not so much by the sensual gratification it is capable of giving, as a means to lay up treasures in Heaven. Men of sober, but scrutinizing faith, who shall stand as the sea washed rock, the same amid the commotion of the elements around, unmoved by the taunts, or sneers, or ridicule, of the skeptical and profane. Men who shall be ever on the alert to lead every

device, and invention and scheme to the great work of advancing the interest of the race, and harness every promising change in some way to the car of salvation.

Men who shall ride upon the very crest of the wave of progress, who shall roll on the first tide of emigration, who shall burn with the intensest fires of activity, but all with a settled purpose to range side by side with the adventurous spirit of the age, only to chain that spirit to the right, and the true, and the pure! To soar with it in its loftiest flight, to delve with it in its deepest mine, to roam with it in its widest expansions, all still to point out God, and humanity, as the end of all effort, and the sum of all duty.

Men who shall claim success as their right, and conquest as their dower.—Who shall dwell in such an atmosphere of holy love as to bring down upon their associates and the world, the convincing influence of the "power of God." Men whose very lives shall be a standing refutation of infidelity, and whose exertions shall prove that the humanities of the age are dear to their hearts.

Men who will "surrender their hearts to a single principle, and their lives to a single impulse," and who shall look continually for the outpouring of the Spirit from on high, and labor for its speedy appearing. Men, in short, whose battle-cry shall be, not the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon, but the power of the Holy Ghost, the gift of believers! The power of the Holy Ghost the salvation of the Church! The power of the Holy Ghost the hope of the world!

The power of the Holy Ghost *mine now and forever!*

"Whose glory is in their shame."—To be proud of vain and showy dress is to be proud of that which is only a badge of our sin and shame; for if sin had never entered into the world, clothing for the body would never have been worn.

Pretty things fade quickly, but there are flowers that bloom forever! Heaven is full of such.—*L. Wood.*

EXPERIENCE OF PRESIDENT MAHAN;

IN A LETTER TO HIS WIFE

MY DEAR WIFE:—I now sit down to complete a design which I have long contemplated, but the accomplishment of which the providence of God has seemed hitherto to prevent. It is to give you and the children, as far as I am able, some account of the dealings of God with my own soul during the several winters in which I have been separated from you—blessed seasons, in which God has led me “into green pastures, and beside the still waters” in which my dwelling-place has been in a “land of broad rivers and streams,” along the banks of the “river of life,” and on those everlasting hills where my “sun goes not down, neither does my moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is my everlasting light, and the days of my mourning are ended.” As I commence writing, the waters of life rise and swell in my heart, and bear my soul upward and onward into an ocean of such calm, serene, and peaceful blessedness, that language fails when I attempt to describe what I see, and feel, and enjoy. Inspiration only furnishes language which approaches the reality—“Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

Perhaps I cannot better succeed in giving you an apprehension of the state of my mind, than by presenting some of the elements and sources of that blessedness with which I have served God and my generation these years that are past.

The first source of blessedness is conscious peace with God. To look up, with an eye of faith, into our Father's face, with the full and sweet assurance that every controversy is fully and perfectly settled, that, like Enoch, we can now “walk with God,” and “God himself will walk with us, and dwell in us, and be our God, and we be his sons and his daughters,”—we then know the blessedness which Moses felt when God said to him, “I know thee by name, and thou

hast found grace in my sight.” To have God thus present to and in the soul, with not a cloud or frown upon his smiling face,—this is the “fulness of joy” which I have had in him for months and months together. Is it a matter of wonder, then that my “joy is full?” In the very centre of my heart.

“Sits my Saviour, clothed in love,
And there my smiling God.”

Another source and element of this blessedness is the sweet “spirit of adoption, crying Abba, Father,” which God, by his Spirit, breathes into the heart. In the exercise of this spirit, the current of the thoughts, feelings, and affections, naturally, sweetly, and continually, flows out in sentiments of love, gratitude, and adoration, toward God, and there they roll “in blissful fixedness about one changeless centre.” In the hour of temptation, the soul spontaneously “looks to Jesus,” with the peaceful assurance that his “grace will be sufficient.” “In time of need,” however great or small the necessity, it naturally turns to God, and “casts its cares upon him,” with the full assurance that “he careth for us;” that in Christ are provisions full and free for every want; that the ear of God is open when we pray to him; that even “before we cry, he hears, and while we are speaking, he answers, Here am I. Son, daughter, what is thy petition?” To pray with the consciousness that God is thus present, that we are “speaking to him face to face, as a man speaketh to a friend,”—this renders our blessedness in God so great, that the particular blessings asked for appear hardly necessary to the fulness of our joy. “This my joy is fulfilled.”

Another element and source of this blessedness is, the perpetual and peaceful assurance that, in and through Christ, every real want, temporal and spiritual, may and will be supplied. Christ has promised that “they that follow him shall not want any good thing,” that is, anything the possession of which would be a real blessing to them, anything necessary to the perfect fulness of their joy. To have this truth perpetually present to the mind, to feel an entire as-

assurance that this is the actual relation which we sustain to Christ,—then we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Then we, "being delivered from our enemies, serve God without fear, in righteousness and holiness before him all the days of our life." This is the relation which I feel myself to sustain to Christ from day to day. While I remain here, I have no expectation or fear of wanting any good thing in time or eternity. All my interests lie secure in the hands of Christ. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people," and I continually have the peaceful assurance that my soul dwells within that blessed circle.

Another source of this blessedness is the continued assurance that my way is so committed to the Lord, that he does and will direct my steps. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." This promise is a living reality to my mind, and I find it realized in my experience from day to day, in every time of need. When laboring in a place, up almost to the last moment when I am called to leave, I often know not where next to direct my steps. Yet, when the time comes, the providences of God invariably make the way as plain as if a voice from heaven should tell me where to go. The firm confidence I have that this will be the case preserves the mind from all care about the future, and leaves it at full liberty to expend its entire energies for Christ on the present field of labor. This state of peaceful trust, too, is itself, in the soul, a "well of water springing up into everlasting life." Then, when called to act, to know that God has heard prayer, in making the way so plain that not a shadow of doubt remains that one is walking in the very path which he has marked out, and, when pursuing that path, to be able to say, "This is the highway which God hath cast up before me,"—then indeed, "our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Then we "walk with God."

Another, and, I may add, one of the

chief sources of this blessedness, is the continued assurance that, through the grace of God, I am one with God; that my will is lost in the divine will; that I have no will to do what God would not have me do, and that all he would have me do I will to do. Thus "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." This is the most blessed spot in the universe. Nothing can offend the soul when it is here. In this blessed spot Christ seems to hold my soul from day to day. In this spot, no finite object has power to disturb the deep rest of the soul in God. "God is its everlasting light, and the days of its mourning are ended." I should here mention another fact in my experience, which I owe to the grace of Christ. It is this: a state of perfect contentment, and an entire and peaceful acquiescence in the dispensations of providence, in every variety of condition. As the soul retires under the "shadow of the Almighty," no occurrence without has power to disturb it there. From that spot it looks out upon all the arrangements and movements of the surrounding universe, with this sweet spirit pervading its whole being, and that in respect to all creatures, objects, and events, "thy will be done." It then "learns, in whatever state it is, therewith to be content." Every condition is best. So it appears to the soul, and that because our heavenly Father so wills. My dear ones, I want you all to find this peaceful, blissful spot. No want unsupplied reaches the soul there. Never, it seems to me, did my soul dwell there so uninterruptedly as within a few months past. Oh that blessed gospel, which has power to hold the mind in such a state! And oh that blessed Saviour, who is the "author and finisher" of this gospel, and is himself its very substance!

Another element of this blessedness is this: an entire separation, in all my aims, purposes, and desires, from all objects but one—Christ and the interests of his kingdom. I do not know that I "covet any man's silver, or gold,

or apparel;" that I have any desire for a name among men, or any wish to pursue any object, but the glory of Christ. I have the witness in my own heart that, by the cross of Christ, "I am crucified to the world, and the world to me." In this blessed state, the soul can say, Christ is all mine. Nothing interrupts its deep blessedness in him. With what sweetness have I been able, especially during the present period of separation from you, to present my entire family as a "whole burnt-offering" to Christ, with this single desire and prayer, that we may all be entirely his; that we may be wholly separated from all that is unlike him, and have his entire image in all our hearts; and that, as a family, we may all be able to say, "For us to live is Christ." To entertain such desires and intentions is a foretaste of eternal blessedness.

I now come to speak of a source of blessedness, to the description of which, I fear, I shall be able to make but a feeble approach. It is what, for want of better language to express, I would call those open, direct, and inconceivably sweet visions, which, a great portion of the time, I have of the infinite beauty, loveliness, and ineffable glory of Jesus Christ, and of the Godhead as manifested in him. You will doubtless recollect that memorable era of my existence when I may say that I received the first full baptism of the Spirit,—a baptism in which the Sun of Righteousness shone out in cloudless light, beauty, sweetness, and glory, upon my soul. We had just retired to rest. As I laid my head upon my pillow, in a moment the vision opened upon my mind. I had an apprehension of Christ as he came out of the sepulchre after his resurrection. The work of redemption was finished, and Christ, having burst the bars of death, had come forth to present the offer of eternal life to a dying world. There was in his benign countenance such majestic sweetness and beauty, such mildness and love ineffable and infinite, and glory so divine and resplendent, and all mingled with compassion so tender for the sinner, that my heart melted in a

moment. "The fountains of the great deep" of emotion were all "broken up." My bosom was swelling and heaving with emotions to which no language could give utterance. For seven years these baptisms have been more and more frequent, till now they seem to be the dwelling-place of the soul. At one time, I would view Him, as he led the disciples out to Bethany, and then "lifted up his hands and blessed them," and then, "while he was blessing them," was taken up into heaven; at another, as he revealed himself to weeping Mary at the sepulchre, and to the two disciples at Emmaus; at another, as he met the weeping widow, and with infinite love restored her son alive from the dead; at another, as he lay, the babe of Bethlehem, and yet the God incarnate, in the arms of the aged Simeon. At another, I apprehend him as present to my soul, and apprehend him with the full and perfect consciousness that "in him I am complete," that there is not a demand of my being, in time or eternity, which he is not able, and willing, and present, to meet. At first, I seemed to view him at a distance from me, and yet, as I fixed the eye of faith upon him, approaching nearer and nearer, with a countenance infinitely benignant, and saying, "If you will fix your eye steadily upon me, I will come to you, and make my abode with you." Thus he approached nearer and nearer, till he shone upon me from every point. He is in the soul, and yet all around. These views of Christ bring such sweetness and beauty into the soul, that I have often thus described the effect to my own mind. The heart is a harp of a thousand strings, and all are unstrung and discordant by reason of sin. But Christ comes and puts every chord in tune, and then, with the fingers of infinite love, sweeping those chords, raises such notes of heavenly harmony, that the soul lies all melted with the sweetness of its own melody. "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." In the study of the Bible I seem to be walking along the

banks of the "river of life;" at one time bathing in its waters, and at another plucking the fruit of that tree "which grows upon either side of the river, and the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations."

Preaching the gospel has now an entirely different influence upon my mind from what it ever had before. In former years, when preparing and delivering a discourse, my feelings would be greatly interested; but when I was done, my own cup seemed to be almost empty. Now, while preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," my own cup fills up and overflows continually, and I retire to rest at night with my soul afloat in a world of light, glory, peace, and blessedness, that appears boundless and infinite. When "watering others," none appear to receive so full draught as my own soul. All the while it appears such an infinite privilege to be a servant of Jesus Christ, to do and to suffer all his righteous will. With inexpressible sweetness this passage, and others of kindred character, come home to my mind: "Unto you it is given, in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake."

Soon after I heard of the death of my mother, as I was meditating upon this event, this stanza passed with indescribable sweetness through my mind:

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

For a whole night my soul lay all dissolved with that sweet thought, without hardly closing my eyes to sleep. These sweet thoughts often flow on into my dreams, and then I sometimes hear music and singing that are perfectly unearthly. I will endeavor to give you some conception of one such scene. I was at T—two years since, amid the occurrences above described. One evening, as I retired to rest, I seemed, with infinite sweetness, to pillow my head upon the bosom of Christ. In this state, I fell asleep. I soon thought myself in company with some ten or twelve individuals before my father's dwelling,

walking with them towards the door. As we were about to enter the door, the whole scene being inconceivably peaceful, they all stopped, and commenced singing. The words and tune of each were in perfect harmony, and yet appeared undesigned, as each seemed to be singing, as it were, alone by himself. The perfect harmony seemed to be the spontaneous effect of the concurrent melody of the soul within. The words and the music were all unearthly, such as I had never conceived of before. I looked at their countenances; each one beamed with a serenity so peaceful and heavenly, that it appeared as if in each heart "hope lay asleep on the bosom of bliss," and my own soul was as peaceful as theirs. One voice rose above all the rest. I turned to see from whom it came. It was from my departed father. One line they sang which I had before heard:—

"Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us,"

As they came to this, my feelings were so excited that I awoke, all dissolved in tears. When I awoke, the words and tune were distinctly in my mind. I attempted to sing them; but my voice was so coarse and harsh that the whole vanished in a moment. In thought only I remember it now. It has given me, however, such an idea of the harmony of heaven as I never conceived of before.

Such is an imperfect statement of what the Lord has done for my soul.

"Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name."

From what I have written, you will not suppose that my mind has always been in the same state of ecstasy. This I could not endure. But my "peace is as a river." Neither will you suppose that no feelings of sorrow dwell in my mind. I often weep over sinners, and over "Zion, weary, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," and as often "travail in birth" for them. And what a privilege it is to weep with Jesus over a lost world! Such tears are inconceivably sweet. God treasures them up in

his bottle. In him, however, there is perpetual rest.

Now, my dear ones, having told you the dealings of God with my own soul, permit me to say, that my heart's desire and prayer to God, from day to day, for you, is, that you may all share with me in this "fulness of joy." It is all for you. I have obtained it "by the faith of the Son of God." If you will "believe, you shall also speak." May God, of his infinite mercy, grant "that you may be strengthened with might, by his Spirit, in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fulness of God." Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us—unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

The life of faith, when faith is complete, is a very simple one. Faith is the soul resting on the bosom of its God.—It is the eye of the soul beholding the glories of the Deity, while the subject of this faith basks evermore in the pure sunshine of redeeming love. Faith is the power of celestial gravitation, by which the whole man falls into the heavenly.—*L. Wood.*

WORSHIP.—True worship—is to pour out the whole heart unto God; to lie prostrate before Him both in body and in spirit. The Bible everywhere represents the worshipers of the Divine Being, as either kneeling, or falling prostrate before Him, during the time of worship. The practice of standing, or sitting in time of prayer, is utterly without warrant in the Scriptures, and is deadly hostile to the whole genius and spirit of the Christian religion. "Come, let us all bow down together; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."—*L. Wood.*

THE INDIAN SPIRITUALIST.

THAT modern spiritualism is of the devil we have not the slightest doubt. The instances of supernatural manifestations are too many, and too well attested to be questioned. The blighting effects of these spiritual influences—breaking up families—leading into sensuality and sin, show that they are from beneath. Probably no age has been entirely without these—but they became more frequent and striking a few years since, when, as we believe, the sixth angel poured out his vial, when these unclean spirits came out of the mouths of the dragon, the beast and the false prophet—the spirits of devils working miracles.

Schoolcraft, in his personal memoirs, gives the following account of Chusco, a celebrated old Indian, who died a few years since. He was converted through the labors of the missionaries, became a communicant in the Presbyterian church, and led an exemplary Christian life:

"Chusco was the Ottawa spiritualist, and up to his death believed that he had, while in his heathen state, communication with spirits. Whenever it was deemed proper to obtain this communication, a pyramidal lodge was constructed of poles, eight in number, four inches in diameter, and from twelve to sixteen feet in height. These poles were set firmly in the ground to the depth of two feet, the earth being beaten around them. The poles being securely imbedded, were then wound tightly with three rows of withes. The lodge was then covered with ap-puch-wois, securely lashed on. The structure was so stoutly and compactly built, that four strong Indians could scarcely move it by their mightiest efforts. The lodge being ready, the spiritualist was taken and covered all over, with the exception of his

head, with a canoe sail which was lashed with bois-blanc cords and knotted. This being done, his feet and hands were secured in a like firm manner, causing him to resemble a bundle more than anything else. He would then request the bystanders to place him in the lodge. In a few minutes after entering, the lodge would commence swaying to and fro, with a tremulous motion, accompanied with the sound of a drum and rattle.—The spiritualist then commenced chanting in a low, melancholy tone, gradually raising his voice, while the lodge, as if keeping time with his chant, vibrated to and fro with greater violence, and seemed at times as if the force would tear it to pieces.

In the midst of this shaking and singing, the sail and the cords, with which the spiritualist was bound, would be seen to fly out of the top of the lodge with great violence. A silence would then ensue for a short time, the lodge still continuing its tremulous vibrations. Soon a rustling sound would be heard at the top of the lodge indicating the presence of the spirit. The person or persons at whose instance the medium of the spiritualist was invoked, would then propose the question or questions they had to ask of the departed.

William M. Johnson, Esq., of Mackinaw Island, says, "Wau-chus-co died in 1839 or '40. He had, for more than ten years previous to his death, led an exemplary Christian life, and was a communicant of the Presbyterian Church on this Island, up to the time of his death. A few days previous to his death, I paid him a visit. 'Come in, come in, nosis!' (grandson) said he. After being seated, and we had lit our pipes, I said to him, 'Ne-mo-sho-miss, (my grandfather) you are now very old and feeble; you cannot expect to live many days; now, tell me the truth, who was it that moved your chees-a-kee lodge when you practiced your spiritual art?' A pause ensued before he answered:—'Nosis, as you are in part of my nation, I will tell you the truth: I know that I will die soon. I fasted ten days when I was a young man, in compliance with the cus-

tom of my tribe. While my body was feeble from long fasting, my soul increased in its power; it appeared to embrace a vast extent of space, and the country within this space was brought plainly before my vision, with its misty forms and beings—I speak of my spiritual vision. It was while I was thus lying in a trance, my soul wandering in space, that animals, some of frightful size and form, serpents of monstrous size, and birds of different varieties and plumage, appeared to me and addressed me in human language, proposing to act as my guardian spirits. While my mind embraced these various moving forms, a superior intelligence in the form of man, surrounded by a wild, brilliant light, influenced my soul to select one of the bird spirits, resembling the kite in look and form, to be the emblem of my guardian spirit, upon whose aid I was to call in time of need, and that he would be always prepared to render me assistance whenever my body and soul should be prepared to receive manifestations. My grandmother roused me to earth again, by inquiring if I needed food: I ate, and with feeble steps, soon returned to our lodge.

"The first time that I ever chees-akeed, was on a war expedition toward Chicago, or where it is now located—upon an urgent occasion. We were afraid that our foes would attack us unawares, and as we were also short of provisions, our chief urged me incessantly, until I consented. After preparing my soul and body, by fasting on bitter herbs, etc., I entered the Chees-akee lodge, which had been prepared for me:—the presence of my guardian spirit was soon indicated by a violent swaying of the lodge to and fro. 'Tell us! tell us! where our enemies are?' cried out the chief and warriors. Soon, the vision of my soul embraced a large extent of country, which I had never before seen—every object was plainly before me—our enemies were in their villages, unsuspecting of danger; their movements and acts I could plainly see; and mentally or spiritually, I could hear their conversation. Game abounded in

another direction. Next day we procured provisions, and a few days afterwards a dozen scalps graced our triumphant return to the village of the Cross. I exerted my power again frequently among my tribe, and, to satisfy them, I permitted them to tie my feet, and hands and lash me round with ropes, as they thought proper. They would then place me in the Chees-a-kee lodge, which would immediately commence shaking and swaying to and fro, indicating the presence of my guardian spirit: frequently I saw a bright luminous light at the top of the lodge, and the words of the spirit would be audible to the spectators outside, who could not understand what was said; while mentally, I understood the words and language spoken.

"In the year 1815, the American garrison at this post expected a vessel from Detroit, with supplies for the winter—a month had elapsed beyond the time for her arrival, and apprehensions of starvation were entertained; finally a call was made to me by the commanding officer, through the traders. After due preparation I consented: the Chees-a-kee lodge was surrounded by Indians and whites; I had no sooner commenced shaking my rattle and chanting, than the spirits arrived; the rustling noise they made through the air, was heard, and the sound of their voices was audible to all.

"The spirits directed my mind toward the southern end of Lake Huron—it lay before me with its bays and islands; the atmosphere looked hazy, resembling our Indian Summer; my vision terminated a little below the mouth of the St. Clair River—there lay the vessel, disabled! the sailors were busy in repairing spars and sails. My soul knew that they would be ready in two days, and that in seven days she would reach this Island, (Mackinaw) by the south channel, [at that time an unusual route] and I so revealed to the inquirers. On the day I mentioned the schooner hove in sight, by the south channel. The captain corroborated all I had stated.

"I am now a praying Indian (Christian). I expect soon to die, Nosis. This the truth: I possessed a power, or a power possessed me, which I cannot explain or fully describe to you. I never attempted to move the lodge by my own physical powers—I held communion with supernatural beings or souls, who acted upon my soul or mind, revealing to me the knowledge which I have related to you."

LIVING TREES.

BY MISS A. ANDERSON.

Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.

The tree of His planting is in His church. It long remains a feeble, yet a living plant in this ungenial soil, yielding a few, fair and lovely blossoms to cheer and adorn this wilderness. It blossoms in full beauty and bears fruit to full perfection only when transplanted to the Paradise above. We are here but in the winter, or at best in the spring of our spiritual life. The glories of summer are to be reaped above. We are here at best but in a state of grace; hereafter we shall arrive at glory.

I will be free; I will know no bands but love; my heart shall be ravished evermore with love, even that holy love which continually makes the heart better and better. For the soul that walketh in the light of God, and inhales his love, knows no decay of happiness. Its pleasures are new every morning, and fresh every evening.

When the heart is uneasy and restless, take off the weight which keeps it down, and let it soar upward to its God, and it will instantly become satisfied; take off all restraints but the restraints of grace, and it will instantly become blessed; let it hold sweet and full communion with kindred spirits, especially with its God.

True beauty never fades.

L. Wood

A REVIVAL IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY REV. JOSEPH G. TERRILL.

A Rev. Mr. Jarrat, of the English Church, who participated largely in this revival, by his labors, favoring the Methodist preachers, and administering the ordinances to such as desired them; was chosen rector of a church in the county of D. Virginia, and immediately began preaching on the depravity of our nature; our fall in Adam; and the evils consequent thereon; the impossibility of being delivered from them by anything we can do, and the necessity of a living faith, in order to our obtaining help from God.—At first a great outcry was raised against this way, and against him that taught it. The *common people*, however, frequented the church more constantly, and in larger numbers than usual. For a year or more, no lasting effect was perceived, save profanity seemed on the decrease. In the year 1765, the power of God was more sensibly felt by a few. Several inquirers came to Mr. Jarrat to know what they must do to be saved. He now began to preach abroad in private houses, and to meet companies in the evenings, to converse freely on divine things. Some, this year, were converted. In the year 1770, 1771, there was a more considerable outpouring of the Spirit, at a place called White Oak. Here he formed the people into a society that they might assist and strengthen each other. The good effects of this were soon seen. Convictions were deep and lasting. And not only knowledge, but faith and love, and holiness increased.

In 1772, the work broke out again, and extended for fifty or sixty miles around.

In 1774, it was more remarkable than ever. A goodly number were gathered in, in this and in neighboring counties.—He formed several societies of those that were convicted and converted, and found it a happy means of building up those

that had believed, and preventing the rest from losing their convictions.

From 1773, the work in Sussex and Brunswick counties was carried on chiefly by the Methodists. The first of them that came was Robert Williams, a plain, artless, untiring preacher of the Gospel. He was greatly blessed in *detecting hypocrites, razing false foundations, and stirring up believers to press after salvation from the remains of sin*. Others came the same year, and circuits were formed here and in other places as far south as North Carolina. The work broke out anew in the latter end of the the year 1775; but more so in January 1776. In places noted for carelessness, profanity, and immoralities of all kinds, God so wrought among the people that prayers and praises took their places. It had been their delight to gamble, drink and swear, while sacred things had been their scorn and contempt.

As there had been so few converted the past year in Mr. Jarrat's parish, he invited the Methodists to come and labor.—He felt a change of ministers would be of good effect. In December Mr. Shadford came, and as Mr. Jarrat had thought, a change was for the best, for from that time the work broke out anew. He confirmed the doctrine Mr. J. had preached, and to many it was not in vain. In January, the news of convictions and conversions was common. But in a little while believers were made strongly sensible that they stood in need of a deeper work in their hearts, and while penitents were panting and groaning for pardon, these were entreating God with strong cries and tears, to save them from the remains of inbred sin, to sanctify them throughout, spirit and soul and body; that they might love God with all their hearts.

During this winter the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in a manner they had not seen before, Stout hearted sinners felt the force of truth, their eyes opened to see their guilt and danger.—Sometimes ten or twelve have been convicted in a day. Some of these were in great distress, and when questioned concerning the state of their souls were scarcely able to make any reply, but to fall on their knees and weeping, implore

NOTE. Our authority for these facts is Bany's History of Methodism.

the people of God to pray for them. Numbers of the old and grey headed, of middle aged, and little children were the subjects of this work. Several of the latter were painfully concerned for the wickedness of their lives, and the corruption of their natures. There were instances of this kind from eight to ten years of age. Some of them were exceedingly happy in the love of God ; and spoke of their convictions, the time when, and manner how they obtained deliverance. Many who had long neglected the means of grace, now flocked to hear not only Mr. Jarrat and the traveling preachers, *but also the exhorters and leaders.* The Lord showed he was not confined to man, for whether there was preaching or not, his power was present to heal. At their meetings for prayer some would be in such distress, that they would continue for five or six hours. It was found that these prayer meetings were singularly useful in promoting the work of God. The work soon extended more or less through the whole circuit, which embraced a circumference of between four and five hundred miles. The work went on with a pleasing progress till the beginning of May, when they held a quarterly meeting at B's chapel. At this meeting one might truly say, the windows of heaven were opened. Many were savingly converted to God. The second day of the meeting a love-feast was held. As soon as it began, the power of the Lord came down on the assembly like a rushing mighty wind ; and it seemed as though the house was filled with the presence of God. Many were deeply convinced of sin ; many mourners were filled with consolation ; and many believers were so overwhelmed with love that they believed God had enabled them to love him with all their hearts.

When the love-feast was ended, the doors were opened, and many who had stood without, prostrated themselves before God, and cried aloud for mercy. The multitudes that attended on this occasion, returning home all alive to God, spread the flame through their respective neighborhoods, so that in four weeks several hundred found the peace of God. Scarce any conversation was to be heard through-

out the circuit, but on the things of God ; the complaining of the prisoners groaning under the spirit of bondage unto fear ; or the rejoicing of those whom the Spirit of adoption taught to say "Abba, Father."

One of the doctrines particularly insisted upon, was that of a present salvation, not only from the guilt and power, but also from the root of sin ; sometimes defined, *loving God with all the heart.*—Several who had believed were deeply convicted for this. Men and women who had been happy in a sense of sins forgiven, for a long time, were as much convicted on account of the remains of sin, as any for justification. Mr. Jarrat says, I have been present when they believed God answered this prayer, and bestowed the blessing upon them. They all testify that they received the gift instantaneously, and by simple faith. I have known the men and their communication for many years, and have ever found them zealous for God ; men of sense and integrity, patterns of piety and humility, whose testimony therefore can be depended on. At the love-feast referred to, as many as pleased rose one after another, and spoke in few words of the goodness of God to their souls. Before three had done, you might see a solemn sense of the presence of God visible on every countenance, while tears of sorrow or joy flowed from many eyes. Several testified the consolation they had received.—some believed they were *perfected in love.*

When the passions of the people were running too high, and breaking through all restraint, the preacher gently checked them by giving out a few verses of a hymn. When most of the congregation had gone away, some were so distressed with a sense of their sins that they would not leave the place. Some lively Christians stayed with them, and continued in prayer for two hours, and fifteen were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. In May, more than forty were converted in eight days ; and several who had been justified some time *were perfected in love.*

There were some peculiarities in this revival that troubled Mr. Jarrat somewhat—such as loud outcries, tremblings,

convulsions, etc. But after reading President Edward on the same head, "That wherever these most appear, there is always the greatest and deepest work," he became more reconciled. There was some confusion, such as the speaking of two or three at the same time, and while others were praying, but he thought it was best not to say anything about it before a promiscuous congregation, lest scoffers would wish to help put it down. Whenever any publicly opposed these things, the men of the world were highly gratified, and the children of God deeply wounded. The former plumed themselves, as though they were the men that kept within bounds, and all others were hot-brained enthusiasts. The course he generally took, was to sing a hymn or exhort, or pray, as he thought proper. In another neighborhood it was no unusual thing for two or three to get converted in a single class-meeting. At a Sunday meeting, although there was no preacher, nearly twenty were converted. In another place thirty found the Lord in eight days. It was a common thing for men and women to fall as dead, under an exhortation, and more during prayer. Some have shown the same distress by wringing the hands, smiting the breast, etc. With these the work was quick, some getting through in two or three days, or hours.

Towards the close of the summer of this year, Mr. Rankin made a visit to this part of the work. In his account of this great work he speaks of a love feast held under the shade of the trees, and boughs cut and arranged for the purpose, that would contain between two and three thousand persons. It began between eight and nine on Wednesday morning, and held till noon. Many testified that they had redemption in the blood of Jesus, 'even the forgiveness of sin.' And many were enabled to testify that it had *cleansed them from all sin*. So clear, so full, so strong, was their testimony that while some were speaking, hundreds were in tears, and others crying to God for pardon or holiness.

On remembering the dates of this work, (1776) the reader will perceive that it was in the beginning of the Revolutiona-

ry war. Notwithstanding the war excitement, the work went gloriously on. There was an increase in membership of eighteen hundred and seventy-three. Methodism was as new as Free Methodism is now, under the same circumstances almost; opposed by the world, preachers young, and with the rare exception of Mr. Jarrat, opposed by the ministers of that day.

Let us learn a lesson. The starting point of that great revival was the preaching the depravity of our nature, our fall in Adam, etc.; the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. It took longer probably for it to appear, but the roots had struck a deeper, richer soil, and it was destined to grow the more vigorous when it did appear.

The common people received it gladly: let us not be ashamed of them. How like the days of Christ!

They did not wait for the people to come where they preached the Gospel, but carried it to them. The membership were as ready to work when the minister was absent, as when he was present. The catholic spirit pervaded their hearts; they were willing any body should come if souls were only saved. The example of Mr. Jarrat is a good one.

The itinerancy is the strength of our system. Jesus was an itinerant preacher. Paul was an itinerant, and upon reading the history of the Christian church, you will find that the most successful ministers were those that had large fields of labor.

Let us emulate Robert Williams, a plain, artless untiring preacher of the gospel greatly blessed in detecting the hypocrite. He did his duty to them, and they were not permitted to overrun God's heritage. *Razing false foundations.* If any person builds on a false foundation, the preacher will have to answer in the day of judgment as to whether he did his duty to him. Do not let human sympathy get in where the *caustic* should be applied. *Pressing believers on to a full salvation.* How like Bramwell, Abbot, Coughy, etc.

Cannot we have such a revival? The

same God is with us to help, if we will let him. From this hour let us take hold of the plow expecting it to go through. Stop working so daintily; tell every brother or sister what you think, or fear, or feel, and God will be with us in power.

O, for Jesus to have one triumph from one end of the land to the other.

THE EVILS OF COMPROMISING.

BY MRS. MINERVA COOLEY.

It is a fact clearly to be seen, that there are strong tides of corruption sweeping over our land, blighting and destroying our fair heritage; and among the causes of this state of things may be found the evil of compromising. It is this which has brought our nation into its present distracted state.

Leading politicians have basely succumbed to the slave oligarchy of the south, and paid homage to this Moloch of sin, until this vile monster's vengeance can only be satisfied with the blood of our thousands slain. None can tell how this dreadful war will end. It may end in the devastation of our country, the overthrow of our civil rights and religious liberties. It has already made desolate thousands of families, who but a few months ago were happy in the society of dear ones who have fallen on the field of strife. Where sat cheerful smiles, we see only lines of grief and sadness.—All through the land are heard wailings of sorrow from hopes crushed, and hearts all bleeding, for the untimely dead. And all this has come upon us because a few leading men of this nation had not the moral courage when truth and righteousness demanded it to say, *No*.

The evils of compromising are as ruinous in the church as in the nation.—Look at our bleeding Zion! Her broken down walls, her banners trailing in the dust tell the story!

Ah! how the pall of the pit has been thrown, not only over the world, but over the Church! The Church which should have been, in the hand of God, a moral engine of power to reform and save the world, instead of coming up out of the wilder-

ness, leaning upon her beloved, and appearing fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible to her enemies as an army with banners, has laid aside her weapons, and thrown off her drapery of light, and is seeking to aggrandize herself by a pompous parade and display. Instead of being hated by the world because of her attachment, and likeness to a once despised Jesus, you will see her petted and caressed by vain, proud worldlings, and bowing down to fashion's shrine, taking her coloring, not from the blood-stained banner of the cross, not from the example of those who went up through the flames to glory, but from those who make money and self interest their god: Instead of her ministers and members being a terror to evil doers, she is married to the world, and the church and world go hand in hand in the fashionable amusements of the day, and in many instances the church takes the lead in dress and display. How much the responsibility of this evil rests upon those who profess to be standing upon the walls of Zion, but who have failed to give the trumpet a certain sound so the people could prepare themselves for the battle. Ministers by compromising, get into the dark, and their spiritual vision is so blinded that they cannot see to trace the lines of divine truth so as rightly to divide the word and give to each a portion in due season. They aim not at the heart, but to please, especially the wealthy portion of their congregation. They dare not say as Nathan did to David, "thou art the man," for fear of offending some who make large donations, and pay liberally for their support. So the poor of the flock who would gladly receive the truths of the Gospel, are left to grow lean for the want of the real bread of life, because the rich have no relish for it.

Dark, dark, will be the account of that minister in the great day of final reckoning, who for filthy lucre, or for fear of giving offense, shall be found to have compromised the pure principles of our holy religion.

The command of Jesus to his Apostles was, "Go preach my Gospel,"—preach it

just as it came from the great Author—not in a modified or garbled manner, not so as to please the worldly or fastidious, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and in mighty power. If they who bear the vessels of the Lord would be clean, let them go forth with an uncompromising spirit, and wield with a firm hand, guided by omnipotent strength, the sword of the Spirit, then should the slain of the Lord be many, and the sons of Levi return bringing their sheaves with them.

Compromising ministers make compromising churches. We see, all through the land, the popular sins of the day mixed with the ordinances and services of the church of the living God. Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be who are found willing to walk therein. All who consent to walk the narrow way must consent to take the cross with all its reproach. It will never do, to turn aside from the path of duty to please our dearest friends, or to shun the ridicule and scoffs of a wicked world. Many who have been noted for piety have, in an unguarded hour, been tempted to compromise, and thus by degrees have relapsed into a lukewarm state, and have been shorn of their strength, and become weak and powerless as other men. Many who plight their vows to God, renounce all for Christ, and run well for a season; but at length Satan suggests that it is not necessary to appear quite so singular, to deny self in so many respects, that they may indulge a little, enjoy a few sinful pleasures and yet maintain a good Christian character, and by reasoning with the tempter, and yielding to these suggestions, they become again entangled in the yoke of bondage. Fear of persecution has turned many away from the cross, and created in them an unwillingness to follow in the footsteps of Him who became of no reputation. The honors that come of men are coveted, and the fearful miasma of the world poisons their souls, and where all was once life and sunshine, there is now the withering blight of mildew, and the chilling damps of death. The world, the flesh, and the devil combine to oppose the

Christian, and he who has felt the power of the cleansing blood feels that he must fight if he would reign; and his prayer is, Increase my courage, Lord. But whosoever abides in Christ can exclaim, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. The Hebrew children did not try to trim between the claims of their God and the threats of a heathen King, and they were not at all intimidated by the burning fiery furnace. But when they heard the sound of the music, and saw the whole realm bowing down to the golden image, they stood straight up for God, and He brought them safely through the fire, without so much as the smell of it on their garments. He who never compromises will stand, like the rock in mid-ocean, bidding defiance to the fury of the storm and the fiercest waves of persecution. Though he might be willing to lay down his life to save his fellow man, yet he could not be persuaded to swerve one hair's breadth from the Bible standard of Christian duty.

Real fidelity to God is a virtue that but few possess. The world has had some noble examples. The martyrs placed their lives upon the altar of truth, and sealed their testimony with their heart's blood. Martin Luther was a bright pattern of it.

Among those who shine as stars of the first magnitude in this respect, stands the name of the late William C. Kendall.—How uncompromising his course, although he was opposed, pursued, slandered and ridiculed, by ministers and members of his own church, yet he warred a good warfare and fell in the thickest of the fight, with indescribable triumphs in his soul.—O, may his mantle fall on many of his brethren in the Gospel, and may God keep them and his people from compromising the pure principles of our holy religion. In the language of another I can say, "Had I the voice of a trumpet, and the fleetness of an angel, I would hasten to sound through every church in the land, that the ungodly compromise, and fusion doctrine that has stealthily crept into the (so called) evangelical churches, has done more to injure and

cripple the cause of Christ, and the spread of the pure Gospel, than open infidelity, intemperance, Universalism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, with all the other isms of heathendom combined."

THE REALITY.

BY CLARK P. HARD.

Prayer is something more than a desire expressed; faith is something more than the moving of the lips; and piety something more than a form. As the real is something more than the ideal; as the substance is above the shadow; so is an earnest, soul-renewing, heart-changing Christianity infinitely superior to a dead formalism not satisfying its votaries, not saving mankind. Man is ruined—the world is lost. Death with his scythe is daily mowing down myriads of the human race, and peopling Hell with the inhabitants of earth. Desolation sits brooding over the wreck of the being which God made in His own image. Satan laughs with fiendish glee over the annexation of new territories to his Kingdom, and the subjection of new victims to his sway. Humanity, with tremulous yet rapid steps, is hastening to the bourne from whence no traveler returns. The cold clod rattles upon the coffins of our loved ones, and the spirit takes the final leap into dark despair. What shall be done? The sky is filled with threatening clouds, the lightning of God's wrath plays fearfully, and hope seems lost. Lo, suddenly a light beams over Bethlehem, announcing to the longing millions a Saviour born. That star has increased in size and brilliancy, until not only the wise men of the East, but the savage of the West; not only the inhabitant of Greenland's icy mountains, but the weary traveler on Africa's burning plain; not only the rich and the great, but the poor and despised; not only the noble in society, but he of plebeian parentage rejoice in the possession of a lamp to their feet and a light to their path. It lies within the reach of each one, yet mankind with strange perversity reject, the way of life

and take the road that leads to death.—What shall rouse it from this lethargy, and bring it back to Christ? Here we see the need of a living piety, of a church anointed with power from on high, of individuals walking with God, and drinking from hidden fountains. Meet this want, and "Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King." But if it be not met, the church dies, the world remains unsaved. Nothing can redeem man, so deeply is he degraded, his moral sensibilities so utterly blighted, but a direct communication from the Almighty, and an application of the blood of the Lamb.

Types cannot do it, for Korah and his host had them. Ceremonies cannot, for the Pharisees were of all men most observant of them. Good desires cannot, for many a sinner has resolved to be a Christian, yet died without pardon. Humiliating to the unregenerated heart as it may be, the Despised of Nazareth must be our Saviour. The soul can never be made pure, but by lying at the foot of the cross. The crown cannot be gained, but by enduring the shame. As the Redeemer suffered without the gate, so must the redeemed go without the camp, stigmatized of men, but approved of God. It is no sign of piety to be thrust out, but if it is for the sake of truth, happy is he. Jesus smiles, angels beckon, and seraphs tune their lyres to welcome him home.—We do not condemn the idly formal, their own hearts condemn them. Fearful condemnation! we pity them. A sluggishness has crept over them, and the love of the world has been gradually excluding the love of Christ, yet they injure the cause only by their inaction. But we do condemn those who, having their names among Christ's children, and knowing the right way, will not themselves walk in it, or allow those who would.

Such persons will have an accountability, that we would not bear for ten thousand worlds. Upon these the frown of God doubly rests, because they not only do no good, but alas tear down that which others do. Praying that Bible justification and Bible holiness may reign throughout these lands, and that the church as well as the nation, may be purified; that

the whole earth, from the rising to the setting of the sun, may soon own Immanuel's sway, and the banner of the cross float in every valley and on every hill-top; that wars and tumults, strifes and divisions, may cease by right being victorious, let us search our own hearts, and know whether we are in the faith.

Let us love the reality and not the shadow, the gold and not the dross.

Lima, N. Y.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

BY REV. LEVI WOOD.

Be governed by right motives, principles, and practices, and then never fear. Fear is degrading to human nature. "Fear not thou worm Jacob," Isaiah. xxxxi, 14. "Perfect love casteth out fear," 1 John iv, 18. "The fearful * * * shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Rev. xxvii, 8. "Be not afraid of them that kill the body." Luke xii. 5.

Study nature, (not corrupted human nature,) she always teaches correctly, never making any mistakes. The sound of her voice is everywhere, and may be distinctly heard by the attentive ear.—We should hasten away from the fantastic scenes and unnatural restraints of this deceiving world and find the heart's eternal solace in her holy bowers of perennial bliss.

Beware of the tempter! Thou hast no wisdom or power of thine own to resist his subtle and powerful attacks; for if he first deceived himself, and so fell from heaven to hell; and then met the pure and virtuous Eve in Paradise and beguiled her by his subtlety into sin; and through her influenced holy Adam to break the Divine law; and even assayed to destroy the immaculate Son of God, how canst thou expect to escape his deceptive snares only by leaning evermore on Jesus' bosom?

We have but one life to live, and we should be careful to make the very best possible use of it, seizing hold of every

opportunity to find out the true objects and ends of our earthly existence, that we may secure those objects and ends, and so secure to ourselves the supreme good.

The Christian character is a happy combination of the strength and boldness of the lion, the docility and meekness of the lamb, the love and harmlessness of the dove, and the sagacity and cunning of the serpent; in a word, it is the perfect embodiment of all desirable qualities, and the grand focus where the Divine light and warmth shines and burns.

Were I to paint a Christian, I would clothe the figure in flowing robes of the purest white, with radiant face and upturned eye. I would place above the figure, just over its head, some beautiful angels looking down upon it complacently, with countenances beaming with heavenly delight. I would place the image of Christ upon its heart, and a beauteous crown upon its head. I would put the Bible in its right hand, and the cross in its left. I would put the smoking, bottomless pit far in the rear, with old Beelzebub making a swift retreat towards the thick volume of ascending smoke, and, finally, I would place a babel world far beneath its feet, and some glimpses of the heavenly glory in its front. And under the pictures thus drawn, I would print in flaming capitals: "VICTORY THROUGH FAITH IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB."

God will reveal himself sweetly and fully to his own dear children, let them have no fear. He loves to see them happy, and he knows they cannot be happy unless he reveals himself unto them. His presence makes their paradise irrespective of position or circumstances; but they must perfectly forsake the world and cling to him with the whole heart.

When the heart is broken up by affliction, plant then the germinating seeds of holy comfort, and water them with the warm gushing sympathies of pure affection.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, DECEMBER, 1862.

REVIVALS.

THE GREAT WANT of this country at the present time is not gold and silver; not able generals and well disciplined troops, but, much as these are needed, deep, thorough revivals of religion that will take hold of the public conscience, and make men sensible of their accountability to God are much more needed. The nation is fast becoming demoralized. Iniquity abounds. The love of many has grown cold. The plainest commands of God are utterly disregarded. Sabbath desecration is fast becoming general. Some still go to Church; but it is too often to listen to an oration on the state of the country; and then, ministers and people hasten home to eat luxurious dinners, read the papers, and talk about the war.—We think it may be safely estimated that in our cities and large towns not one half of the adult, Protestant population are regular attendants upon the worship of God. This is owing in part to the want of religious interest in the churches. "I," says Christ, "*if I am lifted up will draw all men unto me.*" Let Christ be exalted in any church—let the ministers and the people, out of swelling hearts declare His praises, in living testimonies, burning exhortations, and fervent hymns, and there will be no lack of attendance, especially if the seats are free. The perfectly absurd and unscriptural custom of selling the right to worship God in houses that are dedicated to His worship, has a natural tendency to both grieve the Spirit, kill out the fires of devotion and keep the people away. Hence, notwithstanding the vast expenditures that are made to promote religion in this country, irreligion is greatly upon the increase. Sabbath-breaking, profanity, intemperance, and licentiousness abound.

IT IS TIME FOR THEE, LORD TO WORK! Put thy Spirit upon thy ministers, give to thy Zion a travail for souls, recall the destroying angel from our land, and make known thy saving power among all the peo-

ple! Would you, beloved, see a revival of God's work? Let one begin in thine own heart this very hour! Get more of the purity, simplicity, faith and love of the Gospel. Go to work in real earnest to bring souls to Jesus. If you are a preacher you should see a revival of religion through your instrumentality. Lay all minor matters aside, and devote yourself fully and believingly to the work, and you shall witness the desire of your heart realized. To one called of God to preach, who gives himself entirely to Christ, relies on Him and does his duty, failure is out of the question. To him who, in the deep anguish of a saved spirit cries out "Give me souls or I die," souls will be given.

FANATICISM.

This is one of the most convenient terms that was ever invented. If a fearless advocate of truth cannot be silenced by argument, it has long been the fashion to attempt to vanquish him by applying epithets at once so opprobrious as to expose him to contempt, and so vague as to defy all efforts to disprove the fitness of their application.—The old Jews had a way of disposing of those who uttered truths which troubled their consciences, but which they were determined to reject, by saying that they were demoniacs, or insane. Now, such persons are commonly designated as "fanatics."—It is thought that nothing can send an unpalatable truth, so easily and so quickly, to a hopeless grave as fastening this appellation upon its advocates. The liquor-dealers' association denounce as "fanatics" all who would withhold the sanctions of law from a traffic that does no good, but untold harm—a traffic which chiefly furnishes the poor house, and prison, and gallows with their victims. Apologists for slavery brand as "fanatics" all who would see abolished, a system that has reduced its millions to the condition of brutes, caused rivers of blood to flow, and brought our once happy land to the verge of ruin. In the estimation of infidels, all are "fanatics" who receive the Bible as a revelation from God: and the merely intellectual believer in the divinity of the Scriptures seeks to preserve his reputation for being a man of reason by

calling those "fanatics" who profess to know that their sins have been forgiven, and that they have become the subjects of the saving grace of God. These, in turn, apply the same term of reproach to those who have gone a step farther in their experience, and are able to testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

What is the meaning of this terrible word which every body uses and fears, and so few understand? It is derived from the Latin *fanaticus*. This may come from the Greek *φανομαι*—to come to light—to be seen, to appear; or, as is more probable, from the Latin *fanum*—a consecrated piece of ground—a temple.* The priestesses of these temples were sometimes possessed of a kind of phrensy, hence *fanaticus*, in the Latin, means, *inspired, enthusiastic, frantic, furious*. As these temples were devoted to the worship of devils,* the inspiration of their devotees was demoniacal, and not Divine; hence a *fanatic* is one who acts under the *inspiration* of the devil, supposing it to be the inspiration of God. In the real fanatic there is always an unhallowed alliance of the morose and vindictive passions, with devotional feelings and religious excitement. No degree of zeal—no matter how high—so long as it is chastened and controlled by love—no physical manifestations or bodily exercises, so long as the temper and life are in harmony with the word and Spirit of God, can properly subject one to the charge of being a "fanatic." Neither David dancing before the LORD with all his might,† nor Daniel losing his strength and falling upon the ground at a vision of an Angel of God,‡ nor the disciples, who, on the day of Pentecost were filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance, nor the multitude whom John saw before the throne praising God with a voice as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, were fanatics. You will, however, find them in the Bible. They were the men who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, that, when made, they might train him up for a greater bigot than themselves; they were the men who adorned the sepulchres

and praised the virtues of the martyred dead, while they thirsted for the blood of the righteous living—men who observed with great punctuality all the outward forms of religion, that they might carry on their covetous practices with the greater impunity.

"Fanaticism," says Mr. Fletcher, "is the child of false zeal and of superstition, the father of intolerance and persecution; it is therefore very different from piety, though some persons are pleased to confound them. The pious man, always governed by humility and reason, implores and receives the succors of grace; and evidences this Divine nature by conducting himself with humility and love, the genuine character of the first Christians. But the fanatic, big with pride, and full of himself, rejects reason, and takes the emotions of his own passions for those of grace; and far from conducting himself with Christian modesty and love, he follows the reveries of his imagination as if they were the inspirations of the Divine Spirit; he imitates the follies of enthusiastic fools, and if occasion offers, the practice of bloody persecutors. Let us cautiously guard against this excess, but let us not despise true zeal; for it differs as much from fanaticism as vigor accompanied with health, differs from a delirium produced by a burning fever."

Fanaticism begins when a wrong spirit is allowed to gain ascendancy in the soul.—No amount of love or joy in the Holy Ghost can expose you to its influence. But if self will, or spiritual pride, or envy, or covetousness, or any other evil temper is allowed a resting-place in your heart, you will, if you keep up your profession, become either a formalist or a fanatic. You may think you enjoy as much religion as you did when you were all right, and the devil will do all he can to help keep up the delusion. He will imitate so successfully the manifestations of the Spirit of God, that the deeply experienced can hardly tell the difference. If you are blessed with much spiritual light, you will need to examine yourself often and closely to see if your disposition and your life correspond with the word of God—to see if you possess a spirit that will bear, in

* 1 Cor. x, 20. † 2 Sam. vi, 14. ‡ Dan. x. 8.

patience, contradiction, and receive in meekness instruction from any source. Keep your soul filled with humble love and you are in no danger of fanaticism. But the disposition which would call down fire from Heaven to destroy those that reject you and your teachings—which would injure them in person or property, under the pretence of benefitting their souls is not of God. This is a kind of discipline, the exercise of which he reserves exclusively for himself.

Do not be so afraid of fanaticism that you can neither receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon your own soul, nor be willing that others, around you should have it. You will not grow in grace yourself, nor will those under your influence, if you are constantly on the look-out for something that goes a little beyond the bounds of rigid propriety. Fanatic-hunters will not catch men.

There probably never was a deep work of God that was not attended with more or less that, under ordinary circumstances, might be considered extravagant.* But these if left alone, will correct themselves. Fanaticism is not caused so much by encouragement given to it, as by undue restrictions put upon the operations of the Spirit of God. It requires a great deal of spiritual discernment to distinguish between what is true and what is false in religious exercises, so as to be able to regulate them without *hurting the oil and the wine*. It is still true that *the natural man*, no matter what his talent or learning may be, *receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.**

FORMALISM.

There is far more danger of formalism than of fanaticism. It is a thousand fold more prevalent, and is just as ruinous to the soul. The warnings of the Bible against it are much more numerous. The seven churches of Asia had all held fast to the forms of Christianity, while its spirit was wanting. Fanaticism is so repulsive in its features, and is always attended with

*1 Cor. ii. 14.

so much reproach, that we instinctively shrink from it. One does not yield to its influence until Satan persuades him that his salvation depends upon it. Convince one under its control that he is deluded, and the spell is broken and he gladly breaks away from the dangerous enchantment.—But formalism presents an attractive appearance. She shows herself in neat and comely garb, with smiling countenance and winning manners. The stores of learning are at her command, captivating strains of eloquence fall from her lips. She dazzles the imagination with the brilliancy of her appearance, she overcomes the understanding with the specious sophistry of her arguments; she flatters pride with the homage she so cunningly pays to unsanctified human nature, she leads captive the senses with enchanting strains of music; look upon her, and you come under the influence of her terrible fascination; listen to her, and you enroll yourself among her votaries. She binds her followers with chains so strong that nothing but the Almighty power of God can break them, and confines them in dungeons that none but Omnipotence can open.

Beware then of formalism. Let the many Sampsons that have been shorn of their strength in her embrace, and who are now, with sightless eyes, ~~toiling upon the treadmill of ceremonial worship~~, warn you against her fatal dalliances.

Always remember that *they who worship God must worship him in spirit and in truth*.

RUM'S DOINGS.

A few days since, a terrible, double murder was committed in this city, for which rum is responsible. A hard-working, industrious woman, with a drunken husband—(there are many such in this city,) had toiled hard through the summer, and not only supported her family, but laid up a little money to purchase food and fuel for her children when the cold-winter should come on. Her husband finding where this money was concealed, took it, and spent it at the grocery for drink. She reproached him for it, when he deliberately took down his gun and shot her in the back; and then

loaded it and placed it under his chin and killed himself. She lingered a few days in agony, but he died almost instantly.

Is it not strange that men should be licensed by law to sell a maddening beverage that fits men for this bloody work?

THE SULTAN READS THE BIBLE.

A missionary in Turkey writes, in a recent letter:—"The splendidly-bound Bible presented to the Sultan some three years ago has been in frequent use ever since.—The Sultan is reading the Bible constantly, not only at home, but also when going abroad on visits. The Bible, well packed in a splendid box, and an Oriental reading desk, such as they use in reading the Koran, are carried after the Sultan wherever he goes to stay a couple of hours. (It is customary to carry everything which it is supposed he will call for.) Last week he went to see Kirza Pasha. The Pasha had business ready for his Sovereign, but the Sultan called for his Bible; and, after reading it for two hours he rose and went off, leaving the Pasha to manage his business as best he could. The Pasha, it is said, became very angry when the Sultan was gone, exclaiming, 'It is too bad; the Sultan is poring over that book continually, and cares nothing more for the affairs of the State.'"

MRS. PALMER IN ENGLAND.

For nearly three years past, Mrs. Palmer, accompanied by her husband, has been laboring with great success in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists in England.—Many have been led to Christ through their instrumentality; and still more have been brought to seek the blessing of entire holiness. Their labors have been welcomed by the people wherever they have gone.—But it seems from the following account that the ministers have proscribed them.

"One of the most spirited debates of the Conference occurred in connection with the prolonged visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to this country, and the continuous revival services which they have been conducting for about three years in Wesleyan chapels, in various parts of the United Kingdom. It has never been a secret that the magnates of British Methodism were averse to the efforts of Dr. and Mrs. P., and have used their influence to counteract them. The Conference of 1861, moreover, passed a resolution calling upon superintendents to keep Dr. and Mrs. P. out of the chapels under their care; but as this resolution was only in the Conference Journal, and not in the printed Minutes, perhaps one-half of the

superintendents knew nothing of it, and Dr. and Mrs. P. have been continuing their devoted labors in various circuits, in response to urgent invitations of the Circuit authorities. But the Conference of 1862 determined to put an arrest upon the modern Priscilla and Aquila, and passed a resolution, which is to appear in the printed minutes, prohibiting all continuous revival services by visitors from America or elsewhere.—President Prest, Dr. Waddy, Rev. S. R. Hall, G. Turner, R. Ray, H. Young, J. Rattenbury, J. Farrar, and others, reprobated the spirit, teaching, and services of Dr. and Mrs. P. as being fraught with immense mischief to the interests of Methodism. It was unaccountable that not a single voice was lifted up in favor of Dr. and Mrs. P. There were present three chairmen of districts, Revs. T. A. Rayner, J. Talbot, and R. Bond, who had invited Dr. and Mrs. P. to labor in their own circuits, and who had rejoiced in the success of the services held; but not one of these men uttered a word in defense of the absent strangers. John Wesley had the wisdom to enlist and encourage every kind of agency, whether extraordinary or ordinary. The great bulk of the Methodist people hail the visits of Dr. and Mrs. P., while the influential ministers are all hostile to them.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIANS. ✓

This is a branch of the Methodist family which arose in England in the year 1815. From all we can gather of them, they are a pious, zealous people, laboring to promote the Gospel in its sincerity. The forty-fourth session of the English Conference was held the 30th of July last. They numbered 200 travelling preachers; 1,584 local preachers; and 25,392 members—showing an increase of members for the year of 1,782. In 1850 they numbered 551 ministers travelling and local, and 14,553 members. This shows a large increase for 12 years past. They have a Conference in America, located mostly in Canada, and western states. They number in America 36 travelling preachers; 209 local preachers, and 4284 members.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

This Church, says Zion's Herald, has about 1,000 travelling preachers, and 80,000 members, mostly in Virginia and Maryland.

FREE-WILL BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The Free-Will Baptists of the United States, recently held their General Conference, at Hillsdale, Michigan. This Conference is held once in three years, and embraces the whole denomination. There is a large and flourishing Free-Will Baptist

College at Hillsdale, where a large number of students are being educated. This fact gave additional interest to the Conference. Both the business and devotional exercises of the Conference were of the most agreeable and profitable kind.

The Conference terminated on October 8th. The following are the statistics of the Free-Will Baptists in the United States:—There are 31 yearly meetings, 142 quarterly meetings, 2385 churches, 1033 ordained preachers, 186 licensed preachers, and 58,055 communicants. Maine contains the largest number of the denomination of any state in the Union, namely: 14,336, and New-Hampshire the next largest, namely: 9,934. In Vermont there are 2,842, and in Massachusetts and Rhode Island there are 4,560. There are none in Connecticut.—Whole number in New-England, 31,704; which leaves only 26,351 for all the rest of North America.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The London correspondent of the *Presbyterian Banner* says: "The Primitive Wesleyans of England have had their anniversary kindly welcomed by the Calvinistic C. H. Spurgeon, to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and sustained by a speech from his lips. This body is very zealous. It touches the lower strata of the Metropolitan men nearer than the old "Conference Methodists," and is specially strong in the mining and manufacturing districts. This body has in connection with it 5,575 connectional chapels and other preaching places; 2,036 Sunday-schools; 30,998 teachers, and 132,144 members. In its strictly missionary districts there are now 88 stations, 143 missionaries, and 9,595 members.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

With this number closes the third year of the Earnest Christian. They have been years of trials, and conflicts, and wounds and victories. Never before did time seem to fly with so swift a wing. Our labors have been incessant; but they have been pleasant, for they have been labors of love. God has bountifully showered upon us his loving kindness, and tender mercies. The difficulties before us have at times seemed insuperable, but the Lord has brought us triumphantly through them all. We commenced without a single subscriber; for the past year we have printed over 3000 copies of our magazine. Suppose that each number is read by three persons, which is a low estimate, this would give us about 10,000 readers.

We have endeavored to present the plain truths which the people need. God has made our humble volume a great blessing to many souls. Of this we have been repeatedly assured.

We feel deep gratitude for the past, and a calm trust for the future. The coming year bids fair to be one of the trial of our faith. The cost of publishing a periodical is much greater than it was last year. Paper has risen very greatly, and it may be much higher. Paper money is plenty; but greatly depreciated in value in consequence of the war, and hence every thing we have to buy has greatly risen in price. Many who once felt a deep interest in the promotion of Earnest Christianity have lost their zeal. Still we hope, by the blessing of God, and the assistance of our friends, to go on our way the same as before, holding up the Bible standard of salvation—showing no quarters to any of the fashionable sins of the day. If you love an uncompromising Christianity, we ask you to help sustain the EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE—the only periodical so far as we know that does not wink at secret societies, selling pews, church-festivals and their attendant corruptions.—We trust that all our old subscribers will renew at once. Do not wait to be called upon by any one; but send on your subscription promptly, and see if you cannot get some one else to subscribe. Perhaps you have a friend—a son or daughter to whom you would like to make a new year's present. Send them the Earnest Christian for a year. Let vigorous efforts be made by all our friends. For our part we hope to be able to give you a better magazine than ever before. May God bless you and lead you to do your duty in this and in every particular!

THE WORK OF GOD.

Notwithstanding the indifference to the interests of the soul that prevails so generally, there is, we are glad to say, some interest in some places.

AT BUFFALO, at the four days meeting, the presence of the Spirit of God was signally manifested. On Sabbath evening the altar was filled with souls seeking to be saved. Three professed to find pardon that

evening, and two the following evening.

AT ROCHESTER, at the Quarterly meeting held the 22d and 23d ult., God was present to answer the prayers of his people. Sunday evening the house was filled with an attentive audience. The awakening power of God was manifested, and three professed to find the justifying grace of God. They rejoiced in the Lord and gave good evidence of having found his pardoning favor.

REV. WILLIAM COOLEY writes, "We had at NELSON a powerful Quarterly meeting. There was great power in the assembly.—Some joined. The work is going all through this region."

REV. T. W. READ writes us:
Dear Bro. Roberts,

"Praise the Lord! He is sending his Spirit in great power among us. Last evening the slaying power was in our midst. Four holy women, and a brother were prostrated by the power of God for about two hours. Thirteen have professed to be justified, and a number have got the blessing of Holiness. The work is going on in mighty power. Some of the most respectable citizens, heads of families, have been converted, and are now rejoicing in the Lord. How I feel to give all the glory to the King of Kings. How small I am. I know now what the sanctifying power of God is. How humble he makes me. I have no will of my own, I have been killed! Thank the Lord! Glory! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Big Flats, Nov. 15, 1862.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

We rejoice to see the order of the President requiring the observance of the Sabbath by our armies. God's law has been most fearfully trampled under foot. Heretofore, pious men have been unable to procure employment of the Government in the navy-yard and on other public works because they could not labor on the Sabbath.

The following extract from a letter from a preacher of our acquaintance, serving in the army, gives a little idea how God's authority is there trampled under foot:

"The Lord does continue to save me and bless me. We have some precious meetings—a few souls have been saved in our

regiment since we enlisted. But, brother Roberts, if you could hear, as I have heard, line and field officers, non-commissioned officers and privates swear—expressing a wish that the negroes were hung, and see rebel property guarded, on cold rainy nights by our men—see our men compelled by their officers, unnecessarily, to dig rifle pits and perform other labor on the Sabbath, you would cease to wonder why the rebellion is not put down. An orderly Sergeant in company D, (a Methodist minister who left his circuit to serve his country,) was reading his Bible the other day, when the Colonel addressed him thus, with an oath: You had better be reading Hardee's tactics.

Two weeks ago last Sabbath, a man in company C, was ordered with the most of his company to go and dig at a fort near by, which we are building. He told the Captain that he did not wish to work on the Sabbath, and would not do so, only in cases of necessity. The Colonel ordered him to be confined in the guard house. Last Sabbath his Captain gave him a pass to go to church, and to be valid, the Colonel must countersign it—this he refused to do, because of his refusal to labor the Sabbath before. I think that the government will be broken to fragments, and her free institutions forever ruined unless our people humble themselves before the Lord and heartily repent.

J. A. W.

WAIT FOR SIGNS? INDEED!

What signs? What signs do you want before waking up to revival efforts? Does not necessity call for them—all heaven, all earth? Are not perishing sinners around you, going down, down, sinking lower than the grave? Are not backsliders, formalists and hypocrites in your midst? Are not the graces of the Holy Spirit greatly wanting, more or less, in every member? Are not these signs sufficient to arouse you forthwith to action for an outpouring of God's Spirit? What greater inducements can you possibly have? If these signs arouse you not to life and action, what will? One rising from the dead? 'Awake! awake! arise, put on strength, O Zion.'

'How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of sleep?'

'Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in all the earth.'

'Signs,' indeed! What signs does the husbandman need to induce him to cast in his seed for the fruits of the earth? 'Bread,' say you? Yes, bread he must have, for himself and family, else starvation follows. He knows this, and prepares the soil, ploughs his fields and casts in his seed. In doing this he acts wisely, rationally.

And who needs bread more than a cold, formal, worldly, back-slidden church, a world of rebel sinners lost, perishing for lack of food, angel's food, the bread of heaven? 'Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' 'Cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling block out of the way.'

'Wake, thou that sleepest: Time's great clock is tolling,

The fated hour that ends the passing year;
Life's restless waves with fearful might are rolling,
And strewing priceless wrecks of all that's dear.'

'Break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns,' 'Set up the standard toward Zion.' This waiting for signs is the work of the enemy. 'There shall no signs be given,' said our Lord, 'but the sign of the prophet Jonah.' Signs are all around us, over us, beneath us. 'Wo to them that are at ease in Zion.' Yes, wo! wo! Begin now revival efforts, in the very midst of darkness, desolation and damnation.

'Wake, messenger of God: the isles of ocean
Are throwing wide their portals; look and see:
The strife of nations, all their wild commotion,
Have only made a pathway plain for thee.

Wake, watchman, wake: with dying souls around thee,
How canst thou sleep on Zion's sacred walls?
To thy great trust the vows of heaven have bound thee,
And on thine ear the wail of millions fall.' N.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

A DOLLAR THAT PAYS WELL.

We have long received the *American Agriculturist*, and can testify to its real merits. Every number is well illustrated, and contains

a very large amount of really useful, practical, reliable information for the Farm, the Garden and the Household, including a very interesting department for the little ones. No one can fail to get many dollars' worth of useful hints from a volume of the *Agriculturist*.

Send a dollar for the paper on our recommendation, or if you prefer, send a dime for a single copy, and examine it for yourself. The terms are \$1.00 a year in advance. The address of the Publisher is ORANGE JUDD, 41 Park Row, New-York.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.—

This oldest of the official organs of the M. E. Church was never more ably conducted than under the supervision of its present editor. Dr. Thompson is a man of strong Christian sympathies, and a vigorous writer. The price of the paper has been raised from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per annum. The Book-agents also announce that they have raised the price of their books from five to twenty or more per cent. This will add largely to the profits of the Book Concern, which before the advance in the price of their publications must have been enormous.

THE NORTHERN INDEPENDENT.—This sterling weekly is still as outspoken as ever for oppressed humanity. Br. Hosmer was the first one to start a dollar weekly in the M. E. Church. He claims that he has in the last fourteen years saved to his patrons by this enterprise one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He does not now propose to advance the price of his paper, but asks for a largely increased list of subscribers that he may be able to continue to publish it without loss. We hope he may have them. If you want a strong, manly, outspoken weekly paper, enclose one dollar to Rev. Wm. Hosmer, Auburn, N. Y.

THE METHODIST.—When Dr. Thompson was elected editor of the Advocate and Journal, some of the leading wealthy Methodists of New York, fearing that the "old Advocate" would become too anti-slavery to suit their tastes, started an independent Journal under the title of "The Methodist." It is a large double sheet, edited with marked ability, by Drs. Crooks and McClintock, and conducted with a good deal of enterprise.—It has attained a large circulation—larger we understand than that of the "old Advocate." This is not entirely owing to the strong pro-slavery influence in the church, for it is really one of the best family papers published, aside from its want of thorough opposition to slavery. It is published at two dollars per annum.