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THE FUTURE OF EARTH.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

We speak of the earth as though it were abiding. Property in soil is called *real estate*, as if it were of permanent value. Men call their lands by their own names, and fondly expect, when they pass away, to leave them to their descendants for successive generations. The whole tenor of language common in these last days, is to the effect, that as all things continue as they were from the beginning, so they will continue for all coming time. The prevalent theory is, that the race is progressing rapidly in knowledge and virtue, and this progression is to continue, until the millenium is ushered in, so gradually, and so naturally, that the transition will scarcely be realized.

God teaches us a different doctrine. He tells us, in his legible tracings upon tables of stone, that the Earth has been the theatre of mighty revolutions. Its physical appearance, its climate and soil, its vegetable productions, and the animals that live upon its surface, have undergone the most striking changes, at successive and well-defined periods of time. These changes have not been gradual and silent, like the faint glimmer of dawn for the full-orbed sun, but sudden and startling as an earthquake, and attended with the most terrible convulsions.

To reject the well ascertained facts of Geology, because that science in its infancy was marshalled against the Bible, is to imitate those whose conduct Paul condemned as superstitious and not pi-

ous, who refused to eat suitable meat, because, before sold in the market, it had been offered in sacrifice to idols.—The cause of truth suffers greatly from such a course.

Geology plainly teaches that the Earth had existed for ages before it was fitted up for the habitation of man. The climate was much warmer than it is at present; even the frigid zones bearing plants far exceeding in size those now found in tropical regions. *Equiseta*, of which our scouring rush is a species, were from seven to fourteen inches in diameter, and ten feet high; ferns ran up from the humid soil forty or fifty feet; and the *lycopodiaceæ* or club mosses, rivalled our modern forest trees in size, growing from sixty to seventy feet high. Such are the magnificent proportions of fossil remains found in the rocks around Baffins Bay, and even as far north as Melville Island.

Amid this luxuriant vegetation crawled reptiles of the most gigantic magnitude. The *Megalosaurus*, a carnivorous animal of the crocodile species, was larger than the *Rhinoceros*, and from forty to fifty feet long. The *Iguanodon*, the largest reptile of the former world, had a body of from seventy to one hundred feet in length! The *Hylaeosaurus* would have outweighed the *Hippotamus*. The existing giants of the class of reptiles—the crocodiles and boas—were not larger than the third-rate reptiles of the *Oolitic* and *Wealden* ages. But these, amid convulsions that have torn the rock-ribbed hills and shaken the Earth to its centre, have passed rway. Islands have raised their heads, and continents have been elevated from what was once the bed of the primeval ocean

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Again and again, has the earth been swept by the besom of destruction, and God has re-peopled it by successive creations of beings, each rising higher than the preceding, in the scale of existence. This accords with the Psalmist's declaration, *Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; AND THOU RENEWEST THE FACE OF THE EARTH.** This language applies much more appropriately to the successive creations to which we have referred, than to the production of animals by natural generations. The face of the Earth is not merely washed and clothed with new vegetation, but *God renews it—makes it new.*

Some have thought, and some of our readers may still think, that the account which Moses gives of the creation, does not leave time for these wonderful changes. But a correct understanding of his language, will, we are confident, remove every difficulty. In the first chapter of Genesis, the first verses, the non-eternity of matter is asserted. *In the beginning,* but Moses does not say when that beginning was, *God created—made out of nothing—the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without form and void—in confusion and disorder—and darkness was upon the face of the deep.* How long this continued prior to the "renewal of the face of the Earth," when it was fitted up for the abode of man is not asserted. The structure of the eye in some of the animals inhabiting the Earth in its early ages, would indicate that comparative darkness reigned, according to the account in Genesis. The owl has a much larger eye than other birds, because it was designed to see in the night. So the eye of the Ichthyosaurus was enormously large. In one species as seen in the fossil remains, the orbital cavity was found to be fourteen inches in the longest direction.

When the proper period arrived, God called light into existence, and the pro-

cess of the re-construction of the Earth went on at his bidding.

Or the six days of creation may not have been literal days, of the length of ours. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. It is said that on the seventh day God rested from his work of creation. But he has not resumed it yet. His Sabbath still continues; and probably will till the six thousand years of the Earth's history is completed, and *then, probably,* for we do not lay claim to positive knowledge as regards the time,

THE EARTH IS TO UNDERGO ANOTHER RADICAL RENOVATION. Of this fact we have not the slightest doubt, for the Scriptures assert it, in language clear and unambiguous. The agent to be employed is fire. A conflagration is to take place that will sweep before it every dwelling and every church, every mart of business and every haunt of pleasure; every improvement which the ingenuity of man has devised, and his skill executed—the solid earth itself shall melt before the fierceness of the flames.

*But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.** To this event the Psalmist alludes. "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands; they shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shall thou change them and they shall be changed."† Our Saviour says, *Heaven and Earth shall pass away.‡*

For the fulfilling of these predictions the most ample provision has been made. Indeed, it is by a constant miracle that the Earth is kept from being consumed. There is no law of nature more general, or more inexorable in its demands than the law of gravitation. This causes any body to fall until it meets another

*Ps. civ. 28, 30.

†Pet. iii. 10. †Pa. cii. 25, 26; see also Isa. li. 6. ‡Mat. xxiv. 35.

body heavier than itself. This sends the waters dancing to the ocean, and the planets singing in their orbits.

The atmospheric air—"the heavens" referred to in the passages above quoted, is composed mainly of oxygen and nitrogen—four parts by volume of the latter to one of the former. Oxygen is about twice the weight of nitrogen. By the law of gravity it should settle to the bottom, as they are not chemically united. Nothing but a constant suspension, by the power of God, of the law of gravity keeps it from doing so. Were the oxygen of the air to settle down upon the surface of the earth, in a layer of ten or twelve miles in thickness, a fire once kindled could never be extinguished. Oxygen is such a powerful supporter of combustion that all inflammable substances burn in it with great rapidity. We have seen steel burn in a jar of oxygen, with such brilliancy as to dazzle the eye.

Water, which exists in such immense quantities on the earth, is composed of 11,1 parts of hydrogen and 88,9 parts of oxygen. It is decomposed by intense heat, and also by electricity. Hydrogen is one of the most inflammable of all known substances, and oxygen, as we have seen, is the great supporter of combustion. The lightnings of the great day of God will decompose the water; explosions and detonations, such as the heaviest artillery and loudest thunder cannot equal, will fill the air, and thus, *with a great noise*, terrific beyond the power of imagination to conceive, shall "the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein be burned up."

Still another provision is found in the internal fires that are constantly raging in the bowels of the earth. Observations made in mines and deep wells show that the temperature of the earth increases as you go down, at the rate of one degree for every 36,81 feet. A heat sufficient to boil water would be reached at the distance of a little over a mile; and all known rocks would be melted at a depth of about forty-eight miles. The crust of the earth, the solid part, is on-

ly from fifty to one hundred miles thick. All within is a burning mass of melted matter—rocks and minerals, boiling and surging in their fury. Volcanoes, of which there are more than three hundred scattered over the earth, are the chimneys through which this internal fire finds vent. Earthquakes are occasioned by a disturbance of this molten mass. How easy would it be for God to break this crust in pieces, as ice is broken by the storms of spring, and wrap at once the earth in flames! In view of these facts, how startling the words of St. Peter: *But the heavens and the earth which are now, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.*

Then will God commence again the work which he left off at the dawn of Sabbath, and a NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH WILL BE CREATED. *Nevertheless, we, says St. Peter, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.** This promise is found in Isaiah, lxxv: 17.—"For behold I create new heavens, and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind." It is to be so beautiful—so surpassing in loveliness of scenery, salubrity of climate, and adaptation to a life of happiness, any thing at present found in the most highly favored regions, that the present earth shall be forgotten and discarded. What wonderful changes will be effected! What is more unsightly and more worthless than a lump of charcoal? touch it and you are defiled. What more beautiful and costly than the diamond? It graces the diadems of kings, and gives them their luster.—Give both these substances into the hands of a chemist to analyze, and he tells you that both are composed of the same elements. Nature in her secret laboratory has crystallised the worthless substance, and it at once became a gem of untold value. What is more gloomy than the dark clouds that hang athwart the sky? What is more beautiful than

*9 Peter iii, 13.

the same clouds as they float around the horizon, in a summer's evening, painted by the setting sun in tints of beauty that no artist's skill can equal, and ever changing their fantastic shapes? Some such transformations as these, may we suppose, will be effected when God "makes all things new."

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE PEOPLE? is a question in which we all are interested. God has given a specific answer. He says, by the mouth of the holy apostle, that *The Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.**

The wicked, the Lord "shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming."† A fiery stream issuing from him, and going forth before him§ will prostrate every lurking place, where the wicked have sought concealment in vain, and they shall be burned alive and all their works shall perish with them. The rich and the poor, the nominal professor and the openly profane shall alike be consumed: "For behold the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." From this destruction there can be no escape; for the terrible sufferings that must then be endured there will be no remedy. It will be in vain to call on Christ for help; for now upon the unsaved shall be visited the wrath of the Lamb. For "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from

the glory of his power; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."—

Then earth shall be restored to more than the beauty of Eden as it came from the hand of God. Christ shall reign in person; and Satan shall be bound for a "thousand years."¶ These are probably prophetic years—each day standing for a year—the whole period being equivalent to 365,000 of our years. Men shall live as long or longer than they did before the deluge. "And I will rejoice," says the Lord God, speaking of the new earth, "in Jerusalem, and joy in my people; and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days; for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed. And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; They shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."* Still this will be only as Paradise, and not Heaven. When the probation of the saints is fully accomplished, and their graces have ripened for a higher existence, they will, probably, like Enoch and Elijah, be translated in a chariot of fire.

WHEN WILL THIS RENOVATION OF THE EARTH TAKE PLACE AND THE PERSONAL REIGN OF CHRIST COMMENCE? We cannot fix upon the precise time. Christ says, *But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels in heaven, but my Father only.*† The Apostles say, *That the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.*§ The thief comes when men are not looking for him. Yet the saints will be looking for it; for Paul says: *But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.*‡ The Scriptures must then be sufficiently explicit to af-

*1 Thess. iv, 16, †2 Thess. ii, 3. §Dan. vii, 10. ¶Mat. iv, 1.

†Rev. xx, 4-6. *Isai. lxxv, 19-32. †Mat. xxiv, 36, 42. §1 Thess. v, 2, ‡2 Pet. iii, 10. †1 Thess. v, 4.

ford the children of God a pretty accurate idea as to when these events will transpire. The *day and the hour* they may not know, but by carefully studying the Scriptures they may ascertain within a few years, the time of the destruction of all things earthly.

The prevalent opinion that the world will first be converted to God is, we are satisfied, a great mistake. We do believe that the time is coming when *the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, when they shall not hurt nor destroy*, in all the holy mountain of the Lord,* but this will not be until the "new heavens and the new earth" are created.† "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; but it shall not be until the "Branch out of the roots of Jesse shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips shall slay the wicked."‡

Efforts for the conversion of men should be far more earnest than any that are now made, and yet we are fully satisfied, that in the present state of things neither all mankind, nor a majority of them will be truly converted to God.— We believe that righteousness will ultimately prevail, because we believe that Christ is coming to purify the earth by fire, and reproduce a new and glorious order of things.

We have not space in the present number to give the reasons why we believe the day of the redemption of the saints of God is at hand. If the Lord wills we will do so in subsequent numbers. We are praying for light upon the Scriptures, and we believe that God will give it to us.

One thing is certain. With each of us, the day of grace will soon terminate, either by our Lord's coming to Earth in person, or by his summoning us from Earth. The meeting is unavoidable, though the time and the manner may be unknown. *We must all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ. Are you ready?* No other loss that you can sustain bears any comparison to the loss of

the soul. Health may be regained. If you lose your sight, there are still left for the mind avenues of communication with the external world. If property takes to itself wings and flies away; by diligence and frugality your estate may be recovered. If friends are snatched from your embrace by death, you share the sympathy of those still left, and you cling to each other with increasing tenderness. But for the loss of the soul there is no compensation, no remedy.— Over the lost spirit the angel of hope shall never spread his soft pinion, and beguile the tediousness of the present by expectations of a brighter future. Upon his dreary, starless, stormy night no morning shall ever dawn, but his habitation shall be in the blackness of darkness forever. As Milton sings he shall abide in

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge fed
With ever burning sulphur unconsumed."

These things about which we write are stern realities. If there is, as we freely admit, uncertainty in regard to the time when they will transpire, this uncertainty instead of lulling you to a false security, should arouse you to unslumbering vigilance, that you may be always ready. The soldier expecting a night attack, though he knows not the hour when it may be made, does not lay aside his armor and retire to rest, but if he snatches a few moments of repose it is upon his arms, prepared to meet the foe the instant the watching sentinel shall warn him of danger.— *Watch therefore; says our Saviour, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*

I do not ask you of your profession. This is merely the lamp, and you know that a lamp however beautiful, if destitute of oil gives no light. In this respect all, no matter of what form, or of what materials composed, are alike.— To one who has lost his way amid the labyrinths of Mammoth cave, the coars-

*Isa. lkv, 25. †Isa. lkv, 17. ‡Isa. xi, 9, 4.

est torch that ever a miner carried, if it would light him to a place of safety, would be of far more value than one of gold, yet destitute of oil. So you had better belong to the poorest, most despised church that can be found, and have "the grace of God that bringeth salvation" in your heart; than be a member of the most honored communion, and be destitute of that righteousness which God imparts only to the humble and contrite in spirit.

"Thou hast a name that thou livest." Men call thee a living Christian. This is well enough, but what does it amount to if he who has eyes as a flame of fire, sees that *thou art dead*. Do you love the world? then are you still, no matter what your profession may be, an enemy of God. Do you receive honor from your brethren in the church? then you cannot have a saving faith in Christ.—The two conditions cannot exist together. To be truly a Christian, always ready to meet our Lord, implies a deadness, a crucifixion to the world that we fear but few have experienced. Reader, how is it with thy soul? I can tell you how it should be, and it is for thee to examine thyself and see if thou art truly in a state of salvation.

Seeing then, says Inspiration, *that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and Godliness?* This is the Bible standard of piety. Do you meet it? Are you holy—in heart and life and conversation? Do not say I am in as good a spiritual condition as the mass of professing Christians around me. This may be, and thou still be a hopeful candidate for perdition. We must be entirely consecrated to God—and must come out from among them and be separate, or the Father Almighty will not receive us.

May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round;
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid;
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

We must be very studious of union and communion among ourselves, and of the unity and peace of the churches that we oversee. We cannot but be sensible how needful this is to the prosperity of the whole, the strengthening of our common cause, the good of the particular members of our flock, and the further enlargement of the kingdom of Christ. Ministers must smart when the church is wounded, and be so far from being the leaders in divisions, that they should take it as a principal part of their work to prevent and heal them. Day and night should they bend their studies to find out means to close such breaches. They must not only hearken to motions for unity, but propound and prosecute them. Not only entertain an offered peace, but even follow it when it flies from them. They must therefore keep close to the ancient simplicity of the Christian faith, and the foundation and centre of catholic unity. They must abhor the arrogance of those who frame new engines to harass and tear in pieces the church of God, under pretence of obviating errors, and maintaining the truth. The Scripture sufficiency must be maintained, and nothing beyond it imposed on others; and if papists or others call to us for the standard and rule of our religion, it is the Bible that we must show them, rather than any confession of churches, or writings of men. We must learn to distinguish between certainties and uncertainties, necessities and unnecessaries, catholic verities and private opinions; and to lay the stress of the church's peace upon the former, and not upon the latter. Had the ministers of the Gospel been men of peace, and of catholic, rather than factious spirits, the church of Christ had not been in such a situation as it is now.

BAXTER.

The tree of life is ever laden with rich fruit; why, then, should there be any dead or dying souls? I will pluck its fair fruit, eat it freely, and live forever. It is plucked by the hand of faith.

TIME SPEEDS AWAY.

Time speeds away, away, away,
Another hour, another day,
Another month, another year,
Drops from us like the leaflet sear;
Drops like the life-blood from the heart,
The rose-bloom from the cheeks depart;
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eyes grow dim, and strange to all.

Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrents in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and swamps the flower;
He tears from our distracted breasts,
The friends we loved, the friends that blessed;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the sky of day;
No winds along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he;
Like fiery steeds from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea,
Of fathomless Eternity.

Time speeds away, away, away,
O! sinners, turn without delay;
With rapid strides you onward go,
Down to the tomb, to endless woe.
Make haste! Make haste! The door 'l be
shut,
In outer darkness you'll be cast;
Then what will be your fearful state,
To hear pronounced, Too late! Too late!

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

*Make a hobby of it?** Indeed! make a hobby of holiness, love to God and man? Blessed hobby! Lord, give us more of it. Make a hobby of holiness, a hobby of heaven, life eternal, glory to God in the highest, forever and forever, peace and good-will to man? Blessed hobby! would the world were full of it! —ministers, editors, people—all. This hobby is *the* thing—what is called for, must be. This hobby of holiness, or loving the Lord with all the heart, mind and soul, and our neighbor as ourself, is what Moses had, the holy prophets apostles. It was this blessed hobby that made them what they were, that ener-

*We are accused of this! By whom? Ministers! teachers in Israel! Can you believe it reader? Alas! that it should be so,

gized them, gave them power, holy boldness. This hobby, or live coal from God's altar, led Isaiah to exclaim, "Here am I, send me." Isa. 6: 7.

It was this hobby of holiness, or tongue of fire, that enabled Peter to pour in the liquid *flame* of salvation on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were savingly converted, under one discourse.—It was this hobby that fired the souls of the early disciples, enabled them to go "*everywhere* preaching the word," spreading light, life and salvation; causing idolatry, will-worship and superstition to flee apace, and Satan to fall as lightning!

It was this same hobby that made Paul, Peter, James and John what they were—firebrands, lighthouses, cities on hills, sons of *thunder*. It was this hobby of holiness or the inner life, that inspired Madame Guyon, Fenelon, Kempis and a host of martyrs that laid down their lives for Jesus; that enabled them to suffer meekly, patiently, submissively, the most horrid and cruel torturings, mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword.—They wandered in deserts, in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth. All these and still more, obtained a good report, witnessed for Jesus, to this full salvation—"holiness to the Lord." Blessed hobby!

It was this same hobby that fired the souls of the early Moravians, led them to visit the frozen regions and snatch by thousands, from the fires of hell, the most sottish and degraded of human beings. It was this hobby that gave Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, and many other contemporaries, such mighty power with God, in turning and overturning, in putting the armies of the aliens to flight. Wherever this holiness was professed, enjoyed, published and lived out, there the cause of God, in the salvation of souls, prevailed mightily!

It is the same hobby that gives life, energy, soul, power, success to all God's most faithful active laborers now in the field. A holy, sanctified church is a soul-saving church. It is this same blessed hobby of holiness that will keep young

disciples from backsliding, or returning to the beggarly elements, from denying the Lord that bought them, and keep them in the path of duty, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Nothing short of this hobby—holiness to the Lord—will save a perishing world, remove the stumbling blocks. It is a holy ministry, a sanctified priesthood, a holy church, “without spot or wrinkle,” we want—must have.

Hear the prophet: “In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, **HOLINESS TO THE LORD**; and the pots in the Lord’s house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein, and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.”—Zach. xiv. 20, 21.

Then, and not till then, can we exclaim—

“No more then will converts be few,
But numerous as the drops of dew,
Which silently distilled at night,
Are brought to view by morning light;
A host to charm our raptured sight,
And fill the earth with glory bright.”

Brother, sister, beloved, are you not enamored with this hobby, that is so happyfying, so joyous, so glorious in its consequences? that gives light, life, soul, animation, moral courage, holy boldness, power to prevail with God! that will enable you to triumph over every spiritual foe, the powers of darkness and hell, the world, the flesh, the devil? A hobby that will qualify you *eminently* to glorify God here and forever, fill you with peace, meekness, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, long-suffering, joy unspeakable and full of glory? A hobby that causes all heaven to ring halleluyahs, angels and glorified spirits to tune their golden harps afresh, “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to man?”

Lord, evermore give us this hobby; let it prevail the world over, go forth as the light of the morning, till the whole earth blossom as the rose—

“Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.”

GETTING TO THE CROSS.

BY MRS. A. E. C.

My Dear Brother and Sister in Christ:

Take your pen in hand—has been continually running in my mind for some days, but as usual I have not heeded, until now. It has seemed as if I must write you for some reason. I am to day like “that servant who knew his Lord’s will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, and who shall be beaten with many stripes.” All just and right.

“And should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.”

I have known what it is to walk in the sunlight of God’s countenance, month after month, and year after year. It is possible to please God. It is his will that we should thus serve him, and that continually. Two years ago last spring, (while walking in the light from day to day,) my Heavenly Father made duty very plain, as he always does with all such. I saw that if I took up that cross it would bring more or less censure upon me from my friends, because everything around looked so forbidding. I looked thus to circumstances instead of keeping my eye on Jesus, until the Spirit was grieved away. O how little I realized the teachings of the Spirit of infinite love! O what a rebel I have been! Since that time my life has been one of sinning and repenting. At times I feel that godly sorrow which worketh repentance deep and thorough. It then seems as if I would never dare trifle with sacred things any more. But Oh! the cross, the cross of Christ! how it crucifies us to the world and the world to us, if we will but take it up. Of late the words of holy writ have been standing by me day and night, “*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily.*”—Well once more I resolved to press my way through the crowd and get to Jesus. I asked the Lord to once more, in mercy, let me see my daily cross that I might take it up for his *Son’s sake*.—

He answered prayer. One thing and another were required at my hands, which brought me nearer to God. The duty of fasting was made very plain, among others of like nature. In the performance of these, I once more was just as sure I had hold of the hand of my Father in Heaven, and that he was leading me, as I ever felt my earthly parent's hand in mine. There is a vast difference between the cross of Jesus, which always causes death to the old man and to the life of self, and the various crosses the enemy of all truth would substitute. How glad he would be if he could only make us think this thing and that were the duties and the only ones required at our hand. He says to some, look at home, see how many trials you have there to encounter. Then he will begin to magnify and roll them up mountain high. Now you must have grace to be resigned—and thus will make one think if he can only be submissive to that which he cannot help, he must surely have religion. O how many innocent souls are deceived right here. Some are so wrapped up in home duties, and some of them laid upon them by the devil, that it is impossible for the Lord to get at their hearts and make known his will to them. Some to day are longing to know the will of their Heavenly Father, and yet they say in their hearts, "Suffer me first to go and bury my Father." The good Lord has let me see that the veriest worldling in the world can do all this and know nothing about bearing the cross of Christ. Again sometimes, the minister or church member, who knows but little about the deep things of God, will say to the soul burdened or weighed down with the sins of others—perhaps the coldness or formality which has crept into the church—take up your cross, speak and pray sister, and praise the Lord. The formalist, pharisee or hypocrite can do all this. But let one who is filled with love divine, "*all love excelling,*" begin to bear the cross of Christ, warn, reprove, rebuke, with all long suffering; and so love their brethren as to be willing to lay down their

lives for them, then see how unpalatable such labor will be. Then, and only then, will we see that at the present day the offence of the cross has not ceased.—"Because the carnal mind is enmity against God."

I began to tell you how the good Lord inclined his ear to the voice of my prayer, and answered me, and as I stretched out the withered arm of faith, he placed His great hand within mine, and began to lead his faltering, erring child. O how I saw my dependence upon him, and endeavored to acknowledge him in all my ways that he might direct my paths. I once more saw the narrow way and the danger of leaning unto my own understanding.

After a while I heard there was to be a general quarterly meeting in Buffalo. The inner voice of the Spirit continually says to me you must go. Sometimes I would listen to it; at others I would not. But as the time drew near, the duty was made plain. Thursday came, the day for it to begin. The enemy says, it is to hold four days, don't go to day—Friday came, the same excuse—Saturday came: I had already become weak through reasoning—God says. Go. The enemy says, look at this and that thing to be done, it is Saturday, you cannot leave. Everything looked forbidding. I saw did I obey, more or less censure would be heaped upon me, and looking at circumstances, my friends would think I was going right out of the path of duty. As my only resort I went before the Lord and laid my case before him, who seeth not as man seeth. I told him if it was his will I should go, to open the way. I left my closet, resumed my domestic duties. In a short time a brother called at the door. Without knowing anything about his company or conveyance, I said, the first thing, you have called for me to go to Buffalo. He said yes, we have just one vacant seat. I went down to the gate, feeling that it was all of the Lord, and I must obey or grieve the holy Spirit from my heart. I consulted my husband, (I had told him previously my convictions.) He said duty calls you at home

to-day. That was enough for me. I bid my friends good-bye and let them start off without me. My heart was heavy, and the tender spirit of Jesus grieved. The enemy comes again and says, you have promised to obey your husband; I replied yes, and tried to console myself over the Sabbath that I was doing God service by so doing. But there was no Jesus with me. Monday night my Heavenly Father laid upon me the hand of affliction; besides severe pain—bodily pain, for two days and nights, a guilty conscience attended me. *You will not obey me. I cannot lead you, nor do anything with you. I have undertaken to save you with an everlasting salvation, and because I love you I chasten.* For two weeks I have been unable to perform any labor whatever; the good Lord has been teaching me some lessons. In all this I see plainly that God holds my life and health in his own hands. He can give and take away as he pleases. He commands me to obey him, and in so doing, his will and word will agree perfectly. I do not say every one will see it. So he says himself, he has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. So if any one does not understand these things, let him begin to inquire at once if he is of the number to whom such things are revealed. Well here I am. I felt last week that I ought to be about this work, but I thought I would wait until I had more strength—and this was a trick of the enemy—just as if God would ask anything at my hand and not give strength to perform it. If possible he will deceive the very elect. As it is I have not had the help from above that I might have had, had I obeyed at once. But I must retrace my steps and get back the best I can.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

My prayer is, that He may hold me here and lay on the stripes until I shall walk before him in perfect obedience. *Obedience is indeed better than sacrifice, and the willing and obedient shall eat*

of the good of the land. Pray, pray for me, I begin to feel in my heart that I will follow the Lamb whithersoever he leadeth—what will it avail if I gain the whole world and lose my soul.

A SINGLE EYE.

BY MRS. SARAH BUCK.

Our Saviour says the light of the body is the eye, if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!—*Math. vi. 22, 23.*

And we learn from *Math. vii, 14*, the reason why so few enter into life, is because "straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Why is it that so vast a multitude should seek in vain? They start wrong. They do not fix their eye single on the glory of God in all things. They thus deceive themselves with the vain hope of Heaven. In reality they have never entered the way; for it is so narrow it cannot be discerned without the single eye. And if we would remain in it after it is found, the eye must be kept single. Seeing these things are so, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation, and godliness?"

Is it really a single eye—a pure motive, that leads to the disparaging remarks so often heard against those who profess to walk in the King's highway of holiness?

Is it a single eye that will not suffer some to hear another's name spoken well of without throwing out some word calculated to hurt the influence of the absent one?

O my brother, my sister, in Christ, leave it to wolves to do the devouring.

We learn from the Saviour's words that many will come up in the judgment day to plead their own cause, and will say, "Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils,

and in thy name done many wonderful works? Then he will say to them, I never knew you." What, is it possible to work even miracles in the name of Jesus, and yet never be known of him? The word plainly declares it is. And why? Because the eye has not been single to understand the commands and will of God as contained in his written word. We may faithfully follow every impression, yet we are constantly in danger of getting out of the narrow way; for unless they agree with the word, they will prove to be only so many wiles of the devil to lead us in a wrong direction. It will not satisfy the commands of God to look over the past and see how our efforts to do good were blessed; and think we cannot be wrong because of those fruitful efforts. The Lord may, perhaps, bless the effort for the truth's sake. Perhaps, on close examination of the heart, we shall find that there has been a little seeking of honor, and then a taking of the glory to self. This ill accords with a single eye. That will see Jesus in all. That will always rejoice at any real triumph achieved to the kingdom of grace, no matter who is the instrument God chooses to employ.

A single eye will not seek to kill the influence of the chosen instrument as soon as the praise is not awarded to himself. How many there are like King Saul! He was willing the stripling David should go and kill the giant Goliath, though he wanted to clothe him in his own armor. Yet he did not, like many at the present time, become offended because he chose his own weapons, but he told him to go equipped as he thought best. After he had slain the Philistine, "he took him that day and would let him go no more home to his father's house." He was well pleased with him till more praise began to be accorded to David than to himself. Then his eye became evil toward him, and he sought to take his life. How many there are professing to be wholly the Lord's, just as soon as the Lord chooses some humble instrument to work through, that they think is not the one,

will seek to kill their influence! Is there not envy at the bottom of this? Oh! with what carefulness ought we to examine the motives that actuate the conversation of every day life, and see to it that we give no place to the devil.

May we endeavor in the strength of grace to obey the Apostle's command, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, do all to the glory of God.

AWAKE

Manifold and dear-bought experience has demonstrated, and is daily demonstrating, that while the Church is busying itself with out-door work, the fire burns more dimly, or quite goes out, upon her own altars. She is no longer "the light of the world," or the light she gives is but the dim, cold corrosion of the iceberg, or the lurid glare of the incendiary's fires. "My kingdom is not of this world," says the adorable Saviour, "else would my servants fight." Many of his servants do fight, and that with weapons as unspiritual and truly carnal as gunpowder or steel. They mingle in the strife of tongues—in the war of passions, and prejudices, and criminations. At this moment no inconsiderable portion of the best elements of power and efficiency belonging to the Christian Church is engaged in enterprises which have no more to do with the promotion of piety than the veriest dreams; and yet the zeal, the fervent spirit, the quick impulses, the burning eloquence of our young men, the potent sympathies of the female heart, are thus drawn away from their proper objects—away from objects not only dear, but dearest to the Saviour. Now it is plain that we cannot afford to spare these resources.—The Church must call back her sons to their proper work. She must concentrate her rays, in order to produce clear light or intense heat. OLIN.

Contemplation may be made a source of pure pleasure to the heart, and of immense wealth to the mind.

DISTURBING A MEETING.

A quarterly meeting was held in a large barn, the female part of the congregation occupying the floor, while the men occupied the "haymow." While the prayer meeting on Saturday afternoon, was progressing in a good spirit, a wagon was driven up; in which was a number of persons of both sexes.— They came in high glee, alighted from the wagon, and listening to several prayers from some of the females, one of the young women from the wagon pressed through the crowd, declaring that she would pull down the next female that attempted to pray. Accordingly, as one commenced praying, she laid hold of her hair and drew her backward; and when another commenced she treated her in like manner. This produced a great excitement throughout the congregation, and yet no forcible means were used to compel the young woman to cease from her rudeness; but several of the females commenced praying that God would lay his hand upon her, and show her and her companions that he could vindicate his own cause and people. The spirit of these praying females seemed to be instantly diffused throughout the praying part of the assembly, as by a flash of electricity; and I have often thought that if I ever saw a company of people agreed, as touching one thing, it was on that occasion. While lips and heart were thus employed, this rude young woman seemed to be paralyzed, and stood like a statue; a death-like paleness came over her countenance; she trembled and fell to the floor as one dead. A loud shriek was uttered by her companions at the door; and after a short pause two young men, who had accompanied her to the place, pressed through the crowd,— though with as much apparent alarm as though they had been approaching a loaded cannon ready to be discharged,—laid hold of her clothing and drew her through the congregation, and through the barn-yard, which had recently been wet by a shower; tearing her garments in their haste, and besmearing

them with mud and manure. In this ludicrous plight they threw her like a log into the wagon, pitched in themselves with all possible haste, and drove away at the top of their speed.

LIFE OF HEDDING.

ARE YOU HOLY?

BY REV. JAMES MILLER.

Are you holy in all manner of conversation? God requires it! His cause demands it! The salvation of your soul depends upon it! Nothing will grieve the Holy Spirit sooner than the common sin of evil speaking or idle conversation. Oh how Christians need to *watch against it!* Where this spirit is, the Spirit of Christ is not. How many precious souls have been led to indulge in this evil, and have lost their confidence in God, were ashamed to pray, and thus they have been "led captive by the devil at his will!" It drives away that seriousness that ought to characterize the follower of Christ, and produces in the heart a forgetfulness of God, and brings leanness to the soul. It is the curse of the churches; is *has* damned thousands of souls, and *will* damn thousands more!

How many professed ministers of the Gospel indulge in the sin of "*foolish talking and jesting,*" and call it "*innocent amusement!*" forgetting the advice of the sainted Wesley, "Be slow to speak, and wary in speaking." "In a multitude of words there wanteth not sin." "Do not talk much, neither long at a time. Few can converse profitably above an hour. Keep at the utmost distance from *pious chit-chat,* from *religious gossiping.*" How many, by precept and *example,* lead those over whom "the Holy Ghost" has made them overseers, to think that it is necessary in order to avoid melancholy. "Innocent amusement," is it? to lead souls down to perdition! "Innocent amusement," is it! to destroy those for whom Christ spilt his precious blood! "Innocent amusement" is it? to refuse to enter the Kingdom yourself, and

thus hinder those who would! Oh! ye professed preachers of the Gospel, how deep and dire will be your punishment in hell! Though you die in the church and in the ministry, so long as you are guilty of unholy conversation, hell, yea the deepest, direst damnation of hell will be your eternal portion! Though you have the title of A. M. or D. D. conferred upon you, this will avail nothing toward procuring your soul's salvation. Oh! when will the professed followers of Christ cease perverting the Scriptures, and take the Bible as it reads, and obey its requirements!

Brother, Sister, are you holy in all manner of conversation? Have you a "single eye?" or do you talk about anything that comes to hand? Are you careful to set God always before you? Do you keep the judgment always in view? Oh to live as in the immediate presence of God!

In all manner of conversation. In conversing upon the subject of religion, you may indulge in unholy conversation! I fear many are guilty of this—How many have quoted Scripture in an irreverent manner! Speaking of what God has done for us in a light way, and using light expressions, or worldly phrases, to tell what Jesus has done for our souls, is a very common way of indulging in unholy conversation.

Unholy conversation leads to numerous other evils, one of which is that of unholy laughter! There is danger of falling into a habit of laughing at everything said, whether solemn or not. Holy laughing is right, but unholy laughing is entirely wrong. Speaking irreverently of God, or the things of God, is like drinking the most deadly poison! Indulge in these things and enjoy religion, live a devoted life? as soon think of dethroning the Almighty! as soon think of taking *strychnine* or *arsenic*, without receiving any injury therefrom!

Oh brother, sister in Jesus, have you been guilty of unholy conversation, go to Jesus and seek pardon, and do so no more! It will damn your soul just as effectually as profane swearing! It will shut you out of heaven, just as surely

and certainly as though you had committed murder! Oh, avoid "foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient!" Let your "conversation be in heaven!" But is it not necessary at times, for us to make use of some lively, but "innocent phrase:" in order to drive away despondency? Indeed it is not, for this will only drive away such feelings for a season, when the "grace of God" will remove it entirely! Oh! how the cause of Christ has suffered, in view of the fact, that some who have been called to stand on the walls of Zion, when they approach an individual to inquire after the spiritual welfare of their souls, do it in such a light and joking way, it drives all seriousness from their minds, and has no effect for good! The reason they assign for taking this course, is to "avoid giving offence," proving the assertion made in the discipline true: "We have a base man pleasing temper, so that we will let souls perish, rather than lose their love! we let them go quietly to hell, lest we offend them! Some of us have a foolish bashfulness. We know not how to begin, and blush to contradict the devil. Oh beloved brethren and sisters in Jesus, "Put on the new man" (Christ Jesus,) which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good, to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers." Eph. iv, 24, 29. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things," a "holy conversation:" "and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evil things." "But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." *Are you holy in all manner of conversation?*

It is through trial that God brings us where he aims to bring us—a state of unwavering confidence in him. With all your care you cannot take care of yourself.

LOT'S CHOICE.

Beware of Lot's choice.

Remember this in choosing a calling, a place, or profession in life. It is not enough that the salary is high,—the wages good,—the labor light,—the advantages numerous,—the prospects of getting on most favorable. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be fed or starved? Will it be prospered or drawn back? I beseech you, by the mercies of God, to take heed what you do. Make no rash decision. Look at the place in every light—the light of God as well as the light of the world. Gold may be bought too dear. *Beware of Lot's choice.*

Remember this in choosing a husband or wife, if you are unmarried. It is not enough that your eye is pleased,—that your tastes are met,—that your mind finds congeniality,—that there is amiability and affection,—that there is a comfortable home for life. There needs something more than this. There is a life yet to come. Think of your soul, your immortal soul. Will it be held upward, or dragged downward by the union you are planning? Will it be made more heavenly, or more earthly,—drawn nearer to Christ, or to the world? Will its religion grow in vigor, or will it decay? I pray you, by all your hopes of glory, allow this to enter into your calculations. Think, as old Baxter said, and think, and think, and think again, before you commit yourself. "Be not unequally yoked." 2 Cor. vi. 14. Matrimony is nowhere named among the means of conversion. *Remember Lot's choice.*

Remember this, if you are ever offered a situation on a railway. It is not enough to have good pay, and regular employment, the confidence of the directors, and the best chance of rising to a higher post. These things are very well in their way, but they are not everything. How will your soul fare, if you serve a railway company that runs Sunday trains? What day in the week will you have for God and eternity? What

opportunities will you have for hearing the gospel preached? I solemnly warn you to consider this. It will profit you nothing to fill your purse, if you bring leanness and poverty on your soul. Beware of selling your Sabbath for the sake of a good place. *Beware of Lot's choice.*

The brightest gold will soon become dim exposed to a damp atmosphere. The hottest iron will soon become cold. It requires pains and toff to bring it to a red heat. It requires nothing but letting alone, or a little cold water, to become black and hard. RYLE.

TOBACCO.

I KNOW two respectable physicians, who were well satisfied that they had broken their constitutions, and brought themselves to the borders of the grave by the use of tobacco. I know two other gentlemen, the one a minister of the Gospel, who were for years greatly emaciated and troubled with a severe cough, with other symptoms of diseased lungs, who, on being persuaded to give up the use of tobacco, both became immediately better, and are now, and have been for many years, perfectly healthy men. I know another case of a very respectable man, who has told me that he knew he was injuring both his body and mind by it, but had not resolution to give it up. Another still, a minister of the gospel, who was so much affected with a determination of blood to the head that he would sometimes, when walking the streets, have to sit down on the first thing he could find, to keep from falling. This man, after giving up the use of the filthy plant for a few months, told me that his head had become clear and ceased to trouble him.

DR. WISNER.

An earnest Christian is one who complies fully with the conditions upon which alone he can be adopted into the family of Christ. For these conditions see Luke xiv, 25-33; Rom. viii, 14; Heb. xi, 6.

GOD'S JUDGMENTS,

THEY CALL FOR REPENTANCE, HUMILIATION, RESTITUTION.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"The hour is come. That inbred scourge
That bathes in blood our glorious land,
Rings out at last its own mad dirge,
And lifts its suicidal hand."

God is still waiting for repentance, confession of sins, a turning to God with full purpose of heart, as a nation, a people, a church, a community. The voice thunders in our ears—waxing louder and still louder. Do we hear this voice? will we hear it? Will we humble ourselves; lie in the dust before God in the lowest valley of humiliation?

The judgments of the Almighty are drawing nearer and still nearer—terrible and still more terrible! God speaks once, twice, three times.

See! what means this sudden start—
The upheaving of this mighty deep.
Pulsating all as one great heart!

If mercies suffice not, look out for thunderbolts! How has God dealt with other nations whose sins were mole-hills while ours are mountains, crying to heaven for vengeance!

God will be inquired of. "Turn, turn, for why will ye die?" "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free; break every yoke!"

"Lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth; render a reward to the proud. Lord, how long, how long shall the wicked triumph, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves!" Ps. 94: 2, 3.

"What mean ye, that ye rend the ties
That bind the mother's heart?
What mean ye that the dearest friends
You should forever part?
My justice shall not always sleep;
My children shall not toil and weep!

What mean ye since God's bounteous hand

To you so much hath given,
Ye from your sable brother keep
The sacred light of heaven?
The cry they make, my mercy hears—
'Tis borne by angels to my ears!"

WAKE UP.

Sinners that live under the gospel are often supposed to be gospel hardened; but only let the church wake up, and act consistently, and they will feel. *If the church were to live only one week as if they believed the Bible, sinners would melt down before them.* Suppose I were a lawyer, and should go into court and spread out my client's case, the issue is joined, and I make my statements, and tell what I expect to prove, and then call in my witnesses. The first witness takes his oath, and then rises up and contradicts me to my face. What good will all my pleading do? I might address the jury a month and be as eloquent as Cicero, but so long as my witnesses contradicted me, all my pleading would do no good. Just so it is with a minister who is preaching in the midst of a cold, stupid, and God-dishonoring church. In vain does he hold up to view the great truths of religion, when every member of the church is ready to swear he lies. Why in such a church, their very manner of going out of the aisles contradicts the sermon. They press out as cheerful and as easy, bowing to one and another, and whispering together, as if nothing was the matter. Let the minister warn every man daily with tears, it will produce no effect. If the devil should come in and see the state of things, he would think he could not better the business for his interest.

Yet there are ministers who will go on in this way for years, preaching over the heads of such people, that by their lives contradict every word they say, and they think it their duty to do so.—Duty! To preach to a church that are undoing all his work, and contradicting all his testimony, and that will not alter! No. Let him shake off the dust from his feet for a testimony, and go to the heathen, or to the new settlements. The man is wasting his energies, and wearing out his life, and just rocking the cradle for a sleepy church, all testifying to sinners, there is no danger. Their whole lives are a practical testimo-

ny that the Bible is not true. Shall ministers continue to wear themselves out so? Probably not less than ninety-nine hundredths of the preaching in this country is lost; because it is contradicted by the church. Not one truth in a hundred that is preached takes effect, because the lives of professors testify that it is not so.

They never will have a revival in any place, while the whole church in effect testify against the minister. Often it is the case that where there is the most preaching, there is the least religion, because the church contradict the preaching. I never knew means fail of a revival, where Christians live consistent. One of the first things is to raise the standard of religion, so as to embody and hang out in sight of all men, the truth of the gospel. Unless ministers can get the church to wake up and act as if religion was true, and back their testimony by their lives, in vain will they attempt to promote a revival.

FINNEY.

BE IN EARNEST—ENTHUSIAS- TIC.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

How can we be otherwise, how dare we in a world like this? How can we live, how dare we live without being in earnest, deeply, heart-burningly. It's wicked to be supine, cold, formal, half-hearted on a subject for which angels plume their golden wings, with lightning speed to fulfil mercy, truth, love, salvation or death. What! be formal, indifferent, snalelike, when sinners are on damnation's brink, tottering on the falling precipice of the pit bottomless. Be cold, half hearted, lukewarm, when Satan and his legions are awake on the wing of out-stretched rebellion, daring Omnipotence to arms, and waging war continually against God and his righteous cause?

We need more earnestness a hundredfold than we have. Enthusiasm in science, in trade, in politics, we have plenty of. Enthusiasm is not fanati-

cism. The grandest subject in all the universe of God taking full possession of the soul ought to fill it with intense emotion. It shall profit a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul; and if we praise him who pursues business with so much industry and tuck as to gain a million before he dies, shall we not much more admire the enthusiasm of him who gains heaven?

The world is to be saved. We ought to be in earnest about saving it. Our friends, children, neighbors, the heathen and the perishing—we can do something to save them. If they were on a ship wrecked off shore, or in a burning house, we should be enthusiastic to deliver them from death. May we not be enthusiastic in delivering them from hell?

The apostles were enthusiastic. The Saviour himself was filled with zeal.—All the best men, who have been mighty in pulling down error, or building up truth, have been enthusiastic. God grant that the Church may rise, and shake herself from the dust. It is time to be up and doing. Let us work while it is day. On, on! to conquest and to glory!

Up! wake up! there is work for thee;
What means thy slumber deep,
When calls of effort fill the air—
O'er earth and ocean sweep?

How oft do I think of that glorious
immortality to which I haste:

"That world of life divinely fair,
Where Jesus and the angels are."

That world where I expect to bloom in
immortal youth and beauty; where
pain, weariness, and decay are not known;
where the sweet music and blissful soci-
ety of heaven will entrance the soul: for-
ever and ever.

"O happy place, O blest abode,
I shall be near and like my God."

There Jesus leads the ransomed and
glorified ones, who followed him on the
earth, through fields of living delight,
and to the crystal river of the waters of
life. God, himself, is the light, and the
infinite glory of that celestial empire,
and all its inhabitants are holy.

L. WOOD.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

Where one is led by the Spirit of the Lord, he must present a perfectly well balanced character, yielding the fruit of the Spirit in one harmonious cluster.—Does walking in the Spirit, and being led by the Spirit tend to fanaticism?—None will pretend that.

But, says the objector, May not a person run into every kind of fanaticism and disorder, and claim to be guided by the will of God, and thus strengthen himself in error by claiming the guidance of heaven? This, we doubt not, has been done, and may be done. But it is only the perversion of the doctrine, making false pretences. It has no affinity with the true doctrine. We admit the perversion of a very important doctrine is attended with more disastrous consequences, than the perversion of one less important. Hence, we might expect the perversion of this would be fraught with the greatest mischief to the souls of men.

Men may, under the impression that they are led by the Spirit of God, run into every kind of extravagance and wickedness; trample upon the laws and institutions of God, and commit every possible crime; yes, break up the very foundations of society, and substitute anarchy and crime in their place. Every form of iniquity may be practiced in this way.

But will you hold this doctrine responsible, or those who dare take the responsibility of perverting it to their own vile and iniquitous purposes? If the former, we do not see but that every doctrine of the Bible will come under condemnation; for they have all been terribly perverted at times, to the great damage of souls.

According to this rule, we do not see but that the law and government of God will be condemned in the same category. It will not be denied but that they have been perverted to the worst of purposes. You hold those responsible for this who have so wickedly and daringly done the deed. Why, then should they not be responsible who have

perverted this most precious truth?—Shall we be afraid of it, because wicked men, under the cloak of religion, have made such use of it? Good men ought to gather around it, defend, and practice it, and thus wrest it from its unhallowed use. Every Christian knows it is just what he needs, it is what he daily prays for, why should he then hesitate in availing himself of this precious privilege? If he needs it, why has he not a right to expect to find it in the gospel, since provision is there made for all our wants? Hence, we have argued *a priori* that it is found there. If men will run wild in view of the wonderful provisions of the gospel, shall we throw them away? If men will sometimes cut their throats, shall we dispense with knives? If men sometimes die of gluttony, shall we therefore dispense with food? Then we will not dispense with a sure guide, because men professing to have it sometimes make shipwreck. It becomes us to look well to our ways, but enjoying the guidance of the Spirit we need not fear.

Sometimes because dangerous error seems very much like the truth, the truth is rejected and a blessing lost. It often happens that the most precious truth lies right alongside the most dangerous error. Christian rest lies by the side of dead quietism, the true doctrine of dependence by that of antinomianism, and Christian freedom by the side of lawlessness. In such cases shall we throw away the truth because error looks like it? No. Let us seek the guidance of the Spirit in discriminating truth from error. Here we find the need of the very guidance we have contended for. The Spirit to teach us and guide us into all truth. Why then shall we not avail ourselves of every means and facility for knowing and doing the will of God, with the assurance that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord? In this course we have the assurance that our path shall shine more and more unto the perfect day, while the way of the wicked shall be as darkness and they know not at what they stumble. Fanaticism is blind, while the as-

urance and knowledge we maintain is sure and clear, minutely pointing out the path of life to those who walk in the ways of OBEEDIENCE. The truth is, no one has a safe guide but this. Every other one may err, may wander and stumble, but this one shall know and walk in the truth. A. UNDERWOOD.

MAKING VOID THE LAW.

What are the most usual ways of making void the law through faith?—Now the way for the preacher to make it all void at a stroke is, not to preach it at all. This is just the same thing as to blot it out of the oracles of God. More especially, when it is done with design; when it is made a rule, not to preach the law; and the very phrase, “a preacher of the law,” is used as a term of reproach, as though it meant little less than an enemy to the gospel.

All this proceeds from the deepest ignorance of the nature, properties, and use of the law; and proves that those who act thus, either know not Christ,—are utter strangers to living faith,—or, at least, that they are but babes in Christ, and, as such, “unskilled in the word of righteousness.”

Their grand plea is this: That preaching the gospel, that is, according to their judgment, the speaking of nothing but the sufferings and merits of Christ, answers all the ends of the law. But this we utterly deny. It does not answer the very first end of the law, namely, the convincing men of sin; the awakening those who are still asleep on the brink of hell. There may have been here and there an exempt case. One in a thousand may have been awakened by the gospel: but this is no general rule: the ordinary method of God, is to convict sinners by the law, and that only. The gospel is not the means which God hath ordained, or which our Lord himself used, for this end. We have no authority in Scripture for applying it thus, nor any ground to think it will prove effectual. Nor have we any more ground to expect this, from the nature of the thing. “They that be whole,” as our Lord him-

self observes, “need not a physician, but they that are sick.” It is absurd, therefore, to offer a physician to them that are whole, or that at least imagine themselves so to be. You are first to convince them that they are sick; otherwise they will not thank you for your labor. It is equally absurd to offer Christ to them whose heart is whole, having never yet been broken. It is, in the proper sense, “casting pearls before swine.”—Doubtless “they will trample them under foot; and it is no more than you have reason to expect, if they also “turn again and rend you.” WESLEY.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY CLARK P. HARD.

How shall we measure it? To what shall we compare it? To a mother's love? The continued disobedience of a wayward child may alienate even the maternal heart. To a brother's affection? We read that there is one who sticketh closer than a brother. The height of human devotion is, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Yet the love which actuated the blessed Redeemer, constrained him to leave the glory which he had with the Father before the world was; to leave the countless through which bowed in adoration before him; to leave the seraphic melodies of the upper sanctuary; to cast aside the regal robes of the trinity; to lay down the sceptre at the moving of which myriads of the angelic hosts rose on rapid wing to do his bidding; to unbind the crown which had rested upon his victorious brow ever since he had crushed rebellion, and hurled the impious Satan and his followers down to the deepest woe. It would have been condescension enough, if he had deigned to come to this lost world to be adored a God immaculate; greater to come as sovereign ruler; still greater as a noble³ and wonderful to come as a private individual. Yet this Jesus came, not as a God, King, Pontiff, or honorable one; but assumed as the dizzy height of power from whence he should commence

his all-encompassing sway—a manger; the swaddling clothes of an infant was the attire in which royalty arrayed itself; while no booming of cannon and pomp, and heraldry, greeted the long expected Messiah.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall.

But when the world found out that he was the very Christ, of course they hastened with exclamations of joy, bringing their offerings, and rendering the sacrifices of broken and contrite hearts? Certainly the tidings of the advent of the nations' saviour flew from shore to shore, from isle to isle, while the assembled multitudes stood breathless, as it was said that he who should save his people from their sins, had come? Surely the husbandman dropped his implement of agriculture, the mechanic his plane, the merchant his goods, the scholar his textbooks, and listened with kindling vision to the announcement of the arrival of humanity's Redeemer? Not so! He came to his own, and his own received him not. That eye, which just before rested upon glittering cohorts of seraphs in the attitude of suppliant devotion, now saw only here and there a gaze turned to him over whom Bethlehem's star shone brightly. Instead of the flashing of ten thousand thousand swords ready to avenge an insult to his majesty, he beheld the soldiery of Herod seeking his destruction. Instead of ruling a Universe, he found the employment of a carpenter's son. Who can describe that long Messiahship, those years in which the Son satisfied the claim of the Father? He was "despised and rejected of men;" he it was who cast out devils by the prince of devils. "He bore our sins," and as he was toiling up Calvary's rugged side, the accumulated offenses of generations past, and those yet unborn, were pressing down that cross. "He was wounded for our transgressions," in order that mankind might not be thrust through with eternal woes. "He was bruised for our iniquities," in

order that the rock which should fall, might not grind us to powder. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, as they platted a crown of thorns and placed them upon his beloved brow.— "With his stripes we are healed," and when he had scourged Jesus he delivered him to be crucified." "Oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth" with accusation; for when the cruel rabble, swaying to and fro, had with fiendish exultation nailed him to the cross, and with jubilant tauntings dared him to come down, looking upon his murderers with that gaze which had never been cast but for blessing, and praying with that voice which had never been used but for the good of others, he cried, as death was wrapping the last band around his victim, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

GOD IS LIGHT.

God alone is light. The sun is but an emanation from him. All artificial lights embody in themselves the prime essence of the natural; while the natural itself, is but the reflection of the eternal. That eternal light is God; while he looks upon the sun it shines; but the instant it loses the radiance of his flaming eye, it will become "black as sack-cloth of hair;" it will then go out in utter darkness. The sun is but an instrument by which the infinite light illumines terrestrial beings and objects, and is adapted to man only in his probationary state. When "the heavens shall be no more," the poor sinner must go into "the blackness of darkness" forever; his moaning, sinking spirit must then be oppressed amid the terrible, thick gloom of an eternal night; Isaiah, l. x; 19, 20. How different will be the Christian's destiny! 'Tis thus expressed by an inspired Prophet: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

L. Wood.

THE WANDERER.

I left my Heavenly Father,
And rambled far away ;
Where clouds and darkness gather,
Around the soul astray ;

CHORUS.

For I've long been a wanderer,
But now I am on my way,
To seek my Father's house,
There, there I'll stay.

My heart His counsel spurning,
On folly madly bent,
Far from his presence turning,
Sad years of sin I spent ;
For I've long been a wanderer, etc.

Reduced to want and sorrow,
My patrimony fled,
I could not beg nor borrow,
A single crumb of bread ;
For I've long been, etc.

My sins had nigh undone me,
I cried where shall I flee,
My Father may disown me,
But I will go and see ;
For I've long been, etc.

To him my sins confessing,
Relying on his grace ;
I'll ask a lowly blessing,
An humble servant's place ;
For I've long been, etc.

There I will stay my hunger,
His gates are almost seen ;
My faith is getting stronger,
That He will let me in ;
For I've long been, etc.

Once safe within His portals,
My sorrows will be o'er ;
The happiest of mortals,
I'll wander never more ;

For I've long been a wanderer,
But now I am on my way,
To seek my Father's house,
There, there I'll stay.

KEY NOTES OF THOUGHT AND DEVOTION.
Such men as are contented with so much grace as will bring them to glory, and keep hell and their souls asunder, will never be rich in grace, or high in comfort and assurance. Such souls usually go to heaven in a storm. Oh, how weather-beaten are they before they can reach the heavenly harbor!

O LORD, REVIVE THY WORK.

BY MRS M. H. FREELAND.

It has pleased God in all ages to carry forward the work of building up his kingdom among men by means of successive revivals of religion. Ever since Eden's happy pair proved recreant to their sacred trust, this earth has been one grand battle field, between right and wrong, sin and holiness, God and the devil. Hence the history of the Church is one continuous succession of darkness and light, clouds and sunshine, success and failure, victory and defeat. Not that God has been defeated by the devil, for, however brilliant may be the victory of the powers of darkness, it is ever but short lived ; for God turns the seeming triumph into a ruinous defeat. He makes the wrath of man to praise him. But, though every believing soul is sure of final triumph, if he is faithful to God ; and the final triumph of the Church over all that can be arrayed against her, is as certain as the promises of God are sure, still conflict is ours as individuals until we join the Church triumphant ; and war ! war ! is the watchword of the militant Church, until Satan is vanquished and the world redeemed, brought back to God. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance that all who are contending against the arch-foe to God and man, should be acquainted with his devices and thus prepared to elude his grasp.

The Prince of darkness is no ignominous ; like an experienced commander he has surveyed the field with untiring perseverance, and he is thoroughly acquainted with the various ways of access to the human heart. He knows, too, full well the ramparts and means of defence, as well as offence of the visible Church, and looks well to it that every avenue of approach is well guarded, lest deserters from his kingdom should escape detection. Satan is an arch deceiver. He is a liar and the father of lies. But in none of his deceptive schemes has he succeeded better than in his efforts to array falsehoods in the habiliments of

truth. Here is his strong-hold upon the children of men. How often has truth lay weltering in her gore while her subtle antagonist is professedly doing God service. It is rare, indeed, that error dons her infernal robes and stands forth in her true character. But there are some openly avowed infidels who scoff at the credulity of the believer in God as revealed in the written word. We find Voltaire, Hume, etc., making a bold, open attack upon the whole scheme of revealed religion, and proudly boasting its final overthrow.— But, suffering so signal a defeat when in open contact, infidelity has chosen a more captivating garb. There is a right and there is a wrong way; and they are very far from being identical. But Satan has so ingeniously paved the way to death with a show of truth, that the unwary are easily beguiled into the belief that it matters but little what an individual believes; if only *sincere*, his sincerity will be a passport to the skies. But all is not gold that glitters, neither is all that has its external form, pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father.

Let us, for a moment, contemplate the enemy in some of his lurking places, that we may beware and not get within reach of his masked batteries unless prepared to assail and demolish them.— Here we find the various isms of the present century boldly trafficking with error wrapped in the semblance of truth to appear more plausible.

Among these snares of the enemy we find Mormonism diverting the attention from the accredited revelation to new and strange wonders substantiated by sham miracles; while again we see spiritualism professedly unfolding the mysteries of the spirit world, and duping the credulous multitude by raps, and revelations from mesmerized brains. Millerism proclaims the day of the Saviour's coming with prophetic ken, while the poor deluded ones rush madly on to meet him without other preparation than a material robe of white. Woman, too, shame to her sex, has dared to set aside the inspired teachings of a Paul, substi-

tuting in their place her infidel notions of rights and privileges. Could she but see what the Bible has done and proposes to do for her sex, she would not thus cast away her only hope. But another stronghold of the enemy is termed Universalism. It is to be feared that but few are aware of the strength that is concentrated at this point. Therefore, parents very kindly consent to permit their children to listen to the fallacious reasoning of the propagators of this ism, apparently thinking the youthful mind better prepared to judge of the truth or falsity of those teachings than those of riper years, little dreaming of the power of sophistry when corroborated by the sinful inclinations of the depraved heart. Ah! could those parents see the danger to which their children are thus exposed, methinks they would shrink back with instinctive horror, and pray and labor with tears and groans for the speedy eradication of such poison from their youthful minds. Let parents beware how they relax their vigilance in this respect. How can they stand at the judgment seat and give an account for such remissness in duty. Yes, I repeat, Universalism is a fortification of no ordinary strength, cloaked as it is beneath the forms of Christianity, it stands ready to guide the unwary feet, especially of youth, away from the fountain of life and salvation, to rest all their hopes upon a mere theory. Ah! could those who propagate the doctrine of this ism, but see the moral devastation that results from their efforts, it does seem they would cease a work so fearfully fatal to the spiritual well-being of mankind.

Thus we have presented a few of the many strongholds of the powers of darkness. We might still add many, very many, but we leave the intelligent reader to continue the research. True it is that the enemy of all righteousness has great power in the earth, and is prepared not only to defend points already gained, but to make terribly aggressive warfare upon the Church of the living God. Time and again has the Church arisen and sought not only to repel the

onsets of the enemy, but also to rescue captives from his fiendish grasp, but these efforts have been comparatively futile. Where are the fruits commensurate with the agencies professedly employed in the defence of truth? Great is the array of ministers and members in various Churches, but where is the requisite power to arrest the enemy coming in like a mighty flood upon us? Is it not time for Christians to awake and call upon their God, exclaiming in the language of the prophet, O Lord, revive thy work! Ah! do we not find, as we look to the mass of professing Christians, greater cause for alarm than in all the formidable array infidelity presents in its various forms? Here indeed, is the strongest hold of infidelity itself; if we may be permitted to apply such a term to the God-dishonoring unbelief that so generally prevails in the Churches. "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them and the Lord had shut them up." God is the same as in days of old. "He is without variableness or shadow of turning," yet who believes it? God is the power, faith the medium or channel through which he pours his blessing upon his creatures. "Said I not unto thee, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "All things are possible to him that believeth."—"By grace ye are saved through faith." What if darkness covers the land and gross darkness the people. "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord!" O blessed promise! "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Not costly church edifices nor splendid forms and ceremonies; not an eloquent or learned minister, but "The Spirit of the Lord" will do the work. Glory be to God! that there is a power that is more than a match for the combined powers of darkness. And more than all this, there is a power accessible to the people of God; for we are assured that God is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, than

earthly parents to give good gifts to their children.

Then may we not reasonably inquire who believes in God? "Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" "Have faith in God," desponding soul; look up, for the day of redemption draweth nigh.— Though hidden away from the public gaze so that even an Elijah, if living in these times, might not know their whereabouts, there are some who believe God and are importuning him day and night with the cry, "O Lord, revive thy work! God has said such shall be avenged.— Bless his name! We see the triumph from afar. The little cloud has already made its appearance, and there is a sound of an abundance of rain.

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done."

But let none suppose the victory will be gained without a desperate struggle. The foes of God are too strongly fortified in error to yield without a determined resistance. What if the blood of martyrs again stains this sin cursed earth ere truth shall fully triumph, and nations humbly bowing at Jesus' feet shall

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all?"

Though it be through seas of blood, the militant Host of God's redeemed shall be more than conquerors. The cross speaks not in vain. Its renovating power is felt and shall continue to be felt until

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run."

May God hasten the hour for Jesus' sake.

He is a brave Christian, and has much of Christ within, who accounts nothing his own that he does not communicate to others. The bee stores her hive out of all sorts of flowers for the common benefit, and why then in this should not every Christian be like a bee.

THE MORAL HYPOCRITE.

Many mistake nature for grace, and so rest short of a true change. Strong sense, keen wit, lively parts, and a good natural temper, puff up many. The tempering makes a vast difference in many blades, all made of the same metal, some of which will bend before they break, others break before they bend. Good nature without grace, maketh a fairer show than grace with an evil nature. A cur outruns a grayhound with a clog.

The hypocrite derives his honour from his birth; the child of God from his new birth. The hypocrite has his perfections from the body, from his complexion and constitution, which are not praiseworthy; but the Christian hath them from his better part, the soul. A warm temper hath often the appearance of zeal; a cooler, of patience; melancholy, of contemplation; lively blood and strong spirits, of spiritual joy.

The hypocrite serves God with what costs him nothing, only going down the stream; but the Christian works with strife and industry, wrestleth, and keeps his body under.

The hypocrite is disposed to some virtues, and refrains from those vices that are contrary to his taste and humor, as an elephant abhors a mouse; but the Christian shuts every door against sin, and is thoroughly furnished to every good work.

The hypocrite puts reason in the place of religion; on the contrary, the Christian brings reason under the command of religion; his understanding bows to faith, and his free will to God's free grace,

The hypocrite derives his virtues from himself, spider-like. "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man." Jer. xvii, 5. The Christian hath his virtue from above: the one is like marshy ground, the other is watered from heaven. Again: the hypocrite curses himself, by giving to reason the command of appetite, not knowing that his reason is crooked; but the Christian puts all under the strict rule of grace:—grace is Sarah, reason Agar. The one talks of right reason, the other rectifieth it.

The hypocrite puts honesty in the place

of piety, but the Christian is honest and kind from a principle of genuine piety.—There was a difference between Alexander and David pouring out water, the one before his soldiers, the other before the Lord.

He hath for virtues only shining vices; virtues proceeding from unsanctified reason, and spoiled by the intention: thus a covetous, indolent man avoids and hates law suits; he is sober and temperate through love of money, or of health and reputation; he is diligent and industrious to compass profit. But the Christian hath the truth, if he wants the perfection of virtue; the one shines as rotten wood, the other as gold in the ore.

The hypocrite cries up virtue and exclaims against vice, rather by speech than practice; but the king's daughter is glorious within: the one speaks, the other lives, great things.

The hypocrite keeps himself from gross sins, but harbors spiritual corruptions.—Does he subdue his passions? They are in the way of his glory and quiet. Does he do good? It is to be more in love with himself. The Christian cleanseth himself from all spiritual vices: the one is settled on the lees of self love, the other is emptied of self, and filled with Christ.

The hypocrite compares himself with a child of God, when under disadvantages; as for example, when he is fallen, or overtaken in an infirmity; but the whitest devil shall not stand in the judgment with the most tawny child of God. The meteor may blaze, but the star standeth.

FLETCHER.

THE JAPANESE.

It is well known with what precaution the government of Japan excludes strangers, and in particular guards against the introduction of Christianity into the empire. In this state of matter, the following fact is full of interest. A British frigate was lately stationed on the Japanese coast. A native belonging to the educated class, and who was on friendly terms with Europeans, rendered an act of service one day to the captain of the frigate. For this act the captain made a present

to the Japanese of a beautiful crystal vase. At the same instant it occurred to him to ask the islander if he would not like to read the New Testament in the Chinese language. It is well to remember that this is a crime which the laws of Japan punish with death. Nevertheless, the Japanese accepted the book, promising to return it soon. And five days after he returned it to the captain, beseeching him, with tears in his eyes, to give him the precious volume. The captain, deeply moved, replied,—No, no ; I cannot leave it with you, much as I might desire it.—I fear lest you should pay for my present with your head. Ah ! replied the Japanese, if I had three heads instead of one, I would risk them all willingly to possess this book. I believe I am quite another man since I read it. What could be said to such an answer. The captain was obliged to give him the sacred volume, advising him not to risk his life without necessity ; “ But,” he added, “ should you lose your life for what this holy book brings you, I am certain that it would be more a gain to you than a loss.”

The Church of Scotland Record states that there are now two missionaries in Nagasaki, Japan : Rev. Mr. Verbeck, of the American Dutch Reformed Church, and the Rev. Mr. Williams, of the American Episcopal Church. They are engaged in the study of the language, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which Providence may present to them.

SHALL I BE HOLY ?—Will you be holy ? Shall God be obeyed ? With you, under God, rests the decision of these solemn questions. Before God, and in view of eternal scenes, let me entreat you to answer them now. “ To-day !” you may ; “ Now” you can decide. To-morrow !—to-morrow is not yours, my friend, To-morrow may find you where there is no “ work” nor “ device.” “ To-day, if you will hear His voice,” God says, “ I will receive you.” “ Now.” “ The altar sanctifieth the gift ;” but the offering must be placed upon the altar ; and you must “ have faith in God !”

Trust in the Lord for ever.

GLOWING IN MINISTERS.

There is a great deal of pride, not only in ministers but of ministers, and the churches need humbling as to their pulpits as well as those who occupy them. We are prone to worship what gives us great benefits or intense delight, much as the Israelites made the brazen serpent, which had given them security in a moment of peril, an object of idolatrous worship.

God puts various checks on the popularity of His ministers for wise and holy purposes. A class of pastors who are patient of toil, meek under provocations, long suffering and gentle towards those who speak of them as little preachers and men of small minds, may illustrate the graces and virtues of the Gospel with more effect and more power than those whose sermons put the people into raptures and transports. Such an example as Chalmers sets the younger fry of the pulpit for a generation or two all agog to be what they are not and never can be, and thus makes fools of them to the injury of their usefulness and the disgust of their hearers. The people also acquire from the use of these pulpit pungents a distaste for a more ordinary and wholesome diet : a sickly sentimentalism in religion ensues, and thus the whole spiritual economy becomes deranged and out of order.

Such men as Baxter, Bunyan and Whitefield are also above the ordinary ministerial level, but not in a way equally fatal. Their strength was in their pathos and unction, not in the brilliancy and depth of their literary execution. We do not so much think of the men in such cases, as of the religion which they teach. We feel that God is speaking to us. This is a kind of power towards which every minister, however feeble his gifts, may aspire. All through the country, in the little villages and in country places, as well as in the great cities, it is our privilege to have this sort of attraction in our pulpits. All that is needed to give it to us, is, a holy ministry, “ It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of my Father that speaketh in you.”

PALESTINE.

BY MISS A. ANDERSON.

2 Kings ii : 21. And He went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there.

My first night spent under a tent, in the promised land, was near Elisha's Spring. A clear pleasant brook it was, running past a large piece of boulder rock. The sun was setting on the mountains of Moab, and while we were looking on with admiring eyes—our Bedouin escort were waiting the exit of the king of day with hungry impatience. They were keeping the fast of Ramaden, and they eat nothing from sunrise to sunset. About this place plenty of small apples grow near the ground, which the Arabs say are poisons; and some call them apples of Sodom. Our Bedouin protectors entertained us with the sword dance, but in their performances they flourished the naked steel so near my ears that my admiration of their dexterity gave way to some cowardly fears for personal safety. Early next morning we proceeded to the river Jordan, passing Jericho, a village inhabited by thieves. Scouts went on before us, to ensure our safety from the hostile tribes who cross over by the fords from the Moab side. Our arrival on the plains of Jordan was quite a luxurious rest, after our ride over the hills. Our eyes were dazzled by the white of the stones of which our road was composed a great part of the way. The shade of the trees on the banks and the air from the river, are very refreshing in a hot country. This is what makes it an emblem of the heavenly rest after the toils of our day of life are over. The water was rapid, but not clear. This was the place where Christ was said to have been baptised. Our guide told us, that many pilgrims drown themselves every year in crossing over to the other side. We were not allowed to remain long on this attractive spot, on account of its dangerous vicinity, but proceeded to the Dead sea. It is a beautiful clear water, with a gentle ripple, and the hills around are of a blue tint—it is full of black substances resembling pebbles, but

on inspection they are more like petrified bones. They are hard when taken out of the water, but become soft when preserved. The plants and vegetation along the banks are stunted, and appear to wear a coating of salt. There are tares among the grain that twine about it like a chain, which they resemble. They absorb the nourishment from the grain, but when taken up, they are very fragile and easily destroyed. Thus are the tares a fit emblem of sin. When it is tolerated it weakens and injures the soul, but if it is opposed or eradicated it is feeble, and comes to an end. The views around of the shades on the hills, the pure white of the rocks, contrasted with the darker shades of black, brown and green, are very beautiful. Our road to Marsuba was through high hills and deep ravines. We pitched our tents for the night in the court before the convent. Next day, before going forward to Bethelam, our Bedouin guards left us, they would not enter the town, being at war with the tribes there, and I must render tribute to their honesty and fidelity, though robbers by profession, and glorying in it, as an honorable calling. Their Prophet, Mahomet, to whom they look with such veneration, was himself a robber, and taught robbing by his example. Yet, when trusted, they show the greatest anxiety for the safety of those under their charge.

At Bethelam the people came all out to see us as in the days of Naomi. We saw the pools of Solamon, Rachael's tomb, and Jerusalem, looking beautiful, as we approached from the plains.

The human soul is a garden, and each day some beautiful and fragrant blossom should be planted there that will bloom in fadeless beauty forever; and when planted, warm it with the warm sunshine of smiles, and water it with the dew of tears; let the earth be loosened around it by diligent thought, and by the innocent manifestations of pure affection; so shall we become adapted to the heavenly, and be fitted for the paradise of God.—*L. Wood.*

God is love.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, JANUARY, 1863.

GREETINGS.

To all our friends we send our cordial Christian salutations. In our heart, we take you by the hand, and wish you a happy new year. We hope that the highest happiness of a human being—the happiness of knowing that you not merely make a creditable profession of religion, but that you are really accepted in the Beloved—that your ways please the Lord—may belong to each and every one of you.

This is a highly suitable time for us to enter into a rigid examination of ourselves. Are we building upon a solid foundation? Is Christ the basis of our enjoyments, the centre of our affections, the life of our souls, the great object of our warm, gushing love? Is it our chief study to know and do his will? Does he speak to our souls in accents of mercy, and do we daily commune with him? Never were all the consolations that grace can impart, and all the virtues it can bring into exercise, more needed than at the present time.

This is an hour of gloom beyond any thing our nation ever saw. The sanguinary scenes of the revolution bore no comparison to the bloody struggle that is now raging among us. Habillments of mourning are fast becoming the common attire of the day. Many a noble son, a fondly loved brother, a cherished husband and father, have fallen in this bloody fray. Scarce a neighborhood in the land that has not lost its victim to sate the fury of the god of war—many a home has been made desolate, many an eye has been bedewed with tears, on account of the fallen brave.

God has a controversy with us, as a people, and he will make us sensible of the fact. We relied on soldiers. Masses of our citizens left their peaceful pursuits, seized the arms at hand, and rushed eagerly forward, expecting in a few months to end the struggle. Disaster and defeat awaited them.—Then discipline and improved weapons of warfare were called for. The troops were

drilled—the armories were worked night and day, and Sabbath, to their utmost capacity, until the best disciplined, and best furnished army that modern times has ever seen, was able to take the field. Still an utter want of success made the public heart to faint. A change of officers was demanded and granted; but this has not saved us from disaster and defeat.

GOD MUST BE ACKNOWLEDGED. We have offended him, and we must humble ourselves in sackcloth and seek his pardoning favor. Repentance will do more for us than new levies of troops. To cease to do evil and learn to do well, would bring about a favorable turn of affairs quicker than the most accomplished officer could effect it. We must learn to do right, because it is right and pleasing to God. Let not the solemn lesson of the hour be lost upon us, but let us turn to the Lord for help.

FREE CHURCHES.

“Where do you attend church?” we inquired of an intelligent mechanic with whom we were holding a religious conversation.

“I do not go anywhere,” was his prompt reply.

“How is this?” we said in unfeigned astonishment, for he was a professor of religion, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

“When we came to this city seven years ago,” he replied, “my wife and myself were both members of the Baptist Church. We have a family of children that we are trying to educate. I have nothing to depend upon but my own exertions. Business became dull and wages low. I found I could not rent a pew and pay the other necessary expenses that I must meet, or be looked down upon and considered mean, for less than fifty dollars a year. This I could not pay, and so we quit going to church altogether.”

We went into a store, our business finished, we said a few words to the clerk about the salvation of his soul. We found him religiously inclined. “Where do you go to church?” we ventured to ask. “I do not go any where. I cannot afford to. It costs

too much. I receive only six hundred dollars a year for my work. I have a family to support. Every thing is high. And I cannot afford to hire a seat."

Thus it is with thousands in our cities. They were religiously brought up—it may be by pious parents. They are struggling to meet the wants of growing families, and to improve their worldly prospects. Brought up under the influence of our democratic institutions, they believe that while they behave themselves as well, they are as good as those rolling in wealth. Though poor, in their feelings at least, they are independent. They will not long remain in any society where they cannot be treated as equals. As eligible a seat as there is in church may be proffered them, but they will not long accept as a gratuity what others claim as a right. They have not the humility to advertise their poverty to the congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath.

The churches thus cut off from the proper exercise of the feelings of Christian equality and Christian benevolence, become aristocratic and exclusive. There is to day no institution in America so aristocratic as the professed church of *him* with whom *there is no respect of persons*.

The masses, practically shut out of the houses of God, are becoming irreligious and skeptical. The Sabbath is a day of recreation. Public vehicles are thronged and the carriages to be let are put in requisition by pleasure seekers. God is lost sight of—his name profaned—and his holy day desecrated.

Talk as we will about the triumphs of Christianity abroad, it is a question if it is not losing at home more than it is gaining abroad. We must come back to Gospel principles, religious caste must be laid aside. All our houses of worship should be as free as they were for the first sixteen hundred years of the Christian religion. Up to within about two hundred years no pew was ever rented or sold in a Christian church.

SALVATION COMING OUT OF ZION.

In the first years of our ministry, we labored zealously and chiefly for the conversion of sinners. We walked in the light that we had received. Our efforts were re-

warded with seeming success. Many professed conversion, and considerable additions were made to the church. Peace and harmony prevailed. Our labors were well spoken of, and many marks of favor were bestowed upon us.

But we soon found, to our regret, that our converts did not long hold out. The spring fashions made sad havoc among them. By the time that autumn came, but few frequented the class room to bear testimony to the genuineness of the revival. We felt sad. Our object in entering the ministry was to do good—to see souls saved. For this end we had sacrificed bright prospects, and welcomed joyfully a life of self-denial. Was all our labor to be in vain? Were we to spend our strength for naught? Was actual failure to be the final result of all our endeavors and seeming success? About the period referred to, that holy man of God, REV. GEORGE LANE, paid us a visit. He had travelled as an itinerant preacher in western New York, when his circuit extended from Genesee river to the state line.—The country was comparatively a wilderness. He said that in those early days they had a great deal of prejudice to encounter, but when a person became converted, he generally staid converted; some went back, but most remained steadfast. Those who persevered in the faith were then the rule, and not, as now, the exception. He read us the names of the first class that was organized in Chatauqua County, and we recognized among them those regarded as the pillars of the church in our boyhood days.

We went to the Lord and asked him if it was not his will that we too might have fruit that should remain. We gave ourselves to him in a new and everlasting covenant. We sought for the blood to be applied that cleanses from all sin. Our prayer was answered. It was sweetly whispered to us "Salvation must come out of Zion." O what power there was in these words! They have shaped our course ever since.—We saw at once, that, according to the old maxim, *ex nihilo, nihil fit*, "out of nothing comes nothing," if salvation comes out of Zion, there must be salvation in Zion. The best pump ever constructed will not bring water out of a dry well. No amount of

fort will enable you to take a dollar out of your pocket unless there is a dollar there. So, no preaching, however eloquent, will bring salvation out of Zion unless there is salvation in Zion. Before the church can save others, instrumentally, she must herself be in a state of salvation. She must have light before she can shine.

There is a natural and strong tendency in the mind to backslide. The current against which we must make our way, if we gain Heaven, runs strongly in the wrong direction. To make head against it we *must strive*, must put forth the utmost exertion of which we are capable. To take it easy, as the mass of professors are doing, is to be silently and rapidly borne down. When exertion ceases, spiritual darkness comes upon the soul. Most men are, not only borne down by the current, but they are rowing might and main towards perdition. These passing swiftly the sleepy professor, he naturally concludes that he is gaining ground. He is blind and cannot see afar off, or the delusion would be dissipated; but as one looking out of a car window, thinks surely he is on his journey, because another train is under motion in the opposite direction, so he thinks it must be he is going to Heaven when he is, at best, going to hell, but not quite so fast as those around him.

Men lose their first love before they or others are aware of it. If a church has lost its first love, as most churches have, a revival that does not result in their "repenting and doing their first works," does far more hurt than good. Every successive revival of this sort but lowers the standard of experimental and practical piety, deludes men and populates hell! One of the worst things you can do to an immortal soul when he is partially awakened, is to "heal him slightly." The work of the forger and counterfeit is harmless in comparison to this. "Cursed be he that doeth the work of God deceitfully." A thorough revival of religion is one of the best things for any church or community—a superficial revival is one of the worst calamities that can befall it. A revival that does not go through the heart of the church, does far more harm than good.

See to it then, first of all, that you, yourself are saved—that you are neither Pharisaical nor lukewarm, but all on fire with a Saviour's love. Hold up the Bible standard of salvation, and strengthen the hands of those that do. The work of conversion will go on as long as a church and minister keep fully saved. Then cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show the people of God their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins, say with the prophet, *For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.*

CUTTING OFF RIGHT HANDS.

WITHOUT A SOUL, AND WITH A SOUL.

He has a soul now—a living, acting soul,—a soul on fire, the fire of salvation, hope, joy, the baptismal!

O what a change—WHAT a change! He can pray now in the Spirit, prevailingly.—The Holy Spirit dictates, gives utterance, helps his infirmities, teaches him how to pray, and what to pray for. His soul is kindled to a flame, mounts up as on eagle's wings. Before he cut off his right hand sin, the sin that most easily besets him, he had no soul to pray, no gift in prayer, no holy unction, no life-giving power. His prayers, so called, were dry, stiff, cold, formal, lifeless, stereotyped. The heavens seemed brass over him—the earth beneath iron. 'My leanness, my leanness,' was the general outcry. He could talk about spiritual things, parrot like, exhort and pray, but no soul was there. He had a mouth, but it spoke not, eyes, but they saw not, ears, but they heard not.

How many useless prayers we say,
Because our lives our prayers belie:
Because devotion dies away,
As on the air the echoes die.*

But now, thank the Lord, his ears hear—his eyes see—his mouth speaks—speaks au-

* The individual case alluded to in this article is well known to the writer. And what think you, reader, was the idol that kept him in spiritual bondage, concealed the smiles of grace, the light of God's reconciled countenance? The poisonous narcotic, the vile "Indian weed" called tobacco! This was the right hand sin served, ere joys unspeakable burst forth, ere the smile of heavenly grace beamed.—
"Except ye forsake all that ye have ye cannot be my disciples."

dibly—utters praises, thanksgivings, glory to God in the highest!

'What a change his word can make
Turning darkness into day.'

The change is wonderful, unspeakable, soul rejoicing! Before he plucked out this right eye sin of his, banished it forever, gave up all for Christ, laid all upon the Lord's altar, brought all the tithes into the store-house, he had great trouble, constant besetments, vexations and perplexities. He had trouble in his own house, great trouble. His wife troubled him, his children, his servants, his neighbors. His soul was vexed from day to day. And, more than all, he was a trouble to himself. Indeed, here was the greatest trouble of all; Satan troubled him, his own unsanctified heart, his unconquered passions and appetites, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life. His evil temper gave him trouble. It was trouble, trouble, trouble, more or less, until he gave up the darling sin—nailed it on the cross, saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.' Then peace came like a river, harmony, love, joy, salvation! His wife changed her deportment for the better, greatly, wonderfully, put on a kind, cheerful, smiling face, bowed the knee henceforth around the family altar morning and evening. His children now manifested a different spirit—kind, obedient, affectionate; were olive plants around his table. He found, directly on entire submission, unreserved consecration to God's service, that new grace was imparted to his soul, new faith, new vigor, new hope, new joy. His temporal affairs, which while he was in bondage) gave him much trouble, now went on smoothly, prosperously. God opened the way for profitable, useful employment. His hope eternal brightened vividly, the candle of the Lord shone around him with renewed splendor. His harp, which before his presenting his body a living sacrifice to God, was hung on the willows, was now tuned afresh—songs of praise burst forth spontaneously; 'Glory to God in the highest!' was his song by day and by night.

'When God commands we must take up
Our cross without delay,

Our lives—and thousand lives of ours—
Can ne'er his love repay.'

All this, and yet more, simply from obedience, taking God at his word—having "respect unto all his commandments," laying aside every weight and the sin that so easily and so fatally beset him. All this, and yet more, by coming out from the world and 'touching not the unclean thing,' and looking up to Jesus as the author and finisher of his faith.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The following is from an esteemed correspondent:

My Dear Bro. Roberts:—In looking over the Earnest Christian, that little Heavenly messenger, if we may so call it, it seems to me to contain nothing but the pure wheat. Every word is big with instruction. We might compare it to a mine perpetually opening; the deeper we dig the richer we grow. I keep it on my window sill along with my testament and Psalms, so that when I come in tired and weary with the cares of the world, and the follies and persecutions of Earth, I can take them both up and hear that inward whisper, "In me ye have peace"

I have just been reading your article in the Nov. number Vol. iv. page 155, under the head of "Canal Street Mission." You pronounce the region a perfect whirlpool of vice, a maelstrom of iniquity, and the very vestibule of hell, and I am sure you are as capable of naming it as any one else.

You say no effort has been made, except your feeble one in that quarter, to reclaim the erring ones, and that you are greatly crippled for the want of means, that you carry on the enterprise single handed and alone, with such help as God puts into the heart of her children voluntarily to afford, and that so far has been but little. What a shame! I must repeat it, what a shame! when so many earnest Christians, so called, are making such high professions.

Let us remember it is written, "Whoso has this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" This is a question which was asked by John the beloved Disciple, and if all the readers of the Earnest

Christian would examine themselves and then answer the question, perhaps the Canal Street Mission will not hereafter be so basely crippled.

It is an old saying that a word to the wise is sufficient.

After reading the article above mentioned, I resorted to my Bible, as I always do for counsel, and opened on Isaiah xxxv.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Brother Roberts, is not this encouraging for you? "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord." Bless his holy name!

Go on, Bro. Roberts, strengthen the weak hands, confirm the feeble knees.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence, he will come and save you."

This promise alone, if there was none other, is of itself sufficient; but there are others which we will notice.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." And again, "No Lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there." I want to quote it all, I love to quote scripture, it is so much better than any thing of my own getting up, for it was given by inspiration of God, and that is the reason why it is always so good. It was edited in Heaven! bless the Lord, and we shall write it here upon Earth. Bless His holy name!

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Well, if this is not a feast of fat things, I don't know what is, for it was edited in Heaven. My very dear Bro. go on, for you must not be left to suffer. Again I say, in Jesus' name, go on, you must and shall have help. I also will remember you likewise, and before the throne of grace. You shall not be forgotten, for I find that it is a good thing to have faith and work go together. And you will hear from me in due time if I live.

Yours very affectionately, P. G.

GEORGE W. BLAIR.

Dear Bro. Roberts:—During the latter part of October last, I was called upon to preach the funeral sermon of Bro. George W. Blair. He requested, just before he died, that his *testimony to the saving power of Jesus' blood* should be sent to the Earnest Christian for publication,

Bro. Blair was converted in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., when but thirteen years of age. He received the great blessing of entire sanctification about two years since, at Aurora, Illinois. About this time his health failed, so that he was no longer able to work at his trade. He spoke several times of the goodness of God in raising up friends to care for him when he was no longer able to labor for himself. After his health failed, he spent his remaining strength, almost to the day of his death, in building up the Sabbath School cause, in which he was an efficient laborer, and which was a work that was his especial delight. But a little while before he died, he said, "tell the Sabbath School children that I pray for them now." Amid his rejoicings in his last moments, he said to those standing by his bedside, "brethren, this is the practical part of what we have been preaching," and closing his eyes, they supposed him to be dying, but he roused up once more, and uttering what seemed to be an exclamation of surprise at the multitude of the innumerable company that crowded the other shore—he fell asleep in Jesus.

EDWARD P. HART.

St. Charles, Ill., Dec. 3, 1862.

To those who truly believe, Christ is precious, the Scriptures are sweet, sin is bitter, the world is a broken idol, and death is gain.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

I saw a mother, not long since, whose son had enlisted in the army. I expected to find her sad and disconsolate, for the young soldier was an only son, and was very much beloved at home. But, to my surprise, she was cheerful and happy.

"Merwin has gone," said she, "and I may never see him again; but I cannot make myself unhappy about it. I have given him to God, and wherever the Lord's service takes him he must go. I know he will distinguish himself a great conqueror."

"So young as he is?" I exclaimed; "how?"

"He has conquered himself," replied the mother, "and you know what the Bible says about that."

"Oh! yes, indeed," said I; "but I thought your Merwin was one of those who find it very easy to be good. There is a great difference in children. Some are so amiable and gentle that when they become Christians you see but little change in their outward conduct, and some—"

"But my son was not one of those," said she, interrupting me. "He was born with a hot, fiery temper. It used to frighten me almost, when he was nothing but a baby, and I hardly dared to think what would become of him when he grew older. I prayed a great deal about it, and talked and labored to help him overcome his naughty, passionate spirit. And he began very early to try and govern himself. I recollect, when he was no more than four years old he had been very much provoked about something, and I could see the fire kindling in his eyes and the color rising to his cheek. But he kept very still until his anger had subsided, and then he came running to me, threw his arms around my neck, and burst into tears he cried, 'Kiss me, mamma—kiss me—I've overcome.'"

"That's beautiful!" I exclaimed.

"Many a time," the mother continued, "have I seen him struggle with his hasty, angry feelings, until by degrees it grew easier for him to control his temper; and now I can truly say I believe, by the grace

of God, he has conquered himself. And among the qualifications for good soldier-ship that is one of the very best, I think."

I thought so too, as I repeated to myself the words of the Bible to which Merwin B.'s mother had alluded. You will find them, little reader, in Prov. 16: 32. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

And I felt as if I wanted all the little boys to become conquerors in the same sense. No matter if you are not called to be soldiers, to march at the call of your country to the battle-field and fight. You may be called of God to conquer enemies elsewhere. You may be called to govern and direct others. Whatever may be your duty in life, the best preparation you can make is to learn to govern yourself.

WHAT THE BIRD SAID.

"Don't lag, Johnny," said the little boy's mother, "but go straight to school." "Yes, mother, I will," said Johnny, and off he trudged. When he passed Mr. Wheeler's barn, a robin redbreast flew out of the woods, perched on the nearest bough, and began to sing, just as if it were singing to Johnny, and nobody else. Was it singing, "Stop Johnny, stop?" or "Go, Johnny, go?" The little boy loved birds, and the redbreast was so near. "It is singing 'go' stay," just according to my think," said Johnny; "I think it says 'go,' and I shall go." So Johnny, in spite of all the pleasant things which tempt a little boy to lag behind school-time on a Summer's morning, went straight to school, and was in his seat when the mistress rang the opening bell.

Johnny is right. A great many things have a meaning to us according as we think. To the little boy who said it was too pleasant to go to school, and so played truant, red-breast's note would have been, "Stay, stay; stop, stop," for he did not love his books, and wanted an excuse for neglecting them.

All along the way, children, there are pleasant voices, which will lead you astray, or forward you in the path of duty, according to the chord which they find in you.

The key-note is in your own bosom. Pitch it right, pitch it for the right and then your life will be a pleasant one, sweet to father and mother, sweeter to your God and Saviour.

WHO HELPED YOU.

I HAD often noticed how attentive little Harry was in school, and how good he was in church, and how glad he was if I gave him a hymn to learn, or heard him say a psalm when I called to see his mother, or his brother, or sister, all three of whom died in consumption. I was very fond of him, and used to look lovingly at him as he sat with a bright pink flush on his pale face, and his flashing eyes like stars fixed earnestly on his book. He was so thin and small that the black clothes he had worn for his mother hung loosely on him. One Sabbath I said to him: "Harry, have you found the verses?"

Now the way he was taught was thus: he had a subject given him, such as "Jesus Christ loved little children," and he had to find proofs of it in the New Testament. He came up looking in his usual serious, earnest way, with his Bible in his hand. I looked at the paper on which he had marked down his texts, while he turned them out, and I was surprised to see how very suitable they were; if the minister had selected them they could not have been better chosen. I began to think he must have had help, and I said: "Harry, did any one help you to find these texts?"

He looked at me and said, "Yes, ma'am."

I was pleased, for I thought "how sincere this child is; he will not tell an untruth." And then I began to think who could have helped him? His mother is in heaven. His father? There was little hope that he had done it; nor had he a brother or sister who knew as much as himself.

I said to him, "Harry, dear, who helped you?"

I never shall forget his earnest expression as he fixed his bright eyes on me and said, "God, ma'am." Here then, I thought, is a truly Christian child; not only an amiable, affectionate child, but one taught by the Holy Ghost, who asks the Spirit's help to understand God's word.—*S. S. Teacher's Journal.*

HOW TO FORGIVE.

"GOOD-BYE, grandmother," said young Stanley. "I am going to the market-town, and shall not come home until day after tomorrow."

"The Lord go with you, my dear lad," said the aged grandmother; "but before you go I want to know if you have settled the quarrel with Ned Brooks."

"I have settled it, that I shall have nothing more to do with him. He has treated me very badly. I do not intend to treat him badly in return, but I do not intend to have anything to do with him."

"Have you forgiven him?"

"I do not intend to do him any harm."

"Have you forgiven him?"

"He has not asked me to forgive him."

"Remember what the Saviour says: 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any; for if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' We are allowed to ask forgiveness for ourselves, only as we forgive others. It is not safe for us to live a single day without being forgiven. If we would be forgiven we must forgive others."

"Well, grandmother, I will try to do my duty. Good-bye

The young man went to the market-town. He was busy during the day, and thought but little of what he had said to his grandmother. At night when he came to lie down on his bed, he thought of what she had said. He thought of Ned Brooks and he became angry. As he thought of his own sins, and then he felt his need of pardon. He thought of the words of his Lord: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses." He felt that he must forgive Ned Brooks even though he did not turn and say, I repent. He tried to do it, and failed. He then knelt in prayer, and asked for a forgiving spirit, and continued asking till he felt that he could forgive all.

THERE is no worse robber than a bad book. Other robbers may spoil us of our money, but a bad book robs us of our faith, our truth, our purity of heart—of all we value most. Young reader, beware of bad books!