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### REV. WILLIAM TENNENT.

BY B. T. ROBERTS.

MEN eminent for usefulness in the cause of God have generally commenced in his service young. Occasionally one who has lived for years in sin is powerfully converted, and sanctified, and presses on, growing in grace and doing good until the Master calls him home. Such cases, though rare, show what the grace of God can do. To be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, free from the influences of bad habits and corrupt principles is of incalculable advantage. Such persons, when converted, are quite likely to make devoted and stable Christians. They possess a power to resist temptation which those do not who have been under the dominion of sin. A broken limb, though healed, cannot resist pressure as it could before it was fractured.

William Tennent was an eminently pious and useful minister of the Gospel. He feared God from his youth. His father was originally a minister of the Episcopal church in Ireland. When terms were imposed upon the clergy of that Kingdom to which he could not conform, he removed in 1718, with his wife, four sons and one daughter to America. He settled permanently as a Presbyterian minister, in Neshaminy, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. He was a thoroughly educated man, able to speak and write the Latin language almost as well as his mother tongue. Seeing the need of affording young men opportunities of obtaining an education he opened an academy, since known as

the *log college*. Here many who afterwards became prominent men were educated. His four sons here received their education, and all of them became pious and useful ministers of the Gospel.

William Tennent, his second son, was born in Antrim, in Ireland, in 1705, and was thirteen years of age when he arrived in America. "He applied himself" says his friend and biographer, to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article, "with much zeal and industry to his studies and made great proficiency in the languages, particularly the Latin." At an early age he was deeply impressed with divine things and determined to devote himself to the work of the ministry. After completing his course in the languages he went to study divinity under his elder brother, already an eminent minister of the Gospel. At that time candidates for the ministry, instead of going to a theological school, went to study with some minister of piety and experience. The church has suffered greatly by a departure from this custom. Men who cannot themselves win souls to Christ are not the ones to instruct others how to promote the work of God.

Such was the intense application of William Tennent to study that he greatly impaired his health. He became emaciated and looked like a living skeleton. His life was considered in danger. He was attended by a young physician who was attached to him by the warmest friendship. He sank rapidly till little hope of his life was left. He grew low spirited and began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing with his brother one

morning in Latin on the state of his soul, when, to all appearances, he died. He was laid out and the funeral appointed. In the evening his friend and physician returned. He was greatly afflicted at the news of his death, and could not be persuaded that he was in reality dead. "Being told," says the narrative, "that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water to make it as susceptible as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should be requested not to attend. To this the brother objected as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. *What!* he exclaimed, *a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake!* However the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success but by the doctor, who never left him night or day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay one hour, then to half an hour, and finally, to a quarter of an hour. He had discovered that the tongue was much swollen and threatened to crack. He was endeavoring to soften it by some emollient ointment put upon it with a feather, when the brother came in at the expiration of the last period, and mistaking what the doctor was doing for an attempt to feed him, manifested some resentment, and said, in a spirited tone, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse;" and insisted with earnestness, that the funeral should immediately proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dread-

ful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour, the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring to life a dead body.

Mr. Tennent continued in so weak and low a state for six weeks, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. However, after that period, he recovered much faster, but it was about twelve months before he was completely restored. After he was able to walk the room, and to take notice of what passed around him, on a Sunday afternoon, his sister, who had staid from church to attend him, was reading in the Bible, when he took notice of it, and asked her what she had in her hand. She answered that she was reading the Bible. He replied, "What is the Bible? I know not what you mean." This affected the sister so much that she burst into tears, and informed him that he was once well acquainted with it. On her reporting this to the brother, when he returned, Mr. Tennent was found upon examination, to be totally ignorant of every transaction of his life previous to his sickness. He could not read a single word, neither did he seem to have an idea of what it meant. As soon as he became capable of attention, he was taught to read and write, as children are usually taught, and afterward began to learn the Latin language, under the tuition of his brother. One day, as he was reciting a lesson in Cornelius Nepos, he suddenly started, clapped his hand to his head as if something had hurt him, and made a pause. His brother asked him what was the matter; he said he felt a sudden shock in his head, and it now seemed to him as if he had

read that book before. By degrees his recollection was restored, and he could speak Latin as fluently as before his sickness. His memory so completely revived, that he gained perfect knowledge of the past transactions of his life, as if no difficulty had previously occurred.

He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings while he thus lay apparently dead; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld in the distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—Well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings, surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You must return to the earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to me to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added

"Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for sometime afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

These facts, wonderful as they appear, cannot be questioned. That Mr. Tennent thus lay to all appearance dead, as above narrated, is established by testimony as strong as human testimony can be. His representations as to what he saw and heard while in this state are entitled to our belief. His character, through life, proves him to have been incapable of deception. There is nothing in what he relates contrary to the Bible. St. Paul had a similar experience. The vision of J. B. Finley, published in this magazine in Feb. 1862, is like it in many particulars. Does not God occasionally permit such instances, to furnish living testimony of the soul's immortality and of the realities of the invisible world? They quicken the faith of his people even if those are not convinced who will not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

As soon as circumstances would permit, Mr. Tennent was licensed, and began to preach with great zeal and success. In October, 1733, he was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian church at Freehold, New Jersey. Here he labored with fidelity and success to the close of his life.

His salary and the farm belonging to the church were capable of maintaining a family in comfort. But he felt that he could not attend to secular affairs and so left the management of his worldly matters to a faithful servant in whom he had great confidence. He



soon became embarrassed. Debts accumulated without the means of payment. Mr. Tennent made known the state of his affairs to an intimate friend of his, a merchant of New York, who was visiting at his house. His friend told him that this mode of life would not do, that he must get a wife to attend to his temporal affairs, and to make his home pleasant. He smiled at the idea, and assured him that he should never have a wife unless some friend would provide one for him, for he knew not how to go to work to procure one. His friend volunteered his services and recommended a sister-in-law of his own as a lady every way suited to his character and circumstances. He returned to New York with him and next morning was introduced to Mrs. Noble. He was pleased with her appearance, and, when left alone with her, abruptly told her that he supposed that her brother had informed her of the object of his visit, that he had neither time nor inclination for ceremony; but that, if she approved of the measure, he would attend to his charge the next Sabbath, return on Monday, be married and immediately take her home. With some hesitation she consented. The union was fortunate and happy. She proved a most excellent wife. She took the care of his temporal concerns upon her, extricated him from debt, and by prudence and economy so managed all his worldly business that in a few years he became easy in circumstances. They had three fine sons who grew up to manhood.

Mr. Tennent's inattention to worldly things continued until his oldest son was about three years of age. Going into the fields one day for religious meditation, he took this child with him. Suddenly the thought came to him, "Should God in his providence take me hence, what would become of this child and its mother, for whom I have never taken any personal care to make provision? How can I answer this negligence to God and to them?" The impropriety of his inattention to the relative duties of life, which God had called him to, and the consideration of

the sacred declaration, "that he who does not provide for his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," had such an impressive effect on his mind, that it almost deprived him of his senses. He saw his conduct, which before he thought arose entirely from a deep sense of divine things, in a point of light in which he never before had viewed it. He immediately attempted to return home, but so great was his distress, that it was with difficulty he could get along; till, all at once, he was relieved by as suddenly recurring to that text of scripture, which came into his mind with extraordinary force: "But unto the tribe of Levi, Moses gave not any inheritance." Such, however, was the effect of this unexpected scene on Mr. Tennent's mind and judgment, that ever afterwards he prudently attended to the temporal business of life, still, however, in perfect subordination to the great things of eternity, and he became fully convinced that God was to be faithfully served, as well by discharging relative duties in his love and fear, as by more immediate acts of devotion. He clearly perceived that every duty had its proper time and place, as well as motive; that we had a right, and were called of God, to eat and drink, and to be properly clothed; and, of course, that care should be taken to procure those things, provided that all be done to the glory of God. In the duties of a gospel minister, however, especially as they related to his pastoral charge, he still engaged with the utmost zeal and faithfulness; and was esteemed by all ranks and degrees, as far as his labors extended, as a fervent, useful, and successful preacher of the gospel.

In the great revival which took place at this period under the labors of Whitfield and others distinguished for their piety and zeal, Mr. Tennent took an active part. His labors were successful: but he was sometimes assailed with the most powerful temptations. One evening he selected a subject for a discourse the next day and made some progress in his preparations. The next morning he endeavored to take up the



subject, and complete the arrangement of his thoughts, when he was, all of a sudden, powerfully assailed with the temptation that the Bible was not of divine authority, but the invention of man. He endeavored in vain to repel the temptation by prayer. It fastened upon him with increasing strength as the public service drew near. The thoughts of the preceding evening were irrecoverably gone. He had other subjects but could get nothing for the people. The Book of God was sealed to him. He was shut up in prayer and a cloud dark as Egypt hovered over his mind. In this agony of soul he went to the church. A large congregation was waiting to hear the word. He was distressed more than ever. He commenced the service. During the singing his agitation was increased to the highest degree. When the moment for prayer arrived, he arose as one in the most perilous situation, and with arms extended to heaven cried out, "*Lord have mercy upon me!*" As he uttered this petition the clouds gave way, and an unspeakably joyful light broke in upon his soul. He seemed to be caught up to the third heavens, and felt as if he saw God face to face, and was carried forth to him with a degree of liberty that he had never before experienced. Upon every page of the Scriptures he saw the divinity of Jesus inscribed in the brightest colors. At the close of the prayer the congregation was bathed in tears. The sermon that followed was the means of the conversion of about thirty persons.

God manifested himself to his faithful servant at times in a wonderful manner. "At one time," says his biographer, "he was attending the duties of the Lord's day in his own congregation, as usual, where the custom was to have morning and evening service, with only half an hour's intermission to relieve the attention. He had preached in the morning, and in the intermission had walked into the woods for meditation, the weather being warm. He was reflecting on the infinite wisdom of God, as manifested in his works, and partic-

ularly in the wonderful method of salvation, through the death and sufferings of his beloved son. This subject suddenly opened on his mind with such a flood of light, that his views of the glory, and the infinite majesty of Jehovah were so inexpressibly great, as to overwhelm him, and he fell, almost lifeless to the ground. When he had revived a little, all he could do was to raise a fervent prayer that God would withdraw himself from him, or he must perish under a view of his ineffable glory. When able to reflect on his situation, he could not but abhor himself as a weak and despicable worm, and seemed to be overcome with astonishment, that a creature so unworthy and insufficient, had ever dared to attempt the instruction of his fellow men in the nature and attributes of so glorious a Being. Overstaying his usual time, some of his elders went in search of him, and found him prostrate on the ground, unable to rise, and incapable of informing them of the cause. They raised him up, and, after some time brought him to the church, and supported him to the pulpit, which he ascended on his hands and knees, to the no small astonishment of the congregation. He remained silent a considerable time, earnestly supplicating Almighty God (as he told the writer) to hide himself from him, that he might be enabled to address his people, who were by this time lost in wonder to know what had produced this uncommon event. His prayers were heard, and he became able to stand up, by holding on to the desk. He now began the most affecting and pathetic address that the congregation had ever received from him. He gave a surprising account of the views he had of the infinite wisdom of God, and greatly deplored his own incapacity to speak to them concerning a Being so infinitely glorious beyond all his powers of description. He attempted to show something of what had been discovered to him of the astonishing wisdom of Jehovah, of which it was impossible for human nature to form adequate conceptions. He then broke out into so fer-

vent and expressive a prayer, as greatly to surprise the congregation, and draw tears from every eye. A sermon followed, that continued the solemn scene, and made very lasting impressions on all the hearers."

What would be thought of an occurrence like this in the Presbyterian church at the present day?

Other interesting incidents in the life of Mr. Tennent we reserve for a future number.

### WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"Never fear!—'Stand up for Jesus!'  
Speak to all of His sweet name,  
Tell them of His great Salvation,  
All his wondrous love proclaim!  
Peace and pardon, grace and glory,  
Through the PRECIOUS, DYING LAMB!"

When? how? are we witnesses for Jesus? By a life of godliness? a holy walk and conversation? a real humanity? by doing justice, loving mercy? providing "things honest in the sight of all men?" by doing to all men as we wish all men to do to us? by keeping a conscience void of offence towards God and man—abstaining from all appearance of evil?

A holy example, undoubtedly, is the first and most important of all modes of witnessing for the truth as it is in Jesus; for without the continual manifestation of "the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which there is no law," all other modes of witnessing will be fruitless and powerless. "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" Is this silent testimony all that is required to "show the Lord's death till he come?" The Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, is a witnessing book of personal, experimental, living, burning piety! The Psalms of David from first to last, are made up almost entirely of testimonials of God's special dealings with the soul, his superabounding goodness. Whole psalms are devoted ex-

clusively to the relations of experience. Instance, for example, the 23d, 26th, 27th and 40th psalms and many others.—These personal testimonies of the psalmist were given in public—in the presence of the great congregation. "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people." Ps. cxvi. 14. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Ps. lxxvi. 16. "I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation." Ps. xl. 10. The same is true of the holy prophets. Take one instance as a beautiful specimen of personal testimony to God's sanctifying grace.

Isaiah 6th chapter, from the 1st to 9th verse. Here the prophet specifies the very time and place of this glorious manifestation—all the particulars of God's gracious operations upon his soul minutely. When the live coal from God's altar was applied to his lips—his iniquity taken away and his sin purged, he was constrained to speak out and unburden his soul. Then, when the call was made, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Isaiah said, "Here am I send me." Isa. vi. 8.

The primitive disciples after the pentecostal baptism, were filled with the Holy Spirit, and went everywhere relating the glorious things God had done for them. This definite testimony was the purport of their message, the sum and substance of their preaching, and marvellously did God bless these personal testimonies to the salvation of multitudes. Paul, on every suitable occasion, made special allusion to God's overshadowing goodness and mercy in the redemption of his own soul. When brought before the councils of his wicked persecutors, the first thing by way of vindication, was to open his lips wide for Jesus in personal, definite testimony. When summoned to appear in the presence of a persecuting Sanhedrim, what was his plea? God's dealings with his own soul; his conviction, conversion, justification and sanctification. Turn to Acts 22,—how readest thou? See also his defence before King Agrippa, in

Acts 26. Mark, moreover, the tenor of his epistles, how frequently, pointedly, he alludes to his own experience, his firm faith, his entire consecratedness to God and his cause, his deadness and crucifixion to the world, his temperance in all things, his example of purity and consistency, the bright, seraphic, glorious manifestations of God to his soul, his translation to the third heaven, hearing and seeing things unspeakable.

It is unpopular, to witness personally to the fulness of redeeming love in the present age of perpetual backsliding, and many on the mountain top of sanctifying grace shrink from the duty, and consequently are shorn of their strength, and lose the fire of holiness. Reader beware of this trap of Satan! The beloved, godly, courteous, refined, pure-minded Fletcher lost the blessing of perfect love four times successively, by yielding to the promptings of the evil one not to give personal, definite testimony. Look abroad, behold numerous cases, heart-rendingly grievous! Churches, and individuals, once on the mount, enjoying the inner life, the baptism pentacostal, the purifying, sanctifying grace, where are they now? O where? with harps on the willows? the light in them darkness? They yielded to the awful stratagem of the devil, and refused to witness publicly for Christ—obey a positive precept “open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.”

“Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering.”—Mark, “the PROFESSION of our faith.” We omit this duty at our peril. Beloved brother, sister, will you suffer the cry of egotism, pride, self-conceit, or any other cry, to rob you of this privilege? so long as you walk softly, keep a conscience void of offence, abstain from all appearance of evil and aim to please God in all things? Brother, sister, go forward in God’s strength, open your mouth wide in praise; tell to all around what great things God has done for *your* soul; be definite; publish it;—sound it out—let heaven’s arches *ring*! Give God the glory—and “many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.”

## POWER.

WE shall never recover the true Apostolic energy, and be endued with power from on high, as the first disciples were—and this exactly is the prayer in which the holiest, most expectant and longing souls, are now waiting before God—till we recover the lost faith.

As regards a higher sanctification, which is, I trust, the cherished hope of us all, nothing is plainer than the impossibility of it, except as we can yield to faith a higher honor, and abide in it with a holier confidence. Every man is sanctified according to his faith; for it is by trusting himself to Christ that he becomes invested, exalted, irradiated, and finally glorified in Christ. “Be it unto you according to your faith,” is the true principle, and by that the whole life-state of the church on earth always will be graduated. Increase our faith, then, Lord! be this our prayer.

That prayer I believe is yet to be heard. After we have gone through all the rounds of science, dialectic cavil and wise unbelief, we shall do what they did not in apostolic times; we shall begin to settle conceptions of faith, that will allow us, and all the ages to come, to stand fast in it and do it honor. And then God will pour himself into the church again, I know not in what gifts. Faith will then be no horseman out upon the plain, but will have a citadel manned and defended, whence no power of man can ever dislodge it again. Faith will be as much stronger now than science, as it is higher and more diffusive. And now the reign of God is established. Christ is now the creed, and the whole church of God is in it, fulfilling the work of faith and power.—*Bushnell.*

SOME professors pass for very meek good-natured people till you displease them. They resemble a pool or a pond; while you it alone let it looks clear and limpid, but if you stir it toward the bottom the rising sediments soon discover the impurities that lurk beneath.—*Toplady.*



## THE MEETING-PLACE.

BY DR. H. BONAR, OF KELSO.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,—  
 Freshen never more to fade ;  
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—  
 Brighten never more to shade ;  
 Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;  
 Where the star-beams cease to chill ;  
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;  
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
 And the noon the joy prolong ;  
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
 Mid the burst of 'holy song ;—  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 Mid the holy and the blest !

Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
 And the dreamer dreams no more ;  
 Where the bond is never severed,—  
 Partings, claspings, sob and moan,  
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
 Heavy noon-tide all are done ;  
 Where the child has found its mother,  
 Where the mother finds the child ;  
 Where dear families are gathered,  
 That were scattered on the wild ;—  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 Mid the holy and the blest !

Where the hidden wound is healed,  
 Where the blighted life re-blooms,  
 Where the smitten heart the freshness  
 Of its buoyant youth resumes ;  
 Where the love that here we lavish  
 On the withering leaves of time,  
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
 In an ever spring-bright clime ;  
 Where we find the joy of loving  
 As we never loved before—  
 Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,  
 Loving once and evermore ;—  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 Mid the holy and the blest !

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
 Underneath a bluer sphere,  
 And a softer, gentler sunshine  
 Shed its healing splendour here ;

Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
 Putting on her robe of green,  
 And a purer, fairer Eden  
 Be where only wastes have been ;  
 Where a King in kingly glory,  
 Such as earth has never known,  
 Shall assume the righteous septe,  
 Claim and wear the holy crown ;  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 Mid the holy and the blest !

STRAIGHT WALKING.—"This is my commandment that ye love one another as I have loved you." (John, xv. 12.) Now love is the fulfilling of the law. Christ fulfilled the law of Moses in love to a sinful world, and we are to fulfill the law of Christ by doing his will in all things. By so doing we make the law complete in us. Then what we ask we may not only expect, but take Jesus at his word and receive. Till this is done the law is not all fulfilled in its requirements as regards us. There is a power in the one that lives thus. All that are not living here are not in the vine, but dead branches. If we share not with them we must come to the requirements laid down in the word of God. The Lord save us entirely.—*J. T. Evans.*

ANGELIC PERFECTION.—Do not confound angelic with Christian perfection. Uninterrupted transports of praise, and ceaseless raptures of joy, do not belong to Christian, but to angelic perfection. If God indulges you with ecstasies and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them ; be not exalted above measure by them, and remember that your Christian perfection does not consist so much in building a tabernacle upon Mount Tabor, and enjoying rare sights there, as in resolutely taking the cross, and following Christ to the palace of a proud Caiaphas, to the judgment-hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary.—*Fletcher.*

RELIEVE misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg, the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when taken out.—*Senex Montanus.*

## DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly host, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form: he dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house of suffering and mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and

as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld, was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor he replied that while on earth, he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding, the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conception he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvass that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent from God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among other things he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received

him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all the exhibitions of goodness and mercy far beyond all he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward toward the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having drunk presented it to him saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is the reward." Thrilled with this unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit, and slid down into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impression of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

#### PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS.

AN approved writer in describing the religious character of the primitive Christians, observed, that when they gave themselves to Christ, "they counted all things loss for him and his salvation; and the surrender was an honest, whole-hearted transaction, never to be reconsidered, never to be regreted."

Hence, from the hour of their conver-

sion, they made little account of property. If it was confiscated by government, or destroyed by the mob, they "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," assured that in heaven they had a better, an incorruptible inheritance. When the cause required, how ready were they to lay all at the feet of the missionaries. Generally, they were poor. A rich Christian! why, such a thing was hardly known. However it may be now, it was then "easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for the rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." And if, as an act of special sovereignty, a man of wealth was converted, he seldom retained his riches for a long period; for such was his sympathy for the despoiled and suffering brotherhood, and such his solicitude for the conversion of the perishing, that his funds were poured forth as water. Yet poor as were the first Christians, they were liberal to a degree seldom surpassed. We, from our much, give little. They, from their little, gave much. Their "deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." Baptized covetousness was the product of a later age.

They understood Christ to be in earnest, when standing but one step from the throne of the universe, he said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." It was not, therefore, with them a matter to be considered, whether they should go or not go. The command was positive and peremptory, and how could they escape from the obligation? With us, to stay is the rule, to go is the exception. Wonder not that they accomplished so much; wonder not that we accomplish so little. They did not wait indolently for openings, but went forth either to find them or make them. If defeated at one point, instead of returning to Jerusalem in despondency, and writing a book on the impracticability of Christian missions, they proceeded to another, and perhaps more distant field, and then to another, and still another, until they had gone over the appointed territory. Their piety was enterprising.



## FASHION.

But what is this Fashion of which we see and hear so much, and whose potent spell seems to rise in hopeless tyranny upon the race, and yet of which we know so little? It seems to be a general court of appeals in all matters of dress and appearance, whose authority is readily admitted, whose change-freaks are heartily ridiculed save by the devoted few who worship most constantly at her shrine, and whose sinful rule is deeply deplored by the good, and vainly reasoned against by the philosophic. But whence comes she, and who gave her the right to rule? It matters not; the right is questioned and denied! There is not a physiological law of our being, not a law of beauty, and scarcely one of modesty, that has not been violated with impunity, and there is scarcely an imaginable shape of deformity which has not been honored with her smiles and patronage. Well, then, may all the nobler feeling of our nature rise up in indignant reprobation of her claims, and especially in this boasted land of liberty, where civil freedom is the heritage of all, but where this social tyrant brings upon us more ignominious chains than ever kingly despotism dared to rivet. To be compelled to the humiliating confession, that our free-born wives and daughters are daily bowing in the most abject and servile bondage, at the beck of a clique of the most dishonoring specimens of silly humanity that modern civilization has produced amid the fetid moral atmosphere and polluting associations of Paris, does make our republican blood boil, and forces from us a hearty rebuke of the fawning and cringing degradations. Oh, American women, if you will worship Fashion, at least let it be a thing of your own creation. It is mournful to think how much remains undone which might be accomplished by the church, for the cause of God and the good of man, were all expenditures for unnecessary adornments devoted to this service. There is *surplus* wealth enough connected with the church to-day to en-

dow every institution of learning in the world; to pay the indebtedness of every church; to sustain a mission in every tribe; to give the Bible to every family who would receive it; in short, to meet all the necessities of the cause of God. The simple *interest* on the possessions of those connected with the churches of our own nation alone is about \$380,000,000 per year. Why is not this wealth rightly devoted? One main reason is because Pride and Fashion have forestalled religion, and while they take the munificence, she must rest content with the mere dribbles. Thus God is wronged in the permitted ruin of those who might be saved. When the habit of adornment proceeds to its legitimate end, it spreads the tinsel of its trappings over everything, and how shall the proud millionaire, or splendid Miss McFlimsey worship beside the sweat-stained son of toil, or the pock-faced and finger-worn seamstress? No, no. Brethren and sisters they may be, if they ever reach heaven, but *here*, it would be too degrading to have it so. So the free, pure, glorious gospel must be boxed within pews cushioned and carved,—must be proclaimed from marble pulpits, (not God's own granite on the hillside,) beneath a frescoed dome, and between painted walls. Its gorgeousness must come, not from the splendid glories of its heavenly surroundings, in the rapt visions of a second apostle to the Gentiles, but from the rounded periods and beauteous bouquets of the finished rhetorician. Ye poor, 'twere a sacrilege for you to venture there! Dare not the rash attempt. Go hear the Gospel where you may, or where you *can*, but go not there?

Thus it is that the place which above all others should recognize most constantly the great Christian truth, that all are brethren, thus it is that the Church itself, consecrated to the worship of the Almighty God, spurns from her bosom the very class of society which the Son of God honored with his associations, while on earth. True, it may not, be an open, verbal rejection, yet it is none the less sure and quite as destructive to

her interests in the world. Exclusiveness in her privileges is too much at war with the essential freedom of salvation, to escape the reprehension of the good, or the cavils of the evil. We are not now for the first time to learn this subject is one upon which it is difficult to touch without giving offence; a hopeless one, perhaps, where the incurable frenzy of the multitude, renders the reform, even of the few, a desperate enterprise. What can be said of the morality of this fantastic ornament that ridicules deformity, and the other hideous appendages which would have any weight? It is in vain to discuss the moral evil in the fatal constraint applied *here*, and the frightful enlargement made *there*, and the disgusting transformation of God's beautiful workmanship which fashion affects everywhere. It is in vain to appeal to the standard which God, nature and common sense have approved. Their opinions on the point are all chaff when they conflict with the decisions of those whom fashion dubs with the magnificent and imposing title of the *world*. The reply to all that is urged is the stereotyped one: "we may as well be out of the world as out of fashion." It is in vain to return for answer and to prove that to be *in fashion* is the readiest way to get out of the world. Every man's eye gives ocular demonstration of it. Every member of the medical faculty at home and abroad, would qualify to the fact under oath. Many a dissection has furnished the proof; many a death-bed of the young and lovely has told the mournful tale; many an early grave has uttered its fearful warnings. What is all this but chaff, when opposed to the despotism of FASHION? The leaders of the *ton* are running as fast as they can to keep out of the way of the "vulgar," whom they despise; and the vulgar are running as fast as they can in the career of imitation, to keep up with the leaders who despise them. Thus, month after month, year after year, is this preposterous chase kept up, at the expense of countless millions, at the sacrifice of moral principles, time, com-

fort, health and life, and to the disgrace of the Christian name; and they that run in this race have, when it ends, to give an account of themselves to God! To what conclusion, then, does such a view bring us? It is mad to follow fashion; it may be rash to oppose her; but it is neither rash nor mad to despise her. Let her votaries, if they will, pay her the passive and implicit service which she exacts, but Christian women should scorn to follow their lead, and renouncing this despicable and hurtful vanity, take care to dress, as well as conduct themselves, with simplicity and gravity which become their pure character and diviner hopes. Now look upon this sin. It squanders the means, misspends the time; perverts the judgment; cultivates selfishness; corrupts the will; excites the passions; checks the sympathies, hardens the heart; degrades the mind; violates vows; increases love of the world; creates habits of sinful indulgence; enslaves the conscience; prevents spiritual progress; and exposes to the ruinous reaction of its influence. All this for the individual. For the church. It curtails her resources; destroys her claims; falsifies her profession; dishonors her character; cripples her energies; and renders her exclusive in her privileges. As respects the world. It arms it with the fatal argument of inconsistency; excites suspicion; creates disgust; renders reckless; lulls to sleep; and encourages an extravagance which produces pecuniary embarrassment, dishonesty, perversion of the social instincts, youthful dissipation, domestic broils, conjugal infidelity, a tyrannical and licentious moneyed aristocracy, and a corrupt and venal demagogueism.—What more can be needed, to show the utter, intrinsic, unchanging hostility to the cause of God and humanity? Inaction is assent to crime. Compromise is treachery to heaven. Willful rejection of the truth is eternal ruin. What, then, will you do? Christ and humanity plead. Reader, what shall be thy response?—*Christian Adornments.*

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BEWARE of pride and presumption.

## THE CHURCH AND WORLD.

REDEMPTION unto God, is redemption from the world; not a discharge from its concerns but from its spirit and bent. It is the sanctification of all motive and pursuit, whatever. It is preservation from all idolatry and defilement, in following out the general business of life; and is the only safeguard against contagion in that sphere where the mind of the world cannot but bear rule. But religion has, at least, its *residuary* claims on its people, who are all Levites, by the word which is "after the law" and who participate, in various degrees, in the priesthood of the last covenant. They are all the Lord's anointed; and have need of "somewhat also to offer." "Ye shall be named," says the prophet, "the priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of God."

This lofty distinction from the masses of men, cleaves to all Christians. They are both the temple and the priesthood of the living God; and this devotion, by profession, and by the Spirit's sanctification, is to be an ascendant influence in forming their character, a halo investing the man *everywhere*, but it brightens in the sphere of church duty. This is the only rule of safety, and of perfection likewise. It binds every member of the church to seek the public good, and to view himself as a pledged person to the cause he has espoused. The great principles of Christianity require to be thus practically taken up, and their whole effect zealously sought for. Benefits must not be separated from duties, nor receipts from contributions. Individual responsibility inheres according to gifts and opportunities; and though not self-imposed, is accepted as the consequence of a church condition or a church blessing. And who could desire, even could he claim, a dispensation from such service? What bond could be dear or mighty, should redemptions's yoke be cast away from us? From what law beside, can our nature's rectitude be made to issue, or the rewards of Heaven crown the epochs of our immortality? And what are

the ultimate proofs of an evangelical profession if the evidences of sanctification fail, and the forfeiture of blessings be proclaimed by the absence of appropriate fruits? It may not be concealed, that religious declension and the disheartening of God's people owe much of their origin to the want of a vigorous *public*, as well as moral conscience, and a thoroughly spiritual character in the church. The social intermixture between the church and the world, has bred confusion, and now begins to spread dismay. The lines of demarcation, which the gospel clearly lays down, have been passed by those whose jealousies ought to have maintained them, as the palladium of their own safety and the sanctuary for the world. A *trust* has been betrayed, an advantage yielded up, and results of incalculable moment have been lost. In the process of long and silent deterioration, the world and the Church have been brought face to face, mutually surprised by how small an interval they are sundered, and by how few points they are withheld from entire amalgamation. What is urgently demanded is, that the world and the Church each keep its own place, and exhibit truthful countersigns; that the Church be fully convinced that the world is the world still, and that coalition is impossible, but by its own apostacy; that when no fiery trials and ordeals are assigned to it; when recumbent in security, and fully enfranchised in liberty, the primitive badges of its divinity and heritage of its birth have disappeared; that when no persecutions waste it, and no martyred heroism stands forth against the legions of its adversaries, nevertheless its practical sanctity is not to be dimmed, nor its duties to society to be abridged. She is to vie with the more renowned epochs in examples of saintliness; she is not to be satisfied with peace, who triumphed in war, or to shape out of her trophies the monument for her grave. Spring-time is not to be less auspicious to the view than winter. It should not fail in its leaf, or its clusters, after it has survived the frost and the pruning knife. Religion's own in-



ternal fire should conserve its purity, and show its glory, without the purgatory of external suffering. Equally pure, it should be more diffusive, because fully liberated; more abundant in works, because not wasted by afflictions.—*Steward.*

### THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

In a large, lone house, situated in the south of England, far from any other human habitation there once lived a lady and her two maid-servants. It was the lady's custom to go around the house with her maids every evening, to see that the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They then left her in the passage, close to her room, and went to their own, which was at the other side of the house. As the lady opened the door, she distinctly saw a man under her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away and could not hear if she screamed for help; and even if they had come to her assistance, they were no match for a desperate, armed house-breaker. In an instant her plan was formed, and quietly entering, she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, as she was in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and, putting on her dressing-gown, took her Bible, sat down and read aloud a chapter which had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us and constant care of us night and day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling on their utter helplessness and dependence upon Him to preserve her from all dangers. At last she arose from her knees, and put out her candle and lay down, but not to sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious that a man was standing by her bed-side. He addressed her, and begged her not to be alarmed. "I came here," said he "to rob you, but after the words you have

read, and the prayer you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand and go away, and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then went to the window, opened it, and softly whistled. Returning to the bed-side, he said: "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and child-like faith and trust. When she awoke in the morning, she poured out her thanksgivings to Him who had "defended" her under "His wings," and "kept" her "safe under His feathers," so that she was not afraid of any terror by night. The man proved true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken.

Before he went away, he said: "I have never heard such words before; I must have the book you read out of," and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where, after several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, and stated that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony to the wonderful power of the Word of God. He concluded with: "I was that man." The lady arose from her seat in the hall, and said, quietly: "It is all true; I was the lady," and sat down again.—*Monthly Packet.*

CHRISTIAN graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take and the more fruit they bear.

## GOD DELIVERS.

"ONE Sunday," says the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, "I went up into my pulpit, intending to preach a sermon which I had prepared for that purpose; but my mind was so confused, that I could not recollect either my text or any part of my discourse. I was afraid I should be obliged to come down without saying anything; but having recollected myself a little, I thought I should say something on the third chapter of Daniel, containing an account of the three children cast into the fiery furnace. I found in doing it, such an *extraordinary assistance from God*, that I supposed there must be some cause for it. I then stated to the congregation that if any one found any particular benefit, they should acquaint me with it the ensuing week. In consequence of this, the Wednesday after, a woman came, and gave me the following account:

'I have been for some time much concerned for my soul. I have attended the church at all opportunities, and have spent much time in prayer. At this my husband, who is a butcher, has been exceeding enraged and threatened me severely, if I dared to go to John Fletcher's church; yea, if I dared to go any more to any religious meeting whatever. When I told him I could not in conscience refrain from going, at least to our parish church, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully, if I went any more he would cut my throat as soon as I came home. This made me cry mightily to God, that he would support me in that trying hour. And though I did not feel any degree of comfort, yet having a sure confidence in God, I determined to go on in my duty, and leave the event to him.

'Last Sunday, after many struggles with the devil and my own heart, I came down stairs ready for church.—My husband asked whither I was going. I told him. Well then, said he, I shall not, as I intended; cut your throat; but I will heat the oven, and throw you into it the moment you come home. Notwithstanding this threatening, which he

enforced with many bitter oaths, I went to church, praying all the way that God would strengthen me to suffer whatever might befall me. While you were speaking of the three children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into a burning fiery furnace, I found it all belonged to me, and God applied every word of it to my heart. And when the sermon was ended, I thought if I had a thousand lives, I could lay them all down for God. I felt my soul so filled with his love, that I hastened home, fully determined to give myself to whatsoever God pleased: nothing doubting, but that either he would take me to heaven if he suffered me to be burnt to death, or that he would in some way deliver me, even as he did his three servants that trusted in him. When I got almost to my own door, I saw the flames issuing out of the mouth of the oven; and I expected nothing else but that I should be thrown into it immediately. I felt my heart rejoice, that if were so, the will of the Lord would be done. I opened the door, and, to my utter astonishment, saw my husband upon his knees, wrestling with God in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. He caught me in his arms and earnestly begged my pardon, and has continued diligently seeking God ever since.'

"I now know," adds Mr. Fletcher, "why my sermon was taken from me, namely, that God might thus magnify his mercy."

## SLANDER.

It is not a very pleasant thing for a man honestly to serve God, and then to find his character taken from him; and yet, beloved, this has been the lot of all true men in every age. The world never does permit a man to rebuke her follies, without replying with a volley of mud. If she cannot stop the man's mouth, she blackens the man's character. If you will turn to the lives of any of the saints of God, you will discover that they were the victims of slanders of the grossest kind. To this very day it is asserted by Romanists

that Martin Luther was a drunkard. In his own day, he was called the German beast, that for lust must needs marry Catherine. If you turn to the life of Whitefield—our great and mighty Whitefield—in more modern times, what was his character? Why, he was accused of every crime that even Sodom knew; and perjury stood up and swore that all was true. As for Wesley—I have heard that on one occasion he said that he had been charged with every crime in the calendar, except drunkenness; and when a woman stood up in the crowd and accused him of that, he then said, “Blessed be God, I have now had all manner of evil spoken against me falsely, for Christ’s name sake.” You remember in the life of John Bunyan that episode concerning Agnes Beaumont. The good man suffered this young woman to ride behind him on his horse to a meeting at Gamlingay, and for this his character was implicated in two charges, before a magistrate, which might have involved him in the crime of poisoning, and laid the foundation for villainous reports of uncleanness; yet John Bunyan was the purest and most heavenly-minded man who ever put his hand to paper; and he did put his hand to the paper as no other man ever did who was not inspired. Now, this is not pleasant, but if you are a true Christian, and you are called to occupy a prominent post in the service of God, set your account for this; expect to lose your character; expect to have only the good opinion of your God and the faithful ones, who like you are willing to bear contempt. But what joy it is for these holy men, to know that at last God will plead the cause of their souls!—*Spurgeon.*

WE never should know the blessing of a home, if there were no winter winds to make us crowd round the happy hearth. Just so believer, you would not know the blessing of such a chamber as Christ is, if there were not sicknesses, and dark impending providences to make you live more in him.

## MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.

“It is my firm belief that the salvation of London will not come from our colleges and seats of learning, but from her dens and haunts of poverty. I look for an army of converted sinners from St. Giles and Whitechapel, men whose fury will be exchanged for energy in righteousness, whose gratitude for pardon will endow them with hearts of fire, whose acquaintance with the language of the masses will give them tongues of fire. Books may educate ministers for the polite; only experience and study of men can prepare a man to touch the heart of the masses. We need preachers who will study, not their shelves, but the streets and lanes, not paper and printing alone, but human nature in all its varied developments. The division between the ministry and the people is far too wide; they will never be moved by professional skill; the orator of the mass must be bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. My own success under God is due to a sympathy with humanity, and an eye which delights to view man more than man’s works. This is not attainable by any amount of research among the learned tomes. We must walk the hospitals if we would be surgeons, and we must mingle with the people if we would reach their hearts. The language of the class-room is not the speech of the people, and if we would be understood, we must leave our high stilts behind us, and walk on their level, thinking and speaking as one of themselves. We need converted prize-fighters and regenerated burglars to reach their fellow-criminals; and the sweeps, cobblers, street-sweepers, and such like, will be the raw material for mighty preachers of the truth.—Only thou, O Lord! put to thy hand. Do not imagine that I depreciate a regular education, on the other hand; I own its utility, but for the vast mass, something else is needed, and I have tried to indicate it.”—*Spurgeon.*

REMEMBER, a moral sinner will be down in the same hell with the vilest.



WESLEY ON SANCTIFICATION,  
—ITS IMPORTANCE.

BY REV. WM. COOLEY.

SAYS Mr. Wesley, "I examined the society at Bristol, and was surprised to find fifty members fewer than I left in it last October. One reason is Christian perfection has been little insisted on; and wherever this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or the grace of the hearers." Vol. iv. p. 220.

Speaking of the great revival, at Weardale, he says, "The rise of the late work was this:—William Hunter and John Watson, men not of large gifts, but zealous for Christian perfection, by their warm conversation on that head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it; and to this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire soon spread wider and wider, till the whole society was in a flame." Vol. iv. p. 378.—Speaking of the declension of the work at Weardale, among other reasons he assigns this: Men arose among ourselves, who undervalued the work of God, and called the great work of sanctification a delusion. By this they grieved some, and angered others, so that both the one and the other were much weakened. Vol. iv. p. 415.

"I preached at Bradford, where the people are all alive. Many have here lately experienced the great salvation, and their zeal has been a general blessing. Indeed, this I always observe, wherever a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers. Some are convinced of sin, others justified, and all are stirred up to greater earnestness for salvation." Vol. iv. p. 437. "I went to Otley, where the word of God has free course, and brings forth much fruit. This is chiefly owing to the spirit and behaviour of those whom God has perfected in love. Their zeal stirs up many; and their steady and uniform conversation has a language almost irresistible." Vol. iv. p. 451.

He says of the work at Launceston,

"Here I found the plain reason why the work of God has gained no ground in this circuit all the year. The preachers had given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of perfection at all, (the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust,) or they spoke of it only in general terms, without urging the believers to go on unto perfection, and to expect it every moment. And wherever this is not earnestly done, the work of God does not prosper." Vol. iv. p. 459.

Of Edinburgh he says, "I examined the society. In five years I found five members had been gained. Ninety-nine had been increased to one hundred and four. What have our preachers been doing all this time? 1. They have preached four evenings in the week, and on Sunday morning; the other mornings they have fairly given up. 2. They have taken great care not to speak too plain, lest they should give offence. 3. When Mr. Brackenburgh preached the old Methodist doctrine, one of them said, 'You must not preach such doctrine here. The doctrine of perfection is not calculated for the meridian of Edinburgh.' Waiving then other hindrances, is it any wonder that the work of God has not prospered here?" Vol. iv. p. 510.

"About ten I preached at New Mills, to as simple a people as those at Chapel. Perceiving that they had suffered much by not having the doctrine of perfection clearly explained, and strongly pressed upon them, I preached expressly on that head, and spoke to the same effect in meeting the society. The spirits of many greatly revived; and they are now going on unto perfection. I found it needful to press the same thing at Stockport in the evening." Vol. iv. p. 557.

"The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, wherever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an

hourly expectation of being perfected in love." Vol. iv. p. 137.

"I went on to Whitney. Here I found a lively people, many of whom were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Of what use to a whole community may one person be, and that person a woman, that is full of faith and love!" Vol. iv. p. 732.

Writing to his brother Charles, he says, "I am at my wits' end with regard to two things,—the Church and Christian perfection. Unless both you and I stand in the gap in *good earnest*, the Methodists will drop them both. Talking will not avail. We must *do*, or be borne away. Will you set shoulder to shoulder? If so, think deeply upon the matter, and tell me what can be done." Vol. iv. p. 671. "Where Christian Perfection is not strongly and explicitly preached, there is seldom any remarkable blessing from God; and, consequently, little addition to the society, and little life in the members of it. Therefore, if Jacob Rowell is grown faint, and says but little about it, *do you* supply his lack of service. Speak and spare not. Let not regard for any man induce you to betray the truth of God. Till you press the believers to expect full salvation *now*, you must not look for any revival." Vol. vi. p. 761.

In a letter to Mrs. Crosby, he says: "Do they gain ground in London? I am afraid Christian Perfection should be forgotten. Encourage Richard Blockwell and Mr. Colley to speak plainly, and to press believers to the constant pursuit, and earnest expectation of it. A general faintness in this respect is fallen upon this whole kingdom. Sometimes I seem almost weary of striving against the stream both of preachers and people. See that you all strengthen the hands of—, my dear sister." Vol. vii. p. 29.

"One part of your work is to stir up all who have believed, to go on unto perfection, and every moment to expect the full salvation which is received by simple faith. I am persuaded that your being where you are will be for

good. Speak to all about you, and spare not. God will bear witness to his own truth." Vol. vii. p. 36.

"I am glad Sister Crosby has been at Beverly, and that you had an opportunity of hearing her. She is useful wherever she goes; particularly in exciting believers to go on unto perfection." Vol. vii. p. 46.

"I hope he is not ashamed to preach full salvation, receivable now by faith. This is the word which God will always bless, and which the devil peculiarly hates, therefore he is constantly stirring up both his own children and the weak children of God against it." Vol. vii. p. 55.

"I am glad Bro. D——, has more light with regard to full sanctification. This doctrine is the grand depositum which God lodged with the people called Methodists, and for the sake of propagating this chiefly he appeared to have raised us up." Vol. vii. p. 154.

"That point, entire salvation from inbred sin, can hardly ever be insisted upon, either in preaching or prayers without a particular blessing." Vol. vii. p. 181.

"In the success of Mr. Leech's preaching, we have one proof of a thousand, that the blessing of God always attends the publishing of full salvation as attainable now by simple faith." Vol. vii. p. 195.

"Here began that glorious work of sanctification which had been nearly at a stand for twenty years. But from time to time it spread first through various parts of Yorkshire, afterwards in London, then through most parts of England, next through Dublin, Limerick, and all through the south and west of Ireland. And wherever the work of sanctification increased, the whole whole work of God increased in all its branches. Many were convinced of sin, many justified, many backsliders healed, so it was in the London society in particular. In February, 1761, it contained upwards of three and twenty hundred members, in 1763, above eight and twenty hundred." Vol. vii. p. 376.

## WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

"WHAT must I do to be saved?" says the convicted sinner, looking in every direction for deliverance from his perilous condition. "What wilt thou have me to do?" he asks when delivered from bondage of sin, he exults in the freedom of God's children, and feels for the first time the true missionary spirit. He rejoices in the clear sunlight, but sees a world around him feeling their way in darkness, and stumbling at every step. His little vessel bounds lightly on the wave with his "Father" at the helm, but he sees many a white hand lifted just above the dark waters, and hears the cry for "help." He has just escaped the burning building, but he remembers well that his friends are—many of them, fast asleep beneath the roof of flame, and *must be awakened* in some way. Is it too much to say that every one who is saved of God, feels the strange, unearthly impulse, like fire shut up within the bones, impelling him to go forth and labor for the salvation of souls?

How often we hear people mourning over the desolation of Zion, and saying, "Oh, if we only had such an one for our minister, we might see the work go on!" when they themselves do nothing. As well might one most interested, hope by his own efforts alone, to save a burning building, while scores of neighbors and friends, with listless hands, should stand around complaining because the one who was at work, was not altogether like some one else they knew. Oh, for Jesus' sake, and for the sake of perishing humanity, take hold and *help!* and help, too, with all your might! Do not say you are *unworthy*. It may all be true, but it is no excuse now for being *idle*. Do not say you cannot do anything. A mere child can sound the alarm of "fire!" as loud as any body, and bring strong men, who can do something, to the rescue. Surely there is work for all. Do not talk

about having no talent, no gift. If you cannot go into battle with the armor of a Saul upon you, take what you have, though it be a mere plaything, and a pebble from the brook. God takes the foolish things of this world to confound the mighty, and the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are. You shall see the proud champion, who laughed in scorn at your littleness and weakness, fall powerless at your feet, and the host of the uncircumcised fly in dismay.

The fields are everywhere white for the harvest, and every morning our Father says to every one of us, "go work to-day in my vineyard!" and shall we say, "I go sir," and never once through all the day, say one warning word to those around us? and, being swallowed up of earthly things, forget entirely our God-given behest? It is his to command, it is ours to obey. It is his to tell us where to work, and what to do; it is ours to say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" and as a happy child, who only aims to please, goes to his task with light step and happy song, so should we, cheerfully, joyfully bound in the path of duty, even though it should take us to where the nude savage lies stupid on the bank, or hides in the thick jungle.

Do you now say in your heart, "I will follow thee, Jesus, wherever thou dost lead me!" If you cannot, O be sure there is a consecration of purpose, heart, and life, to the will of God, of which, as yet, you can know but little. There is a joy of yielding in self-abnegation to which you are comparatively a stranger. But perhaps God does not call you to labor in a distant field. Nevertheless, into the same burning crucible you must go, that your heart may be refined from dross, that you may die to the world, and self, and sin, and when the great Refiner, bending over you, shall see, brightly reflected, his own glorious image, he will say "it is enough," and send you out into the world, to do his work; and being in the world, and yet not of the world, and meeting, and mingling, and transacting business with the



world, and yet coming out from among them and being separate, you shall have perhaps, so much tribulation, that your place may be at last with those in bright array of whom it was said, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh! it is hard to be crucified with Christ, but it is glorious to live with him.

Dead alike to the praise and scorn of this world, are you ready to go out into the highways and hedges and extend the invitation to the marriage supper of the Lamb—as Charles Wesley says,—to "harlots, and publicans, and thieves," "Drunkards, and all their hellish crew?" And when Jesus says to them, as he said to the woman who was brought to him by her accusers, "neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," can you shake hands cordially, beneath the gaze of all the world, who remember with scorn the past, and, though wishing them well, still turn coldly from them? Can you welcome them to your homes, and help them on in the way of righteousness? *Be sure*, that whether you do them all the good in your power, or treat them with indifference, Jesus says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto [one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

Yes, there is missionary work in the parlor, and the garret, in the sanctuary, and the bar-room, by our firesides, and thousands of miles away, where Sabbath-bells are never heard; and *all God's children are missionaries*. Not only are our voices to be consecrated to the Lord; upon his altar must go our time and substance; yea, *our all*.

NO MAN is naturally anxious about his soul. It is a work of Christ on the soul. When the lightning has passed through a wood, as you look upon one tree and another that has been split by its mighty flash, you say, Ah, the lightning has been here. So when, you see a heart split and broken under a sense of its lost condition, you may say, Ah, Christ has been here.

## CONVERSION OF LATIMER.

WHEN Thomas Bilney, with great trembling, ventured to read the New Testament, he shut himself in his own room, and opened the forbidden book. The first words which met his eyes were these: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He read the passage over and over again, and it was not many days before he found the peace which he sought. Then his soul burned with a desire to lead others to Christ. Whom among his friends could he win from the power of Satan? Hugh Latimer was a zealous and well-meaning Romanist. He had been preaching against the Reformers and their doctrines. If such a young man, thought Thomas Bilney, could be gained over to the true Gospel, how much good he might accomplish! He began to contrive how he could successfully approach him. The children of this world, in the attainment of their objects, are sometimes wiser than the children of light. Bilney's sagacity, however, has not often been surpassed.

He went to Latimer's study, and told him he wished to confess. Hugh Latimer was then a young Roman Catholic priest. There in the privacy of that solitary chamber, he poured out upon his heart the burning story of his own conversion. He told him of the load of sin which he had once felt upon his soul. He told him of the struggles which he had made to remove it. He told him how carefully he had observed the precepts of the Church, and how vain it had been to him. And when he came to describe how he looked to Jesus, and believed and trusted in him, and loved him, there was something in his voice which went to the very depths of Latimer's heart. The same Jesus who hath said, "Lo, I am with you always," was helping him. But when he described the joy which he felt, and the witness which he received that God had taken away his sins, the heart of Latimer burned with new sensations, and

there, in his confessional, the Holy Spirit imparted to him the same peace, the same joy, the same witness which Bilney has described. From that hour the course of his life was changed, and his talents, his piety, his eloquence was consecrated to the cause of the Reformation. He lived to be eighty years of age, a faithful witness of the truth of God. At one time Bishop of Worcester, at another time cast into prison for Christ's sake; in the year 1555 he was brought to the stake; when the flames rose up around him, he rubbed his hands in them and put them on his face,

"Be of good cheer, Master Ridley," said he, "and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

#### CONVERSION OF WHITEFIELD.

"NOTWITHSTANDING my fit of sickness continued six or seven weeks, I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it through the endless ages of eternity. For, about the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months of inexpressible trials, by night and by day, under a spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his Son by a living faith, and, by giving me the spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption. But oh! with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of glory, was my soul filled, when the weight of sin entirely went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of and a full assurance of faith, broke in on my disconsolate soul! Surely it was a day of my espousals—a day to be held in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring-tide, and as it were overflowed the banks. Go where I would I could not avoid singing of psalms almost aloud; afterward they became more settled, and blessed be God, saving a few casual intervals, have abode and increased in my soul ever since."

#### ONE WORD.

HARLAM PAGE once went through his Sabbath school to take its spiritual census. Coming to one of the teachers he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher frankly replied, "No." "Then," said Mr. Page tenderly, "I will put you down as having no hope." He closed his little memorandum-book, and went on to the next class. He said no more to the young man, but that word was enough; "no hope." God's spirit strove with that teacher's soul, until he found a hope at the cross of Jesus.

"Make one *honest effort* for your soul's salvation," said a Professor of Brown University to young Malcom, then a student in the institution. The student went to his room, and shut himself up with God. The expression "make one honest effort" sounded in his ears. He obeyed. He struggled. He cast himself on Christ. He came from that room an altered man. In after years the preaching of our dear friend Malcom has been blessed with revival influences that have brought scores to the cross—among them, two now in the Presbyterian ministry. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

"I never can forget *that word* which was once whispered to me in an inquiry meeting," said a Christian to his friend. "What word?" "It was the word *Eternity*. A young pious companion who was yearning for the salvation of my soul, came up to my pew, and simply whispered '*Ete-ni-ty*' in my ear with solemn tenderness, and left me. But the word did not leave me; it drove me to the cross for salvation."

It is said that Henry Martyn was first drawn to the missionary work by a single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon on the results of Carey's work in India. His mind began to stir under the new thought; then came the perusal of Brainerd's Life, and Martyn's soul was consecrated to his apostolic toils. How many missionaries Martyn's biography has made, the judg-

ment day alone can determine.

Reader! have you never yet spoken one word for Christ? Have you never invited one sinner to the Saviour? Then I fear though you may reach the New Jerusalem, you will tread those golden pavements wearing a starless crown! A single sentence may save a soul from perdition.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### PILGRIM'S REST.

*Air—Carrier Dove.*

We have heard of that bright and holy land,

We have heard, and our hearts are glad,

For we are a lonely pilgrim band,

We are weary, and worn and sad;

They tell us that pilgrims have dwellings there,

No longer are homeless ones;

There heavenly fields are blooming fair,

While life's pure river runs.

They say, green fields are waving there,

Which never a blight shall know,

And the heavenly plains are blooming fair,

And the Roses of Sharon grow;

There are love birds and bowers green,

Their songs are blithe and sweet,

And their warbling gushings ever new,

The angel harpings greet.

We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crown,

Of the silvery band in white,

Of a city fair with pearly gates,

All radiant with light;

We have heard of the angels there, and saints

With the harps of gold, how they sing,

Of the mount with the fruitful tree of life,

And leaves that healing bring.

The king of that country, He is fair,

He's the light and joy of the place,

In his beauty we shall behold him there,

And bask in his smiling face;

We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while,

We'll join with the pure and blest,

We'll have the palms, the robes, the crown,

And we'll be forever blest.

### LABORS OF REV. JOHN SMITH.

"His daily life was consecrated to his own improvement in holiness and to the direct work of saving souls. His zeal was intense; his faith mighty. Faith was his great theme, and like Carvosso, he seemed to have comprehended it so thoroughly, by his own experience, he had peculiar facility in teaching it to others. When he ascended the pulpit, he believed that the Word would have effect, and it had effect. When he kneeled with broken-hearted penitents, he believed the divine promises to them, and so prayed with and counseled them, that it seemed impossible for them not to catch his spirit and to rise up rejoicing. When he accosted a godless man in the street, or at a table—and this was habitual with him—he believed the Holy Spirit would empower the brief word, and often did extraordinary conversions follow it. To the efficacy of faith, says his biographer, he set no limits. 'If,' said he, 'a man were as black as a devil, and had upon him all the sins that were ever committed, would he but begin to believe, God would save him.' Again, I have heard him say: 'This is the way I rise. I will not suffer myself to dwell on my unfaithfulness; if I did, I should despond.' On my asking him as to his confidence of final salvation, he replied that he had 'no doubt whatever on that subject; but to prevent misconception,' he added, 'not that I have any peculiar assurance of it, but I know that I shall get to heaven because I am determined to believe.' He guarded very cautiously, however, against the abuse of this distinctive doctrine of Christianity. No Antinomian sophistry was mixed with it; the faith which he taught was to follow repentance, and to be followed by good works. The vital principle of all holy living, inward and outward, its practical activity was required, as the necessary proof of its very existence. Continually did he thus lead inquiring minds into divine life. Many were the instances in which casual visitors from other



parts of the country returned from his appointments rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel; many the examples of individual conversion while he was in the act of preaching. His brief addresses in social meetings were often accompanied with overpowering effect. In a visit to City Road Chapel, where he attended a watch-night, he had great enlargement in delivering an exhortation, and while he was afterwards engaged in prayer, the influence of the Holy Spirit descended in an unusual manner. The effect was extraordinary. Some cried aloud under the consciousness of their sin and peril, some were unable to repress exclamations of praise to God, while others were so overwhelmed as to be obliged to retire from the chapel. On all occasions, his strong faith expected these results, even on such as were usually rather scenes of ceremony than of direct spiritual effect. At the opening of a new chapel in Chichester, he had great liberty of speech. During the concluding prayer, the influence of God descended on the congregation in a remarkable manner, and several groaned audibly under the burden of their sins. He cried out, 'Now, let your hearts yield!' and began to pray again. He then came down from the pulpit, and, with the resident preacher, continued to plead with God on behalf of the distressed. In his usual way, he immediately addressed those individuals who were seeking salvation, and exhorted them to trust in God for present deliverance. Arrangements had been made for letting the seats in the chapel, but all business was forgotten in the urgency of the cries of the penitent sinners, and the meeting was protracted to a late hour. Nine persons were ascertained that evening to have been brought into the enjoyment of the pardoning love of God, and many others still remained under deep concern for their souls.

"When he went to Brighton circuit, where he labored from 1818 to 1820, it had been some time in a state of declension; but his powerful labors aroused, and he was soon able to write,

'God is working among us. Many of the people are rising. Several are panting for entire sanctification. Their expectation shall not be cut off; God will speak for himself. He will raise up in this Antinomian country, I trust, many witnesses of his power to save from all sin, and to keep in that state.' Wherever he preached more or less of his people caught his earnest spirit, and new energy was infused into all of the churches.

"His next circuit was Windsor; it had but three feeble societies beyond the circuit town. Many of the neighboring villages, with large masses of population, were very inadequately supplied with evangelical instruction, some not all. Few districts in England, it is said, presented so many indications of spiritual destitution; but his usual success attended him even in places which had been some time abandoned from the list of appointments, for no obstacle could stand before the energy of his inspired soul. His zealous appeals first surprised, then aroused the slumbering people. Individuals were converted before he descended the pulpit, and when leaving the chapel, they met him in the aisles with their grateful confessions to Christ, or remained kneeling on the floor, or stood up in the gallery, to testify to the retiring people the salvation they had received. He often preached out of doors, particularly in towns where there were no Methodist Chapels, and he thus succeeded in organizing societies in places never before visited by the itinerants; and on every hand pleasing prospects of usefulness began to present themselves.—He was especially successful among the soldiers of Windsor, and striking examples of piety and usefulness were soon seen in its barracks. We continually read, as we turn over the pages of his memoirs, of the power of his preaching, of 'the Spirit of God descending on the people,' of the 'baptism of fire upon the congregation,' of 'fifteen or sixteen persons converted' at a single meeting. 'Nothing,' says his biographer, 'can convey to the reader,

who never witnessed the exertions of the man, the degree of intense fervor to which he was wrought up by the time he had finished his sermon. He seemed inspired and rapt, and to a certain degree his auditors were carried with him. His zeal sometimes expressed itself in a manner which would be inexpedient in most men, but which, from his peculiar and well-known character, not only produced no bad, but very salutary effects. After the conclusion of an awakening sermon, which was soon to be followed by a prayer-meeting, he rushed out into the street, and lifting up his mighty voice, so that the people in their houses could distinctly hear him, he called on them to come out and receive the salvation. Then returning into the chapel, he proceeded to assist in carrying on the prayer-meeting, and had the happiness that night of seeing about twenty souls delivered from the burden of their sins, as were two more by his instrumentality on the following day.

"His labors on the Windsor circuit, from 1820 to 1822, revived and reinforced it, more or less, in all its appointments. His home was resorted to by awakened persons, sometimes by the most degraded sinners, who sought counsel and comfort for their alarmed consciences. His public meetings were often scenes of remarkable interest, and it was affecting to see the rudest minds, long neglected and hardly above the condition of heathen, receive there their first impressions of divine truth, and their first religious consolation. On one occasion near Windsor, he saw near the door of the chapel a wretched-looking woman, staring with vacant surprise at the solemn spectacle of the prayer-meeting. She was poverty-stricken, and as he afterwards learned, gained a scanty living by gathering water-cresses. Her ignorance was extreme, and she might have been supposed incapable of just religious impressions without better instruction. Smith did not so judge her. He went to her and said: 'Woman get down on your knees and begin to pray.' She

immediately knelt and asked: 'What shall I say sir?' 'Ask God to give you true repentance.' For the first time she attempted to pray: 'Lord, give me true repentance.' She began to tremble and with great anxiety inquired: 'What shall I do now? what shall I pray for?' 'Ask God to have mercy upon you,' said the preacher. 'Lord have mercy upon me, a poor sinner, a guilty sinner!' she cried. He thus led her on, teaching her the very alphabet of Christianity. This example was characteristic of the Methodist evangelists. No ignorance, no vice was deemed by them invincible, for they assumed that supernatural grace co-operated with their endeavors, and could do all things; an assumption without which the Gospel would have seemed impractical, self-contradictory, and a delusion. The poor praying woman was that night clearly converted, and comforted with the peace of God. The Church comforted her in the Christian life, and when the faithful evangelist had completed his appointment, and was about to leave Windsor for another circuit, she came with many others to look once more on him who had been her best friend. Her emotions were too deep for words. When he reached out his hand to her, she fell upon her knees, her heart melting with unutterable gratitude. The preacher, says the narrator, was deeply affected, and no doubt that moment amply repaid him for all his labors in the circuit. Such an illustration of his usefulness is more significant than pages of general remarks could be; for what better trophy of the Gospel of salvation could be present in the Church or even in heaven, than such a rescued soul?"—*History of Methodism.*

**HOW TO MAKE PEACE.**—Luther gives an account of a duke of Saxony who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop in Germany. At that period, ecclesiastics could command military resources as well as secular nobility. But the weapons of the good bishop were not carnal. The duke thought proper in an artful way, to send a spy into the com-

pany of the bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return, the spy was eagerly interrogated by the duke. "O sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear; he is doing nothing and making no preparations." "How is that?" asked the duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick; and that as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke; "then let the devil wage war against him, I will not."

### PURE FAITH SEES GOD ALONE.

Be not anxious about the future; it is opposed to grace. When God sends you consolation, regard him only in it, enjoy it day by day as the Israelites received their manna, and do not endeavor to lay it up in store. There are two peculiarities of pure faith, it sees God alone under all the imperfect envelops which conceal him, and it holds the soul in suspense. We are kept constantly in the air, without being suffered to touch a foot to solid ground. The comfort of the present instant will be wholly inappropriate to the next; we must let God act with the most perfect freedom, in whatever belongs to him, and think only of being faithful in all that depends upon ourselves. This momentary dependence, this darkness and this peace of the soul, under the utter uncertainty of the future, is a true martyrdom, which takes place silently and without any stir. It is death by a slow fire; and the end comes so imperceptibly and interiorly that it is often almost as much hidden from the sufferer himself as those who are unacquainted with his state. When God removes his gifts from you, he knows how and when to replace them, either by others or by himself. He can raise up children from the very stones.

Eat your daily bread without thought for the morrow: "*sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*" (Mat. vi: 34.) To-morrow will take thought for you to-day is the same to whom you will

for food to-morrow; manna shall fall again from heaven in the midst of the desert before the children of God shall want any good thing.—*Spiritual Progress.*

LOVE OF JESUS.—I shall not wonder if you think me mad. I have been mad, and am just beginning to see my madness. O how little zeal, how little love have I manifested! How madly have I misimproved my time and talents! how wretchedly neglected the all-important work to which I am called! how ungratefully requited the best of Saviours! How often have I called his love and faithfulness in question, at the very time he was taking the best possible measures to promote my happiness! Now he returns to humble me, and shame me for my folly and ingratitude. O, I know not how to bear this astonishing, overwhelming goodness! Methinks I could bear his anger—but his love cuts me to the heart. O that I may be dumb, and not open my mouth any more, since he is pacified towards me for all I have done! O that for the remainder of my life, I could hear nothing but the wonders of his person, his character, and redeeming love! But, unless he prevents it, I shall wander again, and act over over, not only once, but often, all my past sins. It seems now infinitely better to die, than be guilty of this; but he knows, and will do, what is best.—*Payson.*

Avoid Sin.—Be careful to cut off all occasions of sin, and keep at the greatest distance from temptation, if you would mortify the deeds of the body. The success of sin mainly depends upon the stratagems it uses to ensnare the soul; therefore the apostle bids us keep at the greatest distance. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." 1st Thes v. 22. "Come not nigh the door of her house." Prov. v. 8. He that dares venture to the brink of sin, has but little light in his understanding and less tenderness in his conscience; he neither knows sin, nor fears it as he ought.—*Flavel.*



### LABORIOUS MINISTERS.

LUTHER preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harrassed with the controversies with the enemies of truth, and was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. The same or even more, might be said of Calvin. While in Strasburg he preached or lectured every day. In a letter to Farel, dated from that city, he says that on one day he had revised twenty sheets of one of his works, lectured, preached, written four letters, reconciled several parties who were at variance, and answered more than ten persons who came to him for advice. In Geneva he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe; and was the author of works (amounting to nine volumes folio) which any man of our generation would think enough to occupy his whole time. And this amid perpetual infirmity, headache, catarrh, strangury, gravel, stone, gout. Baxter says of himself, that, before the wars, he preached twice every Sabbath, and once in the week, besides occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings.—Two days in the week he catechized the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Besides all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people, to practise physic; and as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases to which man is heir, he wrote more books than most of us can find time to read.

These men were poor. Luther begging the elector for a new coat, and thanking him for a piece of meat; Calvin selling his books to pay his rent; and Baxter was a curate with sixty pounds a year. It may be said these were extraordinary men raised up for extraordinary times.

This is all true. And if we had such men now, we should have extraordinary times again. Such men form the times as much as the times form them.—Though we must look up to such laborers as these with wonder and admiration, the distance between us and them need not be so deplorably great as it actually is. We may not be called to write so many folios in the intervals of labor, but we have each our humble sphere in which if we were to labor with assiduity and singleness of purpose, we should soon see a new era in the condition of the Church.

THERE IS A FATAL AIM leveled at every human heart. With every step of yours, with every beat of "the muffled drum" within your breast, you are approaching that point where you will receive, not a discharge from the war, but a fatal charge from an enemy who will pierce you through and through. The young, the old, the rich, the poor, the sick, the well, the sober, the reckless, the gay, the gloomy, all are hastening, in one never-halting procession, with the tramp of manhood's heavy tread, and the patter of childhood's lightest footsteps, to the very point of death's fatal ambush, and against his myriad forms of doom. There is no discharge in this war. The victims fall thick and fast as the leaves of the forest when the cloud, full of thunder, spreads over the earth like night, and the hail mangles and ruins the beauty of every tree. You cannot escape. Strength will not save you. Beauty will not save you. Youth will not save you. Wisdom will not save you. The hoary head of honor will not save you. The anguish of fond parents will not save you. A sister's love, or a more passionate affection that swells another's heart, will not save you. All the affection of the most glowing human soul will not save you. Nothing of the kind, nothing at all, can give you a discharge in this war.—*Rev. Eph. Whitaker.*

As worldly joy ends in sorrow, so godly sorrow ends in joy.

## THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER, 1864.

### REVIVALS.

Never were revivals of religion more needed in this land than at the present time. The standard of religion is fearfully low. Among professing Christians, too few, alas, really love righteousness and hate iniquity. Many who profess to worship at the shrine of Jehovah, in reality worship at the altar of expediency. How few stand by their principles when their devotion is likely to cost them something! Do these time-servers, who, for some personal inconvenience, forsake principles which they know to be right, and which they have often avowed, think that they are the servants of God? They are as real, if not as gross idolaters as if they bowed down to stocks and stones! God is not mocked. He will not accept offerings that cost nothing.

There is a great lack of a spirit of devotion. In some large churches prayer-meetings can scarcely be sustained. The worship of those who attend is cold and formal. There is no holy fire, no heart, no spirit in the exercises. If the lukewarm are in danger of damnation, what proportion of church-members are safe? Sinners are bold to an unprecedented degree. Righteous Lot could scarcely have been more sorely vexed in Sodom, than is the saint of God at the open impiety and profanity that meet him almost everywhere. The thoroughfares to hell are crowded with a giddy, thoughtless throng. Souls for whom Christ died are rushing wildly down to ruin. Nothing can check the current but a mighty revival of the work of God. This will mitigate if it does not remove the evil. Some will be saved. Sinners are hard, but God is mighty.

If you want a revival, decide deliberately and resolutely to have one. When you desire to raise corn, you resolve to plant it, and if you cultivate it in season and with proper care, you feel tolerably certain of being rewarded with a harvest. And yet there is far greater certainty in the spiritual than in the material world. The greatest

care in farming sometimes fails of securing a crop. The drouth and the frost, the weevil and the blight cannot be guarded against by any human skill. *"But he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."*

When you decide on having a revival, bend all your energies to bring it about. Use with God the means that he has appointed to prevail with Him. Be importunate in prayer. Plead the promises.—Prove God. Just as certainly as you travail for souls, God will give you souls. Let your faith stand in God and not in circumstances. What if men are hard? Can He not bring water out of the flinty rock?

Employ with men all the means that are proper to bring about the desired result. If you have not been right in heart or life, make honestly every confession that the circumstances demand. Break down yourself, if you would have others break down. Labor personally for the salvation of souls. Commence meetings for this purpose. Ask the Lord for such human help as he sees proper to give. Bring the truth to bear upon the consciences of men. Let the light shine. Tell what God has done for your soul. Feel a real concern for others, and they will be concerned for themselves.

### THE INEVITABLE DRAFT.

Is the Bible true? It is tremendously true. Then men are perishing eternally, with fearful rapidity, all around us. Death is holding a carnival throughout the land. The destroying angel is at work more busily than ever before in our country. His sickle is red with the blood of the soldier; his hand is full of the sheaves of humanity that he has gathered from the field of life. Shall no man see the Lord without holiness? How small a proportion of those who fall around us give evidence, by a holy life, of the possession of a holy heart! Who seems to consider holiness a necessity? The things that are seen attract the attention and absorb the energies. There is sympathy, active, organized sympathy for the suffering body—this is right—but where is the concern for souls? Who is distressed because men are hourly plunging into the depths of

dark damnation? There is great excitement through the land on account of the impending draft. Yet of the drafted probably not one out of four will be slain in battle. The King of Terrors demands yearly a larger number than is called for by the President. Of those whom he conscripts not one ever returns. He makes his selections from all ranks and ages. He takes the millionaire from his desk, the laborer from his toil, the infant from his cradle, the mother from her family, the youth from his school, and the preacher from the pulpit. Wealth cannot buy, nor affection volunteer a substitute. There is no discharge in this war. The grave is remorseless in its demands. Death never releases his hold upon his victim because his family needs his care or his business demands his attention. Yet where is there any excitement over Death's doings? Professing Christians are getting ready for the draft, but who is taking any special pains to get ready for death? This indifference among those who profess to receive the Bible as a revelation from God, is alarming. It discloses either a lurking infidelity that shuts out all effort for the salvation of others, or a selfish insensibility that is utterly at variance with any well-founded claims to the possession of a Christian character. *Do you really believe the Bible?* Then examine with strict impartiality, in the light of its searching truths, your heart and your life, and see if you are ready for the call that death will soon make on you. Be favorable to yourself by showing no favor. If you find that you are in a state of salvation, exhibit common humanity at least, by doing all you can for the salvation of others. Feel for them, pray for them, exhort them, and try and lead them to Jesus.

#### SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Do you read the Bible as often and as devoutly as you should? Is it, with its Heaven-inspired truths, relating to your eternal interest, as interesting to you as the newspaper with its rumors and gossip, its fancies and facts? Some who read the Bible study it mainly to find texts to defend their theories; others neglect it almost entirely. If you would grow in grace you must study it to know the will of God con-

cerning you,—to ascertain your privileges in Christ Jesus.

A beloved minister in a private letter to us, makes the following excellent remarks:

"It seems to me as though I should have sunk in the waves and billows of trial this past year if it had not been for God's precious word. O, how it has buoyed me up, and drawn me near to God, and baffled my enemies. Whatever else I forget, I think I shall always remember some of God's sweet words which he has spoken to me, and made them 'like apples' of gold in pictures of silver.' I think I never got so low on my face before as I have during these few past months—my need was never greater and the supplies were never sweeter. Alone, bowed before God with my Bible and Concordance I have proved that his people do not seek him in vain.

A while ago, my word of counsel to people was, "seek God—seek him continually;" now I would just add to it, "seek him in the Bible." I think the Holy Spirit is sure always to attend us in an honest devout use of the Bible—but is it not true, that even those who are much led by the Holy Spirit for a time, if they neglect the Bible, will fail to discern between the good and evil spirit, and be very likely to be led into fanaticism?

I think the neglect of a devout use of God's Word, is the foundation of both formalism and fanaticism. In those who are not earnest seekers of spiritual guidance, if they attend to religion at all, this neglect brings inevitably a dead formality; and those who are earnest seekers for the Spirit's leadings, if they neglect his written word, are equally sure to run into a wild fanaticism; and the more earnest such neglecters of the Bible are, the more likely is this result to follow, and this will hold true as long as the Devil is at liberty. God has given us his written word for our guide, and he has promised that such as use it with sincere devotion shall be enriched with treasures of wisdom and knowledge. To attempt to get along without the written word, or to seek for the deep things of God *while we neglect a diligent and faithful study* of his word, is, in effect, to climb up some other way. It is putting a slight upon God, and setting at naught his wisdom."



## DECLINE IN NUMBERS.

The prosperity of a church cannot be determined by its numbers. It may lose in purity what it gains in numerical strength. Upon the conversion of Constantine many of the wealthy and influential classes joined the church, and its corruption followed. Still, if a church enjoys spiritual prosperity, if its members are walking in the favor of God and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, there will be added to them from time to time, of such as shall be saved. Holiness is power. Let a church become formal, and lose its power to effect conversions, and it will naturally decline in numbers.

The British Wesleyan Conference reports a decrease in numbers again this year. The church is at peace. There are no disturbances at work in society; the machinery was never in such perfect order; the ministers are educated, dignified men, the chapels convenient and numerous; still the statistics show a falling off in the number of communicants. This is what we should expect of a church that refuses to allow such men as Canehey to labor among them, and that discourages revival efforts as tending to fanaticism and extravagance. Wealth and social position are poor equivalents for godly multiplicity and spiritual power.

Upon this subject Dr. Curry, editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* makes the following sensible remarks:

"The difference between ourselves and our Wesleyan brethren is chiefly that of relative age. We are now where they were twenty-five years ago, and are steadily and rapidly moving in the path they have gone over. Our system, like theirs, is grown into completeness of organization, and quiet but effective action. We are becoming a cultivated, orderly, and respectable denomination, with good churches, and able ministers, and intelligent congregations. But with all these our increase of members is not relatively so large as formerly, and our power over the mass of the people is less than it once was. This view of the case is too obvious to admit of disputation; the reasons for it and its cure are proper subjects for investigation. It has often been claimed that the glory of Methodism is that it preaches the Gospel to the poor. It did

so once more than any denomination in the country; but that pre-eminence can now scarcely be claimed by us. The aggressive character of Methodism ceased with the abandonment of the circuit system, for now seldom or never is a minister sent out into a new region to open up new work and form societies in destitute parts. Nor is this for want of fields calling for this kind of cultivation. Throughout all the older portions of the country and in the great cities there is abundant room for the employment of an indefinite number of evangelists operating as did the Methodist ministers fifty years ago. The abandonment of this department of Church enterprise may no doubt largely account for our recent unsuccess in increasing our members and affecting the masses of the people. Whether it is now possible to return anything like our former practices is a question to be determined by those who have the oversight of our itinerancy. For our own part we believe it to be entirely practicable, though not without decided effort and determination enough to withstand the opposition with which the attempt would be met by our local Church authorities.

The change that has occurred in the character of our ministry and people in tastes and culture has removed them from their former sympathetic nearness to the common people. Our neat churches and well-dressed congregations and orderly exercises repel the uncultivated multitudes, so that now our ministers preach to comparatively few of that class. They do not feel at home among us, and therefore they stay away from us. We still sometimes bury their dead, and are called to visit them in extreme sickness; but they are not of us, nor do we considerably influence their character and lives, and in all but a few exceptional cases they do not become members of our Church. The propriety of employing ministers more nearly associated with that class was presented by us last week; it is quite as needful to provide for them plain, unadorned, and even rude places of worship. Our ministry was never so effective relatively as when it used almost exclusively private dwellings, barns, and school-houses in stead of churches; and though it cannot be

expected that we shall abandon our convenient church edifices, there are still places enough where hearers could be gotten in these more primitive places of religious assembling."

#### PREACHING.

There is preaching, and what is it? "O Lord, help thy servant to preach, and teach him by thy spirit what to say." Then out comes the manuscript, and they read it. A pure insult to Almighty God! We have preaching but it is of this order. It is not preaching. It is speaking very beautifully and very finely, possibly eloquently, in some sense of the word; but where is the right down preaching such as Whitfield's? Have you ever read one of his sermons? You will not think him eloquent; you can not think him so. His expressions were rough, frequently coarse and unconnected; there was very much declamation about him; it was a great part, indeed, of his speech. But where lay his eloquence? Not in the words you read, but in the tone in which he delivered them, and in the earnestness with which he felt them, and in the tears that ran down his cheeks, and in the pouring out of his soul. The reason why he was eloquent was just what the word means. He was eloquent because he spoke right out from his heart—from the innermost depths of the man. You could see when he spoke that he meant what he said. He did not speak as a trader, or a mere machine, but he preached what he felt to be the truth, and what he could not help preaching. When you heard him preach you could not help feeling that he was a man who would die if he could not preach, and with all his might call to men and say, "Come! come! come to Jesus Christ, and believe on him!" Now, that is just the lack of these times. Where, where is the earnestness now? It is neither in pulpit, nor yet in pen, in such a measure as we desire it; and it is a sad, sad age, when earnestness is scoffed at, and when the very zeal which ought to be the prominent characteristic of the pulpit is regarded as enthusiasm and fanaticism. I ask God to make us all such fanatics as most men laugh at—to make us all just such enthusiasts as many despise. We

reckon it the greatest fanaticism in the world to go to hell, the greatest enthusiasm upon earth to love sin better than righteousness; and we think those neither fanatics nor enthusiasts who seek to obey God rather than men, and follow Christ in all his ways. We repeat, that one sad proof that the church wants a revival is the absence of that death-like, solemn earnestness which was once seen in the Christian pulpit.—*Spurgeon*.

#### MARTYRS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

In the time of the ancient law, there were several of the martyrs, who suffered for asserting and trusting in the one true God. In the primitive church of Christ, the martyrs shed their blood for maintaining the truth of Jesus Christ crucified; but now there are martyrs of the Holy Spirit, who suffer for their dependence upon it, for maintaining its reign in souls, and for being victims of the divine will. It is this spirit which "is to be poured out on all flesh," as saith the prophet Joel. The martyrs of Jesus Christ have been glorious martyrs, he having drunk up the confusion of that martyrdom; but the martyrs of the Holy Ghost are martyrs of reproach and ignominy. The devil no more exercises his power against their faith or belief, but directly attacks the dominion of the Holy Spirit, opposing its celestial motion in souls, and discharging his hatred on the bodies of those whose mind he cannot hurt. O Holy Spirit! a spirit of love, let me be ever subjected to thy will, and, as a leaf is moved before the wind, so let me be by thy divine breath. As the impetuous wind breaks all that resists it, so break all that opposes thy empire, even the towering cedars, which stand in such opposition.—*Guion*.

#### LEAVING THE WORLD.

I earnestly advise all of you who resolve to live, not almost, but altogether Christians, to adopt this plan; however contrary it may be to flesh and blood. Narrowly observe, which of those that fall in your way are like-minded with yourself; who among them have you reason to believe fears God and works righteousness? Set them down as your acquaintance; gladly and freely converse with them at all opportunities. As to all who do not answer that character,

gently and quietly let them drop. However good natured and sensible they may be, they will do you no real service. Nay, if they did not lead you into outward sin, yet they would be a continual clog to your soul, and would hinder your running with vigor and cheerfulness the race that is set before you. And if any of your friends, that once did run well, "turn back from the holy commandment once delivered to them;" first use every method that prudence can suggest, to bring them again into the good way. But if you cannot prevent, let them go; only still commending them to God in prayer. Drop all familiar intercourse with them, and save your own soul.

Thus it is that those who fear or love God should "come out from among all" that do not fear him. Thus in a plain scriptural sense, you should be "separate" from them; from all unnecessary intercourse with them. Yea, "touch not," saith the Lord, "the unclean thing," or person any further than necessity requires; and "I will receive you" into the household of God. "And I will be unto you a Father;" will embrace you with paternal affection; "and yeshall be unto me sons and daughters, with the Lord Almighty." The promise is expressed to all that renounce the company of ungodly men; provided their spirit and conversation are in other respects, also suitable to their duty. God does here absolutely engage to give them all the blessings he has prepared for his beloved children, both in time and in eternity. Let all those, therefore, who have any regard for the favor and the blessings of God, beware how they contract any acquaintance with ungodly men; any farther than necessary business, or some other providential call requires: and, secondly, with all possible speed, all that the nature of the thing will admit, break off all such acquaintance already contracted, and all such connections already formed. Let no pleasure resulting from such acquaintance, no gain formed or expected from such connection, be of any consideration, when laid in the balance against a clear, positive command of God. In such a case "pluck out the right eye;" tear away the most pleasing acquaintance "and cast it from thee;" give up all thought, all design of seeking it again.

"Cut off thy right hand;" absolutely renounce the most profitable connection, "and cast it from thee." "It is better for thee to enter into life with one eye," or one hand, "than having two, to be cast into hell-fire." — Wesley.

#### CRIME IN ENGLAND.

The London morning *Post* thus speaks of Baron Martin's charge at the opening of the Liverpool assizes:

"Never before, says Baron Martin, in the course of his whole judicial experience, has he seen so heavy a calendar. With the single exception of treason, it enjoys the undeniable distinction of embracing every crime, under heaven, which can render a man obnoxious to the laws of England. Four murders, fourteen cases of manslaughter, twenty-four of burglary, are among the products of this ominous jail delivery. Rape, robbery, stabbing, and a host of minor offences have all had their separate representatives. If we need any stimulus to increased exertion in the cause of morality it is amply supplied by the list of prisoners undergoing their trial at the present moment in one country town alone. Little flattering as the conclusion may be to our national vanity, we doubt not whether the Liverpool Calendar be not a very tolerable index of the state of crime all over the country. Within a few weeks we have been called upon to chronicle a succession of homicides, alike repulsive in their barbarous details, and apparently destitute of any adequate incentives. The wretched child who fell a victim to the knife of the assassin in an obscure Wiltshire village could scarcely have excited the resentment of his murderer, and might even have been safe from his fears. Yet innocence and helplessness in this case are no security against a cruelty the most apparently purposeless and gratuitous we ever remember. Not to dwell on minor atrocities, we have one case in which a few angry words between two fellow servants at a lonely farm on a lonely hillside resulted in the deliberate butchery of a female. Another woman was sent to her last account in consequence of a lover's quarrel, originating in an ineffectual attempt upon the part of her admirer to tender some good



advice. Its ill reception by the object of his affections piqued him, and the death of the girl was apparently the only thing which could give relief to his wounded feelings. A still darker tragedy yet awaits investigation at the hands of justice. A single night proved fatal in one of the suburbs of the metropolis itself to no less than four unoffending individuals. Of five inmates of the dwelling, one alone survives. Mother, brothers and affianced bride, all perished, undoubtedly by the same knife. While such things can still occur at our very doors, it is vain to plume ourselves upon a civilization and refinement which yet abound with passages worthy of the recent savage episodes of Lebanon or Damascus."

#### RESTITUTION.

Zaccheus would be his own executor. For whilst we have time we should do good. But to whom would he give half of his goods? Not to the rich, not to those who were already clothed in purple and fine linen, of whom he might be recompensed again; but to the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, from whom he could expect no recompense till the resurrection of the dead. "I give to the poor." But knowing he must be just before he could be charitable, and conscious to himself that in his public administration he had wronged many persons, he adds, "And if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold." Hear ye this, all ye that make no conscience of cheating the king of his taxes, or of buying or selling goods that have not paid the duty. If ever God gives you true faith, you will never rest, till, like Zaccheus, you have made restitution to the utmost of your power. I suppose, before his conversion, he thought it no harm to cheat thus, no more than you may do now, and pleased himself frequently, to be sure, that he got rich doing so.—But now he is grieved for it at his heart; he confesses his injustice before men, and promises to make ample restitution. Go, ye cheating publicans, learn of Zaccheus, go and do likewise; if you do not make restitution here, the Lord Jesus shall make you confess your sins before men and angels,

and condemn you for it, when he comes in the glory of his Father to judgment hereafter.—*Whitefield.*

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

We have thus far attended eight of these meetings this season. They have all been successful, and a great deal of good has been accomplished. The children of God have been quickened, backsliders have been reclaimed, and some sinners have been converted.

AT BUTLER a good work was done among professors. Some entered into the rest of perfect love, and there was a time of getting down that must tell favorably upon the cause of God in the future. The congregations were large and for the most part attentive. Many seemed to be convicted, but there was no general move among sinners towards getting saved. There were enough young men on the ground to make a regiment, but there was so much excitement about the draft that they would not attend to the salvation of the soul.

AT GOWANDA there was the best meeting, as we heard it expressed, that they have had for years. The Sabbath was pleasant, and the whole country came to the meeting for miles around. It was estimated that there were ten thousand people on the ground on the Sabbath. They gave good attention to the word, and we trust that impressions were made will result in the salvation of many souls.

AT ATTICA there was a good attendance, and a gracious work was done. There was a good number of conversions, and the spirit was poured out in power upon the children of God. We anticipate the most blessed results from this gathering.

AT GARDEN PRAIRIE, Ills., there were about thirty tents. The meeting is in progress as we write." We reached the ground yesterday about noon. In the afternoon a missionary collection of about \$400 00 was taken up. The voice of prayer and praise was heard all last night. We expect to see a great work done before the meeting closes.

As snow is of itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth; so afflictions, in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm, and make it fruitful.