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### THE JOY OF BELIEVERS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

THE standard of piety is fearfully lowered. A creditable profession of religion may be maintained at the present day, without much grace or self-denial. Many suppose themselves to be far advanced in piety, who, if they would take pains to compare their experience with the word of God, would find that they are yet in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity. It is no uncommon thing for those who, looking at their experience in the hazy atmosphere of a popular, worldly church, honestly think that they enjoy the blessing of holiness, to see when they get where the clear light of the Gospel shines, that they are under condemnation and need pardon. Self-deception is easy. We should bring ourselves to all the tests that are laid down in the Holy Scriptures. One Scriptural mark of Christians is, that they are a happy people. St. Peter says to the elect, who, "have been begotten again unto a lively hope," and "who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," that *ye greatly rejoice*, though now, for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations; that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; *whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

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This passage is applied to all Christians. It does not refer merely to those who profess sanctification, but to all who are in even the lowest state of saving grace. For, 1st—All Christians have been "begotten" or "born again." 2d—They love Jesus. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, maran, atha,"† that is, let him be cursed with a curse. 3d—They believe in Jesus. "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."‡ "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."§ It is plain, then, that the Apostle refers to all who are justified by faith in the Lord Jesus. He gives us a criterion by which we may test the genuineness of our faith, and the sincerity of our love. Can we stand this test? You profess to believe in Jesus; but do you bear the fruit of a living faith? Saving faith is not a barren, leafless tree, but growing by "the rivers of water," its leaf does not wither, and its fruit never fails. One of these fruits is rejoicing. *Believing, ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.* Rejoicing is the outward expression of inward joy. The outward expression varies with the inward emotion. A moderate degree finds expression in words. But the joy of believers is said to be too great for language. It is *unspeakable and full of glory.* In the case of David it

\* Jno. iii, 3, 5. † 1 Cor. xvi, 22. ‡ Jno. i, 12.  
§ Jno. iii, 36.

was manifested by "dancing before the Lord with all his might." Sometimes it is expressed by holy laughter. "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing."\* At other times, the joy of God's people is manifested by obeying the direction of the psalmist, "O, clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph;"† and of the prophet, "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Sion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."‡

But no matter what the outward expression may be, if the inward experience is fully realized. The religion of Jesus Christ is designed and calculated to make us happy, both here and hereafter. It sends flowing through the soul streams of gladness that never run dry. The beauties of a landscape are greatly heightened by the glowing sunshine of a cloudless day; so the common mercies of life afford a thousandfold more enjoyment when they are seen and received all burnished with the bright rays of the sun of righteousness. The Lord gives us health and home, and the ardent affection of dear ones there, and the highly-prized love of some of the best and purest that walk the earth, yet, none nor all of these have power to charm unless we have a consciousness of his approving presence. Thou knowest, Lord, how true it is, that

Thy presence makes our paradise,  
And where thou art 'tis heaven.

1. But let us not mistake worldly enjoyment for the joy that evidences our adoption into the family of God. This is a mistake that is often made. Many suppose themselves to be happy in God, simply because they enjoy worldly prosperity. Wicked men often succeed in their pursuits. But the joy of the believer does not depend on his success in getting gain. "If," said the godly Job, "I rejoiced because my wealth was great, and be-

cause my hand had gotten me much—this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above."\* Wealth may be used to the glory of God if he gives it, but it may not be rejoiced in as though our happiness depended upon its possession. Habakuk thus expressed the confidence which every child of God should feel, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord,—I will joy in the God of my salvation."†

2. It does not depend upon the opinion which others entertain of us, or the treatment we may receive at their hands. "Woe unto you," says Jesus, when all men shall speak well of you.‡ When this is the case, you are evidently a compromiser. You do not reprove sin. The world loves its own, and if it loves you, this is an evidence that you are of the world. "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for, behold your reward is great in heaven."§ Thus it is with the true Christian. The worse he is used for Jesus' sake, the happier he is. In the midst of the severest persecutions he keeps a sweet spirit, and God sends into his soul an enjoyment too profound for any human power to destroy.

3. It is not caused by the possession of any natural or spiritual gifts. If we cannot preach, or talk, or pray as well as others, still we may be just as happy in the Lord. The seventy, send out by our Saviour to preach the Gospel, "returned again with joy, saying, 'Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name.'" Jesus enlarged their commission, "Be-

\* 2 Sam. vi, 14. † Ps. xlvii, 1. ‡ Isa. vii, 6.

\* Job xxxi, 25, 28. † Hab. iii, 17. ‡ Lu. vi, 26.  
§ Lu. vi, 22, 23.

hold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall, by any means, hurt you. Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you: *but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.*"\* Whether the devils are subject unto us or not, if we have the evidence that our names are recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life, we have the same ground of rejoicing that the seventy had. The smallness of our talents does not hinder or diminish our religious enjoyments.

4. It does not depend upon our natural temperament. There is a difference in the dispositions of different persons. Some are more easily affected than others. But all are capable of sorrow and of joy. The rejoicing of the Christian comes from God. And when the great God undertakes to make a man happy, he always succeeds. If his capacity for enjoyment is small, he enlarges it, and then fills it with all the fullness of God. When the gift of tongues was bestowed upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, the dullest scholar among them, of the weakest capacity, "spoke in other tongues as the Spirit gave him utterance," just as readily as the one who naturally learns a language with the greatest facility. So when souls are filled with the Holy Ghost, the one of the most sluggish temperament rejoices in the Lord just as much as the one whose sensibilities are naturally of the most lively turn. "Ye received the word," wrote Paul to the Thessalonians, "in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost."†

5. It does not secure exemption from sorrow, but gives one the victory over it. Christianity does not destroy or deaden the natural sensibilities. The Christian is still susceptible to the grief arising from bodily pain, or unkind treatment, or the alienation or death of friends. Vessels

floating upon a deep, broad river, are often carried up stream by the wind, while the great body of water below the surface is calmly nearing on to its ocean home; so outward circumstances may cause sorrow to the child of God, while down in the depths of his soul, the joy of the Lord may flow on in a deep, ceaseless current. Paul says, "We are troubled on every side, yet, not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."\* And again, "As sorrowful, yet, always rejoicing,"† Of the apostles it is said, that immediately after they had been beaten they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."‡

6. This joy makes us strong to do and to suffer all the will of God. "The joy of the Lord is your strength."§ Whoever possesses it, has a power of endurance that no oppression or persecution can crush. He can bear up under the heaviest loads that can be imposed upon him. The ordinary duties of life are performed with greater ease and celerity when one goes about them with a soul filled with holy rejoicing, and the worship of God, often so irksome to the mere formalist, becomes a source of purest delight.

7. Joy is an essential element of Christianity. Where this is lost sight of, the whole Gospel is not preached. Where this is put down, Christianity is put down in one of its vital elements. "The kingdom of God"—true religion—"is not meat and drink"—does not consist in external observances—"but is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."¶ The righteousness alone makes the mere moralist. The righteousness and peace alone, the formalist; add to these "the joy of the Holy Ghost," and you have a Christian of the New Testament pattern. We cannot, with safety, leave out a single one

\* Lu. x, 19, 20. † 1 Thess. i, 6.

\* 2 Cor. iv, 8. † 2 Cor. vi, 10. ‡ Acts v, 41.  
§ Neh. viii, 10. ¶ Rom. xiv, 17.



of these elements. The first two are insisted upon; the last is too often discarded. Yet, the Holy Scriptures have much to say of its necessity and importance. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy." If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. But if he has the Spirit, he will have its fruits—will have joy. We are repeatedly commanded to *rejoice* in the Lord, *always*.\* Does this command, iterated and re-iterated as it is through the New Testament, mean anything? Does it not require that the saints should be happy in their souls, and then should give appropriate expression to the joy that is in them, as a well of water springing up into everlasting life?

8. Why do we not see this joy more frequently manifested among professing Christians? That there is comparatively but little, all must acknowledge. The church sings appropriately,

Hosannah's languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

In public or in social meetings, or in private life, there is but little rejoicing in the Lord. Why is this? We believe that two reasons may be given:

(1.) There are multitudes in all our churches who were never converted to God. They were once partially awakened, perhaps went forward for prayers, had good desires, were encouraged to make profession of religion and join the church, and since then have been trying the best they could to do their duties. Poor souls, they have mistaken conviction for conversion! To them the manifestations of genuine religious feeling appear like fanaticism. They are often convicted, but their profession serves to ward off conviction.

(2.) Many who once enjoyed religion, have backslidden in heart from God. They have lost their first love. The light that was in them has become darkness, and how great is that dark-

ness! They account for their apathy and coldness by the theory that the times have changed. But is not God the same? Has the religion of Christ lost any of its vital elements? If not, then are ye fallen from grace. Do not deceive yourselves any longer. Acknowledge your true condition, Cry out with backslidden David. "RESTORE UNTO ME THE JOY OF THY SALVATION."

## ASSURANCE.

BY REV. H. L. TALBOT.

I know that Jesus' love is mine,  
I feel the evidence divine—  
The witness of the Spirit given  
That I am now an heir of heaven,

Ruined and lost when Adam fell,  
I saw myself a child of hell;  
My feet fast tending to despair,  
A devil's heritage to share.

But wond'rous light shone on my path,  
An outstretched arm saved me from wrath;  
The Lord of glory—Prince of love,—  
Forsook the realms of joy above!

For me he wept, for me he bled,  
Laid low his body with the dead;  
For me he broke the bands and rose,  
His love all boundless to disclose.

For love like this my heart shall glow,  
Nor ought on earth but Jesus know;  
For love like this, my voice shall raise  
Its choicest, gladdest, highest praise.

Help! O, ye angels! help me tell  
The love which saved my soul from hell;  
My Jesus' love, so freely given,  
Which certifies my soul of heaven!

CENSORIOUS PEOPLE.—It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious; who having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merits of another that has any of his own.

\* Rom. xii, 12; 1 Thess. v, 18; Phil. iii, 1, and iv, 4.



## FAITH.

BY MRS. B. M. GILLEY.

NOW, FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Faith, in the divine truths of the Bible, is a convincing proof to the mind of the actual existence of those things which are not seen by the natural eye. We have never seen God, nor angels, nor heaven, but faith is to us a ground of conviction and action with reference to these. It is the "evidence of things not seen." Faith gives reality or substance to things hoped for. It is the foundation, the basis, the support. Or it (faith,) causes these hidden things to exert an influence over us similar to that which would be exerted over us, could we have a demonstration of their reality through the powers of our senses. "It is the substance of things hoped for," that is, things to be realized in the future—things in heaven. The Christian hopes to be made like his Saviour. Faith, then, is something more than an evidence of things not seen. It gives to desire a full expectation or full assurance. This faith is a trust of the heart. "With the heart, man believeth unto righteousness." True scriptural, evangelical faith, is the same everywhere, in all ages, under all circumstances. For God is true, to endless years the same. What he in his word hath spoken, his own, almighty hand will do. There is the ground of all true faith. "It is impossible for God to lie." Wherefore it is the believer's privilege "to have faith in God." Let us contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. This is no time for a timid faltering faith. If God buries his workmen, will his work cease? No. His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his dominion there shall be no end. Now, let us launch out upon the promises of God, pray and believe, and we shall see a mighty baptismal shower of the Holy Ghost. What has been done

through faith, may be done again. For it is the same now as in ages past. It has lost none of its saving efficacy. Bless the Lord. Thousands, in all ages of the church, have been redeemed and saved through this glorious medium: "We live by faith, we walk by faith"—not by sight, and "we are saved by grace through faith." The individual who lives and walks by faith, knows nothing comparatively of those blustering storms and dead calms which so much annoy those who are blindly led by feeling and impulses. To the Bible Christian who maintains a firm, obedient and constant faith in the atonement of a present Saviour, it may be said, and to him *only*, "The place where thou standest is holy ground." Unbelief will then, like Moses' shoes, be "put off." O, how sweetly and how completely does Jesus save the soul that ventures upon him by present faith. He saves it from all painful solicitude and distracting care in reference to the future. It rests in God, "careful for nothing." Glory to God for such an ample,—for such a blessed salvation. But what makes it a present salvation? A present faith.

Brother, sister, dost thou understand then what is implied in having simple faith in God? Art thou living the life of faith? The heaven of rest lies just before thee; that crown is thine; be faithful, and thou shalt "inherit all things." Believing one, art thou not sanctified? "Have faith in God." Believe in him who was wounded for our transgressions, and by whose stripes we are healed, "and thou shalt be saved." Faith will bear us safely to the skies. Heaven is our home. Glory to God. "Now, unto him, that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end."

BROAD is the way that leadeth to destruction.

## COUNTERFEIT LOVE.

THERE is a counterfeit love that often appears among those who are led by a spirit of delusion. There is commonly, in the wildest enthusiasts, a kind of union and affection, arising from self-love, occasioned by their agreeing in those things wherein they greatly differ from all others, and from which they are objects of the ridicule of all the rest of mankind. This naturally will cause them so much the more to prize those peculiarities that make them the objects of others' contempt. Thus the ancient gnostics, and the wild fanatics that appeared at the beginning of the Reformation, boasted of their great love one to another; one sect of them in particular, calling themselves the *family of love*. But this is quite another thing than Christian love; it is only the working of a natural self-love, and no true benevolence, any more than the union and friendship which may be among a company of pirates that are at war with all the rest of the world. The surest characteristic of true, divine, supernatural love, distinguishing it from counterfeits that arise from a natural self-love, is, that the Christian virtue of *humility* shines in it; that, which above all others renounces, abases, and annihilates what we term *self*.

Christian love, or true charity, is a humble love. 1 Cor. xiii, 4, 5. "Charity vaunteth not itself,—is not puffed up,—doth not behave itself unseemly,—seeketh not her own,—is not easily provoked." When, therefore, we see love in persons, attended with a sense of their own littleness, vileness, weakness, and utter insufficiency, and so with self-diffidence, self-emptiness, self-renunciation, and poverty of spirit, these are the manifest tokens of the Spirit of God. He that thus dwells in love, dwells in God and God in him.

What the apostle speaks of, as a great evidence of the true Spirit, is God's love or Christ's love; as,

"His love is perfected in us." What kind of love that is, we may see best in what appeared in Christ's example. The love that appeared in that Lamb of God was not only a love to friends, but to enemies, and a love attended with a meek and humble spirit. "Learn of me," says he, "for I am meek and lowly in heart." Love and humility are two things the most contrary to the spirit of the devil, of anything in the world; for the character of that evil spirit, above all, consists in pride and malice.—EDWARDS.

A QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.—Dr. Peck, in his book on Early Methodism, publishes the following account of a Quarterly conference, on Wyoming circuit, in 1795. The narrative was given by Mrs. Bedford, who was present. She says: "There was a quarterly meeting held in Kingston, at Philip Jackson's. Valentine Cook was the presiding elder, and Alward White was the circuit preacher. The quarterly conference was held up-stairs. We heard them shouting, and praising the Lord. My mother, Betsey Dennison, Polly Dennison, Clara Pierce, Polly Pierce and myself, went into an adjoining room and looked in, when we saw them all lying on the floor. The one near the door said, 'Sisters, come in.' We went into the room, and as soon as we entered the place we all fell, so wonderfully was the power of God manifested on that occasion. James Carpenter, who was not then a professor of religion, came into the first room, and we asked him to come in, but he would not. He told us afterward that he did not dare to come into the room, for he knew that if he had stepped over the threshold of the door, he would have fallen.

The next morning, in the love-feast, it seemed as if all the members, both preachers and people, were filled with the love and power of God. The work now went on rapidly, and spread far and wide.

FACTS AND THOUGHTS  
ON TOBACCO.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

THE quantity of tobacco consumed by some individuals, and the filthy habits attending its use, are strikingly set forth by the following illustration:—"Let it be taken for granted that a young man, who is a tobacco-chewer, may live twenty-five years; in each day there will issue from his mouth a half pint of fluid, too nauseous to describe. In twenty-five years this will amount to 560 gallons, or five hogsheads of this mass. At the same time allowing him only two ounces a day, he will chew half a ton of the hateful weed, which sickens a dog and kills a horse, forming a heap the size of a hay-stack. The quids would make a large pile. Now, if a young man could see five hogsheads full of filth, destined to pass through his mouth, and four ox-carts heaped up with quids from his lips, how would he feel? No one could imagine such a sight, and not instantly resolve to save himself."

Rev. George Trask, the distinguished anti-tobacco lecturer, states that the clergy of the United States cost, annually, \$6,000,000; the criminals, \$19,000,000; the lawyers, \$35,000,000; tobacco, \$40,000,000; and rum, \$100,000,000. The classification is rather an odd one, but the figures speak amazingly.

In the year 1843, \$40,522,000 were spent by the people of Great Britain and Ireland in tobacco. If the weed had been worked up into "pig-tail," rather more than half an inch thick, it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long; long enough to have gone about three times round the globe.

The Dean of Carlisle, in a recent lecture, calculated that the entire world of smokers, snuffers and chewers, consume 2,000,000 tons of tobacco annually, or 4,480,000,000 lbs. weight; as much tonnage as the grain consumed by 10,000 Englishmen, and actually at a cost sufficient to pay all the

bread corn eaten in Great Britain. 5,500,000 of acres are occupied in its growth, chiefly cultivated by slave labor; the product of which, at four cents per pound, would yield \$179,200,000!

The consumption of cigars, alone, in the city of New York, in 1851, was computed at \$17,000 per day, while the whole city paid but \$8,500 a day for bread. This would be \$3,650,000 a year for cigars alone. The grand Erie Canal, 364 miles long, the longest in the world, with its eighteen aqueducts and eighty-four locks, was made in six years, and cost but little over \$7,000,000. The cigar bill of New York city would have paid the whole in two years.

No article of commerce pays a duty so enormous, compared with its home cost, as does American tobacco. From its importation is derived an important part of the revenue of almost every European government. In Great Britain the import duty is seventy-five cents per pound—about twelve hundred per cent. upon the original cost—and two dollars per pound on manufactured tobacco. Thus, for what her people give us less than \$2,000,000 they pay to their government, for the privilege of using it, \$22,000,000, which is twice the sum realized, by the American producers, for all the tobacco exported to every port in the world.

Now the preceding figures present before us sums of such enormity, as ought to accomplish some more useful purpose than simply to "end in smoke." What Christian mind can soberly contemplate the preceding astounding figures, and not feel the inquiry arising both from his head and his heart:—*To what purpose is all this waste?*

But, alas, how many professing Christians, ay! Christian *ministers*, are helping to swell these fearful statistics. Methodist Conferences have a host of such men in their ranks. We know one such man, who sometimes smokes to such extent that he lays and rolls upon the floor as if in a state of beastly



intoxication. We have seen another smoke three cigars in succession, "at one sitting." Another (an aged man) no sooner knocks the ashes from his pipe that the quid is immediately inserted inside his cheek. Some of these men have very scanty libraries, and of this fact they often make bitter complaint, charging their literary paucity upon the stinginess of miserly church-members. But, perhaps, the following, which we cut from the "Christian Advocate and Journal" of a few weeks ago, may better explain the cause why ministerial library shelves are sometimes devoid of their appropriate furniture:

"In the course of a conversation with a young fellow-preacher some few years since, I asked him if he had obtained as yet or read a certain book, some popular theological work of the day. He replied that he had not; that, to tell the truth, he was sorely pressed for funds; that it was truly lamentable, etc., etc., that our societies did not secure to their ministers a salary that would admit of their supplying themselves with at least so much of the current literature as was necessary in order to their keeping fully up with the times.

Shortly after this, I was walking with this same good brother along the street. Arriving at length opposite an extensive tobacco warehouse, he begged me to excuse him just a moment while he stepped inside. I resolved, however, to follow him. His errand there, it soon appeared, was to obtain a box of cigars. But cigars, thought I, cost money. Will my friend purchase on credit? No. Behold! the necessary amount is promptly forthcoming. And what, under the circumstances, certainly is no less remarkable, no excuses are made, no regrets are expressed, not a single sigh or groan is uttered over this expensive and needless luxury, not a word is any longer heard about paltry salaries or miserly societies. Alas, that this should be so! Money enough, indeed, for tobacco, but none for books. Money enough to

gratify a detestable sensual appetite, but none to furnish appropriate food for the mind. The intellect may be left to starve, but on no account will it do to allow these filthy, fleshly *lusts* to suffer even the slightest or most temporary neglect. "O, consistency!" etc."

Do such ministers ever preach on the cause of bibles, missions, Sunday-schools, tracts, etc., and administer to their congregations a real castigation, because they do not sustain those noble institutions by more liberal contributions? Do such ministers ever preach from the text "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord"? Do such ministers ever quote and commend to the adoption of their people, the popular exhortation of the apostolic Wesley, "*Get all you can, save all you can, and give all you can*"? But enough in this direction—"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

A long and appalling chapter might be written upon the deleterious effects of the use of tobacco upon physical health and mental vigor. Some startling facts, bearing upon this view—culled from the highest medical authority—are now at hand, but they must be preserved for another writing for want of present space.

For a long succession of years, the conviction dwelt in our mind that tobacco could not serve any useful purpose to mankind, either in satisfying the craving of hunger, assuaging the painful sensations of thirst, or, as an healer of any one of the countless ills that flesh is heir to. That it contained no properties which could prove of the least service either to the physical, the intellectual, or the moral, of man's complicated constitution. Whether the reading of the following, which we met with a few years ago, eradicated such conviction, we leave the reader to judge.

In the reign of James I., of anti-tobacco notoriety, the boys of a certain school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged in it night and day, re-

sorting to the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their master, till one luckless evening, when they had huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in the vapor of their own creating, lo ! in burst the master, and stood in awful dignity before them !

"How now," quoth the pedagogue to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to head-aches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the gentleman of authority, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had "a raging tooth-ache," another "colic," the third "a cough," and, in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah!" bellowed the doctor, to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! for the excuses were exhausted, but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after taking a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining tone, "*Sir, I smoke for corns!*"

Should all other arguments fail to produce a reformation in the conduct of tobacco consumers, there is one which is addressed to good breeding and benevolence, which for the sake of politeness and humanity should prevail. Consider how disagreeable your habit is to such as do not follow it. An atmosphere of tobacco effluvia surrounds you wherever you go; every article about you smells of it; your apartments, your clothes, and even your breath. Nor is there a smell in nature more disagreeable than that of stale tobacco, arising in warm exhalations from the human body, rendered still more offensive by passing through the pores, and being strongly impregnated with that obnoxious matter which was before insensibly perspired.

This everlasting nasty yellow spittle, which is constantly flying in all directions from a company of smokers and chewers of the vile narcotic, how an-

noying, disgusting and sickening to persons who do not indulge in the odious practice.

A few years ago "*The National Intelligencer*" gave the following spicy story:—

General T., of New York, a gentleman of known wealth and liberality, was, not long since, called upon by a person to obtain his signature for the abolition of capital punishment. The man unfolded his papers and documents, and presented and enforced his arguments in a tiresome set-speech, stopping occasionally to deposit a mouth-ful of tobacco-juice upon a nice parlor carpet. Gen. T. was in favor of diminishing capital punishments, but doubted the propriety or expediency of abolishing them in all cases. At the expression of this opinion, his visitor began to bridle up and prepare to lay down his arguments with greater force, and, in order to give greater facility to his enunciation, he took from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco and threw upon the white marble hearth, saying, he wished the General would be so good as to inform him in what cases capital punishment could ever be justified or defended.

"Well," said the General, "it strikes me, that if we are going to abolish capital punishment, there are two cases which should be made exceptions."

"Two cases, are there?" said the petitioner, "Well sir, I should like to hear them stated, and the arguments for them."

"The first," said the General, "is that of the clear, cold blooded, premeditated murder. I think that the person who lies in wait, or in ambush, or with malice prepense, ought to forfeit his life in return. He deserves to be hung."

"Well, I have abundance of arguments to meet that case," said the visitor. "Now I should like to know what is your other case."

"The other case," said the General, "is that of the animal, that walks on two legs, and calls itself a man, and carries a mouth-ful of disgusting filth

into a clean house, and there pours it upon the carpet and scatters it upon the hearth. Such a being is certainly not fit to live in decent society, and I do not know of any better or more ready mode of getting rid of him than to hang him. With these two exceptions I think I should be willing to sign your petition for the abolition of capital punishment."

The visitor gathered up his papers, thrust them into his pocket, and with a very black look hastily withdrew. He has not called since to receive the General's signature.

### TEMPTATION.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

*Tempted, tried, desponding one,  
Why does darkness shade thy brow?  
Is there no all-beaming sun  
In the heavens above thee now?*

Does Satan tempt you? Rest assured he will set his traps on every side to ensnare you. Satan will tempt you while you live, if you follow on to know the Lord. The more earnestly you fight against him, the more determinately will he fight against you. The more indefatigably you labor to demolish his kingdom, the more violently will he hurl his fiery darts. The devil is artful, as a serpent can be. He watches every opportunity, and lurks in secret places as a lion greedy of his prey.

Friend, brother, sister, where are you? asleep? or following the Saviour afar off, like Peter? Beware! think of David; think of Solomon; think of the many caught in Satan's snares. Many thus caught, have gone halting all their days.

Are you on the watch tower? in the battle field? armed from head to foot? There is no safety save in God. Faith brings victory, and victory is sure to bring joy. When the heart is right, the most effectual way of resisting the fiery darts of Satan, is to keep on fighting this good fight harder and mightier still. The whole-souled

Christian thus in the battle-field, equipped completely with the whole armor of God, facing the enemy, has little or no time to question with the devil about trials, temptations, or fiery darts. It is conquest or death! Little things are all out of the question. The most holy and successful fighters in this spiritual warfare, in all ages, have found this, attacking the Old Serpent, is the surest way to keep out of his snares.

Bro. C., a well-known revivalist, remarked that when he stopped a little, or slackened his hand to take rest from his arduous and almost incessant labors in saving souls, Satan very soon began to ply his temptations, and lay his snares. Then, to avoid his machinations and defeat his subtle devilry, he rushed anew, *with all his might*, into the hottest of the fight, meanwhile gathering all his artillery from the arsenal of God's truth, pouring in a fresh volley in the very face and eyes of Apollyon. Thus he triumphed in God always, and the cry "victory, victory," was heard throughout the camp, with rejoicings unspeakable. "Glory to God in the highest."

Reader, beloved, will you try it? "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

**WATCH.**—Be not disheartened because the eye of the world is constantly and earnestly fixed upon you, to detect your errors and to rejoice in your halting. But, rather regard this state of things, trying as it may be, as one of the safeguards which a kind Father has placed around you, to keep alive in your own bosoms an antagonist spirit of watchfulness, and to prevent those very mistakes and transgressions which your enemies eagerly anticipate.—UPHAM.

**WE, who have but one heart and one soul, are not afraid to have one purse. Among us all things are common, except our wives.**—TERTULLIAN.



## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

THE developments of *pride* are numerous, and often unsuspected as to their real character. The love of dress and display; the undue deference to the opinions of others, which leads us to adopt forms of speech and modes of action foreign to our usages; the man-fearing spirit which imposes silence in reference to our religion in social circles, and particularly the sentiment which ignores all physical manifestations in connection with religious experience—these are all the off-shoots of the one great principle—pride of heart. The last, by its arrogating to itself the right to direct the Spirit's operations, is peculiarly offensive. The great design in the gift of the Spirit is, to humble and purify men, and in the accomplishment of this work, He takes the most effectual measures.

Often pride clings so closely to the so-called proprieties of religious demeanor, that the only way to loose its grasp is to trample upon the assumed proprieties themselves. The sentiment of which I speak declares this to be unnecessary—strongly insists that our God is a God of order, not of confusion—and, in attempting to prescribe the modes in which the Spirit shall act, fetters its operations, and reaps, as the inevitable consequence, barrenness and drought. This has been so often exemplified in individual experience, that I hesitate not to mark it as a serious obstacle to the progress of the Gospel! Order, indeed! What is order, if following the impulses of the Holy Spirit is not? Does God's Spirit need to be taught politeness by the cold, impassive frigidities of modern conventionalism? Is an amen or a hallelujah, or a smile or a tear, such an unpardonable violation of religious decorum that it must be banished from our sanctuaries forever? We may try the ostracism, but, remember, *God's Spirit will go with the exiled expressions of his influence!*

While his work is that of God,

he will work like a God, untrammelled by the notions of men! The history of the Church has a valuable lesson for us on this point.

In the great revival in Virginia, in 1770 and 1775, an attempt was made to repress physical manifestations, and the result, as recorded by the Rev. Mr. Jarratt, is in this brief but suggestive sentence: "But as this abated, the work of conviction and conversion usually abated too."—Bangs' History M. E. Ch., Vol. 1, p. 100.

President Edwards observes of such experience during the great awakening in 1742, "That wherever the most appear there is always the greatest and the deepest work."—Ibid, p. 99.

Another writer, concerning the work in Virginia, says:—"When the greatest work was, when the greatest number of souls have been convinced and converted to God, then have been the most outcries, tremblings, convulsions, and all sorts of external signs."—Ibid, p. 104.

It is a difficult matter, properly to discriminate between the genuine effects of the Spirit's influence and those simulated acts which, I doubt not, the enemy of all good sometimes produces, in order to bring the work of God into disrepute.

And while we ought not, on the one hand, to encourage the extravagances of the constitutionally susceptible and the evil influenced; we should be equally guarded on the other, lest, in our zeal to steady the ark of the covenant, we transgress against the laws of Heaven. There is little doubt but that the attempt to lace all religious emotions in the straight jacket of "social propriety," is most injurious to true religion.—GIFT OF POWER.

THE MOST FORMAL and lifeless devotions, not less than the most fervent, are mere enthusiasm, unless it be ascertained on satisfactory grounds, that such exercises are indeed efficient means for promoting our welfare.—ISAAC TAYLOR.

## CHRIST UNCHANGEABLE.

BY A. J. PARK

*Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.*—Heb. xiii, 8.

MORE than ten years ago, this passage was blessed to my soul. I often wished that I had lived when our Saviour was upon the earth, clothed in human nature, and going about doing good. I thought how I should have loved to have followed him in his errands of mercy, and to have heard his loving words. I thought it would have been so easy to have believed on him then, and asked him to pardon all my sins, as he never turned one away that came to him, but healed all their diseases, and made them rejoice in his wisdom and power.

At length the Spirit brought me to the passage, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." I saw if that was true, though he was not present upon the earth in bodily form, yet he is the omnipresent Jehovah, the same loving Saviour, just as ready and willing to have compassion on sinners to-day as he was eighteen hundred years ago. I read how he encouraged sinners to come to him, saying "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," how he received sinners and ate with them, and was called "the friend of publicans and sinners."

I reasoned with myself in this wise: If Jesus be the same to-day that he was then, he is now calling sinners to repentance, he now receives them when they come to him, and if I come to him now, he will receive me and heal all my diseases. He led me to prove the truth of this reasoning. After a severe struggle, for Satan, the world, and self strove against it, I came. He received me, pardoned all my sins, and filled my soul with joy and peace.

I now realized that it is a far higher privilege to live in these days, than when Jesus was bodily present upon the earth. I can apply to him any moment, and need not send a message

by some one away beyond Jordan, to find him, for he is always near me. I need not be disturbed when I am entreating, lest another should come and touch him, and cause a delay in his aiding me, for he can hear the prayers of all his children at the same time. I journeyed thus for some years, seeking to follow Jesus, and finding him ever the same compassionate Saviour, bearing with my weakness, reproving me very gently as he did his disciples when he was clothed in our nature. But the Lord had much more for me to learn than that eighth verse. About three years ago, while one day conversing with a universalist, at last being driven from her ground, she appealed to me and said, "If you should die this hour would you be sure of going to heaven?" A momentous question! It rather staggered me, for I had not at that moment the clear faith that I sometimes had. After a little pause I replied, "I hope I should," and we parted. But the Spirit took it up, and continually for some days whispered in my ear "You hope you should;" *you hope you should!* you, a professed Christian, and only hope you will be saved! You, preparing to serve your God in a public way, and do not know whether you are saved or not! Are you willing to live on with such an uncertainty in regard to your soul's welfare? I flew to Jesus, remembering, that when his disciples were troubled about any thing they came to him, and he instructed them. He directed me to His word, that I might know my privilege. He led me to see how Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, and Moses could look death in the face, and give directions to those around them with perfect confidence in God their Saviour. Job said, "I know my Redeemer liveth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job xix, 25, 27.

In the Psalms, we hear David declare his confidence: "As for me, I

will behold thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." And in the Psalms xxiii, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,—and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." I saw from these and many other examples that the old testament Saints, who had nothing near the light I have, had no doubt of gaining heaven, when the Lord should take them. When I returned to the New Testament, I saw a Stephen kneel down and pray for his murderers, and then fall asleep in Jesus. I heard Paul, by the Holy Ghost, say, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord—We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v, 1, 6, 8. In Phil., he says, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." And to Timothy, he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, etc."—2 Tim. iv, 6. And the beloved disciples could say, "Even so, come Lord Jesus quickly." I saw from these passages and many similar ones, and from the lives of the Martyrs I had read, that they had no fear of God's failing them in the hour of death, or that they should not reach those blessed mansions Jesus has gone to prepare for those that love him, but that they joyfully looked forward to the time, when they should be absent from the body, and present with the Lord. I reasoned! If Jesus be the same he was then, is it not my privilege also to be delivered from all fear that hath torment, to be made entirely free

in Christ Jesus, to be filled with the same full assurance and confidence that they had? For what had they that they did not receive from Jesus? Paul says, "By grace I am what I am." If Jesus be the same to day, he is ready and willing to give me the same grace he did them, if I will only seek it. I was determined, by God's grace assisting me, I would. Satan set to work to thwart me, by suggesting that they were peculiar persons, and had special blessings, and lived in a different age, which nearly turned me from my purpose. But, then the Spirit brought up the passage "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," with force as being the word of God most sure. I sought, by earnest prayer and a careful reading of the Bible, to know my full privilege and how to gain it. Jesus showed me, by his word and Spirit, that I must give up all for Christ, and seek all in Christ. He enabled me to consecrate myself to him in every thing, as my reasonable service, and to believe that he received the sacrifice according to his word. From that time I have realized God's special blessing in my heart, knowing that I was accepted of God through Jesus Christ my Lord. Through whom I could look forward with joy and delight, for the hour of departure to come, when I should go and be with Jesus, where he is, and behold his glory.

When I hear others speak of higher attainments in grace than I have made, I praise God that they are for me also, for Jesus is always the same; and what he has done for another, he is ready and willing to do for me if I will seek to have him do it, and am willing to let him do it in his own way. This is my greatest desire. Praise the Lord.

It is an unspeakable mercy when the soul seems to see all those perfections, once a brazen wall to keep him out, now a brazen wall to keep him safe.



## ON DRESS.

BY AMANDA M. KNAPP.

THE Apostle Paul wrote to the Christians, at Rome, "Be not conformed to this world;" and this injunction is no less binding upon us, in everything, and especially in regard to dress. Who is there of us, my dear sisters, endued with the Spirit, and having Christ formed within, that has not, at times, been given to see the extreme foolishness and inconsistency of conforming to the fashions of this world? Must it be said of us, that, having "been enlightened," "their eyes have they closed, lest they should see and be converted" in that respect, "and I should heal them?" There are those who plead for a trifling ornament or a tasty bonnet, because their consciences, they say, do not condemn them. To such I have nothing to say at present. My errand is not to them, but to those who have renounced the world for Christ. To you, dear sisters, let me ask is your renunciation complete? Do you not wear your dresses longer than decency requires, inconveniently trailing them in the dirt, and rendering them liable to be stepped upon merely because it is fashion? Do you not wear costly garments merely for display, when cheaper ones would be just as durable and comfortable? Does your bonnet answer the end for which bonnets are designed, to protect your face and head from scorching sun and chilling wind? or, is it made conformable to fashion, and to answer only for ornament? You pray like the psalmist, "Try me, O, God; and search me, and see if there be anything wrong about me;" and like the young man who came to Jesus, "What wilt thou have me to do?" Are you not afraid to examine, concerning your dress, lest He shall say, 'go, sell all you have that is unnecessary, and exchange that silk shawl with rich, heavy fringe, and that costly brocha for cheaper ones, and give the balance into God's treasury?' Let me ask you in

the name of God, as to him we must all answer when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, does not your conscience admit that in these things you are being conformable to the world? I know some say we should avoid entire singularity in dress, lest we become repulsive to the unconverted, and thereby lose our influence. But if this be so, if we are to compromise a little, why not in other matters? Let us have no fears about our influence, but leave it in his hands who inspired the apostle to write, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." God grant that our minds may be so completely renewed as to transform us, not in part only, but entirely to God's will. John the Baptist, dressed very singularly, lived and talked singularly, but God took care of his influence, so that they came from all the region about Jordan, from all parts of Judea, and from its capitol, and not only heard him, but were baptized of him, confessing their sins.

### ✓ A CAMP MEETING FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In 1809, Bishop Hedding, then presiding Elder, held a camp-meeting in Hebron, Conn. From the very commencement there were signal indications of the divine presence and power. Often during the exercises, individuals would fall prostrate on the ground. As the meeting progressed, the interest continued to increase. On the fourth or fifth day, during the evening sermon, the power of the Holy Ghost fell on the congregation with overwhelming force. The people began to fall on every side. Many who had come to the meeting out of mere idle curiosity, were stricken down to the ground, and cried aloud for mercy. Many of other Christian denominations, who were greatly prejudiced against the Methodists, and especially against such exercises, fell powerless to the earth, and afterwards acknowledged the mighty

hand of God. Quite a number of Methodists, also, who had never witnessed such scenes, and were strongly opposed to them, fell along with the others. It was an awful hour of the manifestation of God's power and grace. Within the space of a few minutes, it was ascertained that not less than *five hundred* lay prostrate by the power of the Holy Ghost. Although it was evening, the report of these events was spread through the town of Colchester, a few miles distant; and the people flocked in crowds to the scene. Physicians came, and passed around among the prostrate people, feeling the pulses of the helpless; they looked, as they passed around, as solemn as if they were first going to the judgment. The people were all amazed and confounded; the scoffer was silenced; the blasphemer turned pale, and trembled; the infidel stood aghast; the universal voice of *all* was: "Truly, this is the mighty power of God; let us adore and tremble before him." That night of glorious power, was with multitudes the turning point, that thenceforth shaped their destinies heavenward; and in the breasts of hundreds of Christians, the holy fire was kindled anew into a more glorious and inextinguishable flame. Victory was now complete.—LIFE OF HEDDING.

### THE DUMB SPEAK.

THERE can be no question that faith in prayer secures *all* blessings of the Spirit, whether miraculous or otherwise. I grant, indeed, that the prayer must be the inspiration of the Spirit—as are all pious desires—and that, consequently, if the Spirit never impels to prayers for miraculous works, they cannot be wrought: *But some promises of the Bible are utterly meaningless, or the Spirit does incite to such prayers, and such results may be realized!* To the denial of this proposition, I oppose simple facts!

I do not advocate this truth to

encourage fanaticism, but to show the Church that she possesses a magazine of convicting energy, which, if brought forth and displayed, would astonish the world.

Upon the hypothesis of those who contend that this power was voluntarily withdrawn from the Church by her Lord—I ask *when* was it withdrawn? and when that is answered, *why* was it re-called? But the answer is on hand—"Because it was no longer necessary." But why was it no longer necessary? "Because Christianity was established, and the purpose for which it was given was accomplished!" Then I answer, it existed for three hundred years after the necessity for it had ceased;\* for Christianity was established firmly, as the pillars of heaven, before the last Apostle went to his reward. And if it existed three hundred years, then, why not eighteen hundred?

I contend that all the historical authorization that Christianity needed—all that could add one particle to its weight of evidence—was experienced in the days of the Apostles. Why, then, was it continued? Was it for the sake of impression? *The world never needed impression as it does to-day!*

Where, then, is the unreasonableness of the view which is here represented. But let us guard it from misapprehension. The Church may possess a miracle-working power, so far as is necessary to produce the impression of its divinity; but it is held strictly upon the conditions of a holy life, and *faith in prayer!* This seems to be the doctrine of the Bible, and I have sought in vain for a well-grounded objection to it. There can be no danger in this view, so long as the qualifying clause is kept before the mind, viz.: That the incitements of the Spirit are necessary to such prayer and faith. I do not believe that a state of "ordinary piety" can claim it, for this is a most palpable misnomer. "Ordinary piety"

\* According to Mosheim, miracles had not entirely ceased in the fourth century!

is, in fact, gross impiety ! and to such God will never vouchsafe the higher blessings with which he "honors those who honor him," by deep communings and unflinching trust.

See Life of Garrettson, page 97 : — "A remarkable circumstance happened respecting a young lady who was brought up in the quaker persuasion. It pleased the Lord to awaken her when very young. She experienced the pardoning love of God, and continued to enjoy it for some time. By degrees, however, she got off her watch, having none to strengthen, but many to draw her away. She at length fell from God, and became as wild and trifling as ever. Soon after this, she was entirely deprived of her speech; the enemy of her soul persuaded her to believe that it was a sin for her to do any kind of work, or even to dress herself; and if they gave her a book to read, she thought it sinful to turn over a leaf, and would read no more unless some one would perform this office for her. It was impressed on her mind, that there was a people in a particular place who served the Lord, and, if she could get among them, they would be a means of restoring her to her speech. She had never heard of a Methodist; and the place which was revealed to her was nearly twenty miles from her residence, where there was a young, loving society. Though she knew nothing of the way, she set off to find that place and people. Her family, missing her, pursued and brought her back. Not long after, she made a more successful attempt, and found the society. The Lord revealed her case to them. There was a preacher present, Mr. Daniel Ruff, who consented to call a meeting, and they cried to the Lord in her behalf that day and the next. She then went into a private room, kneeled down to prayer, and continued there till the Lord blessed her soul. At the same her tongue was loosened, and she could speak forth the praises of Israel's God. She had been dumb about two years."—LIFE OF FREEBORN GARRETTSON.

## ENTHUSIASM.

Now, if such things are enthusiasm, and the fruits of a distempered brain, let my brain be evermore possessed of that happy distemper ! If this be distraction, I pray God that the world of mankind may be seized with this benign, meek, beneficent, beatifical, glorious distraction ! If agitations of body were found in the French prophets, and ten thousand prophets more, it is little to their purpose who bring it as an objection against such a work as this, unless their purpose be to disprove the whole of the Christian religion. The great affections and high transports that others have lately been under, are in general of the same kind with those in the instance that has been given, though, not to so high a degree, and many of them not so pure and unmixed, and so well regulated.

I have had opportunity to observe many instances here and elsewhere; and, though there are some instances of great affection, in which there has been a great mixture of nature with grace, and in some a sad degenerating of religious affections; yet, there is such uniformity observable, that it is easy to be seen that in general it is the same spirit from whence the work in all parts of the land has originated.

"And what notions have they of religion who reject what has been described, as not true religion ? What shall we find to answer those expressions in Scripture ?—"The peace of God that passeth all understanding; rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory, in believing and loving an unseen Saviour; all joy and peace in believing; God's shining into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge, of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ; with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and being changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord; having the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost given to us; having the Spirit of God and of glory rest



upon us; a being called out of darkness, into marvelous light; and having the day-star arise in our hearts." I say, if those things that have been mentioned do not answer these expressions, what else can we find out that does answer them? Those that do not think such things as these to be the fruits of the true Spirit, would do well to consider what kind of spirit they are waiting and praying for, and what sort of fruits they expect he should produce when he comes.—"EDWARDS."

### NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

IT WAS A late hour at night. The city of N—, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water-side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which the people of N— and the students of — college mutually shared. The work was *too heavy* for him, and he had invited his young friend, an impenitent lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian laborers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, not a word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and Noah's prophecies were all fulfilled, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half thoughtful, half-trifling manner; "perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love."

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid day after day, in building an ark in N—, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labors, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those

who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding school in —. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of widespread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the up-building of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation.

Sabbath school children who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

Teachers in bible classes and Sabbath schools, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-boards that tell the road, but are not travelers on it; or like Noah's carpenters who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters, and must expect their doom.

Printers, sewers, folders and binders, engaged in making bibles and religious books, booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing

much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but so many of whom are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing, that while their toils have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack-mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters who built a ship they never sailed.

Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men, who help to build churches and sustain the instructions of the gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ, that they may have life," are hewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rudder;" but they may find too late that when they would ride they must swim—that when they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds unmixed with faith, as a mill-stone about their necks.

Moralists who attend church and support the ministry, but who do not receive into their hearts the gospel they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Professed ministers of the gospel who preach the truth without practising it, who commend the love of Christ without experiencing it, who guide the wandering to the fold of Christ without entering it themselves—are they not like Noah's carpenters? If Paul might indulge the apprehension lest, when he had "preached to others," he should himself be a "castaway," may not those of us who follow at a sad distance from Paul in the Christian race, well see to it that we are not left to buffet the waves of an overwhelmed world, when some of those whom we have led into the ark are borne triumphantly above the billows in which we are engulfed?

Perhaps the Christian reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark-builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These

things ought they to have done." The danger is, that the great thing will be left undone. "Run, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that 'getting on the rudder' of the ark, and all other human devices for human salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it is safe, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive branch are in this ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut they only that are in the ark will 'remain alive.'" Who can abide that storm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive that deluge?—MESSENGER.

### “ENTHUSIASTS.”

THE most common of all the enthusiasts of this kind, are those who imagine themselves Christians, and are not. These abound, not only in all parts of our land, but in most parts of the habitable earth. That they are not Christians is clear and undeniable, if we believe the oracles of God. For, Christians are holy; these are unholy. Christians love God; these love the world. Christians are humble; these are proud. Christians are gentle; these are passionate. Christians have the mind which was in Christ; these are at the utmost distance from it. Consequently, they are no more Christians than they are arch angels. Yet, they imagine themselves so to be, and they can give several reasons for it. For they have been *called* so ever since they can remember; they were *christened* many years ago; they embrace the *Christian opinion*, vulgarly termed the Christian or Catholic faith. They use the *Christian words of worship*, as their fathers did before them. They live, what is called a good, *Christian life*, as the rest of their neighbors do. And who shall presume to think or say that these men are not Christians? though without one grain of true faith

in Christ, or of real inward holiness; without ever having tasted the love of God, or been “made partakers of the Holy Ghost.”

O, poor self-deceivers! Christians ye are not; but you are enthusiasts in a high degree. Physicians, heal yourselves! But first know your disease; your whole life is enthusiasm; as being all suitable to the imagination that you have received that grace of God which you have not. In consequence of this grand mistake, you blunder on, day by day, speaking and acting under a character which does in no wise belong to you. Hence arises that palpable, glaring inconsistency, that runs through your whole behaviour, which is an awkward mixture of real heathenism and imaginary Christianity. Yet, still, as you have so vast a majority on your side, you will always carry it by mere dint of numbers, “That you are the only men in your senses, and all are lunatics who are not as you are.” But this alters not the nature of things. In the sight of God and his holy angels, yea, and all the children of God upon earth, ye are mere mad-men, mere enthusiasts, all! Are ye not? Are you not “walking in a vain shadow,”—a shadow of religion,—a shadow of happiness? Are you not still “disquieting yourselves in vain,” with misfortunes as imaginary as your happiness or religion? Do you not fancy yourselves great or good? very knowing and very wise? How long? perhaps till death brings you back to your senses, to bewail your folly forever and ever!—“WESLEY.”

“I HAVE not found,” says Flavel, that God hath made much use of laboured periods, rhetorical flowers, and elegancies, to improve the power of religion in the world; yea, I have observed how Providence hath sometimes rebuked good men when they have too much affected these pedantic fooleries, in withdrawing from them his usual aids, and exposing them to shame.”



## EXPERIENCE AND LABORS

OF REV. J. FOHL.

I WAS BORN June 1st, 1815, in Antrim township, Franklin Co., Penn.

My parents, (John and Susana Fohl,) were members of the Lutheran church, lived a strictly moral life. (Father being an elder in the church for many years,) but unfortunately he had a form of godliness only, and knew nothing of the power.

I was taught a form of prayer in very early life; those "said prayers" I repeated every evening, and often I would conceal myself in the barn or woods and pray in secret.

I abhorred the company of drunkards and swearers, and was never guilty of blaspheming the name of God.

When about ten years of age, I made several narrow escapes with my life. One evening, having ventured to ride a vicious young horse to water, he, on returning, took fright, and I not having strength to govern him, he ran at full speed; the stable door being open, he rushed in; when a few paces from the door, seeing my danger, I laid flat upon his back, and while in that position the top of the frame grazed my back.

A short time afterwards, I was bathing alone in a large creek in sight of my father's house. I ventured into deep water, though not able at the time to swim. I sank and rose to the surface of the water the second time, and while in the act of sinking the third time, a large colored man, who had lived with my father for years, came along the shore and rescued me from death.

Those kind interpositions of Providence made a deep impression upon my mind, as I knew I was unprepared to die, and I frequently vowed before God that I would serve him, but being fond of sport and amusement, I grieved the Holy Spirit. About the year 1827, a Union Sunday School was organized, two miles distant. At the request of my parents, I attended regularly. I soon became so delighted in memoriz-

ing Scripture, that it was my daily study. I well recollect on one Sabbath repeating to my teacher two hundred and sixty verses out of the Bible.

About this time, two local preachers, Bros. P. Hobecker and J. Dome, of the United Brethren Church, visited our neighborhood, and held a series of meetings.

At the request of father, they would frequently lodge with us. Their pious example and godly conversation made a deep impression upon our minds. On a certain Sabbath, my mother came out publicly and requested the prayers of the minister. In witnessing that scene, I trembled upon my seat, and wept sore.

In the seventeenth year of my age, on the 10th of May, 1832, I was awakened, in my father's house, to a sense of my lost condition. My form of godliness and self-righteousness then appeared as "filthy rags." I felt myself to be the chief of sinners. After drinking the gall and wormwood of repentance for one hour, I received the pardon of my sins as clear as a sunbeam. I arose from my knees, threw my arms around my father's neck, and declared to him the nature of the new birth, which, I was then convinced, he had not as yet experienced. The Spirit sealed the truth, and my dear father was the first person won to Christ through my feeble instrumentality.

I saw the world lying in wickedness as I had never seen it before. My heart soon became burdened for the souls of my fellow beings; and though but a boy, I held prayer-meetings, and exhorted my neighbors to flee from the wrath to come; many of whom became awakened and converted to God. By the solicitation of the Lutheran pastor, I was sent to the Theological Seminary, at Gettysburg, Penn., preparatory for the ministry. But as soon as I entered the door, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, "This is not the place for you." Perceiving that the moral condition of many of

the students was very corrupt, this voice continued to follow me unceasingly, until I wept freely and cried out, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I left the college and was then placed under the tuition of a very pious teacher of the M. E. Church, in the same town. In the spring of 1833, I returned home, however, with the fixed determination to pursue the study of the Holy Scriptures.

About this time my mind became deeply concerned for the poor and outcast in the mountainous ridges and isolated places, and I was convinced that God had called me to bear unto that people the tidings of salvation.

On the 2d of December, 1835, with exhorter's license, I resolved to "try the Spirit." I started north, upon a tour of one hundred miles. After exploring mountains and valleys in pursuit of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, I returned home, having been absent nearly two months, conscious of the fact that "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

I was admitted into the Annual Conference, held at Lebanon, Penn., in March, 1836, and appointed to Clearfield circuit, being in the twenty-first year of my age. This circuit was situated in the wilds of the Alleghany mountains, embracing part of five counties, and was two hundred and fifty miles in circumference. The population being thinly dispersed over a great part of the country, I traveled in places having but a foot-path and blazed trees to guide me from one appointment to another.

During the month of May of the same year, after a long ride through rain and miry roads, I called at the door of an humble cabin and asked permission to stay during the night. The occupants were a young colored couple. They stated that they were not prepared to entertain strangers. I replied, I was a plain youth, and easily served. I was then invited to dismount, and take my seat by a huge fire in one end of the cabin. I did so, and availed myself of the opportunity

to dry my wet clothing, which had become well saturated by the falling rain in which I had rode during the day. Supper was prepared, and I was invited to partake with my kind host and hostess. After imploring a blessing, we ate, and felt much refreshed. Supper being over, I inquired whether they could sing; they answered, one or two hymns only, that they had learned years ago. I then inquired whether they would permit me to sing a hymn, and have prayer with them, which was granted. Just as we bowed before the mercy seat, before I had uttered a word, a rap was heard at the door. The man of the house arose from his knees, and went softly to the door, and in opening the same, admitted a large colored man, in appearance about forty years old. Considering the forest in which the cabin was situated, the darkness of the night, and the rain still unabating, this stranger surprised me much. By this time we had all arisen to our feet, yet not one word was spoken. I then remarked, as we had been disturbed, we would now kneel and have prayer. All knelt except the stranger. During prayer, he walked to the opposite side of the room, took the candle, and seated himself within a few feet of me, and gazed into my face, with the candle in his hand, while I was leading in prayer. As soon as I closed, he arose hastily, and beckoned to the man of the house to follow. After a consultation of considerable length, out of doors in the rain, the man of the house came in, and the woman was called out. After a few moments, I heard her as she burst into tears, and the stranger use profane language.

The late call and the suspicious conduct of the stranger, convinced me that something was being planned, perhaps a conspiracy to destroy my life. I walked to the door and addressed myself mildly to the stranger, making the inquiry whether anything was wrong. The stranger replied that I was a kidnapper, and came thus in disguise to deceive his son-in-law and

daughter. Here I learned for the first time that this stranger was father-in-law to my host. He became much excited, and, for a little time, seemed ready to crush me. I still spoke kindly, telling him he was greatly mistaken; that I had been sent into that mountainous country to call sinners to repentance.

He said he did not believe it. I then said, suppose I were a kidnapper, what could I do, as I am but a boy? Any colored man of ordinary size and strength could easily conquer me. I found this last argument made an impression upon his mind, and, by this time, he stepped upon the sill of the door, and stood by my side. I told him we had better enjoy the advantage of the fire, to which he consented. After viewing me very closely, seeing I was indeed but a youth, he begged pardon for the way he had conducted himself. Said he, "I wonder I did not strike you, as I would stain my hands in the blood of a kidnapper, if I knew I would hang for it the next hour." He expressed surprise the second time that he had not struck me. I endeavored to render myself as agreeable to him as I could. After considerable conversation, I proposed to retire to rest. There was but one bed in the cabin, and my host insisted that I should occupy it. I consented, with the request that his father-in-law should enjoy part with me. This I said, not that I was anxious to have him as a bed fellow, but to secure his favor. However, he declined, saying, he would take the floor with the rest. After the light was extinguished, the old man made this remark: "Bless your star that I did not strike you." I committed myself into the hands of God, closed my eyes in sleep, and did not awake until the next morning. When I arose, I saw the old man was gone, and I saw him no more. Now for the sequel. The young man with whom I lodged was a fugitive slave from the South; had come into that country four years previous; married the daughter of the old man, and com-

menced farming. In the same cabin in which I lodged had lived another fugitive (single man,) whom they called Sam. He having gone to the county seat a few days previous, was arrested, hand-cuffed, and carried to the South. The old man came with all haste at that late hour, to bear the tidings. Two months after, the man with whom I lodged, was also kidnapped, torn from the embrace of his wife, carried to the South, and heard of no more. Surely God's special providence was exercised towards me.

During this year my trials were peculiar,—being a stranger in a strange land; often fording rivers, while the banks were overflowing, while in the forest, in which my path lay, were panthers, bears and wolves.

The people, though generally poor, were exceedingly kind. A camp-meeting, near "Cherry Tree," in the month of August, was the first ever held on that circuit. Sinners were awakened and converted, and many added to the church.

The second year I was appointed to Washington circuit, in the western part of Pennsylvania, in connection with Bro. J. Wallace. This work also embraced part of five counties. During the year we explored part of Green county, where the people were destitute of schools and churches, and had never been visited by any ministers, save two Universalists, about two years previous. Their manners and customs were but little superior to the heathen; yet, every cabin was open for our reception,—the people coming five and six miles through the forest, (with their guns, which they stacked in front of the cabin,) to hear the Gospel. On one occasion, while I was preaching at the house of Peter Ernest, suddenly the power of God came down upon the people, some of whom cried aloud for mercy. A part of the congregation rushed to the door with all possible haste, as though some great catastrophe was about to befall them. After I had labored with the mourners for some time, those aff-



righted ones returned to the door, and seeing that the danger was not so great as they anticipated, they ventured to enter and occupy the front seats.

The church of the United Brethren in Christ, in western Pennsylvania, had been established, principally, through the instrumentality of Father Jacob Winters, who, for many years, labored extensively, catechising the people, preaching the Gospel, and establishing churches. He was a man of warm affections, good talents, deep piety, and ardent zeal; having the advantage of both the German and English languages, he preached with great acceptability, and many souls were won to Christ as seals to his ministry. Long shall I remember the tears and admonitions of that man of God.

The third year I was appointed to the Chambersburg circuit, in connection with Bro. J. Kesler. The boundary of this circuit was the land of my nativity. Being naturally very timid, and viewing many of the people as my superiors in point of knowledge, I labored under many embarrassments in the early part of the year.

Bro. J. Markwood, (now Bishop of the Virginia conference,) was then laboring upon the Hagerstown circuit. About the month of August, 1838, we agreed to exchange for one round. While passing through Middletown Valley, (Md.,) Peter-like, "Satan desired to have me that he might sift me as wheat." For the first time I doubted my call to the ministry; the enemy suggested that I was but an intruder in the sacred office, and that I had better return home, as I was standing in the way of others who might be useful in the vineyard of the Lord. My mind became deeply distressed to know the will of God, concerning me. One morning, I took my Bible and repaired to a lonely wood, and spent the day in fasting, reading and prayer. My plea at a throne of grace was, O, God, if thou hast called me to the work of the ministry, give me one soul, this night, as a seal to my ministry. In the evening, a large assembly

convened at the church, near Father Clapper's, to hear the stranger. After passing through the introductory part of my subject, suddenly the power of God came upon me to such a degree as I had never experienced, and though there was no excitement in the neighborhood at the time, the cry of the penitent was heard in the congregation, "what must I do to be saved." I gave an invitation to the mourners; three came to the altar for prayers; one of whom, the same hour, experienced the pardon of her sins, the evidence seeming as clear as a sunbeam. I returned to Father Clapper's happy in God, my Saviour. But, during the night, the enemy sought to persuade me that another had sowed the seed, and I accidentally came along and reaped the harvest, and I was not the instrument in winning that soul to Christ.

By the next morning, distress of mind had returned. I regretted exceedingly that I had ever assumed the character of a minister. I started for my next appointment near the now far-famed Harper's Ferry. As I rode along I prayed fervently and wept sore, still urging my plea, O, God, if I am not an intruder in the sacred office, give me the conversion of a soul for my hire this night. On arriving at the place, I found the house well filled with people, all of whom were strangers to me. I learned there was no revival in the neighborhood. After singing and prayer, I arose to preach from Num. x, 29; having spoken fifteen or twenty minutes, suddenly a lady in the congregation arose to her feet, and in the agony of her soul, cried for mercy, and came toward the stand with her arms extended, saying, O, brother, pray for me, I am lost, I am lost. This unexpected incident was like electricity in the congregation. After pointing her to the Lamb of God, for a short time, the healing-balm was applied to her soul, and she was made to rejoice in the God of her salvation. Surely, God will hear and answer prayer; to him alone be all the glory.

On the 8th of November of the same year, we commenced a protracted meeting in Chambersburg, Penn. Here we had a membership—though not numerous—well organized. Like the few names in the church of Sardis, they had not defiled their garments, but were living epistles, known and read of all men.

On Sabbath evening, the 9th of November, the power of God came down; the fountain of the great deep of the hearts of many was broken up. In a few moments the altar was filled with mourners. The work increased in interest, and was continued day and night for five weeks. All of that time, I had the happiness to weep with those that wept, and rejoice with those that did rejoice.

The fruits of that meeting were the conversion of about eighty-five souls, from among whom, God has raised up some of our most promising ministers.

On the 7th of March, 1839, I entered the marriage relation with Mary Radebaugh, she being one of the subjects of the late revival; blessed at the altar, by my side, while I was presenting to her the promises of the Saviour; after which, I received her into the church, and God gave her to me as a helpmate.

During the same month, the conference was again held at Lebanon, at which time I received ordination by Bishop S. Heistand. Chambersburg being changed to a station, I was appointed to that charge.

**BIGOTRY ILLUSTRATED.**—The venerable William Jay, in one of his sermons at Surrey Chapel, a few years since, illustrated his views of bigotry among different branches of the "household of faith," by the following anecdote:

"Some time ago a countryman said to me, 'I was exceedingly terrified, sir, this morning. I was going down to a lonely place, and I thought I saw at a distance a huge monster; it seemed in motion, but I could not discern the

form it. I did not like to turn back, yet my heart beat; and the more I looked, the more I feared; but as we approached each other, I saw it was only a man; and who do you think, sir, it was?'

"I know not."

"Oh, it was my brother John."

"Ah!" said I to myself, passing away from him, as he added that it was early in the morning and very foggy—"ah," said I, "how often, in a lonely place, and in a foggy atmosphere, has brother John been taken for a foe! Only approach nearer each other, and see clearer, and you will find, in numberless instances, what you have dreaded as a monster was a brother—and your own brother."

## PREACHING—THE NEW TESTAMENT MODEL.

BY MRS. M. H. FREELAND.

"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isaiah viii, 20.

The term preaching or preach, admits of quite a variety of significations, if we allow the practical illustrations constantly commending themselves to our attention to be genuine specimens. One presents an elaborately written and carefully studied discourse to his listeners, and solicits their attention while he reads the pleasing imagery, the rounded periods and highly wrought figures; professing, meanwhile, to be preaching the way of life. Another harrangues his audience in a loose, desultory manner, scarce making any impression upon the mind or heart, and claims alike the title of preacher. It is truly a matter of importance, then, to know, if possible, what preaching is, for surely all that passes for the true coin cannot be genuine. But by what shall we be guided in our investigation, if not by the Word of Life.

The scripture standard of preaching seems, in our estimation, to differ ma-

terially from the most commonly received views upon this subject. Do not all agree in denominating the instructions of our Saviour to his followers, as recorded in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, a sermon? And yet, where are the essential characteristics of a sermon, according to the commonly received notions, upon this subject? Where is the text? Where the firstly and secondly? Where the introduction, subject matter and conclusions, all parts so essential to a sermon in the estimation of modern divines? Again in the sermon of the apostle Peter, on the day of pentecost, we search in vain for these characteristics of a sermon, and yet, every body calls it preaching, and frequent allusion is made to the large number saved under this discourse.

Is it not possible that, with reference to this great subject of preaching, many are preaching for doctrines the commandments of men? Let us see. Nothing can now be denominated preaching, (unless, as remarked before, it be what we find on the New Testament record,) which has not a text duly announced, and the various divisions of the subject more or less clearly presented to the minds of the hearers. How has this manner of preaching come about? Do we find any such model in the New Testament? or, rather, do we not find the manner in preaching, as recorded in the New Testament, to be more in keeping with what is now technically denominated *teaching*, and confined to the imparting of instruction in the sciences and arts? "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying"—Matt. v. 1, 2. He taught them in a sitting posture, and yet these instructions are unhesitatingly called a sermon, though the inspired account does not call it preaching, but simply, "He taught them." There seems to be a similarity of meaning attached, in many places in

the New Testament, to the terms preach, teach and prophesy, all being alike applied to the great work of declaring the truth of God to the people. This will, we think, be more evident as we dwell for a little time upon the second part of our subject, viz:—Preachers. What is the New Testament or Bible view of preachers of the Gospel? According to the opinion of many, none can be preachers of the Gospel who have not been through a regular theological course of study, and be thus prepared to present learned discourses to their audiences. This was Wesley's view, when he hastened to write, forbidding certain laymen's proclaiming the everlasting Gospel to the people. "Beware what you do," said his mother, "for I believe those individuals as truly called to preach the Gospel as yourself." John Wesley did forbear to silence the newly-made preachers, and what was the result? Let the lover of Wesleyan Methodism answer. We find our blessed Saviour was not restricted to men of learning in making his selection of immediate disciples and subsequent apostles, but on the contrary, he chose unlearned and ignorant men.

This objection, upon the ground of acquired ability is, we doubt not, hindering many, even at the present day, from preaching the Gospel. There is an abiding conviction on the minds of many, that they ought to thus give up themselves to God and the church, but the fact that their education is quite limited, is to them an effectual barrier. Reader, is this thy history? Beware, lest thy Lord, when he cometh, find thee unprepared to render him his own, with use!

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In the beginning of my spiritual course, I heard the voice of God in an articulate, but inexpressibly awful sound, go through my soul in these words: *If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself.*—FLETCHER.



## G E M S.

"AT THE MOUTH OF HELL."—A short time since, I was called to the bedside of a sick man. He was a rum-seller. In health he seemed to be perfectly contented with his unhallowed traffic, but now he was changed. His physician entertained no hopes of his recovery. The poor man was racked with bodily pain, but this seemed nothing compared with his anguish of mind. He was the son of Scotch parents. In early life he had been instructed in the Scriptures, and he was able now to quote many passages with remarkable accuracy. He had intelligent views of the plan of salvation, and thought that God in his mercy through Christ would forgive him, if he had not been engaged in such business. "But now," said he, "There is no hope for me. I have been making a living *at the mouth of hell!*"

To the surprise of all, that man recovered, and is now engaged in the same business at the same place! The poor man doubtless now regards the view he then had as an illusion, but we have reason to fear that at the final day it will prove a reality.

GROWTH IN GRACE.—Unless ministers grow in grace, it is impossible for the church to grow. Ministers may preach the truth, but they will not enter into the experience of Christians, so as to meet their wants, or tell them what to do in their various spiritual circumstances, or warn them of their danger, or tell them how to meet or escape it. The minister must have experience, or he will be a blind leader of the blind. Like people like priest, is a maxim founded on principles of correct philosophy.—FINNEY.

FAULT FINDING.—Beware of discouraging the people; therefore, avoid continually finding fault with them. This does very much hurt. If you find a society fallen or falling, examine as closely as you can to find out all the good that is among them; and,

copying Christ's conduct toward the seven Asiatic Churches, preface all that you have to say on the head of their backsliding, with the good that remains in them; and make that good which they still possess, the reason why they should shake themselves from the dust, take courage, and earnestly strive for more.

Avoid the error of those who are continually finding fault with their congregations because more do not attend. Bring Christ with you, and preach his truth in the love thereof, and you will never be without a congregation, if God have any work for you to do in that place.—A. CLARKE.

A LABORIOUS PREACHER.—Thomas Smith, a Methodist preacher, who traveled the German circuit, in 1805, before roads were made or bridges built, writes, as quoted by Peck in Early Methodism:

"It has been said by some people, that ministers preach for the sake of ease and profit. I know one that has rode four thousand miles, (on horse-back,) and preached four hundred sermons in one year; and laid many nights on wet cabin floors, and sometimes covered with snow through the night, and his horse standing under a pelting storm of snow or rain; and at the end of that year, receiving his traveling expenses and four silver dollars for his salary. Now, if this be a life of pleasure, ease and profit, pray what is a life of labor and toil?"

FOLLY OF PARENTS.—One of the greatest follies of parents is the amassing wealth for their children. Solomon says:

"Yea, I hated all my labor I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me."

"And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labors wherein I have labored, and wherein I have showed myself wise under the sun. This is also vanity.—Eccl. ii, 18, 19."

## THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, NOVEMBER, 1863.

### REVIVALS.

A genuine revival of religion is the work of God. The chief characteristic of a revival is the conversion of sinners. And who can forgive sins but God only? A good mechanic leaves his imprint on his work. That keen, polished razor tells you by whom it was manufactured. This watch, marking so accurately the fleeting moments, carries, wherever it goes, the name of the skillful artisan by whom its machinery was adjusted. So revivals, by their character, proclaim their author.

"Do you not know me?" said a drunken man to Mr. Whitfield, as he staggered up to him one day.

"No, I do not," said the preacher.

"Why, I am the man that you converted when you preached in our village some weeks ago."

"This looks," said Whitfield, "like some of my work. If God had converted you, you would have been a sober man."

The papers report that the Rev. Mr. So-and-so has had a great revival in his church. It looks like it. There is no mistaking the evidences. Look at the converts! See how gaily and fashionably they are attired. The altar blooms, when they come around it, like a flower garden in May. To the utmost of their ability they adorn themselves in "gold and pearls, and costly array." The preacher certainly has had a revival. The genteel congregation proclaims it; and the large donation party, attended by the *élite* of the place, gives unquestionable attestation to the fact. Like begets like. If the revival had been of Christ, the converts would have been self-denying and cross-bearing. They would at once come out from the world and be separate, and not be conformed to it. You would find them, like Christ, sympathizing with the sorrowing and the oppressed. They would love those most who love God most.

If the revival was of Christ, there would be no opposition to Bible holiness in any of its forms or applications. Plain and pointed preaching would not kill it. There is no near-

er indication of the human origin of a revival, than the opposition of the converts to a deep work of grace.

A revival, when of God, is always accompanied with deep excitement. The mind is stirred to its lowest depths. It must be so. The great things of eternity can never be apprehended by a human mind without the emotions being strongly marked. The closer the apprehension of the awful truths relating to our destiny, the more we shall feel in view of them. All the talk about religious excitement being appropriated only to days of ignorance is sheer nonsense. The more intelligent people are, the more closely they ought to apprehend Divine truth, and therefore the more deeply should they be moved. Daniel, and Paul, and John were men of strong minds; yet a vision of Divine realities overpowered them. Whitfield, and Wesley, and Edwards, and Irving were men of intelligence, and yet they lived in a blaze of excitement all their days. On the Day of Pentecost a great noise was made, and the multitude came together. When Philip preached Christ in Samaria, there was great joy in that city. When Paul preached in Ephesus, "there was no small stir about that way." "Many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them, also, which used curious arts, brought their books together and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." Could such events transpire in any city without excitement?

If you intend to repress every outburst of deep emotion; if you will not allow the saints to shout with exultation when the spirit prompts to this—or sinners to cry out in anguish when deeply smitten—if you want the order of death and the stillness of the graveyard to prevail in the sanctuary of God, you may as well not talk of having a revival of religion. While such influences prevail, a revival of God's work is impossible.

2. A revival of God's work is greatly needed. This nation is fast relapsing into idolatry. Our rulers are the representatives of the people. We have not heard of our rulers, in the day of our calamity, humbling themselves and calling upon God for help; but we do hear of splendid balls and parties being given, while the nation is clad in mourning.

A prayer meeting in the White House would be a novelty unheard of; but it is currently reported that the President and his Cabinet have consulted the spirits of departed statesmen through the aid of modern spiritual mediums. Thus has the worshipping of devils been inaugurated. A step has been taken for the emancipation of the oppressed; but it has been done simply as a war measure, and not because demanded by the voice of God and the rights of humanity. "EXPEDIENCY" is the God at whose altar our politicians worship, and ministers and churches are fast following the pernicious example. We need a revival that shall dethrone this modern Belial, raze his altars, and cut down his groves—one that shall beget in the hearts of the people a love of righteousness that no selfishness can smother nor interest blind.

The churches are dead. Where is there one, of any denomination, that even professes to have kept its first love? How small a proportion of church members have even the form of Godliness! Fashion, and pride, and worldliness almost universally prevail. But a very small number of nominal Christians can, in the light of the Gospel, be regarded as in the way to Heaven. They love the world, and readily engage in anything that they can with safety, which promises to add to their possessions. If in business, they scruple not to shave notes; if in farming, they will sell milk or make cheese on Sunday, or raise hops or make wine, if it can be done to profit.

Iniquity abounds. Never in this country did the ungodly so glory in their shame. Well-dressed men, of aristocratic mien; and fine appearing ladies, drink their brandy on the cars with unblushing boldness. Sabbath breaking is becoming almost universal. Sabbath trains are run on all our railroads, and there is said to be no lack of patronage, even by professors of religion. Multitudes are thronging the way to death and hell, and nothing but a great and powerful revival of religion can arrest them in their terrible career. Do we not need one? Is it not the great want of the times? Without a powerful revival, matters will go on from bad to worse. The moral character of the world never has improved, and never will improve, only as the truth of God prevails, and His spirit moves upon the people. Will you look at the necessity for a revival until you feel it—deeply feel

it? If you see its necessity, will you do all you can for its promotion?

THE GENESEE CONVENTION of the Free Methodist Church met at Parma Center, N. Y., Oct. 1st. Four preachers were admitted to the traveling connection. The funeral sermon of three preachers, who died during the year, was preached by Rev. Levi Wood, from Rom. 8th, 20th, 23. It was a profound, powerful, affecting discourse.

Of Rev. L. Stiles, Jr., one of the deceased, we have spoken at length in these columns. His death has left a vacancy that never can be supplied.

Rev. Charles Hudson was a deeply devoted man of God, and a preacher of much more than ordinary ability. He was naturally of an amiable spirit, strong constitution, full of life and energy, and, being wholly sanctified to God, was a very useful and promising preacher. He labored, the year previous to his death, on the Gowanda and Collins circuit, with great acceptability. His end was peace.

Rev. Alfred Abell, a son of Rev. Asa Abell, was a member, for several years, of the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church. Feeling straitened in the discharge of duty, he withdrew from the Conference, and, while able to labor, supplied the Sweden circuit of the Free Methodist Church. He was an able preacher, an upright, conscientious man of God. He died at the residence of his father, in holy triumph.

The statistics of the Convention show an increase of about 150 members and probations.

The preachers were stationed as follows for the coming year:

NORTHERN DISTRICT.—J. W. Reddy, Chairman.

Parma and Chili, Wm. Manning, J. McAlpin. West Sweden and Brockport, G. W. Marcellus. Albion, John W. Reddy. Kendall, George Coleman. Clarkson, E. Herrick. Lindonville, Henry Hornsby. Porter and Wilson, J. B. Freeland. Lockport, Pekin and Tonawanda, C. D. Brooks, Wm. Jackson.

MIDDLE DISTRICT.—Asa Abell, Chairman.

Buffalo, to be supplied. Akron and Alden,



A. A. Phelps. West Falls, A. G. Terry. Wales and Pratham, Otis O. Bacon. Perry and Burke Hill, Samuel H. Lowe. Asbury and Le Roy, G. W. Humphreys. Cary and Shelby, R. Canfield. Java, to be supplied, German Mission, J. C. Thomas.

**SOUTHERN DISTRICT.**—Levi Wood, Chairman.

**Allegany,** Levi Wood. **Gowanda and Collins,** Wm. Jones. **Rushford and Belmont,** A. F. Curry. **Cadiz and East Otto,** to be supplied. **Humphrey, A. B. Mathewson.** **Eldred,** to be supplied. **Asa Abell, Convention Missionary.**

**THE SUSQUEHANNA CONVENTION** of the Free Methodist Church, met at Binghamton the 8th of October. Ten preachers were admitted to the Conference. The statistics show an increase of about 250 members and probations.

The appointments for the coming year are as follows:

**SYRACUSE DISTRICT.**—D. W. Thurston, Chairman.

**Syracuse and Utica,** D. W. Thurston, J. Mathews. **Nelson and Fenner,** Z. Osborne. **Chenango and Otsego,** J. Alney, A. T. Holliday. **Grafton and Schoharie,** A. B. Burdick. **Skaneateles and Owasco,** R. J. Bronson. **Quapalin Mission,** H. Fox.

**WAYNE DISTRICT.**—To be supplied.

**Rose, Clyde and Sodus,** M. N. Downing, one to be supplied. **Bushnell's Basin,** W. Gould. **Chemung and Naples,** T. W. Reed, J. Guion.

**BINGHAMTON DISTRICT.**—W. Cooley, Chairman.

**Binghamton, D. M. Sinclair.** **White Haven, J. Carver.** **Eaton, T. F. Johnson.** **Gibson, W. Smith.** **Windsor and Carbondale,** W. Cooley. **Vestal and Union,** J. B. Stacy.

#### ANTIOCH BAPTIST CHURCH.

This is a church started in New York for the promotion of Gospel-Holiness. The pastor is the Rev. John Quincy Adams, with whom we have been permitted to form a most pleasing acquaintance. He is a devoted laborer, professing the blessing of entire sanctification, and working earnestly for the spread of that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." From "the Fourth Annual

Report" we learn that they have 257 members. The following are stated as the peculiarities of the Antioch Church:

1. The seats are free, and everybody who desires to worship God is welcome.

2. The pastor receives no stated salary, but depends on God, and receives only the free-will offerings of the people.

3. Congregational singing, led by the pastor, in which all are invited to join.

4. The proclamation of a free salvation to sinners, and a full salvation to believers.

5. The observance of daily worship, and the breaking of bread every Lord's day.

A neatly printed, well-filled monthly magazine of sixteen pages, of which the pastor is the editor, is published under their auspices. The subscription price is fifty cents a year. The Report says: In reference to our pecuniary matters, we have received—in collections, \$1,648 31; in subscriptions, gifts, &c., \$2,383 59; total, \$4,031 91. This is more than we ever raised among ourselves before, and yet we have needed it all, to carry on God's work, and if more had been needed it would have been supplied. The year has been one of unprecedented prosperity, and though our net increase numerically has not been great, yet we realize that our moral power was never so great as now.

God has widely extended our influence, and in addition to all He has done by us in this land, one of our sisters is laboring in Scotland for the promotion of holiness: circulating our publications, and bearing testimony to the blessed doctrine of holiness.

Brother Adams speaks as follows of one of our camp meetings, which he and some of his people attended, and to the success of which his labor contributed:

#### WINDSOR CAMP MEETING.

"We were permitted, in the kind providence of God, in company with about a dozen others from New York and Brooklyn, four of whom were ministers of different denominations, to attend a camp meeting in Broome Co., N. Y., in the latter part of August, among the 'Free Methodists.' The meeting was greatly blessed to all present, so far as we could judge, and our own soul was greatly refreshed and quickened in the Divine life, by the power of the Holy Spirit. We were

never in a meeting where the spirit of true Christian union was more abundantly manifested, or where we felt so perfectly free to do just what the Holy Spirit might prompt, without the least restraint. The preaching was the most simple, bold and powerful we have ever heard, reminding us of what we have read of the days of Wesley and Whitfield, and of Primitive Methodism, when an unusual unction and power attended the word of its godly pioneers. We have heard learned and eloquent sermons from men of high standing in various denominations, but *never* sermons of such power as fell from the lips of the holy men of God who there spake.

"The meetings for social conference, which occupied much of the time, were exceedingly refreshing and edifying. The Holy Spirit alone seemed to preside in these meetings, and the most blessed liberty and harmony prevailed.

The hospitality exhibited was also in keeping with the spirit of the Gospel. We saw *not the first exhibition of selfishness, but the most unobtrusive manifestation of benevolence and Christian kindness.* These people believe in trusting God for full salvation, temporal and spiritual—for soul and body.

"We heard some remarkable testimonies in reference to trusting Jesus as the physician of the body—simply looking to Him, without the aid of physicians or taking medicine—both in chronic affections of long standing, and in malignant diseases. The cures effected were nothing short of miracles. Our space is too limited to say all we would like to, but we shall bless God, in time and eternity, for our acquaintance with the Free Methodists, and the camp meeting at Windsor."

#### GOD BLESS THE SOLDIERS!

One of them writes as follows:

HAMMOND GENERAL HOSPITAL, }  
Point Lookout, Md., Oct. 6, 1863. }

REV. B. T. ROBERTS—Dear Brother in the Lord: I enlisted soon after you were at my house in Charlotte. I have read your pamphlet so much, and the spirit of them is so good and seems so much like that of the blessed Saviour, that I have become attached to it. I have been trying, with a few brethren, to serve God, although soldiers, and far from home. We have a meeting in a pine grove near here, and believers have been strength-

ened, and still others have been converted, and still others are seeking God. Please tell the readers of your Earnest Christian that soldiers are being saved from their sins. Some are seeking the blessings of perfect love.

There are 35 rebel officers here in the ward with me, and a few rebel privates. We have prayers together evenings, praying with and for each other. Some of them have read your pamphlet, and they are anxious to understand the true faith. The Lord is at work here. There have been a number converted, and we are looking for greater things. Pray for us.

WM. H. HULL.

#### ANOTHER SAYS:

HAMMOND GENERAL HOSPITAL, }  
Point Lookout, Md., Oct. 8, 1863. }

REV. B. T. ROBERTS—Dear Brother in the Lord: I am in the hospital, and having a few leisure moments, I thought I would drop you a few lines to let you know how us soldiers *get along in the hospital, and also to inform you what the Lord has done, and is still doing, for the soldiers at Point Lookout.* Of late, a few of us have met out in the grove for the purpose of prayer. As we prayed the Lord heard us and blessed us. Each time we met the Lord filled us more full of his love. This was too good to keep to ourselves. Yes, bless the Lord, the cup run over. Others came in, and souls were converted, and professors renewed and again took courage to still persevere. Our meetings are still going on, and much good is being done. I hope we shall have your prayers to aid us in the good work. It was only a short time ago that I received two copies of your Earnest Christian from my home in Illinois, and I can tell you they were read with interest. Since I have read them through, I have let others have them to read, and it does me good to hear them talk about the Earnest Christian. It is just what they want; it is the right kind of reading, and what it says is so true—and it is so explained that it can be understood. There are those here from almost every Evangelical denomination, and all unite in speaking a good word for the Earnest Christian.

I have been now over two years in the service, and I have passed through many hardships, trials and bloody scenes, but in them all the Lord has been with me, and shielded and

guarded me. I have trusted in Him, and I have not been confounded. At times dark clouds would seem to rise before me, but I bless God to-day that they have passed away, and all is brightness, joy and love. Now I can go on my way rejoicing in God, the rock of my salvation, from day to day.

The soldiers here pass a good share of their time in the reading room. Some may be seen fishing, and others walking quietly in the grove. Those who are confined to their beds do not get along quite so well, but still, if they are not too sick, they will have something to do.

Of late, 400 rebel prisoners, that are patients, have arrived here. They are badly cut up. About 250 of them are on crutches. About a mile from here there are some 5,000 rebel prisoners in camp; so you see we are pretty well surrounded. I hope the time will soon come when this war shall end, and when we shall be permitted to return to our homes.

I still remain yours truly,

A. P. THORN.

#### A YOUNG CONVERT WRITES:

REV. B. T. ROBERTS—Sir: My chief object in writing is to say that "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Such was the language of Paul, and every man will respond to it who comprehends the character and has felt the influence of Christianity. I have been a soldier in the service of my country for the last 14 months, and I rejoice to-day that I enlisted when I did, for the trials, hardships and experiences that I have passed through, together with the heart-rending scenes that I have witnessed, incident to a soldier's life, have fully convinced me of the importance of re-enlisting in the service of Christ. I praise God for His loving mercy, for it is through His blessings that I am permitted this opportunity to write. But a few days have passed since I resolved to serve Christ, but I have long thought of it, and considered it my duty to do so, and I hope, as I have so long premeditated upon it, and have now volunteered purely from a sense of duty to myself and to my God, that I may prove a valiant soldier in His service. Although I am physically disabled for my country's service, yet I praise God that I am able and willing to serve Him. I rejoice that a few of my brother soldiers have had, and

improved, the opportunity to dedicate a beautiful little grove, near this hospital, to the service of God. It is there that I have been greatly benefited, and it was there that I resolved to serve Christ, and I hope by my own exertions, and God's assistance, to live, the residue of my life, in His service.

And now let all of my dear friends who read these few lines, feel that each one of us have a duty to perform, and if we do our duty we are sure of an everlasting reward. My advice, my friends, is, to obey this command: "Search the Scriptures," and we shall find them abounding in passages like the following: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, for all these things, God will bring thee to judgment."

From your ob't serv't,

CHARLES R. FORD.

OCTOBER 16, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS. You will please find fifty cents currency enclosed. I wish you to send me as many numbers of the *October Earnest* as you can afford, as I want to distribute them among a class who, I think, may be induced to subscribe next year. The first piece is worth more than five dollars to anybody whose views correspond with those, and I hope it will open the eyes of some of the blind ones, and induce them to stop, if but for a moment, and consider the facts as you have so clearly set them forth.

May the blessings of God attend all your labors, is the prayer of one whom God is blessing much.

Yours in the work,

D. B. I.

#### REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

It is a blessed truth that we are saved through faith. All things are possible to him that believeth. Faith brings pardon and purity to the penitent soul. But it is a great mistake to imagine that saving faith can be brought into exercise at the bidding of the will. We cannot believe when we please. The order of God is, *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* (Mark i, 15.) There can be no evangelical faith unless it is preceded by a repentance so deep that it leads to the confessing and forsaking of every sin, and to restitu-



tion, as far as possible, where others have been wronged. There may be presumption that puts on pious airs and talks confidently of being in a gracious state, without this thorough repentance, but there can be no evangelical faith. As eighteen hundred years ago, so now, John the Baptist is the forerunner of Christ.

If you find any difficulty in believing, see if you do not owe a confession to some one about whom you have talked too freely. See if there is no property in your possession that belongs to others,—no subscriptions for periodicals or benevolent causes yet unpaid. We once saw a vessel launched. It stood firm till the stays were all taken away; but as the last wedge was knocked out, it glided smoothly into the water as a thing of life. So the natural element of man is faith, into which he easily glides when every obstacle is taken away. He must have something on which to lean. As soon as he cuts loose from everything which keeps him from Christ, he is almost irresistibly drawn to his loving arms. But every one knows that God cannot be deceived. Until there is a consciousness of a willingness to obey him in everything, it is difficult to believe that he adopts us as sons. We must come out and be separate before he receives us. Are you doing it? Do you repent and forsake? Then fall into the arms of Jesus. He will take you and keep you unto life eternal, if you do not tear yourself from him. He will never forsake you, unless you first forsake him.

#### HAPPY DYING.

If you would have a happy death, go on to perfection. A holy Christian will have a happy death; this is the rule. I know there are exceptions to every rule, and there are exceptions to this. You will remember the closing scenes of John Smith and Walsh; their dying hours were of a most distressing character; but I believe it was not for any sin that remained in them, for they had been sanctified for years; they had done the devil a great deal of harm, and no wonder that he should make a deadly onset upon them in the last solemn conflict. These instances are the exceptions—the other is the rule. A holy life is followed by a happy death. If, in your course of Christian duty, you “roll round with the year, and never stand still till the Master ap-

pear,” at the *even tide it will be light*. If you want to lay quarantine outside the port of glory, like the fever ships, then live without holiness. I know God keeps some holy souls lying quarantine outside the port; not, however, because there is any sin in them, but to show them to earth, heaven and hell. God shows them to the universe as a proof of the power of the blood of the cross.—CAUGHEY.

#### DEDICATIONS.

AT PARMA, N. Y., a Free Methodist Church was dedicated to the worship of God, on Wednesday, the 30th of September. The sermon, an able and impressive one, was preached by Rev. A. F. Curry. The house is a substantial wooden structure, with a room for social meetings in the rear. It is neatly finished and furnished, and, together with the fine lot sufficiently large for sheds and a parsonage, all paid for. May many precious souls be born again at this altar, and many be wholly sanctified to God.

AT SYRACUSE, N. Y., the dedication of a Free Methodist Church to the worship of God took place on Wednesday, the 14th day of October. The sermon was preached by the editor of this magazine, and the dedication prayer offered by Rev. D. W. Thurston, the pastor.

The house is of brick, thirty feet by sixty, besides the portico, and was originally a two story public school house. The partitions were all taken out, the upper and lower windows brought together, and the whole was transformed into a pleasant, convenient church. The audience room is as neat and comfortable as could be desired. The success of the enterprise is owing largely to the efforts of brother W. F. Gere, whom the Lord raised up for this purpose. Through his judicious management the cost of the lot, edifice and furniture was about \$2,400. It is centrally, pleasantly located on Church street, a short distance only from the Court House. It stands, we are told, on the ground on which the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, of Syracuse, first started. Some precious souls have already been saved there, and we trust that many will there pass from death unto life. A free church, where the gospel may be preached to the poor, is greatly needed in Syracuse, as in all our cities.