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HINDRANCES TO FAITH.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

God never changes. From age to age he is without variableness or shadow of turning. He never wearies in the exercise of his infinite power; nor exhausts his benevolence by any benefactions which he bestows. When we read in the Bible of his wonderful interpositions to serve them who trusted in Him, let us remember that he is the same to-day—THE LIVING GOD. He was never more ready than at the present to interpose in behalf of those who need his help.

Faith is the connecting link that unites us to God. It possesses no efficacy of itself. It has no intrinsic worth. But as an iron key may open the vault in which untold treasures lie, ready to be used, so faith puts man into possession of every good which he is capable of enjoying. It is not power; but it is the band which carries the motive power where it is needed, and sets the whole machinery in motion. It is not wealth; but it is the presenting to a bank that never repudiates its own "promise to pay," and waiting until the gold is duly received. Are you a sinner exposed to death? Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Do you desire purity? God puts no difference between you and others, but will purify your heart by faith, as he has already done to many. Do you desire any temporal or spiritual blessing proper for you to receive which is in the power of God to bestow? *All things are possible to him that believeth.** When we

read in Sacred Writ of the exploits performed by the servants of God in ancient times, we are too ready to conclude that it was because of some miraculous energy imparted to them, which, in the change of circumstances, is necessarily withheld from us. But in the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews we are taught that it was not by the arbitrary sovereignty of God that these old worthies were enabled to leave on record a good testimony concerning themselves; but it was THROUGH FAITH that they "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Is faith the gift of God? It is, in the same sense that seeing, hearing, walking, and acting are the gift of God. God gives the general capacity to believe. He furnishes, in his own nature, his word, and his works the evidences upon which faith may rely. For special blessings, not promised in his word, he often gives a special faith. In this sense Paul speaks of faith as a spiritual gift, "To another faith by the same Spirit."† The exercise of saving faith depends upon ourselves. Some are misled by the text—"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."‡ What is here said to be the gift of God? Not the faith; but the salvation. The original places this beyond a doubt. *Kai touto ouk estin theon ro*

*Mark ix, 23. †1 Cor. 12, 2. ‡Eph. 2, 8.

δωρον. If the word translated "that," had referred to faith, it would have been in the feminine gender, but it is in the neuter, showing that it refers to the whole sentence for its antecedent. The power to believe comes from God—the act of believing is our own.

Can faith, then, be exercised *at will*? Does our power of believing depend directly upon our own volition? Most certainly not, and yet it may be entirely our fault that we are incapable of exercising faith. The farmer cannot reap when he chooses, and yet if he neither plows nor sows he can only blame himself for the absence of the harvest. Faith is the ripened fruit which is never found in the heart until the fallow ground has been broken up and we have sown to ourselves in righteousness. To do this is our work. As long as it remains undone we are chargeable with unbelief and all its consequences. Our Saviour says—*How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?** This language implies plainly that there are hindrances to faith, and until these are removed its exercise is impossible.—It is not so hard a thing as many imagine to trust in God, when the conditions of trust are fulfilled. If we find ourselves affected with unbelief and despondency, instead of a blind determination that we will believe, we should search into the cause. In dealing with souls, instead of crying out, "believe, believe, only believe," we should probe the heart, and see if there are no hindrances to the exercise of a saving faith. Presumption is easy at any time; but faith can be exercised only as we meet its conditions. Let us look at the hindrances of faith as stated by our Saviour, and see if we cannot discover the cause of our spiritual faintness. These hindrances are two.

First—*Receiving honor one of another.*

God is jealous. He loves his faith-

ful servants and crowns them with imperishable glories. When the laurels of the bloody conqueror have faded, and the proud monuments that blazoned forth his deeds have crumbled to ashes, the diadem of the humble servant of God, who was faithful unto death, will still shine in undimmed splendor. But to win it he must be unswerving in his fidelity. He must find his happiness in the favor of God. He must live to please Him alone.—You will notice that our Saviour teaches that faith is precluded, not merely by seeking the honors that come from men, but by *receiving* them when proffered. We must reject them if we would have faith and the blessings which it brings. Elisha would not receive the gifts of Naaman the Syrian, though strongly urged, and God still favored him; but his servant accepted the offering that was freely proffered, and the leprosy covered him, and he left the company of the servant of God for that of lepers. We must imitate Elisha, and stoutly refuse the honors that come even without our seeking. The disciple is not above the Master. *I receive not, says Jesus, honor from men.** And to us he says—"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you."†

Alas! how much there is among professing Christians of this receiving honor one of another! Is it not carried to the very verge of indecency? Could it abound much more if it were commanded to be sought instead of avoided?

1. We receive honor one of another, when, in the worship of God we consult the tastes of men rather than have respect to what is pleasing to God.—Is God pleased with the preference given, in seating the congregation, to the gaily-dressed sinner over the poor, saintly widow, or the pious laborer? What is the bestowment by the church of the most eligible seats upon those who are able to pay the most but a tribute paid to wealth? Can genuine

*John v, 44.

*John v, 41. †Luka, 6, 26.

faith be exercised by those who sanction a practice so utterly at variance with the word of God? Then the words of our Saviour can have no meaning.

Does not much of the preaching that we hear come under the same head? There is no mistaking the object of that nicely-polished essay. The offence of the cross is carefully shunned. The word of God is smoothed down to suit the fastidious ears of the fashionable congregation. Self-denial is not insisted upon, non-conformity to the world is not urged, for rich men might be offended and withdraw their support. Those finely rounded periods, that please the fancy but leave the heart and the conscience untouched; those graceful gestures, so patiently studied before the mirror, secure, as they were doubtless intended, the applause of the careless and unthinking, but the Spirit is grieved, and souls go down to hell unwarned. Can such men have faith? It is difficult to understand how they can believe the Bible. Said the great apostle: "Do I seek to please men? For if I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ."

If we neglect to confess Christ because our talents or education are not equal to those of others, we are seeking honor of men. Do you not detect yourself in this? Yet you wonder at your weakness of faith!

Is not the singing conducted in most churches with a view to please men instead of God? Can any one believe that he cares more for artistic skill than for a devotional heart! Where can a choir be found in which piety is made a requisite to admission?

Again, we seek honor of men when we repress all manifestations of the Spirit, and substitute frigid proprieties for those outbursts of devotion which flow spontaneously from hearts filled with love to God. On the day of pentecost bystanders said, "These men are full of new wine." Yet the apostles did not, on that account, put down these manifestations which gave occasion to such contemptuous remarks. It is impossi-

ble for us to exercise faith while we are constantly on the look-out lest something should happen that might provoke the cold criticisms of those who have no sympathy with the power of godliness. The religion of Jesus can never be made popular among those who refuse to submit to its claims. It spreads by its own force. Persecution, instead of checking its progress, but makes it take a firmer hold. Sensitiveness to the reproach of the cross excludes the mighty operations of the Holy Ghost, and leaves us to make our way as best we can under the guidance of worldly policy. Are we pleased with the compliments which the world pays to our imposing church edifices, our faultless preaching, our skillful singing, our rapid progress, our numbers, our wealth, or our intelligence? Then do we receive honor of men. Faith is impossible.

2. We receive honor of men when, in our mode of living, we disregard express commands of God to follow the prevailing fashions. The Bible lays down general principles. It is not very specific in its directions as to how we shall dress and live. It forbids all ostentatious display. It prohibits expressly—not this style or that, provided it be not immodest—but "the putting on of gold or costly apparel." The Quaker with his garments plainly made, but of the most expensive material, violates this prohibition in its most essential features. His dress is a bait for the honor which men pay to wealth. As a general rule, do not rich men belonging to the church expect and receive a certain degree of consideration on account of their social position? Are they not careful to indicate, in some way, by their apparel or their equipage, that they are men of wealth? Can a stranger be long in their company without being told of their high standing? If faith is essential to salvation, and if receiving honor of men shuts out faith, what impressiveness is there in the words of our Saviour, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." Luke xviii, 24.

3. We receive honor of men when we accept honorary degrees and titles. Our Saviour says expressly: *Be not ye called Rabbi—doctor—for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.** He here plainly condemns a practice that is general among ministers, nor can all the sophistry of all the doctors of divinity make it appear otherwise. Yet ministers not only consent to be called "doctor," but they covet the distinction. Degrees are purchased from insignificant colleges struggling for an existence. The "Doctorate" is not unfrequently bestowed upon men who are noted for neither their piety nor their learning—men who make an utter failure as far as the cure of souls is concerned, and who could not read their diplomas to save their lives. Is there any reason to suppose that the rage for titles ran higher among the Pharisees of our Saviour's day than it does at present among ministers of all denominations? How, then, can ye believe?

Secondly,—Another great hindrance to faith is neglecting to *seek the honor that comes from God only.* There is an honor that comes from GOD ALONE. Men do not give it. They claim no share in its bestowal. They either stand coldly by, or call its recipient an enthusiast or a fanatic. Christ suffered in the garden alone; and every one of his disciples is, at some period of his history, called to go into the garden alone with him. (He is to decide the question "Shall I please God or my friends.") The man of God chooses the honor that God giveth. Moses sought it, when he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. Noah sought it when he endured the derisions of the ungodly for more than a century while the ark was preparing. It is natural for us to desire the approbation of our fellow-men. But if we would live the life of faith we must make it our aim to please the Lord in all our ways. We must have the single eye. Any—

the slightest inclination to receive honor from men will cripple our spiritual energies and incapacitate us from believing in Jesus.

Inferences: 1. If receiving honor from men prevents the exercise of saving faith, then will sin of every kind. For of all sin none is less offensive than this. With a great majority it passes for a positive virtue. It does no violence, like anger; it is not haughty and supercilious like pride; nor disgusting like vanity and affectation; it does not injure the body like intemperance, nor defile it like tobacco, nor lead to dishonest practices like covetousness; and yet it precludes the possibility of exercising that faith by which we can be saved. With what circumspection then must we live! If our hearts condemn us God is greater than our hearts. The life of faith is not, as many seem to imagine, one of loose and careless living. To lead it we must renounce sin in all its forms. A consecration that takes in every hour of our lives, every particle of our influence, and every dollar of our money must be made.

2. If these things be true—and who that believes in the Bible can doubt it?—then much of what passeth for faith in the orthodox world is nothing but sheer presumption. It has no foundation. It is the house built upon the sand. It is the dead faith of the Universalist, and not the living trust of the penitent, obedient believer. The heart is not purified by it, nor the life reformed. It acts like the opiate, which benumbs the sensibilities while disease is making its deadly progress; and not like the elixir which brings health to the bones. O, ye who are living like the world, pleased with its honors, greedy of its gains or its pleasures, and yet dreaming of heaven, be undeceived! Your so-called faith does not make you whole—it does not save you—it does not give you comfort. It only tends to dissipate conviction and make your damnation more certain. If your faith were genuine it would purify your af-

*Matthew xxiii, 8.

fections, give you power with God, and fill you with joy and peace.

3. We see the reason why so little is accomplished in the way of the salvation of souls. Is not this country like the one in which Jesus did not many mighty works because of their unbelief? No wonder that sin abounds. The world is gradually encroaching upon the church; the line of demarkation is growing fainter and fainter; vice in its most unblushing forms, stalks abroad, and there seems to be almost no power among professing Christians to stay the deathly tide. To stem the current we need a piety of a harder stamp than grows in the hot-beds of pride and fashion. To cast out the kind of devils that is met, we must have a faith that is familiar with fasting and prayer. Let us examine ourselves. If our piety is fruitless and unsatisfactory, it is because of the weakness of our faith. Let us humble ourselves—steadfastly refuse the honor which cometh from men and set the Lord continually before our eyes. Faith grows in the valley where it is shaded by humility. The two are always found together. You see what is needed. Dearly beloved, will you consent to die out to all but God? Rest not because you are as good as others. Apply Scriptural tests, use Scriptural remedies. **WHEN THE SON OF MAN COMETH SHALL HE FIND FAITH ON THE EARTH?**

CONVICTION FOR SIN.

BY REV. WM. COOLEY.

In order to have sound conversions, there must be deep conviction. Superficial conviction results in superficial conversions, and such soon lose what little religion they think they have.—Conviction is the work of the Holy Ghost; for man cannot of himself convict the sinner of his guilt; but God may use his words, or acts, or looks to do it. When convictions are powerful, revivals will be powerful, thorough and lasting.

Two things are essential to bring the power of the Spirit down on the people. *Fidelity and faith*—fidelity in preaching the whole truth of God, and especially those truths which are generally disregarded by the hearers. One who has discernment will see what truths the Holy Ghost uses to awaken souls, and if he keeps his eye on the judgment, he will not stop for opposition, friction, or friends, but will in the spirit of love for souls pour the naked truth on their hearts. This is not done by beating the air, or making false motions, or getting up an imaginary opponent and annihilating him, but by plying the old Bible doctrines of total depravity, eternal punishment, and holiness of heart. There must be a faith that believes God and His promises, and looks for the power of His Spirit to awaken souls. The Church has drifted so far away from the power of God that it has, to a great extent, lost sight of all that is supernatural in salvation. And the effort now is to educate the children of the Sunday School up into religion, and get the people to submit to the claims of God, and be satisfied with a change of purpose, and a resolution to do better, live moral, and belong to the church.

There must be a radical and supernatural change of heart in order to serve God. Mr. Caughey's great usefulness has largely grown out of the lesson God taught him in the early part of his ministry—that he must constantly trust in the Holy Spirit for success. Whoever does this, will look for great manifestations of power in the assemblies—faith in God's power, and willingness to work among the people and save them. A conviction that does not bring with it loathing for sin is not from God, and a conviction that does not lead the sinner to hate the things he once loved, and to love the things he before hated, is not saving. Awful convictions and thorough conversions followed the preaching of a Redfield and a Kendall, for they were faithful to God and to souls, and depended on the power of the Holy

Spirit. It was the same with Mr. Wesley, and largely so with the early Methodist preachers. Mr. Robert Winfield, a powerful revivalist in England, thirty and forty years ago saw much of the power of God in the salvation of souls; and in giving some account of the work under his labors, says: "It is the office of the Spirit of God to enlighten the dark, benighted minds, and quicken the dead souls of the children of men, and give them a sensibility of danger; this brings guilt and condemnation to the souls, and causes them to cry out, 'What must I do to be saved?' This is what is called conviction for sin, which all must feel more or less before they gain forgiveness; at times, when the wound is deep, the soul is almost overwhelmed with guilt and fear, and the burden of guilt is so great, almost intolerable to be borne at times; horrible thoughts crowd the mind—they are fearful of taking another step lest they should drop into hell; some think Satan is with them, ready to lay hold of them, others have thought they could smell the brimstone from the horrible pit of hell. I have seen them struck blind with conviction; I have seen them struck dumb with conviction; I have seen the use of their limbs go with conviction; I have seen them drop on the ground in the streets and markets with convictions—young and old and middle aged, many stout men and women in the prime of life. At West Bromwich, a persecutor was in the afternoon, betwixt two and three o'clock, struck blind with conviction. She came to the house where we were at prayer; there lay on the floor through the house both male and female. Mrs. Vale took her who was struck blind by the hand, and led her through the street to her house; she dropped down on her knees, and the use of her limbs went; she continued as one dead for some hours. We sat by her, and at length she began to praise God with a loud voice. God set her soul at liberty, and then and there her sight came, and the use of

her limbs, and she declared God had pardoned her sins. While we were praying with her, another woman sat in the house with a child; the same power came upon her, she flung herself back in her chair, the child fell on the floor, and she continued as the other woman for hours, but both were made happy. Miss —, of Belper, and her mother, were both at the large room where I was preaching; many were wounded for sin. In the morning, a person came for me to go and see the mother and daughter. I found them both on their knees; the young woman had not been able to speak for nine hours. I prayed with her, and in five minutes her soul was set at liberty, and her tongue perfectly loosed to praise God. After a camp-meeting in Norfolk, meeting a number in a farmer's barn, burdened and groaning under their sins, a young lady in the midst of her gaiety, dressed in silks, came to look on, and sat smiling in a corner of the barn; I went and spoke to her, and asked if her soul was of no value—the Lord have mercy on thy soul. In a few minutes the power of God came upon her, and, trembling, she fell down amongst the penitents crying out for mercy. The use of her limbs went; her arms went black; her fingers were stiff; her speech went; they carried her in a chair and put her to bed; and some time in the night God set her soul at liberty." There have been some awful convictions in connection with this earnest work within a few years past. One man writhed in dreadful agony as he came forward to be prayed for, and wanted us to get down at once and pray for him, but his distress was so great he did not kneel with us, but wrung his hands, and in a short time he exclaimed in a loud voice—I am all right; and at once started into the congregation after his wicked companions.

At one of our camp-meetings, a man was so powerfully convicted that he started to leave the ground, and a short distance from the ground sat down by the fence, and staid there all night in

the rain, and was tempted to commit suicide, but in the morning came into one of the tents to be prayed for. A man at whose house myself and my companion staid over night, while a protracted meeting was in progress, was so convicted that he came and called us up in the night to pray for him, as he felt he could not wait until morning. An infidel, under Bro. Kendall's labors, was so convicted that he lost his strength in the field alone before he had been forward to be prayed for. A woman in a village where we held a few meetings, a few days afterwards, was so convicted she thought one night she should die, and had her husband go after a woman to come and pray for her, but she did not get relief, and then she sent for a minister in the place to come and pray for her; but he told her all the matter was she was frightened at the exercises of a sister who had attended the meetings, and she got no relief from that source, and wore off her convictions. A short time ago I was passing through Bro. W. Smith's circuit, where a large number had been converted, and preached, and during the meeting a man was so powerfully convicted that he rolled and tumbled about, so that it took four or five men to keep him from hurting himself or others. Such cases are exceptions it is true, but if the work is of God there will be deep loathing of sin. And if the feelings of penitents are not "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," those laboring for their salvation ought to go to God for more of the power of the Spirit to thoroughly break up their hearts. Thorough conviction breaks the soul away from its sins, and the pleasures and trappings of the world.

I HAVE DONE NOTHING myself. I have not fought, but Christ has fought for me; I have not run, but Christ has carried me; I have not worked, but Christ has wrought in me; Christ has done all.—PAYSON.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

HEAVEN.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLY.

Though earth has many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,—
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's
glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.
O! who but must prize in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go.
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy and
the love
Of the land which no mortal may know.
—Barton.

The term *Heaven*, like many other Scripture terms, is one of quite varied signification. The following are among its numerous acceptations: Airy regions, "By them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." Ps. civ, 12. The starry orbs. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Ps. xix, 1. A great height. "The people is greater and taller than we, the cities are great and walled up to heaven." Deu. i, 28. All places above us. "His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it." Ps. xix, 6. A lofty moral position. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of morning." Isa. xiv, 12. The mansions of the blessed. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Matt. xii, 5.

Taken in the last named of these several acceptations, our belief is that heaven is not a mere "name," but that it is real, veritable, tangible, "a local habitation." "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv, 2, 3. Heaven is not merely a transcendently happy condition of intelligent and moral beings, but a place of "holy habitation."

In what part of his vast universe,

the saints of the Most High will find their future and eternal inheritance, whether on this earth regenerated, or elsewhere, comes not within the province of human knowledge to determine. Suffice, for all who are in the assured possession of a "well-grounded hope" of ultimately entering there, that it will be just where the God of infinite wisdom, of boundless love, and of illimitable resources sees shall conduce to the highest bliss of a "chosen generation."

The beauty, the grandeur, the bliss, the felicity of the "New Jerusalem," will infinitely transcend the highest conceptions of the most exalted intelligences.

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child.

—Mrs. Hemans.

From remotest antiquity, all nations, rude and refined, benighted and intelligent, barbarous and civil, Heathen, Pagan, Jew and Christian have believed in an abode of future and eternal bliss. They who have not been in possession of the Bible to assist them in forming correct views of that abode of the blessed, have formed ideal conceptions, borrowed from their own country, clime, educations, pursuits, religion etc.

Mohammed's ethereal heaven was gathered in part, at least, from our own Scriptures. One day Mohammed assembled his friends and disciples about him, and told them that the night before, as he lay in his bed, the angel Gabriel came and waked him, and led him to the door of his house, where was an animal between a mule and an ass. This animal was the beast Abborah, or lightning, that had always been used to convey the prophets, but not having been employed since the days of Jesus, he was very restive, and would not let Mohammed mount till he had provided him a place in paradise. The promise is given—the prophet mounts, and in the twinkling of an eye is at Jerusalem. Leaving

the temple of Jerusalem, he finds at the door a ladder, which Gabriel and Mohammed ascend, and are soon in the first heaven. This they find to be a magnificent place, all of pure silver. From hence they pass to the second heaven. This was all of gold. Leaving this, soon the third heaven is gained, which is found to be made entirely of precious stones. Higher still, and they enter the fourth heaven, which they find to be composed wholly of emeralds. Higher still, and they are admitted to the fifth heaven, which they find to be one grand structure of adamant. The ascent is continued until the sixth heaven is reached; this is built of carbuncles. Higher still, and the heaven is opened for their reception, and they beheld it all made of glorious light, and Jesus in the midst of it.

Now let us make one grand whole of the seven Mohammedan heavens, and while we gaze upon their combined dazzling splendor, let us add thereto the *scriptural* heaven—with its "gates of pearl"—its "streets of gold"—its "walls of jasper"—its "sea of glass"—its "tree of life," bearing its "twelve manner of fruits"—its "innumerable company"—arrayed in "spotless robes of white"—wearing upon their brows "crowns of glory"—bearing in their hands "palms of victory." Let us now look upon the company "before the throne of God and the Lamb." Angel, arch-angel, cherubim, and seraphim are there, and there also are beheld the "glorious army of martyrs," besides which see "an innumerable company, which no man can number." This countless number of glorified ones are so many rapturous choristers, who are forever chanting the song of redeeming love.

The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and a joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

And now let the loftiest human imagination add its highest efforts to give additional splendor to this celestial scene. This done, then call upon the

brightest intelligences that stand in the Eternal presence to bring forth their transcendent descriptive powers in adding additional grandeur thereto. Now, let faith stretch forth her pinions, and ascend to the loftiest summit of glory which looms up before her enraptured vision. Faith, having gained her lofty pinnacle, her upturned gaze obtains faint glimpses of the real heaven which God has "prepared for those who love him." Overwhelmed with "the transporting, rapturous, scene," the only utterance she can find is—"a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory!"

High as we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope;
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence wrecks our dazzled
sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
—Prior.

"Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told
us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

SCRIPTURE TESTS.

BY MRS. L. C. EDELER.

It is to be feared that there are more liars in the Church at the present day, than is generally supposed; for in the 1st epistle of John 2nd chapter and 4th verse, we are told that, "He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandment is a liar and the truth is not in him." Also, "If we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth," and "He that saith he abideth in Him ought also to walk even as he walked." Consequently, all those professing the name of Christ and yet walking in the vanities of the world, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, according to scriptural authority are liars, for Christ did not walk so, and His followers are to walk as He did. "Follow me," He says, not make a boast of a profession but follow me, come out from among them; touch not the un-

clean thing, take up your cross daily, endure to have your name cast out as evil; the disciple is not above his Lord; and if they have persecuted me they will persecute you also. And these words were addressed not as some endeavor to assert, to the disciples of that day, but, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me," and "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." How few there are who know anything of such an experience! How many commence by breaking the very first command, which is to "Love the Lord our God with all the heart!" Taking, then, the blessed word for our standard, what a vast multitude of professing Christians have degenerated into mere liars! It is well to be honest, and using God's terms, call things by their right names. Ananias and Sapphira promised to give up their entire possessions and then withheld a part of the price and were struck with death for lying to the Holy Ghost. Every Christian who promises to serve the Lord, and then deliberately withholds a part of his consecration, commits the same sin every day and hour. What have they to expect as an eternal reward? In Rev. 21st chapter and 8th verse it is written, "The fearful and unbelieving and idolaters and liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." "Without are murderers and idolaters and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Very little account seems to be made in these days of the sin of lying to God; of drawing nigh with the lips while the heart is far away. The sin, because it is so general, is looked upon with great leniency, but God has not changed. He views it in just the same light now as when he caused these words to be written for our warning. Although there is not faithful teaching from one generation to another, and backslidden Christians are taken as examples, yet the word will stand in its immutability, and although there is a wide departure from its precepts and a general follow-

ing after natural inclination, yet by it we shall be tested and judged at that last great day.

Whoever, having named the name of Christ, has yet walked contrary to the word and the testimony will be found to have been a liar, and the truth not in him. The light of the judgment day will shine beneath the covering of a profession, and the deeds and thoughts of the heart will be made manifest. And now, you that read these lines, are you certain that you are not under this condemnation? Have you never solemnly consecrated yourself to the Lord, and then, when He took you at your word, and began to lead you out, have you not shrunk back and refused to obey and walk up to the first ray of light given? Have you not been unwilling to follow Jesus, preferring the honor and approbation of those around you, for that which cometh from God only? Are you not keeping back a part of the price? This brings the darkness and heaviness upon you, which will not be dissipated, no matter how much you cry and groan, and plead, until you yield the point. The Lord will never come down to your terms. He has been letting a little light shine, and until you walk in that light you will not be able to claim the promise that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." Get down before Him, yield every point, and walk steadily in the consecration, so that you will not meet a life-long lie at the judgment day. Blessed be Jesus, Hallelujah to His name, how He saves, how the blood cleanses from all sin the heart which is given wholly up to know no other will; to follow no other voice but His; the heart "where only Christ is heard to speak, where Jesus reigns alone." Glory to God, He saves me just now, I feel the blood applied. Through it I am clean, and He shall reign in my heart forever. His easy yoke I'll bear with delight.

Better is little with righteousness than great revenues without right.

STEADFASTNESS.

BY FRANCES D. BYRNS.

"The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

Having been much annoyed by the "enemy of all righteousness" with a fear of backsliding, some time after my heart was cleansed from sin, I feel prompted by the Spirit of God to write a little upon the subject, hoping it may relieve the minds of some who have lately become partakers of this full salvation. As the "accuser of the brethren" looks into the quiet soul of one entirely redeemed, he sees a determination, firm as the deep-rooted oak, to obey God, and to avoid compromising. The victory is gained, and Satan sees he can no longer keep such a soul from doing duty and leading a holy life. He therefore introduces another class of temptations. If you chance to look from your window at the passers-by, or at the signs in the shop windows, you will be accused of curiosity; or if you go to the mirror, the ever-busy one says, "Now see the effects of pride; surely you are self-deceived; pride yet lingers in your heart, and prompts you to seek a view of yourself before the glass." Another forcible temptation is the harassing feeling that you have done *something* wrong, though you are not able to tell what it is. You do not feel as well as you did yesterday—something is brought to your mind which you failed to do, not knowing whether it was duty or not; and again the accuser says—"It must have been duty, and you neglected it; therefore the dove has flown, and you are condemned." O, ye blood-washed ones, "Cast not away your confidence!" This matter settled—your heart again blest with a sense of purity—Satan comes again: "It is true you now enjoy much of Jesus' love,—his candle shines about you, and you hear his voice; but in a few years you will be called from the parental nest, and new and perplexing

cares will be yours; then where will be your joy?" O, how much I have suffered from this temptation! But of late I have found a shield to quench this fiery dart. It is this: "The Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken." I have sometimes been led by the Holy Spirit to speak in the public congregation after preaching; and the enemy, seeing my timidity, took advantage of it, and so magnified the cross, that for a time I almost dreaded the Holy Sabbath. But the Lord brought deliverance from this also, and I can now "call the Sabbath of the Lord a delight." While walking through the streets, I have often been interrogated by the spiritual questioner in this way—"Ought you not to speak to this person you are about to meet, and ask him if he loves Jesus?" And this was carried to such an extreme, that if I met any one on my way to school, it dampened my spiritual joy, because I did not know but I ought to converse with such a one about the salvation of the soul. I think now it is not duty, unless we can be in their society a few minutes at least. A similar vexation was that of calling on different families. I have sometimes done this, and talked and prayed with the people, and expect to do so still; but at one time I was so tempted to dread it, that a vacant house was a real relief to me, because then I was sure I had no duty to perform. Well might the Saviour say to me, as he did to Peter, "O, thou of little faith!" And now, beloved, should these temptations beset you, be not dismayed. It is true, we must not compromise nor neglect duty, but we ought also to be free from anxious care in regard to departing from the "living way" in the future. When you feel inclined to be over-cautious, call to mind the following words for your comfort: "The Lord preserveth the way of his saints, none of their steps shall slide. Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our re-

fuge." Follow on to know the Lord, and "thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning."

THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

BY REV. N. D. FANNING.

1. There is a strange tendency among men to turn from deep and thorough renovation, and seek in external polish that which is wanting in internal worth. Rigorous discipline made ancient Greece and Rome the terror of the world in their respective ages, but this fatal tendency snared them in its delusive net, and, yielding that rigid, self-denying, thorough discipline which had made them conquerors, they sought to awe the world into reverence and submission by ostentatious display of wealth and power.—Their massive ruins attest the lamentable error they committed. These are not exceptions, or solitary examples, in the constellation of nations. This tendency is the mighty, hidden spring that first dismembers and then annihilates.

2. Neither is it confined to the political world. Social regulations, whether originating in law or in the special operation of organized bodies of men, are subject to the same fatal delusion. Public opinion is too much the lever that moves society. What will the world think?—not, What is right?—is the great question with multitudes at the present day, and thus the sentiments of corrupt mankind become the (false) means of social advancement. As a consequence, there is a looseness, a vague indefiniteness, in regard to right and wrong, which opens wide the door for the easy entrance of immorality, and vice, and crime. Under the superficial reign of public opinion, society is now rushing with constantly-increasing velocity toward the dark shades of total demoralization. Men are forgetting that they are surrounded by beings like themselves, who have the same rights, the same nature, and the same

interests; and the selfishness of the age, upheld by the tacit consent of the popular voice, is transforming society into a vast engine of robbery, where, supported by the complacent smiles of the multitudes, gigantic schemes of fraud, and alluring vices of monstrous deformity, are engulfing thousands in utter ruin.

3. But, more to be deplored than aught else is the startling fact, that even in Zion, "the perfection of beauty," this "mystery of iniquity doth (already) work." How terrible the departure from *primitive simplicity* and *holy living*! The old landmark is, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world," Gal. vi, 14. Now, Christ crucified is a "stumbling-block" and "foolishness" to many nominal Christians. The cross-bearing way has been exchanged for the easier track of *selfish gratification*. An un-holy compound has been substituted for simple faith in Jesus. Instead of the separating knife to sever the cords of jointure with the world and the flesh and the Devil, now we see the grappling irons by which a union is sought to be formed between Christ and Belial—between God and Mammon. In place of "the fruit of the Spirit," which "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," we find hatred, moroseness, strife, resentment, harshness, evil acts and thoughts, infidelity, anger and intemperance fostered and pampered in the so-called church of the first-born. The address of Paul to the Galatians—"Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?"—is an inquiry applicable to many of this day. Pride for humility, worldly-conformity for imitation of Jesus, carnal gratification for holy self-denial, disgusting pomp for worship in Spirit and in truth, foolish questions which gender strife, instead of the unvarnished story of the cross, a rest in forms and ceremonies in place of the life and power of godliness; these

changes are the result of the tendency to superficiality which exists among men.

4. Yet there is sometimes a partial awakening of some portions of mankind to the magnitude of existing evils, and a consequent effort to remedy them. But these very efforts show how complete is the bondage of the age to this tendency. Look at the evil of intemperance, for instance.—Here is an evil general in its character, breathing desolation upon soul and body, whose effects will be written in terrible characters upon the ever-during archways of Eternity, which has for its cause those withering soul diseases—avarice and sensuality; and which is connived at by legislative sanctions. Met in what way? By a few secret societies. And whence came secret societies? They had their origin in the hot-beds of infidelity, and, (those of comparatively modern date,) with the evident design of undermining the Christian religion, by opening a door into a labyrinth that might appear, to the unsuspecting and unthinking world, equal in utility and grandeur to the Christian temple, but without the so-called opprobrium of the cross. They have become numerous, and many are their ostensible objects; but they are local in their character, external in their remedial application, and altogether the creatures of circumstance. The remedies of the age for giant evils are, in the main, altogether inadequate to their cure, owing to their superficial nature and the indefinite manner of their application.

It is not difficult to perceive that the true reformer has to meet and contend against this tendency, and that it constitutes a most wily foe. But although it is subtle, and woven intimately not only into the framework of society, but into the very heart of corrupt humanity, and, in consequence, a real Gibraltar, impregnable to any common assault, yet it *must be overcome* before aught else can be done. Deep, thorough discipline is an all-essential preparatory step to be taken by him who would be

a successful soldier, statesman, philanthropist, or Bible Christian.

There is but *one* antidote for this tendency of the human heart—but *one* remedy for this terrific, all-enveloping disease. And that remedy is a *sure* one—sufficiently efficacious to meet the wants of extended governments, and adapted to individual necessities. And here we wish to urge the claims of the Christian Religion as the remedy, and of the Bible as the guide-book to lead to the thorough discipline.

1. Christianity deals with the *inner man*; it makes its assault upon the *heart*, and gains its first conquest *there*; it is the image of God—"knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness;" its kingdom is *within*, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" it has a powerful spiritual alembic which, when applied, "cleanseth from all unrighteousness;" it regulates the *external* by purifying the *interior*. Hence, it is the direct opposite of the tendency alluded to.

2. It implants *new principles and motives*. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." Self is forgotten in the all-absorbing, heaven-born passion. The language of the soul is, "Thy will, O God, be done," and our own perverse wills are gently submerged in the will of God. Pride and arrogance are cast out, and humility and meekness substituted.—It brings with it a holy boldness that rises proudly superior to the persecutions of public sentiment. Hence, it annihilates the principles which nourish that deadly tendency.

3. It brings a *separation from the world*. The swollen river may bear in its rapid currents the noblest of the forest trees, and even whole rafts of carefully selected timber, which negligence may have left too near the shore in time of low water. Their motion is ceaselessly onward until they are lost in the immensity of the ocean, following every curve of the river, and avoiding every little island or sand-bar that may present an obstacle to their onward course. So man, once in the

worldly currents, is carried resistlessly forward. He is the victim of a thousand furies, each stronger than himself. He drinks in the spirit of the world, partakes of its tendencies, and glories in his bondage. While in its channels, there is no help for him. The fashioning hand of his bitter foe is upon him, and he is carried captive by Satan at his will. And there is but one hand that has strength to rescue him, and that is the hand of God, in the person of Jesus Christ. The Saviour's prayer is answered—"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

4. It furnishes *weapons just adapted to the conflict*. "Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." The "armor of God" is specially intended to overcome, not "flesh and blood," but "principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in high places."

This tendency exists in the church, but it is on account of the *want of vital godliness—of Bible discipline*. Pure religion is its deadly foe, and the two cannot dwell together. The more of God we enjoy, the more *thorough* will be our *self-examination*, and the more *energetic* our *self-discipline*. So long as we follow, *implicitly and fully*, the directions of God's word, we are the conquerors.

General reforms commence with *individual* renovation. They are carried on by a gradual process of *personal* elevations, and their highest accomplishments are but the result of *individual* work. Hence, it is no difference how wide-spread any evil tendency may be, or how desolating and universal its ravages may be, or how few there are who adopt the unvarnished truth "as it is in Jesus" as their deliverance and defence, *obligations*, high

as heaven and lasting as eternity, rest upon every one to stand firmly by *Bible truth*, and to avow his championship for that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

—*St. Charles, III.*

SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH.

BY ELIZA RICH.

Through the instrumentality of the "Earnest Christian" I was led to seek the blessing of sanctification. Sinful as I am by nature, I obtained it by faith through the grace of God. Dear reader, are you seeking by *faith*? Look for it, then, every day, every hour, every moment. Why not this hour, this moment? Certainly you may look for it now, if you believe it is by faith. And by this token, as Wesley has said, you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by works, you think I must do this or that before I can be sanctified. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it as you are. Then, dear friends, expect it now.—There is an inseparable connection between these three points—expect it by faith, expect it as you are, and expect it now. To deny one of them is to deny them all. Do you believe we are sanctified by faith? Will you be true, then, to your principle, and look for this blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse, as a poor sinner that has nothing to pay, nothing to plead, but Christ died? And if you look for it as you are, then expect it now. Do not put it off for anything. Why should you? Christ is ready, and he is all you want; he is waiting for you; he is knocking at the door of your heart. Will you not open unto him? Will you not receive him, and let your inmost soul cry out—

Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor hence again remove;
But sup with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.—"What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the Gospel present! I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner—a pardoned rebel—all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise. I am a Christian—what then? Why I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy. I am a Christian—what then? I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy and gratitude. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was so meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth."—PAYSON.

DEFECTIVE PIETY.—It must not be assumed that we, in this age, are the best Christians that have ever lived, or most likely to produce all the fruits of piety. An assumption so pleasing to our vanity is more easily made than verified, but vanity is the weakest as it is the cheapest of all arguments. We have some good points, in which we compare favorably with other Christians, and Christians of other times, but our style of piety is sadly deficient in many respects, and that to such a degree that we have little cause for self-congratulation. With an activity and boldness of movement, there is a certain hardness and rudeness, a want of sensibility to things that do not lie in action, which cannot be too much deplored or too soon rectified. We hold a piety of conquest rather than of love. A kind of public piety, that is strenuous and fiery on great occasions, but wants the beauty of holiness, wants constancy, singleness of aim, loveliness, purity, richness, blamelessness, and if I may add another term not immediately religious, but one that carries, by association, a

thousand religious qualities—wants domesticity of character; wants them, I mean, not as compared with the perfect standard of Christ, but as compared with other examples of piety that have been given in former times, and others that are given now.

For some reason, we do not make a Christian atmosphere about us—do not produce the conviction that we are living unto God. There is a marvelous want of savor in our piety. It is a flower of autumn, colored as highly as it need be to the eye, but destitute of fragrance. It is too much to hope that with such an instrument, we can fulfil the true idea of Christian education. Any such hope were even preposterous. At the same time there is no ready way of removing the deficiencies just described, but to recall our churches to their duties in domestic life; those humble, daily, hourly duties where the spirit we breathe shall be a perpetual element of power and love, bathing the lips of childhood.—**BUSHNELL.**

SMALL SINS.—We have a thousand proofs that small sins will lead a man, by insensible degrees, to the commission of greater. Nothing is more common among us than the custom of swearing and giving way to wrath without reason; and these are usually regarded as offences of an inconsiderable nature. But there is every reason to believe that they who have contracted these vicious habits, would be equally disposed to perjury and murder, were they assailed by a forcible temptation, and unrestrained with the dread of forfeiting their honor or their life. If we judge of a commodity by observing a small sample, so by little sins, as well as by trivial acts of virtue, we may form a judgment of the heart.—Hence the widow's two mites appeared a considerable oblation in the eyes of Christ, who judged by them how rich an offering the same woman would have made had she been possessed of the means. For the same reason, those frequent exclamations, in which the

name of God is taken in vain, those poignant raileries, and those frivolous lies which are produced in common conversation, discover the true disposition of those persons who, without insult or temptation, can violate the sacred laws of piety and love. The same seeds produce more or less perfect fruit, according to the sterility or luxuriance of the soil in which they are sown. Thus the very same principle of malice which leads a child to torment an insect, acts more forcibly upon the heart of a slanderous woman, whose highest joy consists in mangling the reputation of a neighbor; nor is the cruel tyrant actuated by a different principle, who finds a barbarous pleasure in persecuting the righteous and shedding the blood of the innocent.—**FLETCHER.**

PERSECUTION.—There are several degrees of suffering for righteousness; there is the scourge of the tongue, the ruin of an estate, the loss of liberty, a jail, a gibbet, a stake, a dagger. Now answerable to these are the comforts of the Holy Ghost prepared, like to like, part proportioned to part; only the consolations are said to abound. **2 Cor. 1:5.**

But the lighter the sufferings are, the more difficult it is to judge of the comforts of the Spirit of God; for it is common for a man to be comfortable under sufferings when he suffereth but little, and knows also that his enemy can touch his flesh, his estate, or the like but little. And this may be the joy of the flesh, result of reason; and may be very much, if not altogether, without a mixture of the joy of the Holy Ghost therewith. The more deep, therefore, and the more dreadful the sufferings are, the more clearly are seen the comforts of the Spirit. When a man has comfort, when the flesh is dead, striveth not, and can do nothing; when a man can be comfortable at the loss of all; when he is under the sentence of death, or at the place of execution—if yet a man's cause; a man's conscience, the promise and the Holy

Ghost, have all one comfortable voice, and do all together with their trumpets make one sound in the soul, then good are the comforts of God and his Spirit.

There are several degrees of suffering; wherefore it is not to be expected that he that suffers but little should partake of the comforts that are prepared for them that suffer much. He that has only the scourge of the tongue, knows not what are the comforts that are prepared for him that meets with the scourge of the whip. And how should a man know what manner of comforts the Holy Ghost doth use to give at the jail and the gibbet, when himself for righteousness never was there?—BUNYAN.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY MRS H. A. CROUCH.

No one fears, in this age, that a burning, fiery furnace, will be heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be, to devour them, if they do not follow the foolish customs of the world, and bow the knee to the god which it has set up. But while rich and poor, young and old, reputed saint and sinner, minister and people, bow and worship at its shrine, is it not so, that hardly three, comparatively speaking, dare stand up and say, "Be it known unto thee, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

I thought when I was a child, that if I had been in that great multitude, instead of exposing myself to the wrath and cruelty of the wicked king, I would have bowed my knee to his idol, but in my heart I would have worshipped God. So those tell us who profess to keep the commandments of the word, that though they bow the knee to the god of Fashion, it is because everybody does so; *indeed they do not worship*; their affections are not there.

If this had been the policy of the three Hebrew children they would have escaped the burning fiery furnace, to be sure, but with the displeasure of

God, and that idolatrous king would never have seen the form of the Fourth with them, and beheld his power to save, nor would he have witnessed to every people, nation, and language that there is no god who can deliver after this sort.

Jamestown, N. Y.

SALVATION FOR SINNERS.

BY PHILIP GRIMSHA.

"Be sure your sins will find you out."—Numbers, 32:23.

Sinner, has the thought ever occurred to you that your sin would find you out? You will admit that you are a sinner, and that you sin from hour to hour and from day to day; now have you ever thought of this, that your sins will surely find you out? God will not look upon sin with any degree of allowance. He will by no means clear the guilty; he is angry with the wicked every day. Sinner, the wrath of God abideth on you.

The wicked shall be turned into hell, says the word of God. Are you not afraid? Will you not fear him who has power to cast into hell? Oh, sinner, will you not fear him?

He that sinneth against God wrongeth his own soul, said one of the wisest of men. Have you ever thought of this, that you are your own enemy? That you were cheating yourself; that you were wronging your own soul?

Sinner, turn, why will you die?

God your Maker asks you why?

He who did your being give;

Died himself that you might live.

Brother or sister there is still hope in your case. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "Now, dear friend, do you want to be saved? If so, come to Jesus just as you are without one plea.

It is written, "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return to God and he will have mercy upon him," and to our God and he will

abundantly pardon. And again "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Oh Sinner, will you not say, and say it now, for now is the accepted time, you may be too late,

Just as I am, without one plea,
Oh Lamb of God, I come.

It is written "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Say, dear sinner, will you not let there be rejoicing over you? If you are weary and heavy laden, he will give you rest, if you will cast all your care upon him.

There is rest for the weary—
There is rest for you.

But remember there is no rest for the wicked, saith my God.

Oh, will you not lay aside every weight? If you are a swearer, stop! swear not at all.

If you are a drunkard, stop short, for no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God.

If you are a Sabbath breaker, cease from that, for God has said, remember to keep it holy.

If you use tobacco, throw away that box, for you will not need that, if you get among them that are arrayed in white robes.

If you are a slanderer, stop, for he that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander is a fool.

In short, break off all your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by turning to the Lord. Call on Him for mercy. Plead the merits of Jesus. You may be ashamed but you must pay the price, you must despise the shame.

Others may be afraid to take up the cross. How strange! afraid to take up the cross and not afraid to sin before the whole Heavenly Host! The fearful and the unbelieving are classed with the worst of sinners.

Remember, he that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy. There is no place in heaven for cowards. Fear not them that kill the body.

Fear God and do His commandments and you will enter through the gates into the city. If you want the pearl

of great price, sell out; for he must sell all that he hath to buy that pearl.

God Help the reader to do his commandments. Amen.

ADAM CLARKE.

PREACHING.

He was a "revivalist," and preached for immediate results. Alluding to one of his sermons at Oldham Chapel, Manchester, he says:

"The congregation was really awful. Perhaps I never preached as I did this morning. I had the kingdom of God opened to me, and the glory of the Lord filled the whole place. Toward the conclusion the cries were great. It was with great difficulty that I could get the people persuaded to leave the chapel. Though the press was immense, yet scarcely one seemed willing to go away and those who were in distress were unable to go. Some of the preachers went and prayed with them, nor rested till they were healed. God has done a mighty work." Again he says of a sermon in Bristol:—I am this instant returned from King-street. The chapel crowded, crowded! And God in a most especial manner, enabled me to deliver such a testimony, from 1 Thess. i; 3, as I think I never before delivered. I did feel as in the eternal world, having all things beneath me with such expansions of mind as the power of God alone could give. I was about an hour and a half, and am torn up for the day."

"I would not," he said on another occasion, "have missed coming to this place for five hundred pounds. I got my own soul blessed, and God blessed the people. I felt—(stretching out his arms and folding them to his breast)—I felt that I was drawing the whole congregation to me closer and closer, and pulling them away from the world to God." He is known to the Methodist world mostly by his writings, but his real greatness was in the pulpit. One of his hearers wrote:—In respect to the unawakened, it may, indeed, be said,

that he obeys that precept, 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet.' His words flow spontaneously from his heart; his views enlarge as he proceeds, and he brings to the mind a torrent of things new and old. While he is preaching one can seldom cast an eye on the audience without perceiving a melting unction resting upon them."

He effected much by his pastoral labors, and was faithful in the lowliest of them, visiting, especially the poor. "I always," he said, "eat with people, either breaking a piece from off a biscuit or cutting a crust from a loaf, to show them that I am disposed to feel at home among them; for, even if they are very poor, there are many ways of returning the kindness without wounding the feelings of the party by whom the hospitable disposition is manifested." "So he has been known," adds his biographer, "to eat two or three potatoes in a cottage, and give a shilling pleasantly for each one of them."

He had tact as well as talent, and adapted himself to the rudest people. In his frequent preaching excursions he delighted to visit the colliers at Kingswood, where Whitefield and Wesley had proved their apostleship. At one of these visits he wrote:—"I took that glorious subject, 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God?' etc. My own soul was greatly watered, and the Lord sent a plentiful rain on his inheritance. Though the place was thronged, there was not a sound in it save that of my own voice, till, describing how God gave the water of his pleasure," to be filled with the very thing which made God himself happy, I raised my voice and inquired in the name of the living God, 'Who was miserable? Who was willing to be saved, to be made happy? Who was athirst? A wretched being, who had long hardened his heart by a course of uncommon wickedness, roared out, I am, Lord! I am, I am! In a moment there was a general commotion.

I seized the instant, and told them

to compose themselves and listen, for I had something more to tell them—something for every soul—a great, an eternal good. 'I am just going to open to you another stream of the river of his pleasure.' They were immediately composed, and in a few moments such a flood of tears streamed down all cheeks as you have perhaps never seen; and all was silence but the sighings which escaped, and the noise made by the poor man who was still crying to God for mercy. In about half an hour we ended one of the most solemn and blessed meetings I ever ministered in. You will wish to know what became of the poor man. When he left the chapel he set off for the first prayer-meeting he could find, thinking God would never forgive his sins till he had made confession, unreservedly, of all his iniquities. He began in the simplicity of his soul, and, with an agonized heart and streaming eyes, made known the evils of his life. They prayed with him, and God gradually brought him into the liberty of his children."

From Liverpool, Clarke was sent to London circuit, and there, during the rage of the controversial storm, labored with signal success. It was a large circuit, included much of the neighboring country, and extending from Woolwich to Twickenham, from Edmonton to Dorking. He preached almost daily, and walked more than seven thousand miles on his ministerial errands, in three years of his appointment.

He could not be content without visible fruits of his labors; and he witnessed them—"such an outpouring of the Spirit of God as he had never seen." He wrote to a friend:—"Every part of the city seemed to partake of it. The preachings were well attended, and a gracious influence rested on the people. After the regular service we had a prayer-meeting, in which much good was done. The first movement took place in our Sunday schools; and in Spitalfields, New Chapel, West street, Snow's fields simultaneously. Several sheets of paper would not suffice to

give you even a general idea of what is going on. Last night we had our love-feast. For about half an hour the people spoke; when all was ended in that way, we exhorted, and we prayed with many who were in great mental distress. We remained four hours in these exercises. You might have seen small parties praying in separate parts of the chapel at the same time. The mourning was like that of Hadad-rimmon; every family seemed to mourn apart. We who prayed circulated through the whole chapel, above and below, adapting our prayers and exhortations to the circumstances of the mourners. Many were pardoned; to others strong hope was vouched, and then was the advice given by each to his neighbor to believe in Jesus: 'He has pardoned me? Oh, do not doubt, seeing he has had mercy upon me, the vilest of sinners.'"—*Methodist N. C. Magazine for July.*

THE GREAT SUPPER.

BY CHARLES WESLEY:

(As originally composed, without abridgement.)

Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
You need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all,
Come all the world; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

Jesus to you his fulness brings,
A feast of marrow, and fat things;
All, all in Christ is freely given,
Pardon, and holiness and heaven.

Do not begin to make excuse,
Ah! do not you his grace refuse;
Your worldly cares and pleasures leave,
And take what Jesus hath to give.

Your grounds forsake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor sell your Saviour for a wife.

"Have me excus'd," why will ye say?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excus'd—from joy and peace!
Have you excus'd—from happiness!

Excus'd from coming to a feast!
Excus'd from being Jesus' guest!
From knowing now your sins forgiven,
From tasting here the joys of heaven!

Excus'd, alas! why would you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entering into glorious rest,
From leaning on your Saviour's breast?

Yet must I, Lord, to thee complain,
The world hath made thy offers vain,
Too busy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, thy call obey.

Go, then, my angry Master said,
Since these on all my mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach my gospel to the poor.

Confer not thou with flesh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the crowd,
Search every lane and every street,
And bring in all the souls you meet.

Come then, ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Sinners my gracious Lord receives,
Harlots and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye hellish crew,
I have a message now to you.

Come, and partake the gospel-feast,
Be saved from sin, in Jesus rest:
O taste the goodness of our God,
And eat his flesh and drink his blood.

'Tis done: my all redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth and preached thy word.
The sinners to thy feast are come,
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

Go then, my Lord again enjoined,
And other wandering sinners find;
Go to the hedges and highways,
And offer all my pardoning grace.

The worst unto my supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness,
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for me.

Tell them their sins are all forgiven,
Tell every creature under heaven,
I died to save them from all sin,
And force the vagrants to come in.

Ye vagrant souls, on you I call,
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely justified,
Ye all may live, for God hath died.

My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your heart constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
His offer'd love make haste t' embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you:
Come to the feast; be saved from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.

This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day,
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

ALONE.

BY W. L. SMITH.

All alone! what? all alone? No!
I am very much mistaken. No! not
alone with my soul filled with love and
gratitude to God for his mercy and
loving kindness to me up to the pres-
ent time. No! not alone with his pre-
cious word lying close by my side, that
I have just been so much delighted in
reading. Alone, "No!" not alone
with so many of the precious songs of
Zion at my hand, which I often sing
with my heart filled to overflowing
with praises to God. Alone? No!
not with the Earnest Christian lying
on my little cabin table, which only
yesterday I read through with so much

pleasure, and which filled my soul with
love and gratitude, for having con-
tained so very, very many precious
truths. No! not alone, with all this
precious reading matter by my side,
which freshens in my memory, my
duty to God, my brethren and all man-
kind. It also reminds me what the
blessed Jesus has passed through for
you, for me and all mankind, that are
willing to come to a knowledge of the
truth. No! Never alone with Jesus
by my side, and angels hovering all
around me, singing hallelujah to the
Lamb of God that taketh away the
sins of the world. I do feel to-day,
that God is doing for me a great work;
I feel very much like wanting to pro-
claim his precious truths to a lost and
dying world, and by grace divine, I do
intend to do so with all my ransomed
powers the balance of my life; I look
forward to to-morrow evening prayer
meeting, where I hope by God's help
to do good and get good. May the
Lord help me and my brethren to have
power from his eternal throne above,
in order that sinners by scores may be
pricked to the very heart, convicted,
converted, and finally saved through
the blood of the Lamb. From your
Bro. in Christ, a soldier in the army of
his country and of the Lord.

TO THE CARELESS.—Come ye Chris-
tians of a lukewarm Laodicean spirit,
ye Gallios in religion, who care a lit-
tle, but not enough for the things of
God; O think, think with yourselves,
how deplorable it will be to lose the
enjoyments of heaven, and run into
endless torments, merely because you
will be content to be almost, and will
not strive to be altogether Christians.
Consider, I beseech you, consider how
you will rave and curse that fatal stu-
pidity which made you believe any-
thing less than true faith in Jesus,
productive of a life of true piety, self-
denial, and mortification, can keep you
from eternal torments.—WHITEFIELD.

Good understanding giveth favour:
but the way of the transgressor is hard.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY MISS ASENATH SPARKS.

At the age of fourteen, under the labors of Rev. E. Owen, my mind became deeply awakened, and yielding to the Spirit's strivings, I knelt, a weeping penitent at the altar of prayer. From early childhood, I had been taught to think of God as a being of infinite goodness, and when the Spirit pressed home to my heart the claims of a broken law, and I saw myself alienated, my entire being at enmity with God, I became alarmed and sought a reconciliation. For several days my mind was in great trouble, and each night I bowed with others at the altar for prayer. I listened earnestly to the prayers offered in our behalf, and was urged to believe, but found no relief. During the last season of prayer, the thought came to my mind, Jesus died for all—why not praise him; and while contemplating the dying love of Christ, my heart melted, and a feeling of sympathy and love seemed to fill my soul. When opportunity was given, I arose and said, I felt better, but was not satisfied, and was told by those who had been long in the way, that the change in my feelings was a change of heart—that I needed only to believe, and God would bless me more and more. The next Sabbath I united with the M. E. Church, and for several years thought myself a pretty good Christian. I could not attend parties of pleasure, or engage in worldly amusements as many professed Christians did, and was much plainer in my apparel, than some who had, professedly, been walking in the light for years. I tried to be faithful in outward duties, always at class and prayer meeting, and although my testimony consisted mostly, in expressing good desires and good resolutions, hopes and fears, broken vows, crosses unborne, with a fixed purpose to *prove faithful to the end*; yet measuring myself by others who were in the church without even the

form, I imagined myself a true child of God.

Oh! the deceitfulness of the human heart. Ye watchmen standing on the walls of Zion, cry aloud, lift up your voice and sound the alarm. *Be not deceived*, sound it in the ears of every formalist. "The heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it."

I wondered at the peculiar life of faith I was called to lead; holding fast my profession, without the witness of the Spirit that I was *saved*, and I comforted myself with the thought that perhaps the trial of my faith is more precious, and I can glorify God more by thus living a life of faith, than by having the real experience. Oh, how many ways has Satan to ward off conviction!

I do not remember of hearing the doctrine of holiness preached as a separate blessing, until three years after, when Rev. J. A. Wood was sent to labor among us. He preached Christian perfection as the privilege and *duty* of every child of God to enjoy. As I listened to the word preached in its purity, the Spirit of God strove with me. I saw it was my privilege to be *cleansed*, and I commenced seeking in good earnest for full redemption. As the light shone on my heart, the sandy foundation began to tremble. I was told not to throw away my confidence, that the greater light always swallowed up the lesser, and it was a common trick of the enemy, when souls were seeking purity, to get them to cast away their confidence. For several weeks my mind was in great darkness. At last I settled the point, I'll have it, or I'll die, and consecrating myself up to all the light I had, I cried with Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." For two hours I wrestled, and then deliverance came. I was saved with a *witness*. The Spirit answered to the blood, and for the first time in my life I felt I was indeed a *new creature*. The love, joy, and peace which filled my soul, was so unlike anything I had ever felt before, that I seemed like one translated from a

land of shades, into the clearest sunlight;

"I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I."

For several weeks I walked in the pure, unclouded sunlight of God's presence, and then, through neglect of duty, I fell under condemnation. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, I slept, and when I awoke my roll was gone. After a long and severe struggle, God in great mercy returned to my soul, gave me back my peace, and bade me "sin no more." Then my mind was at rest. Oh, how carefully I watched, lest the precious light should again go out. For several months my happy, peaceful soul, rested in the arms of Jesus. I would love to linger, and recount the joys and blessings of those few short months; but memory brings to my mind a darker page. As I walked in the light, God let it shine more and more clearly on my heart, and showed me a very narrow path. I saw if I followed my convictions, it would make me unlike the world in every respect, unlike the mass of professing Christians, and oh, how my nature shrank from such a life of singularity and reproach. I knew the command had gone forth, "come out from among them, and be ye separate." I looked at others professing holiness, and then, "to the law, and to the testimony," and wondered if the Bible really meant just as it read. I reasoned: thought perhaps after all God did not require us to be so strenuous in little things, wondered if it was not all of the enemy, and while I hesitated, reasoning thus, the tender Spirit was grieved, and ere I was aware of it, I found myself like the blind man groping for the wall. My light had gone out in darkness. I fully realized then the meaning of those words; "If the light that is in thee become darkness, *how great is that darkness.*" A long, dreary night of gloom and despondency ensued. I did not see then that the cause of my darkness was because I had rebelled against the light, and was refusing to walk in the light God had marked out for me.

When the light shone in that direction, I thought it all temptation, and supposed I had lost the blessing by unwatchfulness. I will not attempt to describe the anguish of spirit, the agony of soul I suffered, while wandering in the wilderness.

"Only Adam could tell, on the day that he fell,
And was turned out of Eden like me."

The black wings of despair, fluttered over my pathway, and seemed to threaten me, with endless, impenetrable gloom. I thought of the "peaceful hours I once enjoyed," but the remembrance of them was bitter to my taste. Sometimes while kneeling before the Lord, and praying friends were taking hold of the throne in my behalf; the agony of my soul was intense. I seemed to hear the wailings of the lost, and in imagination saw myself already sinking into the deep, dark caverns below. Again and again I was urged to believe, and not grieve God longer by my cursed unbelief; the more I tried, the darker my mind grew. I thought if there was no hereafter, and I could sink into oblivion, I would drown my misery, by drinking the cup of earthly happiness. Many times after retiring to rest, too troubled to sleep, I would spend the night in pleading with God, or in brooding over my lost condition. Skeptical thoughts arose in my mind. I thought, if there is a God, why are not my prayers answered. I tried to believe in fore-ordination, and thought even that would be a relief, to feel if I was lost, it was so ordained from the first, and no power of my own could help it. Many were the artful, seductive reasonings of the enemy, and many, very many were the lone heart-struggles I had, when no eye but the eye of Jesus was near.

But why do I linger here, and weep over past sorrows? There is no night but ends in morning. The darkest cloud is but a harbinger of refreshing showers; and so it was in my case. Gradually the darkness wore away, I rested in hope, but I did not regain my former enjoyment. Sometimes I felt blessed and happy, and thought I en-

joyed some religion, but whenever I got into a place where the Spirit of God was poured out, the same darkness would come over my mind, and after a severe struggle, I would seem to get a little light. For several years I lived in this way, thinking what I needed to fill the aching void within, was *purity*. In February, 1863, I attended meetings held by Rev. B. T. Roberts, and as usual, when invitation was given for those desiring purity to come to the altar, I was among the number. Again my mind was brought into deep distress, and I trembled, lest the same darkness should again settle down over my soul. But just when it seemed to me, the last ray of hope was going out in despair, and I was sinking below the reach of help, the great arm of Jehovah was placed underneath my soul and I seemed, literally, to be lifted up, out of a deep pit, into the warm, piercing rays of the sun of righteousness. Oh, what a change! my mourning was turned into joy, and the glory of God ravished my soul. Before I arose from my knees, the Spirit whispered to my heart, this is the joy of justifying grace, but so fearful was I of grieving the Spirit by *casting away my confidence*, and thinking it only a temptation, I resisted the thought and with a sincere heart, told how God had heard my prayer, and blessed me with the joys of full salvation. The next day I united with the Free Methodist Church, and as I listened to the plain, pointed preaching of our pastor, Rev. D. M. Sinclair, the very depths of my soul were moved, and I prayed God to perfect that which was lacking in my heart. Sin was so completely subdued that for several weeks, I did not detect the rising of the carnal mind, and when a short time after, these "roots of bitterness" springing up, troubled me, I called them temptation. As I held my heart open to the light, I soon saw that what I called holiness, was where the Bible placed every newly converted soul, that though I had perfect victory over sin, what I called *temptation*, was no less than the old man of sin, strug-

gling for the mastery. Then I began to pray "create in me a clean heart, oh God." I saw that self must be crucified, the old nature thoroughly purged out, a perfect death to sin be experienced before I could be resurrected to this newness of life. I prayed God to "turn every idol from my heart." I saw associations must be given up, every earthly tie severed. I tried to believe, but it was like taking a leap in the dark. The offering was not perfect. Oh, how self pleaded for some place in the heart's affections! How lonely I felt, as one idol after another was relinquished, and I saw myself, stripped of every earthly friend; bearing the rugged cross, fighting my way through this howling wilderness, alone with Jesus. But when the last point was yielded, how quickly faith sprang up in my heart! Without any effort on my part to believe, ere I was aware of it, I felt the warming, purifying breath of the Holy Ghost, go all through my soul. Not so much joy as at justification, but a deep consciousness all through my entire being, that the work was done. I was emptied of self, and the Holy Trinity, took possession of my heart. I saw myself, no longer a poor, friendless wanderer, but felt, I was come to "an innumerable company of angels" and to the church of the first-born. Bless the Lord, Oh my soul! For four months, I have been dwelling in the land of Canaan, and it is an "exceeding good land." My father owns the cattle upon a thousand hills, and I am heir to the whole inheritance. He feeds me with the "finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock." What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits? "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Binghamton, N. Y.

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our tempest.

HOW JUSTIFIED.

BY JACOB F. RHODES.

I was born of a pious mother whose husband was very strenuous in his opposition to the religion of the cross. Hence, I was not permitted to hear the preached word, or to attend the sabbath school until the age of eighteen, at which time I left the parental roof. I attended a series of meetings which were held near us, by the M. E. Church, and through the instrumentality of my eldest brother, whose importunity was like the case mentioned in the Scriptures, I was led to the foot of the cross. I sought and found the forgiveness of my sins, which I felt were crushing me to the lowest hell. But, glory be to God! after five days of sorrowing tears and prayers, I felt that my sins were separated as far from me as the east is from the west. The change in my feelings and affections were as clear and perceptible as it would be to a person taken from a room in which there was not the least ray of light, and placed in an adjoining one filled with the rays of a bright summer's sun at noon-day. For the space of six weeks, I could say,

Not a cloud doth arise, to darken my skies,
Or hide for one moment, my Lord from my eyes.

During those six weeks in which meetings were held, in the months of January and February, the mud was not deep enough, or the weather cold enough, nor did the rain fall fast enough to keep me from the church.

Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song.

In vain would I search the English language, to find words that would give expression to my happiness. Suffice it to say, my capacity for joy was full to overflowing. I can hardly reflect on what the blessed Saviour did for my poor soul at that time, without giving audible expressions of love and gratitude to him who doeth all things well. Praise his name: Oh, my soul. From that time to the present, my experience has been varied, yet I can say

truly and thankfully, I have been growing up into Christ, my living head, in all things. My feet are on the rock, my faith and confidence in God are strong, knowing that He careth for me. As I read his blessed word, I claim each promise as mine, feeling that Jesus sweetly saves and helps me.

Now, from my experience, I draw some conclusions which I think are in accordance with the Scriptures. First, no person receives the evidence of a heart regenerated, until he first makes a perfect and complete consecration of his little all to the Most High God. He must feel,

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

Again, when this entire consecration is made through the exercise of a lively faith, we receive the pardon of all our sins,—not one being left on the record to mar our peace. Now it is that we reckon ourselves as being dead indeed unto the world,—yea, as stewards of the Almighty, having no other object in life than the glory of God, and the good of souls.

Again, if we take back any part of the consecration, however small, whether it be our time, talents, energies or anything else, thus calling into action our former disposition or will; we immediately fall under condemnation and lose our justification which we must seek again by repentance and faith, or we are lost forever. I once heard from the lips of a Rev. teacher in Israel, that at the time of his conversion, he did not make a full consecration to God, but kept back a part. We do not read that God will accept a divided heart. We must leave all. Christ has said "let the dead bury the dead." He meant to teach the doctrine that when He calls, nothing, however important in our eyes it may be, must stand between us and His commands.

Again, a person cannot yield to passion, appetite, desire, etc., and yet be saved, for when we yield to any of these, we are brought into condemnation. The great Apostle says: "There is, therefore now, no condemnation to

them that are in Christ Jesus." Taking my own experience with the teaching of the Bible, I must come to the conclusion that any one yielding to such passions, has either never been converted, or has fearfully backslidden from God. Both are lost conditions. And when I hear laymen and even ministers of the gospel teaching that a Christian may yield to such passions as pride, anger, self-will and others of the same nature without being brought into condemnation, it is evident to my mind that they are alike ignorant of the teaching of HOLY WRIT on this point, and also of Christian experience.

EXPERIENCE.

BY MARY A. GITCHELL.

It was on the evening of the 20th of April, 1844, after an earnest struggle of some two weeks, that I obtained the witness that my sins were pardoned, and that I was freely justified by grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. My evidence of pardon was clear and distinct. It was received by faith alone in the atoning merits of Christ. So well satisfied was I, that I was regenerated and adopted into the family of God, that I never have doubted it from that time to this. Still I was not satisfied; I found in searching the word of God, that it was his will, even my sanctification; I read that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I also saw plainly, that it was not only my privilege as a Christian, but that it was a command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." I struggled on, trying to walk in the light, striving from day to day to give more light, until January 6th, 1863, while in a little prayer meeting at my own house, still waiting and earnestly pleading for the promise of the Father, the blessing came—the blessing of perfect love. It was in the still small voice, and all was peace and joy in the

Holy Ghost. I was emptied, cleansed, filled with all the fullness of grace. I had a desire to depart and be with Christ. Brother Comstock was our preacher, he believed in full salvation, enjoyed it, preached it to the church. My peace for months was like a river. My confidence was strong then. I had temptations, but the grace of God was sufficient. How sweetly Jesus saved me all the time. I wanted every body converted and sanctified. I give glory to Jesus for what my soul has felt, and my eyes have seen; bless the Lord. I still love the narrow way; I am satisfied in Jesus; He cleanses and keeps me from moment to moment by faith. The Lord has blessed me greatly; I find quite a number panting for inward purity,—they need the light. O that the ministry and the church might enjoy this sanctifying power! I carried this new heart with me to the sanctuary. O how changed! The doubts were all gone; I had child-like faith in God, and love to all the world. My will seemed to whisper in gentle tones, "Thine be done," and my heart pulsed with new life. Satan said, I had better not say anything about this work, until I was filled with that unutterable joy which is the portion of God's accepted. There was no audible praise, but that heavenly peace, a serenity of mind pervaded my whole soul, such as I had never experienced before. I felt my weakness and utter inability to cope with the enemy, and looking to God, he answered:—"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "Thy strength is as thy day." It was enough. When the hour for confession came, I laid my new-made vow before God's people. A year the 6th of Jan. last, has passed, and the fire burns yet! Blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Since that time the Lord has given me a steady victory over sins which before enslaved me. I delight in the Lord and in his word. I am a babe in Christ. I know my attainments are

small, compared with those made by many. My feelings vary, but when I have joyous feelings, I praise God and trust in his word; and when I am empty, I do the same. I have covenanted to walk by faith and not by feeling.

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

THE Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne was a young preacher of the Scotch National Church, who, after a period of nine years of unceasing, earnest, happy labor, was called away to his crown when just thirty years old. He was laid, amid weeping thousands, in a new tomb opened for him under the shadow of his own church—venerable St. Peter's, of Dundee; and ever since his memoir, penned by the hand of a loving friend, has been before the Christian public, Robert Murray M'Cheyne has been regarded as a model minister of Christ. He used to sign his letters—written in a neat, round, fair hand, real "spiritual love notes," as they have been termed—"Ever yours till glory."

M'Cheyne's life was a perpetual inspiration; and his piety was eminently hearty and cheerful. He dwelt, during the nine months of his earthly ministry, far away from the damps that arise about Doubling Castle, and hard by the Beulah where the sunlight ever falls. His biography has a rare power to sober us when tempted to levity, and to cheer us when tempted to despondency. To pray and to search the word of God—to carry the hidden fire from house to house—to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary—to plead with dying men, and to allure to brighter worlds by the joyous tread of his own heavenward march—these formed the varied but yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit. Love of Jesus was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he was continually about it. "This one thing" he did. He never wearied and never rested. Every day he gave to Christ.

Dr. Hamilton says he used to seal his letters with a sun going down be-

hind the mountains, and the motto over it, *The night cometh*. For souls he watched as the fisherman's wife trims her lamp in the window and watches for the storm-tossed and belated ones in the offing. He hoisted the light of calvary; and it was his life's joy to welcome the returning wanderers into the "covert from the tempest."

In prayer he must have been a mighty and prevailing wrestler. Instead of a penance it was a delight. He gave himself to prayer; and the secret of that blooming, vigorous piety whose leaf never withered, is to be found in the perpetual baptisms which his soul received at the mercy-seat. He prayed before he sat down to his studies, before he went out to visit the sick, before he entered his pulpit. He rose from his bed to plead for his people. He had a "scheme of prayer" and marked the names of missionaries on the map, that he might pray for them in course and by name! His Bible he read with the eager avidity of one who is delving in a gold mine with the shining ore laid bare at every stroke of the mattock. "When you write," said he to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scriptures. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

Those who often heard him preach say that his sermons were artless "spillings of the heart." He overflowed into his discourses. Once when a brother minister told him that he had been preaching from that fearful passage, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," he inquired with some emotion, "Were you able to preach it with *tenderness*?" His few printed sermons are models of affectionate entreaty.

WE have always some new lessons to learn, some new duty to perform, some new snare to avoid.

WHAT we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

BUFFALO, APRIL, 1864.

THE SABBATH.

We feel a sincere respect for those who, from convictions of conscience, adopt a course of life that brings upon them the reproach of the so-called Christian world. It is so common to go with the current that we have a feeling of almost reverence for those who have the courage to strike out for themselves, even if they should, in some respects, go wrong. We always treat them with great tenderness.

There is a class of Christians in our country who observe, as the Sabbath, the seventh day of the week. Their number is not large—this does not prove them wrong. So far as we have been acquainted with them, they are pious, devoted and intelligent. Their sincerity cannot be questioned; for the sacrifices necessarily consequent upon their observance, as sacred, of a day different from that whose observance is legally enjoined, attest their honesty. They are tenacious of their opinions, as honest men always are. Letters, papers, and books have been sent to us from time to time by some of these friends. We appreciate their kindness, and have examined their arguments as we have had time, but still we remain unconvinced that their views are correct.

A sister writes us "Can the first day of the week and the seventh day both be the Sabbath of the Lord our God? If not, and the first day is the Sabbath where can we find in God's word a passage showing when it was changed? And if the seventh is the Sabbath still, what are we all about in keeping the first day? The question arises in my mind as one of importance. Please, Brother Roberts, answer through the Earnest Christian.

We do not propose at present to go into a critical discussion of this question. Let us take a practical view of this matter. The law of the Sabbath, originally given in Paradise, was re-enacted upon Mt. Sinai, in Arabia, in longitude about 35° east from Greenwich. Suppose that two missionaries start from that place for the conversion of the world. One of them holds to the observance of the seventh

day as the Sabbath, the other of the first. One of them travels east, the other sails west. They both keep an accurate note of the lapse of time, and at length meet on the western shore of our continent, say in longitude 125° west from Greenwich. The one who went east has gained four minutes of time for every degree he traveled in that direction. The other has lost four minutes for every degree. They are each as tenacious of their opinions as ever. But the day that one calls the first day, the other calls the seventh day! They are keeping the same identical time for the Sabbath; but one calls it Saturday and the other calls it Sunday. In theory they are as wide apart as ever—but practically they are agreed in keeping the same hour as holy. They are both correct in their reckoning of time. Thus we see that "both the first day of the week and the seventh may be the Sabbath." The same co-incidence would occur if we were to send missionaries of different views on this point, by opposite routes to China. When they met they would find themselves together in all but the name. God has not told us whether we should reckon time from the East or West. We have no revelation on this point. It is therefore not essential for the due observance of the Sabbath. We started this question once to an intelligent Jew. He said their wise men had settled it in this way. If there was a doubt as to what day should be observed for any of their festivals, the elders fixed upon some probable day, and then counted from that. He agreed with us that in observing the Sabbath the main thing was to set apart and keep, as holy time, every seventh day.

We are fast becoming a nation of Sabbath breakers. An attempt to secure the observance of the seventh day of the week in a community where the first is observed, generally results in the disregard of the Sabbath altogether. In one part of the town where we passed our boyhood was a settlement of "seventh-day Baptists." They were a pious people, but their young people learned from them to disregard Sunday, and from their associates in the town to disregard Saturday; and the result is, no day of the week is observed as a Sabbath should be. The church has gone down, and Sunday is a day for visiting and recreation. *Let us walk by the same rule—let us mind the same things.*

FOLLOW ON.

It is not a bright sun-shiny day that makes summer. We have one occasionally in the winter. But it is sun-shine following sun-shine; a succession of warm days, each one following up the advantage gained on the previous one, that clothes the fields with verdure, the woods with foliage, and makes the earth bring forth her precious fruits for man and beast. So it is not "getting blessed" alone, though it be to an overwhelming degree, that makes one a saint. We believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and we love to see souls filled with holy joy:—but this is not all there is of religion. This is merely the season for eating and drinking,—the time to renew the strength. There is work to be done, crosses to be borne, trials to be endured. If in your hour of conflict you faint, what good does your blessing do you? If, when you are tempted, you are peevish and hateful, or sullen and despondent, making every one unhappy around you; if you are close and hard-hearted, and penurious; if you do not keep your word, nor pay your debts, whatever manifestation of God's love has been made to your soul, it is certain that you have "received the grace of God in vain." If you have had a genuine religious experience, deep conviction and a thorough conversion, thank God for it. Now, if you would become a saint and gain heaven, follow on to know the Lord. Build, by holy living, upon this good foundation a superstructure that will stand the fires of the last day. Let your words and actions be such as will meet the approval of God and of good men. Never is a soul so filled with transports of joy, that the necessity of subsequently watching and fighting and praying is superseded. Life is a battle-field, and he will wear to all eternity a conqueror's crown, who is faithful unto death, and not he who gains a victory and then throws away his arms. It was after Peter had been with the Master in the mount that he so shamefully denied him. Noah had preached righteousness for one hundred and twenty years, and had been honored by God above all men living when he became intoxicated. You can never get religion enough to-day to answer the demands of to-morrow. Gird on your armor for a life-long conflict. Be thoroughly consistent. Grow up into Christ your living Head in all things.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

We do not object to any one's taking medicine if they think proper. But does not the Bible plainly teach that Jesus has power to heal the body as well as the soul? He did it when on earth in person. He does it now if human testimony is to be credited. Can any harm result from occasionally giving such testimony in marked cases? We think not, else they would not have been so fully recorded in the New Testament. The end of our faith is the salvation of the soul. This is of the greatest consequence. But the well-being of the body is of some importance. It has much to do with our usefulness in the world. If you would have the Lord interfere for the relief of your body, you must see that you are saved from sin, that your eye is single. The following testimony was sent us by a reliable sister, and we trust its publication will do good:

MANCHESTER, N. Y.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—I feel a desire to give in my testimony in favor of the wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit. God has been blessing me in a wonderful manner for some time. I daily asked the Lord to show me His will concerning me. I had learned to look to Him for direction in all things. I read in his word how He healed the sick; and that " whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing, it shall be done." I felt assured that He could do all things. I had been afflicted for about two years with a disease called neuralgia. I could find no relief, not for a moment. It lasted about a day and a night. I was so weak after the pain ceased, that I could not go about for a day or two. This did not come on oftener than once in three or four months at first, but grew more frequent till it came once in six weeks. The doctors had told me that they could not ease the pain at the time, but would have to give some medicine that would act upon my system, which would take about a month. In a few days it came on again. I went to the doctor and he gave me some medicine. Just as he turned away something said to me there is a greater Physician than Dr. S. that can cure all diseases. I thought surely there is. I went home, took the medicine, but felt the pain as severe as ever. On the third day, as I was recovering, while lying on my bed, I threw myself upon the Lord; told him to do with me as he saw fit. I could do nothing of myself and if he still afflicted me I would try to bear it patiently. I felt that I could not bear it long before it would wear me out. I thought Jesus knows all my wants, and if he pleased he could impress my mind with something that I could take or do that would effect a cure. I left it all to him. I felt that he was present with me and that I was talking with him. I told him

that if he did not see fit to heal me, I never would complain, I would believe that it was for my good. I soon got better, and went about my business as usual. About two or three weeks after, the thought came to my mind that I had not had given me any impression what to do, and that it was his will that I should still suffer. Just then the words seemed spoken to me, "You will never have the neuralgia any more; your faith hath made you whole." I did not think at first that I was healed, but it seemed like a strange thought. Many promises of the Lord presented themselves before me; I saw plainly that it was not impossible. Then these same words were spoken again. Then I more than half believed. I remembered that we are told that whatsoever we ask in faith, believing, it shall be granted; and that he did heal in that manner when he was here on the earth; and what he once did, he could do again. The same words were spoken to me again, "You will never have the neuralgia any more, your faith hath made you whole." Then I did believe. I was made very happy. I thanked and praised his Holy Name, and felt sure that my suffering in that way was over. It is now six years last September and I can say to-day that I have never felt a particle of that disease, nor any other that I ever had before, and I never had enjoyed good health. I believe I was made whole. My health never was so good in my life. It is seldom that I ever feel any pain. I am now fifty-two years old, can perform more labor, with greater ease, than I ever could before in my life. I never take any medicine, nor need to. O, what a privilege we have. No matter if we are poor, we can call upon the best Physician—one that can cure all diseases and at any time or in any place; and without money and without price.

MRS. BETSEY LATHBURY.

CURED OF THE USE OF TOBACCO.

A brother who is well known, and who is perfectly reliable, writes us as follows:

Two years ago last March I experienced the real religion of the Bible. I praise the Lord that He gave me a Bible experience in the outset. As soon as I got into Christ I was "a new creature." Old things passed away, and all things became new. I was about forty years old when I experienced religion. I had used tobacco very excessively ever since I was quite a young boy. Perhaps no one man in town used as much as I did. I both chewed and smoked, and I loved, it I will not undertake to say how well. I had no idea that any thing could ever happen to me that would make me hate it; but, praise the Lord! it is so. The things that I once loved I now hate—tobacco with the rest. About six or eight

months after I experienced this real religion (that I enjoy all through my soul yet, praise the Lord forever!) from reading the Bible, and the operation of the Spirit on my heart, I was convicted that it was wrong to use tobacco; and not only wrong, but a nasty, dirty, filthy, loaferish habit; and not only so, but it was a great idol, and we are commanded to cleanse ourselves from all our idols, and from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. (2 Corinthians vii, 1). This I have done, and all will have to do it if they ever get to heaven.—There is but one way to heaven, and the Bible describes that route. All must go that way or not at all: and all that have a Bible experience love the Bible route. None go that way unless they love it. There are no drafted soldiers in this war—all are volunteers. Now, I know by my own experience and the goodness of the Lord, that he never convicts a person for any thing, but that he proposes to give him a complete victory. At the time I became satisfied that it was the will of my Father that I should quit the use of tobacco (especially chewing), I was in the field to work. I there deliberately and willingly promised Father that I would never chew any more, and—(praise His name for it)—He gave me such a victory over it that I have never since had any more desire for chewing tobacco than I have for chewing mud. When I went to the house, I told my wife that I had quit chewing tobacco, and that when I smoked up what smoking tobacco I had on hand, I intended to leave off smoking; and unless I felt a great deal worse in consequence, I should never smoke any more. Well, that was no quitting at all. That was experimenting about as Ananias and Sapphira did, and I got along just about as well. Every pipe I saw I wanted in my mouth. I stood it in this way for about two months—got along about the same as I had in a number of experiments that I had made to reform myself in my own strength while in the service of the Devil; that is, not at all. When one of my brethren in the church that I belonged to, (Protestant Methodist), and a great friend to tobacco, and myself went to see our preacher—(he was a great friend to tobacco at that time, as too many preachers are)—I staid over night with him. In the morning, I told them what I had done in regard to tobacco. They thought I had

taken a very hazardous step, especially as far as smoking was concerned. They thought it would be necessary that I should smoke some, or I don't know what all would happen to me. That was just such counsel as I wanted. So I went to smoking again, and thought I would smoke moderately. My moderate smoking was nearly all the time, except while I was sleeping or eating.

In June I went to a camp-meeting, stopped on the way and got me a pound of tobacco and a dozen pipes, fixed up a nice place in my tent for the pipes, and went in for a general time of smoking. They pretty much all smoked; and it was quite a smoky time. One day, while I was walking around with a pipe in my mouth, one of the Sisters that had this real religion asked me what I smoked for. I told her I thought it was good for my health—that I should get too fleshy if I did not smoke, and others had told me so. She said: "Don't you think the Lord could take care of that?" "Oh, yes," said I, "I suppose he could, but I don't know as he would." That was about all that was said; and right there I was convicted. After that, when I saw that Sister coming around where I was, I would take my pipe out of my mouth and hold it down by my side. Finally, in a day or two, I got so that when I wanted to smoke I would go out in the woods and smoke. One day, while I was sitting behind a tree smoking, it came to me all at once, "Well, now, if it is wrong to smoke on the camp-ground, it is wrong to smoke here; and if it is right to smoke here, it is right to smoke any where." I then very coolly and very deliberately quit smoking, and threw away my pipe, and I have not had one in my mouth since. And, praise the Lord! he gave me such a victory over it that I hate it with a perfect hatred—even the smell of it; so much so, that I would not hire a man and have him smoking around. Well, praise the Lord! I feel a great deal better, and at least eight or ten years younger, than I did when I experienced religion. I praise the Lord that this evening finds me headed towards Mount Zion, freighted with salvation—not a bit of tobacco, nor even the smell of it, about me. Now, dear reader, this is the victory that overcomes the world, tobacco, and everything else that is of the Devil, even your faith. Be sure and take up your residence on believing ground. One very impor-

tant item is to live at all times, and under all circumstances, in the valley of perfect decision, and that must always be on the side of truth. This is my residence at present, and I hope in God it ever will be.

H. W. BRADSHAW.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

A soldier writes:

While I have been a soldier in the army, and have seen the moving masses of soldiers, and taken pains to mark their actions, and to learn their past manner of life and their present condition, it has led me to a train of thought that I now commit to paper. Here we have all classes of persons: First—The lad in his teens. Perhaps he left his parental home an innocent youth; but here you see him gliding down the river of destruction as fast as time can hurry him, and no one to say to him—"Why do you so?" But the whole tide sets in with the devil, to help him lose his soul for ever. Perhaps he has a praying father and loving mother at home, who think of the happy days to come, when their child will return, his brow decked with laurels. But is that all he will take with him? No; it will be strange if he does not take with him habits that will ruin him for time and eternity, and draw with him many more in the wake.

Then there is the middle-aged man, who left at home a kind and loving wife, a little flock of bright-eyed, parent-loving children. And how will he go home? Perhaps a ruined father and a reckless husband! How often that mother's heart will be made to bleed at every pore, and those once fostered ones be disgraced and perhaps ruined for life! Oh! this dreadful war! Where will be its end? The armies may soon leave the field, and peace may again be sounded through the land, but when will its dreadful, demoralizing effects stop! Will they ever cease? No; never! The seeds are sown and have taken deep root, and they will yield their fruits, which will be seen only when the trumpet is sounded, and all are gathered to the judgment of the last day.

At this point we are led to inquire—Where is he who ought to be a man of God—the chaplain? We would not go to newspapers to know what he is or what he has been. Just go to the camp or field, and there your eyes and ears will furnish all the proof you

need. Instead of visiting around among the men, and trying to restrain them from bad habits, he is with the officers, spending his time in a manner that secures the ill-will of those under his care. Is he guiltless? The time will come when he will wish he had no name. Can we expect—when there is such a state of wickedness carried along with our army into the battle-field, and sanctioned by the officers, from the highest to the lowest—to conquer the enemy? Or may we not look for defeats? We know God's hand always rests heavy on the transgressor. Instead of our officers setting right examples, they are the first in bad examples. The officers can take their drams, and get drunk, and appear like the brute; but the private, for the same thing, will find himself in close keeping, with the chain and ball for his companion.

My heart aches to think of the coming future. There is only one right way to do, and that is to please God. Let our officers be good men and we shall have good soldiers—On this depends our future success. We want Gideons—men of God that will seek to do the will of God. But I hope the time may soon come when *peace may again be restored* to our beloved country, and the demoralizing habits of our army cease, and each one again return to his home; and instead of war, blood and carnage, we shall be moving in the circles of friends and a quiet home. WM. H. H.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—Through the kindness of our friends, and the blessing of God, new subscribers are coming in daily. The Earnest Christian goes to all parts of the country, advocating the claims of an uncompromising non-time-serving Christianity. We have received several orders from Virginia City—a new city that has sprung up as if by magic, among the Rocky Mountains. God bless the pilgrims there. We now publish a larger edition than we have ever done before. The increased cost of publishing renders this necessary; and the religious condition of the country calls for a zealous dissemination of the pure Gospel principles which it is our aim to advocate in these pages.

We can still supply the back numbers for this year to new subscribers. Continue your efforts to scatter the truth.

ERRATA.—It is our aim to make the Earnest Christian in every respect as free from

faults and blemishes as possible. The mechanical execution has been such generally as to leave little room for improvement. But in the February, and especially in the March number, there was an unintentional falling off in the good appearance of our magazine. The very respectable firm that does our printing, have had the trouble which the most careful sometimes have, in changing hands. They have had three different foremen since the first of January. We expect that our monthly issues will hereafter be as prompt and good-looking as they have heretofore been. In a part of the March number a whole line was wrong. The first line on the top of the 71st page should read, "the seven churches of Asia, the one" Other typographical errors were made, but as they do not hopelessly obscure the sense we will not now attempt to correct them.

THE NAME OF YOUR POST OFFICE.—We have the names of the Post Offices to which the Earnest Christian is sent, arranged in alphabetical order upon our mail books. Under the name of each Post Office are the names of all our subscribers who receive the E. C. at that office. Hence if we know the name of the office we can at once turn to the name of any subscriber. But if we do not have the name of the Post Office given us, it might require a day's work to find a persons' name. Will not every subscriber be particular, and in writing us on business give the name of the office at which you have received the Earnest Christian? We have requested this frequently but the request is still often disregarded. Please remember. You will thus save a great deal of trouble and prevent mistakes that are often made for want of this information.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN IN THE ARMY.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

DEAR BRO. ROBERTS:—To give you an idea what the Earnest Christian is doing here in the army, I write the following: Eight months ago, I had never heard the doctrine of sanctification preached or explained; never had seen any one who had enjoyed it, consequently knew nothing about it. Accidentally I got hold of some of your publications, which gave me light on the subject. By the reading of the Earnest Christian and the Holy Scriptures, I began to understand it, and glory to God! on the 17th day of May I em-

braced the blessing. Since then over a dozen have professed the blessing. We are having a glorious revival here. Over 60 souls have been converted. Glory to God. The work is going over the head of every opposition, souls are being converted in the woods, cornfields, cane-brakes and in camps, as well as in the Church.

I feel that God has called me to preach the Gospel. As the way opens I am going to walk in it. What I am, God has made me, and what I am hereafter he must make me.

Yours, J. W.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

JOHNNIE AND HIS LITTLE CROSS.

"Take up thy cross and follow me." That is what the Lord Jesus says."

"Is there no *little* cross for me?" asked Johnnie. "I want to follow Jesus."

"Yes," said his mother, "there are plenty of little crosses for the little ones."

"What are crosses?" asked Johnnie.

"Crosses are things which are hard to do; and taking up our cross is being *willing* to do them for the sake of pleasing the Lord Jesus."

"Won't Jesus help if they are *very* heavy?" asked Johnnie.

"Indeed he will," answered his mother,—"One of his friends, who had a great many to bear, says, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

"Who was it?" asked Johnnie.

"Paul," said his mother.

"Well, he knew; didn't he?" said the little boy. Then he thought, and then said, "I'd shoulder the biggest man's cross rather than not follow Jesus." Dear Johnnie.

One day he and the boys were at play round the corner, when Johnnie threw a stone, and it broke a pane of glass in the window of an old hut. Presently out rushed an old woman with an old broom-handle, who chased the boys with all sorts of angry words in a most furious manner; The boys jinked her with shonts of laughter. It was such fun! The fact is, the old woman and the boys were always at loggerheads. She hated them, and they made fun of her; yes, and I am afraid did a great many unkind and cruel things without thinking. The consequence was, Johnnie was not sorry for breaking her window. He thought it was only wiping out old scores; and the boys were glad of it.

But the thing came to his father's ears. Johnnie's father viewed it quite differently.—"Johnnie," said his father, "you must go and ask Mrs. Patch's pardon for your conduct, and pay her for the mischief you have done."

"Oh, father," said Johnnie, turning very red.

"Well," said his father, "what have you to say?"

"I'll pay her for the glass, sir," said Johnnie; "but"—he hesitated—"need I ask her to forgive me? Can't you shut me up in the closet? I'd rather take a whipping than ask *that*."

"You must do as I say," said his father, firmly.

The little boy let go his father's hand, and ran in to find his mother. "Oh, mother," he cried, flinging himself into her lap, and his voice choking, "I can't ask pardon of that old cross Patch; indeed I can't. Whip me, shut me up, but I can't stoop to that;" and Johnnie burst into tears, proud and angry tears.

His good mother let him cry. "Johnnie," she at length said, "Johnnie, what do you think the blessed Lord Jesus would like to have you do? you know you wish to be one of his little followers."

"Don't know," said Johnnie, sobbing. Presently he went on: "I—I—don't—don't—think he would treat Mrs. Patch as we boys do, if he was a boy; he'd be a great deal kinder."

"Well, Johnnie, are you not sorry for being unkind to that poor old woman; and are you not willing to own it, and make amends for it?"

"No," said Johnnie. "Doing that would be a cross indeed."

"Johnnie!" It was father calling.

The little boy started, Putting his small hands together, "Help me, Jesus, help me!" he cried.

And oh how earnestly his mother prayed in her heart, "Help the poor little boy, thou Shepherd of Israel!"

Johnnie went; and before he saw his mother again he had done all his father told him to do,—paid the woman for her glass, and asked her forgiveness for all his careless conduct.—When he came back his mother saw he bore his little cross. What was it? It had a name. It was Humility. It had been heavy. It was lighter now, for he kissed his mother, and laid his curly head on her shoulder and smiled tenderly; and she thought to herself, "Jesus helped the dear boy."—*Child's Paper.*