

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1863.

NO. 6.

A W A K E.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

THOSE who are careless in regard to the salvation of their souls are represented, in the language of the Bible, as asleep. Unconverted persons generally are in this state. But they are by no means the only ones in that condition. Our churches are spiritual dormitories. The members generally are fast asleep; and the ministers but too generally rock the cradle, singing

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

1. *If they were not asleep they would feel for the unsaved.* This would be inevitable. If a Christian were actuated by no higher impulses than the common sentiments of humanity, he could but feel deeply for the multitudes around him who have but to die to drop into hell. If the house of your worst enemy was on fire, and the inmates were fast asleep, and you saw their danger, you would do all in your power to arouse them. If your wife and children were in such peril, no efforts would be spared to effect their deliverance. Jeremiah, in view of the approaching judgments of God, cried out, "I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war." "Mine eyes do fail with tears, my bowels are troubled, my liver is poured upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people." Paul says, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish

that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises." These were the feelings of awakened men. They saw danger coming, and their souls were moved. But are such feelings manifested now? Occasionally there is one who mourns over the desolations of Zion. His heart is moved with compassion for his brethren, who are Christians by profession. He weeps and groans and prays in his closet; and when the Spirit of God constrains him so that he can refrain no longer, he, in tenderness and fidelity, warns his brethren of their danger. He brings forward the plainest Scripture declarations to show them the peril of their situation. The Holy Spirit accompanies his words, and the honest hearted are affected and moved. But the masses sleep on. They do not love to be disturbed from their dreams of worldly pleasure or gain. They arouse sufficiently to vent their indignation upon him who has disturbed them in their quiet repose. He is pronounced harsh, censorious and uncharitable. His best friends turn against him, and those who do not condemn, pity him as fanatical or insane. If he does not relax his efforts and again fall asleep with the rest, he may consider himself happy if he does not meet with excision from the church, as a disturber of the peace.

Many are in danger. If "the fearful and the unbelieving," to say nothing of those guilty of grosser of-

fences against God, "shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," what multitudes are hastening to that fearful doom! If "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," how very small a proportion of professing Christians are candidates for the unspeakable fruition to be enjoyed in the presence of Him whose presence imparts the fullness of joy.

2. *If professing Christians were not asleep, they would be more sensibly alive to their own danger.* Paul says, "We warn every man that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." If every man is warned, then every one must be in danger. In respect to his own experience he says: "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest, after having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." How little self-denial is practiced even by ministers of the Gospel at the present day! It would seem as if all the churches had adopted practically, if not theoretically, the doctrine, "once in grace, always in grace." Go to almost any social meeting. How few speak of a present salvation! If any feeling is manifested, it is when natural sympathy is excited by allusion to some departed friend; or when sweet memories are called up by a narration of the experience of former years, when communion with God was a blessed reality. Most, if they have once had an experience of saving grace, and observe the common moralities of life, rest content in that, not considering how easy a thing it is to lose our first love, and, through lukewarmness, become objects of loathing in the sight of God. There can be no better evidence that one is spiritually asleep than indulgence in popular sins—floating with the current. He who is awake has regard to God's authority. He does not travel on the Sabbath, because it is common, nor drink nor smoke because others do, nor hold slaves because wicked laws allow the horrid practice. She does not indulge in evil speaking though all the company may, nor, for fear of singularity, violate

God's command, by "the putting on of gold, or pearls, or costly array." To what is a soul awakened, if not to the fact that God's authority must be obeyed? To such an one, a plain "thus saith the Lord" needs no human sanction.

3. *If professing Christians were awake they would be more fruitful in good works.* Golden opportunities pass unimproved by those who are asleep. King Saul might have easily captured David at a critical time, but he and his host were fast asleep.*

There is nothing more clearly taught in the Bible than that works of piety, performed with a single eye to God's glory, will be most astonishingly rewarded at the judgment day. A cup of cold water only, given in the name of a disciple shall, in no wise lose its reward.† Those who endure persecutions and revilings for the sake of Jesus shall have a great reward in Heaven‡. Not a day passes in the history of believers without an opportunity to increase their treasures in that happy region where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. Were we awake, we should avail ourselves of these occasions as eagerly as the covetous man seizes the chance to increase his wealth. But how is it in reality? Even our best works profit us nothing, being done from corrupt motives. The minister is supported by pew rents, and not because he is the ambassador of Christ; and vanity and love of pleasure furnish motives that keep the various benevolent enterprises of the day in motion. Were men's eyes open so they could see of what infinite value is the favor of God, no duty would be omitted nor sacrifice avoided which he has promised to reward.

Slumbering Virgins, let me entreat you to awake! The bridegroom cometh. Everything betokens his near approach. You cannot afford to slumber another hour. God has, from time to time, endeavored to awake

*1 Sam., xxvi. 7. †Mat. x, 42. ‡Luke vi, 23.

you. You are fast becoming like a person accustomed to sleep in the midst of confusion. It is hardly possible to disturb you. The utmost God can do, does not alarm you as much as the simplest means did years ago. You are in danger of sinking down into a state of absolute insensibility. A person frost-bitten, has such a propensity to sleep that he can scarcely overcome it, though he knows that death will inevitably result. You are drawing near to that torpid state. Already you can sing—

Of feeling all things show some sign;
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

God will soon give you up in despair. Your damnation is certain unless you awake. The flames never spare the inmates of a house because they are asleep; so you will go to hell just as soon while settled down in false security as if you were alive to the danger of your situation.

Consider the blessedness of being awake. *Christ shall give thee light.* Thou wilt see thine own condition, and that of those around thee, if thou wilt only consent to see it. The things of eternity that now appear so small, will then assume their own gigantic proportions, and earthly things will dwindle down to their proper insignificance. You can walk in the light and not stumble. You can work in the light and not spoil your work. And when you pass through the dark valley and shadow of death, it will be all lit up with a Saviour's smiles.

O brother, sister, awake! This is no time for indulgence. The enemy is at work. Hell was never more active. It does not seem to me that there is one of us fully awake. Many are in a state of most profound repose. You are dreaming of heaven, but is Christ in you? If not, then are you reprobate. You may have many natural virtues that secure you commendation from men, but if you are lukewarm in your affections, you are miserable though you know it not.

Unconverted friends, awake! An

eternity of misery is before you. Hell from beneath is moved to meet you at your coming. The wicked shall be driven away in his wickedness. Why will you longer be lulled by the siren voice that lures you to destruction? Listen to the voice of God: *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon.*

POWER OF HOLINESS.—There is awful majesty in holiness, and when it shines upon the conscience of a wicked man, it makes him stoop and do obeisance to it, which turns to a testimony for Christ and his ways before the world. Thus, Herod was overawed by the spirit and holy life of John; he feared him, knowing that he was a just and holy man. That bloody tyrant was convinced in his conscience of the worth and excellency of this servant of God, and was forced to reverence him for his holiness. How much is it to the honor of holiness, that it conquers its very persecutors, and makes them stoop to the meanest servant of God! It is said of Henry II. of France, that he was so daunted by the heavenly majesty of a poor tailor, who was burned before him, that he went home sad, and vowed that he would never be present at the death of such men any more. When Valens, the emperor, came in person to apprehend Basil, he saw such majesty in his very countenance that he reeled at the sight of him, and had fallen backward to the ground had not his servants supported him. O, holiness, holiness, thou art a conquerer! So much, O, Christians, as you show of it in your lives, so much you preserve your interest in the consciences of your enemies. Cast off this, and they presently despise you.—FLAVEL.

• THAT rest which we found in the way of believing, is maintained in the way of holy walking.

THE NOBLE HEARTED.

How I love the noble hearted,
 Meet them wheresoe'er I may,
 Through the shadows that surround us,
 Throwing sunlight o'er the way;
 Breathing in the ear of sorrow,
 Words of sympathy and love,
 Sketching pictures of the morrow,
 Touched with sunlight from above.

Much I prize the noble hearted,
 For the joy they ever bring,
 Like an ever living fountain,
 Whence bright crystal waters spring.
 I can feel the gushing spirit,
 In the warm and ready hand,
 Bearing messages of gladness
 Which the heart can understand.

Glad I greet the noble hearted,
 Meet them wheresoe'er I may,
 By my own familiar hearth-stone,
 Or upon the distant way;
 Morning, noon and welcome evening,
 Clothing with their presence still,
 Radiant forms of joy and beauty,
 Gentle thoughts and words distill.

Blessed are the noble hearted,
 Ever generous and kind,
 Never sketching on the future,
 Spectral forms to haunt the mind;
 Ne'er repining, ne'er complaining,
 Ever giving, ever full,
 Ne'er despairing, ever hoping,
 Living by the "golden rule."

Ever live the noble hearted,
 Mid the varied scenes of life,
 Dropping nectar 'mid our sorrow,
 Quelling passion's fevered strife;
 Ready, with a willing spirit,
 Joy and gladness to impart;
 Greater wealth hath never mortal,
 Than a noble, generous heart.

I THINK that on my dying pillow, if there was one truth that I should especially wish to think upon, it would be the *unpurchasable* love of God. Such is the love of God, that nothing, not even the blood of Christ, could purchase it.

A WARNING AGAINST CRIME.

A PHILADELPHIA paper, in giving the description of the visit of the two forgers, Emory and Melville, to the photographic rooms to have their likenesses taken for the "Rogues' Gallery," gives the following account of the behavior of Melville—known in the case of the recent heavy forgeries as Capt. Manning:

While Melville was in the photographic gallery, he preached a sermon to the parties who were present. His countenance was sad but resigned. He had run the length of his tether, and felt that the hand of justice was upon him. The sitting completed, Mr. Cohill announced that a satisfactory picture had been secured. Then Melville spoke:

"Mr. Cohill, you perhaps wonder I am so composed when I know that the picture you have just taken is to grace a collection of the faces of knaves."

"Oh no," said Mr. Cohill, "I take many pictures for that purpose."

"Well," said the forger, "that may all be, but remember this: the next time you take a picture, when you see a young man like myself, who calmly takes his seat before your camera, as I have done, knowing the disposal that is to be made of the picture that results, remember that he has taken his position in the world as forever beyond the pale of society. How terrible a thing this is I hope you may never know. I, sir, am from this moment a moral wreck. If you have a son tell him of what I have now said to you, and may he never meet a fate like mine."

Saying this, the young forger brushed a tear from his cheek, and a moment after linked arms with the detective, in whose charge he was, and laughingly walked away. Following them back to the cells, we addressed the prisoner:

"How much of what you just now uttered did you *really* feel?"

"Every syllable."

"Having committed this illegal act—

in a deliberate manner, after days of preparation, how is it that repentance comes so suddenly?"

"It does not come suddenly. Fools talk of stifling conscience. It can't be done. The man who believes a criminal ever enjoys an hour's true happiness, is a fool. I expect to go to prison for about five years, and yet, compared with the torments of conscience the suffering from confinement is nothingness."

"Suppose you are acquitted?"

"To that I have only this to say," replied the forger, "give me back the consciousness of integrity, the peace of mind that I had five years ago, I will pay for it and consider it cheap at the price of five years' imprisonment."

THE HARVEST.

BY REV. H. L. TALBOT.

"The fields are all white to the harvest." This has always been true, but in this day it is especially so. In traveling from point to point it is plainly evident that iniquity abounds. There is a reckless disregard of morality, an open profanation of the divine name—a skepticism in regard to spiritual truths, such as was never equalled. There is a surging tide of vice and recklessness, of profanation and drunkenness, of tobacco chewing and smoking, and kindred vices, whose turbid waves dash high towards heaven, and offend the eyes of Him who cannot behold sin with the least allowance, but is angry with the wicked every day.

The world lieth in the wicked one. He holds it in a close embrace. The measure of iniquity is fast being filled up. The fields are whitening for the harvest, and soon will the angel put in his sickle! Who shall be able to stand in the day of God's wrath? And are not the signs telling us that the day is near? Are not the indications that the Judge is at the door? How wise, then, to have our lamps trimmed

and burning! How important to be giving the alarm to others! Is this done? Is the tocsin sounded in the ears of those who really need it? Is the gospel preached to sinners? Yes, in one sense; for many who think themselves righteous are not really in a saved condition. But does the gospel reach this class of profligates and reprobates, the profane, drunken, heedless, reckless sinners, who swarm our cities, towns and villages—who are found in our depots, hotels and streets? Does the gospel reach them? Look into our churches and find the answer. Is there a single representative of this class to be found there? No. The church is too respectable a place to admit such sinners. Church members would be shocked to see such a character within such close proximity to themselves. No; the gospel from our pulpits does not reach this class. They would not be welcome there; nor would they have any where to sit should they go: nor would they hear a gospel suited to their case, but one meant for ears more polite. We hear on all sides the cry for "a learned ministry;" but does this "learned ministry" reach the great need of the world? Does it apply the healing remedy to the sad plague-spot that is spreading over the land? And for want of a ministry that will reach this plague-spot, is not the day of the Lord hastening greatly? For want of a ministry that comes to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, is not the measure of iniquity being fast filled up, and the sins of the people crying aloud for vengeance?

A few weeks ago a sinner of this class entered the church where I was sitting as a listener, and took a seat in front. Being somewhat intoxicated, two of the respectable members of the church took him, one by each shoulder, and marched him out of the house. The minister then arose and preached about Christ's healing the wretched demoniac who dwelt among the tombs. I could but wonder at the contrast between the fact upon which the dis-

course was founded—Christ's healing and comforting that poor demoniac—and the treatment of this poor sinner by two of Christ's disciples! And had the minister but thought, what a living, vivid application this man would have been for his sermon.

"The fields are all white to the harvest." Who will thrust in the sickle to gather the harvest to the Lord, before his flaming sword is unsheathed? There is a lack of faith settling like a pall over the minds of individuals. There is not only the open scoffing of infidelity, but there is the more hidden, but not less certain, dimness of vision which characterizes them who only see "afar off." The love of many waxes cold; and will Christ find faith on the earth at his coming? Let us give the trumpet a "certain sound," that the blood of souls be not found on our skirts. "What I say unto you, I say unto all—*watch*."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

AN Indian family of superior rank in Martha's Vineyard, lost their first five children in infancy; neither their medicines nor their powwows could save them. A sixth was born a few years before the English settled in the island, and the poor mother was greatly distressed lest this should die also. She felt helpless herself, and she could not trust her priests and doctors. "But is there not some almighty God to be prayed to?" were her thoughts; "a God that made everything we see—a God who gave me life, and other people life, and who gave life to my baby; and if he gave life, can he not continue it?" The poor Indian mother determined to seek this God and pray to him for the life of her child. As soon as she was able, she took it up in her arms and went into the field, and fell down and prayed to him in its behalf. The little one lived; this strengthened her faith; she believed there was One on high who heard and answered prayer, and thus, in the grati-

tude of her heart, she devoted her boy to God.

Not long after the white men came and settled at Martha's Vineyard, and the Indians, who had been at some of their meetings, told about their coming together, and that the man who spoke, often looked up to the sky. The mother heard about it. "These strangers meet for prayer," she thought, and perhaps they pray to the same God I pray to, and who saved the life of my child." She longed to see them.

Mr. Mayhew, the minister of the white men, soon visited that part of the island where she lived, and preached the Gospel. The woman went to hear him. It was just the Gospel for her. She believed it, and joyfully received Jesus Christ the Son of God, as her almighty Saviour and Helper. She afterwards united with the Church, and in the story of her experience of God's goodness and mercy, they saw that "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him."

"What became of the little boy?" He grew up a Christian boy, became a preacher of the Gospel, and pastor of a flourishing Indian church in the Vineyard. God will accept and bless a mother's offering.

BOASTING.—A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer.

"About a hundred years."

"About a hundred years, and no taller! Only look! I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years!"

"I know that well," replied the palm; "every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

I BELIEVE, that if you and I were more to heed the whispers of our Father, we should not have so many of his thunders.

AWAKENED SINNERS.

BY REV. D. W. THURSTON.

THERE is reason to fear that the church generally does not properly appreciate the critical condition of awakened sinners; and, as a consequence, is too indifferent in reference to the means which should be used for their benefit. No duties imposed on Christian men more manifestly require heavenly wisdom, in order to their proper discharge, than those undertaken by him who seeks to guide the humble inquirer after salvation. He may with propriety exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" Yet, in seasons of religious awakening, mourners are often surrounded by those whose knowledge of the way of salvation, and of the workings of the Holy Spirit, is sadly deficient. The results are often disastrous to souls. These results give importance to the inquiry:—What is the moral regimen adapted to sinners awakened by the Spirit of the Lord?

1. *Great tenderness* of spirit should be evinced by those attempting to instruct this class of persons. Some zealous, moral laborers, appear to think that the tears and cries of the seeking soul are evidences of persevering rebellion; that, while in this condition, expressions of sympathy for him are highly improper and dangerous. He is compelled to listen to exhortations the most harsh and severe, and is assured that in all his struggles he is treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Such treatment tends to banish conviction by awakening feelings of disgust and indignation. It cannot be too strongly condemned. Doubtless, in the exercises of the most sincere penitent, infinite purity discovers much that is defective; but if there is one being in the universe that moves to their depths the sympathies of Jehovah, it is the sorrowing sinner in his attempts to fly to the arms of Jesus. For such a being there is no room in hell. Amongst all the declar-

ations of the inspired volume, there is not a harsh sentence applicable to him. Before the name or the nature of the distinguished disciple of Gamaliel was changed, "brother Saul" was the tender appellation by which the loving Ananias saluted him. When the prodigal son "was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

2. *The intellectual powers of the seeker should be guarded from embarrassment.* He has solemn purposes to form, and the sins of his past life to consider. The obligations and trials incident to a life of faith are to be carefully surveyed. How is he to exercise faith, the great condition of salvation, unless his understanding has an opportunity of digesting the promises of Jehovah! Such exercises demand the free play of all the powers of the human soul. How can this demand be met while the mourner is surrounded by half a dozen excited worshippers, pouring into both of his ears their disconnected and diversified exhortations? An occasional suggestion by one experienced in the things of the Spirit is often beneficial; but an earnest inquirer does not need so much human aid as many suppose. These reflections may start the question in some minds, "Ought not stillness to be insisted on in seasons of religious excitement in view of the tendency of noise to distract the mind?" I reply, that the fear of man is often the source of the greatest embarrassment to the penitent, and this is not unfrequently removed by the commotion incident to a mighty gust of the Spirit's power, causing a whole congregation, sometimes, to cry aloud simultaneously. Lung power never harms, if the breath of the Lord inflates the lungs.

3. *The spiritual guide should labor to produce deep conviction for sin in the mind of the seeker.* The more sensible he is of the depravity of his heart, and of the magnitude of his crimes, the more earnest will he be in his efforts to secure pardon, and the more ready to

cast himself on the merits of Christ. Moreover, the fervor of his love after conversion, his abhorrence of sin, and his fidelity in the discharge of duty, will bear some proportion to the depth of his conviction. There is no danger of too pungent conviction in any mind seeking salvation. In most cases, therefore, before any attempt is made to comfort the inquirer, suggestions like the following should, in great tenderness, be presented to his mind:—"Do you realize how often and in how aggravated a manner you have sinned against God? O think, you have grieved the Holy Spirit! For years you have turned a deaf ear to the calls of Him who died to save you! How often have you broken God's holy law, for the violation of which, angels were eternally damned! How great the light against which you have rebelled! What a mercy it is that you are out of perdition! How utterly hopeless would be your condition, if you could not plead the merit of Christ as a ground of pardon!" A soul already convicted will not be injured by such reflections; one not thus convicted will be greatly aided by them. Let the bleeding heart be pierced through and through by the sword of the Spirit; before the balm of Gilead is prescribed. "The law was our school-master to bring us unto Christ that we might be justified by faith." Some, forgetting this, endeavor to accomplish by the Gospel this work of the law. Of such the prophet thus complains: "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace." They used lenitives when there was an imperious demand for the knife. Said one of these, in my hearing, to a sinner bewailing his awful wickedness, "O, do not be discouraged, you have not been so very wicked." Soul-poison is the appropriate label for such counsel. Not so very wicked! Why, the wickedness of the most amiable, unregenerate man, infinitely transcends the conceptions of the most vivid imagination.

4. *The awakened sinner should be urged to consecrate himself fully to God.* However intense the agony of his soul may be, the Holy Spirit will not comfort him while he cleaves to sinful indulgences, or neglects the performance of any duty. There is no salvation in the path of sin. The wicked man must forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. The mere declaration of a seeker that he has given all for Christ, will not satisfy the intelligent guide. He knows that the unrenewed mind is in darkness—that the heart is deceitful above all things, and that, therefore, specific instruction upon the point in question is often called for. If the object of his solicitude discovers any hesitancy in relying upon the promises, he will aid him by presenting Scripture tests, by which the character of his consecration may be discovered. His age, character, circumstances, or personal appearance, may suggest the most appropriate test by which to try the sincerity of his impressions. "Sow not among thorns," is an injunction to which every moral laborer should take heed.

5. *The soul thus convicted and consecrated should be directed to Jesus for pardon.* It has now the power to trust in him. No metaphysical disquisition on the nature of faith is necessary. It is easy to believe under the circumstances described. Did Jesus love you? Did he die for you? Is he able and willing to save you now? Does he save you? These are inquiries to which the soul quickly yields an affirmative response. Then,

"The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

6. *In attempting to guide men to Jesus, care should be taken not to transcend the limits assigned to human agency.* In conducting the sinner to the cross, it pleases God sometimes to sustain the soul in indescribable agony. During the throes of this, it seems to me that human beings should stand aloof. God only understands its cause

and its use, and he only is qualified to direct. I tremble when I see human instrumentalities attempt to administer instruction or comfort under such circumstances. It seems like wresting the soul from the hands of the Spirit, while he is in the act of impressing the image of Christ, or dragging it from the cleft of the rock, while the Infinite is passing by, proclaiming with solemn emphasis,—“The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.” Again, it is exclusively the prerogative of the Holy Spirit to assure the penitent of his adoption into the heavenly family. If there is any fact of which man needs divine assurance, it is this. His hope of heaven depends upon the witness of the Spirit. Is it not fearful presumption, then, for a man to assure the sinner of his acceptance, before he recognizes the voice of the Spirit? O, it is sickening to listen to some altar dialogues. “Do you not feel better? Is not your burden gone?” inquires a kindhearted worshipper, of the object of his solicitude. “I think I feel some different, but I am not satisfied,” replies the seeker, anxious to encourage one who feels so deeply for his welfare. “Well, the Lord has blessed you, praise him and he will bless you more,” responds the sympathizing friend. Another, more sanguine, remarks “I believe that soul is converted. I felt impressed, while praying, that the Lord was blessing him.” The loving zeal of these worshippers is admirable, but the regimen they employ is dangerous in the extreme. Christ has sent the Comforter to do the work they attempt, and the instant the sorrowing one is prepared, that work is done effectually.

Every Christian is called to the important work of saving souls. Is it not a glorious privilege? An archangel cannot speak of one more precious than this. Christian friend, make the most of it. You will not long enjoy it. Yourself, with the unconverted around you, will soon be in the eternal world! O, haste to that unconverted

neighbor and warn him of his danger. When God awakens by your efforts, deal faithfully with his soul and leave him not until he has a divine assurance of salvation. Do you shrink from this work? O, go to your closet and wrestle for the baptism of the Spirit. Pray that you may be in every respect thoroughly furnished for this glorious work, then go forth, laboring in season and out of season, to save the purchase of the Redeemer's blood. God will reward you with large revenues of spiritual joy in this world, and gloriously honor you in the world to come. “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, forever and ever.”

SOWING AND REAPING.—While I was reading to a poor woman the other day that verse, “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,” the thought came into my mind, how disproportioned is the sowing to the reaping,—a few baskets of seeds,—many waggons groaning beneath the rich sheaves of harvest. This may be a type of the disproportion between life's sorrowful sowing and heaven's joyful reaping time. Yet, while sorrows are comparatively light, sensibly they may be very heavy; we call the seed-basket light compared to the harvest burden, yet it might be a wearisome load to the man who carried it. The glory of our Bible is, that, while it tells truths of eternity which should take away much of the bitterness of time's sorrows, it owns so tenderly and fully how bitter the sorrows are. It calls them, not joyous, but grievous; it contains prayer for the *oppressed*, the *overwhelmed*; it tells of one afflicted in all our afflictions. Surely, the Bible meets every want of our hearts. He who dictated it knows us; we need not fear to trust him.”—ELIZABETH BICKERSTETH.

DIODEGENES said, the most dangerous wild beast was a slanderer; and the most dangerous tame one, a flatterer.

W O R K .

Is it not possible for Christians to overlook the wide bearing of the apostle's command as to work? Has not the soul its food as well as the body; and has not soul as well as body need, in Christ's Church, of its appropriate work? If the members of a Christian community look merely to the pulpit and the sanctuary for the supply of instruction, and the excitement of emotions that are to feed and cherish their religious life, without care to make that life, so nurtured, directly serviceable to the extension of Christ's kingdom amongst their race, are they not virtually evading the laws of God's own enjoining as to spiritual healthfulness and energy? Does not the Father bid each earthly son to *work to-day in his vineyard*? If we refuse to labor, personally, systematically, and persistently, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and for the illustration and exemplification of Christ's gospel, are we not, instead of the "poverty of spirit" which the beatitudes commend, gliding into a spiritual pauperism which is neither wholesome, honorable, nor lawful in Christ's house? "Victuals without work" trained the rabble of pagan Rome for the butcheries of the amphitheatre, and for the torturing of Christian martyrs. An intellectual and emotional complacency in the exercises of the Sabbath, severed from the honest consecration of the week to Christian activity and influence, is but a sort of refined mendicancy. An evangelical Protestantism cannot afford to have its lazzaroni clamoring for the *children's* bread, but doing only the dog's lounging work. "Go work to-day!" "Why stand ye all the day idle?" The Elder Brother—did he not enlist you; and you accept his terms? Why say and how say: "NO MAN HATH HIRED US?" Calvary hired you; and every visit to the Lord's table renewed the dread, glad covenant.

And, in the gracious inspiring condescension of the Redeemer's arrangements for the benefit of his own

people, and for the diffusion of his own word, He, who is so eminently and so continually needed by them—the initial and the crowning necessity of their souls—has yet revealed himself, as **NEEDING THEM**. He waits for their prayer, and stoops to enlist and to invoke their aid. Ingratitude and indifference become treason, in its darkest shape, when shown to such an appeal, from such a friend, in such a tone. It is more than Barzillai asking the host he has fed to aid in gathering his next harvest. It is David, the enfranchiser, summoning the men from whose necks he broke the Philistine yoke, to rally against the parricidal revolt, that would deny him life in the land that his prowess had freed, guarded, and exalted. The old denunciation of Deborah, which John Foster made the text of his missionary sermon, is the fitting language of God's retributions against the age and the people who, owing all to his mercy, shrink from the blessed risks, tasks, and meeds of the alliance into which Christ has called his people: "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; *because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.*" Or, in that bitter plaint of the Redeemer in the Psalms, quoted by him against his disciples, as his agony drew near, is it yet said: "*You, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.*" Not the communicant only, but the whole civilization of our century has been fed on the crumbs of temporal blessings that dropped from the Gospel. Its Author has a right to "trust" that beneficiaries should not prove loiterers, much less deserters. The "**FAMILIAR FRIENDSHIP**" that began on Calvary, to be consummated in Paradise, has "work"—the work of the cross, as the escutcheon on its betrothal-ring.—W. R. WILLIAMS, D. D.

I HAD rather be holy than be eloquent.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY MRS. L. C. EDELER.

I HAVE got it! Praise the Lord! He gave it to me at the Susquehanna Camp meeting, held in the latter part of August by the Free Methodists. I went out there with a party from New York and Brooklyn, as I had heard that the Lord was with them, working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. I had *professed* the blessing of sanctification for three years, and went up to the meeting expecting to teach, rather than to be taught; but O, how the Spirit began at once to show me that I had been brought to the light so that my own state might be made manifest. I saw that these dear saints possessed a power with God, and a living, inward salvation of which I knew very little, and that I seemed to have a dead sort of faith, more in my head than in my heart. I understood a great deal about it as a theory, but this very fact had in a manner helped to deceive me into having a form of Godliness without the power thereof. O, how the light shone upon my heart under the faithful sermons, exhortations and experiences. I have been enabled to read my experience backward, and see from whence I had fallen. I had been clearly justified somewhat near four years ago, and shortly after that, clearly sanctified; but I was not willing to let the Holy Spirit have his way in my heart, and I began to shrink from the crosses which he laid upon me. I very well remember the first one. It was very simple—only to praise the Lord aloud before my family. There were only two others present, my husband and a niece, both unconverted. A cloud of glory seemed to be above my head, corresponding to that which was in my heart, and O, how I wanted to shout aloud. There was so much of the power of the Holy Spirit upon me that had I obeyed, I believe conviction or salvation would have fallen

upon those in the room, but I shrunk; the timidity of my nature made me unwilling to make a spectacle of myself before them; yet, while I hesitated, I felt the glory departing, and, as if conscious of the danger of refusing, I cried inwardly, "Yes, Lord, I will;" it remained with me, but again I drew back. I was not willing to be made a fool of for Christ's sake. Gradually, yet quickly, the light died away, and where there had been brightness all was gloom. O, how my heart sank—it was quiet, cold and heavy; such a loss, such a withdrawing of the Spirit! O, how much I suffered for that first, resolute act of disobedience. I repented deeply, and prayed that it might be given again, so that I could prove my obedience. Pleading in the name of Jesus, my Father pitied me, and after a few days I was restored and felt a glorious influence within. Other crosses of a like nature were presented, simple crosses given by the Spirit, and calculated to make me appear as a fool in the eyes of wise professors. I could not bring my stubborn heart to obey, and now I plainly discovered an unwillingness to yield myself fully to the Lord. My consecration had been tested, and the awful pride and self-will refused to be crucified. If at a meeting, praise the Lord arose to my heart and to my lips, I suppressed it, or said it would answer as well to say it to myself; and perhaps afterwards, feeling condemned, would kneel and offer a dry prayer to make amends; but it did me no good, for it was done in my own strength and manner. I had not learned that the Lord can do more with one Holy Ghost shout than when we fix things all up our own way, for then it is ourselves and not God. Naturally, in this way I grieved the Spirit and lost the indwelling joys of salvation. I did not have a complete inward deliverance from sin, and under provocation I have spoken impatiently and harshly, and even when able to suppress any outward demonstration, I have felt an inward rising, and such a sense of inward dryness. This trou-

bled me very much, and I kept looking to Jesus and claiming present help, and although I was generally kept so that others did not notice it, yet I knew there was not a complete deliverance; and I have since seen in clearer light that where we are kept from yielding to sin, it is in a state of justification; but we must be entirely delivered from it if we profess to be sanctified. And now I can see that there were times when I was neither sanctified nor justified, for I yielded to sin, although I would afterwards repent and be forgiven.

My course should have been according to the advice which Mr. Wesley gives: "If you should again feel pride or unbelief, or any temptation from which you are now delivered, do not hide, do not disguise it at all, at the peril of your soul." Instead of doing this, I continued to profess sanctification; not that I intentionally meant to deceive: when I testified Jesus saves me now, I was sincere according to the light I had, and thought that I honored God in this way before others. I attributed a great part of the mental conflicts from which I suffered, to temptation, and thought by holding on to the profession I would get the grace. Jesus often blessed me, and I had sweet seasons of communion in reading His word; but it was not that constant indwelling of the Sanctifier, the well of water constantly springing up in my heart. And then I must say, although I want to say it in all charity, that I was helped to be kept in just this kind of a state by attending many of the meetings for holiness and hearing so much of the way of *naked faith*. Naked indeed! for it was without joy or power. Instead of inviting the searching Spirit, and calling to God for light to ascertain the cause of the loss of power, every one seemed to be settled down upon this platform; and instead of seeking light for myself, and getting down at the feet of Jesus and confessing, and being willing to be inwardly crucified so as to be filled with the joys of the Holy Ghost, I went in

for, and tried to be contented with the idea of walking in this so-called "naked faith." Indeed, the prevailing idea seemed to be that it indicated a higher state of grace to walk in darkness than in the light. We are then better able to test our powers of *holding on*, and I do not know but what in this case we are apt unconsciously to give the glory to ourselves for holding on, rather than to the grace of God which bringeth salvation. For myself, I found this way dangerous; it begets a pride of profession rather than an inward crucifixion by walking in the cross-bearing way pointed out by the Spirit, and "naked faith" is used as a covering for loss of power, barrenness and the departure of the Holy Spirit, which has been grieved away in some manner.

In this state of mind, the Lord opened the way for me to attend the Susquehanna Camp Meeting. He blessed me in preparing to go, and I felt as if I should get the light I needed; for during the past winter I had often been under conviction of my inward lack. I felt willing to confess to a loss of power, but had no idea of the confession and humiliation required. After holding on to my profession for so long a time, it was humbling to confess that I had lost the blessing of holiness; but I had been brought to the light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light, and the Spirit clearly convinced me that I must get down—I must acknowledge that I was not saved. There were but two ways for me: one was to hold on to the form and return home a formalist, destitute of the life and power, or to get a thorough work done in my heart—an inward salvation by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. O, I bless the Lord for the plain truth preached in plainness and faithfulness, not all covered up and smoothed over; for fear that it will hurt the people, but used as the Lord intends it shall be—used as the sword of the Spirit, cutting down as a two-edged sword, and arousing dead professors as well as careless sinners.

O, how this awakening influence in my heart was resisted by the adversary. I was so tempted after going forward for prayers, that I scarcely knew what to do or where to hide myself. He suggested that I was injuring the cause, that I was not giving glory to God for what He had done, and that every one thought I was making a fool of myself. As he troubled, but did not effectually hinder me in this way, he then suggested that as I had been seeking earnestly I should now believe the work was done, and go on praising the Lord and walking by faith.

I was very sweetly blessed at one of the tent prayer meetings, and was tempted to rest in that, but I have reason to believe that then Jesus appeared as my justifier, forgiving me for all past sins. I continued to seek with all my heart, my convictions became deeper and deeper, until in an agony of soul I felt ready to tell the Lord that I would rather die than not get the blessing I wanted. I dreaded to return home in that state: I said I must have it; I cannot live without. I was attacked by the temptation that I was doing nothing for others—that I should be laboring for sinners; but O, how I turned from my own efforts in loathing and despair, and got down on my face before the Lord, feeling that I was not in a state to pray for others, and that I must not be diverted from the one point, and that I must hold on to God for that until I got it; and then I promised that I would devote my whole life to His service. O, how much deeper a consecration I made, how I promised obedience, to take up every cross—that if I might only receive the Holy Spirit I would follow its leadings. It was shown to me where I would have to make confession when I returned home—confession of having been in a backslidden state of heart, of having compromised in a great degree with the world, as having lost grace. I had not always clear convictions of what was right and wrong,—that I must confess to my husband that I had not always been fully saved at home, and had spo-

ken impatiently to him, and tell him the reason; I had not always obeyed God, and saving grace had been withdrawn. I gave myself up to do the will of the Lord, and made not a wholesale but an entire consecration, laying one by one every thing and every body upon the altar, rejoicing to part with them all for Jesus' sake. The day before the meeting broke up, at the sacramental service, I found great peace, a blessed consciousness that my consecration had been accepted, and Jesus sweetly revealed himself to me as my living Saviour who received me. I was glad to get down at His feet in both humiliation and rejoicing, and yet I felt that the work was not done. I believe He then cleansed my heart, but I continued to cry to him, for I felt the need of being filled with the Spirit, and at this time he plainly revealed Himself as a Saviour who gave gifts unto men. He shewed me that He had a blessing for me. I felt confident, after this, that I would not go home without the baptism, and I continued to look to Jesus and expect it every moment. That night being the last, there was to be prayer meeting till morning, and I went with a confident expectation that I should receive it. I think I lay on my face before the Lord from twelve till six. While there, Jesus gave me this promise: "I am He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and fire." They were His own words. I believed them, and lay there holding on to God, and waiting for the fulfillment of them in my heart. But as I was the only one seeking the full baptism, and there were many others in the tent, there was but little definite prayer for that object. The morning dawned, the time for the parting services arrived, and soon after we parted from the dear pilgrims, perhaps never to meet again until we meet around the throne in heaven. What a temptation there was to be almost heart-sick and despondent at the thought of parting, and I had not yet received all for which I was seeking; but I could look to Je-

sus, and believed He would fulfill His promise to me. I knew that there was so much superficial work done, and that persons claimed to enjoy sanctification by, as they say, believing on the authority of God's word without having the work really done, and the promise fulfilled in their hearts; that I felt there was danger of resting there.

That evening there were a few of us remained over night with Bro. S., in Windsor. While at the tea table my convictions of my inward need returned with greater force than ever. I tried to suppress my feelings, but feared that I would grieve the Spirit; was obliged to get up and go into another room, and cry to the Lord with groans and tears to give me now the baptism of the Spirit. I had always been afraid of making much noise, and tried to do everything up in a genteel, nice sort of a way, but my pride was all taken down: I was glad enough to cry to the Lord for what I needed, not that I now thought there was any virtue in a great noise, but I would not quench the Spirit by suppressing the cries forced from me in my agony of soul, and which I now believe was the Spirit making intercession for me with groanings which could not be uttered. A few dear saints gathered around to have a season of prayer; it was quickly answered, and as I sank down looking unto Jesus, He came into my heart with His fullness. I knew that He was doing the thorough work in my heart, and as I was quieted before Him I could say, Lord, thou art doing the work. I distinctly realized the refining fire. O, what a consciousness of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It appeared to me at the time as if I was burnt out. I felt as if my experience was contained in the first four verses of the third chapter of Malachi, and when I arose, how confidently I could say, now I *know* I have got salvation. Jesus' blood doth cleanse me now. How sweet it was to lay my head that night upon my pillow, and to arise in the morning with the consciousness of an indwelling Savior. I felt as if I want-

ed to say to every one, "I have got it; bless the Lord." I remained with the dear pilgrims in the neighborhood of Windsor for nearly two days, and O, how precious it was to walk in the light. After that, I had the privilege of attending the Naples Camp Meeting, where the Lord blessed me, soul and body. I think I shall never forget the Monday night prayer meeting, held in a tent, where I believe every one of us felt the power of God on our soul and body.

Perhaps I have written at too much length, but I fear there are many who have lost their light through disobedience, and yet hold on to the profession, or who have not in the first place got all the way through: perhaps are only backsliders reclaimed and justified, and yet professing sanctification; and there were some details of my own experience which I felt led to write. There are many who rest in a dead sort of faith, believing that they are sanctified because they believe. Whatever the reason is, it is too true that there are professors of sanctification without power, dressed up in the adornments of the world, overcome by evil tempers, compromising with their dear friends and relations whom they love better than they do the Lord. There may be those who stand just where I did before I got clearer light. No doubt they strive in their own strength to appear all right; but talk of cultivating the Christian graces of love, meekness, etc., while shrinking from the work of God: being disobedient to the teachings of the Spirit, and yet wanting to appear as lovely Christian characters. It is like trying to force a delicate hot house plant to grow on a cold rocky soil: it takes all our time and attention, and then the work will not stand. It is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost alone which keeps us right. Repent and humble yourselves, be sure you are justified, then seek the baptism, and go on in the way of obedience, and after every cross there will be a conscious increase of sweetness and love in the soul to-

ward God and man—toward those who most oppose and trouble us: How forcibly it impresses my mind just now that peace, joy, love, etc., are the fruits of the Spirit; if that is wanting they will not exist.

And now I find that the way to Heaven is by the way of the cross—the blessings are received in bearing it. A great deal is said about the cross, but it is another thing to take it up with all its ignominy and follow Jesus, bearing his reproach. Nobody but those who experience it know anything about the inward crucifixion required to bear the one Jesus requires, and not one of our own choosing. I dare not disobey now: there is but one alternative—I should lose my light. There is such an awful tendency to self and pride of nature, that I have got to be crucified in this way to the opinion of those around. I must be willing to become of no reputation. To-day I feel that I am walking in the light; Jesus keeps and saves me. He is my shepherd and will lead me out, and I have to follow. Since I have been writing I have had to stop and sing "I am glad I have got salvation."

Bless the Lord, I feel it in my heart, the Spirit bearing witness with mine of joy of the Lord, which is the strength of my heart.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct., 1863.

HOSPITAL INCIDENTS.

I AM permitted by Gen. Gaylord to make a few extracts from a private letter from Mrs. Governor Harvey, now in the St. Louis hospitals, looking after our sick and wounded soldiers. Many a mother in Wisconsin will bless her name as she reads with tearful eyes such incidents as the following:

"I witnessed at Rolla hospital, last week, a death-bed scene that I shall not soon forget. The hospital was a log cabin, everything rough and uncouth, but angels were there beside the bed of a dying boy only seventeen years old. I held his cold hands while one

prayed for him. It was easy to pray the prayer of faith, for faith was so nearly swallowed up in sight.

"He said, 'all bright, glory, glory, glory,' and his face beamed like the face of an angel. He lived but a few moments after going to sleep quietly.

"If ever a grateful prayer ascended to the Father of us all, from my heart, it was then, that I had been permitted to stand so near the heavenly gates and catch a glimpse of the heaven beyond as a child of glory was entering.

"Another thrilling incident that day occurred. As I was passing through one of the wards, a sweet voice called out to me, 'Come here, lady, come here, I want you should take me away from here. Please get your chariot and take me.' His voice was so sweet and pleasing, I looked to the surgeon. He said, 'he is crazy, but you had better go to him and try to soothe him—he has typhoid.' I went to him. 'Ah, madam,' he said, 'I did fight in the Southern Confederate army, I did, but there were no Stars and Stripes there, no flag to fight under, and I could not stay. I enlisted in the Union army, under the good old flag, and I have done what I could. Please take me away, I am sick.' I talked to him a little, told him if he would keep quiet he would by-and-by be able to be taken away and then he should. 'I will, I will,' he replied, and closed his eyes. It was a sweetface. The beautiful boy soldier I shall not forget. I thought, a heavenly chariot may soon come for him.

"It was true he was in Price's army, and after one battle, came and enlisted in the Union army, as he had said."—MILWAUKEE SENTINEL.

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.

It is no little mercy to see a hell deserved, and a heaven given.

STRONG DRINK IN ENGLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, writing from England, gives a sad picture of the prevalence of wine-drinking habits among our Methodist brethren in Britain. We fear that the evil is by no means confined to that denomination. Referring to the causes of the decline of Wesleyanism, the writer has the following :—

But I must go a step further. There is a serious evil, a gigantic evil eating like a cancer upon the very vitals of Wesleyanism, I refer to the *almost-universal use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage*. Wesley's rule on this subject is obsolete. Ministers and people imbibe. There are honorable exceptions, but to imbibe is the rule. It is manufactured, sold, and drank in the connection to an appalling extent. I doubt whether there is a member of the conference who would like to preach on this text :—"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging," or this : "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," or this : "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." I attended a chapel jubilee, designed to commemorate fifty years of labor in behalf of Christ. The table was bountifully supplied with that "which moveth itself aright, that giveth his color in the cup." And from the president down to humbler functionaries, the wine was freely quaffed. I was shocked at the sight. And I have witnessed other scenes, if possible, more shocking—but I forbear. I have been ready to exclaim on such occasions :—Are these the lineal descendants of John Wesley? The mark of the monster is in multitudes of faces upturned to Wesleyan pulpits every Sabbath, and alas! in some turned from pulpits to pews. Abused nature will hold out her alarm signals. Is there no magnanimous and courageous soul in Wesleyanism who dares "to beard this lion in his den?" I venture a suggestion here which may startle some of the readers of the *Advocate*, and possibly some Wesleyans,

who are at a loss to understand the decrease in twenty districts in the year 1863.

THE CHURCH'S DESOLATION.

WELL may thy servants mourn, my God,
The church's desolation;
The state of Zion calls aloud
For grief and lamentation;
Once she was all alive to thee,
And thousands were converted;
But now a sad reverse we see,
Her glory is departed.

Her pastors love to live at ease;
They covet wealth and honor;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted,
The church they lead, and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.

Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them:
Riches and fashion they adore—
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,,
Her glory is departed.

And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay!
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep, when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

Some few, like good Elijah stand,
While thousands have revolted;
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted
With such, religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
Oh! may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

WE must not be content to be only cleansed from sin; we must be filled with the Spirit.—FLETCHER.

EXPERIENCE

OF HANNAH C. PHELPS.

I WAS reared by dear parents belonging to the society called Friends, or Quakers,—a spiritually minded people, teaching more by example than precept. And I have ever felt thankful for my early training. They are a people very near and dear to me, though not the people of my choice.

From my earliest recollections, I remember feeling the influence and strivings of the Holy Spirit, many times and in various ways; and as I grew older, I felt an anxious desire for the salvation of my immortal soul. But living in a neighborhood which afforded but few Gospel privileges, I groped my way through the darkness, looking forward, hoping that light would come to my darkened soul, often wishing the time would arrive, when an opportunity should offer in which I could obtain that which I so much desired. Being so ignorant of the way, I did not know I could go right to Jesus just then, just as I was, and ask Him to save; and that He would do it any moment I would believe; I did not know it was just by faith in Jesus and His promises.

But the Lord, in His kind Providence, sent one of His ministering servants into our neighborhood, to labor for the salvation of precious souls. And when the invitation was given for those present to rise that desired religion, I was one of the first to rise. But, oh, how great that cross! I shall never forget. But the Lord blessed me, and that night spoke peace to my troubled soul; I felt my sins forgiven, and that I was His child. But what a poor weak child. I was sixteen years of age. And had I then opened my heart to some of my Christian friends that were able to lead, teach, and guide, I might now have been far ahead of what I am in religious experience. But my Heavenly Father was most merciful and kind to me, and bore with my infirmities for several years, and at times manifested Him-

self to me in a special manner, in seasons of trial and deep afflictions, and comforted and sustained me. But those were not happy years; for I had just religion enough to make me miserable; and would at times cry to the Lord, "to deliver me from the body of this death," for I found "when I would do good, evil was present with me." And I feel to thank the Lord my cry was not in vain.

At the age of twenty-two, a very unexpected opportunity offered for me to spend several months in New York city, where I improved and enjoyed the many blessed Gospel privileges this change afforded; and grew in grace and knowledge from day to day, and felt that joy, peace, and comfort, of which I had never had but a foretaste. It was a sad day when I left the city that contained the dear people with whom I had felt to unite, and whom I loved so much; which were the close communion Baptists. I had been brought up almost in ignorance of doctrines and creeds, but when I learned their belief, which was not until my return to my childhood's home, I found I could not believe as they did on several points; yet I have never felt that I did wrong in uniting with them when I did; I shall have reason to praise God, even in eternity, that I was obedient to my convictions of duty, and that the step then taken was ordered of Him that ordereth all things well, and told favorably upon my future. But my Saviour went with me, watched over, and kept me.

At the age of twenty-four, I was providentially united to my present loved companion, and we have never doubted it was a union approved of God, for we sought, and I believe obtained, a blessing upon that union, and felt we were truly one in Him. My husband was a Methodist, and experienced religion at the same time I did, he seventeen, and I sixteen years of age; and I felt that his God was my God, and that his people should be my people, so I united with the Methodist church, and felt them to be the people of my choice. I

then began to learn of the doctrine of "Holiness of heart" from their writings, and from my husband's mother, a devoted Christian, that had long enjoyed this blessing; but I seldom or never heard it preached from the pulpit. I felt it to be just what I needed to fill that void that had never yet been filled. Although I had enjoyed much of the love of God in my poor heart, still I was never satisfied, and would so often feel pride, anger, and impatience; the latter my "besetting sin," being naturally of a hasty temperament. But it was some two years after, in a season of severe trial, which I felt I could not endure without more grace, that I was enabled to seek, with all my heart, and obtain the blessing at the midnight hour, when all around were wrapt in slumber. Oh, what a change! none can know but those that have experienced the same; the longings of soul were satisfied, prayer gave place to praise; I awoke my husband and told him how I felt as well as words could express, and desired him to rejoice with me, and praise God for what He had done for me. But, alas, like too many others, I neglected to confess before men what the Lord had done for me, thinking that none could believe that such a poor, weak creature, that never could scarcely open her mouth in public, being naturally diffident, and the cross so great, could obtain a blessing so few professed to enjoy. I soon lost the evidence of this, but never my hope and confidence. And I praise God, that through the many changing scenes of eight years following, mingled with affliction, trials, and temptations sore, I stood firm, my cry through all was, Lord do whatsoever seemeth good unto Thee, only save us; and He often appeared unto me as the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely; even to the filling of my soul with that perfect love, that casteth out all fear that hath torment. Sometimes for months I would feel the blessed assurance that "for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Thus I was kept

until about one year ago, when our babe, the youngest of six, had "gone to be an angel," but one had gone before to the spirit land, the Lord began to manifest Himself unto me in a special manner. I had ever been one of the weakest of God's children, and if my love and enjoyment were ever so great, I would be so confused and embarrassed, I could not express the half; and seldom, when I had felt it duty and tried to pray in public, had I been able to go through; and, O, how I had suffered! None but my Heavenly Father knows. But I became more and more determined to do whatever duty required, if I had to do it backwards, and He in great mercy came to my help.

My husband had long since lost his power from neglect of duty, which was to warn sinners "to flee the wrath to come." I had daily prayed for him, and many times felt willing to sacrifice my life, if by the means his soul could be saved. It was during his absence on an errand of mercy, that the words came to my mind the "merciful shall obtain mercy;" and with them came such an assurance that the Lord would have mercy upon him and save his soul, that I could not doubt; and there was such a heavenly and divine influence resting upon my soul as I cannot express, and such sweet communion with God as I had never before felt. Sleep nearly departed from eyes, I could not bear to sleep with my Saviour so near; and, oh, how He did reveal Himself unto me, and light and love came into my soul like a flood, and I was filled with praise and thanksgiving by day, and in the midnight watches, when all was quiet around, such prayers and exhortations as would come to me, unlike anything I had ever found language to express; I felt I was being truly taught of the Spirit, and being prepared for something, I knew not what. When my husband returned, I felt it duty to tell him how I had been exercised, and that I thought the Lord was about to do a great work in him; he said he was willing, and hoped so, for he was wretched and unhappy. A few weeks

later, when our lovely little Addie was so suddenly taken from us, almost without a moments warning, I thought perhaps it was for this alone the Lord had been preparing me. But I found after she had been quietly laid away, that she had died that her father might live, around whose heart her little life had entwined itself; that she had a mission, and it was accomplished, which was to lead him to become pure and innocent, that he might go and dwell with her. But it was not without a long and severe struggle, sometimes bordering on despair, that he was enabled to return to his Father's house. It was then I found I needed all the grace that had been bestowed, and all that I could then obtain, to uphold and encourage him. Oh, how I did wish some minister would come to help him, I felt so weak. None came; but I praise the Lord, His grace was sufficient, and that He was my strength; yes, our strength, and in His own good time, spoke peace to his troubled soul. He is now trying to do his whole duty. We had a revival in our neighborhood about this time, and I found I had been preparing for this work also. I never had felt such a burden for souls, never could pray for, and exhort sinners as I now did. One evening after returning from meeting, feeling willing to spend, and be spent, if souls could be saved, I was taken suddenly ill, and as I supposed, brought down to death. For weeks my life was despaired of, but my Saviour was with me down to the dark valley, and had I been called to pass through, I doubt not, He would have been with me then. But I was restored again to health and my little family, in answer to the prayers of God's people. It distressed me when they prayed, for I feared they were resisting God's will, and keeping me from Heaven. I am now thankful, and willing to live, to suffer, and do His will a little longer. But when recovering, I was sorely tempted; for during my illness, my stammering tongue had been loosened, and I had warned and exhorted sinners

in a manner surprising to all who heard. I felt I would sooner die than go out into the world again, unable to confess the Lord as faithfully as while sick, and thus bring disgrace and reproach upon the cause I loved so much, which the adversary told me I would. But one day whilst reading of one that prayed for the gift of utterance, I felt it was just what I needed, and I made it a subject of prayer; and when I went forth again, I found my prayer was answered. I hardly know myself sometimes, the Lord has done so much for me in one short year. I have enjoyed more in this one short year than in all my former experience.

It is true I now have severe struggles with the enemy of my soul. Since I commenced this, the adversary has tried to keep me from writing, telling me I wrote because my husband requested me to, and not from a sincere desire to do good, with a single eye to the honor and glory of God, and that I loved him better than my Saviour. I knew and felt it was not so, and I wrestled in prayer one night until I had the witness it was not true. For the world, my companion, my children, all, all sunk into insignificance, as my Saviour appeared in all His loveliness, and my soul was filled with inexpressible love, that brought such sweet peace, and blessed assurance that I can never doubt again that I love Him supremely. And I expect, if faithful unto death, to wear the crown of life.

ELLENBURG, N. Y.

THE INWARD LIFE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

SPIRITUAL growth depends wholly on the living, healthy principle of godliness within the soul.

Where there is no inward, organic life in the state or in the church, "death reigns." So with the individual man. But spiritual life enriches spiritual growth; the deeper, the truer, the holier that life, the more rapid and vigorous the growth in dimensions and

effective usefulness. All true spiritual growth is *from within*. It depends on the inward principle of holiness and faith in God. Piety is power; piety is beauty; piety is growth; piety links to God, and God is omnipotent. The strength of a Christian is to be measured by his participation in the life of God—by his vital union with the Lord Jesus Christ.

How often the members of our churches seem to forget that there can be no legitimate increase for the church beyond its increase in inward holiness. All other mere enlargement of bulk is like padding out a tree with foreign material; there is a swelling of dimension, as the human body may bloat under the influence of stimulants; there is no genuine and enduring growth. Let us not be deceived. There can be no substitute for vital piety. No pretentious swell of numbers in the pew, or of rhetoric in the pulpit—no cunning devices of architecture or bewitching music—no multiplication of sermons or services—no especial allurements to “draw” people to the sanctuary or the altar—no associations for sociality or for charity—nothing, *nothing can take the place of overmastering love to Jesus Christ.*

Without this inward principle in healthy exercise, there will be no godly activity, no increase of spiritual power. There may be occasional spasms of fitful exertion. But, like the tides, they will soon ebb away, and leave only the worthless “wreck” of broken resolutions and decaying projects on the strand.

But godliness is perennial. It is better than numbers; for it attracts the best unto itself, and manufactures good men out of the worst material. It is better than wealth; for it includes the industry that makes money, and the benevolence that bestows it on praiseworthy objects. Benjamin Franklin empties the contents of his purse on the plate under the irresistible appeals of George Whitfield. But it is better to have a greater than Whitfield always in our hearts, who

will prompt us to give, even though no fascinating eloquence play upon the ear. Godliness, too, is better than prayer; for it inspires devotion, and without it the most fluent repetition of liturgies is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Would you grow? Then grow in godliness. As Paul wrote to the brethren at Thessalonica, “We beseech you to increase more and more.” We beseech you by the tender mercies of our God. We beseech you by the love of Jesus that plucked you from the pit of woe. By all the luxuries of doing good—by all the bliss of a heaven begun on earth, and consummated on the sea of shining gold before the throne—by all the glorious deeds you may achieve for God and humanity, we beseech you to increase more and more—more and more still—more and yet more, until Christ becomes not only the measure of your holy aspirations, but the fulness of your perfect joy.—REV. T. L. CUYLER.

FOR THE AFFLICTED.—“I have chosen a text for you,—‘The Lord knoweth *how* to deliver the godly out of temptation.’ Lay the emphasis on the *how*, and you will find the words full of comfort. There are many ways of delivering, quick ways and slow ways, plain ways and strange, mysterious ways, in which the commencement of the deliverance is apparent forsaking. Now, the Lord knows which of these to choose. We are often tempted to think he has chosen amiss, because we only see half the temptation, and therefore think we could devise a much quicker way out of it. He sees the whole danger of our souls. He means the deliverance to be perfect. He means fully to prepare his chosen vessels for their glory, and he knows how to do it. We must let him work. The *how* may as yet be uncertain and unknown to us; but, ‘the Lord knoweth’ is a certainty, and the deliverance is a certainty, and on these two we must rest.”—ELIZABETH BICKERSTETH.

DRESS.

BY MRS. AUGUSTA C. BARNARD.

PERHAPS there is no sin into which the multitude so universally fall as the love of dress.

The sin is not confined to either sex, and neither could find sufficient satisfaction to repay for so much sacrifice, were it not for the approval and flattery of the opposite sex. A gentleman does not dress to look so much like a butterfly as does a lady, but is he not just as vain of his broadcloth and beaver, as they of their apparel?

It is strange that we are so slow to learn the real object of our creation. Did all fully understand *this*, the vanity and follies of dress would entirely disappear. Who would think of ribbons and laces, of "broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array," if they lived "as seeing Him who is invisible?" How much better so to live, so to dress, and so to mingle with our friends, that they may see that we have learned of Christ, who was meek and lowly. I feel grieved at the folly of my friends. It is but a few days since I met a sister of the same church, baptized by the same loving pastor's hand, and in the same *Name* of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. She had on silk, with flounces to the waist, and each flounce trimmed expensively with costly ornaments. But it was not her dress alone which grieved me—it was her look of triumphant satisfaction, as if she thought her poor body, thus decorated, was wonderfully beautiful, little thinking how soon the casket might be broken, and her naked soul stand before God without "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." I pitied her, for I knew that God had not taught her the lessons which I had received from *his* hand. I had passed through deep waters of afflictions, and had learned to look upon earthly things as vanity, and knew that "passing away" was written on all here below. We may dress neatly and plainly, and tastefully,

but we should so dress as to use the means God has given us with strict economy, that we may render to God the things which are God's. I do not ask you to give to the missionary, who has left home and friends, and the band of Christian brothers and sisters, and gone to some far-off isle of the sea, to tell of the glad tidings of a crucified and risen Saviour. I do not ask you to give to the Bible Society, who are striving to furnish the destitute with that *Book of Books*. I do not ask you to give to the soldier, who lies wounded and bleeding far away from a mother's love, or a sister's care. I do not ask you to give to the poor freedman, who begins to hope he may some day lift up his voice to God, and bless him that he is *free*; but I do ask you to render to God the things which are God's.

I wish that every brother and sister would pray, earnestly, that those who profess the name of Christ, might look upon *dress* in its true light; that, instead of "conforming to the world, they may be transformed by the renewing of their minds, that they may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." O, how blessed to prove the perfect will of God. *Then shall we soon stand among the sons of light, and ere long, shine among the cherubim and seraphim above.*

SOLEMN QUESTIONS.

If you get not the soul's attachments loosened before death, there will ensue such a rending and agony upon your departure, as no loss of country, of wife or children, can be compared with; and, if you take not a cool forethought of the future, nor prepare to meet it, there will come such a brood of fears, such a wreck of hopes, as no improvident spendthrift ever encountered. O! ye sons of men, if these things are so, and ye tread every moment upon the brink of time, and live upon the eve of judgment,

what avail your many cares and your unresting occupations? Will your snug dwellings, your gay clothing, and your downy beds, give freshness to the stiffened joints, or remove the disease which hath got a lodgment in your marrow and in your bones? Will a crowded board, and the full flow of jovial mirth, and beauty's wreathed smile, and beauty's dulcet voice, charm back to a crazy dwelling the ardours and grace of youth? Will yellow gold bribe the tongue of memory, and wipe away from the tablets of the mind the remembrance of former doings? Will worldly goods reach upward to heaven, and bribe the pen of the recording angel, that he should cancel from God's books all vestige of our crimes? or abrogate the eternal law, by which sin and sorrow, righteousness and peace, are bound together? Once more, ye sons of men, hear me, for your honor and your interest's sake; and give ear, as you value the love of Christ, and the majesty of God. It is sure as death and destiny, that if you awake not from this infatuation of custom and pleasure, at the call of God, your Saviour, the habitations of dismal cruelty, endless days and nights of sorrow shall be your doom. O! could I lift the curtain which shrouds eternity from the eye of time, and disclose the lazar-house of eternal death, what sleeper of you would not start at the chaos of commingled grief.—EDWARD IRVING.

TIME FOR STUDY.

It was not by sitting up late at night, but by rising early in the morning, that Adam Clarke found time for study. He well observed, "A late morning student is a lazy one, and will rarely make a true scholar; and (he who sits up late at night not only burns his life's candle at both ends, but puts a red-hot poker to the middle.)" A minister one day acknowledged to the doctor that he was in the habit of remaining late in bed, and added that

he had been protesting and praying against it for several years, but that it still lingered, and seemed to be a most inveterate, if not incurable evil. The doctor addressed him: "My dear brother, you have entirely misapprehended the case. The remedy is simple, and of easy application. It has been a maxim with me for many years never to trouble the Almighty about a thing which I could do myself. Now, instead of lying in bed and praying on the subject of early rising, I get up at the appointed time, dress myself, and go at once to my study and my books. If you take my advice you will act in future on the same maxim."—DUNN'S LIFE OF ADAM CLARKE.

REASONS FOR FEWNESS OF CONVERSIONS.—Adam Clark's friend, James Bromley, relates, that to the question, "How does it happen, doctor, that extraordinary and sudden conversions are not so frequent among us as formerly?" The doctor replied, "Perhaps the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, and deliverance from all sin, are not insisted upon as they once were. If something were not materially wrong, God would not withhold success. I have observed one thing, a visible study to bring the world into the Church; it appears in ornamental chapels and organs. (I did not like the chanting of that solemn hymn when I preached in —; it was aping a fallen church.) Trust an old man for once; if we bring the world into the church, we turn the Spirit out."

God's mercy fails not; ever expending and yet never at all spent, not so much as diminished; flowing as the rivers, from one age to another, and yet no whit the less to those that come after.—LEIGHTON.

NEVER covet easy paths. The Lord keep you and me from that folly—that *sin*, beloved!

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, DECEMBER, 1863.

REVIVAL PREACHING.

Preaching should be directly calculated to bring about a revival of God's work. This was the design of God in the establishment of the ministry. Preachers are called of God, commissioned and sent forth, that they may instrumentally edify believers and convert sinners. This is their mission. They may do other things incidentally, but this is their main work. *And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.** Here we have set forth the special work of ministers of the Gospel. It is, not to preach so many sermons a week, and keep up an interest in the congregation—it is to labor for the PERFECTING of the saints, in love, faith and humility, and all the sweet graces of the Spirit—to edify the body of Christ—to build up the church by the conversion of sinners, and by leading them on in their experience till they become PERFECT MEN in Christ.

The preacher should aim in every sermon and exhortation to accomplish this object. Any thing that does not tend to this is not the Gospel. It may be true—may be good enough in its place, but its place is not the pulpit. This has to do with man's eternal interests. If a preacher does not know what he was placed in the pulpit for, or, knowing his mission, if he does not strive with all his energy for its accomplishment, he had better leave at once and go at something else. He stands in the way. How many dexterous, scientific blows are given from the pulpit every Sabbath! Yet how little is accomplished! Why? Because these splendidly furnished soldiers "fight as one that beateth the air."† Their nicely measured movements are intended—not to wound the enemies of Christ—but to display themselves to the best advantage. They appear

to be engaged in battle—in reality, they are on parade.

It is not possible for a gospel minister to labor honestly for the salvation of souls as God directs, without being successful. The criminality of many consists in the fact that they do not positively aim at the salvation of souls as a result to be accomplished by their labors. They preach and talk almost at random, and have a kind of indefinite hope that somehow or sometime, a revival will come about. Revivals never happen, any more than crops of wheat or corn happen. They are brought about just as wheat is raised—by a union of human and divine agency. And the co-operation of God can be counted on by those laboring in the spiritual harvest field, with far greater certainty than by those who are cultivating farms. To the former Jesus has said, **LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.**

Ministers need not try to throw the responsibility of their want of success upon the church. Probably the church is not right. It would be a miracle if it was. In nine cases out of ten it is the fault of the preacher that the church is no better. "Like priest like people," is a proverb as true as proverbs generally are. The Bible clearly shows that God holds ministers responsible, in a great degree, for the spiritual condition of the people. If the wicked does not turn from his sins, or if the righteous turns from his righteousness and commits wickedness, they shall die in their iniquity; "but their blood," says God to the unfaithful watchman, "will I require at thine hand."‡ Our Saviour addressed his epistles, not to the seven churches of Asia directly, but to their "angels,"§ or ministers, esteeming as their own the sins of their people.

Preaching is God's appointed method for making men better. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."¶ How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"‡ "Go ye in to all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."§ There is, if we mistake not, a great tendency at the present day, to underestimate the importance of preaching, as a means of grace. It grows out of the fact, probably, that so little is accomplished by it. But the

*Eph. iv. 11.

*Ezek. iii. 18, 21. †Rev. ii. 1. ‡1 Cor. i. 21.
‡Rom. x. 14. § Mark xvi. 15.

fault is, not with preaching as an institution, but with the preachers themselves. The distribution of Bibles and religious tracts and books is good in its place, but it can never answer as a substitute for the living preacher, with his heart of love and tongue of fire. The fervent, effectual prayers of the righteous, help on the work of soul-saving very greatly, but they cannot do the part of a vivid declaration of God's burning, searching truth. To secure the assistance of God in a revival does not require a great deal of pleading, as though he needed urgent persuading to save those who will give themselves to him, for he "inclines his ear"—he listens attentively to catch the cry of those who wait patiently for him. But unsaved man is hard to be moved. He needs to have his dormant sensibilities touched, and his *slumbering conscience* aroused. Under the presentation of the truth, "the secrets of his heart should be made manifest, so that he would fall down upon his face and worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth."

✓ *Preaching should be scriptural.* The preacher should draw on the Bible for something more than the text and the benediction. The staple of the sermon should be taken from the word of God, and not culled from the newspapers or made up of the sayings of associates. If sinners are pricked to the heart, it will be, not by selections from poets, nor by the fine sentences of the worldly wise, but by arrows drawn from the quiver of the Almighty. None but weapons forged in Heaven can penetrate the thick armor in which sinners of the present day have encased themselves from head to foot. If you back up every thing you say by a plain "thus saith the Lord," your preaching will be with authority. If you explain and enforce the truths of the Bible you will be listened to with something more than respectful attention. It is astonishing what ignorance of the Bible exists among professing Christians, and even preachers, who perhaps are otherwise well educated. Preaching made up largely from the scriptures, has in this day all the attractions of novelty. People generally have too many newspapers to read to pay much attention to the Bible, and they love to hear a preacher who brings its truths before them. God says, "He that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully." Do this and you will succeed.

DEATH OF DR. REDFIELD.

This eminent servant of God has been called to his reward. He died at the house of Osgood Joslyn, near Marengo, Ill., on Monday morning, the 2d of November, in the 54th year of his age.

Dr. Redfield was one of the most remarkable men of the day. His talents were of a high order, and his life was a sacrifice upon the altar of God, for the good of humanity. For over twenty years he has devoted his time to the promotion of revivals of religion, receiving no compensation for his unremitting labors. As a revival preacher, he had no equal in this country. The great fundamental truths of the Gospel, he presented with convincing clearness and overwhelming power. Vast audiences were wrought to the highest pitch of religious excitement under his awful appeals, and wherever he held meetings the country was moved for miles around, and hundreds of converts were added to the church of God. He was an uncompromising advocate of Christianity in its apostolic simplicity and purity, insisting that professing Christians should come out from the world and be separate, and be essentially different, in their spirit and in their life, from those who made no pretensions to piety.

We first heard him preach in the city of Middletown, Conn. His pungent appeals made a great commotion among proud and fashionable church members. Dr. Olin, the President of the college located there, went from a sick bed to hear him preach. "This," said that eminent man, "is Methodism, and you must stand by it." The whole city was moved, and hundreds were converted. As one of the fruits of this revival, it is said that twenty-five young men were raised up to preach the Gospel. At New York, New Haven, Bridgeport and other cities and towns of the East, he held meetings with equally marked success. Eight years ago he went west, and held meetings in St. Charles, Marengo and other places in Illinois, and subsequently in St. Louis. As the church became more popular and worldly, greater opposition was manifested to his plain presentation of the truths of the Gospel. This finally became so strong as to lead to his withdrawal from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to the formation, in the West, of the Free Methodist

Church, to which he was ardently attached till the time of his death.

His excessive labors, and the persecutions he met with, acting upon a highly sensitive nature, induced a stroke of paralysis about three years ago, from which he never recovered. On Saturday evening, the last day of October, while sitting at the supper table, having felt as well as usual through the day, he was taken with a fit of apoplexy, and soon sunk into a lethargic sleep, from which he never awoke. He breathed his last on Monday morning at six o'clock. A few days before he died he said to Mr. Osgood Joslyn, who has cared for him tenderly since he was first broken down, some three years ago, "I want to leave my testimony that this is the right way. This salvation is the only thing that will stand the test." He has gone, but he has left a memorial behind that time can never efface.

We were providentially at the West at the time of his death, and were permitted the melancholy satisfaction of attending his funeral.

Thus, one after another of our fellow-laborers are being called home to their reward. We are still spared, while others capable of rendering much more efficient service are taken away. Let us work—work—while we may.

Materials have been placed in our hands for writing a biography of Dr. Redfield, which we design to do as soon as possible. Persons having letters which he has written, which may be of service in this respect, are requested to forward them to us at Buffalo. We will return them if desired. Any accounts of meetings which he held, or any other facts or incidents in his life which may be of interest, we would be happy to receive.

PORTRAIT OF DR. REDFIELD.

We design, if sufficient encouragement is given, to furnish all our subscribers for another year, with a steel-plate engraving of Dr. Redfield, in the January or February number of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*. We shall take pains to have an excellent likeness. The expense, of course, will be considerable. We rely upon our friends to aid us in meeting it, by increasing largely our subscription list. This must be done, or we shall sustain a loss for your pleasure and profit, which we cannot

possibly afford to meet. The engraving will be worth of itself half the price of the Magazine for the year. We look to you for a generous response. Not only renew promptly, but send us at least one new subscriber.

Along with the portrait, a biographical sketch of Dr. Redfield will be given.

LETTER AND SPIRIT.

DOES GOD MEAN WHAT HE SAYS?—Are the words which the Holy Ghost has used in the Scripture to be taken in their plain, obvious meaning? Shall we make exceptions and limitations to plain precepts and promises when God has made none? If one may claim this privilege, why not another? If it may be done with some portions of the Bible, why not with all? But what will become of the word of God if every person may make exceptions as convenience, or caprice, or fashion shall dictate? "Ye make," says our Saviour to the Pharisees, "the word of God of more effect by your traditions"—interpretations. Is not this done, very generally, at the present day? Our English brethren think that the Bible prohibitions from using strong drink, from "looking upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup," are not intended to forbid the "social glass;" but only to prevent common drunkenness in its more loathsome forms. The apologist for slaveholding is willing to have the Golden Rule applied in behalf of all except persons of African descent.

The commands prohibiting conformity to the world are too generally disregarded. Many religious congregations are as gay in their appearance as their circumstances will allow. Why this waste? Does it do any good? Many are impoverished by it; and many, unable to conform to the prevailing style of dress, absent themselves altogether from the house of God. Does the Bible require or allow the vast expenditure which many incur in adorning their persons?

Women, and much more men, are commanded to "*adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but with good works.*"* What can be plainer? Modest apparel is enjoined, with modesty and sobriety—moderation. Four

* 1 Tim. ii, 9. See also 1 Pet. iii, 3.

things are positively forbidden. Adorning one's self—1. with broidered—curled, braided hair; 2. with gold—ear-rings, finger-rings, watches, chains, breast-pins, and other articles made of gold for appearance's sake, are forbidden. If the ornaments are made of imitation, counterfeit gold, to wear them but adds hypocrisy to disobedience; 3. with pearls, genuine or counterfeit; 4. with *costly array*—garments which cost more, either in their materials or their making, than comfort, convenience or decency requires.

It is idle to talk about keeping *the spirit* of this command, when both letter and spirit are violated. The "spirit" of a law is more comprehensive than the letter; it includes that and often more. If you forbid your child to pick a single pear from a tree in your garden, you would not consider that you had been obeyed if, instead of one, he picks a dozen. The spirit of the command not to "look up on the wine when it is red," that is fermented or intoxicating, may include other intoxicating drinks, as brandy and rum, but it certainly embraces wine. The command to abstain from ordinary labor on the Sabbath may, in its spirit, prohibit sinful pleasures, but it does not on that account tolerate plowing and manufacturing on God's holy day. So the prohibition to wear gold, may, in its spirit, forbid all pride of apparel; but it does not therefore countenance the wearing of gold. We must be careful how we take liberties with the word of God. He means what He says, and says what He means. For one to affirm that He does not mean what He says is blasphemy quite as great as common swearing. Gold means gold, whatever else may be included. Do you say that the prohibition from wearing it is a trifling commandment, unworthy of our notice? But can you fail to see that such reflections pour contempt upon God? Do you forget that our Saviour has said, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven,"—that is he shall not enter.

Let us, beloved, reverence the word of God in all things. Let us come out and be separate.

LEBANON CAMP MEETING.

This meeting commenced soon after the close of the one at Ogle, which has been brief-

ly noticed. The ground was beautifully located and well prepared. There were not a large number of tents, but the congregations were good and remarkably orderly. Indeed, this is the first meeting of the kind I ever attended, where a police was not needed. I did not notice a single exhibition of a disorderly spirit. But the best of all was, God was with us. Many were saved by his power, and some filled with his glorious fulness. Brethren from other parts of the State will bear witness with me that the people from St. Louis and Lebanon, and regions round about showed hospitality without grudging. May God bless them.

D. W. T.

GOOD ACCOMPLISHED.

We feel grateful to God for the good He has done and is doing through the agency of the Earnest Christian. To Him be all the glory. It was started with the one design to hold up the Bible standard of salvation. We have never, we believe, been influenced in the insertion of articles by the effect they have upon our subscription list. Our aim has been to declare the whole counsel of God. We have lost many subscribers by refusing to insert articles which we felt would not glorify God, and advance His cause. Our standard has been too high for some; but while these have fallen off, God has raised up other noble friends to take their place. This has been done by His own good Providence, and in His own way. The following letter from a Captain in our army will be read with interest:

TENNESSEE, Nov. 7, 1863.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS—Sometime in February or March last, the Chaplain of my regiment procured some reading matter for the regiment at the Sanitary rooms. Among other things there were a few numbers of the Earnest Christian. At that time there was, I think, six individuals who publicly professed to be endeavoring to walk in the straight way. They called themselves the "*Band*." The magazines were read by these with pleasure and profit. They had told us something we had long wished to know. We had always felt that we needed a deeper and more thorough work in our hearts; but, until then, had failed to find any one that could guide. Our Chaplain stoutly denied the doctrine the Earnest Christian taught, and raised a great

cry against it. One or two of our number were also skeptical. Three of us fully believed the doctrine of sanctification, and felt determined to seek it until we obtained. I wrote to you, inquiring if the *Earnest Christian* was yet published. You answered that it was, and gave me great encouragement in a very few words that went to my heart. You also sent me, at different times, twenty back numbers; also "*Blind Henry's Battles and Shoutings of the Victors.*" All these were read by the "*Band,*" and, in fact, every book that we could get that treated on the subject of perfect love—such as "*Carvosso,*" "*Hester Ann Rogers,*" etc. All these served to stir up the great deep of our hearts, and showed that there was filth remaining there which should be washed away.

The more we read, the more severe the heart-pains grew. Yet would we return to the very books that gave us such pain. I have myself felt such a burden that I could scarcely walk, and almost shuddered to take up the Bible, knowing it would only increase that pain; and yet I would not, could not read a book on any other subject.

About five months since I was called to part with the little "*Band,*" and have seen none of them since. But, glory to God, though they are absent in the flesh, yet I feel that we often meet at the mercy seat. For your encouragement in the good work I will tell you the result, as I have reason for believing it is.

A number have abandoned the use of tobacco and whisky, several converted, one reclaimed, eight purified; and I hope they are all yet led by the *Spirit*.

Some of the converts have publicly confessed that the "*Band*" were the instruments in the hands of God in turning them to the Saviour. Besides this, thirty (I think more) readers have been furnished the *Earnest Christian* for this year, which, in some cases, has effected that for which it was sent.

The person that sent those magazines to the Sanitary Commission perhaps never thought of it again. But if a pebble thrown into the ocean shall cause the waves to move on until they reach the other shore, shall not this pebble also have an influence that will tell in eternity? Yes! Yes! I feel that it will be so.

Let me say for the little "*Band*" that we expect to be life subscribers for the *Earnest*

Christian, and to worship, with the editor and contributors, at the feet of Jesus, when the toils of life are ended. May the Lord help you to preach Jesus with boldness, fearing not man but God.

Oh, that every Methodist, yes, every Christian family, could read your *Earnest Christian*—that fearless advocate of holiness. The devil sometimes tells me that I will need the money that I would spend in extending the circulation of it. But I feel as if it were treasure laid up in heaven; and I had rather have it there than in my own hands. It is safer there. I pray that I may ever be a faithful steward of the Lord.

W. W. K.

THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE of the Free Methodist Church held its annual session at Aurora, Ill., Oct. 21st-27th. The Spirit of the Lord was present in the session, and the business was transacted in general harmony and love. We long to see these annual gatherings, distinguished by manifestations of great spiritual power. Three preachers were admitted on trial, and two were received into full connection. There was an increase of members, and of preaching places. Four preachers were ordained Elders, and three were ordained Deacons. The following are the appointments for the coming year:

ST. CHARLES DISTRICT—J. Travis, Chairman.
Aurora and Big Rock—C. H. Underwood,
M. V. Clufe.

St. Charles, Geneva, Wheaton and Batavia
—N. D. Fanning, J. W. Dake.

Clinton—C. S. Gitchell.

Newfield—To be supplied.

Ogle—C. E. Harroun.

Amboy—U. C. Roe.

Belvidere and Garden Prairie—E. G. Ribble.

Marengo and Bonus—E. P. Hart. W. H. Neal, supply.

Crystal Lake—Ira G. Gould.

Sugar Creek—Geo. L. Shepardson.

Winnebago—T. S. La Due.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT—J. G. Terrill, Chairman.
St. Louis—James Miller.

New Lebanon—J. G. Terrill.

Conf. Miss.—J. W. Redfield; J. Mead, superannuated; Loomis Benjamin, employed in missionary work.

DEDICATION.—The Free Methodist Church at Aurora, Ill., was dedicated to the worship

of God on the 25th of October. The sermon was preached by the editor of the *Earnest Christian*, and the dedicatory prayer offered by Rev. J. Travis. The occasion was one of deep interest.

The house is of brick, plain, neat, commodious, and one of the best in the connexion. It has a basement, and is pleasantly located, and, we believe, either paid for, or the payment provided for. May it be the birth-place of many souls.

DAMP BEDS.

Sleep is essential. However moderate the work, the best constitution will soon break down under a loss of sleep. It is especially necessary for preachers. If they are engaged in their work, as they should be, their labors are exciting and wearing, more than those of most other men, and after the exhausting services of a meeting, they need quiet and refreshing rest at night. This is far more essential than food or drink. Friends who invite them home show no want of hospitality in the supplies which they furnish to tempt the appetite. But in the provision which they make for their obtaining needful rest, there is often a culpable negligence which is sometimes attended with the most serious results. The late Wm. Dawson, an eminent and useful Methodist minister in England, was killed by a damp bed. Prince Albert was said to have shown the first symptom of his fatal illness as the consequence of a damp bed at Madingly Hall. We have had some painful experiences in this matter. At one time, after preaching three sermons on the Sabbath, to a crowded house, we were invited home by a brother to stay all night. We were very kindly received. After an interesting season of prayer, we were sent to sleep in a room—the third one away from any fire—in a bed that was seldom occupied, and which had accumulated all the damp and cold that a winter's frost could give it. The night was the coldest of the season. In vain did we try to sleep. We were so thoroughly chilled that rest was impossible? In the morning we arose languid and depressed, feeling as if we had suffered for a long fit of sickness. The good people had none but the kindest intentions, but if God had not blessed us with a strong constitution, and watched over us for good, our labors might have suddenly closed.

We have heard some of our old preachers say that they did not suffer in the early days of their ministry when they slept in the chambers

of log cabins, through the roofs of which they could see the stars, as much as they often do now when put to sleep in some cold room of the large house of some wealthy brother. In those days the big fire below warmed the chambers; but the spare chamber of the large house is generally removed far from the influence of fire.

Will not our sisters think of these things? Make it a matter of conscience, never to put an ambassador of Christ, weary with toils, nor indeed any one else, to sleep in a bed, that is cold, damp and uncomfortable. There is never any necessity for it. If you cannot take a fire to the bed to dry it thoroughly, you can always, with a little trouble, take the bed to the fire. This is a great deal better than to kill one off prematurely, or to give him the rheumatism, or some other painful disease for life.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number closes the fourth year of the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*. To us it has been a year of unrelenting toil. But the Lord has graciously borne with us; and upheld us by his power; and showered upon us the blessings of his grace, so that it has been to us one of the very best years of our life. We are fully consecrated to Him to do His blessed will; and, through the infinite merits of Jesus, the offering is accepted; and we feel all through our soul and body that we belong to the Lord. He saves us now.

We feel grateful to our friends who have stood by us, and encouraged us in our efforts to promote the uncompromising principles of the Gospel of Christ. The Lord is our witness that we have sincerely aimed to benefit all our readers; and we have not knowingly kept back anything which we thought might be profitable to you.

We should be sorry to part company with any of you another year. If obliged to, our prayers shall go up for your spiritual welfare. We want to greet you in heaven. If permitted to minister to you another year through these columns, in spiritual things, we shall endeavor to benefit you to the very utmost of the ability which God shall give. We hope, by the blessing of God and the co-operation of our friends, to make the next year's issue the best that we have ever published. "To grow in grace," is the duty of the *Earnest Christian*. Interesting and profitable biographical sketches of persons eminent for piety and usefulness in the church will, from time to time, be given. The same great principles which we have set forth from the beginning will be fearlessly advocated, in the spirit of Jesus.

While the price of almost everything has greatly advanced, we shall not only keep the price and size of the *Earnest Christian* the same as before, but probably in other respects the appearance will be fully up to what it has been heretofore. Stand by us. Please read directions on the cover.