

The Earnest Christian

AND

GOLDEN RULE.

JUNE, 1866.

THE PERFECT MAN.

BY REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii : 37.

A PEACEFUL DEATH is desired, I believe, by every thinking man and woman. However careless men may live, however much they may serve sin, however much they may *affect to despise* religion, at the last, when they see that death is approaching, they usually make some effort to get in a state in which they may die in peace. They would not have their last hours on earth beclouded by the storms of passion, or disturbed by the lashings of a guilty conscience. Persons, too, who will scarcely keep their eyes open while you set forth the principles which should regulate the life, and which would make it peaceful, are all attention when you come to describe the happy death scene of the good man.

Take the careless sinner with you to look on the dying Wesley : let him drink in the influence of that heavenly scene ; let him hear the last words of that holy man, "The best of all is, God is with us ;" and if he does not say it in so many words, his subdued look will say, "Let me die the death of the righteous ; and let my last end be like his."

Or carry the sinner back eighteen hundred years, to witness the last hours of the Apostle Paul. Take him with you into the gloomy prison of the man of God that he may look at his chains, and consider his hard fare : let him look

out at the barred window of that cell to see Nero's death's-man ready to stain his cruel axe in the blood of the Christian hero ; as Paul prepares to go out to die, let the sinner hear him say : "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand ; I have fought the 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, will give me at that day." And as the sinner stands and weeps, he will say, "Let me die as that man dies."

Then when your pious neighbor is about to die, take the ungodly man with you to his house. Let him look upon the heavenly countenance of the dying one : let him see with what a perfect faith he leaves his helpless children behind to be cared for by Him who feeds the ravens : let him see with what a cheerful hope the dying saint says to his weeping wife, "We'll meet up yonder ;" then at last let him hear the departing one say, as he begins to soar away, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit,"—and ten to one that the sinner as he leaves that house will say, "Oh ! that I may die such a death as that !"

Very well : let me say to you, if you would die such a death, you must live such a life. If you would cross Jordan at the same ford, *you must travel the same road*. For this very purpose the Psalmist would have you mark the perfect man. Not simply that you may linger about his happy death-bed to weep grateful tears and be happy there : but that you may see how he *lived*, and

go and do likewise. Then let us mark the perfect man and behold the upright.

1. In his experience. The perfect man's experience is worthy of your notice. Now do not get nervous at the mention of the "perfect man," as though such an one could not be found on earth, or if found, should not be spoken of.—Neither would I have you mistake as to the particular thing in which this man is perfect. He has not a perfect body, not a perfect reason, not an infallible judgement, nor has he reached perfection in knowledge. But,

1. I remark that he is *perfect in love* toward both God and man. But he was not born in this state; he made not his first appearance on earth in perfection's robes; he was not sent from heaven a being already perfected to astonish the world. But he was just such an one as yourself, filled with unholy lust. He loved the things of the world, loved self, loved almost every thing but God, and of him he seldom ever thought. Sought almost every thing but goodness, and for him it had no charms. But one day, no matter how, he came to feel that he was a sinner. He saw over him an angry heaven, and beneath him an awful hell. Then up yonder, on the uplifted cross, he saw the bleeding Lamb of God, as the world's atonement. And the minister proclaimed to him, while the Spirit softly whispered, "Whosoever believeth on him *shall not* perish but have everlasting life." Then and there he believed, was made a new creature, found that he loved God and all mankind, and that his affections were lifted up from things earthly, and placed upon things above. And as his old friends of the world looked on him, they said, "He is a changed man, that's a fact;" while a tide of joy flowed through his soul as he went about singing:

"O, how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above."

Thus he went on for a time, committing no outward sin, or giving way for one moment to any unholy desire that

might spring up within. But at length he met with one whose words started up a new train of ideas in his mind. I need not say whether it was in a sermon, in love-feast, or in private conversation, that he heard of *perfect love*. You may be sure it set him to thinking. "Perfect love!" "Perfect love!" He rather liked the idea of that kind of love, if there *was* such a love. But then it came up in his mind, "Why, I am a child of God; I feel I am; and if so, *is* not my love perfect?" He asked the first old member of the church he met about it. But he said, "O, you go on in the way you are, and have been in; pay no attention to this matter; it will only get you into darkness. You have been converted; is not that enough?" But this, though it showed him that there was a want of harmony in reference to this doctrine, did not satisfy him that it would be best for him to ignore it. He went home to his closet and prayed over it. Great place to take difficult questions—that closet. Then he opened the Bible to see what *its* teachings on the subject might be. The perfect man always esteems the teachings of the Bible as infinitely preferable to the opinion of any old or young member of the church; nor has he much confidence in his own reasoning, when he finds its conclusions at war with the word of God.

So he commenced his search in the Bible for light. Soon his eye rested on the 23d verse of the fifth chapter of 1 Thess., and there he found Paul praying that "the very God of peace would sanctify" the Thessalonians "*wholly*," and from the time of their *entire* sanctification, *preserve* them "*blameless*" to the end of life. "Sure enough," said he, "the Spirit here contemplates a further and completed work in the soul." But then this question came up in his mind. "Were not these Thessalonians *backsliders*?" He turned back to the beginning of the Epistle and read Paul's description of their character. He says that they "were ensamples to all that believed in Macedonia and Achaia;" that they had turned "from idols to serve the living and true God;"

that they were "not in darkness," but were "the children of the light—and of the day;" besides saying much more of a highly eulogistic character; but *not one word that implies that they had in any degree fallen from grace.* "Why," said the inquirer to himself, "here Paul is praying for the entire sanctification of the most spotless church whose history is given in the word of God! It does indeed seem that there is a greater blessing for me."

He then opened at the 3d chapter of 1st John, 3d verse, and read that, "Every man that *HATH* this hope in him *purifieth* himself, even as *HE* is pure." "So," said he to himself, "then a man may have the Christian's hope, and yet not be entirely pure; for he continues to purify himself even after he obtains this hope." Then he read on in the 4th chapter of John, and found this passage, "Perfect love casteth out fear." "Why," said he, "the Bible speaks of perfect love—that is true." Then he began to reason: "If there is perfect love, it would seem that there must be imperfect love. Then he read on in the same verse, "He that feareth, is not made perfect in love." "Here it is again," said he; "love begun but not made perfect." He then began to apply the text to himself. "Am I perfect in love?" He repeated the text, "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." "Do I fear?" said he, thrusting the question deep into his soul. "Yes, I fear," was the answer; "I am not wholly free from the fear of death; and some have told me that I never can be until I get *dying grace*, but I begin to think that *dying grace* is the best *living grace*. I fear to give my means to support the Gospel, lest I should deprive myself of comforts. I fear at times to take up my cross to do what I feel I should do for God. I fear sometimes to praise the Lord aloud, lest I should be ridiculed by the ungodly and lukewarm. Yes, I see that I fear. Therefore, according to the word of God, I am not perfect in love."

Then of course, he began to inquire for the means of obtaining purity, or perfect love; for the man of perfect

sincerity no sooner finds that there is something for him that he has not, than he sets out in its pursuit. As the word of God had given him light thus far, he continued his search there, for the door into the desired state. And soon he found light; for his eyes met this passage, "Herein is our love made perfect." Just the thing he was inquiring for. But, "herein," in what? He traced the connective *herein* back through the chapter, and as well as he could see, it meant faith—in faith is our love made perfect. Then he remembered that Peter had said, that God had been "purifying hearts by faith." "It is all by faith," soliloquized he, "all by faith; and I must be perfected in love as were the primitive Christians." But he did not wait for perfect love to come on with old age, or sickness, or death, as many seem to do. It did not suit him to grow into it by the *slow* and *long* process, though so popular. He did not put off for to-morrow what had far better be done to-day. So he went to Jesus; laid all upon the altar, and asked in faith to be made perfect in love, believing fully that God was willing to give the blessing whenever the faith claimed it. And, blessed be the God of our salvation! the *sincere* seeker and *true* believer is never turned empty away. He felt that creature love, and self-love, no longer had place in his soul, only as tributaries to the supreme love of God which now predominated over all his affections. All slavish fear, all fear which hath torment, vanished, and who can tell what peace filled up all his soul! He had felt unutterable joy before, but what language can describe the unutterable sweetness of perfect love!

2. Another thing is worthy of note in his experience.—*His peace is steadfast and abiding.* It rests on a perfect faith in God. He alters not; hence the perfect man always has peace. If his love for God was not perfect, but he at times was affected by the love of created things, his peace would often be disturbed by the disappointment of desire. But his love through faith is every day the same, and hence his peace is al-

ways abiding. Sometimes the joy of faith like a flood comes down on his soul, and he has heavenly ecstasy. But when this subsides he has no despondency: his peace still flows on. It is like the old Delaware. There it is—it has been flowing on for centuries. While Old Solitude kept watch along its wooded banks during the uninhabited ages, there was the river—flowing on. When nature's Red Man first came to its edge to try his bark canoe upon its waters, there it was—flowing on. When, centuries after, the White Man first pressed his foot upon its pebbled beach, he found it—flowing on. Sometimes the clouds, obedient to God, withhold their waters for weeks and months, until the whole land cries for rain, but the lordly river, fed by eternal mountain springs, still goes flowing on. Again the clouds open their bosoms and baptize the earth so that every creek, brook, and drain, empties floods into the river so that its mighty tide sweeps over all its banks; but when the superabundant waters subside, there is the river—flowing on. Thus the peace of perfect love flows on. Preachers may come and go, old things pass away and give place to new, still the peace of the perfect man flows on. If there is a drouth in the church, it affects not the peace of the perfect man; it still flows on. If there is a revival in the church, of course he has a fresher on his river; but when the extra influence subsides, his river of peace yet flows on. A perfect faith keeps him in constant communication with the river of God which is full of water, and consequently through evil report and good report, through health and sickness, prosperity and adversity, his peace as a river, still flows on. Glory to God! And the fiercest drouth with which Hell's hot breath ever scorched a church, can not dry it up. Its source is high up yonder in the throne of God.

3. Mark the experience of the perfect man in another aspect. *He is content with God for his portion.* The friendship of Jesus is sufficient for the wants of his soul. Some professed followers of Christ seem to think that Jesus can-

not give them all they need and wish. Hence they try in many ways to make worldly and forbidden things minister to their happiness. Wealth, honor among men, dress and parade, all are put under requisition to supply what they think religion cannot. But the perfect man with his eye of faith, sees enough in God for him. Hence when Satan tempts, and the world smilingly allures, he by faith draws nearer to Jesus, and says:

"Forever *here* my rest shall be
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died."

And though he be as poor as Lazarus, he realizes every day, that "godliness with contentment is great gain."

4. But though he is thus content with God, he does not cease his upward flight: he never reaches a point in his upward travel where he is content to rest. His soul is ever longing for a closer walk with God. Looking upon Christ as "the fairest among ten thousand," he is constantly desiring a clearer realization of his presence in his soul. On faith's strong wing he is ever upward rising, and in the breathings of his soul he is ever saying, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!" Never did a miser have a more quenchless thirst for gold than has the perfect man for God. I have read of a miser, who though his coffers were filled with untold sums of silver and gold, yet went about the streets picking up scraps of paper, rags, and pieces of old iron, that he might turn them into gold. An insatiate desire within was ever calling for gold. So though the perfect man is ever in communication with God, he is ever desiring more of God. As the waters of salvation, in answer to the prayer of faith, spring up in his soul, he lovingly exclaims:

"Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
Ah! who against thy charms is proof,
Ah! who that *loves* can love enough."

In his desire, it is all Jesus, Jesus,

Jesus. Jesus first, and Jesus last. He loves the preaching most that shows most of Jesus. He prizes the book most, that has the most of Jesus. He seeks the society most, where he sees the most of Jesus. The motive power that impels him onward is the love of Christ. Day and night his soul is in Elijah's chariot on its homeward flight to God.

Be sure that you mark the perfect man in his experience, for it is well worthy of your notice.

[To be continued.]

FIGHT THE LORD'S BATTLES.

BY G. E. CHAMPNEY.

The armies of the Lord, in days of old, "waxed valiant in fight." Their fighting was not such as is now done by those who are called His soldiers. Had not the "boys in blue," fought with greater determination and zeal, than do most of Christ's soldiers, we should have been at the mercy of the rebels long ago. And wherefore fought they so? Was it not because they saw the flag of their country in danger of disgrace? because they saw the assassin ready, knife in hand, to shed the blood of their mother country? But, have not the soldiers of Emmanuel's army a banner, and a cause, which is infinitely dearer to them, which they have sworn to protect at the peril of their all? Assuredly so. Behold thy banner stained with the heart's blood of your Great Captain! It cost Him his life to place it upon the ramparts of Salvation! See the mocking multitude gather around, and the hosts of the infernal region, martialled for the contest! O, sons of Israel, to arms! to arms! why so unconcerned to the highest interests of humanity? Why sleep when your dwelling is on fire? Yea, more; why slumber, when your fellow-beings, if not rescued, will become brands of the "eternal burning?" Look around! See on every hand the enemy of the cause you profess to love! Behold those towering steeples surmounted by a cross, which mark the

abode of the Apocalyptic "beast."

Every year, his bulwarks are growing stronger, and of course, as his dominion increases, the church must decrease, until his cloven feet shall stand upon the four corners of the earth. Look, also, at that Satan-led band of table-tippers. Cast a glance at another class, who vindicate the claims of devils incarnate to salvation. Then look at the church with her low standard of religion. On these four pillars, rests the great modern temple of Baal. But what shall be done? Shall we permit it to exist? God forbid! What then? Fight! cut your way to the pillars, but first gather your kindred sins and make a burnt offering of them, and with their ashes scour the "Sword of the Spirit," which is almost consumed by the rust of inactivity—bind on the gospel-sandals, forget not the "Shield of faith;" take also the helmet of full Salvation; now sound the battle trumpet in the ears of your sleeping comrades; and if they will not go with you, go alone; for "one will chase a thousand." Go forth in the strength of God's right hand, and smite! smite! "Spare not." Now when you get to these pillars, undermine them, for his temple must be broken down.

Does this seem a light thing?—Can you see nothing to actuate you to fight the Lord's battles? If we were to judge by actions, it would seem not. Blindness! Sloth!—See! hear! think! "What?"—See, your fellow-beings crowding the way to hell, see them dropping by scores into the world of eternal ruin, when it is in your power to do much to hinder it.—See them going up unwarned by you, to the bar of justice, to be condemned to the death that never dies. Is there nothing soul-stirring in this sight? Then hear: When I say unto the wicked man, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not warn him of his wicked ways, he shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand! Mark the words—*At thine hand!* How many, think you, have gone down to the regions of endless night, for whose blood you will be re-

quired to answer. Hear also, the promise to the faithful ones: "He that shall convert a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—"They that have turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, forever and ever." Glorious—awful thoughts.

Now think of the value of a soul. A soul saved or lost,—glorified or condemned. Eternity rolling on in ceaseless bliss or woe—exalted to the highest glory, or sunken to the depths of unalterable misery, and those with whom it was associated during its probation, who knew the way of life, to be held responsible for it.

O, then, for your crucified Master's sake—for the purity, and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom—from love to your fellow-being's souls, awake! awake! The Saviour is to be glorified,—souls to be saved, oh! remember, "The night cometh!"

EXPERIENCE,

OF MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

In looking over my past, I find no grounds for self-exaltation, but rather for deep abasement. I was truly convicted of sin when a very little child, and used to think in class-meeting if they would ask me to speak, I would tell them how I felt, or if they would pray for me right there till I was converted, I would venture to speak of my wants and desires, but I feared they would only give me good advice, and leave me to struggle on alone.

I was young when I knelt as a seeker for the first time. They prayed for me. They asked me if I wanted religion. I told them I did. I cried very hard. I do not know why, but do not think it was grief for sin. The Spirit showed me that if I got religion, I would have to pray and talk with my school-mates. That seemed a great cross, and I did not decide, whether I would do it or not. After awhile they asked me to speak. I thought I must. I was frightened. There were so many

around me, I did not know what to say, but feeling a little better than I did before I made up my mind to get religion: I told them I felt that I was blessed abundantly. I knew right off that I had expressed more than I meant to, in what I had said, but did not think as I could explain myself then. They felt glad, and talked as if they were satisfied that I had religion. So I thought perhaps I had. Surely I had cried hard enough, if any one could tell what I had been crying about.

There were a few times shortly after, and during the few months following, when I felt some satisfaction, and a little joy, and I thought if I did not get religion just at the time spoken of, that I did about that time; and upon these feelings, and the round of religious duties I took up, I based my *profession*. It was because of these evidences that I spoke so confidently of my early experience in the Guide to Holiness some years since, but as I look back now, I can not see that I had any ground for a gospel hope. The satisfaction and slight joy that I had, were natural enough, and the round of duties I took up did not exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. The truth that Jesus had died for sinners, had always been taught me, but I know my eyes were not open to apprehend Jesus as *my Saviour*.

Oh what a wail goes up from my heart when I think of those years, those lost years! It is as if I mourned the loss of my first-born. To launch out with a profession of religion without the enjoyment, is the saddest thing on earth, excepting just one thing, and that is, *to die without a hope*.

There were times when the Spirit spoke plainly to my heart, but what could I do, cased as I was in my profession? If I should say I had never known what religion was, the word "*Hypocrite!*" stood out before me, and I knew I had not meant to be one. If I should say, whatever my past experience, I do not enjoy religion now, the term "*Backslider!*" came home upon me, a word which sounded to me just about as bad; so I put such thoughts away from me, and tried to be more faithful.

I was deeply convicted while at Lima. For days I could not study, eat, or sleep much. I saw but one way, and that was a very narrow one. After awhile I felt, in part, a crucifixion to self, and a blessed assurance that I was the Lord's. My goings were not established. We may set our faces *as a flint* Zionward, but if we do not lay aside every weight as the Spirit reveals it to us, we shall go backward, just as surely, notwithstanding all our efforts, as that man will go down stream, row as hard as he may, whose boat is too heavily laden. So I went backward, but still kept rowing.

Shortly after I left school, I went to teaching. I felt responsibility attaching itself to that position, and my incompetency to assume it. After a few terms, I commenced praying with my scholars in the morning, attended class-meeting as usual, spent an hour at sunset in prayer, because some one agreed to meet me then at the throne of grace, and wrote and received very beautiful letters, in which the great love of God as manifested in his works, was discoursed, as well as a great many other fine things. I thought I was very much blessed sometimes. I called it *religion*, but I believe any poor sinner who has a passionate love for music or painting, has felt the same strange, sweet rapture, while wrapped up in song, or lost in the beauties of painting and sculpture. I was a lover of Nature and Art, and surrounded by many things calculated to gratify such a passion, I rejoiced, and was glad in my heart that I lived. Such feelings may be as near akin to religion, as anything on earth, but after all, they are *very far from being religion*.

I resigned my situation as teacher, and went home to get my bridal clothes in readiness, and make some preparation for house-keeping. I had been at home only a few days, when I went one afternoon to a camp-meeting which was in progress near by. All my old convictions rolled back upon my mind, and Oh, the *narrow way*! and I could see *no other*. I saw I could not live any longer as I was living. I

must give up the world, which included all my hopes for life, or relinquish every hope of heaven. I felt I was then to make a decision for eternity. The world, or Jesus? Life present, or life eternal? which would I have? I should have got a perfect victory that hour, if I had not stood and parleyed with the enemy.

"—Life is a warfare:

Alike prepared to parley, or to strike,
The practiced foe draws nigh. O, hold no
truce!

Better stand, and all his phalanx dare,
Than trust his specious lie."

I expected soon to see the one, I very well knew would not want me, if I was such a Christian as I felt I must be, and the enemy told me to wait and talk with him, and perhaps I might influence him to pursue with me the narrow way. He did profess religion, but it was not the self-denying kind. When I saw him, my feelings and convictions were so nearly gone I could not summon courage to tell him of them.

About four days, I think, before I expected to be married, father took me one side and said, I cannot see it to be the will of God that you should be married to this man. I do not know of any reason, why it should not be so, but I am troubled. I have been praying, and am sure all your plans and calculations will be overturned, if they are not of God. I smiled, and thought probably they were of God, as everything was moving a strong tide in the direction of matrimony.

God's dealings with his children are not very unlike what they used to be, hundreds of years ago. If Israel followed the Lord, every blessing was theirs, temporal and spiritual. If they rebelled against him, sorrow and troubles were multiplied to them. And the Lord had a furnace for me. Praise his holy name forever, for a furnace! I lost all of earth, as I then thought, and what was hardest to bear of all, it was not for Jesus' sake.

I gave myself to God the best way I could. I felt I had nothing to give, no sacrifices to make. I could not believe.

All was dark as night. After some months I received the spirit of adoption, and commenced to seek the blessing of holiness. I prayed for it, and yet would have been surprised if God had given it to me, so great was my unbelief.

New year's day of 1859, (Saturday) I made a business of it, determining it should be my first, and only work, until it was accomplished in my heart. About three o'clock in the afternoon I could say, "My hallowing Lord hath wrought a perfect cure." Monday morning the evidence was very clear. Looking out upon the snow, glistening in the sunshine, the voice of God rung through my soul three times, "*Whiter than snow!*" and I went to the school-room with a sense of preparation I had never had before. The greatest trial I ever had in the school-room, I had that forenoon, but the Lord kept me so that I did not feel one motion within me of impatience or vexation. Doubtless the Lord permitted the trial, that I might have another proof of the work wrought within me; but the tempter said, you thought you were just prepared to have good times in school. *You see!* I did not come out clearly in *professing* what God had done for me. I thought of it as such a great blessing, and so much to profess, and very soon I felt my hold upon God growing less and less firm, till I gave up that I did not enjoy what I thought I did, and that moment I saw, clear as light, that in yielding I had lost the blessing. I obtained it again the next summer by a perfect consecration of all to God, and simple faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I keep it in the way I got it, *consecration and faith*. There have been times, when I have professed it, when I did not enjoy it. I was sincere, but had gathered from popular writers, wrong views of faith. Probably I did not understand them as they meant to be understood.

A faith that our hearts are clean, when we feel uprisings of sin, is a *dead* faith indeed, nor will it avail anything to impute the righteousness of Christ to ourselves, and call it ours, if it works no change in us.

When I made it my first business to

seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things were added unto me, so that I have all things and abound. I would magnify the matchless love and condescension of Jesus, and feel to cry continually,

"Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all."

Warsaw, N. Y.

POWER OF WORDS.

A MOTHER on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years old, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand that you will never drink." Said he, for he told me the story, "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and during forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with the sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate, on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me; and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; "for," said he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me.' 'No,' said I. 'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk, into your presence, on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there until I had slept off my intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said never, that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate; and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far back that little candle throws its beam—the mother's word on the green hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!

THE MODEL CHURCH.

BY WM. H. SPENCER.

When the day of Pentecost was fully come, the disciples met with one accord in one place. They had the promise of being filled with the Holy Ghost, and they came together with implicit faith in that promise. Accordingly they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Acts ii: 4. And they spoke with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. Is it to be wondered at that the multitude, who were gathered there out of every nation under heaven, were confounded? Look at the Pentecostal church, as assembled at Jerusalem, filled with the Holy Ghost, and Peter standing in their midst, delivering his sermon as the Spirit gave him utterance. What were the peculiarities of that church?

1. *They received the word GLADLY*, —not indifferently, or coldly. They did not receive it as a mere oratorical production, or a cunningly devised fable. They not only heard it, but they *believed* it. They took it into their hearts as heavenly manna, and appropriated it like food—pressed it to their hearts with joy divine. They believed it was from God. The word was to them, “good tidings of great joy.” It brought peace, and they at once passed from deepest distress to the brightest joy. What was the result? *Three thousand were converted and baptized!* They took the decisive step. They came out from the world, renounced sin and Satan, and cast their lot with Christ and his persecuted followers. They took up their cross, boldly, both for their own sakes, and as a testimony to the world. They were *baptized*, as a sign and seal of the blessing of redemption; a figure of union with Christ, the washing away of sin, and clothing the believer with new life. Christian believers must not be timid or hesitating. Who can expect to share the blessings of full salvation, while with undecidedness for Christ, they are anxious to retain their hold upon the world with all its soul-destroying pleasures?

2. *They continued steadfast.* The baptism of the Holy Ghost was no transitory impression. The abiding character of the change was the more convincing evidence of its divine origin. Mark the means and indications of their steadfastness. (1.) They continued steadfast in the apostles doctrine. Oh! how different were they from the churches of to-day! *They loved truth*; they loved to be taught; and to hear God’s word expounded. It was like a fountain of living water. (2.) They were steadfast in *fellowship*. They loved the apostles’ fellowship; and, like every truly converted soul, loved the society of Christians. As by spiritual instinct, they drew to persons like minded, who had received this baptism of adoption. Their hearts glowed with love for each other. They no longer loved the fellowship of the world. (3.) In the *breaking of bread* they delighted to commemorate the death of Jesus upon the cross,—his dying love in making an atonement for them. (4.) They were steadfast in *prayer*. They loved to commune with God through the Divine ordinance of prayer. It was like the bread from the tree of life. What a lesson we can learn from that example!

3. *They occasioned awe to every soul.* (verse 43) Men may be awed who are not converted. The cholera which has swept over the European world, occasioned awe wherever it went. When a pestilence makes its appearance in any part of a kingdom, fear comes upon every soul. So with any judgment that brings God very near, it fills men’s hearts with awe. So it was then. The outer world was filled with solemn awe, under the presence of God, as evinced in the lives of the converts, and the miracles of the apostles. Men felt that God was very near, and were afraid to sin. How few Christians are filled with this solemn awe that makes them afraid in the sight of God, of sin! How few of the professing Christians of to-day, live such a life as to lead the world to feel this awe; to feel there is a God, and that he is very near to them! How few Christians of our times are members of this Model Church!

4. *They were bound together by a strong feeling of brotherhood.* They were a united and happy family, sharing the same joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. "They were together." (verse 44) They loved each other, and were bound together by the strong bonds of brotherhood. They regarded every element of discord and strife as not suitable to their society. They did not extend one hand to the world, and with the other attempt to cling to the throne of grace. No! Church gambling was unknown. Worldly pleasures and amusements had no longer any allurements for them, for they were now wholly the Lord's. And their hearts were filled with the Holy Spirit, so that these could find no place there. Church aristocracy was considered unsuitable for them. All that was of the world gave way to love. They enjoyed happy, social intercourse "In singleness and gladness of heart." They used their substance for mutual aid, "And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." This, in spirit, should be followed by all Christians to-day. They held their property not to be their own, but intrusted to them by God, and willingly employed it for the good of others, and the glory of Christ. What God has intrusted to us should not be used for worldly, selfish ends. It should be consecrated to a higher use. What God has loaned to us, he will require at our hands with usury.

5. *They had favor with all the people.* (verse 47) By this we understand the people in general; for "all" does not always denote every individual. Christ had said that they should be hated of all men, but by this he meant the world in general. Vital religion, in one respect, is popular among the people; yet it is *unpopular*, when reproving men for sin, or when calling them to repentance. It is popular when it removes social evils and emancipates men from the depths of human depravity. What a soul cheering sight it must have been to see that young Christian church, walking in Christian purity, freed from avarice, and pride, and anger. How

lowly, how gentle, all were to each other! The blessed Spirit reigned supremely in all hearts. Oh! what a heaven there would be below, if all Christians had the mild, kind, self-denying spirit of this early church! If the world only saw in Christians more of that early Christianity; more benevolence, humility, and gentleness; more readiness to oblige, to forgive, overcome evil with good,—the church would have favor with all the people, and the Lord would add to her such as should be saved. Look at the final result.

6. *The church enjoyed a constant and rapid increase.* Though "fear came on every soul," and the church "had favor with all the people," yet the real church was increased only when the Lord added to it those who would be saved. Every true Christian "Is born not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God." There may be solemnity and awe in one's mind in reference to religion, and an admiration of pious people, without saving grace. One may know that Christ died for our sins, and receive the promise, that if we ask we shall receive. But they have something else to do besides believing these things. They must renounce every sin, and ask for pardon. Christ does not say any one shall have pardon without asking for it. Look at the early church. Peter directs them to Jesus for pardon, and calls them to avow their trust in Him, for the remission of sins, by being baptized. The work was thorough. They tasted the living waters of full salvation. Here was a *prosperous church*. When God is as the dew to Israel, "He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon."

Such were the characters of the early church. It stands out to the world as a Model Church of Christian purity, love, and fidelity, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

The gospel makes men happy only by making them holy.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

I TOLD my little one to shut the door. Just old enough to understand my desire, he ran to fulfill it. But the door did not shut easily, and as he left, it sprang open again. Back he turned and made another effort, but failed the second time. Some one near the door closed it, and I smiled upon my little one and rejoiced in my heart. These were precious lessons for me in that little act.

He obeyed *immediately*. Many times I have thought it inconvenient to mind as soon as spoken to, and after the opportunity for doing good has passed by, like a pearl dropped in the ocean, mourned over it, but never found it again. Or if I afterwards tried to do the bidding of my Father, Alas!—the way was not prepared, and every effort seemed unavailing. A sister felt very much drawn to talk with a young lady, but thought it would probably do no good. A year after that time, during a season of awakening, she approached her upon the subject of her soul's salvation; but to very little purpose. If you had talked with me *a year ago*, she said, it might have done some good. What kind of obedience is that which waits an hour, a day, a year? Sister, when God made it known to you, that he would have you take some of the trimming from your bonnet, did you think you would wear it as it was till Spring, then get a plain one? *Wait till Spring?* Is that the way we would have our children mind?

He went *cheerfully*, glad of a chance to do something for his mother. What if he had gone with a long face and pouting lips, or cried and stepped just half a step at a time, then looked at me to see if it *must be so*, then taken another half step?

When he failed once, he *tried again*. Little Dear! I loved him all the better for that. Really, I was more pleased to see him try again, than I would have been if he had succeeded in shutting the door the first time. If he had tried a

hundred times, doing the very best he could, but failing every time, would not my wonder, my gratification, my love, increase with every effort of the child? I knew he could not shut the door, but I proposed to test his obedience, then do the work myself. So God will test us, and if we move forward obediently, he will give us all the help we need, or do the work himself. Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

VALUE OF RICHES AND FAME.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

"If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots
bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a
journey,
And death unloads thee."

[Shakespeare.]

LET us suppose that a man has enclosed within his coffers all the gold and silver that ever was and still is on this western continent; and all the pearl, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones of the East Indies. Suppose that within his bags and boxes are gathered all the peppers and spices of the Malabar, Sumatra, the Molucca and Phillippine Islands. Suppose that his granaries are stored with all the rice of Syria and Hindostan, and all the corn of Egypt, and of all other places where grains are sown and grown. Suppose there are sheltered within his spacious stables, all the elephants, dromedaries, camels, horses, and all sorts of beasts, both tame and wild, that are to be found in any part of the world. Suppose his gardens and parks are adorned and perfumed with all the flowers, plants and trees that ever grew upon the face of the whole earth. Suppose that his wardrobe is replenished with all the tapestries and silks of Persia, the sables and furs of Moscovy, and Siberia, with all the superfine cloths of France, Germany and England. Suppose that his cellars are stored with all the wines, of

Spain, Portugal, France, and Hungary. Suppose that his warehouses are filled to repletion with all the goods and commodities, that merchants ever traded for, in any part of the world. Nay, but let the supposition be, that all the kingdoms of earth are his, that all the men, women, and children in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and of every isle of the seas, are under his command, and placed at his disposal. Such suppositions are supremely extravagant. They are based upon the most positive impossibilities. But, as *suppositions*, allow them to stand, of what real advantage would such incalculable wealth be to any man? How much happier would this proprietor of the world be, than is that man in whose behalf, the prayer of *Agar* has been answered?

At a public meeting, held in Exeter Hall, a few years ago, Dr. Cumming said, "I can enjoy the glories of the sky, the earth, the sea, as much as the Autocrat of all the Russias. If I gaze upon some beautiful, and extensive landscape, I find that one part of it belongs to Sir Edward Buxton, another to my friend beside me, Sir John Maxwell, and a third part, to some one else. But the most beautiful part of the landscape, the cream of it all—the beautiful view, the beggar at the roadside, owns, and sees just as much as they do. All that is beautiful in tower or tree, or winding stream, every passer by, can see and be charmed with, without asking leave. No trust deeds can contain the beauty; it can not be monopolized by any.

Lord Barco was remarkable for practicing the celebrated rule, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he picked up, cleaned, and carefully put away in his pocket. A beggar passing at the time, entreated his lordship to give him the farthing, saying it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "Fin' a farthing yourself, puir body," replied his lordship, as he carefully placed the coin in his pocket. In addition to being his own farthing finder, Lord Barco was his own porter,

and rent collector. A tenant, who called upon him to pay his rent happened to be a farthing short. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to pay the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his penurious landlord: "Now, Barco, I will gie ye a shillen for a sight o' a' the gold and silver ye hae." And, accordingly, for and in consideration of said sum, in hand, first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes, piled with gold and silver coins. "Now," said the farmer, "I am as rich as yourself." "Ay, mon," inquired his lordship, "how can that be?" "Because I have seen it, and ye can do no mair."

The rich man, thinks his gold his own,
And all his gold can bring;
The rich man thinks, when thus he thinks,
A very foolish thing.

He builds a palace; beautiful,
The graceful columns rise,
And while he thinks them all his own,
They glad a thousand eyes.

He spreads his coral garden round,
The roses bud and bloom;
But with himself, we all enjoy,
Their beauty and perfume.

His noble chargers paw and prance,
The rich man's heart is proud,
He sees them with one pair of eyes,
But thousands have the crowd.

His parlor walls are loaded down,
With gems of art—to please,
Himself, he thinks—to please, in truth,
The poorest man that sees.

The stately hall, the cultured grove,
The parks with pebbled way,
The leaping font that sweetly sings,
For these he has to pay.

And pay that other eyes may gaze,
And feast without a care,
The joy is ours—the task his own,
To please them and prepare.

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson, his fine house, furniture, etc, the Doctor clapped him on the back, and said,

"David ! David ! David ! these are the things that make a death bed terrible."

"Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,

Thou who art under ground to lie ?

Thou sowest and plantest, but no fruit must see,

For death alas ! is reaping thee."

[Cowley.

So much, then for worldly riches. What then of human fame ? Is there anything more substantial about it ; Let us see. Hear what Young says :

What so foolish as the chase of fame ?

How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim ! For what are men who grasp at praise sublime ?

But bubbles on the rapid stream of time, That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,

Born and forgot, ten thousand in one hour.

The experience of most worldlings, has been but Soloman's sorrow repeated, with but variations incident to diversified circumstances, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," reiterated ten thousand times ten-thousand times.

As we are sometimes more impressed by modern instances, than by Bible examples, we might call into court as many witnesses as there has been hunters after happiness—mighty Nimrods in the chase of pleasure, fame, and power. We might ask the statesman, as we wished him a happy new year, and Lord Dundas would answer, "It had need be happier than the last year, for I never knew one happy day in it." We might ask the successful lawyer ; and the wariest, luckiest, most self-complaisant of them all, would answer as Lord Eldon was privately recording, when the whole bar was envying the Chancellor, "A few short weeks will send me to dear Encombe, as a short resting place between vexation and the grave." We might ask the golden millionaire, "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschilds !" "Happy ? me happy ? what happy, when, just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, "If you do not send me £500, I will blow your

brains out." Happy, when you have to sleep with pistols at your pillow !"

We might ask the world-famed warrior, and get for another answer, the "Miserere" of the Emperor monk Charles, or perhaps, a sigh from a broken heart at St. Helena. We might ask the brilliant courtier, and Lord Chesterfield would tell us, "I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I do not regret their loss. I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the coarse pullies, and dirty ropes, which move the gaudy machinery, and I have smelled the tallow candles, which illumine the whole decoration, to the astonishment of an ignorant audience."

We might ask the dazzling wit, faint with a glut of glory, yet disgusted with the creatures who adore him, and Voltaire, would condense the essence of his whole life's experience into one single word, "Ennui !" We might ask the world-famed poet, and should, perhaps be answered with an imprecation of that splendid genius, Byron, who,

"Drank every cup of joy—heard every trump

Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts

That common millions have not quaffed—then died

Of thirst ; because there was no more to drink."

"The vain wish

To float upon the memory of man

After his term of being, oft becomes

The master of passion ; and for that one aim

He barter all that his Creator gave,

Of joy or solace in the vale of life,

And that inheritance of perfect bliss

Which might be his forever."

[W. Herbert.

THERE are two things we ought to remember which we are apt to forget : The benefits we receive, and the offenses we commit. And there are two things we ought to forget which we are apt to remember : the injuries we sustain, and the good deeds we perform.

DESCRIPTION OF A RUMSELLER.

BY REV. ROBERT HALL.

Invested with the implements of office, he damns Men's souls, and then sinks himself to Hell.

Implements are the tools of a trade adapted to the kind of work designed. The rumseller's office is to make drunkards, produce misery, and occasion death. He knows the use of his implements will bring drunkenness, misery, and death. All they do in his hands, is his work. He controls them. He gets paid here in money for the use of them. Sometimes he turns them upon himself, and then he is paid in the punishment which he has inflicted. These implements are cordials, wine, rum, gin, whisky, brandy, etc.

He damns men's souls. What a work! Hinders every good, cherishes every evil—incites men to almost every crime, occasions almost every murder, but chiefly kills the victim of his avarice by destroying his body, and sealing his soul up in sin and pollution, which ensures his portion among the lost.

Then sinks himself to Hell. The man who works to ruin others, must not think to escape himself. The man that will knowingly aid in murdering his neighbor's child, cannot but expect to hear the cries of that blood for vengeance. If there be a fearful vengeance hanging over any man, it is over that man who, for the sake of gains, has aided in murdering his neighbors and their children.

Oh! what a traffic! Oh! what a business! How hard must be the heart, how unfeeling the man, and how debased the woman, who can continue therein.

How many parents have, with aching hearts, wept and mourned without consolation, over the work of him who has been their neighbor, and professedly their friend! But judgment cometh. Murder will out. The man who has aided in doing the work of death for others, will do it for himself. Oh! that it were written over the door of every seller of intoxicating drink: "The office

for damning the souls of men;" or as Judge Daggett says, it should be written in great characters over every grog shop, "THE WAY TO HELL, GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH."

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

THE daughter of an English nobleman was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Wesley, and thus came to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and traveling in foreign countries and to places of fashionable resort, took every means in his power to divert her mind from "things unseen and eternal." But her "heart was fixed." The God of Abraham had become her "shield and exceeding great reward," and she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in him, or displace him from the centre of her heart. At last the father hit upon a final and desperate experiment, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter ruined as far as her prospects in life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house. It was privately so arranged, that during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and among others this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. If she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced, and lose, past the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, and with peaceful confidence did she await it. As the crisis approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation she arose, and with calm, dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the

keys, and then, with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the following stanzas :

No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy ;

But, Oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends, or angels spend ?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies ;
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness ;
Oh ! write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

The minstrel ceased—the solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to Christ. Who would not rather be an organ of communicating such thoughts in such circumstances, and aid in the production of such results ; who would not rather possess wisdom to speak as occasion requires, than to possess all that is finite besides ? What hymn, what thought in the universe could be substituted for the one then uttered ? The time, the occasion, the sweet manner of its utterance, present a full realization of all that is embraced in our idea of fitness. That surely was a word fitly spoken.

WHEN sin is hell, Christ is heaven.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

JOSEPH'S Brethren envied him—that was a great sin ; then they stripped him of his beautiful coat, and cast him into a pit—another sin ; then, they sold him to the Ishmaelites—still another ; then to hide these sins, they must add an act of falsehood and cruel deception ; they dipped Joseph's coat in the blood of a kid, and carried it to their father, pretending that they had found it in the field. At the sight of it Jacob's heart died within him. "An evil beast," said he, "hath devoured him ; Joseph is, without doubt, rent in pieces." Now they must try to comfort him, and in so doing, they were obliged to play the hypocrite. Then they must persist in their falsehood and deception during all the long years, at least twenty-two, that passed until Joseph made himself known to them in Egypt. What a chain of dreadful sins ! Yes, what a chain ; for all the wicked deeds were linked together. The first drew after it all the rest.

So Herod first did an awful deed in marrying Herodias, his brother Philip's wife ; then, when John reproved him for this sin, he "added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison." The first sin led to the second. But that was not the end. This same Herodias, whom he had unlawfully married, what did she do ? When her daughter, Salome, danced before Herod and his lords, he was greatly delighted, and promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she should ask. This was both foolish and wicked. And now see how these two sins, that of marrying Herodias, and that of making this oath to Salome, her daughter, united in producing another dreadful deed. At the mother's suggestion, who hated John for his faithfulness in reproving Herod, the daughter asked for the head of John the Baptist, and, for "the oath's sake," Herod sent and beheaded John in the prison.

Thus has it ever been, and thus will it always be. One sin leads to another, and that to another, and so on without end. He who cheats is driven into

lying; and he who tells one lie, must tell another to hide the first. Sabbath-breaking, disobedience to parents, and keeping company with the wicked, are all sins, and they lead to a great many more sins. When you take one wrong step, you know not whither it will carry you.

“THE VERY REASON WHY.”

A FEW years since, a gentleman of large means and larger Christian heart, moved into an inland city, to take charge of extensive manufactories.

He was soon waited upon by some brethren of the same denomination as himself, and politely invited to unite himself with their church, assuring him of the most cordial welcome from pastor and people.

“But is there not *another* church in the city?” asked he. “I think I have heard there was.”

“Oh yes;” answered one of the number; “but it is a poor, feeble band, just struggling for existence.”

“Then brethren,” said the true servant of Christ, “*that* is the very reason why I wish to join them. They need my labor and my aid, I may be of real service to them, while *you* are strong, and can well do without my assistance.”

“But your *family* my dear sir, I fear *they* will not find congenial society, will not feel at home. I assure you they are almost entirely a laboring class of people, with but little refinement or culture among them.”

“That again, is a very reason why I prefer going there. I wish my family to be accustomed to seek the good of others, before the gratification of their own tastes. I should love to have them follow the example of their Lord, who ‘pleased not himself,’ and in that way I am sure they will find their own happiness best secured.”

The good man has had the joy of seeing, not only that feeble band become prosperous and strong, and that largely, through his prayers and efforts, but also of assisting in planting yet another vigorous branch of the same vine in another part of the city.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

BY C. L. STOW.

FREQUENTLY when we speak to worldly minded professors of religion in regard to their not living in accordance with the word of God we receive this reply: “Oh, I cannot break my connection with secret societies, or lay aside these flowers in my bonnet, or wear no greater amount of ribbons than is really necessary, and discontinue the wearing of gold, or of attending parties of pleasure because you think it wrong. I must have the light for myself.” My dear brother or sister, do you not know that if you ever read the Bible you have the light? The Psalmist says: “The word of God is a lamp to his feet and a light to his path.” If we have not read the Bible we are more accountable for the willful neglect, because we are commanded to search the scriptures, for in them we think we have eternal life. John in his vision on the isle of Patmos, clearly points out the ones who will gain the reality of eternal bliss, when he says: “And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass having the harp of God.” The Beast here spoken of is the Devil. His image means the carnal mind; all unholy tempers, appetites, and affections. His mark means the wearing of that which God forbids, which is worn to gratify the beast; the speaking of idle words,—words of no profit,—or of being connected with secret societies, or with a church which compromises the truth. The number of his name, we think, means a desire to be great, to seek honor one of another, or a wish that others should especially apply to us for spiritual help.

OF CHRIST.—Christ must needs have died, how else could sin be expiated, the law satisfied, the devil conquered, and man be saved?

MY EXPERIENCE.

BY MICAH ARNOLD.

I was born in the year 1801, in Thom-
sontown, Pennsylvania. My father died
when I was five years of age. At the
age of seven I was taken from my
mother to an uncle in York Co, Pennsylv-
ania. He kept a hotel, and indulged
freely in the use of whiskey and tobacco,
and everything that the carnal mind
desired. He gave me my bitters
every morning, and often through the
day, and so I formed the habit of drink-
ing liquor, and smoking and chewing to-
bacco. As I grew in years, my appetite
still grew stronger for these things; and
I was soon dissatisfied with what my
uncle gave me, and went to the bar and
cellar myself where the whiskey and
tobacco were stored. Such were my
habits till I was eighteen years of age,
when my uncle sent me to be catechised
in order to be taken into the church,
which was the custom in that country in
those days. At the age of twenty-one
I married. My wife was taken into
church at the same time that I was. We
commenced house-keeping on a very
small scale. I had between two and
three hundred dollars to get of my
father's estate, but I had not yet received
it at my marriage. I rented a farm on
shares for one year. I made but
very little; but during the year I re-
ceived the money due me from my
father's estate. I then bought a small
home for three-hundred dollars, and
sold my farming stock. After which I
had two-hundred dollars remaining, the
greater part of which I spent in repair-
ing. I then had to depend on hard
work for a living. I went into the
butchering business and followed it for
two years, when I was free from debt.
My uncle and aunt were now old and
feeble. They had a home worth about
sixteen hundred dollars, and had no
children. They offered me this home
if I would keep them as long as they
lived and have them decently buried.
So I sold my little property, and moved
to them. I kept them nine years, when
they both died, five days apart. By

this time I had a family of nine chil-
dren.

There was a mill property for sale
in the neighborhood, which I bought
for seven thousand dollars. In the mill
I placed my oldest son, and another of
my sons entered the distillery to make
whiskey. I had not yet forsaken the
habits formed in my youth. In one
year my oldest son died. As my
children came to be old enough I had
them taken into the same church to
which I and my wife belonged. During
the famine in Ireland, we were en-
gaged in making corn meal, which we
shipped off, and by this means we
made such profits that we paid for the
mill. We had now quit distilling,
but had several barrels of whiskey on
hand, which we used quite freely.
Afterwards we converted the old still-
house into a foundry. I first hired a
moulder, and then got some of my boys
to carry on the business. I then bought
a farm that formerly belonged to the
mill. At last in the midst of all our
speculating and whiskey drinking, God's
Spirit found way to the hearts of two of
my children. At a prayer meeting
held in a neighbor's house they were
powerfully convicted. When I saw
the penitent tear roll down their cheeks,
I was shot to the heart. I thought if
they must mourn over their sins, and yet
so young, what will become of me, an
old sinner, who never repented or wept
over my sins? I then wept with them,
and told them to keep on in the way in
which they had started. I now saw,
as I had never seen before, that I had
always been opposed to religion, and to
praying people. They made an ap-
pointment in the evening for a prayer
meeting at my son's house, about two
hundred yards from where I lived. I
went to meeting that night, which was
the first prayer-meeting I ever attended.
I had heard a great deal about these
meetings and about revivals, and had
an idea that there was nothing good in
them. But it all came from such op-
posers as myself. My two children
went to the mourners' bench as they
called it, where they wept and labored.
I watched very close to see those things

that I had often heard occurred at such places. But thank God I saw none of them. At last I saw my son get on his feet and praise God for what he had done for him. He then came to me and told me of the joy and happiness he had received. My daughter then continued to labor for a while when she too began to praise God for what he had done for her. All the joy and pleasure she ever had before was not to be compared with what she received then. Then the way was open for me. My children had always been so obedient to me that I knew there was a reality in what they said. I commenced to pray mightily for God to have mercy on me an old sinner. I had my mourner's bench everywhere I went.—On the hay-mow, in the mill, on my bed, and wherever I was, I wanted such a blessing as my children had received. My wife was afflicted at the time so she could not get to meeting in the evening. When word came home that two of her children were blessed, and that I was praying, she commenced to pray in her bed, and in a few days was happily blessed. She and her daughter now commenced family worship. I was still praying and agonizing for such a blessing as my son enjoyed. My youngest daughter, then 12 years old, got converted and was lamenting wherever she went. One day, while at her work in the kitchen, she commenced laughing and continued laughing for about two hours. Afterwards she related to us what beautiful things she saw. It was in February, 1852, when this revival broke out in our neighborhood and in our house, when I and my family were snatched as brands from the burning. My oldest son was then miller and was converted sometime afterwards in the mill. My youngest son, ten years of age, was happily converted during that summer at a prayer-meeting in our house, and has proved faithful to this time. About two months elapsed before I could be fully satisfied. We had a great revival. Prayer-meetings were held from house to house and sixty or seventy were converted. And among them many of the old formalists such

as I was. Now the most difficult struggle only commenced with me, to deny myself of all the sinful habits that were so deeply rooted in me from early childhood.

The first was that of drinking whiskey. Satan made me believe there was no harm in taking a little, only so as not to get drunk. And, with this idea, I went on for a while, and kept the liquor in the house; and when I would get out from home, I would stop at the taverns and get a dram. But I soon began to think there was something wrong about that. One day I went to a store and tavern at a village, and, as usual, went up to the bar and took a drink. A short time after this a little boy asked his old uncle whether I did not profess religion. He told him I did. "Well," says he, "do you think Arnold has religion?" He said he had reason to believe he had. "Well," said the boy, "I don't think he has, for I saw him taking a dram." Oh, what a dim light was I yet to the world. When my old neighbor told me that story, it was like a dagger to my heart. I then came so far by the grace of God, that I have not touched, tasted, or handled the cup for the last ten years. And my brethren, I think we are showing a bad example if we encourage it in any shape or form. The next habit to be abandoned was the use of tobacco. That was as near and dear to me as my right arm. But in every way that I looked at it I saw some evil in it, and nothing good. When I looked back to my youth when I commenced the use of tobacco, I could see nothing that brought me to its use but pride and a desire to make a show. I saw it was altogether a filthy habit, and, worst of all, it was spending the Lord's money foolishly, which benefited neither soul nor body, but was an injury to both. And now I was going to quit this luxury in which I had so long indulged. My neighbors told me that such a thing was impossible. I asked the opinion of Bro. Fohl, on the use of the weed. He said that for others he could not tell, but for himself it would be very wrong. Well that was little encouragement for me to

go on, but at last I came to the conclusion that I must do something, so it came into my mind that if God wanted me to quit it he would give me grace, and I was determined to try. One evening I was sitting by the stove smoking my pipe, and when I was done, I threw it upon the kitchen cupboard, exclaiming: "Good bye, old pipe!" My wife told me it would not stay there very long. I then took another chew of tobacco and used it up well before going to bed. I took the rest out of my pocket and put it away in a drawer where I had several good plugs. The next morning when I got up I reached in my pocket but no tobacco there. Then I thought, why is this that I have no tobacco? but I felt that God would not be pleased with me if I continued using it. After breakfast the appetite craved for the pipe, but that was thrown away. So I quit the use of tobacco at once. I often wonder how it is that God allows some of his children to indulge in these habits which they formed while yet in their sins, but would have me forsake them all.

After the revival had ceased in our neighborhood, the people did not open their houses as freely for prayer-meeting as they had done before. We had no place of worship. The church to which we belonged was about three miles away, and our preacher, and most of the members were not in favor of the kind of religion we professed. There was too much noise about it, they said. We now felt the need of a house of worship, but could not see our way clear to build one yet, while the most of us could not think of attaching ourselves to any organization. Nothing was done for several years, when God opened my heart to erect a small house where all Christians might worship. When it was finished we invited Bro. Fohl, from the west, to dedicate it to the worship of God. He had been through our neighborhood a few years before, and sowed the good seed that sprang up in many hearts after his departure.

My wife, myself, and seven children were now on the way to heaven, and I

found that after the good Lord had done so much for me and my family in my old age, he also had a work for me to do. The question was, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" and I felt it was my duty to go from house to house and persuade sinners to repentance, to encourage those who had made a start, and aid the needy. But I was still absorbed in worldly business. The mill and farm engaged all my attention. My children were always willing to work but they wanted me to do the managing. So I prayed the Lord to open the way for me and I would go. I now sold the mill and rented the farm and I first began to see my way clear. I had my family comfortably situated and my debts paid and now I made preparations to leave home and do something for God and his cause. I purchased a quantity of tracts, and started on the twelfth day of May 1857. I made up my mind that wherever I got into conversation with any person, I would present the subject of religion. I had a desire to go over the mountains to Tuscarora Valley, from where I was taken from my mother when I was seven years of age. The first night I lodged in the Cumberland Co. Alms House, where I conversed with the paupers and distributed tracts among them. The next morning I went on my way rejoicing, stopping at such places where I thought the good Lord directed me to go. It seemed as though I was especially drawn to the poorer classes. I was from home three weeks, and I can say of a truth, it was a happy season. I realized that it was "More blessed to give than to receive." I now continued the good work among strangers, but to give all the incidents of my travels would weary the patience of my readers.

When this bloody war commenced, I was grieved to see so many of God's professed children being led away by the excitement. But when the wounded soldiers were gathered in the hospitals, I had a desire to talk with them concerning the salvation of their souls. I visited some of the hospitals in York, Washington, and some in Virginia. I

visited the battle ground of Antietam, and spent two weeks in the hospitals of Gettysburg. I have reason to believe my labors were not in vain in the Lord. I saw many penitent tears whilst talking to the poor wounded soldiers concerning their spiritual welfare. I entered the Christian Commission as a delegate. There was such a demand for books among the wounded that I in one day gave away one hundred and fifty testaments to such as had lost theirs in battle. While I was visiting a hospital in Washington, conversing with a wounded soldier I asked him if he was prepared to die, to which he replied he was not, but soon commenced crying mightily to God to have mercy on him a poor sinner, and in less than twenty minutes he was happily converted. He said that he now was prepared to die.

In July 1864 I had nearly made up my mind to go to the front, near Petersburg, to visit the Hospitals. My friend, G. L. Shearer, district Secretary of the tract society, advised me not to go, as the weather was very hot, and the water perhaps not good, so that I might be sacrificing my life by going there. He then asked me whether I would not wish to act as Colporteur for the American Tract society. He gave me a little book entitled "Five years in the Alleghanies" which I read, and I received much encouragement from it to engage in selling books. I received a book of instructions, and sent for a box of books, which came. On the eighth day of August 1864, I commenced labors as Colporteur for the tract society, I traveled in the summer and employed nearly half my time. In the winter I was not so much engaged. I have already visited about seventeen hundred families, conversed with nearly all about religion, and sold a great many books, besides what I distributed among the poor. I have often seen great good resulting from giving away books. By this means I would get many to promise to lead better lives, and those promises were very often kept.

I met with many persecutions but I also had some rejoicing times in witnessing the good dealings of God to-

wards me. I can say of a truth that for the space of about a month I have felt more of the love of God than ever before for such a length of time. I traveled of late with a good brother to some of his appointments, and from him I received much encouragement. He constrained me to subscribe for the "Earnest Christian" and I found it to be the best religious periodical I have ever read. Every Christian should read it for there are lessons of salvation to be learned therein. When I read over its pages I can truly say "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me, praise His Holy name!"

I am now 65 years of age, and have been trying to fight the battles of the Lord for 14 years. The best weapon I have ever found was the word of God, and with it I feel determined by His grace to fight on till I die. May all his children fight with the same weapon, is the prayer of your unworthy brother.

Dillsburg, Pa.

EXTRAVAGANCE IS WICKEDNESS.

WE may call it the impulse of a generous soul; we may palliate it under the name of regard for the decencies of life—a regard for the tasteful and elegant—a love for art and literature—a disposition to avoid the charge of being sordid and mean; it is always the same, when we look at the naked fact. No man or woman has a right to live beyond their means. It is a very easy thing to be generous and benevolent with money that one has never earned—to live in a fine house, if it is done at the expense of the unpaid labor of the carpenter, the mason, or the painter. Whenever a man lives beyond his means, he always must do it at somebody's expense—somebody must pay the bill; and so complicated and related are the dependencies of trade, that we can never know whence this expense will in the end be drawn. In the great majority of cases, it is borne by those who are least able to bear it, by the hard-working and hard-faring poor.

Labor on earth, and rest in heaven.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCES.

It cannot but interest the pious mind, and confirm the wavering, and doubting soul, and quell the rising fears of unbelief, and give confidence in God's purposes and promises, and foster a delightful anticipation of the certain triumph of Christ's kingdom on earth, to see how, out of small beginnings, God is wont often to bring the most stupendous results; setting at nought the wisdom of man; ordering strength out of weakness, and making the most wonderful effects follow the most unlikely and insignificant causes. The following instances will further illustrate the mode of providential agency in carrying out the great work of human salvation:

Scripture history is full of illustrations of this sort. It seemed a small matter that Abraham should emigrate from his country, an adventurer into some strange land, he knows not where. Thousands might have done the same; and the fact of his departure seemed an affair likely to concern few beyond his own particular family. But what did God bring out of this small matter? Abraham, the chosen progenitor of a great nation, should take possession of the promised land—be the father of the faithful—his numerous seed be the people with whom God should enter into covenant: with whom he deposited his revealed will—with whom were the promises, and through whom all nations should be blessed. The quiet, unpretending departure of the son of Terah from Chaldea, was the humble beginning of the most remarkable series of events which go to make up the history of our world. It was the preliminary step to the founding of the Jewish Commonwealth; a civil policy which has exerted a more controlling influence among the nations of the earth than any empire that ever existed; and the preliminary step, too, to the founding of the Jewish Church, which was a remarkable advance on any prior dispensation of grace, as well as an efficient instrument in the progress of human redemption. As long as the world stands, the influence of that act shall be felt. As long

as heaven endures, the spirits of just men made perfect shall bless God for the call of Abraham, and angels shall join in the chorus of thanksgiving to the Lamb.

It was a small matter that Joseph should dream a dream; or that the daughter of Pharaoh should discover, while bathing in the Nile, an ark of rushes, floating on the river; or that the same casualty should befall Daniel, which fell to the lot of many a noble youth of that day, to be transported from his native hills of Palestine to an unwelcome captivity in Babylon. Each of these seemingly unimportant incidents was the first link in a chain of stupendous events. Great and noble purposes were answered by the captivity of Joseph in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon; and, perhaps, to no mere man that ever lived, has the church and the world been so much indebted as to Moses. He was a signal instrument in the hands of God for civil, social, and religious advancement. In that little rush bark lay the germ of the most extraordinary advancement in every thing that pertains to the best interests of man, both in this world and the world to come.

Profane history furnishes illustrations scarcely less interesting, of the same overruling Hand, so controlling all the events of this lower world, as best to subserve the great scheme of redemption.

A little mistake (probably a mishap of ignorance) is made by Ptolemy in drawing up a map of the world. He extends the eastern parts of the continent of Asia so enormously, as to bring it round almost in contact with the western parts of Europe and Africa, of course making the distance across the Atlantic ocean to Asia but trifling. Consulting this map, Columbus conceived the idea of effecting a passage to India by a westerly route. Hence the discovery of America. And though he must first discover Ptolemy's mistake, and encounter difficulties of which in the outset he had no conception, yet his mind having become fired with ardour for discovery, his preparations being

made, and his zeal not easily abated, he pressed forward, not over a sea of a few hundred miles, but of thousands, till the expected land appeared. "A little fire" was kindled in his ardent soul for discovery, the result was an immensely "great matter," the discovery of a new world, the magnitude of which we have yet scarcely more than begun to see, and which we can never estimate, till we shall see the great ends which God has to accomplish in connection with the American continent.

So it was a little matter that a Dutchman should cut a few letters of the alphabet on the bark of a tree, and then, by means of ink transfer an impression of them on paper. But here was a rude idea of printing. Nor did it seem a much greater matter that he should (as the first improvement of the art) cut letters in blocks of wood, which he used for types, to print whole pages for the amusement of his children. This was the day of "small things." But if you have a mind far-reaching enough to measure the present power of the press—its power to perpetuate the arts and sciences—to control mind—to instruct and reform men, and by a thousand ways contribute to the advancement of our race, you can tell how "great a matter" this art of printing is.

Again, a vessel of a hundred and eighty tons is a small affair. Had you seen her afar off on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, a mere speck in the horizon, tossed like a feather on the huge waves, nearing the rock-bound coast of New England, you would not have suspected her laden with aught that should particularly affect the destinies of the American continent. The "Mayflower" was laden with about one hundred persons, men, women, and children, with their implements of husbandry and trade, with their books and Bibles, their preachers and teachers. A somewhat singular freighting! yet even curiosity would have dismissed any raised hope of signal good to come from such an enterprise when they were seen to land on Plymouth Rock; to cast their destinies, at the beginning of a stern

New England winter, on that wild, inhospitable shore. To all human sagacity, they must perish amidst the frosts and snows; or, should they escape the severity of the climate, die with hunger, or fall by savage hands. Many did die; all suffered severely; and many a hard year's toil, trial, and suffering, passed by before the world could see that the arrival and settlement in this country of our pilgrim fathers, was more than a Quixotic expedition of a few refugees from Europe.

But what has God brought out of it? There was hid in that little nut-shell of a vessel the germ of our institutions, of our present advanced condition of knowledge and virtue. Wrapped up in the bosoms of the men that occupied the cabin of the "Mayflower," were the principles and ideas which, when developed and clothed in real acts and institutions, present to the world a form of government, and a pure, evangelical, free Christianity, and a system of popular education and of morals, and an industry and enterprise, and inventive genius, which, under God, have made America what she is. And if any one can estimate the influence on her and on the world, of the practical working of the principles imported in the "Mayflower," he can tell us how great a matter has sprung from a small beginning.

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.—During an earthquake that occurred a few years since, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, and also surprised, at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said:

"Mother —, are you not afraid?"

"No," said the mother in Israel; "I rejoice to know that *I have a God that can shake the world.*"

You can know no more grace in salvation, than you know of justice in condemnation. You cannot be graciously saved unless you are righteously condemned.

MURDER DEEMED A DUTY.

AMONGST the followers of the house of Stuart there was a faithful follower of the name of Hadfield. The fallen line, having no better return to make him for years of service, established him in a hotel on the Aron at Florence, now the *Quatre Nations*, to which the partisans of the royal exiles in consequence resorted. Mr Hadfield had recently married; the birth of a son soon completed his domestic happiness. There could not be a finer, healthier boy. After a few months, the child fell asleep one day and awoke no more. His death was in no way to be accounted for! The grief and disappointment of his parents only gave way to the birth of another child the following year; it was also a boy, blooming, and full of life. He slept the sleep of death to awake no more! A third was born, and the same mysterious fate awaited him. The horror of the heart-stricken parents can only be imagined—

"The shaft flew thrice, and thrice their peace was slain."

The following year the olive branch was again held forth in mercy. A fourth child was vouchsafed, it was a girl. The parents watched and prayed, but trembled! Only a few weeks had passed over, when the nurse, to whom the infant had been intrusted, ran to them one day, her countenance full of horror, her lips livid—she could not articulate, but held out the babe to its mother. After some restoratives had been given, the poor creature recovered sufficiently to tell, that, having left the nursery for a moment, while the child slept, and without her shoes for fear of waking her, she was amazed, on her return with noiseless steps, to find old Brigada, the laundress of the hotel, leaning over the cradle, with a vial in her hand. The crone unconscious of her presence was talking to herself. The nurse could distinctly hear her words to this effect; "I must snatch another heretic from hell! Drink, my child, and join your brothers; they are angels in Paradise. The Blessed Virgin waits for you," The wretch was in the act of applying the vial to the

infant's lips when the nurse darted forward, snatched up the child and fled. Old Brigada fled; but it was to a convent, a sanctuary; where her guilt was deemed meritorious, and her redemption secure. She died soon after, in the odour of sanctity. The child was saved, but the affrighted parents, obliged to live abroad, baptized her (in their terror), according to the rites of the Roman Church! The daughter proved of precocious mind. Her talents and beauty rendered her well known in after years in England—she was the celebrated Maria Cosway.—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

"I, —, beginning to be enfeebled in body, and fearing I may be soon palsied in mind, and having entered upon the course of intemperance from which I have not resolution to flee, do make and publish this my last will and testament:

"Having been made in the image of my Creator, capable of rational enjoyment, of imparting happiness to others, and of promoting the glory of God, I know my accountability; yet such is my fondness for sensual gratification, and my utter indisposition to resist temptation, that I give myself entirely to intemperance and its associate vices, and [make the following bequests: My property I give to be dissipated, knowing it will soon fall into the hands of those who furnish me with ardent spirits. My reputation, already tottering on a sandy foundation, I give to destruction. To my beloved wife, who has cheered me thus far through life, I give shame, poverty, sorrow, and a broken heart. To each of my children, I bequeath my example, and the inheritance of the shame of their father's character. Finally, I give my body to disease, misery and early dissolution; and my soul, that can never die, to the disposal of that God whose commands I have broken, and who has warned me by his word, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Drunkard, this is your will.

Editorial.

FRUITS OF JUSTIFICATION.

We may think we have the witness of the Spirit that we are children of God when we are not. There can be no doubt whatever but that many are deceived as to their standing before God. The Saviour said it would be so. It is the fashion now to speak in confident terms as to our being in a state of salvation. The only idea that many seem to have of faith is, that it is a firm persuasion that they are in the way to Heaven. Our Saviour said of his disciples: "BY THEIR FRUIT YE SHALL KNOW THEM." Say what we will against judging, the world considers itself authorized by Christ to expect certain things of his followers.

A willingness to contribute liberally for the support of the church does not prove that any man is a Christian.

The Christian will bear his part of the expenses of the church. He will as soon think of allowing others to go to heaven for him as of wishing them to pay his part of the expenses necessary for carrying on the cause of Christ. His subscription is as good as his note; in church building, in sustaining the preaching of the Gospel at home, and in heathen lands, he endeavors to do his whole duty. But a person may contribute liberally for these objects without being in favor with God. He may have no part nor lot in the matter of salvation, his heart not being right in the sight of God. Some congregations that are really infidel, pay well for the performances of the choir and pulpit. If supporting the missionary cause, and building churches, be evidence of spiritual prosperity, then the Papists are among the most spiritual of all denominations. They pay more, in proportion to their ability, for these objects, than any other. They are erecting the most magnificent churches all over the land. And they do it on Christian principles. *They give* for the erection of churches. Protestants often take stock. I cannot see why taking a thousand dollars worth of stock in a church is any more evidence that a man is a Christian than taking the same amount in a bank or railroad. In both cases it is a

mere business transaction. In both he receives his equivalent for his money. In the bank he gets his dividends, and in the church he gets his pew. Both transactions are based on selfishness. The one feeds pride; the other avarice.

Obedience to Christ in some things does not prove that an individual enjoys justifying grace. Many attach importance to *partial* obedience. They are not guilty of the grosser vices. They try to do some of their duties. They are not as negligent as some other church members with whom they are acquainted. If only partial obedience be required to evidence our discipleship, it ought to be distinctly specified what precepts we *must* obey, and what we *may* neglect *with impunity*. No man, however wicked he may be, disregards all of the commands of God. In some things he tries to do his duty. And if we assume to say that some commands of God are not important, we must not deny this right to others. If we make our selections of the precepts we will obey, we must not refuse to let others make their selections also. And then what becomes of the Bible?

Freedom from the condemnation of our conscience does not prove that we enjoy the favor of God. Saul of Tarsus had a conscience void of offence, while persecuting Christians to death. He afterwards saw that while doing this, though justified in his own eyes, he was in God's sight the chief of sinners. Some of the most incorrigible sinners feel no condemnation. They trust in themselves that they are righteous. It is difficult to move them. Our Saviour said to persons of this class, that "*publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.*" If a person's feelings are the standard, then are the self-righteous and the superstitious in the way to heaven. Then we need be at no pains to bring under the influence of evangelical truth the deluded papist, and the ignorant heathen.

The current notions of theology greatly need correction upon this point. Many, who are considered intelligent Christians, know no higher rule of practice than common usage, and their own feelings. When urged to the performance of duties enjoined by Christ upon all of his followers, they re-

ply, that they "do not *feel* under any obligations to perform them." Pressed to abandon practices explicitly forbidden by the word of God, they admit the prohibition, but do not *feel* that they are doing wrong in violating it. These persons (and there are many of them in the church), need to know that the Bible is supreme. Its every command is invested with authority. In this balance shall all be weighed at the last day. How foolish then to "measure ourselves by ourselves."

A really justified soul endeavors to keep all the commands of God. He does not make his selections. The question with him is not what is generally practiced; but what does God require? And he has the moral power to live up to his convictions.

Wesley says: "An immediate and constant fruit of this faith whereby we are born of God, a fruit which can in no wise be separated from it; no, not for an hour, is power over sin; power over outward sin; over every evil word and work; and over inward sin, for it purifieth the heart from every unholy desire and temper." This he affirms of those who are justified, who are born of God in the lowest sense.

Paul affirms that "*there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.*" The Gospel does not condemn them for commands disobeyed. For they are not guilty of disobedience. Grace enables them to prove their love for Christ by keeping his commandments. Sensible of their danger, they watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. St. John declares that he that is born of God doth not commit sin. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." And he does not make sin consist, as many seem to, in gross crimes, but, according to his definition, *all unrighteousness is sin.*

It appears, then, that according to the Bible standard, *the justified person does not commit sin*, either by violating any precepts of God's word, or by neglecting any duties that God requires of him. He has "come out from unbelievers and is 'separate.'" He is "not conformed to the world," either in his style of living, or in his mode of conducting business, or in the motives from which he acts. He loves the principles of the doctrines of Christ, and goes on unto

perfection. The doctrine of holiness will never find an opposer in the justified soul.

Let me ask you then, are you justified? Do you bring forth in your life the fruits of a justified soul? Have you victory over sin—over anger, pride, the love of the world? Are you pressing on, that you may realize in your experience the whole will of God?

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES.

God takes care of his children. His watchful eye is ever over them. He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. Twice has His providential care of his children been wonderfully manifested in the history of the Free Church at Binghamton. Once when they were worshipping in the Universalist church, some drunken rowdies were firing a salute from a cannon on the green near the church. Once they shot a stone through the tower, which left a hole, but did no serious damage. Growing bolder, they loaded the cannon to the muzzle with gravel stones, and aimed it at the body of the house, just above the seats, while the society was worshipping inside, unconscious of any danger. They applied the torch, but in vain. The same powder was used in loading it as before, but the cannon refused to go off; and with all their efforts they could not discharge it. We saw it as it stood pointed at the church. Thus were their murderous intentions frustrated.

Again a plot was formed to burn the church which they have recently purchased. The arrangements were all made, and the plan was to have been carried into execution the night before it was dedicated. But see how God thwarts the designs of the enemies of his people. The young men who had conspired to burn this church, were detected in burning a barn, a few days before the torch was to be applied to the church. Arrests were made, disclosures of terrible doings came to light, and it appeared that a half dozen or so of young men had been engaged all winter in setting fire, at intervals, to barns, and other buildings. One of the hotels and the Free Methodist Church were to have been fired next. Some of the young men connected with this awful business belonged

to some of the most respectable families in town. They were members of a fire company, and their only motive was, to have the fun and excitement of putting out the fire, and the honor of being on the ground first! What a fearful state of depravity do such facts reveal!

THE RIGHTEOUS REMEMBERED.

The architect of a celebrated monument of antiquity cut his own name in the solid marble, while that of the Prince, under whose auspices it was built, was engraved in the cement with which the surface was covered. Ages afterward, when the cement had crumbled to pieces, and the memory of the Prince had vanished, the name of the noble mechanic was read by thousands who admired the lasting monument of his skill. So with our actions. While those which the world calls splendid shall soon be blotted from the memory, the self-denying, unobtrusive deeds of humble piety shall be had in everlasting remembrance. The frosts and storms of time may obliterate the record of earthly greatness, but they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

DEDICATIONS.

AT BINGHAMTON.—Several years ago, under the labors of brothers Owen, Gorham, and Wood, a powerful work of holiness was carried on in the Court street M. E. Church. Preachers succeeded them who endeavored to put down the "fanatical element," as they termed it. After enduring much persecution, a number of the pilgrims left, and formed a Free Methodist Church. For two years they hired the Universalist church. This year the two M. E. Churches were consolidated, and resolved to build a new and imposing church edifice. The two buildings in which they had worshipped were put up at auction. Bro. Stoutenberg, through a friend, bid off the Court street Church and lot for \$3,600, for a Free Methodist church. It is a good, plain, substantial building, 74 feet by 46, and in one of the best localities in town.

It was rededicated to the worship of God the 5th day of May. The sermon was preached by the editor of this magazine. Revs. D. W. Thurston, D. A. Cargil, M.

N. Downing the pastor, and J. A. Carver, were present, and assisted. Much of the Spirit's influence was realized as the subscriptions for paying for the church were being taken up. One sister, who had practiced a good deal of self-denial in order that they might give to promote the cause of God, said she "loved to see people give till they felt it—till, instead of buying new coats and dresses they had to turn their coats inside out, and their dresses inside out and upside down."

A Presbyterian brother—a prominent physician in the place—who had made a liberal contribution, said: "as long as you preach and bear your testimony against all sin, you may count on one friend in Binghamton." The sum of \$2,450 was pledged for the payment of the church, and the brethren expected to raise the balance in a few days. The meetings were continued over the Sabbath, and God was with us in saving power. He visibly set the seal of his approbation upon this effort to secure a place in this beautiful, growing village, where the poor may have the gospel preached unto them.

Every true lover of Jesus must rejoice that this house which has been the birthplace of many souls, is to be kept open as a place of worship instead of being appropriated to secular purposes.

AT WINDSOR, N. Y.—We rededicated a church to the worship of God on Friday the 11th inst. It was purchased by two of our brethren, Bro. Woodruff and H. A. Williams, each of them paying for this purpose \$500.00. The building is a good substantial structure, about 40 feet by 60, in good repair; furnished with carpets, stoves and lamps. It is in an excellent location, fronting the green. The meetings were held over the Sabbath, and the Lord was with us. The Saints were quickened; several were sanctified, and seriousness and solemnity pervaded the congregation. We trust that a gracious out-pouring of the Spirit will crown the efforts of these brethren to promote the cause of God.

No better investment of money can be made, than in buying or building plain, convenient edifices, suitably located, in which the uncompromising truths of the gospel may be preached to all who desire to hear.

A NEW VOLUME.

With the July number we commence a new volume. We shall strive to make it better than any of its predecessors. No pains will be spared to make the *Earnest Christian* worthy of a place in every family. We solicit the continued, unabated support of our friends.

If the time for which you have paid expires with this number, we hope you will remit for another year as soon as possible for yourself, and also induce some friend to send on with you. If you wish to discontinue please let us know at once. Should we not hear from you, we shall take it for granted that you will send the money soon, and we shall continue to forward as before. Remember and give us your Post Office address.

A TEMPTING OFFER.—We want a thousand or more new subscribers, to commence with the July number. To any one who will send us four new subscribers with the money, we will send the *Earnest Christian* for 1865, neatly bound in muslin. This volume contains a steel plate engraving of the Editor. Send on as soon as possible.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"CHRIST AND ADORNMENTS: by Rev. S. A. Platt," 18 mo., 171 pp.

This little work was published eight years ago by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, Cincinnati. A prize of \$100 was awarded to its author, as having produced the most meritorious of twenty manuscripts presented for inspection. The Essay is an answer to the following inquiry: "What is the mind of Christ with respect to Christians adorning their person with jewelry and gay and costly attire? and what is the effect of such adorning upon the Individual, Church, and the world?" The question is well answered. The author shows from the character and work of Christ, from the general scope of Scripture, and from specific passages, that the wearing of "gold and pearls and costly array," is opposed to the will of Christ concerning his followers. In treating of the effect of such adorning on the individual, he makes a strong case by showing

that it squanders money, mis-spends time, perverts the judgment, establishes a false standard of taste, cultivates selfishness, corrupts the will, excites the passions, degrades the mind, increases the love of the world, enslaves the conscience, and prevents spiritual progress. The effect of personal display upon the Church and the world is also discussed, in a varied and forcible manner. The treatise is written in good style, and abounds in happy illustrations.

The subject discussed is one of practical importance. Let none dare to dismiss it with a sneer. Vanity of dress is doing a terrible work, in sapping the foundation of spiritual life, and uniting the Church and the world. Fashion rules her deluded votaries with a rod of iron. Alas, that she should be allowed to enter the sacred precincts of the Church, and multiply her victims there! Another Spring is upon us, with its tide of fashion and folly. Who is willing to stem the current, incur the displeasure of a frowning world, and follow Jesus in the unpopular pathway of self-denial?

THE SHINING LIGHT.—In two parts. 1. The Bible for the great folks. 2. The Bible for the little folks and the great folks.

This is the title of a new book about to be published by our beloved associate, brother D. F. NEWTON. The readers of this magazine need no assurance that it will be thoroughly evangelical and reformatory in its sentiments. It will contain nearly 400 pages, neatly executed, with about 50 pictorial illustrations. Price in cloth per copy \$1.50—gilt, \$2.00. Any person sending names and money for five copies will receive a copy gratis. Address D. F. Newton, Editor, 189 West 20th st., New York.

DYING TESTIMONY.

MRS. JANE CORBETT.—Sister CORBETT made a profession of religion for some years before her death. About the year 1858 she experienced the great blessing of Perfect Love at a camp meeting held by Rev. H. L. Jones in Monroe Co., Mich. She ran well for a season, but was finally drawn away by the surrounding popular and worldly influences. Though she still made a profes-

sion of religion, she had ceased to walk in the light, and had, to a certain extent, become conformed to the customs and fashions of the world.

In the Spring of 1864, she again forsook the world to follow Jesus, and continued to walk in the light till the camp-meeting held near Coldwater in Sept. last, where she laid herself with all her redeemed powers of *spirit, soul, and body*, as a whole burnt-offering on the altar of God. She was enabled clearly to testify to the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. From that time till the day of her death, she could say from personal experience, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

She passed away on Saturday, Jan. 13th, in the greatest triumph. Her last hours were a practical illustration, and indisputable proof, that "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are" for while her body was being racked with the severest pain, she cried out "This is the softest bed I ever laid upon."

As the friends, and neighbors gathered around her dying bed, she had for each a word in due season. The holy triumph of her dying hours has been blessed by God, to the conviction, and subsequent conversion of more than a score of souls.

She died in the 36th year of her age; in the town of Milan, Michigan.

E. P. HART.

THE LOVE FEAST.

NANCY HOLBROOK.—I think I can say I love the Lord, and feel to thank him for what he has done for me and mine. My children are his children. I love the Lord. I love His cause and ways. I was brought up in the town of Farmington, near Canandaigua, among the people called Quakers, or Friends. They were, many of them, a dear people to me. I never shall forget their kindness. They always had meetings twice a week; sometimes would have solid preaching—sometimes none—would have large congregations, but no singing nor praying among them. I once heard a woman pray in the church—that was the only prayer I ever heard among them.

We thought it quite a curiosity to hear a woman pray. When I was about seventeen, I had an occasion to visit some friends. All I thought of then was a good name, and the pride of life. I had never been taught to care anything about my soul. It was all work to get rich. When I came to my friends, they were all going to hear one of the Freewill Baptist's preach. His words went to my heart. He said I must be born again. The power of the Lord sent it home to my heart. I sat trembling and weeping under the sound of the word. I was ashamed of myself, for I had never been seen weeping in meeting before. I thought my comfort was gone, and I should never enjoy myself again. And it was so for a long time. I could not mingle with my young friends, and join them in their parties with the enjoyment that I had before. It passed on about a year, before I thought I experienced religion. And then the Lord saw fit for Christ's sake to set my captive spirit free. I felt then to bless and thank and praise the Lord for what he had done for my soul. I thought then my troubles were all over. I little understood the ways of the world, the troubles, trials, and afflictions of this life. Losses, crosses, in number, measure and weight, were written, Lord, for me. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory. He has brought me through thus far. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.

Newaygo, Mich.

SUSAN TURNER.—I feel this morning, an application of that precious blood that cleanses from all sin. Glory be to God. It is fully settled and fixed with me to go through with Jesus. I find by experience, that they that live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. I do love the narrow way better and better; my heart is full while I write. I find very few that understand me, but I know that the blessed Jesus understands me. Praise his name forever. I want to say here to all that love this earnest way of serving God, Here is my heart and hand to meet you in my Father's kingdom.

Council Hill, Ill.

