

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

JULY, 1865.

THE CHURCH DYING OF THE REFINEMENTS.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

THIS age, with the Church, and especially the Methodist Church, is an age of *refinement*. It has passed through one of *converting and sanctifying grace*, but it has now reached the era of *refinement*. And, (I would write so plainly as to be understood,) the Church is now DYING OF THE REFINEMENTS. Not however of *genuine refinement*—that does not kill. *Sins* refined and kept in the church are doing the mischief. *You may, if you will look, see this sort of refinement in the ministry.* It would hardly do for ministers to aspire to the pride of position and circumstantial pomp of government officials and persons of high places in worldly honor. This would be too gross a departure from the example of the meek and lowly Jesus and his humble disciples. But this sin is *refined*. Under the name of *refinement of manners*, many, oh, how many of our preachers put on such a pompous and formal address in saluting those they meet, that the common people, who generally hear the gospel gladly, are forced away from them, while the upstart, petroleum aristocrats gather about them as if they were angels just down from the skies. How *very* few of our ministers have that honorable title among the masses—"he is the poor man's preacher." *This kind of refinement* is withering up the influence of the ministry now—it has already transformed large numbers of

the ministers of republican America into *parlor fops*, to the very great delight of as many sentimental, boarding-school misses.

This refinement has also secured a place in the *language* of the pulpit. To call the people together on the Sabbath and preach to them in Latin or Greek, all acknowledge would be a sin. But this sin is *refined* and kept in the pulpit. Professedly the preaching is done in the language of the people, but what with uncommon, high-sounding words, long sentences, and involved, interlaced sort of sentences, not more I think than one-fourth of the people get the meaning, and in the case of many whom I have heard, there is no meaning to be caught, for the words after going round and round, and round, run off into some different idea from that with which they started, and so the whole is spoiled. And yet this is *refinement*. After a man has been talking in this stilted way for an hour, you will see the special advocates and devotees of refinement drawing together, and lauding the preacher's "enunciation," "profundity," "refinement of language," etc., when common sense is sick, and the multitudes go away unfed. This is one of the refinements of which the church is now dying. A preacher not long since said, "It would not do for ministers to preach in these days in the style of Wesley, as given to us in his published sermons." It wouldn't? Indeed! It wouldn't do the devil's work so well—it wouldn't put people to sleep so soon. But would it not be refreshing to the churches if our preachers would go

forth in his spirit and with his simplicity of style, telling the story of the cross? It would be like a north-west wind after a July drouth. Under its influence the vineyard of the Lord would be green again. A company of young men, none of them Christians, were conversing one evening. The subject matter was the excellence of a Baptist minister who had lately died. "Oh," said one, "I did like to hear him preach, he spoke in such plain language; we could always understand him." There is many an empty seat in the churches that would be filled if it were not for the unintelligible refinement of pulpit language.

Look up in the choir in many a church and you see the quartette, screaming opera tunes, *refined* by having hymn-books in their hands, and so sanctified to sing the praise of God, though they may sing in the theatre, or opera all the week, and have hearts that have never had the slightest touch of the grace of God. Yet this is refinement. The *pew* is also a refinement in the Methodist Church. It would not be agreeable for our wealthy, upper-crust Christians, to have plainly dressed, hard-working people, to sit by them in the churches; nor would it do to make public proclamation that the poor might stay away, especially when it is said in the Bible that in the house of God, "the rich and poor meet together;" such proclamation would be *sinful*; but the pew does it. The poor cannot rent, they will not allow their poverty to be advertised every Sunday by taking the *poor seats*; thus the church gets rid of them altogether. The pew is a refined winnowing machine, and it does its work well, as the hundreds of select congregations testify. Are our pewed Methodist churches crowded? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Methodism once had the masses, but the *refining* process has so thinned our congregations that we can hardly make that claim now.

In the matter of dress we also have a *sin refined* in the church. The pagan world—the female part of it—had a simple way of dressing. Rings in the

nose and ears, on the toes, ankles, wrists, and fingers; feathers, wild, *unrefined* eagle feathers in the hair; a very poor article of paint on the face, and many other crude decorations on the person. Of course this was wrong, vain, unchristian. Our Methodist ladies have refined very much on the aforesaid style. Rings in the noses are not tolerated; but the ears bear those of very *refined* workmanship, while the wrists and fingers are loaded with bracelets and rings far superior to any ever worn by the prettiest squaw of the most bloody Indian Chief. The common feathers of the Indian head-dress, are not tolerated by our Methodist belles: that would be *sinful*, but they have fine plumes and top-nots, and wings on the head (to help them cut the pigeon-wing perhaps) and all so *refined*! As to paint for the face, our women have a very superior article to that used by the heathen. They had naught but clay or ochre, but our modern, christian cosmetic preparations are very *refined*. Then as to dress, we have in the church, and at the communion rails, the costliest silks, satins, laces, embroideries, diamonds, pearls, and gold and silver ornaments, though they may be unpaid for, or though to pay for them the treasury of the Lord is robbed. The female portion of the Methodist Church now carries in foolish superfluities of dress and adornment, enough to feed a large part of the poor of the land, to build homes for widows and orphans, to send the Gospel to those who are now perishing for lack of knowledge, and to provide decent clothing for hundreds of poor in our own towns and villages, who fain would go to the house of God but for their rags, and because no one searches them out to encourage them to attend the house of prayer. And yet this I believe goes for refinement. The Scripture given by Paul, "I will that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety, not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array"—the most of our Methodist ladies laugh at, and many of our Doctors of Divinity set aside as of no account. Notable doctors of Divinity

when they can doctor the divinity given through St. Paul! But these are days of refinement. You see many sins in the church now, that our modern Christians are refining into graces.

In addition to this there is in the church now, a refined stoicism that shuts off all expression of religious emotion or peace or joy. If the Lord blesses you, or blesses a dear friend in the house of God, or if you hear a truth from the sacred desk that you appropriate, you must give no sign thereof—no tear, no hearty “Amen,” no expression of praise to God; that would be vulgar—show a want of *refinement*. Mrs. Exquisite, whose father was a rumseller, or rag-picker, but is herself a very fine lady, would become very *nervous*—may be would have to go out, and might give up her pew if you manifest any emotion. The stillness of death must reign, in these refined days, in the house of God, broken only by the refined *tones* of the minister, and the operatic quartette in the gallery. If you should be in Wall street when the news comes of the fall of Richmond, or the surrender of Lee, you might shout and sing “Praise God” with a bounding heart, and the papers would herald it all over the land, as a very proper thing, but if in the house of God you should in a suppressed tonesay “Amen,” or “Praise God,” you would be marked by the would-be aristocrats who are creeping into our church as “vulgar,” not refined,” “very common kind of people.” And that what little responding may be necessary in a refined church may be done “decently and in order,” we are soon to have a ritual for the pews, so that the silver tongued Methodists may intone the Amens at the right time. All this is false refinement, the refinement of which the church is dying.

But there is a refinement that I hope to see shedding its graces all through the church. There is One who sits upon the human heart as a “refiner of silver” and purifies the same from all unholy passions; throws the grace of perfect love over all the actions of the life; and creates in the soul a relish for things pure, and heavenly—in short,

adorning the whole body, spirit, and soul with the “beauty of holiness.” The etiquette of this refinement is as graceful as love, as sincere as honesty. It softens the manners of the uneducated and lends attraction to the educated that they never found in the schools. A heart cleansed by the blood of Jesus, and refined in the fires of the Holy Ghost, is in a state of the very highest order of refinement. This is a genuine refinement. What if one has education, and according to the judgment of the world *polished manners*, but a sinful heart, is this refinement? It is what passes for it. I know such a man, one who prates much of his refinement in the church, and can find but very little *good society in the church*—poor man! and yet a dozen times a day if he is provoked that many times, he will get angry, every feature of his face being disfigured with his unholy flame. And this is refinement! refinement when the heart is the seat of such a low passion as anger! I have almost blushed with shame, to hear a *Methodist lady*, in *bad grammar*, and with a sentimental whine, speak of refinement—refinement in the church, and then in a little while see her fling her head haughtily at some fancied insult, showing a heart full of the same pride that made the Devil too filthy to remain in heaven. Are you not, dear *Earnest Christian*, sick of this style of refinement? Have you not seen very common pine wood so nicely veneered as to look like mahogany? or so nicely gilded as to look like gold? So we have in the Methodist church at this time, some very *showy furniture*, that looks like mahogany, or gold, of the most *refined* pattern, but much of it is very common wood, thinly veneered or gilded with the accomplishments, while the heart is yet full of infirmities that are counted vulgar in heaven. Dear reader, let us possess ourselves of genuine refinement, which is *Christian holiness*, then we will be fit for the society of the good on earth, and the angels in glory. And let us pray that the Methodist church, and all other churches, may become refined in this higher sense.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY REV. JAMES MATHEWS.

IF IT is the will of God that the Christian Church should increase in power and influence until it fills the whole earth; the question, "How shall it be brought about?" is a deeply important one. By the term "The Christian Church" we do not mean any particular denomination, but a "company of faithful men in whose hearts the love of God is shed abroad by the Holy Ghost, who meet together for worship, among whom the pure word is preached, and the sacraments duly administered." Why is it that, in many places where a few years ago the flame of devotion burned intensely, and love and zeal abounded not only among themselves, but toward them that were without, resulting in their salvation, we find to-day cold altars, with nothing but ashes upon them, or if not quite cold, only occasional flashes of heat. In some instances, we allow, the providence of God has removed the faithful to their reward; but in many others, the same persons remain, the identical forms of worship are maintained, but the glory is departed. "Ye did run well, who did hinder you?" That ye did *run well* is sure—now ye *halt badly*. Crimination by the minister, or recrimination by the membership will not remedy the trouble. Does the minister say the fault is with the membership? this speaks poorly for his efficiency; should the people charge it to the minister—let them show cause. We believe the great reason of non-efficiency is lack of unity.

By unity, is meant oneness of spirit, or, the being of "one mind in the Lord." The great Apostle teaches the need of this grace when in Phil. iv, 2, he says, "I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord." If we prayerfully read, and meditate on I. Cor. xii chapter, from the 12th verse to the end, and Eph. iv. 1 to 16th verses, we shall receive much instruction as to the cause and cure of the lack of unity in the church. In I.

Cor. xii. 27, the Apostle says, "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." He has taken the human body as a figure to illustrate the state of the church, and a better could not be found. He says, verse 12, "the body is one," and 14th verse, "the body is not *one member*," thus teaching us that although in the Christian church there is oneness as to privileges, and all have the same spirit, there is diversity as to gifts, and all have not the same office. "To every man *his* work."

As the different parts of the human body, some comely, others less honorable, are beautifully tempered together to make one body, each necessary to the perfection of the whole; so believers differing physically and mentally, yes, and in matters concerning the conscience too, yet by the abundant grace of God are united together to compose the body of Christ, which is his church. Let the honorable parts feel discontented, because of the seeming burden of the *uncomely ones*, and there is schism in the body, which, unless speedily healed, will destroy it. Let but the weakest suffer, and all will feel it. So that forbearance is not only necessary for the ultimate salvation of the weakest members of Christ's body, but also for the most *comely*. Is any member an eye? Let him watch over the body, to warn, and apprise the hand or feet of danger nigh, to the mutual safety of the whole.

What wondrous wisdom has God displayed in the economy of grace, as as well as in nature! There is no dull uniformity in any of his works. He has done whatever he judged necessary for the salvation of a lost world. "He gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors, and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

If in the church each member endeavors to know and fill *his* place, to do what he has to do, heartily as unto the

Lord, real spiritual union will exist, without having to be sought after so much. What incalculable mischief is caused by some, who apparently uninstructed in this truth, that all members have not the same office, speak lightly of those whose labors differ from theirs. Ministers will be strongly tempted to do this, especially if one who is an eye, should enter into the labors of one who was a foot, or had but little discernment; seeing so much to be done, there is danger of underrating what has been done, and although possessed of grace enough not to speak of it, the very decision will hinder him, and lead to prejudices inimical to spiritual welfare. Those who have much light need much love. As we advance in Christian experience we should remember that what is clear as noonday to us now, was but a little while ago very dim, if seen at all. God bore with us, and pitied us in our helplessness and ignorance, shall we not bear with others? Let us not think *lightly* of any one for whom Christ has died, much less *speak* lightly of them. In order to maintain the oneness of spirit so necessary to the edification of the body, we must follow Jesus for ourselves, and let others do the same. "Who shall make straight, what the Lord has made crooked." Better not try. Some in trying, get hard blows, when the stick springs back in shape. "Every man has his fort, let him stay in it, and he is impregnable"—he can resist evil; let him come out of it, by imitating somebody else, and he is of no account at all in the work of the Lord. Let us be careful not to spoil God's work, and mar the unity of a Christian society by attempting to mould them after any pattern, other than the "mind that was in Christ." Get them to be filled with the Spirit, and let God take care of the outward, continually striving to impress the mind of all with the truth, that spiritual worship alone is acceptable to God. Reject no man, however weak, if he gives good evidence of a renewed heart. "Receive him but not to doubtful disputations." Avoid everything like controversy, even avoid much talk on the subject of Holiness. Preach it,

enforce it, but never dispute about it, it worketh not the righteousness of God. Get the people to God. Let them understand that salvation from sin is the great thing to seek. I believe much talking is a fruitful source of division of feeling. The deepest spiritual well will soon become dry by much usage. We can no more think alike on all things connected with the church, than we are alike physically, but by the grace of God we may each so fill his place as to come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, be defences for the truth, and a power for good wherever we move.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

BY REV. C. H. UNDERWOOD.

A great contest is raging. A war is being waged between light and darkness. Two great armies confront each other. Eternal antagonism is on either side; and both are contending for the supremacy. This contention divides the whole world into two classes, and all are acting a part in the great contest for the final recovery, or loss of the immortal soul. God has brought into the world agencies all effectual to save man, but Satan, who rebelled and was hurled from Heaven, has marshaled his hosts to defeat the work of redemption. Under the black flag of *treason* against the Divine government, many a traitorous hand is raised to assist in taking the life from Christianity, and perpetuating the unholy strife against the kingdom of Christ, while evil in almost every form stalks undisturbed throughout the land. The fashionable circle with its amusing games, opens the door into a world of folly and fiction. The mind, easily intoxicated and led on, wakes up to disappointment, when the dream has passed away. Finding unhappiness in the absence of these amusements, the sinner takes another step, and another, and still another, until the farthest extremity of sin is reached, and one more victory is added to the number of those who perish without hope. Devils laugh,

fiends incarnate look on with a smile, while hell opens her mouth to receive a lost soul. This is but a brief reference to one case of the thousands like it, that are occurring every day; and that are the legitimate fruit of this war against God and holiness. Let the mind follow this one through the various stages of sin through which it passed, from the very pinnacle of promise, to a premature grave and you have a fair exhibit of the world before you. With this moving mass of earth's inhabitants before you, hastening on to eternity, tell me, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

If the leader of God's ancient Israel, by whom these words were spoken, were commissioned to lead God's modern Israel, what words would be more appropriate than these? It is Sabbath, and we take our places at the corner of the street, to see the children of devotion seek their place in the sanctuary of the Most High; they come by scores and by fifties, until we lose the count; now with the Bible description of a child of God, a saint of the Most High, before you, tell me, of all who pass by, "who are on the Lord's side?" Go with me to the temple and hear words of comfort there, but with the glowing example of apostolic preaching spread out upon the sacred page, tell me, is this the glorious commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature?" Note their forms of worship, catch the spirit of their devotions and answer me the question, is this the soul-stirring, Holy Ghost religion that nerved a pentecostal few, in the presence of their enemies to proclaim Jesus and the resurrection? Take up the history of the past, hear the echo that still lingers on each page, while her consecrated ministry gives the trumpet a certain sound, scrupling not to trace every Bible argument to its farthest logical extremity, as they reasoned of righteousness and of a judgment to come. Hear the shout of new-born souls as they are brought from darkness to light; listen to the plain, unvarnished testimony of those who believe in Christ. See that Christian of forty years ago: plain, unassum-

ing and humble; a holy influence dwells upon the circle where she moves; evil-doers flee at her approach; nor does the world with all its pleasing enchantments lure her from the path of duty; they have no charms for her; the religion of the Bible is a satisfying portion:

"The day glides sweetly o'er her head,
Made up of innocence and love."

In the hands of such persons the cause of God was a continued success, a constant triumph; souls were converted to God, and the church built up. Oh for the return of such prosperity! View these scenes of the past, call them up in your own memory—perhaps a sainted mother, or some pious friend still lives there—and then, after a careful review of the present state of Zion, tell me, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Saul assured Samuel that he had performed the vows of the Lord, and destroyed the Amalakites utterly; but Samuel said "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep and lowing of the oxen?"

So they tell us these are the days of Zion's glory. This may be true if God's word is a fable, but so sure as there is a God that rules, if the Bible be true, what is called Zion's glory is her greatest shame. Among the multitude who throng the churches, and sound the Christian name throughout the land, where is the counterpart of Zion's glory twenty years ago? And yet this is the day of "*Zion's greatest glory!*" Yes, of glory, like the iceberg in the distant sea, when painted with the rays of the setting sun, it presents a glare of brightness which attracts the mariner's attention, but as he nears the place, and the sun sinks in the distant west, its bleak walls and frosty breath tell him there is danger there. So with the tempest-tossed mariner upon life's ocean; when he views the imposing dome, is charmed by the music of the choir or fascinated with the display of gilded forms, and studied ceremonies, he admires what he beholds; but as he approaches the gaudy structure inquiring for life, eternal life, he finds its glory but the lingering rays of the setting

sun, while within the gorgeous pile is death; *spiritual* death. How changed. "The godly man ceaseth and the faithful fail." Here and there one is found among the poorer classes, whose life compares with the Bible standard of Christianity, and once in a great while, one among the rich; but no more, and not enough, to carry on the work of God. And where rich men are converted, God wants their money. See that infant church of pentecost, set up as it doubtless was, a pattern for the church of all coming time, what consecrations! They that had possessions sold them, and brought the proceeds and cast them into the treasury of the Lord. A common fund was at once instituted to carry on the work of God among men. At this distance of time from the organization of that Church, such acts seem to us almost unaccountable; but from the scriptural account, it appears to have been among their first impressions to *give*, to *consecrate*, not part, but *all*, to the service of their God. How changed now! Broad acres of fertile soil yield their annual increase; commerce in almost every form produces abundant profit, and the land is flooded with currency; but where is the child of pentecost? The church has its claims now as ever, but to give is a grudging service and the consecration of property to the service of God is almost totally wanting. She stops at each door seeking aid, and is either turned empty away, or with a sum that would disgrace a pauper to give.

But why these changes? Does not the same God rule the destinies of men? Is not the same Bible the man of our counsel? Has it been *modified* to suit the times in which we live? Does God require any less of the world and the church now, than at any other period? Is the way to Heaven any broader now than when our fathers lived? or can redemption be bought at a cheaper price?

Reader, ask yourself the question, "Am I on the Lord's side?" Examine yourself, prove yourself, and see whether ye be in the faith. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

EXTRACTS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MRS. DORA BURDICK—CONTINUED.

SOME professors of religion are noted for the evenness of their course, and *sameness* of their experience, which finds them every day alike, without conflicts, and consequently without victories. Graceless, and having no need for trials of what they have not. Such was not the case with the author of the following extracts. She had learned from her experience, that *mere inoffensiveness* and *natural amiability* do not constitute *real* religion. She escaped the woe of them that are at ease in Zion, and of them that are well-spoken of by all men. She attained the grace, and welcomed the trials which she knew to be more precious than the gold that perisheth. In her life was found answers to the important questions of the poet:

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?"

The two ways were examined; the cost counted, and often she was heard to say,

"No cross I'll shun, I fear no shame,
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

Of her trust in God she writes:

MARCH, 1860. "The Lord let me see it was his will I should accompany sister K. to St. Louis. Had many conflicts over it, as I had not the means to take me there. When I enquired of the Lord what I should do, the answer came '*get ready*.' Accordingly I set myself at work, packing, etc. Just before I was ready to start, the means that I needed were placed in my hands. I thought then I never would distrust my heavenly Father again. Although it came in a way I least expected, I clearly saw the hand of the Lord in it."

Much is here implied in little; "*Get ready*." That is; work up to God's plan. 'Tis his to direct, 'tis ours to obey. Dear readers, let us follow the example,

"get ready." Ready to go, ready to do, ready to suffer, ready to die.

CONDITION OF PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

"Arrived in St. Louis, Friday, March 23d. The following Sabbath heard Bro. Redfield preach from these words: 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say.' The light had been shining upon my soul for some time in the direction of the subject. Was astonished to hear him preach out all that was in my heart. I was greatly affected while listening to the truths that had so long burdened my mind. *My soul had been stirred to its depths*, while the Lord had been letting me see the narrowness of the way; and that it was only by obedience and keeping the commandments that we should finally be permitted to enter through the gates into the city. True, we are saved by faith; but there are conditions to be met before it is possible for us to exercise that faith that brings salvation to the soul. I thought what will become of the *mass of professing Christians*, that are living in open violation of the commands of God; declaring at the same time their faith in God, and *that they shall be saved?*

"Bro. Redfield remarked in his sermon, 'What! call me Lord, Lord, and will not mind me?' Yet how many do it. How I saw the importance of always obeying God just at the time and place. May the Lord let the light so shine upon my heart that I may be enabled to glorify him in all I do, and not fail in any point of doing his whole will. *This I am resolved to do*: to walk in all the light he gives me, that I may be led into all truth; and be brought into possession of all the fullness of the Gospel."

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

Sabbath, April 5. "Met in class at Bro. Brook's. I felt then, my soul was 'a magazine filled.' Indeed it appeared to me that I was charged from the very battery of heaven. It was like fire shut up within my bones. As I walked and exhorted, such awful power came upon me, that I could not have endured more."

"Spent a week in visiting from house

to house, among the members mostly, talking and praying with them. I find language too lame to express the feelings of my soul while at these places. I was greatly drawn out in prayer. I seemed to get hold of the *arm* that moves the world. Felt a deep sense of humility, and a sinking out of self into God."

POWER LOST AND REGAINED.

"I have been apt to think myself severe, when in this state of mind; and without watchfulness before I was aware of it, the Spirit in a measure would leave me. Then it requires much fasting and prayer to regain it again. O, may the Lord so teach me to live, that my life may be *constantly* hid with Christ in God."

A SEVERE TEMPTATION.

June, 1860. An account is given of a severe attack of the enemy. A dangerous rock on which some deeply spiritual people split.

She commences by saying, "May the Lord keep me from '*spiritual pride*.' I have always had a great horror of it, having seen others make shipwreck here. At one time and but a few weeks before leaving home for this place, the Lord poured into my soul an unusual spirit of prayer. I never felt such awful power upon my soul in my life. There was a solemnity about it that was indescribable. It was not long before the enemy came in a way that I least expected, and as I opened my mouth in prayer, I began to feel the same spirit of power come upon me. The enemy suggested, 'you'll be spiritually proud if you pray with that power.' I did not understand it at that time, but thought it was so. I suffered much for I felt that nothing short of the same power could satisfy my soul. But in looking at it, I saw it was a trick of the adversary, and began pleading for it again, saying to the enemy 'get behind me.' If there is not power enough in the grace of God to keep me humble then I will be proud. Then I said Lord I will risk it, *I will risk it*, and the same power returned into my soul. I see plainly that if I bear all the

crosses that are before me, it will bring me in the dust; and that I *will* do, only help me, Lord."

THE CROSS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Being naturally of a timid, retiring nature, she felt a great shrinking from anything like publicity. No cross could have been more crucifying to her nature, or more extremely adverse to her feelings, than that of public speaking. She writes of some sisters that the Lord was thrusting out to labor in this capacity and says, "*I feared that the enemy was pushing them beyond the Spirit.*" But when I saw what power accompanied their words, I knew God was in it. The Spirit came on me to follow. I began to reason over it, and got into the dark somewhat; then the enemy brought it up in the very worst light possible. And before I could yield the point I thought I must lose my soul."

On another occasion she writes of a sister who felt it to be her duty to speak in the place of the preacher. She says, "The mighty power of God rested upon her, and I could not help contrasting the difference of effect, between a weak female, speaking in the power of the Spirit; and a man preaching without the help of God, though endowed with great intellectual, and reasoning powers. God does really I thought, 'choose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.' Then again, I thought as I had remarked before; some preach themselves, some the letter, and some the Spirit; and the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. And I know very well when I was killed, and when made alive. And if we were all where the Holy Ghost could preach, pray and talk through us, it would not be long before the whole world would feel that God reigned, and the earth would be made to rejoice. May the Lord hasten the time when the church shall return to her primitive state of purity and power."

A WELL-AUTHENTICATED FACT.

In the year 1814, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were lost in the Rothsay Castle steamer in 1831, were acquainted with three sisters residing in London, two of whom were very serious, retiring women, and the third just as gay and volatile. They were all elderly, which rendered the gaiety of the third less becoming, and also inclined her the more easily to take offence at any remark made upon it; she hated the piety of her sisters and opposed it in many petty, spiteful ways; though they endeavored sedulously to accommodate themselves to her wishes; and to render the difference of their opinions as little disagreeable as possible.

One night, toward the close of the year 1814, she had been out at an assembly very late, and the next morning at breakfast was so remarkably different from her usual manner, that her sisters feared that she was either unwell, or had met with some misfortune, that had affected her deeply. Instead of her incessant chatter about every person she had met, everything they wore, and had said, and done, she sat silent, sullen and absorbed; the gloom upon her brow was a mixture of temper and distress, which seemed to indicate a fixed resolution formed upon circumstances disagreeable to her, as if she was determined to pursue her own will, though it should lead her into trouble, rather than pursue the course she knew to be right, but would reduce her to submit to the control of another. As she ate nothing, the sisters asked her if she was unwell. "No." What was the matter? "Nothing." Had nothing distressed her? "She had no idea of people prying into what did not concern them." The whole morning she spent in her own room, and at dinner the same scene as in the morning recurred; she ate little, never spoke but to answer uncivilly, and then with an appearance of depression and melancholy that spread their influence very powerfully over the cheerfulness of her companions. She retired to rest late, and with the spirit of one that expects

If God's being with us is so sweet, what is it to be with God?

from sleep neither alleviation nor refreshment.

The next morning she scarcely again tasted breakfast, and seemed in the same distressed, uncomfortable state as on the preceding day: her sisters again renewed their inquiries. She said, "I am well and nothing pains me." "Then you have something on your mind; why will you not tell us? do we not love you, have we not the same earthly interest as you, can we seek any good but yours in our anxious wish to share your sorrows?" "Oh, you have superstitions enough of your own without mine being added; I shall not tell you what ails me; so you have no occasion to rack your curiosity; I dare say you would think it some spiritual triumph, but I laugh at such things; I am not quite old enough yet to be the victim of dreams and visions." "We do not believe in dreams and visions, Anne," was replied. She answered harshly, "No, and I do not intend you shall." The sisters looked at each other, and remained silent.

The second day passed as the first: Anne was gloomy and moody, and her sisters, both from pity and anxiety were unhappy. The third morning she again entered on the day as one who loathes the light, who has no object in living, and to whom the lapse of time in the prospect of futurity brings neither comfort nor hope. As her sisters looked on her, one of them suddenly said, "Anne, what was your dream?" "Ha! what was it, you would give the world to know, but I shall not tell you; I thought you did not believe in dreams." "Neither do we in general, we know them to be the offspring of a disordered stomach, confused images and fancies, when reason is dormant, and the memory of them generally passes away as soon as we are engaged in our daily avocations; yet there is no doubt some dreams are no more sent in vain than any other affliction or warning. There is a verse in Scripture, which mentions God as speaking 'In the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man.'" She laughed again. "You have a verse in the Bible for everything

that suits you, but I do not choose to be warned in such a manner, and there is no doubt I shall get it out of my head in a day or two." Anne, we do beseech you to tell us, if you really have had a dream from Heaven, you surely would not wish to forget it; and if not, we will help you to laugh it off."

She answered, "Well, if I must tell you, I must; no doubt it was very extraordinary and very frightful; I should have thought it the effect of the ball, but that I never saw any thing, anywhere in the least like it.

"I thought I was walking in the wide street of a great city; many people were walking there besides myself, but there was something in their air which immediately struck me; they seemed thoughtful and cheerful, neither occupied with business or with pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace and such purity, as never was stamped on mortal brow; the light of the city was also strange; it was not the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle; it was not the moon for all was clear as day; it seemed an atmosphere of light; calm, lovely and changeless. The building seemed all palaces, but not like the palaces of earth; the pavements were all alike of gold, bright and shining, and clear as glass; the large and glittering windows seemed like divided rainbows, and were made to give and transmit none but the rays of gladness; it was indeed a place to which hope may bend, and whereon charity might dwell. I could not help exclaiming as I walked along, 'these are habitations of righteousness and truth;' all was beauty, bright and perfect; I could not tell what was wanting to make me wish for an eternity in such a place, and yet its very purity oppressed me; I saw nothing congenial, though looks of kindness met me in every face of that happy throng. I felt nothing responsive; I returned in silence their friendly greetings, and walked on alone, oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way, and I followed wondering the reason.

"At length I saw them approach a building much larger and finer than the

rest. I saw them ascend its massive steps, and enter beneath its ample porch; but I felt no desire to go with them, further than to the foot of the steps. I approached from curiosity; I saw persons enter who were dressed in every varied costume of the nations; but they disappeared within the porch, and then crossed the hall in white. Oh! that I could describe that hall to you! It was not marble, it was not crystal, it was not gold; but light, pure light, consolidated in form. It was the moon, without the coolness, it was the sun without his dazzling ray; and within was a staircase mounting upwards, all of light, and I saw it touched by the snowy feet, and white and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was indeed passing fair, but it made me shudder, and I turned sadly away. As I turned, I saw on the lower step one looking at me with an interest so intense, and a manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say; he asked in a voice like liquid music, 'Why do you turn away? Is there peace elsewhere? Is there pleasure in the works of darkness?' I stood in silence; he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved: suddenly he disappeared, and another took his place with the same look and manner; I wished to avoid him but seemed riveted to the spot. 'Art thou come so far,' he said, 'and wilt thou lose thy labor? Put off thine own garments, and take the white livery here.' He continued to press me until I got weary and angry, and I said, "I will not enter, I do not like your livery, and I am oppressed by your whiteness." He sighed and was gone. Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and pressed me to follow on with them, and offered me a hand up the steps which led to their mysterious change, but I rejected them and stood melancholy and distressed.

"At length one bright young messenger came to me, and entreated me to enter, with a voice and manner which I could not resist. 'Do not turn away,' he said, 'where canst thou go? Do not linger, for why shouldst thou weary

thyself for nought? Enter thou and taste of happiness. Do not all tribes and colors press into that hall? Are they not clothed, and washed and comforted?' He gave me his hand, and I entered the hall along with him.

'Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of pure white was put on me, and I know not how, but I mounted the white staircase with my happy guide. O! what a light burst upon me when I reached its summit! Mortal words cannot describe it, nor mortal fancy conceive it. Where are the living sapphires—where are the glittering stars that are like the bright radiance on which I stood? Where are the forms either, or the looks of love that breathed in the innumerable company that moved around me? I sunk down overpowered and wretched; I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had nothing in unison with the blessed creatures of such a place; they were moving in a dance to the music, to the harmony of songs that never fell upon mortal ear; my guide joined in raptures, and I was left alone. I saw the tall forms all fair and brilliant in their ineffable felicity, their songs and looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and differences of each.

"At length I saw one taller than the rest, one every way more fair, more awful, surpassing thought, and to him every eye was turned, and in his face every face was brightened. The songs and the dance were to his honor, and all seemed to drink from him their life and joy. As I gazed in speechless and trembling amazement, one who saw me left the company, and came where I stood. 'Why?' he asked, 'art thou silent? come quickly and unite in the dance, and join in the song.' I felt a sudden anger in my heart, and I answered with sharpness—'I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain; I will not unite in your dance, for I know not the measure.' He sighed, and with a look of humiliating pity, returned to his place. About a minute after, another came, and addressed me as he had done, and with the same

words; he seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me; if Heaven knew anguish he seemed to feel it; but he left me and returned. What could it be that put such tempers into my heart?

"At length the lord of the glorious company of these living forms of light and beauty saw me, and came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh upon me tremble, and my heart grew hardened, my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to issue from his lips. 'Why sittest thou still, when all around thee are glad? Come join in the dance, for I have triumphed! Come, join in the song, for now my people reign.' Love ineffable, unutterable, beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant, and then said, 'I will not join in the song for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance for I know not the measure.' Creation would have fled at the change of his countenance. His glance was lightning, and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said, 'Then what doest thou here?' The floor beneath me opened, the earth quaked, and the whirlwind encompassed me, and I 'sunk into tormenting flame.' With the fright I awoke."

There was a silence for a time, for the sisters were struck with awe. They considered the dream, the deep impression it had made. "Anne," said they, "we cannot wish you to forget this dream, we surely believe it is from God. Your description of the Holy City is much the same as we find in the Bible: 'the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to lighten it, for the temple of God is there, and the Lamb is the light thereof;' all who enter there must put off their own garments, that is, their own righteousness, and must be clothed with linen clean and white, even in the righteousness of the saints, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord. Those that walk in the heavenly temple, are those that have come out of tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the

blood of the Lamb; wisdom waits daily on the steps to call the sons of men into that temple, and the people of God try to persuade their followers to tread in their steps. O dear sister, you know something of the way; do hearken to the faithful warning, join us, and walk in the path that leads to heaven." Anne's brow again darkened, and she answered, "I will do as I please, I do not intend you to preach to me." She continued in that melancholy state until the end of the week, and was found in her own room a corpse; no one knows the cause of her death; she died without disease, and without change.

BACKSLIDERS.

BY MRS. L. C. EDELER.

"Ye did run well, who did hinder you?"

BACKSLIDINGS are frequent. The Scriptures tell us, "My people are bent to backsliding." "Israel slideth back as a backsliding heifer." As a general thing almost every backslider has some one to blame as the cause of his departure from God. When they are in a cold church they blame the minister, the leaders, the formal members who are following the fashions of the world. They criticise all that there is wrong in others; they say if such an one had walked differently I should have been in a better state. It is true that these have a tendency to stumble young converts, but in "measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, they are not wise." The Scriptural injunction is to each *individually*. "Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race which is set before you, *looking unto Jesus*." If there was more studying of the Scriptures with prayer, and obeying its injunctions, there would be less backsliding. The Psalmist says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." When we keep the lamp in our hand, we will not go astray. If these souls leave one church and go where there is more life and power of godliness, they seem to expect to find something in the

outward power of the church that will bear them along as it were, without their own daily self-denial; thorough consecration, and watching unto prayer. They seem to be regardless of the fact that each for himself must be united to the living vine, separately abiding in Christ; and that each one will have just as much religion as he lives for. When they find they can no longer exist upon the influence of blessings received by others, or, if there is not as much of the Spirit as usual in a meeting, they have nothing to fall back upon and become disappointed and soured, and commence to find fault with their brethren and sisters. They try to lay the blame on all around, but the fact is, they have got away from the Lord, they have not been keeping *themselves* in entire consecration, have perhaps been drawn to ungodly associates, have ceased to look diligently lest they fail of the grace of God; roots of bitterness spring up, many are troubled thereby and they themselves defiled. How are these souls to be pitied! they are deluded of the Devil, their case if hardened, becomes more hopeless than that of an open sinner, for their minds are full of uncharitableness and suspicion. When they lose the love of God out of their heart, they lose love to his people, and when urged to return, they commence at once to reason about others' faults. They dishonor God, who has said that with *every* temptation he will make a way to escape; and says also "My grace is sufficient for thee," they have not found it so, because they have not diligently sought it. By running for a short time only, they plainly intimate to their unconverted relations, either that their loud professions at first were without foundation, or that there is nothing in religion worth retaining. They have the blood of these souls upon their skirts, and may see their husband or children wailing in hell because of their own departure from God. Nothing so soon convinces an unbeliever of the reality of religion as to see it faithfully lived year after year. He is then obliged to confess that there is power in it, but in the other case he secretly

rejoices in his wicked heart, and says, I knew this work would come to nought. Jesus is crucified afresh and by one who professed to serve him.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that religion consists merely in getting happy at meetings; it is a *life* of godliness; a closer walk with God; so that by the light of the Spirit in the heart, and on the word, we may serve him in holiness and righteousness, and be enabled to walk blamelessly and without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom we shine as lights in the world: doing his will constantly; worshipping him always in spirit and in truth, having a conscience void of offence. We need not be ignorant of the way for we are told to "So run that ye may obtain, and every man that striveth for this mastery is temperate in all things. I therefore so run not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." "No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this world." The tongue is a great hindrance, for by its imprudent use it setteth on fire the course of nature. If they start for Heaven they must run for themselves, and that diligently. Ease may be gained, but at the sacrifice of the soul; there is individual responsibility. The perseverance of saints is for each saint to persevere for himself.

There is help in God to save souls from backsliding; there is a glorious and blessed reality in the truth of the passage that "if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." In God is our help. He giveth power to the feeble and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. He is able to keep our feet from falling and our eyes from tears, and to preserve us blameless. Glory be to his name! Hallelujah! I can stand to-day on the broad platform of the word with the victory and light in my soul, and praise God, that

"Through many trials, toils and snares
I have already come,
'T is grace has led me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

I will, and do praise him here, and when I am safely landed and can look back upon the way which I have come, and upon the narrow places through which I had been helped, will join with all the redeemed throughout an unending eternity in ascriptions of praise "unto him who has loved us and washed us in his own blood." How I pity poor backsliders who have failed of the grace of God in their heart! They try sometimes to appear so independent and unconcerned. Their pride will not allow them to humble themselves and confess from whence they have fallen; what humility it needs, what a low place at the feet of Jesus, to get saved and to keep saved! God giveth grace to the humble.

There is hope for backsliders of all sorts and conditions—those who have become cold and formal holding on to the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; those who feel bitterness towards the people of God who have dealt faithfully with their souls, and those who have gone away into open sin. These may all receive again forgiveness and cleansing by complying with the Scriptural terms. "Therefore also now saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart, and with fasting and mourning, and rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, and slow to anger and of great kindness." Joel, ii. 13. "Return ye backsliding children and I will heal your backslidings." Jer. iii. 22. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I. John, i. 9.

THE love of Christ has a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit. Nothing grieves Christ more than to have his love slighted; nothing pleases him more than to have it accepted.

SERIOUSNESS.

BY NOAH STOWELL.

"Did I use lightness?" II. Cor. i. 16.

THE transactions of this life, are of a serious nature. We are laying up our treasure in Heaven, or "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." Here we form our moral character, and prepare for our final destiny. The period is at hand, when our doom will be fixed. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." It is of vast importance, that we be fully restored to a state of holiness, and thus bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit in our lives, "walking worthy of God" honoring him by a happy obedience to all the Divine teachings. We may have seriousness, without sadness; may be sober, without being gloomy or melancholy; we may exercise cheerfulness, without levity; and simplicity, without silliness; we may use a degree of pleasantries, without trifling or jesting; and in certain cases, we may practice irony, without foolish talking; yet, in all these things, nothing but the light of the Holy Spirit will enable us to discern between the precious and the vile. In the sanctified state only, are we safe, and able to shun extremes on either hand, and keep the narrow way of holiness.

O, how much depends on being "filled with the Spirit;" especially, to the right understanding of God's word. "Holy men of God, spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and we must have the same Divine light, to fully appreciate these holy instructions, as that which inspired those holy men in writing them. Throughout the entire economy of salvation, great seriousness is manifested; often much feeling and sympathy. Said the prophet, "O, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night, for the slain of the daughter of my people. And David also: "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." Jesus wept at the grave of

Lazerus, and over Jerusalem. Once "He rejoiced in spirit;" and yet he said to his disciples, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." The word of God gives great encouragement to joyfulness. "Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains." "Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." "Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." Yet, there is a light and airy joyfulness, empty as the wind, partaking more of the animal, than of the spiritual nature; and not at all calculated to lead the soul to a knowledge of "the deep things of God." There are unfathomable depths in the Ocean of Divine love.

O, how little there is of digging deep and finding solid rock! "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." There is such a thing, as comprehending "with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" and being "filled with all the fullness of God." O, what deep interest is manifested in our salvation! The Father sent the Son, who gave himself to redeem us; the garden and the cross, witnessed his agony; the Holy Ghost is given to sanctify us; the word of God and all the arrangements of his church are so many instrumentalities to help us in this great work, and yet, with all this light, and all these means, how many are in the Church without experimental religion! "having a form of godliness without the power;" climbing up some other way rather than entering by Christ, the only door. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." "For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. The scenes of the judgment, and the decisions of the final day, will be serious business. We are to "labor to enter into that rest;" "strive to enter in;" "reaching forth unto those things which are before;" "press toward the mark;" "lay hold

on eternal life." Our all is at stake; if the soul is lost, our all is gone—forever gone; to gain the whole world would amount to nothing, it could not redeem a lost soul. May the Lord help us, with the utmost degree of seriousness, simplicity, and sincerity, to labor in the cause of salvation; giving us "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" until the richer glories of the heavenly state are ours forever.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

WE never hear of a building's being struck by thunder. It was the lightning that demolished that house, tore up the ground, and twisted that tree out by its roots. Thunder is generally an accompaniment of lightning, and follows as a natural cause. We sometimes see lightning that is not followed by thunder. The effects are not quite as visible, but I suppose it also tends to purify the atmosphere and is beneficial in its results. But though there can be lightning without thunder, it cannot possibly happen in the nature of things that there should be thunder that has not been preceded by lightning. We may hear something that sounds like thunder. I have myself heard terrific noises made in imitation of it; but I confess that I have turned from such imitations in disgust, while I have stood for hours beholding a wild storm, enjoying the sight of vivid flashes, and hearing the deep, rolling, crashing thunder. Blind people cannot see lightning, and those who are dull of hearing may think almost any loud noise to be thunder. Some people find fault with the order of nature, and say that though lightning may be very beneficial, they cannot see the use of so much noise.

Once upon a time, a rope was stretched from the roof of a building upon one side of the road, to a building upon the other side of the road. A man with a stick in his hands walked across the rope and did not fall off; and when he had performed that feat, hundreds of

people, who had congregated there, shouted and made demonstrations and noise. For what cause? What was done? Why, forsooth, *a man had walked a rope!*

I have known persons to shout themselves hoarse in a political meeting in honor of the old flag, in praise of our great Republic, in applauding our honored leaders; but one breath of spontaneous praise to God was never heard to escape their lips except while in engaged in formal worship.

When we hear one of two armies which have been engaged in a dreadful fight, raise the shout of triumph, we know the foe has been vanquished and the battle won. Shouting is in order then. The Christian wages war with principalities and powers, with spiritual wickedness in high places, and in a hot contest he often gets the victory and shouts; but the world cannot see the victory, and calls the noise a shout of folly or insanity. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

There are more exhortations and commandments to praise, in the Bible, than there are to prayer, and if our eyes were not so unaccustomed to hearing it, and our lips to speaking it, we should—as the angels do, "find sweet employ" and the will of God be done on earth more as it is in heaven.

THE EFFECTS OF SMOKING.

THE remarkable research made by M. Bouisson upon the danger of smoking has attracted the notice of the Academie, and has been rewarded with high praise. The horrors hitherto unknown, or unacknowledged, with which smokers are threatened, nay more, convicted by M. Bouisson, are sufficient upon bare anticipation, to ruin the revenue, and pipe makers also. Cancer in the mouth, he declares to have grown so frequent by the use of tobacco that it now forms one of the most dreaded diseases in the hospitals, and at Montpellier, where M. Bouisson resides, the operation of its extraction forms the principal practice of the surgeons there. In a short period of time, from 1845 to 1859. M. Bou-

isson himself performed sixty-eight operations for cancer in the lips at the Hospital Saint Eloi.

The writers on cancer previous to our day mention the rare occurrence of the disease in the lips, and it has become evident that it must have increased of late years in proportion with the smoking of tobacco. M. Bouisson proves this fact by the relative increase in the French duties on tobacco, which, in 1812, brought an annual amount of twenty-five millions, and now gives a revenue of one hundred and thirty millions, almost that attained by the duties on wines and spirits, and far beyond that rendered by those on sugar. M. Bouisson remarks, justly or not, that "this figure, extravagant as it may appear, fades into insignificance before that attained by the British tax, which, according to Dr. Seymour, amounts to a fabulous sum, in a country where boys smoke from five o'clock in the afternoon till three o'clock in the morning, and where children ten years old are known to consume as many as 40 cigars in one day."

M. Bouisson, whose earnestness in the cause does him the utmost credit, advises a general crusade to be preached by the doctors of every country against the immoderate use of tobacco, as being the means of exterminating the habit; because, although the most powerful sovereigns have been powerless to prevent it—although Sultan Amurath threatened in vain to cut off the noses of those who smoked, and Peter the Great vowed direct vengeance against all smokers, and even the thunders of the Vatican had been hurled against them in vain, there is one thing which mankind holds in more horror than a noseless face, or even an excommunicated soul—and that is an untimely death. Let young men be impressed with this truth, and the "Art of Smoking" which one of our best authors has lately extolled as the finest of all the fine arts, will soon be set aside and forgotten.—*London Paper.*

THE more we fear God, the less we shall fear men.

EXPERIENCE

OF REV. JOHN ELLISON.

I EXPERIENCED religion eleven years ago in Woodstock, Ill. About three years after, I united with the Freewill Baptist Church, for which I formed a strong local attachment. For a few years I was quite well satisfied, although at times I felt the motion of inward sin. I was unable to account for it. It troubled me. I had heard Dr. Redfield preach on sanctification; he was so opposed by the church and ministry I thought he must be mistaken, although at times I became somewhat awakened. My labors became fruitless and my soul became dark and barren. I did not meet with the success I expected, consequently I became discouraged. My brethren told me an education was necessary to success—especially in this day of church progress. Feeling the need of a more extended preparation, I moved to Hillsdale, Mich., for that purpose. Here my barrenness of soul increased so that I was tempted to quit preaching for I did not feel fit to lead the people. One day being tired and hungry as I was going on foot to my appointment, I called at a good bro.'s house to rest me and get something to eat. The good man put the "Earnest Christian" into my hands. Praise God for the "Earnest Christian!" I had never seen anything like it. It contained one or two noble experiences on which my poor, hungry soul fed. It showed me clearly that I needed something more. By not being definite in seeking sanctification as a distinct thing, I did not obtain it as soon as I might, although I became greatly revived. From that time I asked the Lord to send some of the Free Methodists this way, which he did. Bless his holy name! Last August I fell in with Bro. E. P. Hart and wife, and Sister Coon. While with them, I promised God to seek full salvation. In a few weeks I attended a Quarterly Meeting in Monroe, Mich., and we heard a shout in the camp of the great King. Here the Lord led me up to the Free Methodist Church. I did not feel willing to make

the requisite sacrifice, but God laid it on to me more and more for several days after until I promised to do anything if he would set me free. God greatly blessed my poor soul. While many of the brethren became enraged, and heaped upon me bitter revilings I walked in the light of God. The Lord gave me more strength as the storm increased. Bless his holy name! As God gave me light I held it up before the people, which offended my brethren very much. Finally they sent me a letter requesting me to withdraw my labors. A few of the brethren stood firmly by the truth, but they had to leave the church. Once on my way home I became thoroughly awakened for a perfect work. In the evening, after I reached home, being alone, I read a few chapters of the Bible on my knees, and laid hold on God in earnest for about two hours. The struggle was hard. It seemed that there was an altar before me. The sacrifice was to be laid on the altar. I could say, my Father's will be done. The next thing that rushed upon my mind was what will become of my poor sick wife and little girl. The thought came to me that Jesus will take care of them. They appeared before me in the distance. The Lord was with them. The next I saw them standing on the altar. I next saw them down by a river and the Lord was with them there. I looked on the other side and saw them with a great many others standing on the other shore. I then raised my hand heavenward, saying, "Lord, I am thine." I know God accepted the offering; although Satan thrusts at me yet. My soul a great deal of the time is running over full. I am all the Lord's. Bless his dear name! I am walking in the triumphs of a living faith. I bless God for a full salvation, and for a people whose birth-right it is. The little life boat found me shipwrecked on life's stormy deep and took me on board. Now I can say with my brethren,

"Though lying-to with close-reefed sail,
While on us beats the furious gale;
Our child-like faith shall never fail,
Our Father's at the helm."

THE POWER OF A LOVING WORD.

"A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

SOME two or three months since, I was traveling from New York to Boston. Soon after leaving that great city eight or ten soldiers came into the car where I had my seat. They were very noisy, indeed so much so, that I could see very plainly that they had been drinking ardent spirits. "Ah!" I said to myself, "how unseemly is this conduct! Here is this nation, once so prosperous and happy, now torn by cruel war; and here are men, who have sworn to fight for their country, setting aside all laws of God and man!" The most horrible oaths, the most vulgar talk, came from these men, unmindful of the fact that they were in the presence of ladies and pure little children, who could not help hearing such vile words. By and by two or three of them grew more and more noisy, and from words proceeded to blows. The uproar was awful. Children cried, ladies screamed, gentlemen attempted to interfere, but to no effect.

At last the conductor made his appearance. "Now we shall have peace," I thought. But no: on his asking them for their tickets, they fell upon him and abused him shamefully. What could he do among so many? Some gentlemen came to his rescue; and at length peace was in a measure restored, and he went about his duties. No sooner had he left the car than the tumult commenced more frightfully than ever. One soldier, in particular, was more violent than any other. He rose from his seat, and stamped his feet, and strode up and down through the car, as though he was possessed by a demon. And so he was, a demon that in time would destroy both soul and body.

Directly before me sat an old lady, who seemed more grieved than terrified. There was nothing about her but her simple and rather old-fashioned appearance likely to attract the attention of any one; and yet when you looked at her closely, you could not help seeing there was something particularly interesting in the soft look in her eyes and

the sadness of her smile.

As the drunken man rushed past her in his fury, she put out her aged hand, and caught him by the arm. He stopped at once, looking confused, as though he did not know what to make of it. She looked him fully in the eye. He swore a horrible oath at her; but her eye never quailed, while the mournful expression around her mouth grew deeper and deeper. "My friend," she said quietly, "listen to me a moment. Have you a mother! and can't you think how it would grieve her loving heart to hear such words from the lips of her son, who once, an innocent babe, hung upon her breast?" He stood a moment irresolute: then the tears came to his eyes, and fell down his cheeks. She drew him down to the seat beside her, then I heard her talking to him for a long time. I could only hear a sentence now and then; but I heard her say, "I gave up one of my dear sons to his country, and he fell upon a bloody battle field. My poor boy, my poor boy! And yet why do I call him poor? for he died in a glorious cause. How sore my heart is, none can tell; but oh! much sorer it would be if I thought he ever forgot himself or his mother as you have done this morning. But he was a good and pious boy, and I have reason to believe he lived and died as a Christian soldier should."

The man listened very attentively, and seemed completely subdued. At length I heard him say, "No one has ever spoken to me as you have done: if they had perhaps I should have been a better man than I am now." "Well," she said, "let this be the beginning of better things in you. If you have no regard for anything higher, think of your mother when you are tempted to drink and swear. Think how her heart would be grieved if she saw you thus treading in the path of sin, and let that be a restraint on your evil passions."

I looked on in amazement, and saw what effect loving, tender words could have in thus taming a lion into a lamb; and I said to myself, "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

LITTLE FOXES.

"PAPA, what are you going to give us this winter for our evening readings?" said Jennie.

"I am thinking, for one thing," I replied, "of preaching a course of household sermons from a very odd text prefixed to a discourse which I found at the bottom of the pamphlet-barrel in the garret, and it runs thus,—*'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.'*"

"It's a curious text enough; but I can't imagine what you are going to make of it."

"Simply an essay on Little Foxes," said I; "by which I mean those unsuspected, unwatched, insignificant little causes that nibble away domestic happiness, and make home less than so noble an institution should be. You may build beautiful, convenient, attractive houses,—you may hang the walls with lovely pictures and stud them with gems of Art; and there may be living there together persons bound by blood and affection in one common interest, leading a life common to themselves and apart from others; and these persons may each one of them be possessed of good and noble traits; there may be a common basis of affection, of generosity, of good principle, of religion; and yet, through the influence of some of these perverse, nibbling, insignificant little foxes, half the clusters of happiness on these so promising vines may fail to come to maturity. A little community of people, all of whom would be willing to die for each other, may not be able to live happily together; that is, they may have far less happiness than their circumstances, their fine and excellent traits, entitle them to expect."

"Family-life being a state of unreserve, a state in which there are few of those barriers and veils that keep people in the world from seeing each other's defects and mutually jarring and grating upon each other, it is remarkable that it is entered upon and maintained generally with less reflection, less

care and forethought, than pertain to most kinds of business which men and women set their hands to. A man does not undertake to run an engine or manage a piece of machinery without some careful examination of its parts and capabilities, and some inquiry whether he have the necessary knowledge, skill, and strength to make it do itself and him justice. What should we think of a man who should set a whole orchestra of instruments upon playing together without the least provision or forethought as to their chording, and then howl and tear his hair at the result? It is not the fault of the instruments that they grate harsh thunders together; they may be each of noble and celestial temper; but united without regard to their nature, dire confusion is the result.

"Yet just so carelessly is the work of forming a family often performed. A man and woman come together from some affinity, some partial accord of their nature which has inspired mutual affection. There is generally very little careful consideration of who and what they are,—no thought of the reciprocal influence of mutual traits,—no previous chording and testing of the instruments which are to make lifelong harmony or discord,—and after a short period of engagement, in which all their mutual relations are made as opposite as possible to those which must follow marriage, these two furnish their house and begin life together. Ten to one, the domestic roof is supposed at once the proper refuge for relations and friends on both sides, who also are introduced into the interior concert without any special consideration of what is likely to be the operation of character on character, the play of instrument with instrument; then follow children, each of whom is a separate entity, a separate will, a separate force in the family; and thus, with the lesser forces of servants and dependants, a family is made up. And there is no wonder if all these chance-assorted instruments, playing together, sometimes make quite as much discord as harmony. For if the husband and wife chord, the wife's sister

or husband's mother may introduce a discord; and then again, each child of marked character introduces another possibility of confusion. The conservative forces of human nature are so strong and so various, that with all these drawbacks the family state is after all the best and purest happiness that earth affords. But then, with cultivation and care, it might be a great deal happier. And so, if all the little foxes that infest our domestic vine and fig-tree were once hunted out and killed, we might have fairer clusters and fruit all winter."

Fault-finding is a most respectable little animal that many people let run freely among their domestic vines, under the notion that he helps the growth of the grapes, and is the principal means of keeping them in order. Now it may safely be set down as a maxim, that nobody likes to be found fault with, but everybody likes to find fault when things do not suit him. There are things in life that need to be altered; and that things may be altered, they must be spoken of to the people whose business it is to make the change. This opens wide the door of fault-finding to well-disposed people, and gives them latitude of conscience to impose on their fellows all the annoyances which they themselves feel. The father and mother of a family are fault-finders, *ex officio*; and to them flow back the tide of every separate individual's complaints in the domestic circle, till often the whole air of the house is chilled and darkened by a drizzling Scotch mist of querulousness. Very bad are these mists for grape-vines, and they produce mildew in many a fair cluster.

Enthusius falls in love with Hermione, because she looks like a moonbeam,—because she is ethereal as a summer cloud. He commences forthwith the perpetual adoration system that precedes marriage. He assures her that she is too good for this world, too delicate and fair for any of the uses of poor mortality,—that she ought to tread on roses, sleep on the clouds,—that she ought never to shed a tear, know a fatigue, or make an exertion,

but live apart in some bright, ethereal sphere worthy of her charms. All which is duly chanted in her ear in moonlight walks or sails, and so often repeated that a sensible girl may be excused for believing that a little of it may be true.

Now comes marriage—and it turns out that Enthusius is very particular as to his coffee, that he is excessively disturbed if his meals are at all irregular, and that he cannot be comfortable with any table arrangements which do not resemble those of his notable mother, lately deceased in the odor of sanctity; he also wants his house in perfect order at all hours. Still he does not propose to provide a trained housekeeper; it is all to be effected by means of certain raw Irish girls, under the superintendence of this angel who was to tread on roses, sleep on clouds, and never know an earthly care. Neither has Enthusius ever considered it a part of a husband's duty to bear personal inconveniences in silence. Before marriage he worshipped and adored his wife as an ideal being dwelling in the land of dreams and poetries, and did his very best to make her unpractical and unfitted to enjoy the life to which he was to introduce her after marriage. After marriage he still yields unreflectingly to present impulses, which are no longer to praise, but to criticize and condemn. The very sensibility to beauty and love of elegance, which made him admire her before marriage, now transferred to the arrangement of the domestic *menage*, lead him daily to perceive a hundred defects and find a hundred annoyances.

Thus far we suppose an amiable, submissive wife, who is only grieved, not provoked,—who has no sense of injustice, and meekly strives to make good the hard conditions of her lot. Such poor, little, faded women have we seen, looking for all the world like plants that have been nursed and forced into bloom in the steam-heat of the conservatory, and are now sickly and yellow, dropping leaf by leaf, in the dry, dusty parlor.

But there is another side of the pic-

ture,—where the wife, provoked and indignant, takes up the fault-finding trade in return, and with the keen arrows of woman's wit searches and penetrates every joint of the husband's armor, showing herself full as unjust and far more culpable in this sort of conflict.

Saddest of all sad things is it to see two once very dear friends employing all that peculiar knowledge of each other which love had given them only to harass and provoke,—thrusting and piercing with a certainty of aim that only past habits of confidence and affection could have put in their power, wounding their own hearts with every deadly thrust they make at one another, and all for such inexpressibly miserable trifles as usually form the openings of fault-finding dramas.

For the contentions that loosen the very foundations of love, that crumble away all its fine traceries and carved work, about what miserable worthless things do they commonly begin!—a dinner underdone, too much oil consumed, a newspaper torn, a waste of coal or soap, a dish broken!—and for this miserable sort of trash, very good, very generous, very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double-handfuls the very thing for which houses are built, and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established,—*their happiness*. Better cold coffee, smoky tea, burnt meat, better any inconvenience, any loss, than a loss of *love*; and nothing so surely burns away love as constant fault-finding. For fault finding once allowed as a habit between two near and dear friends comes in time to establish a chronic soreness, so that the mildest, the most reasonable suggestion, the gentlest implied reproof, occasions burning irritation; and when this morbid stage has once set in, the restoration of love seems wellnigh impossible.

If a man finds that he has a wife ill adapted to wifely duties, does it follow that the best thing he can do is to blurt out, without form or ceremony, all the criticisms and corrections which may occur to him in the many

details of household life? He would not dare to speak with as little preface, apology, or circumlocution, to his business manager, to his butcher, or his baker. The laws of society require that a man should qualify, soften, and wisely time his admonitions to those he meets in the outer world, or they may turn again and rend him. But to his own wife, in his own house and home, he can find fault without ceremony or softening. So he can; and he can awake, in the course of a year or two, to find his wife a changed woman, and his home unendurable. He may find too, that unceremonious fault-finding is a game that two can play at, and that a woman can shoot her arrows with far more precision and skill than a man.

I have spoken hitherto of fault-finding as between husband and wife; its consequences are even worse as respects children. The habit once suffered to grow up between the two that constitute the head of the family descends and runs through all the branches. Children are more hurt by indiscriminate, thoughtless fault-finding than by any other one thing. Often a child has all the sensitiveness and all the susceptibility of a grown person, added to the faults of childhood. Nothing about him is right as yet; he is immature and faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticize him to right and left, above, below, and around till he takes refuge either in callous hardness or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out,—

"O, you've left the door open! I do wish you would n't always leave the door open! And do look at the mud on your shoes! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?"

"Now there you've thrown your cap on the sofa again. When will you learn to hang it up?"

"Don't put your slate there; that is n't the place for it."

"How dirty your hands are! what have you been doing?"

"Don't sit in that chair; you break the spring, jouncing."

"Mercy! how your hair looks! Do go up-stairs and comb it."

"There, if you have n't torn the braid all off your coat! Dear me, what a boy!"

"Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head."

"I want to know, Jim, if it was you that broke up that barrel that I have been saving for brown flour?"

"I believe it was you, Jim, that hacked the edge of my razor."

"Jim's been writing at my desk, and blotted three sheets of the best paper."

Now the question is, if any of the grown people of the family had to run the gantlet of a string of criticisms on themselves equally true as those that salute unlucky Jim, would they be any better natured about it than he is?—

No; but they are grown-up people; that have rights which others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what he thinks about everything they do. If every one could and did, would there not be terrible reactions?

Servants in general are only grown up children, and the same considerations apply to them. A raw, untrained Irish girl introduced into an elegant house has her head bewildered in every direction. There are the gas-pipes, the water-pipes, the whole paraphernalia of elegant and delicate conveniences, about which a thousand little details are to be learned, the neglect of any one of which, may flood the house, or poison it with foul air, or bring innumerable inconveniences. The setting of a genteel table and the waiting upon it involve fifty possibilities of mistake, each one of which will grate on the nerves of the whole family. There is no wonder, then, that the occasions of fault-finding in families are so constant and harassing; and there is no wonder that mistress and maid often meet each other on the terms of the bear and the man who fell together fifty feet down from the limb of a high tree, and lay at the bottom of it, looking each other in the face in helpless, growling despair.

The mistress is rasped, irritated, despairing, and with good reason; the maid is the same, and with equally good reason. Yet let the mistress be suddenly introduced into a printing-office and required, with what little teaching could be given her in a few rapid directions, to set up the editorial of a morning paper, and it is probable she would be as stupid and bewildered as Biddy in her beautifully arranged house.

There are elegant houses which, from causes like these, are ever vexed like the troubled sea that cannot rest. Literally, their table has become a snare before them, and that which should have been for their welfare a trap. Their gas and their water and their fire and their elegancies and ornaments, all in unskilled, blundering hands, seem only so many guns in the hands of Satan, through which he fires at their Christian graces day and night,—so that, if their house is kept in order, their temper and religion are not.

I am speaking now to the consciousness of thousands of women who are in will and purpose real saints. Their souls go up to heaven—its love, its purity, its rest—with every hymn and prayer and sacrament in church; and they come home to be mortified, disgraced, and made to despise themselves, for the unlovely tempers, the hasty words, the cross looks, the universal nervous irritability, that result from this constant jarring of finely toned chords under unskilled hands.

Talk of hair-cloth shirts, and scourgings, and sleeping on ashes, as means of saintship! There is no need of them in our country. Let a woman once look at her domestic trials as her hair-cloth, her ashes, her scourges,—accept them,—rejoice in them,—smile and be quiet, silent, patient, and loving under them,—and the convent can teach her no more; she is then a victorious saint.

The burden ceases to gall when we have learned how to carry it. We can suffer patiently, if we see any good come of it, and say, as an old black woman of our acquaintance did of an event that crossed her purpose, "Well, Lord, if it's *you*, send it along."

But that this may be done, that home-life, in our unsettled, changing state of society, may become peaceful and restful, there is one Christian grace, much treated of by mystic writers, that must return to its honor in the Christian Church. I mean—THE GRACE OF SILENCE. No words can express, no tongue can tell, the value of NOT SPEAKING. "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden," is an old and very precious proverb.

"But," say many voices, "what is to become of us, if we may not speak? Must we not correct our children and our servants and each other? Must we let people go on doing wrong to the end of the chapter?"

No; fault must be found; faults must be told, errors corrected. Reproof and admonition are duties of householders to their families, and of all true friends to one another.

In reproving and fault-finding, we have beautiful examples in Holy Writ. When Saint Paul has a reproof to administer to delinquent Christians, how does he temper it with gentleness and praise! how does he first make honorable note of all the good there is to be spoken of! how does he give assurance of his prayers and love!—and when at last the arrow flies, it goes all the straighter to the mark for this carefulness.

But there was a greater, a purer, a lovelier than Paul, who made His home on earth with twelve plain men, ignorant, prejudiced, slow to learn,—and who to the very day of His death were still contending on a point which He had repeatedly explained, and troubling His last earthly hours with the old contest, "Who should be greatest." When all else failed, on His knees before them as their servant, tenderly performing for love the office of a slave, he said, "If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

When parents, employers, and masters learn to reprove in this spirit, reproofs will be more effective than they now are. It was by the exercise of this spirit that Fenelon transformed the

proud, petulant, irritable, selfish Duke of Burgundy, making him humble, gentle, tolerant of others, and severe only to himself: it was he who had for his motto, that "Perfection alone can bear with imperfection."

But apart from the fault-finding which has a definite aim, how much is there that does not profess or intend or try to do anything more than give vent to an irritated state of feeling! The nettle stings us, and we toss it with both hands at our neighbor; the fire burns us, and we throw coals and hot ashes at all and sundry of those about us.

There is *fretfulness*, a mizzling, drizzling rain of discomfiting remark; there is *grumbling*, a northeast storm that never clears; there is *scolding*, the thunder-storm with lightning and hail. All these are worse than useless; they are positive *sins*, by whomsoever indulged—sins as great and real as many that are shuddered at in polite society. All these are for the most part but the venting on our fellow-beings of morbid feelings resulting from dyspepsia, overtaxed nerves, or general ill-health.

You and I do in one week the work we ought to do in six; we overtax nerve and brain, and then have weeks of darkness in which everything at home seems running to destruction. The servants never were so careless, the children never so noisy, the house never so disorderly, the State never so ill-governed, the Church evidently going over to Antichrist. The only thing, after all, in which the existing condition of affairs differs from that of a week ago, is, that we have used up our nervous energy, and are looking at the world through blue spectacles. We ought to resist the devil of fault-finding at this point, and cultivate silence as a grace till our nerves are rested. There are times when no one should trust himself to judge his neighbors, or reprove his children and servants, or find fault with his friends,—for he is so sharp set that he cannot strike a note without striking too hard. Then is the time to try the grace of silence, and what is better than silence, the power of prayer.

The faults and mistakes of us poor

human beings are as often perpetuated by despair as by any other one thing. Have we not all been burdened by a consciousness of faults that we were slow to correct because we felt discouraged? Have we not been sensible of a real help sometimes from the presence of a friend who thought well of us, believed in us, set our virtues in the best light, and put our faults in the background?

Let us depend upon it that the flesh and blood that are in us—the needs, the wants, the despondencies—are in each of our fellows, in every awkward servant and careless child.

Finally, let us all resolve,—

First, to attain to the grace of SILENCE.

Second, to deem all FAULT-FINDING that does no good a SIN; and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life.

Third, to practice the grace and virtue of PRAISE. We have all been taught that it is our duty to praise God, but few of us have reflected on our duty to praise men; and yet for the same reason that we should praise the divine goodness it is our duty to praise human excellence.

We should praise our friends,—our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered. Parents should look out for occasions to commend their children, as carefully as they seek to reprove their faults; and employers should praise the good their servants do as strictly as they blame the evil.

Whoever undertakes to use this weapon will find that praise goes further in many cases than blame. Watch till a blundering servant does something well, and then praise him for it and you will see a new fire lighted in the eye, and often you will find that in that one respect at least you have secured excellence thenceforward.

When you blame, which should be seldom, let it be alone with the person, quietly, considerately, and with all the tact you are possessed of. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others cannot be too much deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by this, while a more private interview might be received with thankfulness.

As a general rule, I would say, treat children in these respects just as you would grown people; they are grown people in miniature, and need as careful consideration of the feelings as any of us.

Lastly, let us make a bead-roll, a holy rosary, of all that is good and agreeable in our position, our surroundings, our daily lot, of all that is good and agreeable in our friends, our children, our servants, and charge ourselves to repeat it daily, till the habit of our minds be to praise and to commend; and so doing, we shall catch and kill one *Little Fox* who hath destroyed many tender grapes.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in Atlantic Monthly.*

JOHN ADAMS AND THE SABBATH.—The *Boston Recorder* has the following anecdote of the elder John Adams: "While President of the United States, as he was returning from the country to his family in Boston, he was interrupted by a New England snow storm, which effectually blocked up his way. He was then at Andover, twenty miles from Boston, where his family, as he had learned, were waiting his arrival. Sabbath morning, the roads became, for the first time passable.

On the question of going to Boston that day, it was the opinion of the clergyman of the place, that under the circumstances of his detention, and the sickness of his family, it would justify his traveling on the Sabbath.

"His reply was that the justifiable occasion in the case would not prevent the influence of his example on those who might see him traveling on the Sabbath, without knowing the cause. He therefore decided to wait till Monday."

EXPERIENCE

OF MIRANDA HAZEN.

VERY early in youth I felt the strivings of the Spirit of God. At the age of fourteen I experienced the love of God in my heart. At the age of eighteen I united with the M. E. Church. What a glorious work was this! A short time after this, under the preaching of Brother Crawford, I experienced the sanctifying grace of God. I walked in the light for some time. The world thought me distracted because I was filled with love. I could not join with the world in dress or in the frivolous amusements of the day. The adversary said to me that I was too precise—that there was no use of my being so particular about my dress. At length I began to neglect my duty. The closet was neglected, and one duty after another, until I was left in the dark. Since that time I have lived to the halves,—having the form and denying the power. I felt the reproving Spirit telling me I was wrong. Last winter God revived his work in my heart, and I felt the conviction for a deeper work. I almost gained the victory when I gave way to my past sins. I gave up discouraged—thought there was no mercy for me. O, what misery I was in! I had lost my God, my Heaven, my all. There was no enjoyment in the world, neither with the people of God. Oh, how many ways the devil will take to destroy the soul! I resolved I would live better; but how weak resolutions made in my own strength! How miserable I was! What could I do? At last I resolved to make one more trial. I sought the Lord and he hearkened to my cry. He wrote pardon on my heart and sanctified my soul, through the blood of the Lamb. I was made free at last. Glory to God, my soul is happy in him who has washed me in his own precious blood! He has taken his lost one back, and I am feeding on the bread of life. There is a way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. Bless the Lord! The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,

he leadeth me beside still waters. Oh, when will mankind learn the important lesson that they have souls to save? May God stir up the Church!

SIN NOT.

BY SYLVESTER G. FORBES.

How those that plead for sin will try every possible way to keep themselves in ignorance in regard to this matter. They have had this anti-Bible and anti-Christian doctrine so educated into them, by the so called Christian Church and its teachers, that it seems almost impossible for the most faithful ministers with all the Bible on their side, and with the aid of the Holy Ghost, to get them to see otherwise, and not to justify sin. These pleaders for sin will always fly to three or four passages of Scripture to prove their position. These have no more reference to the Christian than they have to God himself. All Christians do love God, and the Scriptures say that that love is the fulfilling of this law which is nothing more nor less than the will of God. So they keep the commandments. All unconverted men are sinners, and hence these Scriptures have direct reference to them. "For there is no man that sinneth not. I. Kings, viii, 46. "For there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not." Ecc. vii. 20. If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." I. John, i. 8. "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Ps. xvi. 3. Here are four passages that seem to be conclusive to the pleaders for sin. But in the face of this apparent evidence, are bold to say that the least degree of religion will not admit of one sin. "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not." I. John, v. 18. "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not. Whosoever sinneth hath not seen him." I. John, i. 6. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." I. John, iii. 8. He cannot be of God and of Satan at the same time, that is impossible. Christ is not in partnership with the enemy of all righteousness. "Stand

in awe and sin not." Ps. vi. 4. "Sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. xvi. 34. Why commit it then? "For sin shall not have dominion over you." Rom. vi. 14. "Awake to righteousness and sin not," I. Cor. xv. 34., many have interpreted this to say, we must sin all the time: Thus they have wrested the Scriptures to their own destruction. "Be ye angry and sin not." Eph. iv. 26. That is, be grieved and sin not; there is no license for sin in the whole book of God. "He shall save his people from their sins," (Matt. i. 21,) and not in them. "In all this Job sinned not." Job, i. 22. His friends tried to make him out a wicked man, but they failed; so many professed friends now try to make out that we must sin a little, if for no other purpose to keep us humble. If a little sin will produce a virtue, why not sin like Jefferson Davis, and so be turned into an angel? "My little children these things I write unto you that ye sin not." I. John, ii. 1. "He that saith, I know him, (God) and keepeth not his commandments is a liar." I. John, ii. 4. To sin is to break the commandments, to love God with all the heart is to keep them. "But the sinner being a hundred years old, shall be a curse." Isa. lxxv. 20. Why not a blessing, as long as he cannot help it, according to these pleaders for sin? If we cannot live without sin, then the atonement is a failure. Who will charge God falsely? Here are fifteen witnesses against living in sin.

MAKING LIGHT OF CHRIST.—That which men highly esteem, they would help their friends to as well as themselves. Do not those men make light of Christ and salvation that can take so much care to leave their children portions in the world, and do so little to help them to heaven? that provide outward necessities so carefully for their families, but do so little to the saving of their souls? Their neglected children and friends will witness that either Christ, or their children's souls, or both were made light of.—*Baxter.*

MODE OF REPROOF.

SOME persons pride themselves upon being blunt, or, as they call it "honest;" but blunt people do very little good to others, and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend *gentleness* and *kindness*. Reproof should fall like the gentle dew, and not like the rushing hailstorm. The oil insinuateth itself: the stone wounds and then rebounds (Ps. cxli. 5). Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work of "rebuking." Such "spiritual constables" do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in a church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in society, or what a tell-tale is in school; and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms "Busy-bodies in other men's matters."

Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of reproof, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home. Meddling with faults of others is like attempting to move a person afflicted with the rheumatic gout—it must be done slowly and tenderly, nor must we be frightened by an outcry or two. The great thing is to show the person that you really love him; and if you manifest this in the sight of God, he will bless your efforts, and give you favor in the sight of an erring brother.—*Christian Treasury.*

GARIBALDI AND THE ROMISH PRIESTHOOD.—In a letter to the people of Palermo, Garibaldi says:—"You have the right to demand, once for all, that an end be put to all these dens (seminaries and cloisters) of a false religion, where conspiracies against the country and the human conscience are hatched: where nature, which is life, is condemned to sterility; where love is profaned; where paradise is sold in handbreadths in exchange for vast and rich earthly possessions; where ignorance is preached as a doctrine, though it has been the mother of misery and despair. Of all the religious corporations, the most hurtful is that of the Priests."

Editorial.

VISIT TO OIL CREEK.*

Having been invited to preach in the "oil regions" we made them a visit recently for that purpose. The "city" seemed to us like a great encampment of Mammon. It is built on three side hills, and in a mud hole. It lies on both sides of the Allegany river. The portion on the north side of the river is divided by Oil creek. Over this stream is a temporary foot-bridge, composed of a few planks, held up by timbers like a scaffold; the cost of the whole being perhaps twenty dollars. For five cents you have the privilege of crossing and a ticket allowing you to return. The frail structure tottles beneath your feet and you look at the greasy water below as being your probable landing place. But it carries its stream of living beings safely over. The city contains a population of three or four thousand. The houses are crowded and the streets are crowded. Men from all parts are here, each eager to gain a fortune in a few days. Rents are as high as in New York, and real estate nearly as high. A very ordinary two story wooden house sells for from \$6,000 to \$10,000. Lumber is from \$40.00 to \$60.00 and bricks \$70.00 a thousand. They say that on the south side of the river alone, over three hundred houses were built between the first of April and the first of June. There is one Methodist Church in the city with a "derrick" for a steeple, and a Roman Catholic church, and two Presbyterian churches are in process of erection. The accommodations are insufficient for the people, and all the churches we were told are crowded. We preached in the afternoon in a grove to a large and attentive congregation, and in the evening in the M. E. Church. The Lord enabled us to give a straight testimony from the words, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Some, we trust, received the truth. We met some dozen or more whom we had once known as disciples of Jesus; and but one man and woman among them professed to enjoy religion at the present time. So true are the Apostle's words, that "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful

lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." A man may make money and be a Christian, if he uses it to the glory of God, but he cannot become rich without forfeiting his title to Heaven.

A BOAT RIDE.

Desiring to go from the mouth of Oil creek to Titusville, a distance of twenty miles, we were recommended to take a passenger boat which makes daily trips to Petroleum Centre, as being much less uncomfortable than the stage, and equally expeditious. The boat was flat-bottomed—light, drawing about two inches of water. It was propelled by a span of horses who wade through the water the entire distance. It has a cabin which keeps off the sun and rain. It makes the entire route of nine miles in about four hours. The most of the way along the creek for twenty miles, the wells are as thick as houses in a country village. From some points on the creek more than a hundred may be counted at the same time. Not more than one in twenty, we should judge, of the wells, appeared to be doing anything. Many of the wild speculations in oil lands have proved perfect failures. We were told of one man who sold a farm last fall for \$100,000, receiving \$20,000 down. This spring the farm fell back into his hands, the parties being glad to get rid of it, by losing all that they have paid. Similar instances are common.

INDOLENCE AND VICE.

"*I could not enjoy religion and get a living.*" This was said with a good deal of emphasis, as though it were a self-evident truth. The speaker was a young man about thirty years of age. He was of prepossessing appearance, well-dressed, and evidently acquainted with the world. He sat next to us in the cars from Shaffers to Titusville.

"You could not only get a living but have, what you have not now, a living secured; for the promise of Him in whom we live is, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you,'" we replied.

"Can one be a Christian and get a living without work? But I never was broug

up to work. Till I came on Oil creek I never did a day's work in my life. Since I came here I have made, in about eleven months, six thousand dollars, but not a single dollar of it did I get honestly. Not one dollar did I get what I call honestly. Can one be a Christian and charge a man four dollars to ride eight miles in an old, rickety, lumber wagon. Can one be pious and play bragg?" said he with almost savage earnestness.

"By no means."

"So I think. But I charged two men last winter forty dollars to carry them eight miles. I took advantage of their necessities. If I had not done it some one else would." This was said faintly as if he was ashamed of such a justification. "If I play with a man and he loses, it is his lookout. It is of no use of my thinking of being religious. My wife is a pious woman—a member of the Presbyterian church, but I don't interfere with her religion. I give money to pay her pew rent, but I never go to church myself. I have not been inside of a church for eight years."

We exhorted him the best we could to abandon his vicious course and make a determined effort to gain Heaven, but we fear to little purpose. Unacquainted with labor he utterly distrusted his ability to procure a livelihood by other than unchristian means. And how many of the youth of both sexes are, through indolence, coming up for lives of profligacy and crime! To be brought up unacquainted with labor, and with the expectation of enjoying a competence without earning it, is one of the worst possible circumstances in which a young person can be placed. If any such become humble, pious, working Christians, it will be by such a display of grace as is seldom witnessed more than once or twice in a generation. When this class unite with the church, they generally go no farther in their experience than to have a faint outline of "the form of godliness" while they stoutly "deny the power thereof." By the laws of Solon it was required that every boy should learn a trade. This was a wise provision. Every one could thus in case of necessity procure an honest living. It is now esteemed disgraceful for a family to

bring up children without at least the rudiments of an education. It ought to be esteemed more disgraceful to bring them up without knowing how to work. He who can work and not read, is, other things being equal, far better off than he who can read and not work. The land is full of young men and young women, who have become perfect moral wrecks from their inability and their disinclination to labor. Parents, bring up your children from infancy to habits of industry and piety.

THE WORK OF GOD IN MICHIGAN.

Saturday and Sabbath, the third and fourth of June we attended a grove meeting near Coldwater, Michigan. The attendance was good and the meeting was successful. Last fall Rev. E. P. Hart was appointed to labor as an evangelist in this State. His labors have been signally blessed. Many have been saved and several good societies have been formed. Some efficient ministers have had their lips touched with hallowed fire and been thrust out to labor for the spread of Christianity in earnest. From many parts of the State the cry is heard "Come over and help us." A Michigan Conference will doubtless be organized ere long, and faithful ministers, we trust be raised up to preach in all parts of the State the uncompromising Gospel of Jesus in its purity.

ST. CHARLES CAMP MEETING.

Everything combined to make this the most pleasant and profitable meeting ever held upon that ground. The weather was delightful. Refreshing showers one day laid the dust, and yet they came so as to interfere with but one service at the stand. Many of the circuits had enjoyed, during the past winter, extensive and powerful revivals of religion. There were sixty-three tents on the ground—twenty more than last year. The congregations were larger and more serious. To the praise of the community we can say that we never saw a more orderly, quiet and attentive congregation on a camp-ground on a Sabbath, than the immense one that was assembled there. The services which com-

menced Sunday afternoon continued until 6 o'clock the next morning. Some twenty-five, or thirty, it was thought were converted on that day and evening. Three or four evenings the interest of the meetings was such that they were continued all night. The people and the preachers were of one heart and one mind, earnestly seeking the fullness of salvation, and willing to let the Holy Ghost work in his own way. There were no limits set within which his operations must be confined. There were some of the most glorious manifestations of the Spirit that we ever witnessed. There were twenty-two preachers in attendance, many of whom received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. We shall be greatly disappointed if the future does not show that the foundation was here laid of a thorough and great revival of religion. It was estimated by those who took pains to ascertain the facts in the case that over one hundred were justified, and a still larger number sanctified during the progress of the meeting. The work in Illinois is in the most prosperous and hopeful condition that we ever saw it in. O Lord, revive thy work!

DAVID COOPER.

We feel sad as we go to camp-meetings from year to year and miss the familiar faces of some whom we had learned to look upon as supporters of every good work. At the St. Charles camp-meeting, we missed this year, the earnest, solemn face of David Cooper. He was a blessed man of God. He had a strong mind, good sense, intelligent and clear convictions of right, and courage to stand by them. He could be depended upon in any emergency. He walked in the light of full salvation—loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and made no compromise with sin, however specious the pretext or apparently pressing the occasion. The Master has called him. "The coast is clear" he said as he neared the harbor of eternal repose. He was one of the founders and pillars of the Free Church in Belvidere. He, with two other brethren nobly stepped forward and on their own responsibility, purchased the house and lot where all who choose to attend, are invited to partake of the water of life.

GROVE MEETING IN INDIANA.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 18th, 19th and 20th of June, we attended a Grove Meeting, near Dublin, Indiana. There was a fair attendance and we trust good was done. We found here a very interesting community. Many of the old settlers were Quakers from Carolina, and Lutherans, and United Brethren from Pennsylvania. They are intelligent, refined, moral and prosperous. On Saturday a regularly licensed female preacher, belonging to the United Brethren, preached a good, sound, effective sermon. On Sabbath a Quaker preacher of celebrity—Enos Prey, gave a powerful exhortation. He told as clear an experience of experimental piety as we ever heard, and the Lord blessed him so that he shouted for joy. We trust that good will result from this meeting.

UNION CONVENTION.

The 21st of June a convention was held at Cleveland, having for its object the union of all non-episcopal Methodists in one body. There were over one hundred preachers and laymen in attendance. There were present a number of preachers—eminent for their abilities and for the sacrifices they have made in standing by their convictions of duty. A kind, Christian spirit prevailed. We were obliged to leave the second day of the session, but it seemed to us the indications were that the majority would unite on a congregational basis, each local church to decide upon its own doctrines, and conditions of membership.

DYING TESTIMONY.

ALBINA, daughter of Daniel and Nancy Tuttle, died in Johnsonsburg, N. Y., May 13th 1865, aged 13 years. Her sickness was short but fatal. She was a great sufferer, but she endured with Christian patience holy resignation until the angels came to escort her happy spirit to its final resting place. She experienced religion last February, and gave evidences of a scriptural conversion.

O. O. BACON.

AARON P. VOSBURGH, of Newark, Wayne Co., died May 11th, aged 21 years. In September 1864, he enlisted for one year in the

18th N. Y. Battery. He was wounded the 6th of April at Fort Spanish, near Mobile, by explosion of a cannon. He, like many others, has been cut down in his youth. We have a hope that as he was a faithful soldier of the Union that he was also a true and faithful soldier of the cross of Christ. May his death be sanctified to the good of the living.

G. M. B.

REV. JAMES THACHER.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

Our beloved brother, Rev. James Thacher, departed this life in the village of Elmira, N. Y., April 19th, 1865, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was in every sense an "*earnest christian*" a "holy man," "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." He was born in Gerry, Chautauque County, N. Y., May 30, 1828. His parents were devoted members of the M. E. Church; his father being a local preacher. Born under the auspices of true piety, he, in early life, imbibed the ennobling sentiments and principles of the Christian religion. From his infancy, James was a good boy. At the age of thirteen he became a child of God by spiritual regeneration and adoption into the divine family. His experience was *very clear*, and manifested in a most striking manner, the divinity of the Christian system. In the month of October, 1841, as he was performing his morning chores, one Friday morning being alone in the field, he was instantaneously seized with a heart-rending sense of his awful condition as a sinner in the sight of God. He described his conviction as *coming down* upon him *all at once* from God out of heaven. His heart was heavy; he groaned under the burden of sin; he knew not what to do. He went into the house and unburdened his soul to his beloved Christian mother. He said to her, "Mother, could you work when you was under conviction? "No, my child, I could not." "Well," he replied, "*I cannot work*. I want to lie down; I cannot sit up." His mother advised him to lie down, thinking he would soon feel differently. He was burdened and restless. He arose from his bed and began to inquire about Jesus' dying for sinners. "Yes, Jesus died for sinners; he died for you."

At that they went to prayer, and James was soon in agony of earnest prayer. He seemed to be lost to everything else. His mother and grandmother prayed earnestly for him. His younger brother began to weep and pray for himself. It was a melting season. Others came in and joined in prayer. He was prostrate on the floor most of the day in prayer, resting at intervals. A change passed upon him; his burden was removed, and he felt like a "new creature." But still his mind was somewhat clouded with doubt. In this frame of mind he retired to rest for the night. His father, who had left home very early in the morning, intending to be absent until the next day, was very forcibly impressed that he must return home that night, and did so accordingly. As soon as he came in, about the midnight hour, James said to him, "Did you know that I have experienced religion?" His father inquired, "What is religion?" and received the ready answer, "*It is the love of God.*" (Verily, this is a perfect definition of the perfect religion of Jesus.) Still his mind was clouded with doubt. The next Sabbath he went to meeting and inquired of various ones whether they believed he had experienced religion. He inquired of Elder Morris, (Baptist) who was holding the meeting, whether he believed him to be converted. He seemed all in earnest, in some way, to obtain a satisfactory assurance that he had experienced religion. Elder Morris, seeing the simplicity and earnestness of the youth, and the divinity which seemed to inspire him, was led to exclaim: "Truly, God was in this place, and I knew it not!" Thus he remained, somewhat uncertain about the state of the soul, until Tuesday, when, in the field going after the cows, God gave him a very clear evidence of his conversion.

"The Spirit answered to the blood,
And told him he was born of God."

A great light from heaven shone within him and all around him, and he "rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." From that hour to the day of his death, a period of twenty-four years, James Thacher was a consistent, straight-forward Christian. As a young convert, he was happy, day and night; often on retiring, he could not read

ily go to sleep for the heavenly bliss within, but would call to his parents below to tell them how happy he felt.

Thus he lived happy in God, and in the discharge of every Christian duty, with the temptations and trials of faith incident to a true experience, for about eighteen months, when, in the month of April, 1843, God spake the second time, "Be clean, and purged away his inbred sin." He was at a meeting where the Rev. John Demming of the Erie Conference was preaching on the subject of "entire consecration," when the Spirit led him to claim the blessing for himself now, by simple faith, which he did, and received the inward witness that he was wholly saved, before the minister had done preaching. The Spirit said, "Confess it to the glory of God; rise up and tell the congregation what God hath done." The tempter said, "You are but a youth, do not speak, do not put yourself forward." The temptation prevailed, and the result was the loss of the inward witness of holiness, and the soul in darkness and sorrow. Thus he remained for a short season, a day or two, when, alone in the woods, while praying, God restored unto him the evidence that he was cleansed from all sin. He at once published "the great salvation" and was ever thereafter faithful to the grace bestowed. As year after year passed away, he seemed to be perpetually "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." His fidelity to his God was marked by all who knew him; and those Christians who knew him best loved him most. On the 30th day of October, 1855, he was married to Miss Rachel Boys, who survives him. His wife traveled with him in "the way of life." May the Lord give her grace to be faithful, till she shall again meet her departed husband in the kingdom of God!

Finding that the doctrines and polity of the Free Methodist Church were in perfect consonance with his experience and views, he united with that people in the autumn of 1861, in the town of East Otto, N. Y., and received license to exhort in August, 1862. One year later he was licensed to preach. As a preacher he was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. His appeals to the people, in his public labors be-

ing very earnest, pointed, and pathetic. His whole ambition was to do good. He was at the good work of soul-saving wherever he went; having a word of exhortation, warning, instruction, encouragement, or comfort, as the case might require, for whoever he met. He *ran* for the prize and won it. He *labored* while the day lasted. He was *never* weary in well-doing. He *finished* his course with joy and entered into rest. The last time the writer saw him was at a quarterly meeting in East Otto, the 4th of last March. In Love-feast he said, "I know I am saved. If I should die now, I should go right to glory; *I know I should*. I've got the witness in my soul." Soon after, he was drafted into the service of his country, and with a willing and cheerful heart he obeyed the summons. For some time previous he had been wonderful blessed of God, especially in his secret devotions, so that at times he was amazed at the wonderful manifestations of the Divine presence and glory. He remarked to his wife that God was preparing him for some great trial, and so it was.

The morning for his departure came. He had expressed his will concerning his funeral, etc., in case he should die in the service, and cheerfully bade his family and friends farewell, hoping soon to return to them. He reached Elmira; passed one Sabbath, during which he preached to the soldiers; was taken sick of typhoid fever and died in the hospital after a very few days of suffering, among strangers. His friends knew nothing of his sickness and death until more than two weeks had elapsed. He had refused to have them informed of his sickness, not wishing to afflict them with the sad tidings, expecting soon to recover. He was confined to his bed but two or three days, and died unexpectedly, both to himself and those who had the care of him. He gently sunk away into death and angels bore his pure and happy spirit to the realms of bliss. The writer preached his funeral sermon at Ellington, N. Y., May 28th, to about four hundred persons, from Isaiah xxy, 8. "He will swallow up death in victory." Nearly one hundred persons were seated as mourners. It was a solemn and interesting sight. Thus hath passed a good man from our midst—a truly good man, made so by the grace of God.

THE LOVE FEAST.

EMILY ALLEN.—Unto Him who loved us and hath given himself for us, be glory now and ever, Amen and Amen. Who is this, that so loved poor sinners to give his life for us? Oh, it is Jesus, the King Immortal himself! 'Twas he who provided the fountain; and that fountain is his own blood, wherein he washed me on the 17th of last June. Yes, even me! Oh, hallelujah to his blessed name! He has kept me ever since. Glory to God! My path shines brighter and brighter every day, hence the language of my heart continually

"His adorable will I will gladly fulfill."

New Bedford, Ills.

WM. H. WAX.—I professed religion in my sixteenth year at a protracted meeting held at Franklin Grove, Page Co., Iowa, in 1860. I united with the M. P. Church, where I lived until November, 1862. I enlisted in the service of my country, and like too many others, I was made to believe that it was impossible to live a Christian life in the army, and I commenced to neglect duty and finally drifted back into the world and spent about two years in serving Satan. Although I led a moral life I was a stumbling-block in the way of others. But thank God, I was led to see my lost condition at a protracted meeting held in Little Rock, and with many others was led to cry "Lord, save or I perish!" and on the night of the 16th of January, 1865, I re-embarked on the old ship Zion, but I soon found that I was only a deck passenger. I saw there were higher attainments in the divine life for me, and by reading, I found that God would even my sanctification; and while seeking to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, the January No. of the "Earnest Christian" luckily fell into my hands, in which I read "Wesley on Sanctification" which gave me great light on the subject, and shortly after a little prayer-meeting, I was enabled to consecrate my all to God and then and there I realized that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse me from all sin, and sanctifies me for his service. Others of my Regt. are seeking full salvation; among them the "Earnest Christian" is doing much good. May God bless its efforts in

spreading true and vital piety, is my prayer.
29th Iowa Regt., Little Rock.

MRS. LOTTIE SIMONS.—My tongue is too short, and my language too lame to begin to tell what the Lord is doing for me. Blessed be his name! Now, while I am writing I feel the Holy Ghost all through *soul and body*. All glory be to his name forever! I never had such a glorious victory in my soul over everything as now. My faith was never so strong, and yet how simple. Hallelujah.

Crystal Lake, Ills.

ELLEN A. MATHEWS.—My soul triumphs in Jesus. He is my all in all. I have a faith which unites me to God through the blood of the Lamb. I see my helplessness, and feel my weakness, but I cast my soul on Jesus, who of his abundant mercy has and does save me, and is opening up to me, more and more the sweetness, richness, and depth of my inheritance. Praise God forever! My soul grasps every ray of light that would bring closer communion with my adorable Saviour. O, how the things of time and sense sink when we view the cross, and Jesus is exalted. I do live by the faith of the Son of God.

Buffalo, N. Y.

GREEN B. MCCULLOCH.—I give glory to God for a full and present salvation. I can testify to the power of Christ's blood to save from all sin. Glory be to God! I feel the blessed Spirit bearing witness that Jesus is mine and I am his. I have made a complete consecration of all I have and am to God, and I feel that God has accepted it, and subdued my will into his. I can say to-day of a truth that I love God with all my soul, mind and strength. I know he is able to succor and keep me from falling away. I am kept every moment by a present, simple faith in the atonement. I rest upon the merits of Christ, and live by faith on the Son of God. Often while in the secret grove, where no eye but the eye of God can see, while pouring out my soul in prayer to God I am constrained to shout aloud for joy, and give God the glory. My determination is fixed to obey the word of God and the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and fight on until I shall stand entire among those who are sanctified and redeemed.

Co. C. 18th Ills. Inf., Little Rock, Ark.