

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

MARCH, 1865.

CONFESSION, FORGIVENESS.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

"Joseph wept when they spake unto him."—
Gen. 1, 17.

You remember the history of Joseph and his brethren. When Joseph was a lad, and his brethren were busy with the flocks out on the hills and plains, he was much at home with his father Jacob, with whom, from this reason perhaps, and because he was the child of his old age, he was a favorite. Jacob manifested his partiality for Joseph by giving him a coat of many colors—a foolish act one would think; but good and wise men sometimes do foolish things. This excited the jealousy of the other sons, and their hatred of Joseph seemed to have been about in the measure of their father's love. Joseph's two dreams, in which his superiority was foreshadowed, excited them still more, so that they resolved to kill him; but finally sold him into slavery, which is worse than death, as it destroys one's manhood, and yet leaves him mind to know that he is not a man. The rest of the history you know—how God made Joseph great in Egypt, and Jacob and his other sons hungry in Canaan, and compelled them to go down to Egypt, where Joseph fed them with his own hand. You know Joseph, with tears in his eyes, forgave his brothers the wrong they had done him, and that Jacob and his family dwelt many years there under Joseph's fostering care. Their sheaves bowed to Joseph's at last. But now there came a trying time in the history of the sons of the

patriarch Jacob whose years had run on well toward a century and a half, who died there in Egypt. You remember his death scene? There is scarcely any thing like it in all history. He who had wrestled with the Angel of God the whole night and gained the victory at the breaking of day, was about to succumb to the sway of the Angel of death. And one said to Joseph, "thy father is sick!" Joseph knew what that meant, and taking his two sons, went to his father. When Jacob knew that his son was coming, he "strengthened himself in his bed" and sat up to receive him. The tenderness of that meeting we may never know. When the tenderer embraces were over, Jacob, though his eyes were dim, saw the forms of Joseph's sons, and said "who are these?" "They are my sons whom God hath given me in this place." Then said Jacob, "Bring them, I pray thee, unto me and I will bless them." And then the old man said, "Joseph, I had not thought to see thy face, and lo! God hath shown me, also thy seed." O how good had God been to him! The old Patriarch once said concerning these providences which deprived him of his Joseph, "These things are against me." But Joseph had been for years as his daily bread, and here were his sons before him too.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Then called they the eleven, and the whole twelve stood around the bed of the dying Patriarch, while he, with

prophetic vision, read to them a few pages of the future, carrying them on to the time when "Shiloh" should come. Then he laid himself down and died. How many angels were around the couch of the dying patriarch, I cannot tell. They had met him at more than one time in his life, and talked with him for his encouragement. God had met him too, and allowed him to talk with him face to face; and do you imagine that he was left alone in the hour of death? No! not forsaken then. When he was dead, "Joseph fell upon his father's face and wept upon him and kissed him." Poor Joseph, well might he weep, though the second ruler in Egypt. He had lost what many a one never possessed—a wise, a religious, an affectionate father—well might he weep.

After embalming him and mourning for him many days, they, in solemn procession, bore his dear body up to the land of Canaan to bury him in the family vault. Did you ever, after years of absence from your native village or town, go back to follow a relative to the old family burial place, in which two or three generations of your family were sleeping? A sad visit to a solemn place! They took Jacob's body to Macpelah, that Abraham bought of the sons of Heth, and there near the dust of Abraham and of Sarah, just by the side of his father Isaac, and his fond mother Rebecca, and close to the spot on which reposed the mouldering form of the tender-eyed Leah, they laid Jacob to rest from life's weary journey, until the Archangel should wake him in the early light of the resurrection morn. Then they returned to Egypt, but who will tell me what were the feelings of the twelve sons of Jacob on their return? True they were strong men, and some of them somewhat advanced in life and had families of their own. But their father was not there—that father who had been their counsellor, their guide, almost as God to them—he was gone. You may remember when you came back from the burial of your father; you hardly knew what to do—you felt des-

olate—you said "I am alone." How much more did this feeling enter into the hearts of the sons of Jacob, who had been leaning on, and confiding in their father so long. About ten of them were especially troubled, and the 15th verse of this chapter show us why. "And when Joseph's brethren saw that their father was dead, they said, Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite all the evil which we did unto him." Ah! that wrong that they did to Joseph so many years ago! How it had worried them, and how it continued to worry them!

Don't wrong your brethren—wrongs suffered from others are not much, but the burning, tormenting memory of a wrong done another will go with you through life. Who can tell the months, the years of anguish endured by those men because of the wrong they did their brother Joseph? When they brought his many-colored coat stained with blood to Jacob, and saw his tears and heard his lamentations, did not their consciences exact a heavy penalty for the wrong? When they went down into Egypt to buy corn and found themselves treated roughly did not their sense of guilt prompt them to confess one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw his anguish of soul when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us." True Joseph did, when he made himself known unto them, with his arms about their necks and tears falling from his eyes and mingling with theirs, forgive them; but when the vase of friendship is once broken, it is hard to cement it so that the seams and cracks will never show. The guilty brothers had nearly shivered that vase, and though the fragments had been put together, and Joseph had shed tears of forgiveness upon them, and they tears of contrition, and the father tears of love and grief because of the estrangement between his sons, as so much cement, yet these guilty ones fancied they could see the cracks and openings in the vase, and feared that some new jar of passion would shake it to pieces again. And

it appears that just before their father's death they had spoken to him about this very matter, telling him that they feared Joseph, because of the wrong they had done him, would turn against them; and Jacob had left a message with them for Joseph, to be delivered after his death, in which he besought Joseph to treat his once erring, but now repentant brethren kindly. O the memory of that wrong! How many years had it stung them. A little girl was lying on a bed, burning with a fever. Her brother sat by, busy with his knife, making a little wagon, or something of the kind. "Give me a drink of water, Buddie," at length asked the suffering girl. "Wait awhile, I haven't time now;" answered the thoughtless brother. She was silent, but the febrile fire burnt along her veins, and again with feeble voice she cried, "Do, Buddie, give me a drink." He hastily brought the glass, but the water was not fresh, and she said, "Get me some cool water, Buddie." "Oh you must not be so particular—I hain't time now, drink this." She drank it without another word. But the brother's hand was never called upon again to minister to his sister's wants, for in a few hours she was drinking water from the river of God, in the land of rest. But the little brother! who can tell what he suffered as he looked at the form of his dead sister, and thought that he had refused her a glass of cool water in her dying agony? And as he grew up to manhood and passed along through life, the burning memory of that act gave him many a tormented hour. Don't wrong your brother in the flesh, don't wrong your brother in the Lord. Your brother may suffer by it, but you will suffer more. There are men and women in the church now, who are silent, dumb, cowardly, because they know that there is one here, and another there, that can say "you wronged me!" When those men came back from their father's burial, and realized that he no longer stood between them and Joseph, they sent their father's message to Joseph, which reads in this way: "Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren,

and their sin, for they did unto thee evil." And then they themselves came, fell down before him, and in substance repeated the same prayer, saying, "Behold, we be thy servants." And reader, if you have done wrong to anyone, you owe to him and your own soul, confession of the wrong. If you have done wrong to the church, you owe to it a humble confession. You owe to God humble and frequent confession for the wrongs done him in so many ways. And when you come to confess the wrongs done your brethren, confess the wrongs *you* have done. Don't confess for any one else. If these men when they came to confess had said, "We did wrong, but you Joseph, were indiscreet, etc.;" mixing with their confession allusion to his errors, they would have vitiated the excellence of their confession. Confess the wrongs you have done. And if you have a difficulty with a brother, and are uncertain whether you have done him any wrong or not, you had still better go to him and say, "*If I have done you any wrong, I am sorry.*"

Confession is a means of grace not much used now, I fear. This is one reason why some cannot get the blessing they desire. They have wronged their brother, but will not acknowledge it in their own hearts before God, and much less to the injured party. The priests of Baal cutting themselves on Carmel, and crying to their dumb god, will get an answer to prayer, just as soon as those who have upon their souls the burden of unconfessed wrongs done to their brethren. The spirit with which Joseph received the confessions of his brethren, is well worthy of our attention. Suppose some one come to you confessing, and you in your heart say, "I—I thought you would have to come to that—I thought so;" rather glorying in it. I tell you I would not give much for your Christian spirit. When Joseph's brethren came to him confessing he "wept," O the beauty of that scene! The men who had done their brother a wrong long years ago, confessing that wrong, and that injured brother weeping, not at what he had

suffered, but in sympathy with his humbled brethren who were confessing their evil deed. Why has not some painter depicted this scene upon canvass to charm the eye forever! But it does live, lives here on the imperishable pages of God's word, and shall live forever. Hear Joseph's answer: "Fear not, am I in the place of God?" which was as much as to say—"I must not take vengeance; in so doing I would usurp the place of God, for vengeance belongs to him." And when you go pouting around in a revengeful spirit, over injuries received from others, you are usurping the place and office of God.

But when one comes to confess, be sure to be in such a state of grace that you can, at least give him a smile, with the word of forgiveness, but it will be better if you can give a *tear*, for "Joseph wept," and said "Fear ye not; I will nourish you and your little ones; and he comforted them and spake kindly to them." Heaping coals of fire upon them—coals from the fire of love. And thus the reign of love and harmony was ingrafted among the sons of Jacob, which so far as we know, was nearly broken. And this was not only *right*, but *wise*, for they had, and would have enemies enough without being enemies to each other. They were in a strange land whose inhabitants soon were to be their enemies. It was well for the brethren to draw closely together in the embraces of brotherly friendship. And what folly for you to be at enmity, and wrong each other. Is it not enough that the devil, who meets you at every step and turn in life, tempts and tries you? Must you also worry and annoy each other? Will you be bushwhackers for the devil in carrying on his guerrilla operations against the human race? And yet how many do this very thing? How many called Methodists tear and wound the souls of their brethren? How many instead of becoming themselves "peace-makers," hinder those who are trying to fill that heavenly mission. Here are A, B, and C. A. and B. have a long standing, a chronic disagreement. B. thinks A. has injured

him, A. also feels aggrieved. I as a peace-maker—for such I should be—try to soften both down and bring them together. But just about the time I think they are getting nicely reconciled, along comes C. to B. and says in a very solemn manner. "Did you know that A. says so-and-so about you? isn't that mean?" How the fire burns again, and I am about ready to wish that C. had a sore foot and a blistered tongue, so that the difficulty between A. and B. might heal. But I will not wish that, only this, that C. may have his heart *filled* with love that he may be a peace-maker too.

How promotive of happiness is brotherly love! another reason why reconciliation is wise. I think that when Joseph's brethren found that he had really forgiven them, that there was no seam in their friendship; a burden rolled from their hearts. Did you have a little misunderstanding with a brother, which was finally so perfectly adjusted that unsullied friendship was restored between you again? That was a happy hour, was it not? And is not that a happy church in which every misunderstanding has been removed by confession and forgiveness? And how much greater is success in the affairs of life, where reconciliation has been effected, and harmony exists? Could Joseph and his brethren have succeeded well if they had kept on worrying each other? And why is it that many churches drag on from year to year without the conversion of souls, or the sanctification of believers? Why is it that many are literally dying, dwindling to nothing? In many of them, it is because there are in them proud-hearted, carnally-minded members, who have differences among them about a dollar, or a cent, or an infinitesimal point in etiquette, which they will not reconcile. Stand on their dignity (oh what dignity!) if they kill the church. Nourish their pride if the whole church and community go to perdition for it. But let perfect love melt away these differences—no, not perfect love, let the *feeblest breath of grace*—for that is enough—melt away these differences and disturbances, and the work of con-

version and sanctification will sweep on like the inevitable wind. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

BY G. S. FORBES.

1. SCRIPTURAL illumination is a source of joy to Christians. Let them for a long time rest under the cloud of temptation, then let the sun of righteousness dispel the gloom, and what rapture fills the soul. Take an individual that has enjoyed light and liberty; confine him for years in some dark dungeon, then bring him forth to enjoy the beauties of summer—how happiness fills his heart. So with those that have been brought forth from the prison-house of sin. When their dungeon flames with light, their joy is often inexpressible.

2. The evidence of forgiveness is a source of joy. Take one who has been powerfully convicted. He sees his sins roll up mountain high before him. They are numberless. He has sorrows within, and troubles without, and they almost crush him. But by faith he is enabled to look to the Saviour and claim him as his present help and deliverer. His burden rolls off, he sees a smiling Saviour, while joy and peace like a river come pouring into his soul. He can say like one of old, "*my cup runneth over.*"

3. The entire sanctification of the soul is a source of great joy. There are thousands of professors who live by the great ocean of enjoyment and yet have never drunk from the fountain of Gospel fullness. The joy originating from this source is not like the little rill that soon dries up, but it is like the ever flowing river, that runs deep and full. This joy enables the soul to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything giving thanks, and to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations."

"The Christian's joy! a constant light,
Forever present, ever bright,
Calm sunshine of the soul.
No cloud obscures its radiant beams,
No pressing doubt, no painful dream
Its influence can control.

4. A constant union with Christ is a source of enjoyment. From him we draw life, health, strength, nourishment, and all our comforts. He is the only fountain of true happiness, and as long as we abide in him, he communicates to us all these blessings. Separate ourselves from him, and like the branch, we will wither, die and perish. We may still retain a position in some church, and palm ourselves off upon the world as Christians, while we are upon the high road to eternal ruin.

The prospect of doing good to others is a source of much joy to the real follower of Jesus Christ. How it cheered the apostles, in their trials and persecutions, how it cheered the Wesleys, in their labor of love! Amid a shower of stones, rotten eggs, and in terrible mobs of wicked men, when their lives were in danger, their prospect of saving souls more than compensated for all their toils. So with every lover of Jesus since that time. The most blessed work in the world is to save a soul from eternal death, and hide a multitude of sins. Many professors have gone into the vineyard of Christ, and have set down and are doing nothing. The reason of this is because they have no love for Christ, nor souls.

A positive hope of heaven is a source of joy, to the soul that possesses it. A pure heart has a hope high with immortality and eternal life. When the waves of trouble and afflictions roll over us in a fearful manner, friends forsake, and adversity comes upon us like a flood, then this hope will bear us above life's stormy sea, so we can ride upon its billows in perfect safety, and when the cold chilly waves of death break over our heads, then our hope will prove an anchor to the soul. So that we will be enabled to moor our little bark, safely landed, in heaven's broad bay.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

This great blessing is the privilege of all true believers. There is nothing in the numerous Scriptures quoted in our previous article on this subject on which to ground the belief, or even the supposition, that they hold forth a condition of Christian experience which is the peculiar privilege of only a favored few. We think it hardly possible for any candid reader of those Scriptures to arrive at any other conclusion concerning them than that they are addressed to all true believers, in every part of the world, and throughout all time. While not one of those Scriptures asserts, or even intimates anything to the contrary, their plain, obvious meaning is too manifestly that for which they were quoted to admit of rational controversy. If any of our readers feel disposed to insist upon the reverse of this opinion we devolve the burden of the proof upon him, as we are not conversant with any principle in logic which makes it incumbent upon any man to prove a negative.

Mr. Wesley says, "By a sense of pardon I mean, a distinct, explicit assurance that my sins are forgiven. I allow, first, that there is such an explicit assurance; second, that it is the *common* privilege of *real* Christians; third, that it is the proper *Christian faith* which purifieth the heart and overcometh the world."

The appositeness of the following quotation from Dr. Clarke, will fully justify its length. Preaching once in Plymouth, Eng., on the Witness of the Spirit in the souls of believers, after having produced and commented on those Scriptures which are supposed most pointedly to contain the doctrine, he said:

"It might have been doubted that we have mis-understood these Scriptures, and made them the basis of an article which they do not support, if the general testimony of all the sincere converts of the gospel of Christ had not illustrated the facts; and had not the

experience of those converts been uniform in this particular, while in many cases, their habits of life, education, and natural temperament, were widely different. And this not only among persons bred up with the same *general view of Christianity*, in the same *Christian communion*, but among persons bred up in *different communions*, with *creeds* in many respects *diametrically* opposed to each other! And, farther, this has been the same in persons in different climates and countries. All who have been convinced of sin, righteousness and judgment—have truly repented of their sins, and taken refuge in the blood of the cross, have had their burden of guilt taken away, and the peace of God communicated, and with the Spirit of God witnessing with their spirit that they were the *sons and daughters of God Almighty*, so that they had no more doubt of their acceptance with God, than they had of their existence.

"I should have never looked for the witness of the Spirit, had I not found numerous Scriptures, which positively asserted, or held it out by necessary induction; and had I not found that all the truly godly, of every sect and party possessed the blessing—a blessing which is the common birth-right of the sons and daughters of God. Wherever I went among deeply religious people I found the blessing. All who had turned from unrighteousness to the living God, and sought redemption by faith in the blood of the cross, exulted in this grace. It was never looked upon by them as a privilege which some peculiarly favored souls were blessed with; it was known from Scriptures and experience to be the common lot of the people of God. It was not persons of a peculiar temperament who possessed it; all the truly righteous had it, whether in their natural dispositions sanguine, melancholy or mixed. I met with it everywhere, met with it among the most simple and illiterate, as well as among those who had every advantage which high cultivation and deep learning could bestow. Perhaps I might with the strict-

est truth say, that, during the last forty years I have been in the ministry, I have met with at least forty thousand who had a full and clear evidence that God, for Christ's sake had forgiven their sins, the Spirit itself bearing witness with their spirit that they are the sons and daughters of God. The number need not surprise you when you learn that every Methodist preacher converses closely, and examines thoroughly, every member of his society, concerning the work of God upon their souls, once every three months."

Since Dr. Clarke penned the preceding, thousands upon thousands have rapturously sung,

"All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;
To us he has given the gift from above,
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.

The truth of our God we boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffered to all."

This doctrine is not a mere sectarian tenet. The opinion has long been extensively prevalent that the doctrine of the *Witness of the Spirit*, is merely a denominational peculiarity—a dangerous sectarian fallacy—one of those numerous anti-scriptural propagandisms of that arch-heretic, John Wesley—that it has been handed down by him as a mischievous heir-loom to his duped followers—and an heresy which the successors of Wesley have spread abroad in the Christian world with a zeal and industry worthy of a better cause.

Now, we readily, nay, we gratefully allow that the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, in the heart of the believer to the all-important fact of his personal adoption into the family of God has always been a prominent topic in Wesleyan pulpits. The prominence which has been given to this cardinal doctrine of Christianity by our ministry has subjected them to much undeserved ridicule. But, so far from this doctrine being a novelty to Methodism, it has been distinctly recognized by many of

the most eminent divines that have adorned the several denominations of Protestant Christianity. The theological distinctions of Methodism do not—they never did—consist in novel tenets; but in the clearness and power with which it has ever illustrated and applied the established doctrines of the English Reformation.

The following testimonies may suffice to show that this doctrine of assurance is no mere denominational peculiarity—no mere sectarian tenet—no wicked heresy to be charged against Methodism, but that it has been set forth as an article of the Christian faith, by different branches of the universal Church of the Redeemer, for centuries past.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a considerable part of the succeeding century, there were bound up with the larger English Bibles, several prayers, adapted to the use of families and private Christians, and to these was appended, in the form of a creed, "The Confession of the Christian Faith." In this Confession is the following declaration:—"I believe and confess the Holy Ghost, God equal with the Father and the Son, who regenerateth and sanctifieth us, which ruleth and guideth us unto all truth, PERSUADING MOST ASSUREDLY IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT WE BE THE CHILDREN OF GOD, BRETHREN TO CHRIST JESUS AND FELLOW-HEIRS WITH HIM TO LIFE EVERLASTING." It may suffice to show something of the importance which was attached to these prayers, and this "Confession," when we consider the fact, that in the reign of James the First, at least, they were contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Take another testimony, gathered from a widely different source than that just now given. It is well known that during the "Long Parliament" the use of the Book of Common Prayer was prohibited; and an assembly of divines were appointed to sit at Westminster, to prepare new ecclesiastical formularies and regulations. They drew up also the Catechisms and Confession of Faith, which are at this day acknowledged in the Church of Scotland. In this "Con-

fession," in reference to prayer, the minister is directed, as the mouth of the congregation, to ask, "That the Lord would vouchsafe to shed his love abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, SEAL UNTO US, BY THE SAME SPIRIT OF ADOPTION, THE FULL ASSURANCE OF OUR PARDON AND RECONCILIATION, comfort all that mourn in Zion, speak peace to the wounded and troubled spirit, and bind up the broken-hearted."

Martin Luther says, "Let us assure ourselves that God sendeth his Spirit into our hearts. This I say to confute that pernicious doctrine of the Papists, which taught that no man certainly knows whether he is in favor with God or no, whereby they utterly defaced the doctrine of faith, tormented men's consciences, banished Christ out of the Church, and darkened and denied all the benefits of the Holy Ghost."

John Calvin speaks on this question in the following language: "St. Paul means that the Spirit of God gives such a testimony to us, that, he being our guide and teacher, our spirit perceives our adoption to be certain. For our mind, of itself, independent of the preceding testimony of the Spirit, could not produce this persuasion in us. For while the Spirit witnesses that we are the sons of God, he at the same time inspires this confidence into our minds, that we are bold to call God our Father."

We select the following testimonies from the English Martyrs:

Cranmer (1540). "The same Holy Ghost doth also assure us that our sins are forgiven, and that our pardon is signed with God's seal."

Bp. Hooper (1554). "Blessed is the man in whom God's Spirit beareth record that he is the Son of God. I believe that the Holy Ghost is the pledge and earnest of our inheritance, by which we are assured, ascertained, and certainly persuaded in our conscience, that we be the children of God, and brethren adoptives to Jesus Christ, and consequently co-heirs to eternal life."

Archbishop Usher (1650). "From adoption flows all the Christian's joy; for the Spirit of adoption is, first, a wit-

ness (Romans iii. 16.); second, a seal; third, the pledge and earnest of our inheritance, setting a holy security upon the soul, whereby it rejoiceth even in affliction, in hope of glory."

Bp. Pearson (1672). It is the office of the Holy Ghost to assure us of the adoption of sons, to create in us a sense of the paternal love of God towards us, to give us an earnest of our everlasting inheritance."

We present the following testimonies on this doctrine from Puritan and non-conformist divines:

Perkins (1626), speaking on Rom. viii, 15, 16 says, "In these words are two testimonies of our adoption set down. The first is the Spirit of God dwelling in us, and testifying unto us that we are God's children. The second testimony of our adoption is our own spirit, that is our conscience sanctified and renewed by the Holy Ghost."

Byfield (1637). "The adopted have the Spirit within them to testify that they are the sons of God, as the seal and earnest of their inheritance."

Goodwin (1653). "A man may have good assurance that he is a child of God."

Simon Ford (1655). "The testimony of the Spirit is immediate by his influence upon the hearts, quickening and calming all distrust and diffidence concerning its condition, by his own immediate power."

To the preceding testimonies might be added that of those distinguished divines—Browning, Barrow, Andrews, Owens, Witsius, and many others.

The testimonies here given extend over a period of more than one hundred years. They are gathered from divines who differed widely from each other, in points of doctrine, in ecclesiastical regulations, in modes of religious worship. But, while we perceive all these differences on other matters, we cannot fail to see a remarkable harmony—in some instances even in the forms of expression—on this one, this very important point of religious experience, under present discussion. Each of the men here quoted from, were renowned for their piety, their talents, learning, and

ecclesiastical, and official position and influence. These facts, all taken into account, we cannot but regard the opinions of these distinguished men as of great weight and importance, upon a question of vital moment to man's happiness here, and to his safety hereafter.

It has been the aim of these two articles to prove that the witness of the Spirit to the fact of the believers adoption is taught in the Scriptures—that it is confirmed by the experience and testimony of Christian men and women of modern times—that this invaluable blessing is attainable by all who truly and scripturally seek for it—that this doctrine is no mere sectarian tenet. Whether the soundness of these several propositions has been demonstrated, must be left to others than ourself to determine. We ask on the part of each of our readers a careful, candid and prayerful examination of the arguments adduced, and the proofs presented in behalf of these several propositions. May the divine Spirit guide each of us—both writer and readers—in the way of all truth. If this Spirit but witness with our spirit to the fact of our personal adoption into the family of God, we shall be guided aright in reference to every Christian duty, and we shall thereby ultimately be guided to the home of the sanctified, to the glorious abode of “the spirits of just men made perfect.”

If the views advanced in these two papers are in harmony with the teachings of divinely inspired truth, is it wise, is it safe for the professed disciples of Christ to live a single day without the indubitable consciousness of sins forgiven?—without the tangible evidence of their personal possession of renewing and converting grace? We think not. How, otherwise than by this direct witness of the Spirit, can we have present “peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ?” How, otherwise, can we rejoice in the hope of participating in that “far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory” now held in reserve for all such as “by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, immortality, and eternal life?”

It is only by this direct witness of the Spirit that we can

“Read our title clear
To mansions in the sky.”

How important and weighty becomes the apostolic exhortation, as bearing specially upon this one point of religious life and experience, “Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith. Know ye not yourselves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?” (I Cor. xiii, 5.) In this particular direction, let the Christian duty of self-examination be candid and thorough. If this divine impression upon our hearts of sins forgiven is real and genuine, and not a mere spurious and delusive feeling, it will ever be accompanied by the fruits of the Spirit. “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” But if any man have the Spirit of Christ we shall behold in his exterior life, “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” (Gal. v, 22, 23.) Then let our song be:

“Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sins forgiven;
I would not, Lord, myself deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
The antepast of heaven.”

Happy, truly happy, thrice happy,
they who can constantly sing:

“His Spirit which he gave,
Now dwells in us we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with the cross.”

THE HARP of Gabriel is not so pleasant and sweet in the ear of God, even when it gives its choicest notes, as is the plaintive wail of a weeping and true penitent at the feet of Jesus, or the joyful exclamations of praise from the lips of any one of his own dear children, the subjects of his redeeming grace. All heaven is entranced with such sounds.

THE SAD FATE OF RUMSELLERS.

"THE Rumseller," says T. P. Hunt, "is wont to die a bankrupt—his sons and clerks to die drunkards—his daughters to marry drunkards—and his family to waste away by the ravages of vice." Says a merchant, "I have been engaged in trade and commerce in this city upwards of twenty-two years, and occupied the store I am now in during the whole time. Not an individual originally near me is now to be found, save three flour merchants. In casting my eyes around the old neighborhood, and looking back to the period above mentioned, I ask, Where are they now? On my left were a father and his two sons, grocers, in prosperous business. The sons went down to the grave several years since in poverty, confirmed drunkards. On my right was a firm of long and respectable standing, engaged in foreign commerce, the junior partner of which some years since died, confirmed in this habit. Five or six doors above, was one holding a highly responsible position under our State Government. At first, he was seen to stop and take a little gin and water; and soon he was seen staggering in the street; presently he was laid in the grave, a victim to intemperance. On the corner immediately opposite my store, was a grocer, doing a moderate business. Being addicted to drink, in a state of intoxication he went into the upper loft of his store at noon-day, put fire into an open keg having powder in it, blew the roof off his store, and himself into eternity. One door beyond this corner was a father, an officer in one of our churches, a grocer, and his two sons. Both sons have long since been numbered with the dead, through the effects of drink; a son-in-law of the above father, pursuing the same business, following the practice of the sons, has come to the same end; a young man, clerk and successor in the same store, has also gone down to the grave from the same cause. On the other side of the Slip, a wealthy grocer died, leaving a family of several young men, three of whom, together with a sister

and her husband, have since died in poverty, confirmed drunkards. Next door to this, a junior partner of one of the most respectable grocers in this city has long since followed the above from the same cause, leaving behind him two brothers, comparatively young in years, but old in this vice, now living on the charity of friends."

TOBACCO.

The man who is a slave to tobacco makes it his idol. And has not God said in thunder tones, "Thou shalt have no other god before me?" And are we not informed in the Bible that whoever breaks the least of God's commandments is guilty of the whole? Why will a man hazard his soul for that which is fast making a wreck of his body? When the starving man is fed, his soul is for the time satisfied. When the appetite craving for tobacco is gratified then the soul is also satisfied. Yes satisfied to lie down in the jaws of death—in the whirlpool of destruction! But when death approaches where is your surety; where is your guide to the pearly gates? You have made tobacco your god, but it does not grow in heaven, so you do not want to go there. You have allowed it to lull your conscience all through the journey and now your consolation forsakes you at the portal of the other world. You have been idle in regard to spiritual things in this life and now an eternity of idleness awaits you. This morning, while conversing with a tobacco devotee, he said, "I must have my tobacco. It is more company to me when alone than any person could be. When I try to break off using it I want something all the time, and then I have to begin again." If then, it is such a cruel master, let me implore you, young men, to beware of the fetters. Do not think because others use it that this is any excuse for you. You are individually responsible to God your Maker, for the sins you commit. Heed a timely warning and studiously avoid an evil so destructive to soul and body.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

BY REV. T. S. LA DUE.

THE capacity for this is man's grand quality, distinguishing him as unspeakably superior to all else upon earth. It would be absurd to ascribe this to an irrational animal, or a vegetable, or even to a vast planet, but "there is a *spirit* in man, and the *inspiration* of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Man was especially created for this. It was his original state in Eden. God, in the Hebrew "*Elohim*" and plural number, is the most social of all beings. His infinite heart loves the perfect communion of the Three in One, who, in divine association and council said, "Let us make man in *our* image" and who calls Jesus "well-beloved Son" and also loves and craves communion with his intelligent creatures; and he created them especially for this highest of all enjoyments.

Man as a fallen being does not have this communion, and in this lack is the essential injury of the fall. What has broken it? Sin. "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." Sin is selfishness, selfishness is exclusive, *I* becomes the god, to which the creature himself bows, and would have all others bow, including even the Almighty. This was the infernal essence of the first temptation. And Eve and Adam took it as their ruling principle when they virtually said, "I will do my own pleasure and the Lord God must yield." Thus man has cut himself off from God, and consequently from spiritual life, and is proving the bitterness of the curse, "for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die," dying thou shalt die. The Scriptures declare man to be spiritually dead. "Through the offence of one, many—all—are *dead*." "And you being *dead* in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh" or carnal heart, Christ says, "I am come that they might have life," being destitute of it. A plant has vegetable, a stone, mineral, and a beast, animal life, but they are dead to man, as to communing with him. So man, dead in

sins, has physical, intellectual, and we may add even moral life, but he is dead to God, does not commune with him. This spiritual death is so intense, that man is represented as being buried. Christ says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you the hour is coming, and now is, when the *dead* shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live," (John v, 55.) contrasting it in the 28th and 29th verses with resurrection from the grave. All regenerated souls realize that this communion has been broken by sin, because they experimentally understand the renewal of it through Christ, and that in this renewal is the only spiritual life, without which the soul is dead,—in the condition which Daniel Webster once, with eloquent emphasis, declared to be the most terrible, mortal can be in, "having no hope and *without God* in the word." The lack of this communion is the source of all the selfishness, and of all the misery spiritual and physical that has cursed this earth. It is the cause of death in every form to soul and body, death of moral purity and happiness, and of physical perfection.

The prime object of the atonement is to restore this communion, by bringing man, a rebel against God, and God wrathful against the rebel at one moment, again into the primal union which existed between them before the fall. The process of this restoration may be illustrated by Gal. ii, 20. "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." First comes the crucifixion of self, the soul groaning under conviction is nailed by the condemning spirit of the law to the cross. The rough nails penetrate and the spear pierces. The "old man" quivers in every fibre. He is dying to all self-righteousness and reliance. He is being crucified by Christ as a convicting Spirit, as well as with Him as "a curse hanging on a tree." He yields the last gasp, he dies. The Great High Priest, offering the sacrifice, sprinkles it with His own blood, and presents it to a Holy God. He says, "accepted," and then Jesus touches the dead with the finger of His humanity, and God-

head with the finger of His Divinity, and the electric current of the Spirit—of Life, spiritual, divine, eternal, flashes through every avenue of his being, and he springs up, crying "I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me.*" The communion broken by the first Adam is restored by the second. The soul now understands the many scriptures reading, "Born again, born of the Spirit, born from above, God shall dwell in them, Christ in you. If so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Partakers of the Divine nature." This communion is not merely a life, as some vital principle apart from God, but is the Life, the Eternal Word Himself actually present in the soul.

In the possession of this communion is found every spiritual grace. Man has purity, love, faith, in fine any grace, in proportion to "the measure of the gift of Christ" "the unspeakable gift," occupying his soul. This is illustrated by I Cor. i, 30. "Sanctification" is not a mere abstract blessing to be sought after as in any sense, separate from Christ, for he is made unto us, not a sanctifier, who does a work in the soul and then leaves it, but "sanctification" continually abiding there, and by the fullness of his presence crowding out carnal nature. Sanctification comes from Jesus, filling the entire soul, and the moment he leaves, being grieved away, the blessing is gone, because it consists not in a mere change of the nature of the soul, but by the presence of him reigning there supremely. So of any Christian grace, "Christ is all." Therefore Madame Guyon and Fenelon say so much about seeking after, and obtaining the Giver himself, instead of his gifts simply, for in the possession of Him we get also the gifts. We come to Christ not for the rest itself, but for Christ himself, and whosoever gets him in the soul gets the higher rest. Are you weak? "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Are you defenceless? He is the Rock and High tower. Do you thirst? He is the Water of Life. Are you ignorant of spiritual things? get more of Jesus, or he is made unto us wisdom; and so

on, for every want of the soul can be found mentioned in Scripture a corresponding supply in Jesus. Thus all scripture and experience go to show, that the perfection of the soul is proportioned to the perfection of its communion with Christ. All goodness in man lies in this, apart from it the soul is dead. He is determined to bind his accountable creatures to himself by teaching them this lesson. For he yearns for and he will have intercourse with them, and he invites and urges them to it, by making their true perfection and happiness dependent upon and proportioned to the degree it is experienced and enjoyed. The Bible is to a great extent a history of the communion of saints with God. "Enoch walked with God,"—how intensely expressive. Time would fail to tell of Abraham and all the rest, and the communion of those worthies, was not necessarily that of merely hearing sounds and witnessing wonderful manifestations of Deity, for God's children know that the "still, small voice" of the Spirit directing the soul in many of the experiences of life, has an ineffable Divinity more unmistakable than any sight or sound, which no creature angelic, infernal or human can counterfeit.

This espousal of the soul to the heavenly bridegroom and the continuance of the wedlock is celebrated by many festal manifestations. The bride is often so enraptured by it, that the body sinks and she exclaims, "He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with apples; for I am sick of love." Cant. 2, 4, 3. Or the tongue, "out of the abundance of the heart," like the healed leper, "with a loud voice glorifies God." Or like men intensely and properly excited under some momentous secular truths, such as uttered by some great orator, under circumstances eminent with vital interests—as the rush of troops into battle, so the shout of the soul excited by the Almighty pouring the overwhelming tide of sacred truth all through its channels, and filling with Divine communion, is press-

ed forth with a holy vehemence utterly inexpressible by any articulate word. Such a shout, or shrill, startling cry, from all that we can gather, in the sacred story, accompanied with the blasts of ram's horns, arose from the multitude of Israel when the walls of Jericho "fell down flat." Hence may it not with some propriety, be termed the "Jericho shout," and in some sense also the expression of "the joy *unspeakable* and full of glory?" Sometimes the bride exhilarated with this communion, dances like David, before the ark, and leaps like the lame man made sound. Again burdens arise from it, wringing out yearnings and "groanings which cannot be uttered." The natural man mocks at these exhibitions of ecstasy or of holy agony, because he discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him."

So they mocked Christ's first disciples,
Filled with pentecostal wine,
As foretold by sacred prophets,
Speaking of this latter time;
They shall drink and shall be noisy,
Holy Zachariah said,
As through wine of sparkling temper
Putting life into the dead.

"And they shall be *filled* like bowls,
and as the corners of the altar." Zach.
ix, 15.

Wo unto those who resist these demonstrations, either in themselves or others. They are God's mode or *accompaniments of opening and continuing* his personal converse with the soul. The great thing is to have communion with him; for then "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." And Jesus says, "If a man love me he will keep my words." One meaning of this doubtless is, that the soul pervaded with divine love will go forth spontaneously in loving, acting obedience to God. And the degree of our love for him corresponds to the degree of the Holy Ghost shed abroad in our hearts. Therefore if we keep full of the Spirit or divine communion, we shall be full of love, and then we will obey God. And He has peculiar ways

of filling with his Spirit, or peculiar *operations attend* this inspiration.—Numbers can witness that most soul-darkening, deadening, and damning consequences have followed resistance of these manifestations, for thus the Spirit is grieved and driven away. Divine fellowship is gone, and the soul is dead.

Nothing can be substituted for this communion. The word written or preached cannot be. The word, the mere idea, in itself, is dead. The Spirit in himself is life. God is so jealous of this actual, sensible intercourse, that he has in infinite wisdom so arranged, that the word gives no instruction in regard to multitudes of the ways of human life for which specific dictation is needed in order that the soul desiring to be "filled with the knowledge of his will," may be compelled to go immediately to him for guidance, and thus be constrained to lean upon his arm continually in actual, heartfelt companionship, more sensible than that with a bosom friend. Like Enoch, we "walk with God." Is it not his design under this pre-eminently Holy Ghost dispensation, as well as pre-eminently a dispensation of scriptural light, that we should enjoy an intimacy with him as close, and be led in holy walk by him as personally and unceasingly as those under the dispensation of "lesser glory?" Yes, our fellowship with the Father and the Son, and the communion with the Holy Ghost may be, if anything, freer and fuller. Is there not more danger of depreciating this Spirit than the word?

The kingdom of God is set up in the soul enjoying this communion. "The kingdom of God is within you." A kingdom before which earthly empires fade, for they may possess all that the world considers great and desirable and still lack that which alone has value—God. While this soul has Him, reigning in a kingdom more desirable in his eyes than Heaven itself, of the diamond walls and streets of gold,—a holy heart. This man, and only he, can pray intelligently the Lord's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," for he comprehends that it is "righteousness and peace and joy in

the Holy Ghost."

This communion constitutes the essence of Heaven. Hence the mistaken notion of the unregenerate in regard to Heaven. It is a place of mere sensual delights and splendor to their imaginations—of golden streets, jeweled palaces, crystal streams, beds of flowers, waving trees, and beautiful and glorious inhabitants. But the one initiated into the mystery "Christ in you," says, "I had rather live in a world like this, with all its temptations and sufferings, with the communion I enjoy with Jesus, than in such a place without him." Satan hates this communion more than he hates anything else. He directs his most subtle and far-reaching devices against it. He has the soul securely dead in sin that fails to attain it. The history of the Church shows that his chief triumphs there, consist in unspiritualizing her. He finds Zion on the day of Pentecost enjoying a full flow of the union. It continued for three hundred years, then degenerated into a shell of a form, where the Spirit was ruled out, and the merely ideal and theoretical, and human reasonings and doings ruled in. How Satan has succeeded in substituting ideas, theories, doctrines, human plannings and forms, for the living Spirit. And these may be scripturally and theoretically perfect too, and still be dead, dead. Vehicles, yea deceptions as Satan uses them, on which thousands are rolling down to hell, and all because the soul using them is destitute of communion with the Spirit. Go into one of the colossal churches of our land, and you will see fine pictures of Jesus from his nativity to the cross, lining the walls. Mammoth windows of stained glass portray the Last Supper and the Passion. An altar, inspiring the beholder with a kind of awe, rears itself at one end of the great room, with the letters I. H. S. in characters of light, surrounded by a halo, beaming from its front. Here, all through, is much of imposing form, but amid all we seem to see Satan with a diabolical grin pointing to it and saying, "see what capital I am making out of your Jesus." Amidst all this repre-

sentation of him, there was no Jesus there, for there was no divine communion, only a splendid external. So Satan has succeeded, after awhile, according to the same principle, if not the same mode, in ruling the Holy Ghost out of, do I speak truly when I say every church of every age? God forbid that such should any longer be the fate of Zion. But may we be ever filled with this Divine Communion.

CHRISTIAN CARD PLAYING.

BY WM. M. SULLIVAN.

WE were very much inclined to think, since God converted our soul, that the impropriety of playing checkers, backgammon, cards, dice and the like would not be questioned by any one desiring to be a Christian. But from an article we saw in one of our religious organs, we infer that these things are tolerated by those who bear the name of Christians. Oh, what a contrast there is existing between the elements embodied in this name, and the degrading associations of the card table! In the Scriptures we read "If we have not the Spirit of Christ, we are none of his." Can you conceive of Christ or his disciples indulging in or tolerating such a practice. If card players had been in among the exchangers in the temple, they would, we think, have been driven out with the others. Is the influence of card-players for Christ, or against him? Do they gather with him or scatter abroad?

If you have children it is your duty to piously educate them, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In order to do this, you must give to your precepts the power of a pious life, a holy example, and let not your household be contaminated by cards, checkers, dice, the New York Ledger, novels, and the like. Spurn them as you would a viper, or one that would administer to you poison, and let your dwelling be emphatically the shrine of God, on whose walls shall be inscribed "HOLINESS TO THE LORD!"

Oh, brethren, come out from the

world and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and God will receive us and we shall be his sons and daughters, and he will pour out such a blessing upon us, that there will not be room enough to contain it, and we will be led to exclaim with the pious John Fletcher. "Oh, God, stay thy hand or enlarge the vessel."

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
To luminous worlds as far [wall,
As the wide universe spreads its flaming
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each throughout endless years
One minute of heaven is worth them all.

Brighton, Ill.

CABIN PASSAGE.

BY JAMES WHITEKER.

GLORY to God! the writer has been sailing on board the "old ship of Zion" for almost seven years. It was at a protracted meeting held at Pleasant Grove, Ill., in 1858, the old gospel ship came near the shore, and when the *stage plank* was shoved out for the reception of passengers, I stepped on board! Since then through tempest and storm, I have been waiting along towards the harbor of the glory world. But oh! for five years I was only a "*deck passenger*," and on *boiler deck* at that. Sometimes (at revival seasons), I would ascend the stairs, where I could look in and see the *cabin passengers*, but could not go in, no, I was not fit to enter where everything was *pure and clean*, I was only fit for a *deck passenger*.

But, blessed be God, I have found a *better way*! In 1863, a copy of the "Earnest Christian" happily fell into my hands, for which I shall ever praise God. I read the experience of several eminent Christians, who professed *Sanctification*. I felt that what they called "Sanctification" was what I wanted, and determined never to rest until I was in possession of it. I went to Chaplain _____, and laid my case before him, and asked advice. He told me that the doctrine of sanctification, as taught by some Methodists was all a delusion,

and advised me never to seek for such a thing, assuring me that no such state was attainable in this life. At first I came near being caught in the snare, but as I went out, conviction again returned strong as ever. I took my Bible, and commenced reading to find what it said on the subject. I read there that it *was the will of God, even my sanctification*. Also Paul's prayer for the Thessalonians, that they might be *sanctified wholly*, and, preserved in this *holy state*. My heart said, "It is enough—its for me, and I'll never stop seeking till I find it." After three months, seeking almost day and night, I saw that I had been seeking it by *works* and not by *faith*. New light broke in, and I saw as I never had seen before. I now saw that the *consecration* must be complete. What! consecrated to God with my mouth full of tobacco, spitting on everything around me? Consecrated to God, and spending twenty or thirty dollars a year to gratify one lust of the flesh? Oh, I saw the *inconsistency*. I threw my tobacco away, and consecrated the money to God, and when the consecration was complete, God accepted it. I felt the refining fire of the Holy Spirit pass through my heart, consuming the dross, and a heavenly calm filled my soul. My heart exclaimed, "This is *sanctification*!" Hallelujah to God! I know now of a truth that "*the blood of Jesus Christ saves from all sin*." Yes, I felt it in my soul; I now *went up into the cabin*! Since then I have been living in the *cabin*, where the *atmosphere* is *purser*, the *fare* better, and the *company* of the choicest kind. Hallelujah to God! I am now gliding sweetly along towards the port of heaven, singing as I go,

"Out on an ocean all boundless I ride,
I'm homeward bound! homeward bound!"

Soon may I be able to sing

"Into the harbor of heaven now I glide,
I'm home at last! home at last—
Glory to God, all my sufferings are o'er,
I stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! I will shout ever more
I'm home at last! home at last!"

Little Rock, Ark.

ZEAL.

BY REV. J. G. TERRILL.

"It is good to be zealously affected always in a good cause."—*Paul.*

According to Webster, *zeal* is a "passionate ardor in the pursuit of anything. In general, an eagerness of desire to accomplish or attain some object; and it may be manifested either in favor of some person or thing, or in opposition to it, and in a good or bad cause."

Zeal indicates the object of desire; as it gives warmth, life and energy to action; and the object desired the most, draws forth the strongest manifestations of zeal. Thus the man that cares more for this world than the world to come, will have a zeal for the one and be more or less indifferent as to the other. He who desires the success of Christianity above all things, will manifest it by a willingness to sacrifice all beside. He that loves God with all his heart, can let all else go sooner than him.

Zeal takes its moral character from that of its object. The apparent object may not be the real one; it may be but the means through which, or the cover under which the real object is sought. Whatever the real object may be, it gives moral character to the zeal. The moral character of the object is determined by its agreement or disagreement with moral law: that requires, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself*;" that is there must be absolute submission to the divine will, and we must place our neighbor upon an equality with ourselves. When the object agrees with these principles, zeal for it is holy. In proportion as the object approaches or recedes from this rule, is the moral worth of zeal increased or diminished.

Zeal in the cause of Christ has been compared with that of the things of this world, but it suffers nothing from the comparison if rightly judged. The same degree of it for the things of God, that would be justifiable for the things of this life, is called enthusiasm. Zeal for wealth, knowledge and fame has

been applauded, and those who succeed have been honored, and this is held out as an inducement to the young to put forth greater efforts to secure them. But it is selfish in its character—neither seeking the glory of God, nor the good of mankind—it is sinful in its nature, and tends to lead the mind away from God. Zeal in the cause of Christ, as it seeks the glory of God by humbling ourselves and exalting him, and the equal good of our fellow-men by receiving all upon a common level with ourselves, is holy, and far more noble than that for the things of this world. He is the noblest character that humbles himself for the glory of God and the good of man. While zeal for selfish interests invariably degrades its possessor, making him proud, obdurate and selfish—a dishonor to God, and an injury to his race, the other elevates by softening the heart and throwing open the treasures of kindness and enjoyment to all around, making him an honor to God and a blessing to the world.

Superiority of interest requires superior zeal. Inasmuch as the interests of ourselves and others connected with Christianity are far superior to those we have noticed, they demand a superior zeal. If it is praiseworthy to spare neither pain nor toil to secure them, how much more to save ourselves and others! Earthly things can go no farther than the grave, but he whose life has been given to the service of God, raising his fellow-men from sin and iniquity, to righteousness and holiness, has that which will go with him through the wasteless ages of eternity, continually blessing and elevating as long as eternity endures. Zeal in the cause of Christ should know no bounds but the accomplishment of its object. In view of the interests of the soul—heaven with its delights, hell with its horrors—it is sinful to be cool, to be moderate. Let zeal be fanned to its utmost heat until the rich divide with the poor, the learned instruct the ignorant, until the grades of society give way before the onward march of christianity, and Christ shall be all in all.

Zeal should be guided by knowledge,—knowledge of eternal things, and of mankind. If it be according to the rule given above—the glory of God and the equal interest of our neighbor with ourselves—it will soon become regulated, as it will seek the best means to accomplish its object. Direct it, but never quench it. If it uses the wrong weapons, give it better. If it makes too much of non-essentials, instruct it, but do not kill it. Souls are going down to hell—sinking to endless woe—and we need all the fire and energy we can get. An unfeeling, soulless consistency, is more to be dreaded than a blundering zeal that is “at it, and always at it.” Oh, to be able to say, “*The zeal of thine house has eaten me up.*”

EXPERIENCE OF

MRS. LUCY P. PATTON.

I was brought up to attend Presbyterian meetings. Through the influence of kind friends I joined the church at the age of eleven. I had never met with a change of heart. As I grew older I felt very uneasy in belonging to a church, knowing within myself that I was not right in the sight of God. I had always attended Sabbath school and became quite familiar with the Bible. I there saw that a hypocrite was not what I wished to be. I made a request to leave the church. They refused permission, but I was resolved to do it. I told them I should never meet them again in church-meetings, and assured them I had no evidence that I was a Christian, if they had. I mention these things, for, trifling as they may appear, they came near being my eternal ruin. I believed very little in religion. I had been taught from my childhood that the Methodists were a very ignorant people, that they made a great deal of noise and were very excitable, that they expected to get to Heaven by their good works; and above all, that the doctrine of holiness was contrary to the Bible. I had become almost confirmed in the belief that Universalism

was as good as any creed. There was the Bible, however, before me and my having learned so much of it by heart, it was ever reproving me.

At the age of thirty-four, God, in his infinite mercy, sought me out, and forgave me my sins and put a new song in my mouth, even praises to God. I walked in the light of his countenance, but after awhile I fell in with the customs of the day, and became a formal worshipper, always trying to do duty and hoping I should get to Heaven. Those early teachings against holiness made me an unbeliever in the doctrine. I found my heart was full of prejudice, and every evil work. I was in the broad road to death, as three-fourths of professing Christians are, I fear, this day “having a form of godliness, but denying the power. From such turn away.” I can say to-day that I have “turned away” from them. I have sought for that pure love that casts out all fear. I can testify to that grace that saves from all filthiness of the flesh and from all uncleanness. Jesus dwells in my heart continually, and that by love. Glory to God for salvation that saves to the uttermost! It is my meat and drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father. Jesus saves me now. I feel that pure love springing up in my heart that makes me rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. A few months ago I was like the pharisee of old when he looked upon the poor publican. I feel to praise the Lord for the way in which he has led me. I am willing now that the proud pharisee should point at me the finger of scorn. I want to be at the feet of my blessed Master. I find that many things are said of me since I have got into this narrow way. I am glad I am accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the sake of Jesus. I am glad I can join in praise to God when young converts get so happy and shout Glory to God in the highest. I am glad I have religion enough so that the world hates me, for it hated my Saviour before. Come out of her, my people, and be not partakers of her sins.

Eagle Village, N. Y.

THE LIGHT HOUSE WATCHER.

Many a soul on life's dark ocean,
Void of helm or oar,
Battling with the waves' commotion,
Seeks a quiet shore ;
Brother Christian, thine the labor
By the light of love,
To assist thine erring neighbor
To the port above.

Like the lighthouse watcher, keeping
Every beacon bright,
Waking, while the world is sleeping,
Wrapt in thickest night ;
There is many an ocean ranger,
Out upon the shoals,
Friends and comrades are in danger ;
Save their precious souls.

Hold the light for one another,
'Tis the Lord's command,
Seize thy shipwrecked drowning brother
With a manly hand,
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction,
Lift him from the wave.

Hold the light up higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid,
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade ;
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag, nor falter,
Till thy work is done.

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise, I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

—Charlotte Ellis.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN ?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me ?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians ?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted ?

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner ?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid I shall not "hold out" ?

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it, until the day of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that ?

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter, without any definite reason ?

AN ANGEL VISITANT.

BY REV. A. A. PHELPS.

In the winter of 1859, while teaching school at West Sweden, Monroe Co. N. Y., I formed an agreeable acquaintance with Mr. John Conrad, a member of the M. E. Church, and a very devoted, conscientious Christian. On the 7th of March he gave me a curious chapter of his experience, which I deem worthy of record. He had no early advantages—no religious training—no education. He resided in England, and was accustomed to attend the Established Church; but without any enlightenment or profit. At the age of about forty-six he was persuaded to attend Methodist meeting by his oldest daughter. She was then only fourteen years of age, but she was strongly attached to the Methodist people. He soon became convicted that he was a sinner, and needed *something*—he hardly knew what. His trouble increased. For about a month he was indescribably wretched. He was strongly tempted to commit suicide. Fear haunted him continually. He was afraid to be alone, lest the devil might induce him to put an end to his life. Pressed down with mental agony, he feared to disclose his troubles to any living being.

Weeks elapsed. One day, while plowing in the field, he was sorely buffeted all the morning, but about noon the temptation was broken, his sadness departed, and he found himself in a transport of unspeakable delight. He thought he must be in heaven. Still, he had no definite idea that he was even then experiencing the joys of salvation. He was strongly impressed to go and tell of his raptures to some others in the field; but his heart failed him, he kept silent, and all was dark again. Overwhelming temptation settled down upon him, and he knew not what to do with himself. On quitting work at night his direct road homeward led along the river side. So strong was the temptation to drown himself in the river, that he actually took another route. As he was going along in this

state of mind, all at once it seemed strangely light around him and a few feet before him stood an *angel*, in the form of a man, but furnished with wings and possessing unearthly charms! The angel at once addressed him in these words: "Number up your sins, and they shall be forgiven you!" In a moment all his sins loomed up before him and he knew they were quickly blotted out. The angel literally ascended before his eyes, and he watched him out of sight. The scene did not produce a particle of fear. All was light and love and joy. O what waves of glory rolled over his soul! He leaped for joy, and praised God with a loud voice. At length he reached home—he hardly knew how—and communicated the joyful tidings to his newly converted wife. He forthwith joined the Methodist Church and went on his way rejoicing.

Fourteen years had elapsed when the writer noted down the outline of this remarkable conversion. At the time of the recital, Brother Conrad still referred to that scene with thrilling emotions and deepest gratitude. He now resides in one of the Western States. At last accounts he was still on his pilgrimage to the skies—a faithful, consistent man of God.

The above account may be strange, but it is by no means incredible. If angels are "ministering spirits," is it a marvel that they should occasionally become *visible*, to cheer the sons of sorrow and help them out of extraordinary difficulties? Here is a man who cannot read the Bible himself. He goes to the Church of England, but hears nothing but lifeless ceremonies. He goes to a meeting at length where the truth is proclaimed, and his eyes are so far opened that he sees himself a wretched sinner. Still he is in great confusion. He is pressed with a burden of guilt, and harrassed with the most terrible assaults of the devil. He is on the borders of despair and strongly tempted to end his life. At this critical juncture a "ministering spirit" stands before him and scatters his sorrows by his words of cheer. Glory to heaven's king! Let him work as it

seemeth him good. He "moves in a mysterious way," but that way is always right. Who would object to an angel's visit? If one of those pure and shining spirits with whom I expect to mingle in the gold-paved city of God through undying ages, should touch me with his seraphic wings and disclose his ineffable charms to these natural eyes, I am sure I would account it a special mercy demanding special thanks.

Pekin, N. Y.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.—None but such as have a living faith in Jesus Christ, and are born again, can possibly enter into the kingdom of Heaven. You may perhaps live upright and outwardly honest lives, but if you depend on that morality, or join your works with your faith, in order to justify you before God, you have no lot or share in Christ's redemption. For what is this but to deny the Lord that has bought you? Taking the crown from Christ, and putting it on your own head? The crime of the devil, some have supposed, consisted in this: that he would not bow to Jesus Christ, when the Father commanded all the angels to worship him; and what do you do less? You will not own and submit to his righteousness; and though you pretend to worship him with your lips, yet your hearts are far from him; besides you in effect, deny the operations of his blessed Spirit, you mistake common for effectual, grace; you hope to be saved because you have good desires, and a few short convictions; and what is this but to give God, his word, and all the saints, the lie? A Jew, a Turk, has equally as good grounds whereon to build the hopes of his salvation. Need I not then to cry out to you, ye foolish virgins, watch. Beg of God to convince you of your self-righteousness, and the secret unbelief of your hearts; or otherwise when the cry shall be made, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," you will find yourselves utterly unprepared to meet him. You may cry Lord, Lord! but the answer will be, "verily I know you not."—*Whitefield.*

SEMBLANCE AND REALITY.

THE semblance of religion is often dearer to men than religion itself. As one saith, many a man has spent five hundred pounds upon a picture of a beggar, by Murillo, or a brigand by Salvator Rosa, who would not give a penny to a real beggar, and go out of their wits at the sight of a brigand. The picture of religion, the outward name of it, men will give much to maintain; but the reality of religion—ah! that is quite a different thing. Many of our churches are surmounted with the cross in stone, but how few of the worshippers care to take up the cross of Christ daily and follow him. We know religious men who are respected by the ungodly, not for their religion, but on account of some adventitious (or accidental) circumstance. It was not the religion itself they cared for. If you should take a bear in a cage into a town, men will pay their money to see it, but let it loose among them and they will pay twice as much money to get rid of it. So sometimes if a religious man hath gift or ability, there are many who will regard and admire him, but not for his religion. Let the religion itself come abroad in the daily actions of his life, and then straightway they begin to abhor him.

There is much false love to Jesus—much unhallowed profession. Let us remember, however, that the day is coming when all false profession will be destroyed. The fan in Christ's hand will leave none of the chaff remaining upon the wheat-heap, and the great fire will not suffer a single particle of dross to be unconsumed. Happy shall that man be whose faith was a real faith, whose repentance was sincere, whose obedience was true, who gave his heart, his whole heart, to his Master's cause!—*Spurgeon.*

BE PLASTIC; let the Divine hand mold thee; so shalt thou be the image of the invisible God, and a bright reflector of his glory. "Put on the new man, which after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness."

INDWELLING SPIRIT.

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with accents brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit dwell with me;
I myself would tender be,
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit dwell with me;
I myself would quiet be;
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me thee.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

To a worldly man, great gain sweetens the hardest labor; and to a Christian, spiritual profit and advantage may do much to nerve him to take those afflictions well which are otherwise very unpleasant. Though *they are not joyous for the present*, yet this allays the sorrows of them, the fruit that grows out of them, *that peaceable fruit of righteousness.*—*Archbishop Leighton.*

HOLINESS.—Another precious passage is that in Zachariah, "In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, 'Holiness to the Lord, &c.'" I preached on it lately, and among other things, observed, that, in that day, every action would be performed as the most solemn religious duties are now; every house and place would be a temple; every day like a Sabbath; and every meal like the Lord's supper. We have since been trying to have the prophecy fulfilled at our house, and, though we succeed miserably enough, yet the bare attempt has given a happiness unknown before. One thing, which has been greatly blessed to us, is having family prayer at noon, as well as morning and evening. It showed how far we often get from God during the day, even when we begin and close it with him. In some families this would be impossible, and then half an hour would answer the purpose as well. I find that it requires also constant rubbing and chafing to make the blood circulate in such frozen souls as ours; and, after all, it avails nothing if the Sun of Righteousness does not shine.—*Payson.*

How grossly do you delude yourselves, who make your hearts dens of pride, filthily lusts, malice and envy, and thousands of vanities, and yet think to find a corner in them to lodge Christ too! Truly, you would both straiten him in room, and give him very bad neighbors. No, they that think not a whole heart too little for him, shall never enjoy him.—*Leighton.*

WHEN ALL sin is removed from the heart, then is man perfectly at rest, for he continually draws from the Divine fullness a fresh supply for all his wants. The heart that sinks into the Divine will, cannot be otherwise than at rest. All the ills of mortality, and all the assaults of the wicked one, are constantly neutralized by the love of God, and swallowed up in the complete and most glorious victories of an all-conquering faith.—*Wood.*

EXPERIENCE OF

MRS. SARAH E. ELLSWORTH.

At the age of sixteen I attended a protracted meeting at Fayetteville, at the Baptist Church. There I became convicted of sin, and was invited to go forward, which after some persuasion I did. But my stubborn heart refused to give up all for Christ, and I stood out a number of days. I felt that I could not bear the cross before so many people, and those I had known from childhood. But my load of guilt became so heavy I could hold out no longer. After prayers I arose to my feet and my load of sin was removed, and my heart felt so light that everything was joy and peace all around me. I wondered that every body did not love the Saviour. I felt that I could sing and shout glory! all the time. I then began to express the love of Jesus to my soul; the cross became light. I could bear it with pleasure. My heart was free. I supposed I had done all I could but to unite with the church, which I did the first opportunity, and became a Baptist. I supposed my whole duty was done, but in going forward to the Lord's Supper I found that all were not allowed to sit at their Father's table, and it became a great trial to me. I tried to think it all right, walked with the church three years, at which time I became so convinced of the wrong there was in it that I could not walk with them any longer, consequently I united with the M. E. Church, where I remained until I was married. I then left the place with my husband, who made no profession, and took no letter with me, consequently I became cold and went back to the world, where I lived sixteen years. I felt the strivings of the Spirit in all my doings. Bless God! he never left me. About one year ago I was again awakened. I felt a still heavier load than I had years before. I thought it would be almost impossible for God to forgive so great a sinner. While I still felt this load it was impressed upon me that I must attend family prayer; it caused a hard struggle, for my husband made no pro-

fession and Satan told me he would not allow it. But I was so strongly impressed that I told him how I felt, and he told me he thought it would be a good plan. That night I read and prayed but he did not kneel with me, but thank God, prayers were heard, and in two weeks he not only knelt with me but prayed with me. We then felt the need of clean hearts, for which we prayed most earnestly and the light shone in upon us. Our hearts were filled with love. Thank God we are now walking heart and hand to the rest above, on that evergreen shore, where parting will never come.

Cobb River, Minn.

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THREE WITNESSES.—Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is a Book worth more than all others, yet it is my misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With a voice and gesture pertinent and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember any thing better than 'the Book.'"

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but one Book," said the dying man.

With such testimony as to the value of the sacred Scriptures, reiterated by the great and good, in all ages, it is a sealed book to many; it is voted to be excluded from our public schools, and multitudes of children are growing up ignorant of its histories, ignorant of its immortal truths, and profoundly unconscious that, to it and its teachings, they owe all that is of solid worth in social life, in civil liberty, in human elevation, and in the hope of an immortal existence.

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THERE is no love of God without patience, and no patience without *lowliness* and sweetness of spirit.—*Wesley*.

CRUMBS OF THE BREAD OF LIFE.

BY REV. LEVI WOOD.

ORIGINAL simplicity of manners can never be regained by man in his fallen state; but it is fully known among the angels of God. It was fully known by our first parents before their shameful fall. It will be forever known by all of God's faithful and elect children after the resurrection of the just. It is proper in this life, to arrive as near to it as the instincts of our nature, guided by a true heart and a sound judgment, will permit. "He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." Rom. xii, 8. "For our rejoicing is this, . . . that in simplicity and godly sincerity, . . . we have had our conversation in the world." II Cor. i, 12. "But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." II Cor. xi, 3. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. Col. ii, 8.

I AM GOING to live with God, where sorrow never comes; where heaven's own sun always shines with benignant beams; and where love, pure and perfect, flows on in one everlasting stream. "In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Ps. xvi, 11. "And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi, 23. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Rev. xxii, 1.

THERE ARE four things extremely beautiful in themselves, viz: Courage, modesty, gentleness and love. Life is a scene of triumph and glory where these are fully embodied in it. Shake off the earthly, aspire to the heavenly; so shalt thou find the true liberty and bliss which shall cap the climax of all

thy existence. Yea, even death itself shall be swallowed up of victory. Isa. xxv, 8.

OUR OWN existence is a sufficient demonstration of the existence of God: and the existence of God once demonstrated proves us fools if we refuse to conform to his will. Conformity to the will of God is the true secret of obtaining complete happiness, and is the grand preventative of eternal misery.

THERE IS a land of fadeless beauty, and a home of exquisite delight, to which the good man's steps are ever tending. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. xxxv, 10.

KEEP PACE with the march of time in the improvement of thy heart. To fall behind is to fall into perdition.

CONFIDENCE and affection fled the earth with the introduction of sin, and can never be brought back in a state of perfection only in connection with a *sanctified nature*, comprising a pure heart and a sound judgment. "The meek will he guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way." "Meekness of wisdom," in its fullness of meaning, implies a *sound judgment and a pure heart*. Such characters may possess confidence *in*, and affection *for* each other, in all their native simplicity, purity, and blessedness; and so, in this respect, rise above the ruins of the fall. Hearts perfected in the love of God, are also perfected in the love of one another. Hearts true to God, are also true to one another. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Prov. xvii, 17. "Little children love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love." I John, iv, 7, 8.

AN error is soon committed, but we can have a lifetime to regret it.

CHRIST MY JOY.

Jesus, my loving spouse,
Eternall veritie;
Perfect guide of my soule,
Way to eternitie;
Strengthen me with thy grace,
From thee I'll never flee,
Let them all say what they will,
Jesu, come thou to me.

Poore men seeke other's wealth,
Blind men seeke libertie,
Crazed corpses (sick bodies) cry for health,
All seeke prosperitie.
I nothing seeke but Christ,
He alone pleaseth me;
Let them all say what they will,
Jesu, come thou to me.

Fervent love longeth sore
His lady's face to see;
Discarded courtiers seeke
In princes' grace to be.
Noe want nor woe I feel
Whilst I doe enjoy thee;
Let them all say what they will,
Jesu, come thou to me.

What can this wretched world,
Replete with miserie,
Yield to delight my soule,
Made for eternitie.
All is vaine, all is fraile,
All that compared to thee;
And earthly things do faile;
Jesu, come thou to me.

Tho' the world tempt me sore;
Tho' the flesh trouble me;
Tho' the devil would devoure,
My refuge is to thee.
Tho' heaven and earth do faile,
Tho' all perplexed be,
Thou art and ever shall
My chiefest comfort be.

Thou art my Saviour sweete,
Foode and delight to me,
A medicine most meete
To each infirmitie.
To my taste honey sweete,
To my ear melodie,

Perfect guide to my feete,
To my heart Jubilee.

—From an old MS. in the British Museum.

ON JUDGING JUSTLY.—A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift. But it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiased in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind to but few; and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating; and none are at all times and perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands, that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him, that, possibly, the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true. Here was all the mischief. The steel work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection, it must act irregularly.

FORMAL PREACHERS.—As God can send a nation or people no greater blessing, than to give them faithful, sincere, and upright ministers; so the greatest curse that God can possibly send upon a people in this world, is to give them over to blind, unregenerate, carnal, lukewarm and unskillful guides. And yet, in all ages, we find there have been many wolves in sheep's clothing, many that daubed with untempered mortar, that prophesied smoother things than God did allow. As it was formerly so it is now there are many that corrupt the word of God, and deal deceitfully with it.—*Whitefield.*

HUMILITY is better than a gold mine.

THE FIVE CLERKS.

If young men knew how much their future life depends on the habits they form in early manhood, there would oftener be found such records as the following from the *Congregationalist*:

"In one of our inland towns were, a few years since, five boys, apprentices in as many different stores. By a similarity of disposition, education and age, they became very intimate, and in a revival that occurred in that village all became Christians.

They at once identified themselves as such before the world, and went out to labor in the vineyard of the Master. In Sabbath and mission schools they were heard in prayer and praise in the weekly church meetings; the outcast, the sorrowing, the despondent were cheered with words of hope and courage; their respective pastors looked to them, even in their youthfulness, for active co-operation in every good word and work, and did not look in vain.

Although entirely dependent upon their own industry for support, and in some instances aiding dependent brothers and sisters with the meager salary of young clerks under age, yet from a sense of duty they made a mutual pledge to each other to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord.

Nobly has that pledge been fulfilled, and God has testified in their experience that he will honor those who honor him. Without money or influential friends, each has attained an enviable position in business circles and in society.

One is a highly esteemed merchant in one of our cities, whose heart is ever devising liberal things, responding to every call made in behalf of the poor and needy. As he once remarked to the writer, "I can't help giving, there is so much pleasure in it."

Another is an active, energetic business man in Cleveland, O., but even more active in the Church and Sabbath school, disbursing freely of his own substance, and the trusted almoner of others' bounty.

The third is the cashier of a bank in Wisconsin, of whom a well-known Western missionary writes thus: "Noble soul that he is! Your town has sent out none more noble. I think that his daily example tells for Christ as much as any that I know."

The fourth is a partner in the banking house of one of the most responsible firms in Wall street. Upon few men do such heavy business responsibilities rest. Honored, trusted, loved by his partners, and held in respect and confidence by the Wall street fraternity, he has attained a position that few could reach after years of most laborious effort. In the Church and Sabbath school he is a faithful, devoted laborer.

The other is a business man of rare probity, shrinking from no duty, though it lead through fire and flame, conscientious to the last degree, and "diligent in business serving the Lord."

The enviable position these once poor and penniless boys now sustain shows the truth of the eternal word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and proves that godliness is profitable even in this life. Their benefactions are not limited by their pledge, but in many cases, perhaps in each, exceed that amount.

Great power for the Church and for Christ lies in the hands of Christian business men, and it is a beautiful sight to witness an extended business carried on in the fear of the Lord, making him—with reverence we speak it—a partner, and a partaker of the profits. We know of firms that open on their ledger a regular account to the credit of benevolence, and as conscientiously pay this debt as any other. Such men are an honor to the church and the world. "Go thou and do likewise."

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WE ought quietly to suffer whatever befalls us, to bear the defects of others and our own, to confess them to God in secret prayer or with groans which cannot be uttered; but never to speak a sharp or peevish word, nor to murmur or repine.—*Wesley*.

Editorial.

THE TRUE THEORY.

Many professing Christians seem to have a very vague idea of what is implied in serving God. Judged by the common standard of morality there is nothing particularly reprehensible in their conduct. They observe, in a becoming manner, the externals of religion. But aside from this periodical attention to the forms of piety, there is no perceptible difference between them and respectable people who make no claims to being the disciples of Christ. They give every evidence of loving the world. They seek for its honors with avidity. Many do not scruple to engage in business of pernicious tendency if it is only sufficiently lucrative. Novels, that are doing more to corrupt the youth of the land than any one thing beside, are published and sold by prominent church-members, and deacons and class-leaders cultivate tobacco and hops, and furnish distillers with means of carrying on the work of destruction. Many a weary laborer, compelled as he thinks by his necessities, is toiling on the Sabbath, while his employer is, to all human appearance, devoutly worshipping in the house of God. To get gain seems to be the great object of life. All this is decidedly wrong. *Did you not, when you were converted, give yourself FULLY AND FOR ALL COMING TIME TO CHRIST?* Did you not promise to leave all and follow him? If not, you have never passed from death unto life! But if you did, what is meant by this consecration? It means that you are to live and labor for him—to devote yourselves, for your entire life, to the one work of doing good to the souls and bodies of men. You are to engage in no business that you cannot carry on to the glory of God and the good of mankind. No matter what your avocation, you are to be as constantly devoted to the service of God as though you were in the holy ministry. A talent to make money should be devoted to the service of God just as much as a talent to preach or write. You have no more right to employ it for your own special advantage in the one case than in the other. Christians are required,

1. *To provide for themselves and those de-*

pendent upon them. The arrow may go beyond as well as fall short of the mark. We may fail in doing our duty by attempting too much as well as too little. God does not require his people to take upon them vows of voluntary poverty. Nor would he have them dependent upon others. The exhortation of the Apostle is, *That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, AND TO WORK WITH YOUR OWN HANDS, as we commanded you, that ye may walk honestly towards them that are without, and that ye may have lack of nothing.** It is as much our duty to work, when able, as to pray. And we should work to the best advantage. If a man can earn a thousand dollars a year as easily as he can two hundred, it is his duty to do it. If by the blessing of God he is enabled to procure a home, and lay by property sufficient to provide for his wants in case of old age or disability to labor, the word of God, we think, encourages him to do it. "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." This allows of a moderate provision for the wants of the family. But it does not give permission to lay up treasures on earth—to heap up riches. This, God plainly forbids.

2. *Give Systematically.* While this necessary provision for real wants is being made, every one should give as God has prospered him. Though beneficence, or doing good, should never be offered or accepted as a substitute for inward piety, yet it is one of the never-failing fruits of a true religious experience. The dews of grace are withheld from many, and they are lean and barren in their souls because they fail in bringing their tithes and offerings to the storehouse of the Lord. If they gave more, it is probable that they would prosper more, even temporally, for "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty." Do you have any system in giving? Do you give as large a proportion, under the Christian dispensation, for the conversion of the world, as the Jews did to keep religion alive in their own nation? Did Christians observe the rules of

* I Thess. iv, 11-12.

giving laid down for the Jews, there would be no need of large, overgrown, wealthy churches. Every ten families would support a minister or a missionary.

4. *When a competence is secured appropriate ALL the income to doing good.* A man who is carrying on business for the Lord has no more right to quit, because he has been successful, than has one who is preaching or writing. What would be thought of the piety of a minister who had been instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of souls every year, but who, in the prime of life, with health unimpaired, and with a greater capacity of usefulness than ever before, retires from service, assigning as a reason that his success had been so great that he could afford it? Yet his excuse would be just as good as that of the business man. No one should leave the vineyard until the Master gives permission. The day is not long; nor the work wearisome.

Some years ago, a young man, a disciple of Christ, commencing in business, entered into a covenant with the Lord. He promised to give, from the start, one-tenth of all his gains to benevolent objects. When he acquired such an amount he promised to give one-fifth. When he gained such an amount of capital he promised to give one-half of all his gains; and when he was worth a certain sum (enough to provide for all his wants) he promised to devote all his gains to doing good. In a few years the last amount was reached. He kept on in business the same as before, but his yearly income instead of being added to his capital, was employed to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and carry the Gospel to the poor and destitute. What a vast amount of good he accomplished in this way eternity alone can reveal. This is the true theory of carrying on business. Can you doubt it? What then is the meaning of the prohibition to lay up treasures on earth? What of the command to be diligent in business? What of the requirement to make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness? On what other theory can the Scriptures be harmonized, the church purified, and the world converted to God? Is this the true theory? Then adopt it. Do not wait for it to become popular. Have

the moral daring to act up to your convictions. Truths, like States, must have their pioneers. If you are right you will not be alone long. Truth embodied in a consistent life will be seen and felt. Others will embrace it, and in their hearts thank you for leading them in the way. Do the oft-repeated words "entire consecration" have any meaning? Yet how can men dream of being entirely consecrated to God, when they are living wholly or chiefly for themselves? Can consecration possibly mean less than the devotion of our energies to doing good? Who then will reduce theory to practice, and solemnly enter into covenant with the Lord to do business FOR HIM?

EVIL SPEAKING.

This is a vice almost universal, even among those who profess godliness. It meets you every where. You cannot be in the company of even those considered good people long, without hearing something to the prejudice of some absent brother or sister. Some report or insinuation, or suspicion is breathed into your ear calculated to shake your confidence in some follower of Jesus. A reform in this matter is loudly demanded. The command is, *Speak not evil one of another, brethren.* If you have hitherto disregarded this command, ask for pardon and commence a reformation from this hour. The man who is on his way to Heaven is described as *He that taketh not up a report against his neighbor.* No matter under whose patronage he finds the report going about, he does not take it up, he lets it die, as all false and slanderous reports will when let alone.

A brother called at our house whom we had long known as an uncompromising follower of Jesus. We had heard that some differences had arisen between him and the pastor and some of the brethren of the church to which he belonged, and rumor said he had withdrawn from the church. We inquired "How the preacher was getting along." He replied "First-rate, the Lord is with him, and he is doing a good work." "How are brothers A. and B. doing?" "Never better." And so he had a good word, without any insinuations, for every one of whom he spoke. I said that brother might go on

professing holiness and I would stand by him. With such a person you feel safe. He will not betray you. There is no danger that he will, after sharing your hospitalities, and professing for you the strongest friendship, go away and report untrue and unkind things to your injury. *If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body.*

REV. WM. HART.

We saw this beloved brother safely over the river of death on Friday morning, the 17th of February last. He suffered intensely, but grace sustained him. He felt ready to go; but desired to stay if it was the Lord's will only that he might preach the Gospel. For years he has felt that he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry but he waited to get every thing in readiness before he went out. It saddened his dying hours to think he had left what ought to have been the great work of his life, undone. At the beginning of his sickness he humbled himself before the Lord, and consecrated himself to work wholly for Him if he should be pleased to raise him up. But the will of the Lord was otherwise. He obtained a clear evidence of his acceptance and was taken home.

He possessed a mind of no common order. His perceptions of truth were clear, and he had a rare ability to state the truth with clearness, and to defend it with unanswerable logic. What a warning to those who have a work to do and who yet find trivial excuses to defer it! What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

FROM A SOLDIER.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—I have taken the "Earnest Christian" for four years, ever since I experienced religion, and think I cannot live without it. It is like "mana" to the hungry soul. It is a Christian soldier's comforter, as well as guide in the divine life. It is taken for granted by many that a person cannot live religion in the army, yet *thank God* it has been fully demonstrated to the contrary in thousands of cases. Jesus is found in camp, on the march, among the soldiers *everywhere*. A

present Saviour. Bless the Lord for religion, *full and free*. I would say to the editor and contributors of the "E. C." I wish them a Happy New Year, a fervent God speed, and a heartfelt God bless you.

ANSON G. FOOTE.

Savannah, Ga.

TEMPERANCE TRACTS.

MR. EDITOR:—Let us leave nothing undone to stem the torrent of Intemperance which now threatens us. Temperance societies, however useful, are insufficient for the exigency. Temperance lecturers, such as the fastidious demand, are expensive and scarce. The popular press, and temperance tracts must do more. We need tracts that are short and sharp; not only *readable* but which will be absolutely *read*, and which going into the very crevices of sin and crime, will lodge burning truth on the conscience of every distiller, vender, and sot in the village. Such tracts we have, they are written by godly men of strength and genius. Some of them assail only Alcohol, in its manifold forms and abuses, and some assail the twin demons, Rum and Tobacco, all varieties for all tastes.

Five dollars will spread a thousand and more over a village. A hundred dollars, the price of one *fashionable lecture*, will spread them over twenty villages. And we here give notice that if any person or persons "hungering and thirsting" to do good in plucking our fellow-men from the fire, wish for our tracts, but are unable to pay for them, they can have have them, *without money and without price*. True, we are not a rich tract society. We seldom have five dollars five days in our coffers, but we do what we can "on our own hook" untrammelled by lordly societies or captious committees. We depend on the voluntary donations of a few—a very few of God's dear children, who like our independent manner of battling with popular abominations, and who send us what they please. Though poor, we make many rich.

Therefore gentle reader, be free to call for our tracts, for God, who of old replenished the widow's cruise, will not leave our cause to starve.

GEO. TRASK.

Fitchburg, Mass. Tem. Depository.

"HOME THRUSTS."—A few copies of this excellent work are still on hand. It is a book for every religious family. You can have a copy sent you by mail, by enclosing the price, \$1.50, to the author, D. F. Newton, 189 West 20th st., New York.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

KITTY'S REBELLION.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty tan't say pease," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "pease," a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything that she was told. She quite revelled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half old. For the first time in her short life had she taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down untasted, and the child ran back to the door-step as thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came pattering back, and the thirsty red lips were put up again for a drink.

"Kitty say please."

"Tan't say please." So the baby went away thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst rather than say "please," it became a rather serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said the mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say pease," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by

the wall moaning with hunger and thirst? The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day, but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. She took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after all, Kitty could not say "pease," any better than before. At length distressed and tired out and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted food since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk playfully; nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the fatal *please* came along; that she couldn't do. Year-and-a-half understood very well to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her that he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never thought of in the same breath before. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted, and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All through the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only sob, "Tan't say pease," when the water came near. For the father and mother, that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than give up.

"Oh pshaw! never mind the please; have her drink," many a father would have said. "Poor little thing; I must let the minding go till another time," mothers would have thought, but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it so. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of His creating, to be trained for Himself; if she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in heaven whom she had not seen? The very fact that her will was so strong, made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience: they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that it should be right. Then, the other children who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread—should they learn that the authority that they had been taught to revere, could after all, be trampled under the feet of a baby? It would not do. It had been clearly explained to the little one that it was her heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was resisting His will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul His law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke; but it brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She woke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil! Glorious worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side of the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied the adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came to plead for her.

She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing her child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if *she* had a little girl, she would not see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on a sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat, and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her poor, dear, naughty, little darling. She tried to think of a compromise by which Kitty could be relieved without sacrifice of parental government. At last she quietly placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against its cool sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips then suddenly she set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor for such a little heart. Again and again the little creature would look wistfully into the mug full of white milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not slink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing could not hold out much longer." Moreover the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run and ask your mother to please put on your hat then," said the doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she had lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting toward noon; nearly

twenty-hours since Kitty had tasted either food or drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, disconsolate little object, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her in her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her wilfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with strong crying and tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out:

"Pease, pease, pease, pease, pease!"

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room where she sprang into her father's arms crying, "Pease, pease, pease!" as if she never would be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying, to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to do it. The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good strong will yet; it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them, was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending. As time went on, they found, to their thankful surprise, reason to believe that she understood it so well that in yielding to them at last she had also submitted herself to Him. Maturer years and new experience deepened and developed her christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year-and-a-half old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father!

THE LOVE FEAST.

ON BOARD STEAMER R. L. WOODARD. }
February 6th, 1865. }

REV. G. H. FOX, CHAPLAIN 1ST. WIS. CAV.—Permit me to speak for the first time in Love Feast as held in the "Earnest Christian." The ship of Faith is gloriously and sweetly bearing me onward through an ocean of light. O what transporting scenes along the journey! Glory to Jesus for a salvation that saves me now, and that lifts me up, while in the performance of duty! Last evening I tried to preach Jesus to the throng on board the boat. The word, by the power of God, was made like fire to burn the truth into the hearts of all that heard. The place was silent, and awfully solemn. Officers, who sat around their gaming tables, at first felt inclined to continue their sport, but soon dropped their cards and listened to the word with gladness. God is graciously helping me in the work pertaining to my mission as a chaplain. The prejudice arrayed against the office on account of unfaithful chaplains in the army is in a measure being removed and we are looking for a good work. I find many in our regiment deeply pious, and they are in favor of an earnest religion. Our Lieutenant Colonel, now in command of the regiment, is a member of the church—gives me his influence and has subscribed for the Earnest Christian. Our Col. now in command of the Brigade is a gentleman, in every respect. His language is "Chaplain choose your own course in regard to religious service in the regiment, and I will sustain you." We expect that his bravery, and real worth will soon place him among the stars.

Our Line officers are kind, courteous and many of them professors of religion. As a help in my work I am making an effort to circulate the Earnest Christian. I have already obtained six subscribers and shall soon forward more. My mission here is the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom among the soldiers. If I cannot be instrumental in this, you will soon hear of me in some other part of the great work. Pray for us.

REV. D. A. CARGIL.—I am glad I have the privilege of bearing witness to the

power of saving grace. I have a constant rejoicing for the great light shed on the plan of human redemption, and for that degree of grace which enables me to walk in the narrow way. Glory to the Lamb, who leadeth me in green pastures and beside still waters. I have the precious Spirit bearing witness that I am his child, fully redeemed. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever, for plenteous redemption!

Ashland, Greene Co., N. Y.

H. McCLARY.—I am a farmer. My father and mother are both Universalists. At the age of eighteen I embraced religion and joined the church, and continued a faithful member for about fifteen years. All this time I was indulging in the popular sins of the church, supporting them in their pride and paying the most of any one, according to my means, and running into debt all the time. Still I thought like St. Paul, I was doing God service. His mercies did not bring me to see my lost condition. There were idols between me and the true God. At last God permitted judgements. First he took away my children, but this had but little effect upon me. Next destruction came upon my fruit trees, but this had no better effect than the other. The greatest idol I had then was the church. Then I saw I must give up this dearest idol, acknowledge my sins and reprove and rebuke with all long-suffering and doctrine. All this time I had been interested in all the fashions of the church, I also belonged to a secret, oath-bound society. When I came out on the gospel standard of piety, and talked and lived it out I was cast out of the synagogue, but I am following Jesus in the way.

Compton, C. E.

W. V. DAVIS.—I hate the works of the devil, I think as bad as I can, wherever I see them. And I am disposed to give him no quarters anywhere. I am fully committed to oppose sin anywhere and everywhere and I feel that Jesus saves just now while I write. Glory to his name forever and ever!

SIMON KOONS.—I rejoice that I can still say that I belong to the army of King Jesus. And that I love all his subjects sin-

cerely. And I know that if I remain faithful to the end I shall be numbered among the redeemed of God, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Army of the Potomac.

H. A. CAMPBELL.—The Lord is the portion of my inheritance. He leads me beside still waters and into green pastures. I am fully committed to do the whole will of God. The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

West Coleville, N. Y.

B. D. TRIPP.—I am still in the narrow way, with my face as a flint Zionward. The way grows better and brighter and narrower as I advance. I love the narrow way—the highway of holiness. I am determined, God, being my helper, to live faithful to the end, let what will come.

117 Regt. N. Y. V.

LUCIUS WOORUFF.—The blood of Jesus Christ doth now cleanse my heart from all sin.

“Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.”

MRS. SARA E. JACKSON.—I feel good in my soul to-day. I belong to the Lord, soul, body and spirit. The precious blood of Jesus does indeed avail for me. O, how sweetly does he save! In all my trials and conflicts he is “a Saviour ever near.” Glory to Jesus for a present salvation!

Allegany, N. Y.

MRS. E. A. TEFPT.—Jesus saves me, bless his name! I lived about twenty years in good standing in the Congregational church, much of my time mourning over my neglect of duty and trying to get near the Lord. Four years ago last May I received the blessing of entire holiness. O how the Lord poured the glory into my soul. From that time I have enjoyed sweet communion with my Saviour. It is more than my meat and drink to do his will, even though it leads through trials severe.

His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.