

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1864.

NO. 6.

HARMONY OF CHRISTIAN PROFESSION AND LIFE.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."—*Jesus*.
"Known and read of all men."—*Paul*.

THE light of real Christian grace cannot be hid under a bushel. Wherever that sacred spark has been lit in the heart of man it will illumine his life. The interior and the exterior of human character are indissolubly linked together. What God has thus joined together He has prohibited man from putting asunder, for the simple reason that such sundering is a task quite as impossible as would be that of disjoining the two natures of Him in whom "dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily." As well might we speak of a beamless star, a rayless moon, or of a sun devoid of light and heat, as talk of a Christian whose spirit is not tempered with the spirit of his Divine Master, whose conversation is not "seasoned with grace," whose general deportment is not a truthful index, an infallible concordance to those living, breathing, outgushing, and ever radiant heavenly principles which have been implanted in every soul "renewed after the image of Him who hath created us."

Neither Scripture nor reason enjoin it upon us to accept as an unchallenged fact, the mere profession thereof, from any man, that he is really and truly a Christian. The general tenor of the Bible, the well known deceitfulness of the human heart, and innumerable sad and mournful facts—real and tangible as life itself—give unquestionable attestation that there are, that there ever

have been those in the visible, spiritual fold who have gained admission thereto, not "through the door," but by "climbing up some other way;"—that there are, that there ever have been scattered among the true flock of Christ "wolves in sheep's clothing." Mere worthless alloy has too frequently been mixed up with the pure gold of the sanctuary. Far too frequently the decorations of the temple have been but showy tinsel. Too often the music heard within Zion's walls has been but the discordant notes of the "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

"All that glitters is not gold."

Accuse us not of uncharitableness when we thus speak. We are not conversant with any law in the code of Christian charity which will condemn, or even censure us for the expression of such views. We know of no principle in ethics which compels us to award the palm of rare military genius to any man, simply because himself, or someone else, gives him the title of General. If such a titled one would command our faith in his military skill he must be able to direct our attention to the fields he has won, to the splendid victories he has achieved. We require something more than the mere appendage of "M. D." to a man's name ere we can confidently believe that he is a complete adept in a successful treatment of "the ills that flesh is heir to." "Show me thy faith without thy works," is a demand quite as reasonable to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago. We cannot regard it as inconsistent with that "charity" which "thinketh no evil," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth," to pro-

nounce that man, whose Christian profession and whose daily life are at as far remove from each other as the poles are asunder, a hypocrite, a base coin, a moral counterfeit. Such a man may have his name enrolled on church records; he may occupy a distinguished position in the councils of that church; he may be punctual in his attendance upon all its religious services; he may play a prominent part in its devotional exercises; but with all his flaming profession and its hyprocritical accompaniments—while his spirit, his conversation and general deportment are so directly at variance with the New Testament standard of Christian character we are justified in saying, that cannot be other than an evil tree which yields none other than evil fruit. That cannot be other than an impure fountain which sends forth only impure waters.

“Who wears the Christian’s name
Hath stamped upon his brow
His glory or his shame,
As he hath kept his vow
And the bright garments of his second
birth.”

As well might one attempt to reverse the laws of gravitation, to dam up the ocean tide, to arrest the mad tornado, to stay the falling rain, to impede the revolutions of the globe, to pluck the stars from their orbit, to rob the moon of its beams, or to extinguish the light and destroy the heat of the sun, as to prevent those Christian graces, which are implanted in every renewed heart, from evincing the reality of their implantation by a spirit, a conversation, and a deportment in harmony with the principles of practical godliness as set forth in the New Testament. It is not more true that “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his” than that if any man walk not after the example of Christ he is none of his. “He that saith ‘I know him’ and keepeth not his commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him.” (1 John, ii: 4.) “Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him. Whosoever is born of God doth not

commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God. In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil. Whosoever doth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.” (1 John, iii: 5, 9, 10.)

We prefer not to become umpire on the important question as to how far the *Christian* life of the present day falls below the true standard of consistent Christian profession. Nor should we choose to determine with positiveness as to how Christian character of the present day compares with that of the apostolic age. We may, however, be permitted to say, that we do not belong to that skeptical fraternity who are continuously stigmatizing Christian professors as a band of duped fanatics, or of brazen-faced hypocrites. Our confident belief is that the present membership of the Christian Church—take them number for number—are the most intelligent and best informed people in the world; and, if such is the fact, we shall find here but little material out of which we may suppose fanatics are manufactured. As to the hypocrisy of Christian professors, it is difficult for us to divine what motives can induce—at least seven-eighths of them—to play the hypocrite in this matter. What pecuniary, or other benefit, are they to derive from connection with the Christian Church? We certainly do not belong to the discipleship of that long-faced, croaking sect whose incessant, dolorous inquiry is, “What is the cause that the former days were better than these?” (Eccl. vii: 10.) We claim fellowship with that sunny-countenanced, happy class of people who confidently believe that we are living in the most favored days with which the Church has yet been blessed.

But, while we are thus thankful for the great amount of good there is in the world, we are confident that, with the blessing of Heaven upon more zealous Christian efforts, this good might be augmented a hundred-fold. While thankful for the practical piety

we find in the Church, we yet feel that there is ample scope for improvement, and our fervent prayer is that the Church of Christ may become a far mightier power in the earth, and a far greater blessing to mankind at large, by becoming more holy.

No one thing can do so much for the aggressive march of vital godliness in the earth as practical piety, beheld in the lives of its numerous professors. The most potent instrumentality for the overthrow of skepticism, impiety and vice would be the multiplication of "living epistles" of true godliness in the visible Church of Christ. The mightiest agency which Heaven itself can employ for the rapid and far-extended spread of Christianity in the world is the practical exhibition of its soul-converting principles, shining forth in the daily walk of such as profess to have become the happy subjects of its renewing grace. If the millions of our race shall ever become the subjects of the renovating grace of God, practical piety must play a grand and glorious part in this sublime and earnestly desired achievement.

There are overwhelming masses of our fellow men, even in Christian lands, who will never be turned from sin to holiness by the perusal of the inspired volume, for they rarely, or never, read those sacred pages. Nor will those same characters ever discover and forsake the error of their way through the instrumentality of a living ministry, for those same persons are never seen inside our churches. We know of but two agencies that can be brought to bear upon such characters with any probability of achieving their salvation. These agencies are, earnest, persistent effort, and a wide spread practical piety constantly patent before their unbelieving gaze. And even personal effort, however discreetly, zealously and perseveringly employed will avail but little in this behalf unless it be ever accompanied by "living epistles." No reasoning, however cogent; no logic, however powerful; no argument, however conclusive, can convince an uncon-

verted man that there is a reality in religion, while he beholds none of its evidences, while he sees none of its fruits in the spirit, the conversation, and the deportment of its numerous professors.

The same reasoning holds equally true with regard to thousands who do read their Bible, and are regularly found in attendance upon the religious services of the Sabbath. Their skepticism can never be conquered by gospel preaching, however earnest and eloquent, by Christian exhortations, however impassioned; by supplications at the throne of grace, however fervid; or by the force of logic, however conclusive—unless they behold in that preacher's life an everyday gospel sermon—unless the private Christian is himself a living embodiment of all he exhorts others to become—unless he who prays shows in his own character that his prayers have been answered in his own behalf—unless this conclusive logic is logically evinced by a consistent walk. No sermon is so powerful as is that of a holy life. No exhortation is so telling upon the head, and upon the conscience of him who is addressed as is that of a blameless Christian walk. No prayers bring upon mankind such a pentecostal shower of awakening and converting grace as do the unceasing prayers of good works. No logic is so conclusive and irresistible as is that holy walk with God which silently addresses an unbelieving world with our Saviour's pertinent interrogation—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

"Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain."

Be entreated, O wavering soul to settle the question of your salvation now. Why halt between two opinions? It is most unreasonable to be undecided about the things of an endless eternity in such a world as this, with such frail bodies, with such a Saviour stretching out his hand, and such a Spirit of love striving with you.—*McCheyne.*

CHURCH DUTIES.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"When for thy blessed Saviour's sake,
Reproaches on thee rest;
And of his sufferings thou partake—
The will of Christ is best."

STAY IN? yes, stay in if you can do your whole duty, clear your skirts of blood, open your lips wide for truth and salvation. Some remain in a back-slidden church organization and lose their grace, fall into the popular current, bow to a sickly charity. Very many for fear of giving offence, or of being turned out of the synagogue, put their light under a bushel. We know a brother, once in good standing, that stood erect, walked erect, bright and shining, till he succumbed to a time-serving, man-fearing policy. What now? where now? Gone, gone? yes gone! He is now on a level with the flattest of them—"hail fellows well met." Instead of reproving sin, a proslavery spirit, worldly conformity, the fashions and follies around him, as he once did, he apologizes for them! The things he once abhorred and reprobated, he winks at! So it is, so it will be, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Can righteousness fellowship unrighteousness? or light commingle with darkness?

If we are in a sickly region, impure, contagious, and do not resort to some *immediate* remedies to purify this malaria or pestilential atmosphere, are we not sure to sicken and die with the multitude? The only safety, morally speaking is God. God now, God always, God *forever*! God in the soul, and God manifested out of it. "I have not hid thy righteousness in my heart," saith the servant of the Lord. "I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation." The light must shine, else it goes out in utter darkness. "And if the light that is in us be darkness, how great that darkness!" The salt must purify and preserve, else it loses its savor; what then is it good for? "It is neither fit for the land, nor yet for the

dunghill, but to cast out, and be trodden under the foot of man!"

Are there not multitudes in these worldly-minded, popular-seeking churches, "where the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint," that feel and know they are in danger? and unless they do their *whole* duty, "cry aloud and spare not," come out from among them, they are sure to be partakers of their sins, and receive of their plagues? Friend, are you here in this contagious atmosphere, and still holding your peace? When the house is on fire the elements melting with fervent heat. What now? Die? Yes, you will die this death surely, unless you escape for your life; *run!* look not behind you! Do your duty? Yes, brother, do your duty. If these apostate churches with which you are connected, consent to listen to the thunder's crash of God's truth, against all sin; if they allow you to reprove, rebuke with all long-suffering and doctrine, to make salvation from all sin *ring* in their ears—if they suffer you to point out to them definitely the sins of the flesh and of the spirit—of omission and commission, naming them one by one unmistakeably, as Nathan, the prophet said unto David, "*Thou art the man!*" then the question is settled, go in peace. But where is there a proud, popular-seeking church, that receives glory one of another, and seeks not the glory that cometh from God only, that will listen thus to the Gospel teachings, and receive you graciously? Has persecution ceased? Try it brother, try it sister, storm the fort of Satan, show the people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sins, describe the nakedness of the land, tell affectionately and meltingly, in the spirit of Jesus, that the popular churches have lost their power by shaking hands with the world and Satan—that their Sabbath desecrations are proverbial—that intemperance in eating and drinking is voluptuous, bordering on gluttony and wine-bibbing—that novels and romances, "the Harper's," "the Godey's" "the Peterson's"—the fashion-plates and the comicals are the curse of the

land, the work of Satan and his imps. Tell them with tears in your eyes, that their houses of worship are popish, houses of merchandise, and frequently a place of speculation if not a "den of thieves." (Matt. xxiii. 13.) Tell them that secret, oath-bound societies are the next door to perdition, one of Satan's baits. Declare to them meekly, that these "New Year's invitations" the custom of going from house to house on the first day of the new year, partaking of God's bounties, to surfeiting and drunkenness, that raising money for benevolent purposes by fancy fairs, tea and strawberry parties, soirees and oyster suppers, are the stratagems of the devil. Tell them the adorning of their persons in gay and fashionable costume, in gold, pearls, and costly array is a species of heathen idolatry, that they are heaping to themselves teachers having itching ears—who wink at these abominations, heal slightly, daub with untempered mortar, cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace. What now? any sparks flying? any fires in the camp? any rising up of old Adam? any bubbling of the pit bottomless? The spirit of persecution is not confined to the man of sin, the mother of harlots, to popes, cardinals, or Romish inquisitors. Churches called Protestant have drunk deeply at this bitter fountain. This wicked, persecuting, sectarian spirit, is at our very door. Let a brother or sister presume to change his or her communion from the purest motive, leave one sect and unite with another—what the result? Any popes or inquisitors, to wield the sword of vengeance? Any fire and brimstone, the spirit of the pit bubbling? Inquisitors and inquisitions, the piercing steel, the drawn sword, the bayonet, the burning fagot, are not to be more dreaded than a vituperous, slanderous tongue, set on by the fires of hell! "The tongue that deviseth mischief, like a sharp razor, worketh deceitfully." "My soul," says the psalmist, "is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword." This little unruly

member, which no man can tame, more terrible to endure than a drawn dagger, is the chief instrument of a corrupt, sectarian, idolatrous church of the present day. Try it friends, be faithful, do your whole duty, stand boldly for Jesus, fight manfully the good fight of faith in the midst of "a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world," and see if the half has been told. What the reply of the Saviour to these fire-consumers:—"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." (John, ix, 54.)

"Oh world! how deeply fallen from thy sphere! O mind! how lost thy wing of thought. O soul! how base thy form—how lost art thou to God's similitude—how deep the stain." "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. xii, 30. "How long will ye halt between two opinions, if the Lord be God follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." 1st Kings, xv. 21.

Truth is earnest, truth is fearless,
Ever dwelling in the light;
Still by error's frowns undaunted,
Striving only for the Right.

Truth is strong and noble ever,
And no power its course can stay;
No dark mists of persecution,
Long can veil its blessed ray."

WANT OF THE CHURCH.—We believe the greatest present want of the Church is a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, in the *entire sanctification* of a *million* believers. This would give the Church a clear, spiritual vision, and an omnipotent, moral power, and send her on in her glorious mission of reforming this continent, and spreading scriptural holiness over these lands. The Church has members, wealth, talents, and influence, but she needs something more than these—the power of the Holy Ghost, the Gospel preached in the demonstration of the Spirit—the *holy anointing from Heaven*—J. A. Wood.

EXPERIENCE OF

ELIZA A. RICH.

THE Spirit of God began to work upon my mind at the age of 12 years, to convince me of my own depravity. I soon saw myself a sinner and a condemned rebel exposed to the wrath of God and to his righteous judgements. In the agony of my soul I cried to God in secret for deliverance. Being bashful and as no one had ever spoken to me about my soul, I did the best I could to hide my convictions and after a few months of anguish in spirit I became discouraged and gave it up. I resolved in the commencement to tell no one of my convictions for fear of being ridiculed by my older sister and brothers. As I had no one to lead or encourage me, I soon by my willfulness grieved away that tender Spirit. Six years followed—years that will always be remembered with sorrow and regret. I was given over to hardness of heart. Satan reigned supreme. He had full possession of my heart, and I as one of his faithful servants ran to do his bidding. At the end of this time my father and mother and myself removed from my early home in southern Michigan to Niagara Co. Being thrown into the company of strangers, I had time and opportunity to reflect. The Spirit of God began once more to work in my hardened and stony heart. I again tried to throw off my convictions. As I did, they became more deep and powerful. I at last resolved if I could not throw off my convictions, to make a public profession of religion. Another hindrance was that I knew of no church that I would willingly become a member of. My cry then became Lord, whither wilt thou have me go? I shortly after heard of a meeting at a school-house not far distant. It was said that a Methodist preacher preached at that place. I felt that I must go. Something seemed to tell me that they were the people that I must choose. I went, and became powerfully convicted that they were God's people and the people

that I must choose. At the close of the meeting the minister gave an opportunity for any one that desired religion to speak. I desired it, but the enemy of my soul suggested that I had better wait till a more convenient season. I heeded the suggestion and left the house of worship with a sorrowful heart. Two weeks of the most intense agony of soul followed, before I again visited the house of God. Bro. Phelps preached from the words, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Oh, how that sermon came home to my heart. I was so powerfully convicted, I felt that I could scarcely wait till the sermon was ended before I requested prayers. As they proposed to have a little class-meeting, I remained as one before the judgment trembling from head to foot until the congregation nearly all passed out (as only a few attended class-meeting), I then arose and requested the people of God to pray for me. As we all knelt and began to supplicate the "throne of grace," Jesus drew nigh to wash my heart in his own blood. The Spirit spoke unto me "come all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." My heart answered, Lord I come, and O such sweet rest; my burden was all gone. My God was reconciled. My soul rested in a sense of sins forgiven. As the light of God's Word shone on my heart, I found it was the will of God that I should come out from the world and be separate, that I must lay aside worldly pleasures. When I had laid aside these, still there was pride, and all the remaining roots of bitterness.

I began a more prayerful search of God's Word, and by the aid of the "Earnest Christian," I saw it was the will of God, even my sanctification. I became strongly convicted for the blessing. I commenced praying for it, resolved never to give it up until I had received the blessing. For eighteen days I sought it by prayer, but my faith was too deficient. At length the struggle became severe; I began to look

to my consecration and found all on the altar. I began to inquire, where the deficiency? and oh, how these words came to me, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!" As I ventured in the arms of faith, how sweetly Jesus saved me. Oh, hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever! I was filled with unspeakable riches of his grace. O the endless love. I have proved the power of God to save from sin for nearly one year; glory to Jesus! I expect to overcome through the blood of the Lamb and the word of my testimony.

SEPARATE FROM THE WORLD.

BY MRS. JANETTE OSMUN.

The language of God to his people is: "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." When the Lord first calls us by his Spirit to repentance, it causes us to separate ourselves from the world, by denying ourselves all sinful habits and associations, and confessing ourselves sinners, and earnestly seeking the forgiveness of sins and the favor of God. When in a justified relation it forbids our mingling with the world in any of its sinful pleasures and amusements, foolish talking or jesting, by indulging in any filthy habits, such as using tobacco and thereby defiling the temple of the living God, or conforming to the ever changing fashions of the world by putting on gold, or costly apparel, or the wearing of anything as ornamental, by being associated with ungodly oath bound fraternities, for what concord hath Christ with Belial, or he that believeth with an infidel? We are to be separate from the world, by not seeking its praise, for the friendship of the world is enmity with God—by not loving the world, or the things of the world only as God's gifts to be used to his glory, for if we have the love of the world how dwelleth the love of God in us? We

are to restrain our children, and all under our control, from all resorts of vice, or where we would not be willing to go ourselves, and to consecrate our homes to God and make them as far as possible a miniature heaven, where the flames of holy love and devotion shall constantly be kept burning, and all bow to its sacred, hallowed influence. We are to come out from the world by not engaging in any secular pursuits, on which we cannot ask the blessing of God, such as raising hops, wine plants, or grain, for the distillery, and thus sending them broadcast on their work of death; by not engaging in any business that shall foster pride, in ourselves or others, for we are commanded that whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God. If we separate ourselves from the world in these, and other ways as the Spirit shall dictate, we have the promise that God will receive us, and that he will be a Father to us, and that we shall be his sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Glory to God for the privilege. We can take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and become of no reputation, and have our names cast out as evil, by those we most loved, to become heirs of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords—to have the peace of God, that passeth understanding, and the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Many of us are deprived of our earthly parents. Their memory is precious and their dust honored; but we may all have a heavenly Parent, one that will more graciously care for us, more bountifully provide for us, than it is possible for any earthly friend to do. And when we have finished our probation—any time—he will take us home to dwell in his more immediate presence. For he has said, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." May all that name the name of the Lord, become separate from the world, and make sure work for Heaven!

MYSTERIES.

BY C. P. HARD.

WE are continually reminded that God's ways are not our ways. We would bind joy inseparably to the present, leaving the future to the march of events. God sits above the shadows, and looking beyond the present sees where the ways of happiness and sorrow may intersect, where the rapturous may lead to the grievous, and the sad to the glorious, and decides mercifully for man. Could humanity mark out its own pathway, it would surround the *now* with gladness unalloyed. The soul cries out against the hated weapon that cuts it from the objects of its love; shrinks back from the intense darkness which creeps about it; flies from the messenger of trial, and prays for happiness. God pities his children; they are the objects of his ceaseless love. He does not willingly afflict. Happiness is the end to which his power of Creation is directed. He seeks the greatest good to all. Eyes weeping sorrow, hearts bleeding over the loss of loved ones, hopes blasted in their infancy are not delights to Him. Upon the sufferer whose frame is racked with pain God looks with compassion. To Him symbols of mourning and the dark pall of death are not pleasing. He is not such an one as unchristian passionate grief may think Him to be. The falling of the heavy clods upon the coffins of our loved ones, the slow sad tread of mourners, and the lamentation of the bereaved are not melodies to God. The discords of the world are not harmonies to the Father soul. No; the riches of the Universe are lavished upon His children; the mind which wills the movements of unnumbered worlds is constantly devising schemes for the bestowment of good; and the hand which balances the forces of the universe is gathering blessings for the feeblest of his own. Nor has God abandoned the world, and left its workings to the caprice of fate. The Universe is not a huge machine, whose wheels revolve

with a blind force which does not pity, and with a power which crushes while it never relaxes. Man is not bound to the axle of the world which rolls onward though it may leave him a bleeding mass of suffering. God has not gone away and left the world in orphanage. No; he still lives in intense activities for man's good. The heart which from its warm embrace sent forth an only Son into a world of sin to die for the guilty still beats strong pulsations for every child of earth—for every child of Heaven. But when some burden of grief is laid upon us, and sorrow darkens our hearts and homes, we are disposed to cry out, "why has God forgotten me, or why does he afflict me thus." The dispensations of a Divine Providence are to us full of mystery. It seems unaccountable why the deepest gloom should take the place of that joy with which we had paved the future. We see so "darkly" through the glass of human thought and feeling, that the brilliant designs of an all-wise and loving mind are hidden far behind the drapery of our grief. Unbelief casts its long, deep shadows upon the brightness of God's affection. We wonder why God's hand is placed so heavily upon us—why shades creep along the sky until they fill the horizon—why we are left in sadness and mourning while others rejoice. Why was the companion taken from our side, that one who had been our support in days of feebleness, our cheer in times of disaster, the sharers of our joys and sorrows; why is the stricken heart to go and weep beside the tomb which encloses all that earth had which was dear to it; why in the midst of life are broken those silken bands which joined in the strongest union assimilated hearts? Why, was the cherub of the circle taken, the unfolded flower with the dew of morning fresh upon it; why was the infant voice hushed in the stillness of the grave, when it had just begun to pour its river of melody into the ear of loving parents; why should the little heart cease its beating just as it commenced to express in symbols of joy

the love of its nature? Why was the church bereaved, and its beloved minister, who stood in the van of the forces of Zion, stricken down at his post; why do not those eloquent lips, from which even when cold in death seems to come the holy perfume of gospel truth, still speak to us; why are the feeblers left, and the giant men of God, in whose hands the sword of truth swept down its thousands, removed from the field of conflict? These are mysteries we may not now solve.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

But though he may not now choose to reveal to us the extent of his divine economy, though we may be enveloped in darkness, and can see the light only by looking above, we will exclaim with confidence,

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

When we behold the valiant servant of God, in the fullness of manhood cease from his toil, and the darkness of night come down on the brightness of day, we will sing of the glory to which he has gone, and the morning light shall be to us

The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
When under heavenly skies,
While the morn of another life is breaking,
He shall open those darkened eyes.

When the billows of death sweep over our loved ones, we will remember

The star that sets
Beyond the western wave, is not extinct,
It brightens in another hemisphere;

and chiding our hearts for our desire to call them back to a world of toil and sadness, we will bid them shine on, shine ever! When friends pass from us to the world of beauty above,

Glad faith shall catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,

while we go to the work which God has assigned for us to accomplish. We will labor and wait until it shall be ours to mingle in

That blissful scene where cherished hearts

Renew their ties most cherished;
When naught the mourned and mourner
parts;
When grief with life is perished.

We may not at present be able to solve the mysteries connected with the dealings of God with us; we may not be able to interpret the language of Providence, but faith in a merciful Ruler and Father will reconcile us to His will. Our horizon is so limited, our vision so darkened by the films of time, that it is not possible for us to see clearly, if at all, the objects God has in view in the peculiar ordering of our lives. But when the full light of eternity shall break upon us, what we know now in part shall be perfectly discovered. Our afflictions may be the only means by which we can be fitted for sharing the greater joy of Heaven; the only barriers against our destruction. We may be kept from the gulf of ruin by those very things, which seemed to us to be injuries, but which we shall see hereafter to have been our greatest benefactions. The tendency of prosperity is to cause us to forget God and our duty. When all is quiet and sunshine about us, we are apt to wander away from the Rock of Ages, but when storms come we hasten back to our refuge. God has to melt our hearts in the fires of affliction in order to stamp upon them his glorious image. Perfection comes forth from trial. The tempest, which startles us, and rattles our shutters and rocks our dwelling, causes greater strength in the productions of nature. The drenching rain, which the earth receives at first with so sad a countenance, becomes finally its kindest benefactor. The lightning is the slayer of the pestilence. "In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward amid the rocks." Human will needs repeated crucifixions. It is ever flying from the cross, and seeking to set up its own rule in the heart. He who is a jealous God claims the entire service, and the rod must call back the wandering child who will not be persuaded by the voice of tenderness. The virtues which

should adorn the Christian character and life may be developed often only by trial. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." When we reach the heights of glory, and look back over the path along which God led us, now in broad fields and then through thick darkness, now in joyous paths and then beside some Niagara of grief, which chilled our hearts with the thunder of its voice and the spray of its billows, we shall be astonished that we did not more firmly and confidently grasp the hand of our leader, and that we so often sought amid the dangers of this life to guide our own footsteps. Then shall the problems be solved; and we, like storm-tossed mariners, rejoice in the results accomplished, and the bliss attained. Hence, when from our hand is grasped by a higher power the objects of present joy, let us remember, that this "light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Fountains bubble in the desert,
Sunlight after storm appears,
And the bow that wreathes the heavens,
Is the radiant child of tears.

Lima, N. Y.

PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Our object at present, after contemplating the sublime position of the Baptist as the great forerunner of the Messiah, is to study the method which he took in executing his office. They are wont to tell you upon all hands that the way to herald good news of the Gospel of peace is to droop the wing, and glide softly and gently into the hearts of the people; and every other method they decry as improper, and unpropitious to the Gospel of peace. But they know not what they talk about, neither do they know the history of the propagation of the Gospel. Here is John, the first herald of salvation; his was a withering blast. There is Christ, the very teacher; what a stern upbraider

was he of worldly customs! Few are the honeyed words of his speech.—There was Stephen after him, who cut the people to their hearts, so that they gnashed on him with their teeth. There was Paul, that uncourtly apostle, who had the presumption to speak to kings of temperance in their pleasures, of righteousness in their power, and of judgment to come, to bridle their haughty dealings. There were all the prophets before the inauguration of the Gospel; there have been all the Reformers since. Were they sleek and silken men? No; they were terrible men. Were they prudential men? No; they were men who bore their lives in their hands, and wore their wealth in their rags of clothing, and had all their preferment in heaven. Well then, I ask, whence cometh this, call for soft, prudential, complimentary discourse? Who hath commanded it? When did it reform the Church, or propagate the faith, or purify morals, or put Satan and his power to flight? Out upon it; it is a taste, an ephemeral taste, that hath no sanction in any age of the Church. Tis an upstart of the worldly wisdom that hath now the helm of presidency, a product of that soft enjoyment to which all men, religious and irreligious, would devote themselves. What an ungracious orator was this John the Baptist—a very firebrand, a most unguarded man! He joined himself to no party; he entered into no faction with any one; he sought no backing; he trusted to the truth he had in commission to make its own way. His was to give it voice, God's to give it success. And behold how successful he was withal! He excited a sensation, and, as is usual, roused the jealousy of the vested interests. They sent to know what or who he was, and in what right he spoke. He answered that he was a voice and no more, that his speech was all he was good for and all he wished to stand by. To that he referred them, leaving them to digest its severe sentences as best they could.

Rev. Edward Irving.

Run not into temptation.

SAVED IN THE ARMY.

BY E. N. KING.

ALTHOUGH I have been an undutiful child I have been a recipient of many blessings. Oh! how the Lord has followed me in all the wanderings of life; in temptations, preventing me by his Holy Spirit, and when lonely filling my soul with his presence.

I was converted to God, in the fere part of the winter of 1857. I soon grew cold, and lived quite formal until late in the spring of 1860, when I was reconverted, in Buffalo, about midnight, after having been to a meeting at the colored church. What a sweet peace I then experienced. Praise the Lord! I know that I was sanctified the following fall at a prayer-meeting in Rochester. Oh! my peace and joy how full! what a complete resting in Christ I felt. Tongue could not express one half the enjoyment of my soul. That winter I went west, walking in the light as it shone in upon my soul from on high, the Lord always blessing me in discharging my duty. In June I joined the army with a fixed determination to live for Christ, however hard and severe a contest it might be. I have found it to be quite possible for one to live a *Christian* life in the army. What precious seasons I have been privileged to enjoy (often alone), with my Saviour. But there have been seasons in which, I am sorry to say, I have not enjoyed myself as well as I have at others; I have been a great deal persecuted by those with whom I have had to associate, and the Lord has been pleased to afflict me in various ways, until I have at times become almost discouraged; and in seasons of temptation I fear I should have let go and drifted from "the good old ways" but for the infinite mercy of Jesus. Oh! how kind He is and unwilling that one as unworthy as I, should be lost. He is ever near to help, and I try to leave these things entirely with Him, for as Christians we may always expect persecution from the world and cold-hearted professors.—

Our kind Heavenly Father will not allow a greater amount of affliction than He will supply grace to bear. Bless His name! I have always found it to be sufficient, and I praise the Lord that I have been enabled to look to Him in the hour of gloom and temptation, and asking to be blessed He has filled me with His presence. I am thankful that I can say to-day that Jesus is very precious to my soul and that His Spirit witnesses with mine that I am his. The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin, glory be to God. At times, oh, He does meet with me and fill my poor soul full of glory! In camp, on guard, on the march and in battle, I enjoy His comforting presence and the blessed witness that I am his child. Though it may sometimes seem that I have scarcely a friend on earth, yet I know that I have Jesus for an everlasting friend. Here in the hospital, where he has been pleased to place me by His hand of affliction, He is also with me and comforts my poor soul. Bless his name! glory! hallelujah! It is when I have all upon the altar of consecration that I enjoy myself best and am enabled to do most for my Heavenly Master. I mean by aid from above, to keep my all upon the altar, do all I can for Jesus, with an eye single to his glory, and work out my soul's salvation with fear and trembling. I truly feel that the narrow way is very narrow, but, bless the Lord, it is wide enough for all who follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit. Bless the Lord forever!

U. S. Gen. Hos. Clarysville, Md.

CHRIST's people are a willing people. They come willingly, with all their heart and soul. Not only do they flee willingly from wrath, but they flee willingly to Jesus Christ; they choose to be saved by him rather than any other way. If there were ten thousand other Saviours they would still choose Christ; for he is "the chiefest among ten thousand," and they feel it sweetest and best to be nothing. Christ, may be all in all.

WHAT IS MY LIFE?

BY MISS LUCY BAKER.

With what serious reflection should this question often arise in the heart of every child of God! What is my life as a Christian? How does it compare with the life of Jesus?—How does it agree with the word of God? Is the gospel standard the rule by which I square my life? Is God in all my thoughts? Am I discreet in all my conversation? Do I acknowledge Jesus in all my ways? In all my business matters do I do unto others as I would they should do unto me? When Christ was on earth he went about doing good, though he was poor and despised and had not even where to lay his head. Yet he fulfilled his mission to earth by going from place to place and doing good to the souls and bodies of men. His whole life was filled up with usefulness. When about to leave the world his exhortation to his loving disciples was: "Follow me." Oh! my God, what an example for us to follow! If every child of God, however feeble, would follow that example he might do very much to promote the cause of God and build up his kingdom in the world. But, Oh! how much of the influence of professing Christians is destroyed by their lives not corresponding with their professions! How much time and money is expended to decorate these poor, dying bodies that must so soon become food for worms! How much levity when God has said: "Be ye, therefore, sober and watch unto prayer."

Were half the time that's vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftner be:
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

How is it with us? May the Lord help us to examine ourselves by the light of his Holy Spirit. Is my life a life of holiness? Have I the witness this hour that the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all unrighteousness? Am I, in any degree, conformed to the world, or can I say with the apostle: "I

am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me?"

FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH.

Who are the best friends of the Church? Those who have the most of the spirit of Christ, and who, under God, do the most to lead *sinners* to seek *pardon*, and *believers* to seek *purity*. He who loves the Church most, other things being equal, will do most for her, and will watch over her *purity*, *usefulness* and *interests* with the deepest godly jealousy. Her true friends will never treat the hurt of the daughter of her people slightly. To be *faithful* to the Church, and point out her *duties*, her *faults*, and her *dangers*, is one of the strongest evidences of love for her. "He who tells me of my faults is my friend." To faithfully point out the *duties*, *defects* and *sins* of the Church, is very far from "stabbing," "bleeding," or "abusing" the church as some appear to believe. A time-serving, temporizing man who seeks more to please men and make the church popular with the world, than he does to lead sinners to God, and believers on to holiness, is very far from being the best friend of the Church. And the minister who maintains a strict fidelity to God, and who, like Wesley and his coadjutors, deals faithfully—though kindly—with the Church and the world, and gives *sin* of every kind, either in or out of the Church *no quarter*, is very far from being an enemy of the Church. The worst enemies the Church has, are some within her own pale. A compromising, self-seeking, worldly-minded, backslidden minister will do more to run down her piety, kill off her converts, and scatter spiritual desolation through all her borders, than all her enemies from without combined. Robert Hall says, "*False professors care only to please*;" and Bishop George says "*A temporizing Spirit has been the curse of the Church in all ages*."—J. A. Wood.

ESSAY PREACHING.

THERE is one point of essential importance if we wish to preach the word of God itself, and not a fiction, and that is, its diligent perusal for this express purpose. Can an elaborate dissertation, oration, argument, got up on the rules of secular eloquence, committed to memory, and repeated year after year, answer to the idea of preaching the word of God? Must not that which in any good sense, may be considered as his word be constantly drawn from the fountain of living waters? We do not mean by this that every sermon must in substance, be a new one, or that the preacher must be constantly busied in laying the foundation of a structure; but that every sermon should be *studied afresh* in the light of holy Scripture, that it may be fused with increasing warmth; be made more clear, bright, radiant; be more impregnated with the richest gold of the mine of sacred truth, and that thus a spirit fresh and lively may be kept up in the delivery. We cannot conceive that preaching the word of God admits of stereotype;—these compositions, never amplified or improved; no new thoughts, illustrations, or richer doctrinal infusion being brought in. Surely the constant study of the holy Scriptures would furnish something additional to the old outline if diligently sought.

The *essay system* of preaching can hardly be considered preaching the word of God. A theme, a topic ramified to the form and dimensions of a dissertation, though the subject may be theological, is not strictly speaking, the divine word. The ornate, eloquent, metaphysical, or philosophical productions of our pulpit orators may be, and often are, very beautiful productions of genius; but the efforts and productions of human genius seem at once, and of necessity, to set aside the sacred oracles, and to substitute the elaborations of the mind. We are speaking here of the ordinary ministry. There are occasions when it may be suitable and proper to

elaborate a theme, to argue a point logically, to set forth in a somewhat scientific style, to defend it at every point; but the people must in ordinary be fed with the pure word of the Gospel; and the sparkling or highly wrought efforts of genius, though pleasant to a few, would soon leave the sheep of Christ in a meager state of soul, or drive them to other pastures.

A negative orthodoxy is not the word of God. In reading the pulpit productions of great numbers of divines we are not startled by any glaring contradictions of the Scripture; but the fault is not positive, but negative; we have nothing palpably offensive, but *Christ is not there!* Salvation is not exhibited, the vital blessings of experimental religion are not found, the way to the cross is not laid down, no food for the regenerate soul is furnished. The principle of exhaustion has been at work, a vacuum has been sought and produced, and nothing remains but empty void. These preachers are the soft and syren songsters of the people, who lull the world to sleep in their sins and pleasures.

To preach the word of God is to take the doctrines of the Gospel as the matter and substance of preaching, and that as much as possible in the *words*, and always in the *sense*, of the Scripture. It cannot be difficult for a person fitted for this office to discover these doctrines. There is no possibility of missing Jesus Christ in his Godhead, his sacrifice and righteousness, his grace and salvation, his intercession at the right hand of God, his kingly office; and there is little possibility of losing sight of the doctrine of salvation by faith alone, of the nature of justification and its fruits, of the manner and evidences of the new birth, of the Christian duties, and especially that of love, of holiness, its nature and means. These are clearly the doctrines of the word of God, and when the Bible alone is relied on as the standard they never are, in fact, denied or neutralized either by minister or people. The necessity of keeping them prominently before the minds of men

must be obvious. The notion that the world is so progressing in intelligence and civilization as not to make these truths necessary, and that it is proper for preachers to adapt themselves to the spirit of the age, is a pure delusion. Human nature is exactly the same, and as long as the disease remains the remedy is needed. The truth of the matter is, that the Gospel is the only instrument of the salvation of mankind, and it is a cruel mockery of God and man for professed preachers of this Gospel to substitute anything else in its place. All men know this. Counterfeit ministers delude nobody but themselves. While sincere, earnest, plain-spoken men are followed and appreciated even by the world, those who simulate, adulterate, and lower the blessed Gospel are always both neglected and despised.—*J. Dixon.*

THE PRESENT TENSE.—“He that cometh to me shall never hunger.” “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.” Christians are often painfully struck by the contrast between this description and their own experience. So far as they judge they have come to Jesus and have tasted of the living fountain, yet their souls are often hungry and thirsty still; a want, an unsatisfied craving consumes their life. Mark the words of promise, and see the explanation of your case, O doubting Christian! Christ does not say, he that *hath come* to me shall never hunger, but he that *cometh*, indicating a continued and constant coming, a perpetual feeding upon the heavenly bread. Even the hidden manna must ever be eaten to be ever satisfying. The soul as well as the body must take its daily bread or it will hunger and pine. So, too, “he that *drinketh* of this water” is he that shall never thirst; not he that, having once tasted, has now forsaken the fountain of living waters. The secret of our dissatisfaction is in resting on past experience. Forgetting the things that are behind, let us come anew every day to Christ; accept again his full salvation and receive anew his life.—*Tract Journal.*

POWER.

BY C. P. HARD.

We do not so much need additional churches, or congregations, or choirs, or talent, as the endowment of *power from on high*. Satan cares not how many steeples tower up toward the sky, but he trembles when he knows a fervent prayer is climbing toward the Throne. He does not mind how large the attendance in the houses of worship may be, if he can but keep the multitude out of the narrow way. He is delighted with the glittering array of pompous ceremonies, but his cheek pales when he sees the flashing of the sword of the Spirit. We have enough machinery what we want is the power to move it, to make it effective. We have enough skeletons—we want the breath to give them life. A church without the gift of the Holy Ghost is as useless as an engine without the steam; a millwheel without the water; a cloud lacking the rain. One man who knows the way to the Throne and has the girding of the Spirit is worth more for aggressive warfare upon the forces of darkness than a whole church full of those who are ever guessing and hoping they are disciples, but always lacking the present fullness. Two hundred armed men can guard ten thousand unarmed prisoners. Place them upon an equality and they are instantly overpowered. When a church has the panoply divine, the armor of God, they are triumphant, and their enemies flee before them; but rob them of that, and they are powerless as other men. When they have the might of the Holy Ghost, every shot goes into the ranks of the enemy impelled with a double force. O that the entire church might receive this! let it be sought prayerfully, persistently! This is the artillery under which the walls of sin shall crumble; this the shower from whose influence the harvest shall spring forth; this the reservoir from which the streams of life are to be supplied which shall encircle the world.

THE TWO STEWARDS.

The more we consider the responsibility connected with the possession of money the more solemn does the subject appear, and the more are we astonished at the indifference of many respecting this point. Far be it from us to imagine that God cannot work in the earth without money. He did so in the apostolic age, and could do so again. He, the Almighty One, is not bound to any one class of means; and though he may graciously say of this or that talent, "The Lord hath need thereof," yet he could do without anything of ours if he so pleased. It is great grace in him to use us or our property in any way. Yet it is evident that he does make use of what his people contribute, and that spiritual results follow the outlay of money in the Lord's work. Another thing is also equally plain—that to neglect availing ourselves of any openings for service under the influence of selfishness must be followed by sad consequences and bitter reflections. Take the following illustration:

A public meeting was held in the outskirts of London, at which statements were made respecting the results of an effort set on foot two years before. A missionary had worked for that period in a neglected neighborhood, and his labors had not been in vain. Children growing up in ignorance had been sent to various schools, drunkards had been reclaimed, several persons induced to attend public worship, and some, it was hoped, had been really converted to God. It was also stated that several other neglected districts might be found within a mile of the room where they were then met, which, if cultivated as the one now reported of, might, it was hoped, under God's blessing, yield similar fruit. If sixty pounds a year were guaranteed, the society would place an agent in one or more of those neglected moral wastes; and could not some who were present assist in this needful work?

There were two gentlemen, profess-

ors of religion, at that meeting, both very wealthy, who had hitherto only subscribed a small sum annually for the cause. Conscience said to each, "You could very well spare that sixty pounds a year. You know that you are living in good style, furnishing your family with every luxury, and yet laying by largely. Sustain a missionary." One gave heed to the monitions of conscience. The next day he arranged for placing a missionary in a dense and immoral population; and soon a good man was found at work, talking, praying, preaching in the open air, holding cottage meetings, forming a ragged school, and other appliances for good.

The other rich man reflected and reasoned, discussed the subject over in his own mind, but all resulting in his casting an additional five pounds in the plate, and he went his way to the counting house and mart to amass more wealth.

In five years death had summoned these two rich men into that world where riches such as men prize are not current coin, but where the result of riches well laid out are found blossoming in perpetual beauty. Before the first man entered heaven, some friends whom he had made with the "unrighteous mammon" were awaiting him in the better world, and the once neglected district was bringing forth cheering fruit. But round the dying pillow of the other came the scene of the public meeting, and a recollection of the battle he had fought out and lost that night. Many such scenes also passed in review, and no comfort could his riches give him, nor he find any good excuse for having refused to obey the counsel of conscience. Whether he was "saved as by fire," or whether "drowned in destruction and perdition," it is not for man to say. There is reason to fear that the latter has been the case with many rich professors, and that the apostle's awful words of warning (1 Tim. vi, 9) are not without a terrible meaning. O! to think of a lost soul saying in the far-off coming eternity, "I was a lover of money, though a pro-

fessor of religion. I would not heed Christ's words to take heed and beware of covetousness, and I am damned forever in 'destruction and perdition.' "

Let no one to whom it applies put away from them such a thought as this, or overlay it with irrelevant matter. Do not say, "I believe certain doctrines; I have had many good feelings; I have done certain deeds." The question is, what do you really worship? that is, what do you prize most, and follow after most earnestly? Are you a covetous man, according to the standard which Christ has laid down? Do you love money? Are you hoarding it while God shows you so many ways in which it can be applied to spiritual purposes? O, remember "the covetous man cannot enter the kingdom of God." But remember also that the self-sacrificing Saviour's precious blood can cleanse you from the sin of covetousness, can melt the icy heart of selfishness; and be assured that if this is done you will desire, out of love to him who redeemed you, not "with corruptible things, as silver and gold," but with his own precious blood, to give yourself to him, and all you have to his service.—*Christian Treasury.*

FREE AT LAST.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. THURSTON.

At ten years of age I became a member of the M. E. Church. I had gone forward for prayers because some of my mates did, cried from sympathy, and stopped because I was tired; told some of the sympathizing sisters that I felt better and when encouraged to speak said that "the Lord had blessed me." But from first to last, I had no distinct sense of guilt and no clear witness of pardon. At fifteen I was awfully convicted and soundly converted. For some days I carried about with me the sense of a living presence, and shrunk from sin with an instinct of loathing. I wish I could escape the record that follows, but it is written in God's book. For more than twenty years I lived the

life that so many professors of religion live, sinning and repenting, resolving and failing, happy sometimes and often sad; convicted of my need of a clear work, but, in my misconceptions of God, trying to conciliate an enemy, not seeking a friend, living by feeling, and not by faith, believing sometimes by accident and rejoicing in the measure of grace God in pity gave, but never coming once into the clear light and *keeping* the victory.

Several times I tried to trust for full salvation, and followed directions as well as I was able in "consecrating" and "taking it by faith." I was sincere but oh, how dark! Somehow I imagined that persisting in *saying* a thing that I was not fully convinced of was "holding on by faith." Is it any wonder that I slipped from such a hold, down, down into the depths of discouragement? Then Jesus found me, bless his name forever! How often when I had been exhorted to "look to Jesus," my poor blind nature had cried where! where! I never should have learned if there had been anywhere else to look, but thick darkness and death were on every side, only one ray of light from the throne pierced the gloom, and he that sits thereon said here, here! come this way my child. Then I learned that Jesus was my *friend*, I know it now. I have proved his love, I have felt his power: No doubts disturb, no fears alarm; I know in whom I believe. I belong to the blood-washed army. I am embraced in the great plan. I am one of the lively stones in the building, and if he wants me in the cellar or the garret, all things are alike, only thy will Jesus. The care of life is not on me. I have laid down forever life's great load, I am a child again, not yet two years old, and God has given me a child's faith. I believe what he tells me, and when he says "from all your idols and from all your filthiness I will cleanse you" I believe it, hallelujah!

Down by the sofa, in one corner of Bro. Hick's parlor, one year ago last February, I was led to "look and live." I am "joined to all the living" to day,

hallelujah forever, again and again! Jesus reigns and I love to have it so. The victory is mine through riches of free grace in Christ Jesus. Glory to the Lamb. I have a free soul in a free body, no chains on either. I was one whom Satan had bound, lo! these many years, but the God of the Bible is my God, and the name of Jesus, has become to me, not "music" only but *life and health and peace*. I am going through with Jesus and the glory in my soul.

Syracuse, N. Y.

TAKE HEED.—On a winter evening when the frost is setting in with glowing intensity, and when the sun is now far past the meridian and gradually sinking in the western sky, there is a double reason why the ground grows every moment harder and more impenetrable to the plough. On the one hand the frost of evening, with ever increasing intensity, is indurating the stiffened clods. On the other hand, the genial rays, which alone can soften them, are every moment withdrawing and losing their enlivening power. Oh take heed that it be not so with you. As long as you are unconverted, you are under double process of hardening. The frosts of an eternal night are settling down upon your souls, and the Sun of righteousness is hastening to set upon you for evermore. If, then, the plough of grace cannot force its way into your ice-bound hearts to-day, what likelihood is there that it will enter in to-morrow?

MANY look to a wrong quarter for sanctification. They take pardon from Christ, then lean on themselves, their promises, &c., for holiness. Ah, no; you must take hold of the hand that was pierced, lean on the arm that was racked, lean on the Beloved coming up from the wilderness. You might as well hold up the sun on its journey, as sanctify yourself. It needs divine power.

Temptations are instructions.

FRUITS OF MY CONVERSION.

BY MRS. L. C. EDELER.

It was genuine. Praise the Lord for that! I was converted to God. I knew what it was to repent and believe; to feel the burden of sin, past sins and present depravity, so that I feared exceedingly, lest I should have my portion in everlasting punishment.—After a season of deep and true repentance, Jesus appeared as my Saviour. The manner of my conversion was simple and clear. I attended the morning service one Sabbath day with my burden weighing heavily upon me, listened eagerly during the sermon to hear what message there was for me, but did not receive any, until, at the close, the minister related an account of a death-bed scene of a devoted Christian, whose friends were referring to his many acts of mercy, but he expressed his consciousness of his utter unworthiness, declaring that he was not accepted because of his good deeds, but he cried "Jesus hath died!" I could not explain how it was, but the instant the words fell upon my ear, brightness and glory instead of darkness and gloom filled my soul, every cloud dispersed, it was like an electric shock to soul and body. I was truly born in that moment into a kingdom of light and glory; the change was so sudden, so wonderful that it left no room for doubt. Jesus himself had broken my fetters. I was a prisoner no longer, but free and saved through the blood. Hallelujah, praise the Lord! And now that Jesus had become my Saviour He also became my guide, and undertook to lead me through this dark world so that I might prove to those around me that I had become a new creature, that old things had passed away.

One of the first external fruits was laying aside gold, and costly apparel; this was not done as a penance, in order to procure salvation, but now I had just set my foot as it were in the beginning of the path, and the Spirit began to teach me what it was to live a Christian life. I

had just been ushered in and now was I really to be a Christian and lay aside every weight or go back and walk in the ways of the world retaining only the profession? I had not read enough in the Bible to know all the commands there given, but the same Spirit that caused them to be written, also wrote them in my heart now that I was truly born of God, and as I advanced in the Divine life I found that the spirit of the Word, and the teachings of the Spirit in my heart agreed. I did lay aside my gold watch, chain, bracelets, rings; I clung for a time to a pair of ear-rings, but yielded them up, rather than grieve the gentle, indwelling Spirit. I wondered much to see a gold bracelet on the wrist of one of the church members, turned the subject over in my mind, and concluded at length that I could not wear it if every one else did, the inward conviction was too strong. Another outward evidence was, I had been in the habit of reading a great deal of light literature, but one day when I opened "Moore's Melodies" and glanced at its pages, it seemed as if I had been brought into contact with something of an impure nature, and I actually recoiled and closed the book hastily, and that, with all novels and trash were forever laid aside, and I never after dared to read anything of an irreligious nature or that was not for the glory of God.

I had been accustomed to taking walks, and visiting, and laughing and trifling on the Sabbath day, but now I was pained at even hearing these sounds, and I became again somewhat puzzled in my mind to know that some Christians (?) read the Sunday papers, and patronized milk carriers, and baker's wagons Sunday morning. If I had followed their example, I should have stumbled and backslidden, but I loved so much to have the blessing of God and the witness of the Spirit that I would not drive it away by committing known and actual sin. One thing distressed me deeply and lay as a burden upon my heart. My husband had failed in business just before I was converted and I tried to persuade him to enter into the

liquor business, as yielding large profits and I was in a hurry to get rich again. Now the Spirit brought this before me and I wept and trembled, and prayed the Lord to save us from so great a sin. I would have preferred living in the most abject poverty and working day and night. Oh, how I saw the sin of such a business! I felt that we never could live religion and undertake it, for how could we live in sin and profess to be followers of Jesus? We were saved from it, for which I praise God. I felt it wrong to drink wine or offer it to others, and here again I was puzzled to see Christian (?) women enticing young men to ruin in this manner, especially on the first day of January, receiving them from house to house, and at each place persuading them to take "just one glass," even if they were inclined to refuse through principle, yet the temptation coming under such a specious form could not be resisted. They seemed to be doing the devil's work under the garb of a profession of religion, working under the direction of the enemy of souls, who delights to get them to help him. But, praise the Lord! he had given me religion enough to shrink from being instrumental in the damnation instead of the salvation of souls, and it needs very little for that; natural human sympathy would almost teach it.

There were many other points upon which light was shed in my mind, that are looked upon as trifles, but not too small for our Heavenly Father, who means that we shall henceforth live not to ourselves but to Him who died for us and rose again. We live no longer to the lusts of the flesh but to the will of God, for the time past sufficed for that while we were in ignorance. It seemed to be wrong to wear long trailing dresses, sweeping up all the dirt of the streets and carrying it with us; or to wear thin, tight shoes, or clothes belted tight around the waist so that I might appear better to worldly eyes. My body was the Lord's and I had no right to misuse it. I was sorry that I had already spent such large sums of money

in purchasing costly apparel, and became careful not to lay out anything in needless expenditure, and felt convicted to wear cotton or woolen gloves instead of kid, for they were cheaper, as well as cooler for summer, and warmer for winter. I could not spend my time in embroidering my under-clothing, or in fancy knitting or crochet, for my time, money, talent all belonged to the Lord. I had been redeemed, I had been bought with a price. I fell into one snare of the adversary shortly after my conversion, in attending a tea-party or sociable held by the church members. All was lightness, trifling and gaiety; the display of dress being equal to that exhibited by those who are sinners out of Zion. There was nothing said about Jesus or salvation, but a great deal about the latest fashions. There was no prayer with the exception of one formal one at the opening, because a sister suggested, "*we will not feel like praying at the close, it would be better to have it now.*" So it was had and done with, as a formal piece of business that must be got through with, and the sooner disposed of the better. The minister made himself especially agreeable to the younger part of the company, laughing and joking with them. In the simplicity of my heart I supposed that this was in order to gain more influence over their minds so as to lead them to Jesus, still I did not feel exactly right, and one of the fruits of the inward work in my own heart since then has been to show me that I must steer clear of everything of the kind. I have concluded that "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord," not the world, although it be done under a very respectable form of religion, and that in order to save souls neither ministers nor members will succeed in their endeavors by gratifying their palates with luxuries, their inbred vanity by foolish compliments or flatteries, or their love of dress by assembling themselves together to outshine one another in extravagance and display. The plain word of

God and the power of the Holy Spirit and the example of a holy life, separate from the world will bring souls to Jesus, nothing else will. I bless God to-day that he undertakes to make *Christians* of us, and that the Spirit's work in the heart leads us in all these little points so that we may in our lives agree with the word in order to be living epistles, and if we obey on all these points as light is given us, we will prove to all around that we are not of the world, for Jesus has called us out of the world, to be a separate, holy people unto Himself. If we turn back at the threshold and refuse to be led, we grieve the Spirit; by refusing to take Jesus as our teacher, our guide, our Lord, we no longer retain Him in any relation. I bless God that to-day I would rather serve the Lord than the world. If I wanted to serve the world I would do it openly, I would be ashamed to live to its fashions, its pleasures, and yet try to protect myself by a mere profession. I would be honest anyhow, and show my true colors. If I did not have religion I would try to have honesty, and come out clear on one side or the other. I would live for Jesus, dress for Jesus, talk for Jesus, love Jesus, or love and live for the world. I would hate to be a poor, miserable kind of a being, filled with unbelief and doubts all the time, and yet not willing to make the sacrifice and come out and be filled with the love of God. Bless the Lord! to-day I joy in God. I feel the blood applied Glory be to Jesus!

LITTLE THINGS.—Mind the little things! A word, a look, a frown, are little things, yet powerful for good or evil. Acts deemed unimportant may be the foundations of inveterate and powerful habits. Great things compel attention, but little matters are too easily overlooked.

THIS life is a middle state; we must soon go higher or lower, where we must spend upon the treasure we here lay up, whether of wrath or glory.

THE MARTYRS.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

[Written after walking over Smithfield.]

Hail! holy martyrs, glorious names,
Who nobly have for Jesus stood,
Rejoiced and clapped you hands in flames,
And dared to seal the truth with blood!

Strong in the Lord, divinely strong;
Fortunes and death ye have defied;
Demons and men, a gazing throng,
Ye braved, and more than conquering died;

Finished your course, fought your fight,
Hence did your mounting souls aspire,
Starting from flesh they took their flight
Borne upward on a car of fire.

Where earth and hell no more molest,
Ye now have joined the heavenly host,
Entered into your Father's rest,
And found the life which here ye lost.

Father, if now thy breath revives
In us the pure, primeval flames,
The power which animates our lives,
Can make us in our deaths the same;

Can out of weakness make us strong,
Arming as in the ancient days,
Loosing the stammering, infant's tongue,
And perfecting in babes thy praise.

Steadfast we then shall stand, and sure
Thy everlasting truth to prove.
In faith's plerphoria secure,
In all the omnipotence of love.

Come holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Father, Son and Spirit come;
Be mindful of thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul thy home!

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
In us thy glorious self reveal;
Let us thy sevenfold gift partake,
Let us thy mighty working feel.

Near us assisting, Jesus, stand,
Give us the open heaven to see,
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to thee.

My Father, O my Father hear,
And send the fiery chariot down,

Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown!

We, we would die for Jesus too!
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood,
All, all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!

LET ME GO.

Let me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest—
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell forever more;
I would join the friends that wait me
Ove on the other shore:—

Chorus—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,
Let me gain the realms of day;
Bear me o'er, on angel pinions
Longs my soul to be away.

Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie!
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.

Let me go, &c.

Let me go where tears and sighing
Are forever more unknown;
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go, I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains:
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

Let me go, &c.

Let me go, there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know;
I am thirsting for the waters
Which from crystal fountains flow;
There is where the angels tarry,
There the saved forever throng,
There the brightness wearies never,
There I'll sing redemption's song.

Let me go, &c.

Study the nature of God.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN AND GOLDEN RULE.

ROCHESTER, DECEMBER, 1864.

HOW TO PROMOTE A REVIVAL.

It is now over sixteen years since we entered upon the work of the ministry. We have had appointments of every kind! We have been in the country and in the city. We have been sent where they wanted us, and where they did not want us. We have been stationed where the people were, in advance, prejudiced in our favor, and where they were exceedingly prejudiced against us. But we can say, to the praise of God's grace, that we never labored for any length of time in any place without having a revival of the work of God. This is not owing to our abilities as a preacher, for they are very moderate indeed. We have often felt that we could not preach. But God has called us to this work and God never calls one to the ministry, who is not capable of becoming, by his assistance, a revivalist. It does not require great preaching talents to lead souls to the cross. God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. The cure of souls is as much the work of the minister as the cure of the body is of the physician. A minister has no right to fail of success. If none are saved through his instrumentality the responsibility rests upon him. He may have a revival if he will. Would you have one? You may.

I. Have a revival in your own soul. You do not live so near God that a special baptism of the Spirit is not needed. You may not be as well off as you think for. It would be marvelous if you were. Self-deception is easy. We are liable to grieve the Spirit of God by little things. You may keep yourself fully consecrated to God, and intend to do His will and yet yield to temptation more or less. This was the case with David. In the main his life was devoted to the service of God. Yet the Psalms are full of penitent confessions. Break down before the Lord. Humble yourself in your closet before Him until He visits you with fresh tokens of his love.

1. In particular ask Him to give you a special love for souls. Without this you can do nothing. Your patience will not hold out. What could a mother do in taking care of her children without love for them? To get men saved you will have to tell them unpalatable truths. If you do it in a pompous, self-righteous, or in a scolding spirit, it will do no good. They will be repulsed. But if you show them their sins in a spirit of tenderness and of deep concern for their welfare, they will receive the truths you utter though they cut them to the quick. Unless you have a sincere, deep love for souls, a love of popularity will insinuate itself in your heart and you will be looking for an extensive, rather than a thorough work of grace. You will heal slightly. The conversions will be superficial, and in a few months backsliders will be as numerous almost as converts were in the time of the revival.

2. *Get Spiritual discernment.* A light blow well aimed will do more execution than a heavy one misdirected. A buckshot hitting in the heart will kill, when a cannon ball fired over the head is harmless. A laborer for souls without spiritual discernment is like an apothecary who deals out his medicine indiscriminately. He is quite as apt to kill as cure. He relies upon representations or depends upon his own impressions, and these often mislead. He not unfrequently mistakes nature for grace. He judges of one's spiritual condition by the attentions he shows him or the indorsement which he gives to his own views and labors. He will countenance in one of high social standing what he will condemn as fanaticism in a brother of low degree.—With spiritual discernment one runs not as uncertainly; he fights not as one who beats the air. He knows where he strikes and every blow tells. If the work does not go he sees the reasons and applies the remedy. He can help struggling souls into the kingdom. He does not take it for granted that one is right because he says he is. He probes to the bottom and a wound healed under his ministrations does not open again. When he goes he leaves footsteps behind him—not in the sand but in the solid granite of

the soul. You can track him by the uncompromising Christians he leaves behind him.

If you want to have this spiritual discernment you must come to God first. The things of God knoweth no man but by the Spirit of God. No length of experience in revival efforts can answer as a substitute for this special endowment of spiritual light. It is painful to see the blindness of some who have labored long and successfully in the Lord's vineyard. In some way they have lost the Spirit and they rely upon their great experience. They talk like oracles when they are as blind as bats. Do not, then, think of laboring in a revival without spiritual discernment. Get the Heavenly Physician to anoint your eyes with eye-salve that you may see.

3. Be endowed with power from on high. Suppose you had it once. You never had all that was for you. And it is highly probable that you have lost a measure at least of what you once had. There is scarcely one in a thousand that keeps it right along without losing it in any degree. Let the word of God be as a fire shut up within your bones. Be filled with the Spirit. Your words may be right but unless divine unction attend them, nothing will be accomplished by their instrumentality. What can the ponderous wheel do in moving machinery unless it is itself moved by some foreign power? So logical sermons or sound exhortations have no power to move souls to the cross unless the person delivering them is himself imbued with the energy of the Holy Ghost. Do not imagine you have it when you are destitute of it. Many mistake here. They think they have spiritual power when they are in reality without it. They make efforts to do good, but generally fail and always find some one to lay the blame to. They think that, but for this or that difficulty they would have seen wonders accomplished. They forget that it is the province of spiritual power to remove difficulties. A train will run down an inclined plane of itself, but it requires power to take it up an ascending grade. One who has a proper degree of spiritual power can promote revivals, by the blessing of God, in spite of obstacles.

II. Secure a revival in the church.

In this world of temptation and sin the

natural tendency is to backslide. This is the case even where souls are truly converted to God. But where they have been encouraged to believe in Christ—without having passed through the strait gate—where presumption has taken the place of faith, unless professors can be brought to repentance, the conversion of sinners had better not be attempted. They will, in all probability be converted to the prevailing standard of piety, and in most churches of the present day this is ruinously low. A very little of the form of godliness takes the place of the power. The love of the world prevails. In order to have a genuine revival of God's work it is not necessary that all, or even a majority of the church members should be brought into the enjoyment of saving grace. But there should be enough truly saved to raise the Bible standard—to show by living examples what it is to be a Christian in the New Testament sense. After you get right yourself, commence then, by preaching to the church. Hold up the picture of a disciple of Christ as drawn by the pen of inspiration. Strike out boldly for God, and hit the prevalent sins with the hammer of his word. Do not be moved by flatteries nor intimidated by threats. Persevere until some are brought out into the full light of justifying and sanctifying grace, and their example and their testimony will bring others under conviction. When to professing Christians the joys of salvation are restored, sinners will be converted to God. When conviction seems to lessen, go in for another breaking down in your own heart and in the church. Then you will see the work break out afresh.

CONFESSING SIN.

Nothing humbles us like confessing our sins. It brings pride down in the dust and prepares us to receive the blessing of the Lord. For *If we confess our actual sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and if we confess our inbred sins, He is faithful and just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.* If you have been unsuccessfully seeking holiness, by consecrating yourself to the Lord and endeavoring to make yourself believe that you were accepted, try the Bible method of confession, Go into your

closet and tell the Lord how formal and selfish and lukewarm you have been. Break down before Him. Ask Him to show you if you have any confessions to make to your fellow men. Have you indulged in hard feelings towards any one? Have you wronged them in property or in reputation? Have you privily slandered your neighbor? Be honest with yourself. You are doing work for eternity. In all probability God will show you if you are willing to go to the bottom, that you need *pardon* as well as *purity*. Do not draw back. Be thorough. Begin, if need be, at the beginning. Let your own righteousness go. You have been building on that too long already. Let it go, and by repentance, confession and restitution get to Christ.

When your conduct towards others has been wrong, it is not enough to amend it—you must confess to those whom you have injured the wrong you have done to them. A wholesale, public confession will not take the place of specific acknowledgements to individuals. This is our Saviour's direction: *If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first, be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

POPEERY.

The progress of Popery in this country is truly alarming. We can remember when a Roman Catholic—a man who did not eat meat on Friday—was a curiosity. Now Romanism bids fair to be the dominant religion of the country. The titles assumed by their ecclesiastics is significant. Their bishops are styled bishops of the country, and not of the Roman Catholics in it. New York contains some Protestants, but the representative of the Pope calls himself *the bishop of New York*, as though his jurisdiction extended over all its inhabitants. They are not only rapidly increasing in numbers, but their church property is accumulating faster than that of any other denomination. The largest and finest churches in Buffalo belong to them, and notwithstanding the heavy expense of building at the present time, another large edifice is

in process of construction. In Philadelphia a cathedral was consecrated last month, which was eighteen years in building, and cost about half a million of dollars. It is the largest church edifice in the United States. More than seven hundred priests participated in the ceremonies and eight thousand people were in attendance.

But the power to which Romanism has already attained is strikingly seen by the special favors shown to its ministers by the Government. When Archbishop Hughes—the man who drove the Bible from the public schools—died, the Legislature of New York conferred honors upon his memory which they have never shown to any Protestant Divine, however great his talents or exalted his services. Since our civil war began many Protestant ministers have been drafted into the army. Some of them were in poor circumstances, with dependent families; whom it was difficult to leave; and congregations to serve that could ill spare them. Those drafted were compelled to go or procure a substitute. In one case that we know of a substitute was refused. The Rev. Thomas S. La Due, of the Illinois Conference of the Free Methodist Church, was drafted under the recent call. As he had a family that needed his care, his brother, a single man, offered to go in his place. *The offer was refused*, and Rev. Mr. La Due had to take his place in the ranks.

How has it been in regard to Roman Catholic Priests? In September last two Catholic priests were drafted in Bardstown, Kentucky. The Secretary of War ordered that they be not called on to report for service. A number of priests at St. Louis were drafted, all single men, as Catholic Priests always are. Application was made to the War Department, and they, too, were promptly exempted. What right has the Government to manifest such partiality? Is it to be understood that Romanism is to be thus specially favored by our authorities? The political dominion of the Priesthood in the Old World was gained by slow degrees. Is it to be so in this country? Are our religious and civil liberties to be at the mercy of the Romish hierarchy? It is time for the people to wake up to this subject

As a specimen of the claims already put forth by Romanists in this country, we give an extract from "The Universe," of Philadelphia, "the oldest Catholic paper in the United States":

"The pope is the prince of Christendom. He is the Vicar of Christ. All, therefore, that have the true faith, are under his jurisdiction. He is the universal shepherd. To deny this would be heresy. It would be the contradiction of existing visible fact. Where there is the right of Jurisdiction or authority, there is the duty of obedience and loyalty; and where this duty is found, the right to protection is found along with it. The Holy Father, therefore, owes the protection of his sublime office to every member of his flock. This spirit has always animated the Sovereign Pontiffs. They have never lost sight of it. It will distinguish them forever. The allocution against the religious and political tyranny of Russia on Poland, was inspired by it. Rome has always preserved the deposit of faith, and always protected it and its children to the best of its ability.

"What can be objected against this? All infidelity, all atheism, all protestantism, and all Judaism, cry out against it with one common voice. But because they are false they have no justice in their protests and it would be a waste of time to consider what they demur."

The pope the prince of Christendom! Is not that a bold claim to be put forth in the nineteenth century? Infidelity, Atheism and Protestantism are ranked together! and "because they are false" their protests must not even be considered!

FREE CHURCH IN BUFFALO.

This church is entirely paid for. The claims upon it have been cancelled and it is now free from debt.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! We feel abundantly repaid for all it has cost us, by the triumphant deaths of those who, saved through its instrumentality, have already passed over to the Land of Rest. But we are satisfied that this church has but just entered upon its career of prosperity. It is well-filled with an attentive, serious congregation, and souls are being saved. May thousands there be born into the kingdom of God!

We assure our friends who have in their possession any of the Lord's money, that they cannot appropriate it to better advan-

tage than to help pay for these free churches in which the poor may have the Gospel preached to them. Bro. Thurston lays before you the claims of Syracuse. We trust that the debt on that church will very soon be met. We must also have a Free church in St. Louis, New York and Rochester. There are thousands in these cities without the means of grace. Who will be faithful in the unrighteous mammon?

"I AM DRUNK."

A few days since, as we were riding on the cars, our attention was directed to a fine-looking young man who was noisy, boisterous and profane. Presently he laid aside his overcoat and displayed a military dress, with shoulder straps on his coat. He stood in the forward end of the car, and made a speech apologizing for his rude conduct. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have been in the army since May, 1861. I have been home on a furlough, and am now on my way to join the army. I have just taken a long, final farewell of my friends. I drank at parting, a social glass with them, and now am drunk. That's what's the matter. I am going to fall under Grant before Petersburg."

He sat down. Our heart was drawn out towards him. Presently, he took a seat immediately in front of us. He soon uttered an oath. We turned to him and kindly asked him if he could not refrain from swearing. "Do you not know that it is wrong?" "O, yes," said he, "but I have been drinking. I am not in the habit of drinking, but when I was about to leave, my friends asked me to take a parting glass. I told them I did not drink, but to be social, I took a glass, and then another, and then a third. This has intoxicated me. When I joined the army I belonged to the Church and suppose my name stands among its members yet."

We pleaded with him to repent and come back to Christ. The Spirit of the Lord, we trust, found way to his heart. He wept and sobbed and promised to forsake his sins and become a bold soldier of the cross. We gave him a copy of the book of Proverbs which we had in our pocket. At parting, he gave us his address and promised to

write us when he rejoined his regiment.

The history of this young officer, is alas, the history of too many. Led on by false friends, they take the maddening cup to their lips, acquire a taste for the accursed beverage, and fill, perhaps, at last a drunkard's grave. Fellow Christians, are you doing all you can for the salvation of the noble youth of our army? Do you pray for them, send religious reading to them, and urge upon those of your acquaintance the necessity of a personal interest in Christ?

MINISTER TO JESUS?

Yes, you can, when you please—as often as you please. Holy women ministered to the wants of Jesus personally. See Mathew xxvii. 55, 56. We can do the same now. They, doubtless, deemed it a great privilege, to provide for His comfort. Martha and Mary, the sisters of Lazarus, received the blessed Saviour, joyfully, and welcomed Him to their humble abode. The distant approach of Jesus to their lowly dwelling was hailed with gladness of heart. To minister to such a guest, was an unspeakable privilege. Reader, do you desire this blessedness? Do you wish to entertain your Lord, who came to seek and to save that which was lost; who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is? You can, if you will. "The poor ye have always with you; and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." In ministering to the poor, you minister to Jesus, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matth. x. 42. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the Saints, and do minister." Heb. vi. 10. What saith Jesus to those on his right hand, in Math. xv. 34, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; wherefore?"

"I was hungry, and ye gave me meat;
I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;
I was a stranger, and ye took me in;
I was naked, and ye clothed me;

I was sick, and ye visited me;

"I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"Be thine the joy that angels know,

Who visit oft the abodes of pain,

With interest list to tales of woe,

And bid the dying live again." N.

"THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN BAND."

This is the title given to an organization in the 18th Illinois Regiment. One year ago to-day, a few of us (11 in number) collected together in the woods back of the city, and adopted a series of resolutions for the government of this organization, resolved no longer to wait on *Chaplains*, but unfurl the *banner of the cross*, and hold it up, or *FALL WITH IT!* There were no official members amongst us, but one licensed Exhorter. A big undertaking this for a few weak followers of Christ! Prior to this there had never been a prayer meeting held inside the camp! But we erected a Chapel and commenced a series of prayer meetings, independent of those who held *commissions as Chaplains*. A revival of religion broke out at once—sinners were convicted—mourners converted, and believers sanctified. The mighty revival fire run and spread through all the camp. Other branches of the "E. C. B." were soon organized in other regiments, and the work spread until about two hundred souls were converted, and eighteen professed *sanctification*. To-day, six out of the eleven who organized the "E. C. B." one year ago, are standing on the walls of Zion, with the emblazoned banner of the cross unfurled, crying to a perishing world, "Rally to the standard of the Cross"—not only licensed from the Church, but *commissioned from the Eternal Throne, to preach the Gospel of the Son of God!* Has he not chosen the weak things to confound the mighty?

J. W.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 3d, 1864.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every

had there might be worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised!" he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the way to live. Take a cheerful view of things. Matters are never so bad but that they might be worse. *Do you love God? Then all things shall work together for your good.* Cordially believe it and the burden of life is gone. Affliction is robbed of its sting.

CONGREGATIONAL LAY PREACHERS.

At the sessions of the General Association of California, held last month at Oakland, on motion of Rev. Dr. Dwinell, a vote was passed recommending, in view of the small number of the educated ministry in that state, that laymen be encouraged to enter upon the work of preaching where it cannot be enjoyed otherwise, they being licensed for this by the churches to which they may respectively belong.

SYRACUSE FREE METHODIST CHURCH.

It is a matter for devout thanksgiving and praise to God that in our cities and larger towns there are being erected plain Churches with free seats where the poor can have the Gospel preached to them. Such a church has been secured in this city, and God is evidently well pleased with the enterprise, for within its walls precious souls have been converted. But we are in debt and need help, and in Jesus name ask it of God's people and all friendly to his cause. Below is a statement of our condition financially:

Cost of lot and edifice,	\$1400 00
Repairs, &c.	1005 98
Interest,	54 84

Whole amount, \$2460 82

ASSETS.

Cash subscriptions,	\$1064 68
Subscriptions now due,	216 00

Whole amount, \$1280 68

Amount now due, \$1180 14

Most of our people here are poor and have done all they are able. A few will increase their subscriptions. Now kind friends, you have lifted the burden from the church

at Buffalo; help remove this and we will be ready for a new job and other blessings. Subscriptions may be sent to Rev. B. T. Roberts, Rochester, or to me at Syracuse.

D. W. THURSTON.

DEDICATION.

The Free Methodist Church at UTICA, N. Y., will Providence permitting, be dedicated to the worship of God on Thursday, December 22d. It is expected that the Rev. D. W. Thurston and the Rev. B. T. Roberts will preach on the occasion. Friends from abroad are invited to attend.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number closes the eighth volume of "THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN." Owing to high prices, and our determination to keep it up without reducing the size or furnishing a poorer quality of paper, we have had to bestow upon it an amount of personal labor that has taxed us severely. But it has been a labor of love. We have had so many evidences of the blessing of God attending these pages, that we could but feel encouraged to spare no pains to make each number as useful as possible.

We yield to the request of many of our subscribers and shall furnish with the next number a steel-plate engraving of the editor. We hope to make the next year not only an improvement in the mechanical appearance of our Magazine, but to have it excel the previous volumes in the excellency of the matter with which it is filled.

We trust that each of you whose subscription expires with the present number, will promptly send on the subscription price for another year. And not only renew for yourself, but act as voluntary agent and induce your neighbors to subscribe. Perhaps you have some friend in the army or elsewhere, to whom you would like to make a valuable New Year's present. Order the "Earnest Christian" for them another year, and send with the order the subscription price, with their address. We now publish 4,500 copies, and we want your help to raise it to 8,000 for another year.

Unless we hear from you to the contrary, we shall take it for granted that you intend

to renew. So if you must discontinue, please inform us at once. The terms will remain as before, \$1.25 per annum. Address Rev. B. T. Roberts, box 894, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LOVE FEAST.

CHARLES W. BISHOP.—I can testify that through the blood of Jesus I am cleansed from all unrighteousness, and I praise the Lord for it. I was converted in July at the family altar, and was sanctified at the Garden Prairie camp-meeting, and I praise the Lord for the evidence I received of God's truth. I want my acquaintances to know that I love the glorious way. O the way is delightful. I am content to labor in the service of the Lord, if He wills it, a thousand years. Glory be to God forever! I feel the glory in my soul. I feel ever grateful to my God for pulling me out of the mire.

Near Union, Ill.

MRS. SARAH M. JUSTICE.—This has been a good day to my soul. I am the Lord's free child. Glory be to Jesus! He saves me to the uttermost. Bless the Lord! I am so glad that I do know that there is power in Jesus' blood to save and keep us saved. Through the blood of the Lamb I have the blessed assurance that my ways please the Lord. I am going through with Jesus. Hallelujah!

C. A. NORTH.—I can say for one in your Love Feast, that it is one of the principal elements to produce a perfect feast of love the whole year around, to supply the poor and destitute with good, plain wholesome reading, which forms good spiritual food. This is now my calling, and my all absorbing topic is how I can make others happy. I do wish I was able to have twenty numbers of the Earnest Christian to distribute. I do bless God that ever since the Brockport Camp-meeting of 1863, I have abided in Jesus, and I stay in Him by the enjoyment of a home religion, which is the very best of all. This gives solid satisfaction in our own house.

Wyoming, N. Y.

MRS. ELIZABETH EVANS.—Jesus saves me to-day, bless his name! For the past five

months, I have been permitted, in the infinite love of God, to enjoy the rest of faith and the constant cleansing of the blood of Jesus. O, hallelujah! I love this pure religion that saves so completely, and I have it in my soul. Glory to God! I do praise the Lord that there is as much power in the blood of Jesus in the year 1864 as there was in the days of our fathers, and I know that it cleanses my heart from all sin, and the life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God.

Binghamton, N. Y.

DYING TESTIMONY.—**ELLA A. HOLLIDAY**, daughter of Rev. A. L. and Laura Holliday, died of Diphtheria, Columbus, N. Y., November 10th 1864, Aged 10 years.

Little Ella was a true pilgrim, she was converted to God the first of last January, at her parent's family altar. We had the pleasure of being with them at the time. We were praying with them. Ella was on her knees; soon her little heart was melted under the strivings of the Spirit. She cried aloud for mercy. Jesus soon heard her cry and came to her relief. Her soul was filled with praises to the Lord. We all felt the shock of power and gave God the Glory. From that moment Ella has lived her religion. Although so young she has always borne her testimony for Jesus in the house of God. She was regular to pray at the family altar, and never refused to pray any where, and God always blessed her. A short time before her death, we heard her speak in a public meeting, when the Spirit fell on her mightily; she praised God with a pure heart. She was remarkable for her firmness and undaunted fidelity to the cause of God and willingness to be called a Christian, a despised pilgrim. She was meek and lowly, and when she came to die, her Jesus was with her; she knew it and called her parents up, gave them a kiss, bid them good-bye; then she began to praise God aloud, and kept it up to the last moment. "Praise the Lord!" was the last word, and she fell asleep in Jesus.

J. OLNEY.

JOSHUA POST.—I want more grace, I want more of the love of God shed abroad in my heart. When I look at the past and see how I have lived it makes me sad, but

when I look in the future, thinking of God, eternity, heaven and glory, it makes my heart leap for joy. I trust heaven is my home. Glory be to God! how the Lord feeds my soul. How he blesses and saves me. O this is a refreshing time! the windows of heaven are opened and the Lord is pouring down blessings upon me. I thank God and take courage and press my way onward to the city of God.

Lockport, N. Y.

REV. J. H. MCGILVERA.—I am true to Christ and he holds me in his hands all the time. He moulds me and fashions me to make my moral nature conform to his moral nature. Bless his name! O how blessed to realise that the everlasting arms of Jehovah are around us all the time. All glory to Christ. I am doing the *whole will* of God and am thus committed all the way through.

REV. H. T. BESSE.—Let me express my gratitude to God, and thankfulness to you for the benefit which I have received, and the cause of Christ through me, as far as it is possible for him to use so humble an instrument, in perusing the "Earnest Christian." I rejoice to know that God is raising up a people whose motto is "Holiness to the Lord." Dear Bro. Roberts, my heart is with you in this work. I am all upon the altar, which is Christ, and the altar doth sanctify the gift. O, how his love fills my soul; my every power is devoted to Christ—to save poor sinners and spread scripture holiness over these lands. We as a people are coming up on this question, but very slowly however. Here I wish to confess that my efforts in the past, too much of the time have been halfhearted, but God has pardoned, purified, and now fills my poor heart. Bless his precious name!

MRS. B. SIMMONS.—Glory to Jesus for a free salvation. I know that Jesus saves me now. O, I would tell to all the world his wondrous power to save. The enemy has tried very hard of late, to discourage me, but, Glory be to God! I am more than conqueror through Jesus' blood. I expect by his grace to meet all his faithful followers, where we shall see him as he is, and cast

our crowns at his feet, lost in wonder, love and praise.

Union, N. Y.

FROM THE ARMY.—B. F. SMITH.

Glory to God in the highest for a full salvation! Though surrounded with all the desolating scenes of war and bloodshed, and ever ready to be sacrificed for my country, yet my peace floweth like a river. My soul is on the wing. My pathway is bright, my sky is clear; and though at times I am hindered by Satan from running as fast as I could desire, yet blessed be God! I soon put him to flight with my sword, "The word of God." I live every day with all that I have and am consecrated to God, having my will entirely swallowed up in the will of the dear Redeemer. My soul's delight is in the "law of the Lord." Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! He hath drawn me out of many waters and placed my feet upon a rock. All that is within me praise his Holy name!

Little Rock, Ark.

MRS. MARY ANN BLACK.—I praise God for full salvation—a complete Saviour—one who is able to save to the uttermost all that come to him. I feel that I am saved from all sin, but I pant to be more deeply rooted and grounded in the love of God. I want a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost. I praise God for the Earnest Christian. I value it next to my Bible and hymn book.

REV. WM. COOLEY.—Bro. Roberts: I bless the Lord for saving grace—for a free and full salvation, which sustains and comforts my soul under every trial in life. The Lord gives me peace, and often joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. Praise Him forever for his goodness and mercy unto us.

A. S. WARNER.—I want to give my testimony with the rest in favor of free and full salvation. The blood of Jesus saved me hourly from every stain of sin. Hallelujah to Jesus for ever.

Burlington, Vt.

"THEN they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

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Yours affectionately
B. J. Roberts