

# The Earnest Christian

AND

## GOLDEN RULE.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

### EFFECTS OF PREACHING HOLINESS.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

THERE are those who think that the subject of holiness should not be made a common theme in the church; that it should be used very much as you do your Sunday clothes; or, as a kind of a religious sweetmeat, on very rare occasions, and very sparingly at that. Some preachers have this notion, and hence very rarely present the doctrine in definite terms. But after bestowing much thought upon the subject, and having considerable opportunity for observation, I have come to the conclusion that holiness should be made a frequent theme in pulpit discourses, and be kept almost constantly before the church in the prayer and class meetings. The effects of such a course are very salutary. Earnest sermons on holiness set persons *thinking*. There are many in the churches who never think much. They come and go from, the house of God very much as a door swings on its hinges, without thought or reflection. They expect to hear the same laudations of religion in general, the same rhapsodies about heaven, the same hints about morality and fair dealing, and to see the same pictures of hell. So they sit down under the sermon and dream, with eyes open or shut, as the case may be, but rarely, truly think. Such are a kind of religious *machines*, very much like the praying machines in India, that are turned with cranks.

But let a man get up with his soul

flaming with perfect love, and tell these thoughtless dreamers that they must be *holy*, must be *perfect*, must be *entirely sanctified*, and must be quick about it too, and they will do more than dream, they will *think*. Perhaps they will think this a new, and a false doctrine; and the preacher a fool, a fanatic, or a hobby rider. Well let them think on. Thinking in this way will not harm them so much as dreaming. And they will have better thoughts after awhile. It is very hard for any one to think long on the above line, with the word of God so explicit on the subject of holiness. They will think, after awhile, that they had better get down on their knees, and draw a little nearer to God. I would not like to have a stagnant pool of water before my door, turning *green*, and exhaling miasma every hour. Neither would I have a puddle of thoughtless souls before my pulpit. God has sent me to them to make them think.

Preaching holiness shows dead souls their true state. A dwarf may think himself quite a man until measured by the standard of a man. I have met with many in my various fields of labor, who had never dreamed how lean and poor their souls were, until they saw the standard of perfection raised before them. In the light of that great doctrine, they saw they were not even justified. Some have great fear that under the preaching of holiness, persons that have fallen from the state of justification, will become interested in the subject of entire sanctification, and in seeking it, will regain their justified state, but think themselves sanctified.

*I do not think this can be.* An unconsecrated man cannot, while praying for purity, receive pardon, and yet think himself purified. God does not deal in that way. The Holy Ghost leads the sincere seeker not into a lie, but into "all truth." If an unconverted soul should sincerely seek entire sanctification, the Holy Ghost would soon show him his true condition. And this is in accordance with my observation at least. I have seen many back-slidden souls aroused under the preaching of this doctrine, but they first went to work to regain their justification, and then sought perfect love. The cleaner the mirror, the more perfect the reflection. Let dead professors look into the doctrine of perfect holiness, and they will start at their own dirty faces.

Preach this doctrine sweetly, with your own example to recommend it, and it will do much to prevent backsliding. A great deal of paper has been used in showing how to prevent backsliding in the Methodist Church. Much philosophy has been employed in determining the cause. But the standard of holiness kindly and wisely set up, will, without doubt, in most churches, lead the people on so rapidly, that they will not go back. Of course all young converts are told that they must "go on unto perfection," "grow in grace," "add to their faith, virtue" etc., but then they are led to suppose that all this contemplates a *slow and gradual* work; that is to be accomplished very much as apple-trees grow; they are not made to understand that it is not only their privilege, but their duty, to get down on their knees at once and pray and believe for immediate and *instantaneous* sanctification. Hence they do not get under concern to have the work done *speedily*; and as we are prone to neglect what we feel there is no hurry about, so the "going on" is neglected, and an imperceptible *going back* becomes the order of the day, so that in a few months the pastor wakes up to the painful fact, that his church is fearfully backslidden.

"How are you getting along in your church?" said a minister not long since

to a layman in the town of F, N. J. "O, we are in a very low state—only one class meets, and very few attends that," was the answer. "But," said the minister, "did you not have a revival last winter?" "Yes." I do not suppose that the above church has had one clear sermon on the subject of holiness, as taught by Wesley, and the Bible, for years. Let me speak of another church. Its present pastor when appointed to it last spring, found it yet warm from the fires of a revival effort just closed. A number of young men and women, with a few more advanced in life, had just been brought into the church. They were fervent in their first love. The new pastor felt it to be a critical period in the history of the church. He saw these young converts shedding tears as they bade adieu to the minister under whom they were brought to Jesus. How easily under a strange pastor, and in the reaction that commonly follows the *overwork* of a revival, might these back-slide, and the whole church drop into a worse state than before? The new minister felt this. But he looked to God; asked for light and *love*; prayerfully set up the standard of holiness; told the young converts, and all the other members, that they might attain to it, not at some *indefinite* time in the future, but at once—*now, now, now!* was the word. God prospered him in this work, and these young Christians, instead of their glorying over the fact of their conversion, were influenced to press on toward the point of purity. Some have already reached that onward stage of experience, and others are nearing it. Old members too, who have been a good while down in the deep pits of formality, are evincing some desire to get up on the *highway of holiness* that they may not be left too far behind by these young racers. A *young converts'* prayer-meeting was established during the revival last winter: but though such meetings are often very short-lived, yet this is more largely attended, and much more spiritual and interesting than at first. God is now visiting said church with revival influences, many more hav-

ing been added thereto, while others are now seeking the Lord.

It is hardly possible for any considerable part of a church to backslide, if the doctrine of holiness is frequently, faithfully, and lovingly preached, especially if efforts are at the same time made in prayer and class-meetings, and during pastoral visits, to lead souls into the blessing. Just as much attention should be bestowed in directing him who is seeking purity, as guiding those who may be seeking pardon. Preaching holiness! It is the great need of the church. Can the crops mature without the latter rain, a harvest sun? So neither will many young converts "go on unto perfection" without the preaching of holiness. Indefinite talk about "going on," and "growing in grace," is only as clouds without water, or as the moon without the sun. Show the people *purity* as the mark, and that to "grow in grace" is to get down on the knees and pray right up to it. May God help the leaders of the people to lead them *forward*, and not round and round in a circle, to glory over their conversion, until they die in the wilderness and never get over into the land of Perfect Love. Other salutary effects follow the preaching of holiness, but I have not room to name them now.

**SATAN'S DEVICE TO RUIN SOULS.**—One of the most successful of Satan's devices to ruin souls is "money." The father often loses his soul in earning what the son loses his soul in spending. Avarice in the parent, and prodigality in the child, produce the same result—i. e. they divert attention from eternal realities, till probation is past, and the soul is lost!

Oh, how dreadful a thought it is, that though we be the savor of life unto life to some, we are the savor of death unto death to most. How dreadful, that the very words of love and mercy which we bring, should be making some souls only more fit for the burning. And yet it is truly so.

## THE OLD PILGRIM.

BY J. GIRVAN.

I WAS born on the other side of the great waters. When nine years old, the Spirit began to show me that I was a sinner, and needed a saviour. I did seek and found the Saviour, and by his Holy Spirit was led through the strait gate of regeneration. About sixty-two years have passed into eternity, and I am still on the way that leads to the Canaan of eternal rest. The Holy Spirit hath never forsaken me, but hath followed me through all my years. It was showed to me very plainly that it was not the will of the Holy Spirit that I should at any time yield to the adversary of souls, and sin against God and grieve the Holy Spirit. The tender mercies of the Holy Spirit sometimes so filled me with joy that I seemed in the suburbs of heaven. Glory to the Father and to the Son, and the ever-blessed Spirit for these unspeakable mercies, bestowed on such an unworthy worm of the dust! Being now justified by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, there is yet a higher state of grace to be obtained, even that of sanctification. I sought it and found it. Where, think ye? Was it on the mount where I expected to find it? No, it was in the valley of humiliation, on the 15th of October, in the year 1857. It was at a prayer-meeting at a widow's house, I received a permanent peace, which the world can neither give nor take away. Who shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus? I answer, none! no power shall ever be able to draw them out of the stronghold, that put their trust in Christ. They never shall be confounded. This peace flows like a river. I have almost reached the river; I am now in the land of Beulah, where the sun never sets. Glory to God! I expect soon to cross over, there to sing the song of the Redeemer forevermore.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, rejoice."



## OBLIGATION.

BY REV. E. P. HART.

OBLIGATION is the result of relation, or the obligation that I am under to any person or being is the result of the relation that I sustain to that person or being.

A company of boys are playing together in the street, when a gentleman comes up and says to one of the boys, "John, take this letter to the office for me, and I will give you a dime." If the boy considers the reward offered, a sufficient inducement, he may go as desired, *but he is under no obligation to do so.* Another gentleman comes up and says to the same boy, "John, take this letter to the office!"—offering no reward, and yet without stopping to consider the matter, the boy *must obey.* What makes the difference in these two cases. The last man is father to the boy, and because of this relation the boy is *obliged to obey,* reward or no reward. Men are under obligation to obey God, not simply because of reward offered or punishment threatened, but because of the relation existing between Creator and creature. Hence a child of God obeys, not simply from hope of reward or fear of punishment, but because he delights in the law of the Lord.

I ask that boy why he obeys that man; he answers, "*Why sir, he is my father.*" Jesus, our great example of obedience says, "*My meat is to do the will of him that sent me,*" and Job says, "*I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food.*" Again, the degree or strength of obligation depends on the relation sustained, or, obligation increases as we ascend the scale of being. I am under greater obligation to my fellow-man than to my dog, for if I get tired of my dog I may shoot him and no man can question my right to do so, but if I become tired of my neighbor, I must not take his life for he is my equal, and has as good right to life as I have; but God is infinitely my superior, hence I am under infinite obligations to obey

him, regardless of consequences. So while the word of God declares that a "righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," it commands us to *love our neighbor as ourselves, and to love God with all our heart, might, mind and strength.* There is punishment due cruelty to animals, and the greatest punishment man can inflict is due him that taketh the life of his fellow-man. What then must the severity of that punishment be that is due to the violation of the infinite obligation that we are under to God.

Again, we are under no obligation when we do not know, and have no means of finding out the relation that exists. I once stood by the Post Office in New York, when persons were receiving their mail. As is customary in large cities, they came up to the delivery window in single file; but one man instead of taking his place at the foot of the line, undertook to force his way in at the head. A man standing by, said, "Sir, take your place at the foot of the line!" He refused to do so, when the man pulled back his coat and revealed a star, whereupon the person that had refused to obey before, was very ready to do as he was commanded. When he was first commanded, he did not know the relation existing between himself and the person commanding, and consequently felt under no obligation to obey, but when he saw the badge of his office, he was aware of the relation existing, and consequently felt *obliged to obey.* God has made known to us the relation existing between himself and us. He has given knowledge of that relation in his written word, and that knowledge is called *light.* So the Psalmist says, "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.*" And Jesus says "And this is the condemnation, that *light* has come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." And in the 1st epistle of John we read, "But 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."



# NAPOLÉON A MYTH.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY turned into ridicule the negative criticism of infidelity by his "historical doubts" concerning Napoleon Bonaparte, showing that the existence of the French Emperor could be thrown into uncertainty by the same reasoning that infidels applied to the life of Christ. The later phase of infidelity which resolves the gospel narrative into a myth, is met with equal success by an ingenious pamphlet under the name of J. B. Peres, published at Paris in 1861, by the late Frederic Monod. It does not appear that the author of this pamphlet had seen Whately's, and his mode of conception is entirely distinct from that of the archbishop. As a satire upon Strauss and his school of criticism, it is so clever and effective, that we give the substance of it in a free translation. The pamphlet is entitled *Comme-Quoi Napoleon n'a jamais existe.*

Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom so many things have been said and written, never even existed. He is nothing but an allegorical personage. He is the sun personified, and our assertion will be made good if we make it appear that everything that has been published about Napoleon Bonaparte is borrowed from the great luminary. Here is summarily what is asserted concerning this marvelous man. They tell us;

That he is named Napoleon Bonaparte;

That he was born on an island in the Mediterranean;

That his mother was named *Letitia*;

That he had three sisters and four brothers, three of whom were kings;

That he had two wives, one of whom bore him a son;

That he put an end to a great revolution;

That he had sixteen marshals of his empire, of whom twelve were actively in service;

That he triumphed in the South, and succumbed in the North;

And, finally, after a reign of twelve years, he who began by coming from

the East disappeared in the Western ocean.

It only remains to ascertain if these different particulars are borrowed from the sun, of which we hope whoever reads this tract will be convinced.

At first, every body knows that the sun is called Apollon by the poets. But the difference between Apollon and Napoleon is not much, and it will appear still less, if we go back to the signification of these names or to their origin.

It is established that the word *Apollon* signifies *exterminator*, and it appears that this name was given to the sun by the Greeks because of what he did to them before Troy, where a part of their army perished by excessive heat, and by the contagion that resulted from it at the time of the outrage committed by Agamemnon upon Chryses, priest of the sun, (as may be seen at the beginning of the *Illiad* of Homer) and the brilliant imagination of the Greek poets transformed the rays of the sun into fiery bolts which the angry god hurled upon all sides, and which would have utterly exterminated them, had they not, to appease his wrath, restored to liberty Chryseis, daughter of the priest Chryses. It is very likely then that, for this reason, the sun was called Apollon; but whatever the circumstance or cause which gave to that luminary such a name, it is certain that he is called the exterminator. But *Apollon* is the same word as *Apoleon*. They are derived from *Apollyo*, (*Ἀπολλύω*) or *Apoleo*, (*Ἀπολέω*) two Greek words which are but one, and which signify to destroy, to kill, to exterminate. Hence, if the pretended hero of our age were called Apoleon, he would have the same name with the sun, and, moreover, he would fill out all the meaning of that name, for they picture him to us as the greatest exterminator of men who has ever existed. But this personage is named Napoleon, and consequently there is in his name an initial letter which is not in the name of the sun. Yes, and not only a letter, but even a syllable more; for, according to the inscriptions which are engraved in all

parts of the capital, the true name of this pretended hero was Neopoleon, or Neapolion. This may be seen especially on the column of the Place Vendôme.

But this additional syllable, like the rest of the name is doubtless Greek, and, in Greek, *ne* (νη) or *nai* (ναι) is one of the strongest affirmatives which we could render by the word *indeed*. Hence it follows that Napoleon signifies the true exterminator, the real Apollon. He is, therefore, truly, the sun.

But what shall we say of his other name? What connection can the word *Bonaparte* have with the luminary of the day? At first, one may not perceive any; but we can at least, understand that as *bona parte* signifies the good part, it here refers without doubt to something which has two sides, the one good, the other bad, in which respect Napoleon corresponds with the sun; for nothing answers more directly to the sun than the effects of his diurnal revolution, and these effects are day and night, light and darkness—the light that his presence produces, and the darkness that prevails in his absence. This is an allegory borrowed from the Persians. It is the empire of Ormuzd and that of Ahriman, the empire of light and that of darkness, and of good and evil genii, and it is to the latter, to the genii of evil and of darkness that one is sometimes consigned by the imprecatory expression, *Abi in malam partem*. And if by *mala parte* we understand the darkness, no doubt by *bona parte* we ought to understand the light, that is, the day, in opposition to the night. We cannot doubt, then, that this name has reference to the sun, especially when we see it connected with Napoleon, which is the sun himself, as we proceed to prove.

2. Apollon, according to Greek mythology, was born in an island of the Mediterranean, (Delos) and so they make Napoleon to have been born in an island of the Mediterranean, choosing Corsica, because its situation relatively to France, where they wished to represent him as reigning, best corresponds to the situation of Delos rela-

tively to Greece, where Apollon had his principal temples and oracles. Pausanias, indeed, gives to Apollon the title of an Egyptian divinity; but for this it was not necessary that he should have been born in Egypt. It was enough that he was there regarded as a god, and that is what Pausanias intends. He wished to say that the Egyptians worshipped him, and this establishes yet another analogy between Napoleon and the sun. For, they say that in Egypt, Napoleon was regarded as clothed with a supernatural character as the friend of Mohammed, and that he there received homage which partook of adoration.

3. They pretend that his mother was named *Letitia*; but under the name of *Letitia*, which means *joy*, they intend the *Aurora*, whose springing light spreads joy throughout nature. *Aurora*, which brings forth the sun to the world, as poets say, by opening with rosy fingers the gates of the east. Now it is very remarkable that in Greek mythology the mother of Apollon is called *Leto*; but while from *Leto* the Romans make *Latone*, mother of Apollon, they have preferred in our age to make of it *Letitia*, because *Lætitia* is the substantive of the verb *Lætor*, or of the unused *Leto*, which means to inspire joy. It is then certain that this *Letitia*, like her son, is drawn from the Greek mythology.

4. Next they narrate that this son of *Letitia* had three sisters; and it is indubitable that these three sisters are the three graces, which, with the muses their companions, were the ornament and the charm of the court of Apollo, their brother.

5. They say that this modern Apollon had four brothers; but these four brothers are the four seasons of the year. Here, let none be disturbed at seeing the season represented by men rather than by women, since, in French, of the four seasons, one only, autumn, is feminine, and grammarians are not agreed with regard to that. Of the four brothers of Napoleon, three were kings: the Spring, which reigns over flowers; Summer, which reigns over harvest;

and Autumn, which reigns over fruits. And as these three seasons derive all their powerful influence from the sun, they tell us that the three brothers derive from him their royalty, and reign only by him. And when it is added that of the four brothers of Napoleon there was one who was not a king, this is because of the four seasons there is one, Winter, which reigns over nothing. But, if, to weaken our parallel, any should affirm that Winter is not without empire, and should attribute to him the mournful principality of frost and snow, which in that sad season whiten our fields, our answer is at hand. This, say we, is just what is sought to be indicated by that vain and ridiculous principality which they pretend that this brother of Napoleon was clothed after the fall of his family, a principality which they have chosen to attach to the village of Canino, because Canino comes from Cani, which means the white hair of the winter of old age. "Cum gelidus crescit canis in montibus humor."

Hence the pretended prince of Canino is nothing more than winter personified: winter which commences when there remains nothing of three fine seasons, and when the sun is at the farthest remove from our country, invaded by the spirited *children of the north*, a name which the poets give to the winds that, coming from those countries, discolor our fields and cover them with an odious white. This has furnished the subject of that fabulous invasion of the people of the North into France, where they are said to have made to disappear a drapeau of divers colors with which it was embellished, substituting for it a white flag which was to cover every thing after the withdrawal of the fabulous Napoleon.

6. According to the same fables, Napoleon had two wives; and so two were attributed to the sun—the moon by the Greeks and the earth by the Egyptians; with this remarkable difference, that by the one the sun had no posterity, and by the other he had one son, *one only son*, Horus, son of Osiris and Isis—that is, of the sun and the earth. This is

an Egyptian allegory, in which Horus, born of the earth, impregnated by the sun, represents the fruits of agriculture, and the birth of the pretended son of Napoleon is placed at the twentieth of March, the spring equinox, because in the spring, the productions of agriculture begin their great development.

7. They say that Napoleon put an end to a devastating scourge which terrorized all France, and which is called the Hydra of Revolution. But a hydra is a serpent, and this is the serpent Python, which was in Greece the cause of extreme terror, which Apollon scattered by killing the monster—his first exploit. Hence the story that Napoleon began his reign by extinguishing the French Revolution is as chimerical as all the rest; for revolution is derived from the Latin word *revolutus*, which means a serpent coiled upon himself. It is Python, and nothing more.

8. The celebrated warrior of the nineteenth century had twelve marshals of his empire at the head of his armies, and four in non-activity; but the twelve are the twelve signs of the zodiac marching under the orders of the sun Napoleon, and each commanding a division of the innumerable army of stars, which is called in the Bible the heavenly host. These are the twelve marshals who, according to our fabulous chronicles, were in active service under the emperor Napoleon; and the four others are the four cardinal points, which, immovable in the midst of general motion, are well represented by the non-activity ascribed to them. All these marshals are purely symbolic beings which had no more reality than their chief.

9. They tell us that the chief of so many brilliant armies traversed gloriously the countries of the South; but that, having penetrated too far in the North, he could not maintain himself. All this perfectly characterizes the march of the sun. The sun, it is well known, rules sovereign in the south, as they say emperor Napoleon did. After the spring equinox, the sun seeks to gain the northern regions, departing from the equator. But after *three months'* marching towards these coun-



tries, he encounters the northern tropic, which compels him to recoil and turn back his steps towards the sign of Cancer, which signifies the retrograde march of the sun. From this has been drawn the imaginary expedition of Napoleon toward the north to Moscow and the humiliating retreat which is said to have followed it. Thus all that is told of the successes or reverses of this strange warrior is made up of allusions to the course of the sun.

Finally, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, as every one knows; but for spectators situated at the extremity of the earth, the sun seems in the morning to be coming up out of the eastern sea, and at evening to plunge into the western. It is thus that all poets have painted his rising and setting. Here we see what we ought to understand when they tell us that Napoleon came from Egypt by the eastern sea to reign over France, and that he disappeared in the western sea after a reign of twelve years, which are none other than the twelve hours of the day, the hours in which the sun shines above the horizon. "He reigned but a day," says the author of *Nouvelles Messenjiennes*, in speaking of Napoleon, and the manner in which he describes his elevation, his decline and his fall proves that this charming poet (Casimir Delavigne) like ourselves, sees in Napoleon only an image of the sun. This is proved by his name, by the name of his mother, his three sisters, his four brothers, his two wives, his marshals, and his exploits. It is proved by the place of his birth, by the region whence they say he came in entering upon his career of triumph, by the time of running through that career, by the countries where he ruled, by those where he was defeated, and by the region where he disappeared, pale and discredited, after his brilliant course. From all which, it follows that Napoleon Bonaparte never had a real existence, but was a mythical personage, about whom certain extravagant legends have been gathered in the form of history.—*Hours at Home.*

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THE Bible is pre-eminently a book of soundest doctrine, and purest words. No sense of artificial modesty, or false shame, kept back those inspired writers from declaring, to the fullest extent, the perfect will of God; so that they who would be saints need not lack instruction, even in the minutest particular. But mankind have sought out many inventions, and the professed followers of God have entered into them, in many instances, just as really, and fully, as the Scribes and Pharisees anciently received the traditions of men. And thus they make the will and commandments of God of none effect. Is not this the key to the secret of much of the stupidity and deadness of churches of the present day?

Says the Psalmist, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is *his reward*. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." Says Isaiah, "Behold I, and the children whom the Lord has given me." "I will therefore that the younger women marry, *bear children*, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." I. Tim. v, 14.

But all this is exceedingly unpopular now-a-days. Men are wiser now than the holy prophets and inspired apostles were. These doctrines and opinions, are utterly given up to poesy, ignorant poverty, and an unsullied Christianity. No one will blush to read what I shall write. People are too used to reading the shocking announcements, and filthy advertisements of the dailies, weeklies, monthlies, etc., that lay everywhere, to be taken back, or surprised at anything. That beautiful, retiring young lady has read them a great many times without blushing. That fashionable and prepossessing young man has quite a number of books which never see light, notwithstanding

standing they answer so well to the advertisements, and are full of instruction and entertainment, embellished with from fifty to two hundred *beautiful engravings!* Mother, you may thank God with all your heart, if that little bright-eyed boy of yours, who has seen perhaps eight summers, is not wiser than seven men used to be who could render a reason.

Any one who can understand the simple language of the advertisement, and can raise twenty-five cents, can obtain, in a sealed envelope, all the information necessary to prevent the calamity of a large family, or afford them the fullest scope of their passions in any possible direction. Father and mother hide that book from their children. Brothers and sisters keep their secret from each other and from their parents, but *they all know it!* to be sure *they do!* Round and round, and round, the infernal trash is handed, doing its dreadful work of death and destruction, degrading the minds of the noble, corrupting the souls of the pure; and earnest, loving eyes, which were once "homes of silent prayer," look up from the filthy pages "full of adultery," and those who once went to sleep to dream of heaven, and angels, are "filthy dreamers" now. The mother who would be conscientious, pleads "poor health." If it is injurious to her health to raise a family, *what else* will injure her health, sap her constitution, and endanger her life? But she has a harmless knowledge. Indeed! but God will have us (*single* as well as married) cleanse ourselves from *all filthiness* of the *flesh* as well as spirit; and at that great judgment day those that are filthy, will be filthy still, and nothing impure will enter heaven. *Whatsoever* we do, we are to do with an eye single to the glory of God; and if we do this our whole bodies will be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give us light. God does take from those who ask it of him, all unholy affection, and inordinate desire, so that one may be *dead* to the flesh, as well as to the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and enjoy constant communion with the Father, the Son,

and the Holy Ghost. Praise his name!

But some go back to the holy pages of the Bible to bolster themselves up in their iniquity. It is true that if a holy man wrought folly or committed sin, it was brought into light. Yes, into the same clear light that had shone upon his former virtues; and there they stand looking all the more appalling because of the strange contrast. And this is strong proof that the Bible is truth; for when human authors draw a character, all purity, all excellence, all perfection, they do not mar it by disclosing some ugly fault, or give it an unfavorable sequel. But, bless God! a large number of shining characters are given in the Bible of those who walked with God and kept their garments unspotted from the flesh. And for those who did not, we can give as much of an apology as this, "The times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." "Make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lust thereof," is a commandment just as plain and just as binding as any one that can be found in the Bible; and the one that reads, "Be fruitful and multiply" has never been countermanded, whatever may be said of it.

But *where are the voices* to raise up against this flood of iniquity and licentiousness that is deluging the land, and sweeping its precious youth by thousands into hell? Where is the watchman that sees the sword coming, and blows not his trumpet? Where is the voice of the press that should ring out its alarm? What shall be said of those editors, who for a paltry sum, insert in their papers those advertisements that open the eyes of the innocent, the most polluting trash this side of perdition? who cry out patent medicines that *must not* be taken in certain conditions, as they are *sure* to produce miscarriage, when they *know* they will be bought for that very purpose, and little used for any other. It shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment for the rumseller than for that editor! *I believe it!* for if he would altogether hold his peace our noble brothers

our pure-minded sisters, our precious children, would be saved the knowledge we would not have them know. We may keep silent when famine rages and pestilence devours; we may sit tearless when cruel war rushes through our land with glittering sword; but let us not hold our peace at this time, when eternal death is poured freely, and the sparkling cup, by some unseen, polluted hand, is placed in every path, and pressed to the lips of thousands of innocents.

### SPEAKING IN MEETING.

#### AN Exciting Narrative and True.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

I SPOKE in meeting once—and, as I was afterwards assured, to a very good purpose. It chanced on this wise. I sat among the children happily telling them stories—we were alone in the house. A knock at the door preluded the entrance of a gentleman who had come to invite me to attend a lecture by a Jesuit priest at the Catholic church, saying that the lecture was to Protestants, and the lecturer a very eloquent and interesting speaker. So urgent and pleasant was the gentleman, whose wife had sent half a mile in the cold to get me, that I did not feel willing to refuse to go. Reluctantly I started. It was already late when we reached the church, and we were not able to find seats together. The subject was the Host, and before the lecture began there was a great burning of incense and a great singing of praise to the Virgin. Seven times to her and once to the Son was the censer swung, and the song of praise offered. This was repeated till it became tiresome. The large church was crowded, galleries and all, with people, many of them Protestants. Officers from Fort Leavenworth (this was in Leavenworth City) were there, and other Union soldiers.

The orator of the evening began—shade of Cicero! did any educated man think that Jesuit an eloquent speaker? It was never my unhappy fate to listen to a more absolutely disgusting har-

angue. The man lacked not in garrulity; he could flourish and twaddle and bluster fast enough, and because he was thus airing his astonishing powers in a bad cause, men ran to hear him, and sat silent, if not content, to listen to his vicious and false spouting. Nobody would have endured him had he been a Protestant minister. He had not spoken three minutes ere I became indignant that my escort should have brought me to waste an evening listening to such a ranter. Then I thought—no matter what; it is safe to leave this to be imagined—of the judgment of any one who could endure him; but soon all other thoughts became absorbed in astonished indignation that Protestant gentlemen of education and intelligence should sit listening to such disgraceful lies as the priest was uttering. One falsehood after another fell roundly from his impure lips, until he said, pointing to the Host, “Martin Luther, having had an argument with the devil and been beaten, yielded the worship of the Host and taught this fatal omission to the Protestants. This is the reason why this day you are without a sacrifice. This Luther himself owns. You will find his confession in the book of Martin Luther, vol.—page—

“Who is your author?” I was impelled to ask, but was unheard.

“Yes,” cried the Jesuit, boldly, “you have no sacrifice for sin—you are the only people under heaven of whom this can be said. Why the Jews had a sacrifice, even the heathen had a sacrifice. We have *this*—you Protestants have no sacrifice. What sacrifice have you, Protestants?”

O how my ears and my heart longed to hear at least one noble voice cry out in acknowledgment of the real sacrifice; but all was silence. I looked about, up to the galleries, wondered how they could keep silence—how they *dared* to. To me it seemed as though the earth must presently open and swallow us all up together—blasphemer, and we who consented to his crime. Would no one confess Him, *now*, when His name was impiously and impudently blasphemed? Yes, He should not be utterly put to



shame and denied, let the consequences be what they might.

"What sacrifice have you, Protestants? was again triumphantly asked, when a voice, that astonished nobody so completely as it did its owner, cried out with strength and clearness such that it was heard in every part of the church, and caused great commotion:

"Jesus Christ, crucified once for all!" The priest attempted to proceed, "Once for all!" repeated the voice with resolute and solemn emphasis. At this the priest swayed backwards as if one had struck him, and cried out angrily.

"Put her out! Put her out!"

She fully expected to be "put out." She almost expected to be torn to pieces. *She did not fear at all, that hour, what man might do unto her.* She will always know how the martyrs felt. Why, it never hurt them to kill them. They were raised above the reach of pain. I shall waste no more pity on the Christian martyrs—they were conquering heroes all, to be envied, never pitied. Could one but walk through life, passing among its woes as that woman sat among the swaying mass that hissed and groaned, and glared around her, one might truly say, "the world is under my feet."

But she was not destitute of friends and protectors even there. There was a great stir and many exclamations in the church, but for reasons unknown to me then, no one attempted to obey the Jesuit. He watched the proceedings narrowly, but did not think it best to repeat his order. Was it because he saw, forcing their way over pews and through people, into the pew behind her who had broken his discourse, armed men determined to shoot down the first one who dared to lay hand upon her? I was told that Colonel Jennison, with a revolver in each hand, came close beside the offender, and that others well known in Kansas as men not to be trifled with, were ready at a word. Very little did I then suspect it; but the first movement to put that woman out would have been the signal for the shedding of blood, of terrible confusion, and of conflagration. It is well for the

Jesuit that he did *not* insist on being obeyed. He now attempted to go on, but the first words he said were, "Yes, crucified once for all," he seemed then so much confused and worried that he scarce knew what to say. His lecture that evening was not, it is safe to say, even in his own estimation, a success.

The next noon at dinner, my friend was very merry over the commotion which my "flooring" the priest had caused in the city. He was quite delighted at the turn affairs were taking.

The clergy took it up. I understood that one old minister made quite an eloquent discourse upon the subject of "That one lone voice crying out against the Mystery of Iniquity," which he declared was more powerful, through righteousness, than the whole Romish Church, or something to that effect, and another blessed me publicly and with unction and energy, laying his "right hand of fellowship" (though he was a Baptist) warmly upon my shoulder, and saying, "God bless you, sister. You have spoken in meeting once to good purpose, if you keep silent all the rest of your life."

Lectures were at once commenced. The papers, too, came out against Samarius, and he soon departed. Leavenworth is strongly Catholic, the city officers, and officers of the fort are, I was told, all of that belief. But it was an officer belonging to Fort Leavenworth, who said that he was never so much pleased in his life "as when a woman from the midst of the congregation, by one clear, true sentence, stopped and ruined the whole discourse of Samarius."

I have only to say to that officer, "Why could not *you* have said those true words?" And yet all finally agreed that 'twas better as it was. Had a man made that interruption there would most certainly have been a dreadful row and bloodshed. The resistless impulse and the smiting voice were given as God saw good. He *does* choose the "weak things of the world to confound the mighty."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Let us watch and be sober.

## INDWELLING SIN.

It is the very nature of indwelling sin to embarrass and weaken the soul. Agur says, "The horse-leech has two daughters crying, give, give!" Such is *indwelling sin*. Like the horse-leech and its brood, it is a blood-sucker, and a strength-weakener. It sucks the life-blood out of our religion, joy. For instance, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Joy, the second grace or fruit of the Spirit, it sucks dead; then love, peace, faith, meekness. O tell us not of the fabled Vampire, that sucks the blood of the living when asleep. Here is a *fact*, a vampire that sucks the life-blood out of our religion, asleep or awake; leaving the soul strengthless as the body when the blood is gone. May the Lord cast out and destroy this vampire from every heart and give us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Observe yet farther: He who is thus weakened knows it, feels it, deplores it, and with David of old, complains, "I am this day weak, though anointed king." Others perceive it, perhaps, and are ready to inquire with Jonadab, "Why art thou, being the King's son, lean from day to day?" Or, he himself may say of his inbred plague, as Jephtha did to his daughter, "Alas thou hast brought me very low." Ah! we have many among us who thus mournfully complain, whose voices are never heard in our spiritual streets.

*Indwelling sin increases the power of outward sin.* It is the plague of the heart. I. Kings, viii, 38. It betrays the soul into the hand of the enemy in the evil day. What the lords of the Philistines found concerning David, indwelling sin frequently illustrates: "Let him not go down with us to the battle, lest in the battle he be an adversary to us: for wherewith should he reconcile himself unto his master, should it not be with the heads of men? He will fall to his master Saul, to the jeopardy of our heads." Who could blame them for so reasoning? "Let him not go down with us to the battle," was the dictate of prudence. But the same

may be said of indwelling sin. Would to God we had the prudence of these lords of the Philistines! we would not stir another step until this *traitor* has been expelled from our hearts! Harken unto me, all ye who fear God! Deliver up this *fox*, this *Agag*, that it may be hewn in pieces before the Lord. Be it dear and necessary to your comfort, as a right hand, an eye, or a foot, as Jesus hints, (Matt. v. 29, 30.) O, cut it off, and cast it from you; hate and disown it forever. Was it not upon this principle that a pious lady in Italy declared, that if she could suppose any part of her being opposed to the will of God, she should desire its utter destruction; that it might be cast away from her, like driven dust before the winds! And is not indwelling sin opposed to the will of God? Has it not become, so to speak, a part of your very being? and, O, can you desire anything less or more than its utter destruction? Can you doubt that God desires the same? Is it not one of the works of the devil, his *chief work* in fact, which he came to destroy? I. John, iii, 8.—*J. Caughey.*

**WATCHFULNESS.**—We must watch against sin. If there be any known sin which may gain advantage over us, or easily beset us, whether suitable to the natural constitution, or common to the age, or not branded with the infamy it deserves; or perhaps of a secret nature, and may be transacted without the knowledge of others; or an old sin, from which we have been already purged, to which if we should return, our last state would be worse than the first; or that one is very ready to put on the mark of virtue, of which it is very difficult to repent: against all these forms of sin we must be particularly watchful, lest we fall into them.

We must guard against the world. The things of this world are suited to our corrupt passions and vicious appetites. They excite and influence them, like food that is pleasant, but unwholesome, and feeds the disease. We must watch, therefore, that the world do not insinuate into our hearts and affections.

## LETTER FROM FLETCHER.

OAKHALL, Sept. 23, 1766.

*To those who love or fear the Lord Jesus Christ at Madeley;—Grace, peace and love be multiplied unto you, from our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ:*

PROVIDENCE, my dear brethren, called me so suddenly from you, that I had not time to take my leave and recommend myself to your prayers; but I hope the good Spirit of our God, which is the spirit of love and supplication, has brought me to your remembrance, as the poorest and weakest of Christ's ministers, and consequently as him whose hands stand most in need of being strengthened and lifted up by your prayers. Pray on, then, for yourselves, for one another and for him whose glory is to minister to you in holy things, and whose sorrow it is not to do it in a manner more suitable to the majesty of the Gospel and more profitable to your souls.

My heart is with you. Nevertheless I bear patiently this bodily separation for three reasons: First, the variety of more faithful ministers whom you have during my absence, is more likely to be serviceable to you than my presence among you; I would always prefer your profit to my satisfaction. Secondly, I hope Providence will give me those opportunities of conversing and praying with a greater variety of experienced Christians, which will tend to my own improvement, and I trust in the end to yours. Thirdly, I flatter myself, that after some weeks' absence, my ministry will be recommended by the advantage of *novelty*, which (the more the pity) goes farther with some than the word itself. In the meantime I shall give you some advice, which, it may be, will prove both suitable and profitable to you.

1. Endeavor to improve daily under the ministry which Providence blesses you with. Be careful to attend it with diligence, faith and prayer. Would it not be a shame, if when ministers come thirty, or forty miles to offer you peace and pardon, strength and comfort

in the name of God, any of you should slight the glorious message, or hear it as if it was nothing to you and as if you heard it not? See, then, that you never come from a sermon without being more deeply convinced of sin and righteousness.

2. Use more prayer before you go to church. Consider your next appearance there may be in a coffin; and entreat the Lord to give you now so to hunger and thirst after righteousness that you may be filled. Hungry people never go fasting from a feast. Call to mind the text I preached from the last Sunday but one before I left you: *Wherefore laying aside all guile, etc.* I. Peter, ii. 12.

3. When you are under the word beware of sitting as judges and not as criminals. Many judge the manner, matter, voice and person of the preacher. You, perhaps, judge all the congregation, when you should judge yourselves worthy of eternal death; and yet worthy of eternal life through the worthiness of him who stood and was condemned at Pilate's bar for you. The moment you leave off crying to God as *guilty*, or thanking Christ as *reprieved* criminals, you have reason to conclude that this advice is leveled at you.

4. When you have used a means of grace and do not find yourselves quickened, let it be a matter of deep humiliation to you. For want of repenting of their unbelief and hardness of heart, some get into a habit of deadness and indolence; so that they come to be as insensible and as little ashamed of themselves for it as stones.

5. Beware of the inconsistent behavior of those who complain that they are full of wanderings in the evening under the word, when they have suffered their minds to wander from Christ all the day long. O, get acquainted with him, that you may walk in him and with him? Whatsoever you do or say, especially in things of God, do or say it as if Christ was before, behind, and every side of you. Indeed he is so, whether you consider it or not; for if when he visibly appeared on earth he called himself the *Son of man who*



is in heaven, how much more is he present on earth now, that he makes his immediate appearance in heaven. Make your conscience then to maintain a sense of his blessed presence all the day long, and all the day long you will have a continual feast, for can you conceive anything more delightful than to be always at the fountain of love, beauty and joy; at the spring of power, wisdom, goodness and truth. Can there be a purer and more melting happiness than to be with the best of fathers, the kindest of brothers, the most generous of benefactors, the tenderest of husbands? Now Jesus is all this and much more to the believing soul. O, believe, my friends in Jesus, *now* through a *continuous* now until you can thus believe. Mourn over your unbelieving hearts, drag them to him as you can, think of the efficacy of his blood shed for the ungodly, and wait for the spirit of faith from on high.

6. Some of you wonder why you cannot believe; why you cannot see Jesus with the eye of your mind, and delight in him with all the affections of your heart. I apprehend the reason to be one of these, or, perhaps all of them. First, you are not poor, lost, undone, helpless sinners in yourselves. You indulge spiritual, and refined self-righteousness. You are not yet *dead* to the law and quite *slain* by the commandment. Now the kingdom of heaven belongs to none but the poor in spirit. Jesus comes to save none but the lost. What wonder then that Jesus is nothing to you if you do not live in his kingdom of peace, righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. Secondly, perhaps you spend your time in curious reasonings instead of casting yourselves as forlorn sinners at Christ's feet, leaving it to him to bless you *where* and in the *manner* and *degree* he pleases. Know that he is the wise and sovereign God, and that it is your duty to lie before him as clay—as fools—as sinful nothings. Thirdly, perhaps some of you willfully keep idols of one kind or other. You indulge in some sin against light and knowledge, and it is neither matter of humiliation nor confession to

you. The love of praise, of the world, of money and sensual gratification, when not lamented, are as implacable enemies to Christ as Judas and Herod. *How can ye believe seeing you seek the honor that cometh of men?* Hew then your Agags in pieces before the Lord, run from Delilah's to Jesus. Cut off the right hand and pluck out the right eye that offends you. *Come out from among them and be separate saith the Lord and I will receive you.* Nevertheless when you strive, take care not to make yourself a righteousness of your striving. Remember that *meritorious* justifying righteousness is finished and brought in and that your works can no more add to it than your sins can diminish from it. Shout then, the *Lord our righteousness!* if you feel yourselves undone sinners, humbly yet boldly say, "*In the Lord I have righteousness and strength.*"

When I was in London I endeavored to make the most of my time, that is to say, to hear, receive and practice the word. Accordingly I went to Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle and heard him give his society a most excellent exhortation upon love. He began by observing that when the apostle St. John was old and past walking and preaching, he would not forsake the assembling of himself with the brethren as the manner of too many is, upon little or no pretence at all. On the contrary he got himself carried to their meeting, and with his last thread of voice preached to them his final sermon, consisting of one sentence, "*my little children love ye one another.*" I wish and pray, I earnestly beseech you to follow that evangelical, apostolical advice, and, till God make you all little children, little in your own eyes and simple as little children, give me leave to say, my dear brethren love one another, of course judge not, provoke not, and be not shy one of another, but bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ. Yea, bear with one another's infirmities, and do not cast off any one, no, not for sin, except it is *obstinately persisted in.* My sheet is full and so is my heart of good wishes

for you, and ardent longings after you all. When I return let me have the comfort of finding you all believing and loving. Farewell my dear brethren. The blessing of God be with you all. This is the earnest desire of your unworthy minister, J. FLETCHER.

### SETTLED AT LAST.

BY MARTHA E. GURNEE.

I AM the only remaining daughter of Christian parents, having seen a brother and loved sisters go home to glory. My parents had always discharged their duty in trying to impress upon my mind the need of being prepared to die; and at the age of 11 years I gave my heart to God. My parents rejoiced at the thought of an unbroken family in heaven, and did all in their power to encourage me. This was in March; on the third of May I united with the church, on probation, and about this time commenced going to school where there were nearly fifty students, and not one of them professing to love God. I used to pray in secret, three times a day, and sometimes mentioned the subject of religion to two or three of my intimate friends. Soon the Lord enabled one of them to see her condition and seek refuge in Jesus, and I was encouraged. I lived up to my profession all that summer, attended the means of grace, discharged every duty, and read my Bible as my constant study; but in the fall I was negligent. I was ridiculed by my young associates, and became almost discouraged. I neglected secret devotions, but dared not let any one know it. I testified for Jesus always, though I was not so often found in class as before. The following winter, during a great revival, I was again led to the fold, but did not stay there long. A new minister came on the charge, whom I did not like so well as I ought, though it was prejudice, for he was one of God's chosen ones; and with many others I was led away. In this state I lived a year, then by the grace of God, I again sought him, was

baptized, and united with the church in full connection. Then I enjoyed the smiles of God for nearly two years. Afflictions came upon me and I went to The Strong for strength, striving to live so as to meet the lovely sister gone before. But the snares of my school-mates had great power over me, and I was easily turned aside. I never joined in their amusements, such as going to parties and dances, and did not entirely give up my hope; but I was always the liveliest of the lively, and, with shame I tell it, I did not always regard the truth, in one thing especially, I did not get my lessons perfectly, and would manage to look on my book, and my teacher would not suspect me; then if the scholars told of it I would deny it. When I look back to those days, I wonder that one once so enlightened by the grace of God could get so far back into the world as I did. I lived in this way, sinning and repenting, attending school where I was thrown into all kinds of society, yet still trying to serve God; but alas! it was all in my own strength. I attended camp-meetings, and would get somewhat enlivened, but I allowed myself to be again led astray by an intimate worldly acquaintance. I tried to do my duty, but my heart was not in it; strove to lead others to repentance, but as might be expected, it did not avail anything. I lived in this way six months, when conviction came upon my heart, so intense I could not rest or sleep. I mingled more with the world, though I might have had other society for many of my associates had given their hearts to Jesus, and some had gone home to their reward. But the burden on my soul grew heavier. I prayed to God to take it away, but he said in an almost audible voice, "will you give up your ungodly associates, come out from among them and be separate for my sake?" This was the point, and I was unwilling to yield it, but God in his mercy had not yet given me up. He pressed the question with still more weight. It was hard, but at last I said if he would take the burden off, I would do anything, give up my friends and all that was held

near and dear, for his sake. The moment I made this resolve, joy filled my soul. Oh, what a change! What wondrous love! I cannot describe it. Praise the Lord! I shouted "glory to God" and could not praise him enough. I remained in this state of feeling three days, then I was convicted for holiness. I plainly saw that the roots of bitterness still remained in my heart; I was not under condemnation, yet there was that panting after the *fullness* I heard others tell of. I knew it was for me and I went to camp-meeting. For a time I found no light, the meeting was drawing to a close, and I said to myself, "Is it possible I must leave the ground without the blessing?" Something seemed to answer "no!" and I took courage. My spiritual eyes were opened, and I was enabled to see that I had not given up all. The question was presented, "Will you pray in public?" I was at a stand, but resolved I would not leave until I had gained the blessing. I said that by God's grace I would do anything. I cast myself wholly on the Lord, ventured out on His promises by simple faith. He accepted the sacrifice and gave me a clear witness of my adoption. I could then sing,

"My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear."

I have been kept in *perfect peace* since that time. Trials and temptations surround me and I live only by constant prayer, and the discharge of duty, yet my faith is unwavering. Though at times my sky is clouded, with the eye of faith I look up to the throne, and by the assisting grace of God I am determined never again to look back, but press on towards the prize.

[The writer of the above has since gone to join the Angels. She kept the faith a few months and then went home to receive the prize. She bore a painful illness patiently, longing to exchange the cross for the crown; and died triumphantly, trusting in Jesus.]

H. McW.

It is a fearful thing to fall into hands of a living God.

## ON SHOUTING.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

SHOUT! Let them shout if they feel like it—live like it. There is no harm in shouting, when it comes from a full, overflowing heart, of faith, love and good works. Shouting is Scriptural, a Bible doctrine. It was customary for good men, holy men, to shout in olden time. God commanded it. See Num. xxiii, 21; Josh. vi, 5; II. Chron. xiii. 15. In the time of Ezra, "when the people sang together, by course, praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. . . . And the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord."—Ezra iii, 11. David was accustomed to shout—shout aloud. "Shout unto God with the voice of triumph." "Cry out, and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, let them shout from the tops of the mountains." David brought up the Ark of God with shoutings of holy joy. "Shout, O Israel, be glad with all thy heart." "Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy king cometh unto thee." We could fill a volume of quotations, proving conclusively that shouting is no new thing, and that it is well pleasing in the sight of Heaven. It does one's soul good to see a holy man, so full of love that he can't keep it in, it's thrilling, soul-kindling! Let it out, throw it out, shout it out, from pole to pole. Let the heavenly arches ring hallelujahs to God in the highest, else the very stones cry out. Some very fastidious, pharisaical minds oppose shouting; go so far as to repudiate it entirely—manifest great hostility. Not long since, one church split all to pieces on this ground. One man felt like shouting, and would shout. Another man, starched up, said, "No, no; this shouting in God's house is out of the question, out of time and out of date, out of fashion. Shouting might be endured once, but the times have altered. Society is more polished—shouting now will never do; it's impolite to shout." Thus a root of bitterness sprang up on the question of shouting,



by which many were defiled.

To be sure, for a man to shout, groan, respond, or say *Amen*, hypocritically or insincerely, meanwhile leading a crooked life, walking disorderly, proudly, selfishly—making a “god of his belly,” living in lust, is awful! grating, like the crackling of thorns under a pot! But a good, hearty response, or shout of praise to God, from a holy, sanctified soul, walking in all the commandments of God, blameless—what harm in it? What reasonable objection can there be? We like it, God likes it, commands it. “Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye upright in heart.” *Psa. xxxii, 11.*

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### JESUS PRECIOUS.

BY MATILDA STIVERS.

I was brought up under strict religious instruction. I received very strong convictions at an early age, but I hid my convictions and grieved the Spirit. At the age of thirteen I was again strongly impressed by the Spirit of God. At this time I was willing to come out before the world, and acknowledge that I desired to be a follower of Christ. I had such awful views of my condition while standing as it were, on the brink of hell, that I feared to close my eyes, and these words were dwelling in my mind, that “Satan is going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.” After six weeks’ conviction, the dark cloud was broken by the “still small voice” of the Saviour, which said “thy sins are forgiven thee.” It seemed to me all nature praised the Lord. Moon, and stars, and sky never looked more beautiful. I went home from church feeling so light and free, and the Saviour appeared so lovely and precious, and so near that I wished to die if it had been the will of the Lord, for I was afraid I should commit sin if I lived, and I could not bear the thought of sinning against one so lovely. I could but praise the Lord continually. I lived a

cross-bearing life for about eighteen years, in the enjoyment of religion, until I laid down the cross, then I lost the witness of the Spirit, and that peace of mind which I had enjoyed. I lived in a backslidden state for seven or eight years. I was again convicted of my danger. While out of Christ I had a sense that if I should die I should be lost. There was a time when I saw myself in such a way that I sank in despair, for I had sinned by wandering from God. It seemed to me that God could not forgive me until I had done something to recommend myself to his favor.

It was not until I had given up all hope of being saved through my own righteousness, that I found forgiveness and received the witness of the Spirit, and was enabled to rejoice in God. About three weeks after I had received the witness of my sins forgiven, I was strongly impressed of the necessity of seeking the blessing of sanctification. These words came with force to my mind:—“Without holiness no man can see the Lord.” While I prayed for this blessing I saw my own righteousness as filthy rags, and I was led to give up my will; then I received the blessing of sanctification. I saw that God was righteous in all his ways. I saw that all our trials would work together for our good. I could rejoice in God under the severest trials. God teaches us that his temple must be holy. At that time I received the gift of light from the Holy Ghost. The Holy Comforter which dwells in my heart, as my teacher, reveals unto me the explanation of some of the deepest mysteries of the Bible.

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**SCOFFING.**—To a young infidel who scoffed at Christianity on account of the misconduct of some professors, Dr. Mason said, “Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?” The infidel admitted he had not. “Then you admit Christianity is a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power!”

## PARTIES.

## The Injury they do.

OFTEN when it comes the time of year to work, when the evenings are long, and business is light, and the very time to make an extra effort, at this moment, somebody in the church will give a party, and invite some Christian friends, so as to have a religious party. And then some other family must do the same to return the compliment. Then another and another, till it grows into an organized system of parties, that consume the whole winter. Abominable! This is the grand device of the devil, because it appears so innocent, and so proper, to promote good feeling, and increase the acquaintance of Christians with each other. And so, instead of prayer-meetings, they will have these parties. The evils of these parties are very great. They are often got up at great expense, and the most abominable gluttony is practiced in them. It is said that the expense is from one hundred to two thousand dollars. I have been told in some instances, professed Christians have given great parties, and made great entertainments, and excused their ungodly prodigality in the use of Jesus Christ's money, by giving what was left, after the feast was ended, *to the poor!* thus making it a virtue to feast, and riot, even to surfeiting, on the bounties of God's providence, under pretence of benefitting the poor. This is the same in principle with a splendid ball which was given some years since in a neighboring city. The ball was gotten up for the benefit of the poor, and each gentleman was to pay a certain sum, and after the ball was ended, whatever remained of the funds thus raised, was given to the poor.

Truly, this is a strange charity, to eat and drink and dance, and when they have rioted and feasted until they can enjoy it no longer, they deal out to the poor the crumbs that have fallen from the table. I do not see why such a ball is not quite as pious as such Christian parties. The evil of balls does not con-

sist simply in the exercise of dancing, but in the dissipation, and surfeiting, and temptations connected with them. But it is said they are *Christian parties*, and that they are all, or nearly all, professors of religion who attend them. And furthermore that they are concluded often, with prayer. Now I regard this as one of the worst features about them; that after the waste of time and money, the excesses in eating and drinking, the vain conversation, and nameless fooleries with which such a season is filled up, an attempt should be made to sanctify it, and palm it off upon God, by concluding it with prayer. Say what you will, it would not be more absurd or incongruous, or impious, to close a ball or a theatre or a card-party with prayer. Has it come to this, that professors of religion, professing to desire the salvation of the world, when such calls are made upon them from the four winds of heaven, to send the gospel, to furnish Bibles and tracts, and missionaries to save the world from death, that they should spend hundreds of dollars in an evening, and then go to the monthly concert and pray for the heathen! In some instances, I have been told they find a salvo for their consciences in the fact that their minister attends their parties. This of course, would give weight to such an example, and if one professor of religion made a party and invited their minister, others must do the same. The next step they take, may be for each to give a ball, and appoint their minister a manager! Why not? And perhaps, by and by, he will do them the favor to play the fiddle. In my estimation he might quite as well do it as to go and conclude such a party with prayer. I have heard with pain that a circle of parties, I know not to what extent, has been held in Rochester, that place so highly favored of the Lord. I know not through whose influence they have been gotten up, or by what particular persons they have been patronized and attended. But I should advise any congregation, who are calculating to have a circle of parties, in the meantime to dismiss their minister, and let him go and preach

where the people would be ready to receive the word and profit by it, and not have him stay and be distressed, and grieved, and killed by attempting to promote religion among them, while they are heart and hand in the service of the devil. In relation to parties, say what you please about their being an innocent recreation, I appeal to any of you who have ever attended them, to say whether they fit you for prayer, or increase your spirituality, or whether sinners are ever converted in them, or saints made to agonize in prayer for souls?—*Rev. C. J. Finney.*

### THE SKEPTIC SAVED.

BY REV. C. H. UNDERWOOD.

I CAN say nothing of myself that is good. All my natural inclinations were to sin. I loved sinful pleasures, and ran to extremes in many of the vices of youth. It was in me to be very wicked; and but for the restraints thrown around me by Christian parents, and the preventing grace of God in answer to their many prayers, I might have run to excess in crime.

I believe I first experienced religion when about fourteen years of age. I lived in its enjoyment for some months, and during that time, it was made clear to me that it was my duty to preach the Gospel. I was often burdened with the thought, and on one occasion mentioned it in class, hoping to obtain some advice from my leader. I cannot now remember all that was said, but it had such a dampening effect upon my feelings that I determined never to mention it again; gave up my convictions as delusive, and soon wandered from God. Sad years of experience followed—about six of which were made up of distrust, skepticism, and infidelity. During the summer of 1857, I received a call from my brother, who was in business in St. Louis, to come and assist him, which I accepted. Here I attended religious services every opportunity, but only to cavil and find fault with religion. Let it not be considered strange

that a backslider could discard christianity; for they of all others are capable of the strongest delusion. I speak in bounds when I say that Satan has no weapon with which he so effectually opposes the work of God, as the example of cold-formalists and backslidden professors of religion. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they may believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness." It is a remarkable fact that nine out of ten of those who follow the delusive isms of the day are persons who once enjoyed religion. The curse of God is upon them and they need the sympathies of a Christian people.

I had been about two years in St. Louis when a notorious inebriate (who I believe was then sober) met me in front of my place of business and introduced the subject of religion. He spoke of one Dr. Redfield, who was preaching in the basement of the Union Baptist Church, on 6th street, and the many that were being converted under his labors. I had heard of Dr. Redfield before, from other sources, as a church-splitter and a disturber in general, but upon this information concluded I would go and hear for myself. The next Sabbath evening I went, but to cavil as before. The thought of seeking religion had passed out of my mind; a state of mind which no doubt the Lord permitted, that I might be taken off my guard. I shall never forget the hour I entered that house. In a moment of time I found myself in the presence of God. I was arrested, tried and condemned, and feared lest the awful sentence should be pronounced. Influences from the invisible world seemed to gather all around me. My past life passed as vividly through my mind as though some mystic panorama of the whole had suddenly sprung up at my feet. Such mental and physical anguish I had never experienced. It seemed as though my very heart would break through the walls by which it was encased. Not a word had been spoken to me on the subject of religion, but truly God was having a controversy with me. Under this



conviction my first thought was to go at once to the altar. A moment's reflection however, convinced me this would not answer the demands of my speaking conscience. My oft-repeated denials of Christ and his cause were not to be atoned for by a few groans and tears at the penitent's form. A single leap from my present condemnation into the favor of God, to me, was an absurdity. I saw many obstructions to be removed, and knew they could only be removed by putting Satan to a public exposure, and confessing the whole. It was worse than death for me to look in that direction, and beside, my proud heart said, no: and kept repeating it, until the matter, as I thought, was fully settled that I would not yield. In a moment one flash of the Spirit's light let me see myself unarmed, a frail man, alone, contending with the Almighty. My strength vanished, and I feared I should be carried away with the storm which was gathering about me. The issues of life and death were before me, and God by his grace helped me to choose life that I might live.

I asked the privilege of speaking. It was readily granted, and I improved the opportunity by relating in substance my former convictions and backslidings. The opportunity was immediately given for me to go forward for prayers. I went, and began with all my might to call upon God for pardoning mercy. My prayer only made me feel worse. The Lord let me see all of myself that I could bear. Good brethren were praying all around me, and I was desperately in earnest for the salvation of my soul. My hands, my lips, my heart all plead with God for mercy. In this extremity *Jesus* was presented as my only hope. I was enabled by faith to spring from my sins as if from an uncaged tiger into the open arms of an Almighty Saviour. Quick as thought my burden was gone. My tears were dried up. My sorrow was turned into joy, and I was on my feet praising God at the top of my voice.

For some time my work as to the ministry seemed to have been kept out of sight, but when it came it was all I

could bear. Many received the impression that evening it was my duty to preach, and afterwards spoke to me about it. Among others who spoke to me that evening was Sister R., who said, "Brother will you do your whole duty" and passed on. I have never known where those words were intended to apply, but to me they contained a volume. All my convictions in reference to the ministry were renewed in a moment of time. Satan took immediate advantage of this and came in like a flood; for a moment my soul was on a pivot; the weight of a hair would have turned the balance. I was near making shipwreck of faith in sight of the harbor of mercy. Under this cloud of temptation I went to my room, fell upon my knees and poured out my soul, in cries and tears before the Lord until the matter was settled. I shall not forget the consecration I then made. I saw myself at once stripped of every earthly friend and every earthly interest, and the path in which I was to walk for the future was clearly presented before me. It is useless to give all the particulars, suffice it to say that in view of all that was before me, and the results which must follow, I consecrated myself to the work of the ministry. Oh, what unspeakable glory filled my soul at that moment.

Soon after this, an unconverted brother, than whom I loved none more on earth, and with whom I was associated in business, caught some presentiment of the course my mind was running, and began to counsel against it. I was not long in discovering that he, or my hope of Heaven must be abandoned. I saw in the light of the Spirit, that my soul was of infinitely more importance than any earthly consideration, and laid hold of God with a firmer faith. The sorrowful separation soon took place.

. . . . . The Lord has saved me from all unchristian feeling concerning him so that I can love him as before. I would make any sacrifice to make him feel the same towards me. MAY THE LORD BY HIS MERCY BRING HIM TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH, IS MY EARNEST AND SINCERE PRAYER. I had many

conflicts from without, but these were by no means my worst enemies.—Christ reigned in my heart and controlled my life. My will was extremely loyal to the government of God, but the reign was contested. An armed invader still occupied the uncultivated soil of my heart. There were enemies within who gave their advice in every possible way in opposition to the Divine will. The seeds of sin's disease were constantly springing up and striving for the mastery. The untamed man of sin, although bound hand and foot, was in silence gathering strength for the final usurpation of the throne from which he had been deposed; conquered, but not expelled, he still clamored for a place in the temple of God. At the slightest provocation, the stirrings of anger, pride, envy, and the like, would throw their defiant insinuations into the face of what God had already done, and almost overpower me. At such times it was not uncommon for Satan to suggest that I never had been converted. In matters of duty it was almost impossible to distinguish the voice of the Spirit amid the clamor from within. Indeed, the man of sin seemed to grow and flourish upon the very influences by which I was surrounded in the every-day business of life. During this state of my experience, I realized fully the truth of the poet when he sang,

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,  
And not my God alone."

"Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" was the language of my heart for many long days.

Let it not be understood that I made no effort to be freed from this law of sin, for the teachings of Dr. Redfield had been so clear on this subject that I perfectly understood my wants, and besought the Lord definitely to "create within me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me." At times I believe I was enabled to grasp it, but my incredulity was such that I could hold it but for a little season. On one occasion I made a solemn covenant

with the Lord that I would neither eat, drink or sleep until the work was done. It was but a few hours from that time that I felt the work accomplished. I lived in its enjoyment for some months, and the language of my heart was, "Glory!" glory all the time. It is not using an expression too strong, when I say that every other voice was hushed within, but the voice of the Spirit of God. I understood fully the words of Jesus when he said, "My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me; and a stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." There would not be so many deviations from the right way if all were to keep within speaking distance of the Master.

During the administration of D—r, I again let go my hold on the Lord and lost the blessing. The bitter experience which I felt for having grieved the Spirit in this instance, no tongue can describe. The justifying grace of God had failed to catch me when I fell. Sin, the fatal knife, had severed every tie; in form I was as rigid as before, but oh, the aching void within me! I meant to be a Christian as before, but lacked power. Through the grace of God I was enabled to break through every barrier and give myself to the Lord anew. One evening, after Bro. T— had preached a very searching sermon, I went forward to the altar to seek publicly the lost favor of God, resolving to follow him at any and every cost. I was enabled that same evening, through the grace of God to find liberty from condemnation, and receive the witness of the Spirit to my acceptance into the Divine favor. I began again to seek as definitely as before, for an interest in the blood that cleanseth from all sin, but Satan hindered me through unbelief. I believe my consecration was complete for some days—so far as the offering was concerned—before I was able to claim the blessing. This statement will of course appear strange to those, who teach that "holiness is nothing more than entire submission to the will of God in providence and grace, and a ceaseless consecration of life and substance to the Divine service." If sub-

mission evinces purity of character, it must be dependent upon the state of which it speaks; and if so, an individual must be made holy before he can submit to the will of God. I have not so learned Christ. And if the consecration of life and substance constitutes the character of which it is said, "Be ye holy," the self-righteous Pharisee enjoyed it in its fullest sense. There are many Universalists who have as much religion as this.

A little reflection will show that submission to the will of God is one of the prerequisites of salvation. A young man inquired of Jesus, "Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The way was made plain to him. He refused to submit, and went away sorrowing. There must be a giving up of all; a willing surrender of everything including the service of life as well. Who ever heard of one who grudgingly obeyed God, and met with the Divine favor? A repentance wherein submission to the Divine will is involved is essential to the exercise of faith for the pardon of sin, and the consecration of life and substance to the Divine service bears precisely the same relation to the work of holiness that repentance does to pardon of sin. No where in the whole book of God, or in the experience of saints, is it taught that these things form any part of holiness itself. The altar may indeed sanctify the gift, but the blood of Christ alone can sanctify the giver.

On the 28th day of May in 1861, I attended a grove meeting held by Bro. Travis. The whole country was stirred. My convictions became more deep and powerful, and I sought the blessing with all my heart. I found that I had not only been defiled by sin, but saturated with it. It was the purging of the leprous stain away that my soul was after. You might have preached consecration to me, but to no purpose. My all was on the altar. The blood—the blood that speaketh; the blood that cleanseth was my only plea. The summit of my aspirations was constant purity. With an inexpressible longing for this, I went to the Love-

feast and began to testify to the fullness of my heart. While speaking, the thought was suggested, why not believe for it now? I began to look to Jesus. The blessing seemed suspended just before me, and through the merit of atoning blood, I was enabled to claim the blessing and testify to it before I took my seat. O, the unspeakable glory which then filled my soul. Consecration, submission, and a multitude of terms like them could not have expressed it. It was union, a harmonious blending of the will of God and mine. The path of duty was immediately presented, and my glad heart said, "Lord, obediently I'll go." In less than three weeks from that time, I united with the Free Methodist Conference, and took work as a traveling preacher. My fifth sermon was preached on my circuit. Nearly five years have passed since that day, and with the exception of a few short hours, my soul has been exulting in the Canaan of perfect love, and I have been endeavoring to lead others to the Lamb of God, and to the blood that cleanseth. It is by faith I stand.

### GO TELL JESUS.

Bury thy sorrow,  
The world has its share,  
Bury it deeply,  
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly  
When curtained by night,  
Tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief,  
Tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send relief.

Gather the sunlight  
Aglow on thy way,  
Gather the moon-beams,  
Each soft silver ray.

Hearts grow weary  
With heavier woe,  
Droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow,  
Let others be blest,  
Give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.



## MAKE SURE OF HEAVEN.

O BY L. F. BOWEN.

ONE year ago I was living without hope and without God in the world, a stranger to the fold of Christ. I had often thought deeply on the necessity of vital piety, and many a time was almost persuaded to seek my soul's salvation, but some darling plans and worldly prospect kept me from duty. As often as I would resolve to seek an interest in Christ, the world would rise up to separate me from better resolutions. I have often found it both pleasant and profitable to turn back to the time when God first set my feet in the narrow way, and from that starting point, to trace, by the light of experience, the way in which I have been led, and to examine my heart to see if I am doing the whole will of God. I fear if we do not try to see ourselves as we are seen by God, we will know but little of permanent joy and peace, but be divided in our affections between the religion and the world; half-hearted in our attachment to Christ, we will be troubled with uneasy consciences from neglect of duty and restless cravings for forbidden pleasures. There is no necessity of being deceived in regard to our soul's salvation; or a knowledge of God's requirements. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his;" and if he have the Spirit and do not the things that are written in the law, and that law written on every truly awakened heart, the word of God must prove false. Oh, how few are willing to go to Heaven as Jesus pointed out the way! "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. xii, 30. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin." John viii, 34. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." James ii, 10. What a responsibility rests on the professor of religion! Not only the eyes of God

but the eyes of the world are on us. We know not how many souls we are keeping from the fold of Christ, by living in a careless manner, besides being death to our own souls. How can we call ourselves Christians when we serve the devil half the time? If we put on the outward form of religion we may deceive men but we cannot deceive God. Oh, let us strive to enter in at the strait gate, "for strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. And wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

## THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?  
Rise and share it with another,  
And through all thy years of famine,  
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,  
Or thy handful still renew;  
Scanty fare for one will often  
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;  
All its wealth is living grain,  
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,  
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
Do thy steps drag wearily?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden;  
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,  
Would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?  
Chafe the frozen form beside thee,  
And together both shall glow.

Is the heart a well left empty?  
None but God its void can fill;  
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain  
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power?  
Self entwined its strength sinks low;  
It can only live in loving;  
And by serving, love will grow.  
—Author of *Schonberg-Cotta Family*.

## AN OBSTACLE TO REVIVALS.

BY REV. GEORGE TRASK.

THE necessity (says another) of the attainment by the church of a higher degree of sanctification, in order to the accomplishment of its mission, has often been urged; and the avarice, ambition, and disposition to sensual indulgence, in too many of its members, pointed out. Still the majority of professors remain in a state of lethargy, without the capacity of discerning the signs of this time. If there are specific causes for this state of things, it is of the first importance that they should be ascertained and effectually removed.

Previous to the great revival in 1831, the church had become so saturated with alcohol, as essentially to affect its purity and efficiency. A Beecher, an Edwards, and other faithful men, were then raised up and seemingly commissioned with the message of "total abstinence." Ardent spirits were cast out and the Spirit of God entered his church. Great pains were taken to collect statistics of the expense of alcoholic drinks, the loss of health, of reason, and the destruction of property and life, occasioned by their use. But the radical evil was their destructive influence upon the moral nature. Appetite was enthroned, the perspective and impulsive powers of conscience obscured and enfeebled, and spiritual death was the consequence.

The writer, after years of observation and of most painful *experience*, has been led to the conclusion that an evil now exists in the church, equal in its deleterious effects upon the conscience, and even more pernicious in the bondage which it induces, namely, *the use of Tobacco*. Though its power to excite the baser passions may not equal that of alcohol, yet its sedative effects, in destroying the sensibilities, as effectually incapacitates its victim for spiritual exercises. Though those under the influence of narcotics, or of alcohol, may appear to themselves and others quite devotional,—may write, preach, pray and exhort,—it is all spurious; the of-

fering of strange fire, and an abomination in the eyes of Infinite Purity. The ancient church, before entering upon its promised earthly inheritance, was required to sanctify or cleanse itself. How much less may the professed followers of Him who "sanctified himself that they also might be sanctified," expect to enter the rest promised by their Deliverer, uncleaned from the pollutions of narcotic poisons!

Might individual testimony be allowed, founded upon experience, then the effects of narcotic poisons are, to undermine the physical constitution, cloud the intellect, deprave the conscience, and wither the piety of its votaries. If this be true, then surely he who shall be instrumental of effectually advocating the adoption of the principle of "*total abstinence from tobacco in all its forms*," will do much for the promotion of a *general revival of religion* in the churches of our country.

## CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

How early should we expect the conversion of our children? Just as early as we begin to labor and pray in earnest for it. The heathen mother takes her babe to the idol temple, and teaches it to clasp its little hands before its forehead in the attitude of prayer long before it can utter a word. As soon as it can walk it is taught to gather a few flowers or fruits, or put a little rice upon a banana leaf, and lay them upon the altar before the idol god. As soon as it can utter the names of its parents, so soon it is taught to offer up its petitions before the images. Who ever saw a heathen child that could speak, and not pray? Christian mothers, why is it that so many children grow up in this enlightened land without learning to pray? Why is it that when called upon to address a supplication to Him who made and sustains them, they so often blush and wish to be excused? Is not our God worthy of homage? Is not our God able to hear and answer prayer.—*Vt. Chronicle*.

## Editorial.

## DIVISIONS.

Divisions are bad; but there are some things that are worse. It is better for a church to be divided than for all to go to hell together. Where worldliness and lukewarmness prevail, the introduction of Bible holiness will always cause division. So our Saviour said. *Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you nay; but rather division; from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two and two against three. The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law.* Luke xii, 41-43. Domestic divisions are the worst of all. He who has peace in the bosom of his own family can vigorously meet opposition from every other quarter; but discord there paralyzes the strongest arm. Yet we may not, for the sake of peace, even where peace is needed most, compromise the truth and shun to declare the whole counsel of God. Peace is too dearly purchased when bought at the expense of righteousness. Such divisions result in good. The alienated party is not unfrequently won to Christ. He grows weary of a quarrel which he is obliged to carry on alone. The meekness with which all his uncalled-for assaults are received, keep him under conviction, and at last he yields.

But there are divisions which are not of God. They are wrong in the beginning and disastrous in their results. All who are affected by them are injured. Such are divisions among the saints of God. That they may occur where genuine piety prevails is evident from many passages of the Bible. Paul and Barnabas were real saints—wholly consecrated to God. But a dispute arose between them and they separated. Neither left the field—they were too good for that—but each chose his associate and went his way to proclaim the Gospel. Abraham and Lot separated—both were righteous—but their family relations were such that they could not dwell together in peace, and so

they separated in peace. Paul admonishes the saints TO BE AT PEACE AMONG YOURSELVES. I. Thess. v, 13. From the Bible then, as well from common observation we learn that there may be divisions among the real servants of God. They are not necessary, and all possible means should be employed to avoid them.

1. *Divisions grieve the Spirit of God.* He is not the author of confusion, but of peace among the saints. He will not work with those who quarrel. The first thing the Spirit always does when he comes to a church is to set the people to confessing, and thus healing their dissensions. One whose outward deportment has been blameless, whose reputation for piety has been good, but who has lost the Spirit, will, as soon as he breaks down at the visitation of the Heavenly Dove, acknowledge that he has indulged in wrong feelings towards some brother or sister. It was this alienation of affection that first drove the Spirit away.

2. *Divisions hinder the work of God.* If you want to kill a revival get up an issue among the people. No matter what it is about—whether about the preacher, or the meetings, or the exercises of any individual—the more trifling the cause the greater the damage very often. The beginning of strife is as the letting in of waters. A small stream not larger than a straw, issuing through an embankment, will, if not checked, sweep away the labor of years. It is so with strife. One word brings on another. The waters of strife will wear a channel wherever they flow until love is entirely gone from the heart. The true time to leave off contention is before it is meddled with; but if unfortunately it has commenced, the sooner it is dropped the better. There never was a work of God so pure and powerful that it could prosper amid the continued strife of its friends. *If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.* If you would kill the work of God go to backbiting and quarreling, and the dreadful deed will be done. Wicked men will rejoice, and devils will leap for joy.

3. *Divisions bring the curse of their authors.* The wise man says that there are six things which God hates, yea



seven are an abomination unto him. Upon the climax of these special offenders is placed the one *who soweth discord among brethren*. He stands side by side with the outcast of society, "whose hands shed innocent blood." The mischief he does is incalculable. He may occasion the loss of hundreds of souls. Paul says, *mark them that cause divisions among you, and have no fellowship with that man*. He is doing—unwittingly it may be—but nevertheless he is doing the devil's work. Let him alone.

4. *The cause of divisions is various*. The general cause is a want of love. Where this is wanting numberless occasions of divisions will perpetually arise. *Self-will* often causes division. There is a tendency in any marked disposition to beget, for the time being, a similar disposition in those who come under our influence. An angry man makes others angry. A self-willed man excites self-will. Those who would yield readily to one in whom meekness reigns, will not yield to him. They say, "he always wants to control, and we will not give up to him." He who is qualified to lead men is raised above the vanity of wanting it to appear that he leads them. I have rode upon steam-boats, but I have seldom seen the engineer, who makes the boat go fast or slow, forwards or backwards at his pleasure. So he who is fit to lead, especially among God's people, loves to be out of sight. *Moses was the meekest of men*. But the officious, self-willed, self-constituted, self-important leader always causes trouble and defeat. True he always finds others to blame; but the trouble is with himself. *Prejudice against individuals* often causes divisions. It is astonishing how differently the same actions look when viewed with friendly eyes, and when seen through the medium of prejudice. Excessive zeal against any individual always occasions sympathy for him, and thus promotes division. A man who is wrong in some things may be persecuted; and you make a martyr of him, and you raise him up hosts of friends. *Taking a good deal of notice of little things*, occasions divisions. Any little extravagance that occurs in meeting, if talked against and preached against may be the occasion of great and lasting injury. Too

much heat will cool off if let alone. Handle hot iron and you burn your fingers to no good purpose. Many a man has been killed by doctoring, who would have recovered if let alone. Extravagances that would have died out of themselves, have been perpetuated and aggravated by injudicious attempts at curing them. It requires a great degree of the Spirit to be able to say what is of God, and what is not. Nothing will more certainly cause division among the people of God, than the introduction of a spirit of criticism among them. FINALLY BRETHREN, BE OF ONE HEART, BE COURTEOUS, BE PITIFUL.

### WORK TO BE DONE.

The religious, and moral condition of our country is such as should alarm the fears, and excite to vigorous action every lover of God and humanity. Vice reigns to an unparalleled extent. Every secular paper you open contains accounts of crimes of the most revolting character. The churches are doing but little for the benefit of the masses. Formality and fashion hold almost undisputed sway in the place where the voice of the Son of God should be heard in its resurrection power. The prevailing custom of selling or renting the pews, almost as effectually excludes the common people, as if their attendance were strictly forbidden. One can hardly credit the fact that so small a proportion of our people are under religious influence. The *Boston Traveler* says: Committees of State Conferences report as follows:

MAINE:—"In 1854, a little more than one-fourth of the people attend public worship; and in 1857, but little more than one-seventh."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—1857, "a fraction less than two-thirds habitually neglect public worship."

VERMONT.—1857, "Less than one-fifth attend public worship."

MASSACHUSETTS.—1859, "One half do not attend at all; and not more than about one-fourth attend regularly."

RHODE ISLAND.—In some parts of the State there is no Sabbath observance for religious worship! "Shore Parties," of

hundreds, may be seen on the Sabbath, of persons who scarcely ever enter the house of God, except on the occasion of funerals; while three-fourths at least of all the people habitually neglect religion.

"New York City, with a population of over 1,000,000—more than two-thirds of the people never attend public worship."

In Brooklyn, and twelve other large cities, the proportion of habitual neglectors of the house of God is nearly the same. This is true of cities generally, while the neglect in the country towns is still greater.

Not more than one-sixth of the people of the United States attend public worship. Allowing one-fourth of the whole to be detained by age, sickness, and infirmity, three-fourths of the remainder habitually neglect all religion!

These neglectors are not the poor and foreigners alone, but they are found in all classes in society. The Scriptures classify those who neglect the worship of God among the heathen; and, according to this classification, three-fourths of our people, or 25,000,000, are home heathen! and now, by the events of war, the whole South becomes missionary ground."

In view of these facts who shall say that FREE CHURCHES are not needed? Have not these millions, souls to be saved? Do they not need to be converted to God? Lifeless ceremonies cannot reach them. Finely written essays have no power to attract them to the house of God, or lead them to forsake their sins. It must be an earnest religion that reaches the masses who are hardened in sin. They stand on a political equality with the purest and the best, and they will not go to religious meetings where they are treated as paupers and beneficiaries. Hence a few free seats in a church where all the respectable people own their pews serves but as an insult to their manhood. A free-seat chapel, built and sustained by some wealthy congregation who maintain their exclusiveness in a gorgeous temple, where none but the genteel worship, is regarded by the people as a sort of religious poor-house, and few but mendicants will seldom enter. A church to reach the masses must be of them. The seats must be free, not from policy but from principle, and

people must be treated as standing on an equality before God, with whom there is no respect of persons. Who will consecrate himself to the work of evangelizing the masses of our own beloved land?

#### THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Matt. iii, 13.

"Oh, for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought."

What the effects of this fire from heaven? What did the Holy Spirit do for the apostles and early disciples, when he was poured out on the day of Pentecost? Look and see.

1. It opened their understanding to understand the Scriptures in a new light, to behold wondrous things out of the law and gospel.

2. It strengthened and invigorated their memories, brought home, vividly and forcibly to their recollection, "things new and old." Passages from the Old Testament Scriptures, came before the mind's eye, with renewed and special clearness and power. This is evident from the many quotations of Stephen, Peter, Paul, James and John, in their appeals to the people after they had this holy unction, this new spiritual impulse, the tongue of fire.

3. The Holy Spirit now took of the things of Christ and showed them unto them. They saw the way of salvation through the mediation of Christ, his sufferings, death, resurrection and intercessions, and that there was "none other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv, 12. They saw with new eyes and heard with new ears, these glowing truths, this "new and living way" of mercy, the redemption of all sin, through the blood of the new and everlasting covenant, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. It was plain to their delighted vision, that all the law and the prophets were fulfilled in this one atoning sacrifice.

4. Their groveling ideas of an earthly, or temporal kingdom vanished forever. They saw now, clearly, that Christ's kingdom

was not of this world, but a spiritual kingdom, as much above all earthly grandeur and glory, as the heavens are higher than the earth.

5. Their faith and hopes are increased powerfully, which, previously to this, had been weak, wavering, God-dishonoring.

6. This glorious, pentecostal baptism removed entirely and forever, their remaining selfishness and pride of emulation, their former spirit of rivalry and ambition, and preconceived notions about who should be greatest. They were now willing to sit at the feet of Jesus, like little children, take the lowest seat, and learn lessons of humility, meekness and love.

7. This pentecostal shower increased their moral courage, holy boldness. Previously to the reception of this renovating, sanctifying process, they were timorous, fearful, man-fearing. They shrank from danger, from facing the enemy, standing boldly for Jesus. This is manifest from their behaviour; when Jesus was taken by the multitude, with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders, with the traitor, Judas, at their head, "all the disciples forsook him and fled." This fear of man, and lack of holy boldness, is still more discernible in Peter's denying his Lord, when confronted by a damsel or maid-servant. Mark the change in Peter after receiving the tongue of fire; standing before the multitude, many of whom were the sworn enemies of Jesus, and preaching with such power from heaven, that three thousand were converted under this one sermon. Glory to God, for this unspeakable gift! O, for this virtue, this holy boldness, this fire pentecostal, in the ministry of the 19th century, constraining them to "cry aloud and spare not." What a shaking there would be among the dry bones in all the churches.

8. This baptismal power destroyed, or killed out, the fear of man that bringeth a snare, a time-serving disposition to bow to popular, conservative views—the doctrine of expediency and compromise, so prevalent in our day, and which has always proved a curse to the church and the world. It took away, also, the fear of death. Henceforth, they counted not their lives dear unto them-

selves. "They died daily," "they were counted as sheep for the slaughter." They were crucified to the world, and the world to them.

9. Another glorious thing was accomplished by this overpowering influence upon the souls of the early disciples. It killed out, and destroyed entirely, every wish, desire or disposition for that serpent of all serpents, schism, party spirit, sectarianism, this saying, "I am of Paul, I, of Apollos, I, of Cephas," which has been a stumbling-block to the world from time immemorial. Behold the blessed effects of Christian union: "And they, continuing daily, with one accord in the temple, and breaking of bread from house to house, did eat their bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added unto the church, daily, such as should be saved." Acts, ii, 46, 47. And so it would have been to the end of time, had not Satan, been permitted to come in, with his infernal stratagems, and mar the peace of Jerusalem, split up God's people into shreds and parties, till our world is well-nigh an Aceldama, a field of blood! "Wo to the world, because of offences, and wo to the that man by whom the offence cometh."

"Let party names, no more  
The Christian world o'erspread,  
For Jew and Gentile, bond and free  
Are one in Christ, their head."

10. Again, this baptism destroyed all love of the world, and the things of the world, all desire for fithly lucre, the spirit of hoarding. The all-absorbing idea now was, to lay up treasure in heaven, to glorify God, in the salvation of souls. "They sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." Acts, ii, 45. They laid all upon the altar—Christ Jesus—brought all the tithes into the store-hosue. "Holiness to the Lord," was written upon their foreheads, on their door-posts, and on their gates.

11. Finally, look at the effects of this super-abounding grace, touching their labors at home and abroad. They went every where, preaching the word, equipped for the battle-field. In a very little space, they turned the world upside



down, caused Satan to fall as lightning, mountains to flow down, "as when the melting fire burneth." Turn to the Acts of Apostles. How readest thou?

We draw no practical inference from the foregoing. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"O, Spirit of the living God,  
Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciled word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard."

N.

#### OPEN YOUR EYES.

Open your eyes when addressing others, and when others are addressing you. "The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart." The eyes have a significant meaning, a voice eloquent, soul-cheering! The eye preaches. God made it for this purpose. But how can it preach, when shut or closed? This closing the eyes (as the manner of some is) when speaking or listening, is not gospel; there is no gospel in it. And the Lord enjoins gospel in all we think, say, look or do. God made eyes for his glory and we are bound to glorify him in using them in every possible way, and we are to glorify him with our mouths, our ears, our hands, our feet, and our heart and mind. When the command is made to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service," all our senses, all the faculties of our being are included. Christ has purchased these faculties at an infinite price! But how is it possible for us to glorify God to the utmost with our eyes closed in religious worship? We exhibit the appearance of being dead or asleep. The eye is the most beautiful and expressive of all our organs of senses. All the passions of the human soul, as well as the Christian graces are vividly portrayed in the eye. Let the eye speak for God—for salvation. We have known a mere gleam of the eye, lighted up from a sanctified heart, to pierce even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, the joints and marrow. Sinners have been awakened, convicted and converted, through the instrumentality of the eye beaming on fire with the Gospel. God is either honored or dishonored with the eye. "If thine eye

be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore the light which is within thee be darkness how great is that darkness!" Aside from this holy, kindling, convicting, power of the eye, united with a soul filled with all the fullness of God, it greatly assists the speaker when opened wide, beholding the countenances of others, lighted up with heavenly radiance. This coming in contact with others' eyes while addressing an audience, the speaker's own heart is fired afresh. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Prov. xviii, 27. Closing the eyes in testifying for Jesus, or while exhorting the people, is unseemly, unnatural, indicative of death! It greatly detracts from the interest and force of the speaker, and is, no doubt, the policy of Satan, to curtail usefulness. The devil would gladly if he could, close our eyes, ears and mouths, if employed in the service of the blessed Lord. Nothing could please the old serpent better, than to see every faithful servant of God, blind, deaf, dumb, halt and maimed. But Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil. Blessed be his name! Beloved reader, open your eyes when you speak of God in the assembly of the saints. Preach with your eyes with every look, and every moving muscle. Preach with your eyes, ears, *soul, life*—all the powers of your being. Let your eye flash conviction into the very heart of sinners, and holiness into holy hearts. Let your eyes penetrate the inmost soul of your hearers. Let eye meet eye, soul, soul, till soul is fired with holy fire! When listening to the truth from the lips of others, be sure your eye is fixed on the speaker intensely, let him feel and know you are interested in what he says. His eye will help your eye, tend to fix attention on the subject discussed. And your eye likewise will stimulate the heart of the speaker. Preach with your eyes, live nearer to Jesus, follow him closely, walk holily. Keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and man, and your heart will be in unison with your eyes, and your eyes with your heart and life.

"The hearing ear, and the seeing eye

the Lord made, even both of them." Psa. xx, 12. No one can glorify God as he ought to with closed eyes, if so be God has favored him with this unspeakable gift. There is more natural warmth in the declamation, more earnestness in the address, greater animation in the manner, more of the lighting up of the soul in the countenance, and more freedom and meaning in the gesture; the eye speaks and the fingers speak, and when the orator is so excited as to forget everything but the matter on which his mind and feelings are acting, the whole body is affected and helps propagate his emotions to the hearers. There is an indescribable something in the natural tones of him, who is expressing earnestly his present thoughts, altogether foreign from the drowsy uniformity of the man who reads. For this reason and various others, we object to reading sermons instead of preaching them, as the Lord requires. In reading, the eyes are confined to the manuscript, and when preaching the eye is at liberty to speak, and will speak powerfully, and add vividness to the word of God, if the soul is on fire as it should be. N.

#### DUMB FOLKS.

They are dumb, when? Not when nonsense is introduced, something funny to laugh at—something of a worldly nature, about farms or merchandise, the latest novel—the religious festival, the pic nic, the donation party, or the New Year's calls, where feasting, wine-bibbing, joking and jesting are the order of the day. No tongues are tied now; no one is dumb here, nor where marrying and giving in marriage, the latest cut in things for the ward-robe, are subjects for discussion, mouths are open wider in this direction, tongues fly, move glibly, fluently. But introduce the subject of prayer, praise, the reading of God's word, visiting the sick, the oppressed—speak of heaven and heavenly things, the glory of the upper world, the joys of salvation—the peace of God in the soul, flowing like a river, the happiness resulting from well-doing, from emulating Jesus—what now? any response? All is silent as the grave! lips are closed, tongues are tied. Quote a

passage of Scripture, repeat a verse or two from the pen of inspiration, more precious than gold—any one to reply? any to second the motion? Not one; not a word, or look of smiling approbation is manifested, all is hushed as the tomb; every one is dumb! dumb! struck dumb.

This alluding to things spiritual and eternal, talking often one to another of the Lord's mercies and judgments, for him to hearken and hear, that a book of remembrance may be written before him of them that feared the Lord, and that thought up on his name—is not to be tolerated in this refined age, and in refined circles. This referring to the Bible for subjects of interest and conversation, or declaring, like David, what great things God hath done for our souls is out of place, out of time, out of date. "Away with sombre looks, things grave, serious, eternal—away with the Bible, its doctrines and precepts, its holy inculcations—give us something mirthful—that will tickle the fancy, a spice of wit, that will provoke laughter." "Let us eat, drink, and make merry, for to-morrow we die."

Is not this picture a true one of the present, every day piety? Friends, what are we coming to? N.

#### NAPOLEON A MYTH.

The reality of the existence of no historic personage is more clearly attested than that of Napoleon Bonaparte. And yet, as is seen in the article which we publish this month, under the above title, the mode of reasoning adopted by modern skeptics to throw discredit upon the Bible, proves conclusively that Bonaparte never had an existence! Truly infidelity is a great absurdity!

#### FREE METHODIST CONFERENCES.

The three Conferences which have been recently held, were each of them, the most spiritual and encouraging of any we ever attended. The preachers generally were full of courage and faith. *With but few exceptions they profess to enjoy the blessing of holiness.* We shall be greatly disappointed if the coming year does not witness a great ingathering of souls, as the result of the

labors of those who are endeavoring to hold up the Bible standard of religion. *Let each minister resolve on seeing a hundred souls converted to God the coming year.* Impartune the throne of grace, be ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF GOD.

### RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

UNION CAMP-MEETING, N. Y.—The work of salvation commenced on the first day of the meeting and went continually and with power to its close. Many believers entered the rest of perfect love, and several unsaved persons were clearly justified. The meeting was a glorious success. The kindness of Mr. West, the owner of the ground, will long be remembered by the friends of Jesus who worshipped there. May God bless him and his family.

ALLEGANY CAMP-MEETING.—This meeting was under the direction of Rev. L. Wood. The Lord evidently aided him by his Spirit. The people of Allegany needed no police force to induce them to maintain good order. With but few exceptions the utmost decorum was observed throughout the meeting. Comparatively few ministers were present, but the Lord was with us to save. I did not learn the number of conversions but on several occasions the altar was thronged with seekers of salvation.

THE CAMP-MEETING AT LYNDONVILLE, N. Y., very much resembled the one held at Clarkson. The people of God were of "one accord," and of course they had the power and the glory. They got among the swells of salvation. There was one tent nearly filled with lambs gathered at the Clarkson meeting. I think more than a score of souls passed from death unto life at this meeting. Rev. A. Abell had charge. His vigor, almost youthful, reminds one of the words of the Scripture. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

THE WORK OF GOD IN GENERAL.—I return from the summer campaign with a strong conviction that the set time to favor Zion has come. Glory be to God!

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears."

The Great Head of the church is working everywhere among the people. They have been baptized with blood, but the war-cloud has passed and now God is baptizing them with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Let his people rejoice. Let them thrust in their sickles and gather fruit, for the fields are white, already to harvest. The shouts of victory from the pilgrims of Illinois and Michigan have reached our ears and thrilled our hearts. We return the echoes of their triumphant songs. "Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Victory! victory! Jesus reigns! That hateful fanaticism which has so long grieved God's people is pretty much subdued. Its successor, the fierce "think-as-I-do, or-be-damned" spirit is quitting the field, and pure love is the acknowledged leader of God's forces. Love "that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things and never faileth. Pilgrims, east and west, north and south, let us enter the chariot of love. If we do, bless the Lord; we shall soon reach the wing dispensation. Amen and Amen!

D. W. THURSTON.

### THE LOVE FEAST.

#### DYING TESTIMONY.

Mrs. LUCY M. SHARP.—My dear mother departed this life for her home in heaven, on Thursday, May 25th, 1865, aged 69 years.

Nearly fifty years ago she gave her heart to God, at a Camp-meeting held at St. Albans, Vermont, and after earnestly inquiring of the Lord, for the space of two years, by the reading of his word, and prayer, she gave her name to the then despised, but humble, Methodist Episcopal Church, remaining a worthy member of the same until transferred to the church triumphant. For the last few years of her life, she prayed and wept over the departure of the



church of her choice, from the old paths, the right ways of the Lord, herself contending for the old land-marks, and walking in Christ as she received him, to the end. She was as a brand plucked from the burning, or as she used to say, "a convert from heathenism," being the oldest of ten children, of a wealthy but irreligious family, in which religion was seldom mentioned but in derision; her father, a professed Deist, but she esteemed the cross of Christ greater riches than all earth can give. She always had the means, and might have devoted herself to the pleasures, and fashions of the world, but she counted it all loss, so that she might win Christ. She was one of the sweet singers of Zion; neither burying her talent, nor prostituting it to the vain secular music of the day, as many professors do. I have marked in her hymn-book more than two hundred hymns, that she used to sing while engaged in her domestic duties about the house, thus enlivening our home, and often securing in this scriptural way, the manifest presence of our heavenly Father.

Separating herself from the world, in a higher sense than the great mass of professors do, she endured to the end, the estrangement of relatives; the persecution of those that should have been friends; and the contradiction of sinners; taking it all joyfully, that she was counted worthy to suffer for righteousness sake. No wonder that when death came, he found her ready and willing to go. Though she was many hours crossing the dark river, they were hours of triumphant, ecstatic vision. Praise Jesus for such a salvation!

G. M. SHARP.

Sister EMILY TOWN, of Saratoga Springs, sleeps in Jesus. She died of consumption after an illness of five months. In January she was restored to favor with God, at the family altar. A few mornings after, she obtained the blessing of a clean heart at the same place. The work was thorough, the witness clear, and she "kept the faith," was "patient in tribulation," and triumphant in death. Not long since, she said to me, "It was a wonderful salvation that I got that morning. And it is a wonderful salvation that I have had all through my sickness." To her companion she said, just

before her departure, "O, I have been kept in such peace. *You don't know.*" The physician in attendance inquired, "Are you happy?" She replied, "Yes, perfectly happy."

It was my privilege to attend the funeral, at Fairhaven, Vt. Unlike most funeral occasions, mourning was brightened with hope. Sorrow's tears were like falling drops of rain in sunshine. The angels seemed to have rolled away the heavy stone of sadness from the door of a motherless home.—Gloom came near, but passed on, to throw her dark folds around some dwelling where the light of holiness was not burning upon the altars. Surely this "way of holiness" must be the right way. A. B. BURDICK.

SARAH I. QUADE.—Jesus is my Saviour to-day; Praise his name! I welcome the light and love, the thorough work of God.  
"Redeeming love has been my theme;  
And shall be till I die."

Porter Center, N. Y.

S. C. MYERS.—I love the Lord with all my heart, also with my mind and my strength; and evince my love by obeying all his commands. His light and easy yoke I'll bear with delight.

Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. A. R. ELY.—Nearly eight years ago Jesus spoke peace to my soul. Last winter, under the preaching of Rev. W. and Miss J. N. Smith, the Lord sanctified me. Since that time I have walked in the unclouded light. Praise the Lord!

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

All glory to Jesus!

SELDEN BECKWITH.—I know that I am a child of God, and the Holy Ghost is my sanctifier. The Spirit answers to the blood and tells me I am lost in God.

CAUSE OF DELAY.—We have never been so behind as we are this month. The delay was occasioned by the impossibility of procuring paper in season. It was promised but did not come. Will our readers pardon us and we will endeavor to provide against any such delay in the future.