

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JANUARY, 1866.

OUR LIFE AS IT HAS BEEN AND IS.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"He leads us on
By paths we do not know;
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last."

We were born in New Hampshire, reared in Massachusetts, trained morally but not religiously. We grew up to manhood an impenitent sinner, without a saving hope in God. Possessing naturally a roving, enterprising disposition, we remained about in early life, engaged in various occupations and schemes of worldly speculation. At the age of nineteen we found ourself in old Virginia, "seeking our fortune." Here, after suffering on a bed of affliction, divine mercy opened our blind eyes so we "saw men as trees walking." Our soul was converted, born of the Spirit regenerated. "Except a man be born of the Spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God." We loved God, his ways, ways and people hated sin. The things we once loved we now despised and renounced. And the things we once hated, had no relief for, we now delighted in. Our soul was alive, kindled for things above, heavenly, where Christ sitteth, at the right hand of God.

We had now rather be a door-keeper

in the house of our God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. We hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and yet, alas! how little we knew of ourself, the wiles of Satan, and the deep things of God. We saw clearly, however, at this early period of our Christian experience, the necessity of a deeper work of grace, the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus, and also the dilapidated state of the church, her garments spotted all over with the flesh. We felt sure there must be a higher state of piety in all the Protestant denominations, to make successful headway against the powers of darkness and hell.

After remaining some ten years in a secular employment, we began to feel an irrepressible desire or longing to engage in study for more extended usefulness; consequently we relinquished our buying and selling "to get a living" in Virginia and entered as a student in Oneida Institute, near Oneida, N. Y. We remained here one year, and left for Hamilton Seminary, and thence to Lane Seminary, where the Rev. Lyman Beecher was President of that Institution. While here applying ourself very closely to our studies, some two years, and neglecting (as many students do) regular, physical exercise, our health failed; and for the restora-



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After remaining some ten years in a secular employment, we began to feel an *irrepressible* desire or longing to engage in study for more extended usefulness; consequently we relinquished our buying and selling "to get gain," left Virginia and entered as a student in Oneida Institute, near Utica, N. Y. We remained here two years, and left for Hamilton University, and thence to Lane Seminary at the time the Rev. Lyman Beecher was President of that Institution. While here applying ourself very closely to our studies, some two years, and neglecting (as many students do) regular, physical exercise, our health failed; and for the restora-

tion of that, and the continued advancement in knowledge, we visited Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, and Obelin, Ohio. While in Oberlin our health greatly improved, and here too, blessed be God, we secured additional light on the "higher Christian life." From this school of the prophets we returned to Cincinnati, where the Lord gave us "an help meet." "It is not good that the man should be alone." Gen. ii. 18. "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Prov. xviii, 22. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" "for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness." "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" "Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall." After entering the marriage relation joyfully, we removed to Covington, Ky. expecting to make this our permanent residence for life—but God's ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts," saith the Lord, "neither are your ways my ways."

At this time we commenced a periodical, entitled the "Golden Rule," which we continued seventeen years—five years in Covington, five in Cleveland, and seven in New York City. Our special object in this publication, was to reprove all sin, and especially to lay the ax of God's truth at the root of popular sins, and those most prevalent; intemperance in the use of strong drink and tobacco, Sabbath desecration in every form, worldly conformity in dress and equipage, popish church building and decorating, the making of God's house, "a house of merchandise," "a den of thieves," the wicked, worldly

policy of raising funds for benevolent purposes by fancy fairs, tea parties, soirees, oyster suppers, and the like, which we looked upon, and still look upon as little better than worshipping the golden calf, "sitting down to eat and rising up to play."

We applied God's truth also in exposing the evils of a corrupt press in the form of mixed publications, the fascinating, popular readings, fashion-plate magazines—the Harpers', Godey's, Peterson's, Leslie's, New York Ledgers—novels and romances, foolish comicals, advertised and puffed by many religious editors.

The sin of slavery, likewise, the trafficking in the bodies and souls of men for filthy lucre, came under our especial observation in our periodical issues. Secret oath-bound societies were not spared. Masonry, Odd-fellowship, and other secret abominations, uniting the church and the world, Christ and Belial, contrary to nature and grace, and the great sin of neglecting to obey God in training children in the way they should go, that "when they are old they will not depart from it."*

Pursuing this warfare in every number of the "Golden Rule" we experienced no little opposition from those who heal slightly, cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace." While remaining in a slaveholding, tobacco-raising, chewing, smoking and dipping community, we passed through some

*For the furtherance of our views on Bible reforms, church and family duties, and to place them in a more permanent form; in the year 1864, we published a volume of 400 pages, entitled "Home Thrusts" and some thirty different religious tracts, spiced gossamerly, all of which are going forth as the Lord opens the way. We have also, a second volume in contemplation, which, the Lord helping, giving strength, wisdom, and grace, shall be a "sword that cuts."

severe conflicts, with threats of extermination, ("Ye have taken away our gods and what have we more?") but God was on our side by day and by night, our sun, our shield, our high tower, our *rock* of defence, our exceeding great reward. Glory to his name!

During this whole period of some twenty years, striving against all sin, these passages would come home with peculiar emphasis. "One thing thou lackest;" "Physician heal thyself;" "Thou, therefore, who teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" We were not free in Christ Jesus. The "old man" was not entirely crucified. The temptations to pride, self-will, evil temper, the love of applause were occasionally yielded to, which brought us into condemnation, spiritual bondage, and led us to cry mightily to God for deliverance. We saw clearly from reading the Scriptures it was our duty and privilege to rise above our easily besetting sins, to be dead to them, "and alive to God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" to "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks"—"to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, that our whole spirit, soul and body might be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I. Thes. v, 23. On our arrival in New York City, in the year 1854, where meetings were held exclusively for the higher Christian walks, we sought more earnestly this best of gifts, renewed our consecrating vows and looked to Jesus for the fulfilment of the promise, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you." II. Cor. vi, 17, 18. Our soul was greatly blessed.

We received a new impulse, the baptismal fire, a fresh token of God's redeeming, sanctifying grace. We ventured, though tremblingly, to call this entire sanctification, "perfect love that casteth out all fear." "Holiness to the Lord!"

From that time to the present, we have published the glad tidings of salvation, a complete Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. i, 21. We can adopt in some measure the language of Paul, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." I. Cor. ix, 26, 27. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Our determination was never stronger or firmer, than it is at this present moment to fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, "cry aloud, and spare not;" follow on to know the Lord," rise higher and higher, shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day, that at last we may be able to exclaim with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." II. Tim. iv, 7, 8.

"Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work; whatever it may be.
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;
Let me not leave my space of ground un-
tilled;

Impress this truth upon me, that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone.
Oh! make me useful in this world of thine,
In ways according to thy will not mine."

THE OLD PATHS.

BY REV. B. T. ROBERTS.

IMPROVEMENT implies imperfection. Anything that can be improved is imperfect. Man is imperfect, God is perfect. Their works partake of their natures. The roads on which we travel are much better now than they formerly were, but the paths on which the planets run their yearly race are the same as they were when the morning stars first sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. There have been great improvements in the artificial lights we employ to dispel the darkness; but the sun and moon shine with no greater brilliancy to-day than they did when God first sent them upon their glorious mission. The laws of men have been, and may still be greatly improved, but God's law is perfect; it cannot be changed without being corrupted.

The religion of the Bible is God's completed plan for the salvation of the human family. It admits of no improvement. It is perfect. Nothing can be added to it, or taken from it to advantage. He who attempts to amend it does so at his peril. *If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.* Rev. xxii., 18. A religion that can be improved is not of God. This is called a progressive age; and many seem to expect that there shall be the same improvement in Christianity that there is in the arts and sciences. This is a great mistake. In the Gospel of Jesus Christ there are no errors of doctrine to be corrected; no deficiency in the morality inculcated to be supplied. Everything is nicely adapted to the end to be secured. No better means for the attainment of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord, can possibly be devised; no rules of conduct more likely so secure the well-being of the individual and of the community have ever been or can be invented; no motives more powerful to affect free moral agents can possibly be imagined.—

Every part is perfect and the whole is symmetrical. There is room for progress in the influence which Christianity exerts upon the world at large and upon the individuals professing it; but the system itself admits of no progress.

We hear a great deal said about the times being changed, and the demand is, that there should be a corresponding change in religion to suit the times. The plea is that the people have become more refined than formerly, and if we would not see Christianity losing its hold upon them we must allow of the introduction of such refinements as will adapt it to the popular taste. Such language savors of infidelity. It is insulting to God. Under a specious pretext, it assumes either that the Gospel is not of God, or that God's plan of saving men may be improved. ~~guise is too thin to deceive any those who wish to be deceived.~~ The authority of the Bible is paramount. If it is to be obeyed in one particular, it is to be obeyed in all particulars. The religion adapted to past ages is the religion needed by the present age. It is the same in every age and in every land. The stamp of the coin may differ, but gold is the same now that it was in the days of Abraham.

Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Jer. vi, 16.

1. Start for Heaven. Resolve on getting there. Be thoroughly in earnest. You have slept too long already. Awake, arise, go forth. Do not, while sleeping or sitting, endeavor to settle the question as to what road you will take. If you do, you will, in all probability, compose yourself again to sleep. A drowsy man is not in a condition to settle intricate questions. Open your eyes. *Stand ye in the ways, and see.* Be simply desirous of knowing the sure way to Heaven.

2. In deciding this, you need ask but one question. Many ways open before you. There is the way of the formalist, it is very popular. It is laid out with great skill, and laborers

are constantly at work upon it to keep it in repair. It shuns all difficult places—winding around mountains—keeping Sinai and Calvary sufficiently near to afford pleasant topics for conversation—but avoiding their rugged sides. It is travelled by many of the great, and rich, and learned. Then there is the way of pleasure. It starts in a flower garden, and meanders at first through delightful groves and among the most enchanting scenery. There is the Mohammedan way—the spiritualist's way, and many others. Some of these often cross each other and sometimes seem to take the same direction with the way of life. But if you are in earnest, you will not care to hear of their various excellences, or to try the fearful experiment of seeing if you cannot gain Heaven by taking a course which God assures you ends in death. You will ask for THE OLD PATHS,—the one in which Paul finished his career, shouting, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"—the one which Abraham pursued when he went out at the command of God, "not knowing whither he went"—the one in which Enoch trod, who walked with God, and "was not, for God took him" in a chariot of fire to glory. The way may seem rough,—you will not care for that—it is enough for you to know that it is the one in which martyrs, apostles, prophets, and patriarchs passed triumphantly from earth to Heaven. You will shun all new paths as ending only in destruction. A new religion is necessarily a false religion.

3. The old way requires entire consecration to God. Abraham obeyed God in every particular. Moses made all things according to the pattern shown him in the Mount. Caleb and Joshua followed the Lord fully. The disciples left all and followed Jesus. So must we if we would walk in the old paths. He that counts his life dear unto him is far from the kingdom. The new way of easy conversions is filling the churches with deceived souls. They come forward for prayers—but do not come out from

the world; they are as gay and fashionable and worldly as ever—they are taught to trust in God, but neither labor nor suffer reproach. Of real penitence they know but little, and to the joys of salvation they are total strangers. We were called on last winter to go and labor in a revival. It was reported that over a hundred had been converted and the whole community was said to be under conviction. The evangelist under whose labors the work had been carried on, preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath morning, and in the afternoon took the cars to go on a long journey to another appointment. This we considered a very suspicious circumstance. We went and found a large congregation, but the opening prayer-meeting seemed to us strangely wanting in power. The Lord enabled us to preach two plain, gospel sermons, and we endeavored to lay the ax at the root of the corrupt tree. We were kindly informed that they thought that they could get along better without us. Our preaching discouraged the converts—it left too much for them to do. They had been taught that Jesus had done all, and nothing was necessary but for them to exercise faith in him. Yet we simply insisted upon the necessity of repentance, restitution and confession, in order to be able to exercise a saving faith in Christ. Of the fruit of the revival but little remains. The brightest convert—who was reported to have said after hearing us preach, that if our preaching was true he had never been converted—is engaged in the damnable work of selling liquor! Thus it is with many revivals. They fill the church with persons who, at best, have never been more than partially awakened.

4. The old way is one of self-denial. Moses would not accept the pleasures and honors of the mightiest kingdom of the world, but chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. Were such brilliant prospects presented to Christians of the present age, would they not argue that it was their duty to avail themselves of the advantages offered, that they might use the influ-

ence thus gained for the glory of God? Are not political honors sought for with as much avidity by those who profess to be living for a *fadeless inheritance*, as by the veriest worldlings? In the fashionable style of living adopted by professed Christians, in the gay attire with which they decorate their persons whenever they appear at church or in the streets, where is the least exhibition of self-denial? Are not covetousness, and pride, and appetite indulged to a frightful extent? If there was any one saying of Jesus that he seemed deeply desirous of impressing upon his disciples, it was this. *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it.* Luke ix, 23; Matt. xvi, 24; Mark, viii, 34. This requirement has never been repealed. Men and women may dress as they choose, but they cannot gain Heaven in this way. The Saviour's words will hold good against all the false teachers of a corrupt age.

5. The old way is the way of faith—not the dead faith of the antinomian, who holds the profession of his confidence while living in disobedience to explicit commands of God; but the faith that is productive of good works. Those who are in it have the faith which leads them to obey God and trust in Him to take care of results. "By faith Moses forsook Egypt not fearing the wrath of the King." There is quite as much said in the Bible about trusting in God for temporal as for spiritual blessings. Nowhere do you read in the Scriptures of the servants of God seeking to obtain from his enemies, by a show of friendship, the means necessary to carry on the warfare. They did not, except when backslidden, "go down into Egypt for help." The system of raising money by such means as, selling and renting pews, holding fairs and festivals and concerts, is earthly and devilish in its origin, of very modern growth, and extremely pernicious in its results. A church that has to be sustained by such means had much better go down. If it were of God he would take care of it.

6. *The old way is the way of holiness.* Entire sanctification is no new doctrine. It dates beyond the flood. *Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God.* This is the testimony of God to his character, and it must therefore be true. God says of the patriarch Job, *that he was a perfect, and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil.* "The highway of holiness" over which "the unclean shall not pass," has been traveled by the saints in all ages. The Revelator saw before the throne, "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues. He was told that they had come out of great tribulation and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." White robes are the emblems of purity—of holiness. Those of ancient and of modern nations, who are among the redeemed in Heaven, went there by the way of holiness. Be afraid then, of a neglect of this blessed doctrine. It was Satan who said to the first transgressors, "ye shall not surely die," and the opposition to holiness to-day is but the echo of these hell-born words. Would any persuade you that strictness in meeting the requirements of God is not necessary? Listen not to their persuasions. They would lead you in to one of the by-paths of the broad way, which ends in destruction.

7. *ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, THE GOOD WAY, THAT YE MAY WALK THEREIN.* Do not stop with giving your approval. Do not inquire after it, merely that you may see and set forth the contrast between the Christianity of the times, and the religion of the Bible. Wait not for company. Start out alone if need be, and, ere long, some will join you in your heavenly pilgrimage. Set the much needed example in your neighborhood of some one who counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. Complaining will do no good; matters will not be mended by parleying; strike out boldly to follow in the footsteps of Abraham and Elijah and David, and the worthies of former generations, for

"the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Reproving others for conforming to the world will not benefit them or you as would your example in walking in the old paths, giving, as you pass along, the invitation, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

8. *In this way shall ye find rest for your souls.* It is to but little purpose that the body reposes on a bed of down, if the soul is tormented by guilt, and depressed by fear of the wrath to come. Palatial abodes, costly furniture, luxurious living cannot minister to a mind diseased by sin. Forms of religion may be changed—it will be but changing the keepers of the dungeon. In business or pleasure you may temporarily drown your fears, but they will come to life again and torment you the more fiercely because of the respite you have enjoyed. *There is, thank God! rest for the soul.* It may be enjoyed here. It does not depend upon the favors of fortune, or the friendship of the world. Prosperity cannot give it—adversity cannot destroy it; all the common blessings of life, it heightens, but it does not depend upon them—it yields solid comfort in affliction, it bears pain with composure, it endures persecutions with patience, and meets death with a holy triumph. Would you have this abiding rest? You have the assurance of God that you will find it, BY WALKING IN THE OLD PATHS.

PRAYER.—When a pump is frequently used, little pains are necessary to have water; the pump pours out at the first stroke, because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low, and when you want it, you must pump it a long while, and the water only comes after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are constant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desire and words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE W. JOHNSTON.

THE desire for happiness is universal. If happiness were derivable from worldly amusements, the people of the present age might claim to have obtained it to a degree surpassing that enjoyed by any people since the beginning of time. Theatres, drinking places, brothels, concert saloons, etc. abound. Excursions by water and rail on the Sabbath are now a common thing. The street-cars in our large cities are thronged with those who flock to the pleasure gardens and other places of resort on the sacred day. High and low, rich and poor, are all hungering and thirsting after pleasure, as if this world were given to us for no other purpose than to be a playground for its inhabitants, to which the multitudes are rushing, with the atheistic language which the Apostle puts into the lips of those who deny the resurrection of the dead, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

It has been estimated that the enormous amount of twenty-five thousand dollars daily—over nine million dollars annually—is squandered for amusements in the city of New York alone. Would to God that the seekers of worldly pleasure were only those who claim to know no higher joys than this poor world affords. The religious associations of the age abound with that class represented by the Apostle as "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." Within the very pale of the Christian church, entertainments are provided for the gratification of sense and appetite, and the highest enjoyments known to many professors of the self-denying religion of Jesus, is derived from fairs and festivals, excursions and pic nics, where feasting and folly rule the hour.

Man is made for happiness and is capable of it, but how is it to be obtained? Can "wealth, honor, pleasure, or what else this short enduring world can give" satisfy the longings of the immortal soul? Let those who have feasted upon them "to the full" reply.

One of the richest men upon earth when congratulated by a friend on his immense wealth and consequent happiness, exclaimed, "Happy? Me happy, when, just as I am about to dine, a letter is presented, informing me if I do not send a thousand dollars to a certain place, I shall have my brains blown out. Happy? when I have to sleep with pistols at my pillow?" After the great conqueror of the East had succeeded in subjugating all the surrounding nations, he sat down and wept because there were no more worlds left for conquest. A celebrated French, comedian, who amused the citizens of Paris night after night with delineations of comic character, was himself a stranger to happiness, being so depressed in spirits that life itself became intolerable. He visited a physician to inquire if relief could be obtained. The doctor told him to go and see Raveille perform, assuring him if he did not derive benefit from that, his case was hopeless. Alas, exclaimed the actor, I am he.

Innumerable examples might be adduced to prove the insufficiency of the things of this world to satisfy the heart, but one more must suffice: Lord Byron, the poet. He was dandled on the lap of wealth and luxury. At an early age he manifested signs of genius, and in his sixteenth year published a volume of poems, in one of which he sung:

"To me what is wealth! it may pass in an hour

If tyrants prevail, or if fortune should frown.
To me what is title! the phantom of power.
To me what is fashion! I seek but renown."

Observe "wealth, title and fashion" are all his, but he spurned them; fame was the object of his ambition, and to the acquirement of this he devoted all the energies of his mind. When twenty-two years of age, he wrote a poem entitled "English bards and Scotch reviewers" which gained him considerable notoriety. Others followed in rapid succession, and ere long he attained to the very pinnacle of literary fame. But did that, accompanied with nights of revelry with convivial companions,

render him happy? Let him answer for himself.

"In vain my lyre would lightly breathe;
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl,
Dispel a while the sense of ill,
Though pleasures fire the maddening soul,
The heart, the heart, is lonely still."

Interspersed through his writings are numerous passages wherein he expresses the deep dissatisfaction which he felt within. On his thirty-sixth birthday, the last he was permitted to see upon earth, he revealed the barrenness of his soul in these pathetic lines:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys,
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
A funeral pile."

Such is the testimony of those who seek for happiness in worldly pleasures and worldly pursuits. Universal experience corroborates the declaration of the Prophet, "There is no peace saith my God to the wicked, but they are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

What perfect happiness did our first parents possess in the morning of their innocence, ere the tempter entered the hallowed bowers of Eden! There they stood forth in all their dignity and blessedness only a little lower than the angels. Love divine reigned supremely in their souls, and their highest enjoyment consisted in communion with Him who is the fountain of purity and bliss. But the tempter entered that delightful place, and by his subtle reasoning, they were prevailed upon to violate the commands of their Creator. They partook of the forbidden fruit, and by that single act of disobedience which brought death into the world and all our woe, all their glory departed from them, all their happiness passed away as a dream.

The design of the gospel scheme of salvation is to restore to mankind the happiness which was forfeited by the fall. Before the Son of God took his departure from his sorrowing disciples, He consoled them with the assurance that the Comforter would be sent to abide with them forever. On the day of Pentecost they had the fulfilment of the promise; they were made partakers of a joy such as the world had not known since the transgression in Eden; and all true believers, all who are turned from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God, receive the Pentacostal baptism. The love of God is shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit given unto them, and they rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. The joy of the Lord is the strength of his people: possessing this they are enabled to triumph in every condition of life. Paul and Silas in the inner prison, with their feet made fast in the stocks, could rejoice and sing praises to God. The early Christians, as they assembled in the secret recesses of the Catacombs for divine worship, realized more happiness than did their persecutors, the Cæsars, when engaged in the festivities of their banqueting halls or witnessing the sports of the Coliseum. The Martyrs marched joyfully to the stake and praised God in the flames. John Nelson, when thrust into a dungeon for preaching the Gospel was enabled to rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of his salvation. He prayed for his persecutors and wished that they in palaces were as happy as he in his loathsome prison. Dr. Payson in his last illness while suffering excruciating pains—pains of body, spoke of his "light afflictions" and to use his own language, he seemed "to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the ocean of peace. God is literally now my all in all. He is present with me, and no event can in the least diminish my happiness. Were all the world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup. My happiness is too great; it will wear me out." Thus

the affirmations of the Psalmist are confirmed, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord, his God; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

There is an inseparable connection between sin and misery, and also between holiness and happiness. Misery was never known till sin entered into the world, and happiness can never be known by any man while sin remains in his soul. When the natural mind is transformed by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, then it is brought into harmony with Deity, and "the kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" is set up in the heart. Blessed be God! it is religion that can give,

*"When all within
Is right, a feast of overflowing bliss.
It wakes the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before; and stirs the holy tides
Of feeling up; giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures, draughts of perfect
sweets."*

Reader, are you happy? If not, thou knowest the cause and the remedy. Continue no longer to hew out for yourself "cisterns, broken cisterns, which hold no water." "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Place thyself upon the altar, a living sacrifice, and "the altar will sanctify the gift;" then shall "thy peace be as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." And when your course upon earth is finished "an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly" into His presence, where there is fullness of joy, and you shall have a place at His right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

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God deals with his servants, not as a passionate master, but as a compassionate father.

CHRISTIAN LOVE AND UNITY.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

THE sum and substance of the Christian religion may be compressed into one single sentence—*Supreme love to God, and unfeigned love to mankind.* Such is, manifestly the teaching of our Saviour: "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Of the great Author of this religion it is emphatically said, "*God is love.*" On the principle of love, this religion was introduced into the world, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." The experimental and the practical of this religion are brought to view by the apostle when he says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." How appropriate the apostolic exhortation, "Let brotherly love continue." All true Christians feel that their "hearts are knit together in love."

Christian, do Christ this one favor for all his love to thee, love all his followers, even the poorest and the weakest, notwithstanding some slight difference in judgment. All the names of the children of Israel were engraven on Aaron's breast-plate. So are the names of all God's saints engraven on the heart of Christ. Let them be likewise on thine.

The eminently pious Rev. John Newton says, "Though a man does not accord with my views of election, yet if he give me good evidence that he is effectually called of God, he is my brother. Though he seems afraid of the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, yet if grace enable him to persevere, he is my brother still. If he love Jesus I love him, whatever hard names he may be called by, and whatever incidental mistakes I may think he holds. This differing from me will not always prove him wrong, except I am infallible myself."

There was good, strong, common sense in the address of a certain Qua-

ker to the renowned Whitefield. "Friend George, I am as thou art. I am for bringing all unto the life and power of the everlasting God. Therefore if thou wilt not contend with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown: give me thy hand."

A whole Psalm, the 133—a chapter, I. Cor. xiii—a whole book, I. John, have been written to commend brotherly love.

"I see no objections," says a certain popular writer, "under present circumstances, to the use of different denominations, while our views continue to vary; it is both truthful and useful to label the varieties. While differences of opinion remain, nominal distinctions must exist. Charity does not require you to deny your convictions. Keep your convictions but abandon your prejudices. The mischief does not come from thinking differently, but from quarrelling about it. He who only loves those who agree with him, only loves himself in a glass. It is surely possible to prefer a particular Church, without denouncing the Church catholic. In fundamentals we are one; only in smaller matters do we divide. Let us look more at our mighty agreements than at our minute diversities. Let us use the telescope of faith more, and the microscope of sect less."

We want more catholic love—more Christian kindness. Charity is the Church's girdle, without which, like a wheat sheaf with its band undone, it falls asunder. The charity we want is something more than mere platform politeness. I have not much confidence in that Christian affection which, like the blood of St. Januarius, only melts and flows once a year, and then only in the presence of a crowd. We must translate our love from the dead language of courteous formula into the current, living speech of mutual help and comfort. We must love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

"Help us to help each other, Lord!
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

"Hence, may all our actions flow;
Love, the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee."

"Love is stronger than death."
"Many waters cannot quench love."
"United we stand; divided we fall."

A father had seven sons, who often quarrelled with each other. Engrossed by their quarrels and contentions, they neglected their work. Nay, it went so far, that some evil-minded people thought to turn this difference to their own advantage, in order to deprive the children of their inheritance on the death of their father.

The venerable old man had all his seven sons assembled together one day, and laid before them seven sticks, which were firmly bound together.

"Whichever of you," said he "can break this bundle of sticks asunder, I will give him a hundred crowns on the spot.

One after the other, each of them strained every nerve, and each of them said, after a long and vain attempt; it is utterly impossible.

"And yet," said the father, "nothing is easier."

He loosened the bundle, and broke one stick after the other by a slight effort.

"Ah!" said his sons, it is easy enough to do it in that way—in that way any little boy could do it.

"Yes," said the father; "and as it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together, you will stand, and no man will be able to overpower you. But if the bond of union which ought to bind you together be loosened, your fate will be that of the sticks, which lie here broken on the ground around us."

"For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

"If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self inspire;

Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire."

HOW THE BLIND RECEIVE SIGHT.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

THREE blind men come to Jesus, and with strong crying and tears, implore him to have mercy upon them. They tell him they are blind, and want to see, and Jesus, full of pity and love, proceeds immediately to answer their prayer. He spits upon the ground, and mixes the spittle with dust. "Will he put spit in my face?" cries one of them. "Will he put dirt in my eyes? Such a mode of procedure is contrary to all reason. It would in itself destroy sight, even if sight were perfect," and he turns indignantly away. Another says, "You may put the clay upon my eyes, anyway, Lord, only give me sight." So Jesus anoints his eyes with the eye-salve, and says to him, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash;" and so to the pool of Siloam he wends his way. But he has occasion to cross a little brook, and he hears the pure water dashing lightly over the stones, and he reasons; "This is not the pool of Siloam, to be sure, but the main thing is to wash this uncomfortable plaster from my eyes, and I suppose I can do it here just as well as anywhere, water is water the world over." So he stoops down and washes his eyes, and then lifts up his head expecting to see birds, and sunshine, and everything beautiful. But, alas! he cannot see at all. So he washes, and washes, and rubs his eyes, and turns them this way, and that way, and up to the sky. Ah! he is as blind as he has ever been. A blind leader comes along and says, "Did not the Master say if you would wash you should see? Believe it! you do see! Do you not feel better?" "Yes, I feel more comfortable than I did before I washed that clay from my eyes; but I do not see." "Well, you will see; you feel better, keep on doing duty, and you will come out all right."

So the poor blind man goes his way,

mourning bitterly year after year, "Oh, it is so sad to be blind!"

"Why do you not go to Jesus?" is the sweet inquiry of one who has tasted the power and skill of the great Physician.

"I did go to him years ago," he replies, "but he did not give me sight. He put clay on my eyes, and I washed and washed, until I was discouraged. But I did not see then, and I do not see now."

"My poor, dear friend, it cannot be that you did just as Jesus told you, or you would have been healed. I myself was born blind. For years I groped in darkness; but I heard of Jesus. They said he could give blind people sight, and I resolved to go to him. But my friends opposed me. They had no faith in Jesus. They said he led a sort of wandering life; sometimes he slept out of doors; sometimes in barns; sometimes he did not sleep at all, but spent whole nights alone in the woods. A strange sort of a man, they told me, despised by everybody, and followed by a whole gang of miserably poor people. Then the neighbors said two or three went around a great deal with him, and made a great fuss over him: women too, who had been notorious bad characters.

"The opposition was so great, I did not know but I would have to give up going altogether; but just then a man came along who had been blind, and was perfectly cured by Jesus, and he went around so glad, so happy from morning till night, singing, and telling every blind person he saw how quickly Jesus would give them sight if they would only go to him; and he asked me why I did not go; and I told him what strange things I had heard about Jesus. He said it was all true. He was a wanderer, and poor, and despised, and was followed by a multitude of poor people, but it was passing strange how he loved them, and those, too; that nobody else could love: how he cured sick people, whom nobody else could cure, and blind people just like me. So I made up my mind I should go whether any one liked it or not. Oh! how I

wanted some one to go with me. It seemed so hard to go *all alone*, but father threatened, mother cried, and sisters thought me crazy, and one I loved as my own soul threw her arms around my neck, and fairly held me from going. But I told them I should go *if I died*. And I did. I found my way to Jesus. There were a great many people around him; some waiting to be cured; some very fine gentlemen too, but they seemed to be finding fault with Jesus. They said he was a blasphemer, and a deceiver; that he pretended to be God, but indeed, he was only a man. I pushed my way through them all to Jesus. I told him I was poor and blind, and begged of him to give me sight. He talked very kindly to me; then spat upon the ground and made a clay and was putting it upon my eyes, when one of those fine gentlemen came to me and took hold of my hand to lead me away, saying, "Do not be deceived by this impostor! Do not be deluded by him! Just think for yourself how *unreasonable* it is that dirt put on, or in your eyes, should make you see. Do use a little judgment for yourself! Do use some *reason* in this matter!" It did seem unlike the way I had thought God would work. It did seem contrary to all reason; but I tore myself from the grasp of the scoffer, and threw myself at Jesus' feet, crying, '*Oh, Jesus! I have no help but in thee.*' He lifted me up. Blessed Jesus! He put the clay upon my eyes. 'Now go to the pool of Siloam,' he said, 'and wash.'

"Why did he not open my eyes upon the spot? Why should he command me to go away, blind and alone, to find the pool of Siloam? But I went. Praise his name! Some good spirit guided me right to the spot, and there I washed. I looked up, and saw. The happy birds swung on green branches singing so sweetly; and oh! the broad green fields, and the trees, and the waters! And everything is just as bright and beautiful to-day as ever; just as bright as then. O, yes, I see new beauties, new glories. Do come to Jesus, and you too, shall see.

EXPERIENCE OF A PEDDLER.

BY PETER WOODS.

In the month of January, 1853, I united with the M. E. Church in Hudson City, N. Y. At first it was a great cross to me to speak in class-meeting, and much more to exercise in prayer-meeting, but having resolved to do my duty trusting in the Lord, I grew stronger. In August 1854, I went as overseer of a coal company, to Western Pennsylvania, but there was no place of worship nearer than three miles. I united with a little society near East Palestine, O. I persuaded Father Burt to come and preach at my house once a month. For nearly a year we had no conversions. Up to this time I was not fully converted myself, but the Lord, by his Spirit, showed me my inconsistency, I occasionally indulged in the use of intoxicating drink, and in the use of Tobacco and Snuff, but the word of the Lord would come to me in such passages as these, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself," etc. "Abhor that which is evil." At a watch-meeting in the winter of 1855-56, I put away the unclean thing, and declared my intentions, to shun every evil and false way and to serve the Lord with my whole heart. That night the blessed Jesus set my spirit free and blessed me abundantly. After that I began to exhort, and hold meetings at my house every week, and the Lord was graciously pleased to manifest himself in the salvation of souls. One of the circuit preachers came and organized a class, and the Lord gave us eighteen members, most of them heads of families. We also had a Sabbath School numbering sixty children. In about a year I saw that my employers would soon have to suspend business, and I got a better situation at a place called Industry, on the Ohio river. There was no Methodist church in the place, but the United Brethren kindly gave me the use of their church once a week. I had a class formed and secured a regular appointment for preaching.

The Lord in his wisdom saw fit to

bring me through the furnace of affliction. I had a severe attack of Erysipelis in my face, and inflammation in my eyes. My sight became dim, and I had to resign my situation and go under medical treatment. The disease increased, and baffled the skill of several eminent physicians. For seven long years, I was partially blind, but my merciful Saviour did not leave me. These were the happiest years of my life. Being regularly licensed as a Local Preacher, I went about preaching the word of life. Both preachers and people sympathised with me, and some would say it was a pity I did not belong to the Freemasons or Oddfellows, but I told them the Lord was my shepherd; and blessed be his name! he never let me want.

In August 1857, I returned to Hudson City. The Rev. A. H. Meade was then pastor, and he treated me in the kindest manner. We had a glorious revival that winter. At that time my money was nearly all spent, and poverty stared me in the face, but brother Meade and the ladies gave me a donation of about sixty dollars. In the spring Rev. E. L. Brice became pastor. He, being very anxious to help me, recommended me to sell religious books. I sold about one hundred dollars worth of books, but I soon found that people would not always buy books. I commenced peddling with many fears, for I could not tell a one dollar bill from a five, nor a good dollar from a bad one. I had only about twelve dollars capital when I commenced, and I made from two-and-a-half to three dollars a week. On Christmas week, I made about four dollars, for which I felt so thankful that I went to two widows, and gave them some tea and coffee. In doing so I realized that it was more blessed to give than to receive. On the first day of January, 1859, I made a covenant with the Lord, that I would give a tenth of my profits to the church and the poor. The next year I averaged five dollars a week; the next year I made about seven dollars a week, my business continually increased, and now I make about eighteen dollars a week.

Verily the Lord hath prospered my way.

About three years ago, through the kindness of a dear Christian lady, I was introduced to a celebrated physician.* He kindly took me under his care, and by his superior skill and medical treatment, the Lord blessing the means, in a few months I could see to keep my accounts, and my sight is fully restored, so that I can read the smallest print. Surely the Lord is merciful to all that fear him. If the servants of God would give a tenth of their income to the Lord, there would be no occasion for fairs, or church festivals, which I believe are an abomination in the sight of God.

* Dr. H. B. Millard, No. 7, East 27th st., New York.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

MUST we expect the minister to do all the pleading with sinners? Can not the private members—the women, who each have unconverted friends, go forth and labor with them? How long has it been since you yourself talked with your neighbor about his soul? Did you ever, indeed, have so great a concern in regard to him as specially to invite him to your house, or go to his to talk on that subject? And if you never have, is it not time that now you should begin? It is not talent nor skill in languages—but a soul ablaze with the love of the Saviour that wins—the love that prostrates itself, with streaming tears of gratefulness, at the foot of the cross, and then looks with unutterable yearnings upon the souls for whom Christ died; the love that measures not carefully its sacrifices, but delights to multiply them; that in its deep devotion, forgets the thorns in its pillow, the burdens it has to bear, the roughness of its pathway. It is more heart we need, rather than more head. A greater boon to the church, with the work she has to do, were one Peter the Hermit, with only the fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasmuses. Our greatest peril is dead orthodoxy, per-

formatory service, a life merely professional or cold, sluggish and timid. Having reached the point of respectable ability [and acquisition], it is the loving life behind them, it is the tears that bedew our words, it is the heart that flames out in every sentence; however simple and unadorned, that moves, more than all else, even the callous and skeptical. God help us all to do for him and his cause, more this coming winter than in any winter that has gone before, and let the work begin now!—*Dr. Reid.*

"THEN WE BEGAN TO THINK."

WHILE riding in the cars last summer, a returned soldier came and took the seat beside me. We began to talk together. He was a veteran. He had served our country through the whole war; had been in rebel prisons eight months; had fought in twenty-one battles; and had escaped with but one wound, where a rebel saber, aimed at his head, had struck the hand with which he threw up his gun to protect himself; and best of all was, that he was a Christian.

"Where and when did you become a Christian?" I asked him.

"When I was in a rebel prison in Atlanta, Ga."

"What brought it about?"

"There were twenty-two of us in that prison, all wild boys. We suffered every kind of privation; but we spent our time in any way, playing cards and the like. And let me tell you that card-playing is one of the worst curses of the army. We were pretty much all at cards one day; when some rebel officers came in, and one of them read the names of eight of us, with the order for execution, and directed those whose names were called, to prepare immediately for death. Their lives were to be taken in retaliation for something the rebels said our side, the Yankees, had done. Those eight of our comrades had hardly time to say good-by, and they were led out and hung. It came upon the rest of us like a thunderbolt. Then we began to think we

needed something more than we had to be ready to die.

"We didn't know who would have to go next. There were fourteen of us left. We got a Bible, and began to read and pray. We had prayer-meetings every day, morning and night; and there, in that prison, every one of us found Christ. One of the number is now a preacher of the gospel. I have been able to hold on since; and my Christian experience is the sweetest remembrance I have of the army."

And, with a heart full of thankfulness to God, that noble young soldier was looking forward to the day, then near at hand, when he could go home to the wife and little ones whom he said he "loved as his own life." Thank God for the coming home of such a soldier!

PAYING THE PRICE.

BY MARGARET NEUSPICKLE.

Six years ago this fall, I was soundly converted to God. I walked in the light and enjoyed the favor of God for two years. Then I attended a Free Methodist Camp-meeting in Rose, where I first heard the doctrine of sanctification preached. I felt there was something for me I never had. I welcomed the light and resolved to obey the Lord. I consecrated myself anew to God. Jesus gave me a hungering after the blessing. I determined I would have it at any expense, yet the cross was very heavy. I now saw pride in my heart, and the roots of bitterness. The narrowness of the way that Jesus would have me walk in was plainly pointed out. I then sought the pearl of great price, and truly did I find it. Praise God! I went through the crucible and died out,—felt the last death pang. It was then indeed a glorious time to my soul. I could reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God. I was wholly lost in Jesus. I received such a blessing as I never had before. My all was on the altar, and Jesus sanctified the gift. I then lived in the clear light for some months, then the

enemy took the advantage of me by telling me I was deceived and had not the blessing. Shameful as it was, I began to reason with him and cast away my confidence. Then darkness came upon me, I then mingled with my former associates that professed religion but were cold and formal. Instead of being an example, I compromised. My parents were formal and opposed the plainness of Free Methodists. They advised me to dress like the world. I, (with many stripes from my Heavenly Father) consented, and found to my *great loss* myself far away from God. Yet he was merciful to me, and did not suffer me to go into out-breaking sin. I had lost my purity of heart—my freedom from sin. I saw that to regain my former enjoyment, I would have to do my first work over again, which seemed very crucifying to me. For two years I was groping my way in darkness. The Spirit of God had not fully withdrawn its striving, yet I felt unwilling to take the whole cross. I did certain duties—kept up a form without the power. I was trying to please my friends and God at the same time, which was impossible. At last I resolved to double my diligence, to love and serve God. I felt

"My former gains were loss,
My path was folly's road."

I confessed my backsliding from God, mourned over my condition, and in a measure gained the favor of God. He began to lead me by his Spirit, and I again felt I was fully justified. He again showed me his requirements. Then I began to look at others and their opinions and marked out a way for myself, but it was of no use, I soon found myself again entangled in the yoke of bondage, as I was not willing to come out and be singular for Christ's sake, and tell the people I wanted the blessing of holiness. I soon found it was life or death with me, as I had sinned against light and neglected to do what was my reasonable service, it appeared almost impossible for me to get back, but I resolved if Jesus would undertake for me I would pay the price whatever

it might cost. Then the light shone upon my soul. I saw my own righteousness as filthy rags, I felt that Jesus had borne with me long enough, and as soon as I consented to follow the Lord and acknowledge my condition, I felt the smiles of Jesus resting upon me. He gave me a desperate earnestness to do his will. I longed for a clean heart, nearly two weeks I could not rest day or night, but at last I went through on the Rock. On the 15th day of last May I again felt that Jesus had led me out into the glorious liberty of the Gospel. I rejoiced in the God and Rock of my Salvation. I was enabled to count all things loss for the excellency of Christ, and to give up the opinions of my parents, and the church to which I belonged. I felt that the blood had lost none of its power. I was clean through the word which God had spoken; he has led me in a plain path ever since. I am willing to follow him. He leads me into all truth.

Through the providence of God the way was opened for me to go to the Clarkson camp-meeting. I felt it was my duty to go. My parents were opposed to my going with so plain and despised a people as the Free Methodists. At first I thought I would stay at home, but I remembered I had promised the Lord that I would follow him. I felt I was in danger of losing my soul. I consented to walk in the light of God. There was nothing so dear to me as the religion of Jesus, I had been in the wilderness long enough. I had now got in the land of Beulah and was determined to stay there, by the grace of God. As I could not get their consent I told them that was going, oh, I must go! Then they told me I could have a home with them no longer. I felt that Jesus would take care of me, and he then gave me such a victory as I never had before. I felt that my all was in his hands. The entire surrender was made of soul, body and Spirit. I felt that I was not my own but was bought with the precious blood of Jesus. Glory to his name! He has been with me ever since, and is with me to-day. I rejoice in a full salvation. The enemy tries to

get me reasoning with him at times, but through Jesus I am more than conqueror. My trust is in him.

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

I am washed in the blood of the Lamb. Jesus is doing great things for me. He is better to me than father or mother, house or lands; to him be all the glory. He is leading my soul by the side of still waters, and into green pastures, and gives me grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold as long as I walk uprightly. He gives me a love for my enemies, and for souls that are yet out of the Ark of safety. If I had a thousand tongues I could not praise him enough. I love the truth better every day. 'It is the truth that makes me free. Praise his name! The language of my soul is

"Lord, obediently I'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou my leader be,
And I still will follow thee."

GOING TO DWELL WITH DEVILS.

"Do think of your soul, my dear, and less of dancing and other worldly follies," said a Christian mother one day to her daughter who was dressing herself for a ball.

"O, I'm young you know, mamma," replied the girl, tossing back her curls and laughing gaily. "Time enough yet for me to attend to religion."

Well, it did seem as if so young and healthy a miss had time enough to serve the devil a few years before she began to think of serving God, though it strikes me that such a deliberate purpose to spend life's morning in offending God is almost diabolically wicked, and is not likely to be followed by penitence, faith and piety. But appearances were deceitful in this girl's case. Only two weeks afterwards she was standing before a glass dressing her hair and saying:—

"I intend to go to school all winter."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips before she was seized with sudden sickness. Thirty-six hours later she

was dead! Just before she expired, she exclaimed:—

“O that all young people were present that I might warn them not to do as I have done! O tell them for me, when I am dead, not to live in sin as I have. I am going to receive my everlasting fate! I am going to dwell with devils.”

Reader! whither are you going? Remember, a life of sin and unbelief is the way to the abode of devils and lost souls. A life of faith and holiness is the way to heaven. Whither, then, are you going? To a peaceful or a dreadful death? To dwell with devils or saints? To a life of boundless happiness or endless misery? To heaven or hell, which?

CHRISTIAN AND MINISTERIAL FELLOWSHIP.

I BELIEVE it to be the mind of Christ that all who are united to him, should love one another, exhort one another daily, communicate freely of their substance to one another where poor, pray with and for one another, and sit down together at the Lord's table. Each of these positions, may be proved by the word of God. It is quite true that we may be frequently deceived in deciding upon the real godliness of those with whom we are brought into contact. The Apostles themselves were deceived, and we must not expect to do the work of the ministry with fewer difficulties than they had to contend with. Still, I have no doubt from Scripture that where we have good reason for regarding a man as a child of God, we are permitted and commanded to trust him as a brother; and, as the most sacred pledge of heavenly friendship, to sit down freely at the table of our common Lord, to eat bread and drink wine together in remembrance of Christ. The reason of this rule is plain. If we have solid ground to believe that a fellow-sinner has been, by the Holy Spirit, grafted into the true vine, then we have ground to believe that we are vitally united to one another for eternity. The same blood has washed us, the same

Spirit has quickened us, we lean on the same pierced breast, we love the same law, we are guided by the same sleepless eye, we are to stand at the right hand of the same throne, we shall blend our voices eternally in singing the same song, “Worthy is the Lamb!” Is it not reasonable, then, that we should own one another on earth as fellow-travelers to our Father's house, and fellow-heirs of the incorruptible crown? Upon this I have always acted, both in sitting down at the Lord's table, and in admitting others to that blessed privilege. I was once permitted to unite in celebrating the Lord's Supper in an upper room in Jerusalem. There were fourteen present, the most of whom, I had good reason to believe knew, and loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Several were godly Episcopalians, two were converted Jews, and one a Christian from Nazareth, converted under the American Missionaries. The bread and wine were dispensed in the Episcopal manner, and most were kneeling as they received them. Perhaps some would have shrunk back with sorrow, and called this the confusion of Babel. We felt it to be the sweet fellowship with Christ and with the brethren; and as we left the upper room and looked out upon the Mount of Olives, we remembered with calm joy the prayer of our Lord, ascending from one of its ravines after the first Lord's supper. “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in me through their word, that they all may be one.” The table of Christ is a family table spread in the wilderness, and none of the true children should be absent from it, or be separated while sitting at it. We are told of Rowland Hill, that upon one occasion, “when he had preached in a chapel where none but baptized adults were admitted to the sacrament, he wished to have communicated with them, but was told respectfully, ‘you cannot sit down at our table.’ He only calmly replied, ‘I thought it was the Lord's table.’” The early reformers held the same view. Calvin wrote to Cranmer that he would cross ten seas to bring it about. Bax

ter, Owen and Howe in a later generation pleaded for it; and the Westminster Divines laid down the same principle in few, but solemn words, "Saints, by profession, are bound to maintain an holy fellowship and communion in the worship of God—which communion as God offereth opportunity, is to be extended unto all those who in every place, call upon the name of the Lord Jesus."

The second Scriptural Communion is Ministerial Communion. Here also I believe it to be the mind of Christ, that all who are true servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, sound in the faith, called to the ministry, and owned of God therein, should love one another—pray one for another, bid one another God-speed, own one another fellow-soldiers, fellow-servants and fellow-laborers in the vineyard, and, so far as God offereth opportunity, help one another in the ministry. Each of these points also may be proven by the word of God. I am aware that practically it is a point of far greater difficulty and delicacy than the communion of private Christians, because I can own many a one as a fellow-Christian, and can joyfully sit down with him at the Lord's table, while I may think many of his views of Divine truth defective, and I could not receive him as a sound teacher. But although caution and sound discretion are no doubt to be used in applying this, or any other Scripture rule, yet the rule itself appears to be simple enough—that, when any minister of any denomination holds the head, is sound in doctrine, and blameless in life, preaches Christ and him crucified as the only way of pardon, and the only source of holiness, especially if he has been owned of God in the conversion of souls and upbuilding of saints, we are bound to hold to ministerial communion with him, whenever Providence opens the way. What are we that we should shut our pulpits against such a man? True, he may hold that Episcopacy is the Scriptural form of church government. He may have signed the 37th article of the Church of England, giving the Queen the chief power in all causes,

whether ecclesiastical or civil; still, if he be a Berridge or a Rowland Hill, he is an honored servant of Christ. True, he may hold establishments to be unscriptural—he may not see as I do that the Queen is the minister of God, and ought to use all her authority in extending, defending, and maintaining the Church of Christ—still, if he be like some I could name, he is a faithful servant of Christ. True, he may have inconsistencies of mind which we cannot account for—he may have prejudices of sect and education which destroy much of our comfort in meeting him (and can we plead exemption from these?)—he may have spoken rashly and uncharitably (I also have done the same)—still I can but own him a servant of Christ. If the master owns him in his work, shall the sinful fellow-creature disown him? Shall we be more cautious than our Lord? True, he may have much imperfection in his views; so had Apollos. He may be to be blamed in some things, and withstood to the face; so it was with Peter. He may have acted a cowardly part at one time; so did John Mark. Still I maintain that unless he has shown himself a Demas, "a lover of this present world," or one of those who have "a form of godliness; denying the power thereof," we are not allowed to turn away from him, nor to treat him as an adversary.

Such were the principles of the Reformers. Calvin says of Luther, when he was loading him with abuse, "Let him call me a dog or a devil, I will acknowledge him as a servant of Christ." The devoted Usher preached in the pulpit of Samuel Rutherford; and at a later date, before the unscriptural act of 1799 was passed, to hinder faithful English ministers from carrying the light of Divine truth into the death-like gloom of our parishes, a minister of the Synod of Glasgow defended himself for admitting Whitefield into his pulpit in these memorable words: "There is no law of Christ, no act of Assembly, prohibiting me to give my pulpit to an Episcopal, Independent, or Baptist minister, if of sound principles in the fundament-

als of religion, and of sober life." Faithful ministers belonging to all parts of the visible church are to be recognized as ministers whom Christ hath given. Such I believe to be the principles of God's word; such are clearly the views of the standards of our Church.—R. M. McCheyne.

NATURE OF PURE LOVE.

* * * LOVE, like everything else, has its own nature. Not identical with any other affection, and not explainable by the laws which are appropriate to any other affection, it stands by itself, in its own entity, its own attributes and form. And being thus separate from every other affection there is something true of it, which is not true of anything else. It is therefore, a legitimate subject of analysis and description.

2. It is hardly necessary to say, in offering some explanations on this subject, that love always has an *object*. Love, without an object of love would be inconceivable. It would be as difficult to conceive of such love, as it would be to conceive of an act of memory without something remembered, or of an act of perception without something perceived. And it is proper to add, that this object, although it does not necessarily exclude a regard to a person's own interest, is generally found in interests which are beyond and out of ourselves. Hence it is a common remark, that true or pure love is *self-forgetting*.

Again, it is one of the traits of love, that it does not remain quiescent in him who is the subject of it, but has a tendency (a tendency which is inherent, and constitutes a part of its nature) to move or flow out to its object, whatever that object may be. It is the object which indicates the channel in which it may flow, and which constitutes, also, the termination of its movement. Summoned into being by its appropriate object, it exists without effort; and, flowing in the channel in which truth and nature have marked out for it, it asks no reward. If it expected or ask-

ed for anything which might properly be denominated the recompense or reward of its own existence, it would cease to be love. And accordingly, if it be required to give a reason for its existence, (separate from that of reward, which it does not recognize as a reason,) it can only say, it loves because it cannot help it, or because it has a nature which makes it love. But such an answer, if it fails to announce a reason, at least announces a fact, which, if reason fails to approve, it also fails to annul. No one asks why the sun shines when it is above the horizon. And the light of love, like the light of the natural sun, whenever the appropriate occasion is furnished, shines by spontaneous diffusion. Love, therefore, is not a thing which rests upon something else, and which can be analyzed into antecedent elements; but is rather a life, a permanence, something essential, something which exists by itself, and does not rest upon any other basis. And thus, being a life or nature, it acts itself out as a nature, without thinking or asking *why it does it*, just as a man breathes, or thinks, or remembers, or imagines, without reflecting or asking why he does it.

4. We have already said that love necessarily has its object. The object of pure love (and we regard this as an important remark) is *existence*; all percipient and sentient existence whatever. So that love, in distinction from every appearance and modification of affection which is not true or pure love, may be defined to be a *desire for the good or happiness of everything which exists*. And, in accordance with this view, everything which has a being, from the highest to the lowest, whatever its position, whatever its character—the whole infinity of percipient and sentient existence, simply because it has such an existence, is the appropriate object of pure love.

This is a great truth, and one which, it must be admitted, is difficult to be realized by those who have not an instinct of perception and of affirmation in their own purified hearts. Those who are the subjects of this exalted

feeling sincerely desire the happiness of all those, whoever or whatever they may be, who are capable of enjoying happiness, while, at the same time, it may be so, that they disapprove and perhaps even hate their character; and accordingly, they love the evil as well as the good, sinners as well as saints.

Another characteristic of holy love is, that it is *attractive*; that is to say, its beauty is so divine, that by its own nature, it arrests the attention, and draws all things to itself that are capable of perceiving its beauty. It is not necessary for it to use efforts to produce this effect. This remarkable power is an essential power; something inherent in it. It has it, because it cannot be without it. Even natural beauty has something of this power. The flower that blooms by the wayside, the star that shines in the evening sky, attracts the eye of the beholder, and commands his attention. The power exists, though it may be difficult to explain it. And, if this power is possessed by natural beauty, still more is it possessed by moral beauty. He therefore, who possesses the highest of moral elements, that of pure love, operating by that attractive power which is as eternal as the love from which it springs, must and will be loved in return, whether he be God, angel or man. All that is necessary is, that this moral beauty be clearly perceived, which, however, is never done, and is not possible to be done, when the mind is darkened by sin.

We have a striking illustration of the nature of pure love in the case of the Saviour. He loved sinners. "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It was not for angels, but for erring men, that he died. He bowed his head upon the cross for those who persecuted him, reviled him, slew him. He loved men, not because they were good, for such they were not, and certainly not because they were evil, because evil can never be the foundation of love, but because they were existences—perceptible and moral existences. He saw them created with the elements of an eternal being, but des-

titute, in their fallen state, of those attributes which would make that being a happy one. He saw them destitute of truth which they might possess, of holiness to which they were strangers, the enemies of God when they might be his friends, the heirs of hell when they might be heirs of heaven. He loved them, therefore, not because they were good, but because they had a sentient, and especially because they had a moral, existence. It was their existence and not their merit; it was what they were capable of being, and not what they were, which brought him down from heaven.—*Prof. Upham.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

It is not time that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:
 It is not Life that dies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 Time and eternity are one;
 Time is eternity begun:
 Life changes, yet without decay;
 'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:
 It is not Faith that dies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 O ever-during faith and truth,
 Whose youth is age, whose age is youth
 Twin stars of immortality,
 Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are flying:
 It is not Love that dies;
 'Tis we, 'tis we, are dying.
 Twin streams, that that have in heaven
 your birth,
 Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.
 We fade, like flowers beside you sown!
 Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live;
 It is from death we're flying:
 For ever lives our life;
 For us there is no dying.
 We die but as the spring-bud dies,
 In summer's golden glow to rise.
 These be our days of April bloom;
 Our July is beyond the tomb.

AWAKE! AWAKE!

BY REV. A. B. BURDICK.

SCRIPTURAL awakening is the first great want of the times. "It is now high time to awake out of sleep." "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Sleeping men are not conscious of what is passing about them. They are neither able to "cast off the works of darkness" nor yet to discern them. The soul that is truly awakened in these days, will find "Bunyan's Dream" a living reality. This world is one vast "City of Destruction" lying in wickedness. Sin is none the less sinful in the sight of God, for being exalted to "high places." The nature of a viper is not changed by giving it a more favorable position. The more sin is popularized, the less it is feared, and the more general and ruinous will be its effects.

The righteous are to "judge all things;" not by their names or "outward appearances," but from the principles involved. Vice is all of a piece. And vainly men seek for a path between it and virtue. Murder is murder, whether it is perpetrated mechanically or barbarously. The genteel pick-pocket is equally a high-way robber, with the ruffian who demands "your money or your life." Time was, when it was said, "There is honor even among thieves;" but men have come to profess one thing and practice another, until it is to be feared that confidence can no longer be placed in thieves at least.

"Wickedness in high places" is but the stepping stone down to degradation and ruin. Though intemperance should begin in "Palace halls," gilded and decorated with costly paintings, and charmed with sweetest music, its victims share the same fate with that vile inebriate who comes reeling from the lowest cellar grocery. Both fill the "drunkard's grave;" both have their part in the "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Honorable names attached to dishonest practices, do not

remove the curse of God from such institutions. "United States Bowling Alleys, for gentlemen and ladies," or "National Billiard Rooms" are no less offensive in the sight of God, than the lower gambling holes where the poor of the same class squander their time and money, on card-tables, with dice, rafflings, chess or chequer-boards.

The principle of gambling is the same, whether on a large or small scale, —whether under a sanctimonious garb, or in its own vile array—in houses devoted to that purpose or churches, or families. *Church gambling* and party gambling, with their prize lotteries, grab-bags, post-offices and all that pertains to them, must be summed up by all truly awakened souls in that one word—*gambling!*

The mild legislative name of "necessary evils" for licentiousness, rum-selling and gambling, with the revenues they bring into the treasury, may be some palliation for such crimes in the eyes of the unawakened; but in the end, like the sin of slavery they will bring down the heaviest blows of God's wrath on our land and nation! The murderous Jews would not even put the "price of blood into the treasury," while some of the principal resources of our nation are not only the price of blood, but of souls. Is it any wonder that money is called "filthy lucre" in the Scriptures, when it is drawn out of the foulest reservoirs of vice and sin? One woe is (nearly) past, and behold others come. "Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth, by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels which are yet to sound!" The theory that "the end sanctifies the means" seems to obtain very generally in both church and state.

The right of hearing the "good tidings of great joy which (the angels said) shall be to all people," is struck off to the highest bidder, because of the end to be gained. Not for the avowed purpose of preventing all people, and especially the poor, (which have the gospel preached unto them) from hearing the "good tidings of great joy," but to secure *respectability* in the world, and

to meet the salary and other expenses necessarily attending such an enterprise.

Religious fairs, festivals, Christmas-trees, pic-nics, excursions and donation-parties, spiced with a little of the comic and theatrical, and occasional music and dancing, "sitting down to eat and drink and rising up to play;" are only used as a means to secure the greatest amount of good in bringing together the church and the world, and removing those distinctions between them, for which there is no longer any necessity without a difference.

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give you light." Light is an armor of defense against the ranks of darkness. "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor of light;" for, "what fellowship hath light with darkness?" The one is arrayed against the other. A lasting union or fellowship between the two kingdoms is out of the question.

"See how the morning sun,
Pursues his shining way,"

And chases darkness from the earth,
And scatters night away."

A twilight experience is soon changed into the day of "perfect love," or ends in the darkness and night of condemnation. "While ye have the light, walk in the light, lest darkness come upon you. And if the light that is in thee become darkness, how great is that darkness!" Men may put darkness for light, and suppose themselves to be in the light when they are in the dark; but if they are in the light they know it. A man may dream that he is awake, and about his business; but if he is awake and attending to his business he knows it. A person may claim to love God while living in disobedience, but Jesus says, "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." When this is really the case, that person does not have to guess it is so, or hope that he has obtained a hope, but he knows it. "The darkness is past and the true light now shineth."

This, then, is the message which we

have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light and in him is no darkness at all. "If we walk in the light, as he his is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." That is, with him, and he with us, for, "how can two walk together except they be agreed?"

HEDDING ON SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. M. N. DOWNING.

In divers places, efforts have been put forth to make it appear that Bishop Hedding was not Methodistic in his theory of entire sanctification. The following extract from a sermon preached by him before the New Jersey Conference in 1847, and published by request of the Conference, will show that he not only believed that the entire sanctification of the soul could be obtained in this life, but that he also believed that it is distinct from, and subsequent to, justification. He says:

"The difference between a justified soul who is not fully sanctified, and one fully sanctified, I understand to be this: The first (if he does not backslide) is kept from voluntarily committing known sin, which is commonly meant in the New Testament by *committing sin*. But yet he finds in himself the remains of inbred corruption, or original sin; such as pride, anger, error, a feeling of hatred to an enemy, a rejoicing at a calamity which has fallen upon an enemy, etc. Now in all this, the regenerate soul does not act voluntarily; his choice is against all these evils; God has given him a new heart which hates all these evils, and resists and overcomes them. Though the Christian does not feel guilty for this depravity as he would do if he had voluntarily broken the law of God, yet he is often grieved and afflicted, and reproved at a sight of this sinfulness of his nature. Though the soul in this state enjoys a degree of religion, yet it is conscious it is not what it ought to be, nor what it must be to be fit for heaven.

"The second, or person fully sanctified, is cleansed from all inward invol-

untary sins. He may be tempted by Satan, by men, or by his own bodily appetites to commit sin, but his heart is free from inward fires, which, before his full sanctification, were ready to fall in with temptation and lead him into transgression. He may be tempted to be proud, to love the world, to be revengeful or angry, or to rejoice at his enemy's calamity, but he feels none of these pollutions of his nature. Thus it is that, being emptied of sin, the perfect Christian is filled with the love of God; even with perfect love, which casteth out fear."

HEAVEN AT LAST.

"Denique Caelum."—*Old Motto.*

Angel-voices sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver-pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy,
Come the joyous and the holy;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,

Stay'd the tempest, sheathed the thunder;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ himself the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, himself hath crown'd us;
Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

THE present extravagance of the women of this country, in dress and adornment, is, perhaps, beyond all precedent. The most costly material, with the utmost conceivable superfluity of ornaments, and a style that requires the greatest possible number of yards, is the demand for every article of female attire. This is true not only of those *without*, but of the *female members* of the church, save here and there an *honorable* exception. How women—intelligent women—who profess to be *Bible Christians*, can indulge in such extravagance in dress, is more than I can understand.

Is the Bible more emphatic in condemning lying or adultery than it is in condemning a costly or ornate style of dress? Hear the voice of God: "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array. But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." I. Tim. ii, 9, 10. "Whose adorning, *let it not be that outward*

adorning of plating the hair, and wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel." I. Peter, iii, 3. How can any one make the present style of female attire in the church square with these plain passages of the word of God? Can the present fashions be called "modest apparel?" I saw a woman passing down Fourth street, Philadelphia, whose dress was so extravagant in volume, color, tinsel, and number of adornments, that men and women turned and looked after her as she passed up the street. Do *modest* women dress so as to attract attention in that way? Do *modest* Christian women carry the present gig-top bonnets with their almost innumerable flowers, bits of tinsel, and streamers of ribbons, on their heads to attract the attention of the multitude?

"Costly array!" What do you think of bonnets for women in the middle class in society costing from twenty to sixty dollars, to say nothing of the one hundred or five hundred dollar bonnets of the upper-tendom! Do you believe it possible for a woman to wear, with God's approval, even in these days of high-priced material, so much as a twenty dollar bonnet, when there are so many suffering wait at our very door, and hundreds of millions are dying in foreign lands without the knowledge of Jesus, just because money is wanting to send the Gospel to them? It was stated in to-day's papers, that but little money has thus far been collected in New York and Brooklyn for the relief of the starving thousands in the South. What wonder, when a woman's bonnet must cost twenty to sixty dollars, with every other article of dress and furniture correspondingly expensive? Who can *give* money when *self* commences with embroidery and extra stitching at the toes and thence lays on the most elaborate adornment upon every square inch to the crown of the head, and a half-a-foot or so above it? Do you think that a sanctified soul can live under such bonnets as thousands of Methodist women now put on their heads? And what about *taste*? There is much said *now* about refinement and *taste*, and it seems as though the taste

of the present age must modify the word of God so as to approbate the present style of dress. Have any of the pretenders to *taste* consulted standard works on this subject? What says Lord Kames, who, I presume, must be admitted to be pretty good authority? He says (on page 114, *Elements of Criticism*) "Profuse ornament in painting, gardening, or architecture, as well as in dress or in language, shows a mean or corrupted taste." What, according to this standard, becomes of the claims of taste and refinement of those who follow the silly fashions sent us from heartless, licentious Paris? Do not the women know that a beautiful woman is, when "unadorned, adorned the most?" Do not they know that no tinsel, or gaudy artificial flower, or flashing gem, can add to the native beauty of a really beautiful woman? And do they not know that a plain face is, when surrounded and mounted by fine flowers, and other adornments made down right ugly by the contrast? Extravagance in dress and adornments makes plain features *very* conspicuous. Will not those who would be *Christian women*, dress plainly, modestly, and only so costly as the wants of God's cause will allow? Will you not, sisters, remember that the money you have is *borrowed*—it is the Lord's—and that is it not fit to dress extravagantly on *borrowed* money?

Will you not remember that "good works" are the most beautiful ornaments you can put on? And will you not remember that "gig-top" bonnets, with the rest of the senseless trappings from Paris, will be sadly out of fashion in that Great Day when Christ shall receive his ready bride, and that those who follow such fashions now, will hardly be thought of the right quality to go in to the Marriage supper of the Lamb? The angels are to be masters of ceremonies there, and "white robes" only will be admitted. Dress finely every day, yet not in the Parisian, but in the Heavenly style.

New Brunswick, N. J.

THE more faith, the more humility.

✓ TO THE AFFLICTED.

BY REV. JAMES MATHEWS.

THE Lord Jesus Christ, a physician of consummate skill, and long and successful experience in the treatment of all and every malady that flesh is heir to, offers to heal the afflicted of every age, color or condition. He has been practicing for over eighteen hundred years with wonderful success, having never lost a case entrusted to him for treatment. None need despair. He cures blindness, deafness, dumbness, lameness, palsy, fever, consumption, cancer, leprosy, and incredible as it may appear "speaks life unto the dead." The poor receive special attention. They may call on the physician at any hour, day or night, and be sure of having their cases treated immediately, "without money and without price."

He is skillful in the treatment of chronic difficulties, removing them root and branch. He can take an old, hard heart, that for years has resisted every effort of man to move it, and in a moment melt, and make it new.

Those afflicted with that distressing malady, *paralysis of the moral sensibilities*, can be relieved on application here. *Loss of memory* too, is successfully treated. Many at the first interview have been so helped as to remember articles in their possession belonging to others, debts unpaid, wrongs to be righted, and many other things too numerous to be mentioned. That distressing and terribly infectious disease, "itching ears," is cured by this wonderful physician. Special attention given to diseases of the mind, such as "thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think;" "thinking we are something when we are nothing;" "thinking we are rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, when we are wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked;" "minding high things;" "having respect to persons;" etc., etc. A speedy and radical cure is promised if the prescriptions are properly taken. All diseases of the tongue are cured in a surprisingly short

space of time, and in an admirable manner, unknown to other physicians, being no other than an application to the heart. Indeed this physician declares that "out of the heart" proceed all diseases of the tongue, he therefore searches out, and removes the *roots*, and thus effectually and thoroughly destroys the *fruit*. O ye afflicted! ye who are a burden to yourselves and others, come at once, make known your wants, and find immediate relief. If you do not understand your case, the great need of applying at once, this great physician will tell you "all that ever you did," will touch the diseased spot, and if you consent to take the remedies he prescribes, you shall be healed.

Numerous testimonials may be found in the Gospels. The writer is acquainted with a great number of living witnesses to the power of this great physician in the healing of all manner of sicknesses, and diseases. He himself has been cured, and is happy to say that Jesus is now his family physician. In the writer's case one dose of the Law brought him to his knees, and then a look to the Physician, and he was healed. As a rule the medicine when taken, brings the patient to his knees, and causes him to cry out—then comes the balm.

For further information apply immediately to "*The Throne of grace*." To delay is death. "Now is the accepted time." "His blood can make the foulest clean."

"Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live."

OF FAITH.—Reliance is the essence of faith, Christ is the object, the word is the food, and obedience the proof: so that the true faith is a depending upon Christ for salvation in a way of obedience, as he offers in the word.

The true tears of repentance flow from the eye of faith.

Though faith be necessary to our justification, good works are necessary to our salvation.

Editorial.

TREATMENT OF ENEMIES.

We take it for granted that every child of God will have his enemies. He must have them if he is a child of God. "If ye were of the world," the Master says, "the world would love his own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore, the world hateth you." He who is not hated cannot belong to Christ. If we would reign with him we must suffer with him. "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." He is in imminent danger of whom everybody speaks well. The woe of Christ is upon him. No gentleness of spirit—even though it should equal that of the Master—no kindness of manner—no purity of motive, can shield you from the venom of malice and the tongue of scandal.

Though you will have enemies you should not feel enmity. BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. Our conduct towards them must be such as is prompted by love. How do we treat those we love? Do we not return their salutations, and greet them kindly when opportunity offers? Yet Christians, professing to have a good deal of grace, sometimes refuse to exchange ordinary civilities with those who have injured them. Such conduct is not prompted by the Spirit of Christ. What a different temper did David exhibit towards Saul, who, after he backslid from God, became his bitterest enemy. The most relentless persecutors—those from whom the children of God have most to fear—will generally be found among those, who, like Saul, after having had an experience of the saving grace of God, have, in heart departed from him. With his own hand, Saul had attempted to kill David. Then he sent out his soldiers against him and hunted him from place to place. To make sure of his prey, he placed himself at the head of three thousand chosen men and went out in search of David. Without knowing it, he went into a cave where David and his men were concealed. It seems that David had prayed over the matter and obtained from the Lord the promise of deliverance. His men

urged him to take the life of his enemy, now so completely in his power. "Behold," they said, "the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee." What an artful appeal! They urge that the opportunity is Providential, and one that God had promised. But David would not harm the King, nor suffer his men to touch him. He simply cut off the skirt of his robe, and for this, was afterwards conscience-smitten. Going forth from the cave, he called after Saul, saying, MY LORD, THE KING. And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped, with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, behold David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave; and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee; and I said I will not put forth mine hand against my Lord; for he is the Lord's anointed." 1 Sam. xxiv.

This spirit of forbearance should characterize every follower of Jesus. A providential opportunity to injure them is a providential opportunity to do them good. THEREFORE, IF THINE ENEMY HUNGER, FEED HIM; IF HE THIRST, GIVE HIM DRINK; FOR IN SO DOING, THOU SHALT HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HIS HEAD.

GOD'S CONVERTS.

There is no cause so absurd but that it may gain adherents. A live church will have conversions; but additions by no means prove that a church is holy. Everything depends upon the character of the converts; not what they were before, but what they were after their conversion.—The old Pharisees were extremely zealous; they compassed sea and land to make one proselyte; but he was no better, but rather the worse, for his conversion. Is it not so with many converts at the present time? Is there, as far as human observation extends, any reformation. Is not their piety, so called, in reality bigotry? Do they cease loving the world? In a new country, the first thing to be done to clear off the for-

ests is to cut down the trees. After they have laid sufficiently long, if fire is applied at the right period, much of the labor in clearing off the land is obviated. But a poor burn is worse than nothing. The kindling wood,—the leaves, and smaller twigs are consumed, while the large brush remains to be removed piece by piece. So a superficial revival burns over the ground and renders it almost impossible to promote a thorough work of grace. The consciousness of guilt, and the apprehension of the wrath to come, which irreligious persons generally feel, render them accessible to the arrows of divine truth. But a profession of religion—no matter how poor the kind, or how poorly sustained—operates as an armor through which the sword of the Spirit with difficulty penetrates. For conversions to be a blessing, and not a curse, the church must be in a state of salvation. The Bible standard of religion must be held up in the testimony, and in the lives of professing Christians. If they are proud and covetous—if the women are fond of fashion and display, *adorning themselves in gold, and pearls, and costly array*—if the men love the world and are bent on making money, as will always be the case when extravagance is to be maintained—then the converts will partake of the same general character. Some months since, we saw at the altar, a young lady seeking pardon. She seemed deeply in earnest and professed a willingness to “come out from the world, and be separate.” She was taken to another altar where the Bible requirements concerning dress were not insisted on. *She put on extra jewelry after going to that altar.* She was taught to believe in Jesus, professed faith in Him, and went away to lead as vain and fashionable a life as before. But conviction was silenced, and the heart was hardened.

“Cursed be he that doeth the work of God deceitfully.” Do not suffer souls under your influence, to be deceived if you can help it. Let them know what it is to be a Christain. Tell them plainly and kindly what are the fruits of the true Christain character. Let the Bible standard of religion be held up so plainly that there can be no doubt as to what is meant

by becoming religious. Every person engaged in promoting the salvation of souls—and every follower of Jesus is engaged in this work—should have, in their experience, the prayer of the psalmist answered; and the result which he mentions will be sure to follow. *Create in me a clean heart, O, God, and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit. THEN will I teach transgressors thy ways and sinners shall be converted to thee.*

THE UNCTION.

You need it! Your words are good, but they lack the unction. A farmer planted his field with corn; the ground was in excellent condition; the weather all that could be desired; the seed was sound, and of the first quality; to all appearance; but it did not come up. He waited, and waited, but no young blades of corn made their appearance. The crop was an utter failure. What was the matter? The seed had been, the previous winter, exposed to the cold so long that the frost had destroyed the germinating principle. The warm sun, the genial shower, the fertile soil, failed to restore the vitality that had been lost. Thus it is with a great many testimonies, exhortations and sermons. They are orthodox in doctrine—the kernel is sound—they are full of truth—contain a certain amount of nutriment—but vitality is wanting. They are absolutely good for nothing to make converts. If you would impart light to others, you must have light in yourself. For the anointing of the Spirit, there is, and can be, no substitute. No amount of truth, however plain and pointed; no eloquence of style or vehemence of manner, can supply the lack of the Spirit in those who labor for the salvation of souls. To succeed in saving men, you must have the anointing that abideth. Then why will you not meet the conditions of success? Wherefore do you spend your strength for naught? The same activity you now exhibit would give you many “stars in the crown of your rejoicing” if you would only seek, and obtain aid of the Holy Spirit.

If “every one that asketh, receiveth,”

then are you not guilty if you preach a single sermon, or deliver a single exhortation, without the Spirit? But you must not ask that you may consume it upon your lusts. Unless your consecration to God is entire—more complete than is generally made—you will be receiving honor for your success. And no person can at the same time “believe” for the Holy Ghost and receive honor from his fellow-man. Then make haste and give yourself anew to God. Let Him have you to use you for his glory. Keep the judgment in view; look to be despised of men, but seek the honor that comes from God alone.

THE PAST YEAR.

Upon the page of history, the year 1865 will figure as one of the most eventful in the annals of our country. The greatest civil war of ancient or modern times has been brought to a favorable termination. The success of republican institutions has been fully established, and Slavery, the great stain upon our National honor, has been washed out in rivers of blood. The adoption of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting Slavery wherever the jurisdiction of the United States is extended, renders it certain that in this country, at least, Slavery is dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection. Let us thank God and take courage! The first time we ever spoke in public, we made an anti-slavery speech; and brick-bats and rotten eggs were the arguments we had to meet in those days. Now, that vile institution, which outraged every principle of humanity and religion, closed the South against the Gospel in its purity, muzzled the pulpits of the North, and demoralized the whole land, has fallen so ingloriously, that none can be found to do it reverence. We could have wished, for the honor of our common Christianity, that the Churches, as such, had taken a more distinct and positive part in its overthrow; we are sorry that the great ecclesiastical organizations of the land held on to it until its fate was determined by the power of the sword. For such churches to boast of their purity in being free from slave-holding, puts common impudence to the blush. It is as if a man should vaunt

of his honesty in paying his obligations after judgment had been rendered against him, and an execution levied upon his property. For the overthrow of Slavery, the glory belongs to God alone! The government did not consent to its destruction until compelled to do so by the Providence of God. The chariot wheels of war drove heavily until all efforts ceased to prevent the crushing of Slavery by their progress. We thank God that human bondage is abolished. A great mission field has been opened at the South, which we trust, earnest Christians, carrying the Gospel in its purity, will not be slow to enter.

OLD THINGS AND NEW THINGS.

“Behold, the former things are come to pass and new things do I declare; before they spring forth, I will tell you of them.” Isa. 2:9. Beloved, why not talk of present things, present faith in Jesus, present light, present hope, present salvation from sin, present triumph in God over the world, the flesh and the devil. Why not speak of new manifestations of God’s grace, love and glory?

The holy prophets and apostles in declaring what great things the Lord had done for them, used the present indicative, “Rejoice in the Lord, O, ye righteous.—When; Now? Yes, *now*. “Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. That is, for mercies past, and mercies present.—“Make a joyful noise to the Lord all ye lands.” When; now? Yes, *now*, henceforth and forever. “I will bless the Lord at all times,” saith David; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.”

“The Lord of hosts, my portion *now*,
In him I will rejoice;
Tho’ waves and storms, my path surround,
I hear my Saviour’s voice.”

The experience of the early disciples was powerful, life-giving. Wherefore?—It was a present experience, what the Lord was doing for them *now*. Paul was so intensely absorbed in the present dealings of God with his soul, he in a measure lost sight of the past, and “pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Phil. 3:14.

If you "follow on to know the Lord," walk in the light as he is in the light; imitate Jesus in going about doing good; come out from the world; be separate; touch not the unclean thing; abstain from all appearance of evil; present your body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service; rest assured you will have something new to relate of God's goodness and loving kindness.—Something of what he is doing *now*; "glorious! That kindles the soul into a holy flame; new fires will burst forth spontaneously.

Every faithful soldier of the Cross, every true disciple of the Lord Jesus, fighting manfully the battles of the Lord, doing justice, loving mercy, walking humbly in the fear of God, performing his *whole* duty, denying himself, abstaining from all ungodliness and worldly lusts, will be able to recount new victories, holy triumphs, fresh baptisms, daily. It's the diligent soul that is made fat. Whose peace is it that flows like a river? It is his whose mind is staid on God; the true, the faithful, the life-giving, the God-fearing, the soul-saving.

It is his who "walks worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being faithful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God." This going over and over the same old, thread bare experience, is almost a sure indication of a lack of holy zeal and self-denial. These stale, moth-eaten testimonies, so frequently given in our social meetings, are "death in the pot;" they eat as doth a canker! They are the special, deadening, paralyzing influences in meetings for conference and testimony.—

The fact is, very many of God's professed people live far beneath their privileges, conform to the world, neglect positive duty, bow to popular opinion, have a sickly charity!

Beloved, is this you? How can you even hope for God to meet you and open your heart and lips wide to his praise in the assembly of his saints? "Them that honor me I will honor, and them that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Go forward, take the whole armor of God, bear the Cross, do your whole duty, face the enemy, shrink not, dare to be singular, "Be strong

in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit." *Fight, FIGHT!* and God's word for it, you will be like unto a man that is an householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure, things new and old." When you meet with God's chosen, your heart will be overflowing, your tongue as the pen of a ready-writer, your mouth will be opened wide in testimony of God's glory. Try it, brother; try it, sister. Keep back no part of the price; go forward.

"Standing still is dangerous ever,
Toil is meant for Christians now;
Let there be, when evening cometh,
Honest sweat upon thy brow;
And the Master shall come, smiling,
When work stops, at set of sun;
Saying, as he pays thy wages,
Good and faithful man, well done." N.

REVIVALS.

IN KINTONVILLE, Orleans Co., N. Y. a zealous revival has been going on since the General Quarterly Meeting which was held there the fore part of December. We understand that so far, some forty have been converted, and the interest is still unabated.

BROTHER WILLIAM RILEY writes us that at one appointment on the Raisinville circuit, Mich., about fifty precious souls have found peace in believing. To God be all the glory!

AT PARMA, UTICA, SARATOGA SPRINGS, and other places, there is, we are glad to learn, an unusual degree of interest.—Souls are getting saved. Brethren, look to God and labor for a thorough revival all over the land. Time is flying, eternity is at hand; sin is abounding—souls are perishing—everything calls for the most complete earnestness on the part of every friend of Jesus. Put the plow in deep. BREAK UP THE FOLLOW GROUND—SOW IN TEARS AND YOU SHALL REAP IN JOY.

REV. C. H. LOVEJOY, LEBANON, ILL., writes us: Everything looks hopeful as to the future. God is with us. The work of holiness goes on in the church, and sinners are inquiring the way of life. Meetings crowded, signs of abundance of rain. *Glory to God*; I am drinking, yes drinking, and my soul overflows with love to God

and man. I see more *clearly* than ever the *fullness* there is in Jesus. It washes, yes, it washes me this moment. I feel its cleansing,—its all cleansing power. Glory to God.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We cannot get along without your help. Our subscription list has steadily increased from year to year, through your kind efforts, and the blessing of God; but for the sake of the cause we advocate, the **EARNEST CHRISTIAN** ought to have a much wider circulation. Give the uncompromising Gospel we advocate a hearing. Let the truths with which each number is freighted, be placed before as many readers as possible. We are daily receiving testimonies from those who have been blessed and saved through their influence. Our heavy expenses also demand that we should have an increase of subscribers. Let the effort be made. "A beloved preacher of another denomination, writes, "I wish the next volume might have 10,000 subscribers. *Why do not all the saints take hold and put it at that figure?* Lord help!" We know that the Lord would help in such a work as this. Will you not take hold of this matter with earnestness? We want our list doubled. Shall it be done?

OUR ENGRAVING.—We give this month a fine steel plate engraving of our beloved fellow-laborer. We trust it will do our readers good to look upon the countenance of this uncompromising champion of the truth, whose labors and sacrifices in the cause of God and humanity for many years, have endeared him greatly to all who know how to appreciate a thoroughly upright and earnest man.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

LEVI PATTEN was snatched away by the mysterious providence of God, at the early age of eighteen years. In the town of Centerville, Allegany Co., N. Y., Oct. 2nd, 1865, he passed triumphantly from earth to heaven. We knew him first as a wild and wicked boy, eager in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. The sport and the dance were

his delight. If the world can afford joy, it was his. When we reached the Rushford charge, last fall, we found him there, a *changed boy*: "old things had passed away, and behold all things had become new." By a train of circumstances, which we regard as *providential*, he had come, against his own inclinations, early in the summer of 1864, to reside in Rushford, in the devoted family of Bro. M. Levi had often, before this, felt deep conviction for sin; but now he lived where the fire burned, and he was *constantly in trouble*. He went, repeatedly among formalists for sympathy and comfort but found none. His former prejudices began to give way, and he said "*This is God's people!*" About this time, he attended a quarterly meeting, held at Rushford. At the opening of the Sabbath evening services an opportunity was given for any who desired religion, to manifest it. He permitted it to pass unimproved, but was so convicted about it, that he immediately resolved never to do so again. Why! thought he, cannot I stand on my feet to save my soul?

To his surprise the invitation was repeated near the close of the meeting; but he kept his promise and rose up. Being urged a little he came to the altar. The brethren and sisters gathered around and began earnestly to plead for his salvation. "There," said the tempter, "all you came here for was to see what big prayers they would get out over you!" This temptation, notwithstanding its falsity and absurdity, was well-nigh ruinous. He utterly refused to pray and resolved to give it all up. As the meeting closed he went privately out of the house and hid behind the church, ashamed to be seen by any one, but was compelled to come out of his retreat to drive home the team of which he had charge. At family prayer that evening, he was prevailed upon to pray. No sooner did he begin, than he was lost to every other consideration, save his soul's salvation. He ceased not to cry unto the Lord, until he was most *powerfully* converted. He was too happy to be restrained, and went immediately to the house of a Christian brother, and waked him, saying, "*Get up and help me praise the Lord; I've got religion!*" A

young man from his own neighborhood, living at the time with Bro. W., was also clearly converted a few days subsequently. They now returned home completely overjoyed. The people did not know what to think of them; but at first supposed it to be but a temporary excitement. By the consent of his mother, Levi set up the family altar. He invited the workmen to attend, but they scoffed and jeered; he returned to the house and begun, they followed; when he arose from prayer the family were nearly all bathed in tears. He warned, exhorted, plead with them; it was not in vain. His mother, although a member of the church, was a backslider in heart. She was reclaimed, a brother and sister were converted. While Levi lay apparently dead, under the power of God, the brother thinking he was really dead, cried out, "O, if he were only here to pray for me; well, I will meet him in heaven!"

The Lord led him out to labor for the people, and, in connection with his young friend, and those added to them, he went on. The Spirit was with them, and the people were troubled. One night while Levi was talking, one fell down and began to cry for mercy; soon fourteen were seeking pardon. Many were reclaimed and converted, while almost every one was deeply convicted. The work was for the most part accomplished without ministerial aid. Soon after his conversion, Levi felt deeply impressed that it was his duty to labor for souls, and supposed that the Lord was calling him to the work of the ministry. The struggle was severe, but he was victorious. He did preach powerfully, successfully, more so than many of us who live for years. The Official Board gave him license to exhort, but most of his work was done previously, under a license from the Almighty.

He was extremely jealous of any encroachments upon our Discipline, and watched the converts with a diligence that would have been commendable in an experienced pastor. He procured Disciplines for them to read, urged them all to take the "Earnest Christian," even loaning them money from his own scanty earnings.

His consecration was entire, his faith unwavering, his zeal ardent and constant. He had a very teachable spirit, and thanked us

heartily whenever we corrected one of his faults, and never gave us occasion to speak of the same thing again. He grew in grace rapidly, and exhibited a maturity of experience far beyond his years; and the length of his Christian life. We understand it now—the time was short. He was ripening for glory. From the commencement of his sickness he said he should not get well. He was delirious much of the time, but *always triumphant* when sane. When he knew he was dying, he shouted, Amen! Amen! I have got the victory! Hallelujah!

Thus lived and died LEVI PATTEN, a good boy and a real Christian. His life was short but not in vain.

"O, may we triumph so,
When all our warfare's past;
And, dying, find our latest foe
Under our feet at last!"

F. J. EWELL.

DYING TESTIMONY.

JERUSHA M. MACOMBER experienced religion in early youth. Her diffidence for several years retarded her progress in the divine life. When about thirty-five years of age, God's work was received in her heart. Soon after this, at a Camp Meeting near Salina, under the labors of brethren and sisters of the Third Church in Syracuse, she received a clear witness of entire sanctification. From that time, the power of God rested upon her in a wonderful manner. Her prayers and exhortations were attended by an unction that made all feel. A full, free, and present salvation was her constant theme. Death came suddenly but she was not alarmed. He was a conquered foe. She conversed with every member of her family, obtaining from each a promise to meet her in heaven. She urged with great power, the claims of God upon the neighbors who visited her. Feeling that her work on earth was done, she turned her eye to that glorious Redeemer who had washed her in his blood and exclaimed "O, what a great Saviour!" "When my feet touch the other shore, the first exclamation will be Saved! Saved!" and the "other shore" was gained. There may her surviving friends rejoice with her forever. She died Sept. 8th, 1865, in the 47th year of her age.

D. W. THURSTON.

MISS ELLEN A. CARPENTER was converted to God at a General Quarterly Meeting, held at West Greece, in May, 1862. As a Christain, she was faithful and earnest, and as long as health permitted, was a constant attendant on all the means of grace. She exemplified, very strikingly, the patience and gentleness of Jesus in all her sufferings. As she wasted away by disease, her mind became exercised on the subject of entire holiness. She sought earnestly for it, and by faith in Jesus, clearly obtained the blessing sometime before her death. On the day of her death, some friends came in to see her. She requested them to sing, and selected for them, the hymn beginning—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

She said, "let music be the last sound on earth and first in heaven." And shortly after, on the 7th of October, 1865, her redeemed and washed spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss. G. W. HUMPHREY.

THE LOVE FEAST.

SARAH A. WHIPPLE.—I am all the Lord's, and Jesus sweetly saves me just now. O, that *all* might feel the power of the blood that cleanseth from *all* sin! Glory be to Jesus who died on the Cross to purchase our great Salvation. O, what a fullness I see in Jesus! I want to be kept down very low at the feet of my adorable Saviour. He is leading me out of self into the depths of humble love. He has taken up His residence in my heart, and brought the Father with Him! Hallelujah to the Lamb for ever!

JOHN C. REED.—I thank my heavenly Father, that for sometime past, he has given me such answers to prayer as have, I hope, forever put an end to my doubts as to the great value of prayer. I am told in my Bible "to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset me," and for grace to do this, I am daily seeking, and I have had much cause for gratitude, for that I have received according to my faith.

JAMES WHITEKER.—For eight years, I was a miserable *Slave to Tobacco*. Many times during that period, I tried to quit its use; and as many times made a complete failure. I had contracted such a strong appetite for it, that in my own strength, I found it impossible to give it up. In May, 1863, while I was earnestly seeking sanctification, I felt that tobacco was the first thing that I had to give up. But, O, how was it to be done? I knew that to put it away in my own strength was utterly impossible; yet, I felt that the time had come when I must forever part with it, "the dearest idol I have known," though it was as dear as a "right arm," or be forever lost. I went to Jesus on my knees, and laid my case before Him, and told Him that "if he would destroy the appetite that I had so wickedly cultivated for tobacco, it should never enter my mouth again. Glory be to His name. *He did destroy it!* Yes; it was so completely destroyed, there and then, in an instant, that I have never wanted it since! I want the world to know it. Oh, the unlimited power of Jesus, to "save His people from sin!" Surely, "He saves to the uttermost."

A. T. HOLLIDAY.—Glory to Jesus! I am wholly the Lord's. I feel His love gloriously shed abroad in my heart. The past year has been one of severe conflict, yet the Lord has brought me off conqueror. He has transplanted two of my children into a more congenial clime, the other side of the river. They have gone to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I no more hear those sweet voices, singing or praying around the family altar, but I anticipate meeting them again on the other side of Jordan, and hearing them sing with angel voices.

ELIZABETH FOX.—To day, I am happy in Jesus. I feel the sacred flame of God's love burning in the deep recesses of my soul. Sin and bitterness is being consumed. I am coming out of self, and sinking into Jesus. I am crucified to the world and the world to me. I am, as it were, lost to all but God. Praise the Lord for a PRESENT FREE and FULL salvation!
Leechburg, Pa.