

The Earnest Christian

AND
GOLDEN RULE.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

ON PROFESSING HOLINESS.

Your history is not singular. On every side, go where you please, and ministers who once entered into the land of Beulah have been drawn from it again by the devices you have mentioned. Some aged, or influential, or popular, or witty, or fashionable minister of Christ warned them not to be talking about perfect love, and they fell, and passed years of grief or carelessness before they recovered the lost treasure. One recently, on his death bed, who was never surpassed in the Ohio Annual Conference for his consistent, uniform piety and usefulness, informed me that he was brought low in the manner, the very manner you relate of yourself, and for years did not rise to his former state of enjoyment. But not to dwell on this unpleasant theme.

You ask advice as to the prudent method of making confession. It seems to me, in the first place, prudent to confess at almost all times in the society of Christians, whose church creed or standards assert the doctrine. If they will not use your confessions discreetly, and hear them to the glory of God, and praise his grace in you, it seems to me they are either hypocritical, or ignorant to a degree which involves almost equal blame. And especially ministers whose assumption of their several functions was with those solemn assertions and pledges, which are found in our discipline, would scarcely deserve to be viewed as men of common honesty, if they would not

patiently and joyfully receive the confession of a brother in regard to perfect love. The Methodist minister who would presume anything against such a profession, and question its discreteness, or show aversion to the topic, ought to be brought to repentance, or, if he will preach, take orders in some other branch of the church.

Surely it cannot be casting pearls before swine to confess in the class-room or love feast. It cannot, unless the sheep of the fold be swine, and we hope that is not so. Thus far, it seems to me, places and circumstances render confession prudent. As to the frequency of confession in these circumstances, I should not think restraint necessary. Confess as often as experience teaches you that your spiritual strength and comfort will thereby be promoted. You say confession helps you, comforts you, confirms you. Then I would say, keep on confessing. Do not the converted repeat in love feast after love feast, in class-meeting after class-meeting, what God has done for their souls, and get blessed in doing so? Why should not you do the same? If their confession of the grace of regeneration, or justification, brings to their souls a fresh strength and spring, your confessing all the grace bestowed on you will have the same effect.

As to the terms of this I can see no better way than to use the Bible terms. Indeed, I can see no equal way. Why avoid the words of Scripture? Entire sanctification, from the phrase, the God of peace sanctify you wholly; and per

fect love, which is the beloved disciple's language, I prefer to all other modes or forms of confession. Some say you need give it no name; and perhaps Mr. Wesley once leaned to that indulgence; but this looks like not taking up the cross. Why should Christians talk so scripturally about the *new birth*, and study mincing words when they speak of other graces?

As to the extent of these confessions I can only say, all grace given to us is for use, and the chief use of it must be its manifestation for the glory of God, and the good of his people. A holy man used to say he must confess to the utmost limits of all that God bestowed on him, or he became impoverished. I believe the principle. I deem it a law of Christian experience that, to speak with a figure, if our light be put under a bushel it will expire. Entire sanctification is of itself a light. Hide it and it will soon be extinguished. Thousands can mournfully testify to this truth. Fletcher was a witness. You are one, and these are two among a great multitude.—*Bishop Hamline.*

A SURE RECORD.—There is no way for men to discern their names written in the Book of Life, but by reading the work of sanctification in their own hearts. I desire no miraculous voice from heaven, no extraordinary signs or unscriptural notices or information in this matter. Lord, let me but find my heart obeying thy calls, my will obediently submitting to thy commands; sin, my burden, and Christ my desire; I never crave a fairer or surer evidence of thy electing love to my soul.

SHORT LECTURES.—When a man begins to find fault, note his spirit. If he is bitter, harsh and vindictive, don't listen to him. He will either grieve your heart, or infect you with his own spirit. If he comes cursing like a Shimei, pass him by; but if he comes weeping like a Jeremiah, you may weep with him, and mourn over the desolation of Jerusalem.

DRAGGING.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."—2 Cor. iii: 5.

It is the dragging that kills folks. It is not preaching nor hard study that kills editors and ministers of the gospel, it is the dragging that does it; the want of soul, of the tongue of *fire*! Did Paul, or Peter, or John retire from the gospel field till they had fought the good fight and finished their course?

Preaching in the Spirit, with power from on high, is healthy business. Instance the immortal Wesley, his whole life was on the stretch for glory, till over three score and ten. Whoever labored harder, or studied more intensely? His average appointments were some fifteen each week, year in and year out, and then he mounted up as in a chariot of fire, to receive a "crown that fadeth not away." His eye like that of Moses—"was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

Look at President Finney, preaching all the winter, all the summer, at home and abroad; in connection with his theological teachings, his domestic and pastoral duties—worn out? He grew younger every day, more vigorous. Preaching was his meat and his drink.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." It is this dragging and lagging that kills everybody. Did St. Paul superannuate, or keep holiday, or visit the Springs, Catskill or Peekskill, the Niagara, or cross the Atlantic? His soul was on fire,—he flew on the wings of love. Nothing so surely and speedily exhausts all the powers of our being as this dragging. In some congregations it is drag, drag, drag—nothing but drag. It is drag on the Sabbath, in the prayer and conference meeting. O, what a killing state! awful! No marvel ministers need rest—lock the doors of the sanctuary and run for life. Let the church arise, put on strength, come to the help of the Lord against the mighty, live for God unreservedly, be filled with the Spirit,

war a continual warfare against the prince of darkness, *rush* for God's glory into the salvation of sinners. What now? any dragging? or killing?

An excellent writer in "The Morning Star," says: "It is the monotony that kills off ministers. It is not the work that wears like the regular recurrence of tasks. The mind and body fall into a state, in which it may be said of them, they *labor, not work*.—Right in the old field of labor let a revival spring up, and the *laboring* minister begins to *work* at once. The monotony is broken. His spirit is refreshed. His soul is baptised afresh. He is eager to receive the multitudes that perish like sheep without a shepherd. His mental development in a few days proceeds as much as it has done for years. His mourning is put aside. His vacation is at an end. But he is more recruited than any vacation before ever recruited him.

"O, for a living flame

From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And win to heaven our thought."

Once more. How frequently it is said, "He killed himself by hard study." Who believes it? When and where did hard study ever kill anybody that exercised daily three or four hours in the open air, and was strictly temperate in his passions and appetites? Idleness and luxury, the abuse of nature's laws and God's mercies, are the man-slayers. Multitudes of students and other sedentaries are perishing from habits of intemperance, dissipation, and a want of regular, systematic, energetic, every-day exercise.

An eminent writer, alluding to the multitudes of sickly, sedentary dyspeptics, says: "It is a very general mistake, that hard study kills people. Only give the brain seven hours of regular and undisturbed repose out of every twenty-four, and it will be invigorated by all the activities that can be imposed upon it, if the person will only eat plain, nourishing food, at three regular times each day, and spend two or three hours of daylight in active exer-

cise on foot, horse-back, or in the field. No instance can be found, in all history or biography, where, under such circumstances, any amount of brain-work has ever been productive of serious bodily inconvenience. On the contrary, brain-work is a positive pleasure to thinking men—it is literally their meat and drink, a pure delight, a labor which brings no weariness in half a century's duration; as there are numerous living instances.

"Live for something; be not idle,

Look about thee for employ;

Sit not down to useless dreaming,—

Labor is the sweetest joy."

GEMS.

BY A. A. PHELPS.

A conceit of knowledge is the greatest enemy to knowledge, and the greatest argument of ignorance.

It is as great mercy to be preserved in health as to be delivered from sickness.

If you mind nothing but the body, you lose the body and soul too; if you mind nothing but earth, you lose earth and heaven too.

To render good for evil is god-like; to render good for good is man-like; to render evil for evil is beast-like; to render evil for good is devil-like.

Carry yourselves submissively toward your superiors; friendly toward your equals; condescending to your inferiors; generous toward your enemies; and loving to all.

The desire for happiness is natural; the desire for holiness supernatural.

If you forget God when you are young, God may forget you when you are old.

Do the Lord's work in the Lord's time. Pray while God hears; hear while God speaks; believe while God promises; obey while God commands.

God repented that he *made* man, but never that he *redeemed* man.

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

SEASONS OF SADNESS.

THAT HEART must be light indeed which has no seasons of sadness.—In a vale of tears like this, there is cause enough for sorrow; he who has no private griefs will often find occasions for sadness in the afflictions and wrongs of others. The most holy and innocent being that ever assumed our nature was “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” And those who would be partakers of his glory must first drink of the cup of his sufferings. As his sufferings were various—social, physical, mental and spiritual,—so those who are brought into “the fellowship of his sufferings,” will be made to feel, in a measure, the weight of his various sorrows.

To learn to suffer according to the will of God, and patiently endure to the end of the trial, implies no small attainment. When the soul is cast down, and in heaviness through manifold temptations, it is a hard matter to appear cheerful. Even our Saviour under such a burden would “groan in spirit.” These seasons of Satan’s power, these hours of darkness, when the anguish of the soul is plainly depicted in the countenance, often puzzle those who are the subjects of them and their friends. The friends of Job supposed that some secret sin, known only to God, was the cause of all his sorrow; the intimate friends of Jesus, either united with his enemies, or fled, and left him alone during his great trial. Christians need not wonder, then, if they should be treated in a similar manner in times of great mental trial. Perhaps without this, the purifying fire would not be sufficiently hot to separate the dross from their hearts. But the soul is sometimes greatly perplexed to understand its own case during such seasons. Some who have been Christians a long time, like Job, are conscious of their integrity in the general; having no recollection of any grievous fall or act of sin that requires such chastening, their faith is seriously tried; they lose confidence in their own piety, as well as that of others, and often feel

that they are forsaken of God and man. This is a period of eminent danger to the soul. No common degree of faith will sustain it now. It has nothing now on which to lean for support; the world, the church, its nearest friends, and even its own piety, seem to fail. It is shut up to the support of faith in the Eternal. And if that faith fail, which is often wavering at such a time,—then is the heart desolate indeed. But if the soul hold fast the beginning of its confidence unto the end, a glorious triumph must be the result.

But aside from this increase of grace, these seasons of suffering are of great use to the Christian. All sunshine and no clouds in the natural world would soon parch the earth and destroy vegetation; so spiritually, the soul needs a change of weather. How can we sympathise in the grief of others if we have never tasted sorrow ourselves. Those who know no adversity are too apt to want charity and sympathy for the suffering millions of earth. Uninterrupted prosperity tends to harden and exalt the heart. Then why should we complain of the chastenings of our heavenly Father? He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; it is for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness. God never causes nor permits his children to suffer, only when some greater good, to themselves and others, is gained by it. Remember this, my soul, in thy seasons of sadness and mental anguish. Acknowledge the presence of Divine Love in every affliction. Kiss his chastening rod, which never smites but in love. Let thy faith take a firmer hold upon the divine perfections; entertain not a single doubt of the love of thy Saviour; throw thyself with all thy sorrows upon his promises; draw near to him in the boldness of faith, and take the place of the beloved disciple. There is room enough for thee without excluding John. Now rest thy weary head. See, he smiles! He whispers *peace* to thy anguished heart! Ah! where is thy season of sadness now? Why didst thou ever for a moment doubt? why one complaining thought, if sorrows were

only to bring thee to the bosom of thy Saviour? Dear Lord, pardon the weakness of thy servant, and henceforth grant him strength never more to grieve thee, nor dishonor thy blessed cause.

TO THE FALLEN.

SHOULD one who has fallen, chance to read this page, we would speak to him of his much abused Lord; and yet our words shall be kind. See what you have done. How great is your sin! Look back to other days. Call to mind the goodness of God. Behold yourself now! How sad.—But what then? Are you overwhelmed?—filled with shame and sorrow? It is well. Will you return? Will you come back to the arms of your slighted Saviour? Do you say, how can I?—there is no mercy. Say not so. There is mercy, if you have a heart to seek it. Come as first you came. The Saviour can still save, his blood will still be efficacious. You need to commence again at the beginning; to relay the foundation; but do this, and all will be well. The cup is bitter, but you need to drink it; the path is thorny, but you must tread it. It may be your sorrows will be greater than before; you must suffer them.

But this one thing remember, and let it sustain you. If you will retrace your steps—if you will make the needful efforts—you may again be happy. But if your case is not that which is described above, the advice does not apply to your particular want. You have not entirely forsaken the Saviour. You are still a Christian, but you are not in the high grace of a former experience. The love of the world in an under measure, yielding to the force of some temptation, neglect of some duty, want of watchfulness, has laid waste your confidence. You have departed in some degree from God. Your thoughts, or your affections, have been given to an improper object. You have preferred your own will to the will of God in some particular. You have let in vanity or sloth, pride or

impotency, uncharitableness or selfishness. You have ceased to be entirely the Lord's; guilt ensued, and condemnation is upon you. You feel it—you are unhappy. You do not doubt your relation, but all is not right within. Humble yourself before God, confess your fault, and return. Wherein you have departed in thought, affection, volition, or deed, at once correct the wrong, and expect God to renew you again.

There may be times and circumstances when the confession to the church of your departure may be necessary. If it has been manifest, it will bring your profession into discredit, and violate your own sense of propriety should you continue the profession without an admission of your temporary departure. As soon as you return heartily to God he will return to you; but it must be a full, hearty, entire return; not a mere desire, not a temporary effort, not a declaration, not a semi-sincere and half-earnest thing.—You must come as first you came, with an entire offering, and God will accept it. If you shall find great difficulty, as perhaps you may—it is possible even more than at first, for your reproof—you must overcome as at first, not in your own strength, but in the strength of God, which will be yours by the use of the means with which you are sufficiently acquainted. Whatever be the extent of your departure, whether of long or short duration, into more grievous or less guilty backslidings; whether you have lost all, or only a part of your religious character—stop now. Go not one step further. Turn at once to your dishonored Saviour; bring back your heart, guilty as it may be, and become his again. Think not your case is hopeless. It may be deplorable—dreadful. You may have grieved the Spirit, reproached the Redeemer, insulted the Father; still if you will return there is no occasion for despair. Look before you. A moment, and it may be too late. What you do must be done now!

THE closet is the Christian's armory.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE,

OF THOMAS G. BAXTER.

ABOUT the first of November, 1863, I came to Chicago, a very wicked young man. I had been instructed in the doctrines and usages of the Covenant Church, but was without religion. I often felt the need of religion, and thought it was well for others to enjoy it; but, as for me, I had committed the unpardonable sin, and it was needless for me to seek religion. I lived in this state of mind until a revival effort was commenced in one of the Churches near by, when I began to hope there was salvation for me. I suggested to my sister—who was a member of the Baptist church, but without religion—and to a lady boarder, that if they would go to meeting, I would go with them, and go forward for prayers. It was agreed to, and we went to meeting. When the invitation was given for seekers to go forward, they went, but my courage failed, and I refused to go. The next night they persuaded me to go forward. I consented, merely to hear them pray for me; but had little thought of obtaining pardon. I had been at the altar but a short time when my conviction increased so that I felt it a relief to pray; and I began to wrestle with the Lord. My distress increased; my sins came up like mountains before me, and the worst of all, the unpardonable sin seemed to stand right between my soul and God. Urged on by my deep necessity, and encouraged by those around me, I determined to seek until I found. I continued to seek, but without relief; and the meetings finally closed, but I was not saved.

Three long weeks of earnest inquiry after God passed away before I found peace. One evening, after the close of meeting, and while passing through Court-house square, I was enabled to trust a merciful Saviour; in a moment of time I felt the peace of God all through my soul, and went on my way rejoicing in God, the rock of my salvation. I united with the Clark street church, where I supposed I would find

many helps in the divine life, but I found them all conformed to the spirit and fashion of the world. Here I remained for a year and a half, but my experience was changable as the moon. I was sometimes justified; sometimes under condemnation, and constantly realizing,

"It was worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I became convinced it was my privilege to obtain the blessing of entire holiness, and fell on my knees and promised God I would never cease till I found it. One item after another was laid on the altar, until I felt that all was given. This done, I claimed the blessing by faith, and immediately felt the assurance that it was mine; though I experienced but little joy for several days; but when it came, it was almost too much for me. I was too happy to attend to my business. This, however, soon passed away, and having no one to converse with on the subject, I concluded, because of the change in my experience, I had lost the blessing, and let go my hold on Christ.

About a week after this, I heard of a people called Free Methodists, who were represented as very fanatical on the subject of holiness, then worshipping in Kinzie Hall, and concluded, out of curiosity, to go to one of their meetings. Accordingly my sister—who was then a member of the Indiana street church—and I went. We found a plain looking hall, with seats of unplanned boards, and a congregation of about twenty persons. Brother Travis preached on the effects of full salvation, and every word went home to my heart. It proved the bread of life to my soul; for that evening on my way home from Sabbath-school, I was enabled to claim the blessing again. I attended the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, but was much tried with the noise, though I liked the spirit of the meeting. I also attended the Friday evening meeting, and resolved if there was more for me I would have it. I began to call upon the Lord, and he filled me with himself. Glory to his name! I then became lost to everything but God; noth-

ing tried me, and I felt the pilgrims were the people of my choice; and joined them the first opportunity. The next time brother Travis preached, my sister, of whom I have spoken, obtained salvation, and we are running up the shining way; and it grows brighter and brighter. *Glory to God in the highest!*

Elgin, Ills.

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

WE know that in the mingled scenes of dissipation, are many amiable persons, whom nothing but the tyranny of fashion could have driven thither. But let us suppose an unprejudiced spectator, who had been taught the theory of all the religions on the globe, brought hither from the other hemisphere. Set him down in the politest part of our capitol, and let him determine, if he can, except what he shall see interwoven in the texture of our laws, and kept up in the service of our churches, to what particular religion we belong.

How would the petrified inquirer be astonished if he were told that all these belonged to a religion, meek, spiritual and self-denying; of which poverty of spirit, a renewed mind, and non-conformity to the world were specific distinctions.

When he saw the sons of wealthy men, scarcely old enough to be sent to school, admitted to be spectators of the most turbulent and unnatural diversions; and almost infant daughters carried, with most unthrifty anticipation, to the frequent and late protracted ball; would he believe that we were of a religion which has required from these very parents a solemn vow that these children should be bred up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord"?

When he beheld the nightly offerings made to the demon of play, on whose cruel altar the fortune and happiness of wives and children are offered up without remorse; would he not conclude that we were of some of those barbarous religions which offer unnatural sacrifices, and whose horrid deities are

appeased with nothing less than human victims? If anything could add to his astonishment, it would be to observe in some more private temples of this demon, that the fair sacrifice is often a voluntary one, self-offered, and at once both priestess and victim.

But as this is really a Christian country, professing to enjoy the purest faith in the purest form, it cannot be unreasonable to go a little farther and enquire whether Christianity, however firmly established, and generally professed in it, is really practiced by that order of fashionable persons, who, while they are absorbed in the delights of the world, still arrogate to themselves the honorable name of Christians, and occasionally testify their claim to the high character, by a general profession of their belief in the Scriptures, and a decent compliance with the forms of religion.

This inquiry must be made, not by a comparison with the state of Christianity in any other countries, nor from any notions drawn from custom, decency, or any other human standard; but from a Scripture view of what *real* religion is; from those striking and comprehensive representations of it which may be found condensed in so many single passages of the sacred writings.

Whoever then looks into the book of God, and observes its prevailing spirit, and then looks into that part of the world under consideration, will not surely be thought very censorious if he pronounces that the conformity between them does not appear. Will he discover that the Christian religion is so much as pretended to be made the *rule of life*, even by that decent order, who profess not to have discarded it as an object of faith? Do even the more regular, who neglect not public observances, consider Christianity as the *measure of their actions*? Do even those whom the world calls religious, employ their time, abilities, and their fortune, as talents for which they are accountable? Do they in general seem to consider the peculiar doctrines of the gospel as anything more than a form

of words, proper, indeed, to be believed, but by no means to be adopted as a governing principle of action.

"*Be not conformed to the world,*" is a leading principle in the book they acknowledge as their guide. But after assenting to this as a doctrinal truth, at church, how absurd would they think any one who should urge them to adopt it in their practice! Perhaps the whole law of God does not exhibit a single precept more expressly, more steadily, and more uniformly rejected. If it means anything it can hardly be consistent with that mode of life which is distinguished by the appellation of "fashion."—*Mrs. Hannah More.*

PRIVILEGE TO WIN SOULS.

BY MRS. E. SMITH.

ARE we, who have fled for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel, doing what is our privilege to do in winning souls to Christ? Does not the Holy Spirit often bring this question home to hearts that draw back from careful self-examination here? Oh, it is a solemn question! God help us! We must meet it in the day when the books are opened. Why shrink from it now? Perhaps the Spirit carries us back to the hour when, bowed by the weight and guilt of sin, we first came to Jesus with strong crying and tears. We remember how his arms of infinite compassion were laid around us, and our weary helpless souls found shelter in him. Let our thoughts revert to that solemn hour. How does earth dwindle! What very trifles are all its pleasures, honors, riches, when that hour is lived over again! *Born from above!* Does not the very thought thrill us yet with something of the rapture of that hour? To us the cross with all its shame, with all its grace was given; and after the blessed deliverance there wrought for us, we felt it would be a privilege indeed to persuade all we met to come to Him who had taken our feet from the horrible pit, and put a new song in to our mouths, even praise to God. Of

course we are speaking to those who have *really* passed from death unto life. For the scores and hundreds whose names stand fair on church records to-day—that have nevertheless failed to come to Christ's terms,—and as yet know nothing of his great salvation, other truths are needed. They can have no part or lot in this matter.—How could they win souls for Jesus who have never yet consented to deny themselves and take up the cross?

Oh, should it ever seem an irksome task, to which we have to drag ourselves with difficulty, to speak for the precious Jesus, who has snatched us as from ruin's brink, and exalted us to be kings and priests unto God? Surely, God would have us feel it to be not a task, but a delightful privilege.

If with any of us there is a disposition to speak of personal effort for the salvation of others, as a duty binding upon us, it is admitted, but felt to be rather a task than a delight, will it not be well to bring our hearts and lay them open to the light of the blessed Spirit? He will lift us up from this place. Our efforts, if performed in this manner, may help to keep us from falling under condemnation, but must fail of accomplishing any great good for the souls we would reach. We talk of duty! duty! as if it were something of a painful effort to invite the friends we love, some who are near and dear to us as life itself, to seek refuge in the open arms of our Redeemer. Upon any other subject, and where merely worldly interests are involved, we would blush to advocate a cause we wished to advance, as we do this of personal religion. Talk of its being a *great cross* to say anything to unsaved souls about their danger and its remedy. We know

"The pit its mouth has opened wide
To swallow up its careless prey."

And we feel and know that a brother beloved, a dear child for whom we could sacrifice life itself, or a husband whose every interest is dear to us as our own, and interwoven with every fiber of our being, *has but to die, to drop*

into everlasting burnings! We see them careless, insensible. Sin has so benumbed their faculties that they fail to realize their danger. We are distressed and alarmed for them, but still speak of it as a *cross* to approach them upon the subject that ought with us to be all absorbing.

We think and say such a one is gay or worldly, another light and trifling; this one is so vacillating, the other so stolid and insensible, the truth of God as presented by us could have no power to arrest them, and we are surprised if our words are instrumental in their salvation—more surprised than if they turn coldly away. Have we forgotten the time when to those around us we too were gay triflers?—indifferent to those great truths in all outward seeming as are these? Yet in our hours of solitude, and at midnight our cry went up, "Oh for some one to take me by the hand and lead me! Oh, for some arm to lean upon in this desert world!" How often even, among the multitude, we were constrained to cry out in unutterable agony and bitterness of soul, the voiceless cry that lodged before the throne! Are the longings and yearnings of the past all forgotten? God listened to us, and gave us those who pointed us to Calvary, and led our weary feet to rest and peace! Why can we not realize that those around us who have not found Jesus are subject to the same soul-hunger?

Earth, at the very best, is but ashes and bitterness to human souls. And yet we would wrap the mantle of our Christian profession about us, and seem almost content to journey heavenward alone. As Christians we fail to apprehend the beauty and grandeur, the completeness and symmetry of the gospel plan of salvation. Oh, the scope and breadth, the *perfect adaptation* of the great salvation purchased for us by the precious blood of Jesus! Shall we ever begin to fathom it? With souls famishing around us for this blessed Bread of life, groping in thickest night, and the heavenly light all around them! *dead* in trespasses and sins! and yet the light, and life, and joy, ready to be

poured upon their souls in richest streams of mercy and love. Let us not keep silent. If we do the very stones will find a voice and cry out.

Is there any reason why, timid and irresolute, we should seem to beg pardon for our temerity when we say a word to some unmoved soul about the solemn realities of death, the judgment, and life everlasting? Why should our inner life be so carefully locked within our own breasts, or, at the most, revealed only in some of its phases to those of like aims and experiences? Why should it be so much like a fungus or unnatural growth? Oh, if it might be different with us, might we not look for different results? If our religious life was the all pervading, all controlling power it might be; all God designs it to be, a living principle from which would radiate such loving, kindly sympathies, such diffusive charities, such tender appeals, they *must* result in winning others to go with us. We want first to be fully imbued, saturated,—every nerve and tissue of our spiritual being, with the loving, gentle mind of Christ. Then let the heart-warm utterances come. Not in set studied phrases, but genuine, simple, heart-felt, ready to seize every opportunity to encourage, and persuade. Our words of loving entreaty, and invitation, could not fall powerless. Like the gentle dew and the summer rain we should see the fruit of our loving toil. Let us not conceal our real deep interest in those around us from those for whom we pray. If our closets witness our tears and pleadings for those out of Christ; and we feel our hearts full to bursting when they come among us, why should there be such stiffness and precision when we speak with them? We do not want any morbid, sickly *sentimentality*. No *feigned tears*. But the real deep love and compassion that sends us out after souls, and reaches them. God wants to give it to us. We are living beneath our privilege without it, and blood guiltiness is upon us. Our faith and our graces, though plants of heavenly growth, when implanted in believing souls, God designs

should reach the full maturity of their native soil. Though exotic plants they need no hot house culture. Out in the world where our lot is cast, in just the circumstances where God in his good providence has placed us, we may expect the bud, blossom, and fruitage.

Away with all this talk of the chilling adverse influences around us. God knows all about it, and has he not said, "My grace is sufficient." "All things work together for good, etc." If our faith and love, patience, and courage, are nipped and chilled by these blasts of earth, it is because we do not *stand out in the storm*, bravely, nobly doing all our hands find to do, and doing with our might. What does it matter that in the heavenly land blight and blasting may not come? If we set our hearts to do, and be, just what God would have us to, his blessed love, like the warm sunshine, would so cheer our souls that earth should help to mature our graces as heaven could not. God wants our friends to see how he can save and keep, even in this world of sin. We want courage, faith, and humility here. Here is where they are called into exercise. If I fail of them here, my friends may be lost eternally as the result. If I finally gain heaven, and yet for a want of faithfulness here, souls are lost, my enjoyment of its blessedness, it would seem, must be diminished. Let us resolve to give ourselves up to God, to live, and think, and *speak* for him.

New York.

It is not capital—it is the grog-shop, the beer saloon, the billiard saloon, the cigar store, the gambling den, the sink of pollution, whence encroachments on "the industrial classes" are most to be apprehended, and that need to be crushed. If the laboring classes in general, but especially the young men, could be kept out of these dens of iniquity and induced to save their earnings they might very soon be independent of capital.

Trust not in the delusion that lurks in the word *to-morrow*.

VITAL RELIGION.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the error that has crept into the churches of Christendom, vital religion does yet exist. And it exists as a blessed reality. It needs no better proof than the exact coincidence of judgment, taste, principles, and habits which prevail among those who have felt its power. Men in the wilds of the new country, in the crowded city, those who lived under the Jewish economy, and multitudes under the Christian dispensation now, have all spoken in spite of their peculiarities, one common language of the heart, respecting God and Christ, sin and holiness. Of those who have felt its power their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows have been the same. Look at an example. For eighteen hundred years Christians have thought, sung, and prayed with David, who reigned about three thousand years ago. How happens it that they have had scarcely a sentiment, a wish, or a feeling which he has not anticipated? Will it be ascribed to *chance*? How does it happen that persons so distant in time and place, in speculative theories of religion, and in outward modes of worship from each other, should, notwithstanding, so exactly harmonize? Can fancy, enthusiasm, or imagination, explain it? Ah, no!

Had you lived at the day of Pentecost, and heard the first disciples speaking to men of every nation under heaven in the language wherein they were born, you would have owned the reality of their pretensions, and confessed it a miracle. Behold then the counterpart of this miracle; equally astonishing and unaccountable upon any natural principle! All the difference is, that in *that* case *one person* spake many languages—in *this*, *many persons* of every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people, whither the gospel hath come, speak *one* language.—*Wm. H. Spencer.*

A man may be a worshipper of the true God, and yet not a true worshipper of God.

HOW KNOX AND LUTHER PRAYED.

DURING the troublous times in Scotland, when the popish court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril, late on a certain night the vigilant and unwearied John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an inclosure in the rear of it. He was followed by a friend, when, after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deeped into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven: "O, Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth, "O, Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when, with a yet intenser pathos, the thrice repeated intercession struggled forth, "O, Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and Cardinal Beaton—a land and a church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown, even unto this day. How could it be otherwise?

So Luther, when Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none, this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne: "O, God, Almighty God, everlasting, how dreadful is this world! Behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of the world all this is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone, forth. O, God! O, Thou, my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The cause is Thine. I have no business here. The cause is Thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. O, Lord, help me! O, faithful and unchangeable God, dost Thou not hear? My God, art Thou no longer living? Nay, Thou canst not die. Thou dost not hide Thyself.—Thou has chosen me for this work. I

know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish Thine own will. Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defense, my buckler, and my stronghold."

But he had not done. Once more the tide of emotion and importunity burst forth: "Lord, where art Thou? Come I pray Thee; I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth; for the cause is holy; it is Thine own. I will not let Thee go; no, nor yet for all eternity. My soul is thine; yes, I have thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to Thee forever. Amen! O God, send help! Amen!"

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto, is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words. Such sacred earnestness and familiarity never offends, but delights the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through him is the God of all grace and consolation.—*Congregationalist*.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY ORPHA PELTON.

At the age of eleven years I sought and found forgiveness of my sins. I led a praying life; I loved to read my Bible too; but I was not a very happy Christian, because I did not understand the simple way of faith. I united with the M. E. Church, and for years my experience was vacillating. I always had a longing desire to come out from the world and be separate; to be a whole-hearted Christian, but did not, because I feared the face of clay. I wanted to please the creature as well as my Creator. But for praying friends who cared for my soul, I fear I never should have found the rest for which I sighed. During the winter of my seventeenth year I was attending school in Perry. Near the close of the term I commenced attending a protracted meeting held at the Free Methodist Church. The second night I went, my heart melted down before the Lord. I was three weeks giving my all to him. The conflict was severe, but grace tri-

umphed. I well remember the joy that filled my soul when I arose and testified of what the Lord had done for me. I felt that I had been crossing a deep, dark, unfathomable gulf, that I had at last landed safely, and Jesus took my hand and led me into green pastures. My God was reconciled. But, oh, I found it one thing to promise the Lord in a little prayer circle, composed of the "little and unknown," that I would do thus and so, and quite another thing to go out into the frowning world and do it.

New light commenced to shine upon my pathway. I saw the way exceedingly narrow. I had given up worldly amusements, parties of pleasure, etc., and articles of dress; but when the Spirit showed me I must be entirely plain in my dress, that I must give up my little things, I thought I could go no farther; just as thousands of others have. But the command has gone out, and he, who cannot lie, has said, "who-soever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath *he cannot be my disciple*." God requires the undivided heart. I felt too timid to take the position the Lord required of me. I looked about me. There was not one of my associates that would think as I did. If I went on, I must go alone. The lone way was not my choice, still I felt that I would sooner die than go back. Sooner die than go forward. The conflict was so fierce that my mind and nerves soon became prostrated, and I, fearful, unbelieving and sensitive, thought I could not, and finally would not yield; and the gentle Spirit left me, and darkness dense and black settled over me.

Had I walked in the light it would have been but a few days after my conversion before I should have experienced that perfect love which casteth out all fear. The grief I experienced for several weeks was intense. I looked upon the world. I did not love, or want it; but, after a few months, I returned to it, and became a fun loving, worldly girl. I thought I did not care how much I had to suffer in this life, or how much affliction the Lord led me through, I never would seek his face

again; for I firmly believed I never could get, keep, or enjoy religion. I was like a wilful child that means to bear any punishment sooner than yield and obey its teacher.

But when, two years later, the Lord called a dear brother and sister, very near together, from our heretofore happy and unbroken family, the deep of my heart was all broken up, and I saw—oh, how clearly—how much I would need clean hands, and a pure heart, to struggle in the stream of death. These I knew I must have if I would meet them in heaven. I believe the Spirit called me for the last time. I said, "Lord, I will be thine," and with his help I dethroned every idol, both small and great. I walked in every ray of light, bore every cross, and after about three weeks, Jesus blessed me. I immediately commenced seeking purity of heart. I could not see but that my consecration was complete. I hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and did not see why I could not be filled; but now I see. I wept, I prayed, I agonized, but seemingly it was of no avail. The nearer I tried to get to God, the farther I thought I was slipping away from him. As soon as I began to see the corruption in my heart, I looked away from Christ to self, became discouraged, dropped my oars, and was carried down the yawning whirlpool of despair, and there for five long months,

"—hell thrown wide,

Poured all its flames upon my head."

I shall never find words to describe or express the agony of soul I endured,—agony so intense that many times reason was almost entirely dethroned. My sins from infancy up tormented me beyond description. I had not strength of mind and body to resist temptation, but believed all the lies that Satan told me; and they were not a few. There was no love or affection in my heart for anything. My health gave way. I wanted to die. I sought death in every way I dared to; for I wanted to know the worst: but God did not suffer me to find it. No, he watched over me tenderly while he led me through

tribulation *deep*. The plan of salvation looked strange and mysterious to me. Sometimes I would weep long and bitterly over my sins, and my friends would tell me to pray. "No," I would say, "I am lost!" and it is just; it is right. But, oh! I would think, how can I burn throughout eternity, while my friends are praising God in heaven? And it will not lessen their enjoyment because I am not there. How that thought tormented me. I believe I suffered as much like a lost spirit as I was capable of suffering in this life. When I did not so fully realize my lost condition, then I was willful and unreconciled to the will of God in all things. I thought I could die easier than give up my will. O, what hard thoughts I cherished against my Creator.

Thus I lived and suffered till just after the Burke-Hill camp-meeting. In the order of Providence I went to visit a sister. I found brother Pomeroy there. I felt that it was Providential. He conversed with me, and for the first time the clouds broke above me; I caught a ray of light, and then they closed again, but not to leave it quite so dark about me as before. The next evening, while conversing with sister L—, (who was there,) I gave up my will in all things. It seemed as if something sank within me when I did it. I gave up my will, my reputation, my *all*. I felt that I was nothing but a *worm*, and was willing to be trampled under the feet of the church and the world. Still I never expected to be happy, or enjoy religion again.

Two hours later, a short time before retiring, the whole of my burden was removed. I hardly knew what was happening, but I felt such a *freedom*, and broke out, telling my friends what I was willing to do and be. At first I would not believe I had the blessing of holiness, but the Lord soon convinced me that it was even so. O, the unspeakable joy that soon filled my soul. Soul and body did his glorious image bear. So sweet a frame of mind, so glorious, so happy! such *rest*—such a harbor! I saw the depth of the fall. O, what a salvation! There was joy

that night both on earth and in heaven. I felt that I was redeemed—*redeemed* from the horrors of eternal death; redeemed from the power of sin and Satan. I was brought forth as gold purified seven times, to be used to his praise and glory. It seemed to me I had always been looking down and never noticing anything but things as worthless as the straws and sticks of earth; that I had never looked up before to see that there was sun, moon, and stars above me, and bright sunshine and beautiful landscapes about me. Ah, I was dead to sin, and my life hid with Christ in God. Amen. So let it ever be. I was so weak I could scarcely walk the floor. As soon as I was able I returned home, told the glad story to all, those that could not understand the language of Canaan as well as those that could. Ever since the twenty-second of last June, I have been able to say,

"O, love! thou bottomless abyss,

My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness,

Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood through earth and
skies,

Mercy free, boundless mercy cries."

I have at last learned to be just like a little simple child; to believe God, praise him, be joyful in him, and to leave states and frames and feelings to him, and *trust* and *obey* and *rest*.—"Knowledge through suffering entereth." Glory to Jesus! He blesses me while I write. O, I praise him that there is a great chasm between me and the world, and it grows wider, and wider all the time, while I can ever say,

"My home, henceforth, is in the skies;

Earth, sea, and sun, adieu;

All heaven's open to my eyes,

I have no sight for you.

HOLINESS is one of the most glorious attributes of the Divine character, and has been through eternal ages past, and will be for infinite cycles to come, a fundamental principle of God's government.

DANGER OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Nor forsaking that secular course his parents had charged him to pursue, Alpius had gone before me to Rome, to study law, and there he was carried away incredibly with an astonishing eagerness after the shows of gladiators. For, being utterly averse to, and detesting such spectacles, he was one day by chance met by divers of his acquaintances and fellow-students coming from dinner, and they, with a familiar voice, hailed him, vehemently refusing and resisting, into the amphitheater, during these cruel and deadly shows, he thus protesting: "Though you haul my body to that place, and there set me, can you also force me to turn my eyes or mind to those shows? I shall then be absent while present, and so shall overcome both you and them." They hearing this, led him on nevertheless, desirous, perchance, to try that very thing, whether he could do as he said. When they were come thither, and had taken their places as they could, the whole place kindled with that savage pastime. But he, closing the passages of his eyes, forbade his mind to range abroad after such evils; and would he had stopped his ears also! For in the fight, when one fell, a mighty cry of the whole people striking him strongly, overcome by curiosity, and as if prepared to despise and be superior to it, whatsoever it were, even when seen, he opened his eyes, and was stricken with a deeper wound in his soul, than the gladiator, whom he desired to behold, was in his body; and he felt more miserably than he upon whose fall that mighty noise was raised, which entered through his ears and unlocked his eyes, to make way for the striking and beating and beating down of a soul, in that it had presumed on itself, which ought to have relied on Thee. For so soon as he saw that blood, he drunk down savageness, nor turned away, but fixed his eye, drinking in frenzy unawares, and was delighted with that guilty fight, and intoxicated with that bloody pastime. Nor was he now the man he came, but one of the throng he came

unto, yea a true associate of theirs that brought him thither. Why say more? He beheld, shouted, kindled, carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return not only with them who first drew him thither, but also before them, yea, and draw in others. Yet thence didst Thou with a most strong and merciful hand pluck him, and taughtest him to have confidence not in himself, but in Thee. But this was afterward.—*St. Augustine.*

EXPERIENCE,

OF JOHN PLUES.

FEBRUARY, 1863, brother Henry Jones came to my neighborhood to hold a meeting. After about two weeks I attended. I had urged my wife to go forward, but she refused, saying she should not attempt it again. The third night I attended, my wife went forward, and I was offended about it. I had made up my mind to seek religion if I experienced such feelings as I had formerly had on such occasions. But I rebelled as soon as my wife made a move. The next day they had a prayer meeting at my house, and the next evening I went to meeting again. Bro. Hart preached that evening, and I was much pleased with the sermon. They invited the anxious forward, and commenced singing. I was particularly affected. The prayer-meeting opened, I stepped forward to get my little girl, and was taken trembling in such a manner that I was scarcely able to regain the back part of the school house. I went home that evening very much disturbed both in mind and body. As we sat around the fire before going to bed, my wife spoke to me and said she wanted me to forgive her for all the little past offenses that had been between us. But I utterly refused to do it. Then she asked me to allow her to have family prayers before we went to bed; and I refused that also. We retired for the night, but I could not go to sleep. As my past life rolled up before me in the stillness of the

night, the thought occurred to me that I had not done right in refusing to forgive my wife when she asked me to do it. Accordingly I made that wrong right; and, in doing that, my heart softened a little—but still I could not go to sleep.

As I rolled from one side of the bed to the other, by some way I found myself pleading with God; and I asked my wife if I could be forgiven, and she said *yes*. But still I could not find sleep. I plead and wrestled all night with God; and, with a little encouragement from my wife, I made up my mind to seek God with my whole heart till I found him. I finally told my wife I wanted her to go after brother Jones and Hart in the morning as soon as daylight, and bring neighbor Galloway with them, for there was an old trouble between me and him that I wanted settled up, and it must be.

Early in the morning my wife went after them, and when they came in I was glad to see them. I took neighbor Galloway by the hand, and told him to forgive me, for I was going to have religion; and then I asked them to pray with me. I then kneeled down for the first time in a great many years. I cannot tell you what passed, or what was done; but the first thing I know I raised up and opened my eyes, and my brethren were round me, and my great burden had rolled off from me, and I felt clear in my soul, that God for Christ's sake had forgiven my sins. That pressure had left me, and from that time to this, for two years, I have felt clear in my soul.

I told them I wanted to go and see some of my neighbors. We started, fifteen of us, to work in God's vineyard; but when I came to go out doors I could not bear the light of day.—With brothers Hart and Jones on each side of me, we walked to our neighbors, singing and praying all the forenoon.

That afternoon I went to prayer-meeting, and I have been working for God ever since, and God has been with me. To-day I feel that I am a sanctified child of God, and my feet are in the highway of holiness. God is teach-

ing me and leading me as never before; and I am looking to him continually for this great, and free, and full salvation to rest upon my soul. I know when I passed from death unto life. Salvation to my God, and everlasting praise to his holy name. Where shall I my praise begin? I can sing in the Spirit to-day. Praise to God, my home is on high! The angels sing, and so will I.

Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O, that's the land for me.

This world is not my home,
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home!

Raisinville, Mich.

THE LOVE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

FURNISHED BY A. A. PHELPS.

WE are indebted to history for the following touching instance of human friendship, which may faintly illustrate the stupendous love of the world's Redeemer:

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius, of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he begged permission in the interview to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon, but instantly offered himself as security for his friend, and his offer was accepted. Damon was allowed to go.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there, exalted on a moving throne which was drawn by six white horses. He sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and after beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a placid countenance and thus ad-

dressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard; the gods are propitious.—You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary until yesterday. Damon could not come—he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh! could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. My friend will be found noble. He is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I haste to prevent his speed. Executioner, do thine office." As he pronounced the last words a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard; the crowd caught the words, and "Stop the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way at his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, and on the scaffold, with Pythias clasped in his arms. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe!" Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents: "Fatal haste—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favor? But I will not be wholly disappointed;—since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all this with astonishment. His heart was touched. He wept; and leaving his throne he ascended the scaffold.—"*Live, live, ye incomparable pair!*" cried he, "and form me by your precept, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

Perhaps this is as far as human friendship can go. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends . . . But God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, he laid down his life for us." We were ruined by sin, and led captive at his will. We were condemned—on the scaffold of

execution—at the point of death. But his eye saw us; his heart pitied us; and his arm brought salvation for us! His mercy flew from heaven to earth to the brink of hell, and cried to insulted justice: "*Stop, stop, the execution!*" Deliver him from the pit! I have found a ransom!" He clasped the sinner in his arms, and said, "You are safe! safe!! SAFE!!" He wrapped his foes in his bosom, and plucked his enemies from the fire. Here is friendship divine—matchless mercy—overflowing love! Can we ever forget it? Shall we ever slight it?

JOKING MINISTERS.

You speak of wit and humor, of jokes and anecdotes among ministers. Alas! I cannot dwell here. If there be not a speedy end to them, the church is marred if not *undone*. I can only say, keep away from these joking ministers, or get them converted to God.

Swearing and joking are somewhat different, and the former is reputed more profane; but as to religion, after much experience and observation, I have no doubt that they are equally sure to kill religion out of their souls, make the heart, so far as spiritual graces are concerned, a desert waste. A friend suggests a thought, namely: "When I was young, Methodist ministers were so solemn in all their words and actions, that sinners trembled in their presence. But now the most worldly and wicked can meet some of our preachers and play off their jokes on them, as if sure of being received in the spirit of 'Hail fellow, well met.'"

Is it not too true? O, my brother, let us *die* rather than contribute one syllable or glance to perpetuate those practices, which are breaking Zion with breach upon breach, and threaten her with a fearful overthrow! Let us watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation.—*Bishop Hamline.*

MEN had rather hear of Christ crucified for them, than be crucified for Christ.

CHRIST SUPERHUMAN.

BY REV. T. S. LA DUE.

LET us look at a few peculiarities, out of many, wherein Christ's mission differs from any of a merely human character, and affords proof that He is superhuman.

His mission includes the *whole world*. He commanded, "Go ye into all the world.—The field is the world." An eminent scholar has shown, that no founder ever proposed, before or since, such an undertaking, but in every instance, except those under Christian influence which are only developments of Christ's scheme, their plans have been more or less limited.

Again, His mission *includes all time*, "For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." A prediction of the perpetuity through all time of the chief institution of the Gospel.

Mark, Christ inaugurated this enterprise so boundless, under circumstances more adverse to its success than those which have opposed the purposes of any other great leader, who aimed at an end more possible in human estimation. We mention first among these, that He sprang from parents who occupied a low walk in life, "Is not this the carpenter's son"? And He was Himself a carpenter, poor, humble and despised by the supercilious aristocracy; moreover he was *uneducated*. "And the Jews marvelled, saying: How knoweth this man letters having never learned?" Yet the officers, sent by the chief priests and pharisees, returned confounded, saying, "Never man spake like this man!" But He, who, when twelve years old, "astonished all who heard Him by His understanding and answers," including even the doctors of the law, was more than a mere man.

Now, this *uneducated plebeian* founds a Kingdom, which, for extent and duration, eclipses the dominion of the Cæsars; for originality, simplicity and wisdom makes the imaginary model republic of Plato, the greatest merely human philosopher perhaps that ever lived, with

all its philosophic ingenuity and splendor, dissolve into the vapors of a dream;—which in vitality has survived the desolation of the firmest empires, and the combined assaults of earth and hell;—and in aggressive and assimilative force is surely moving on to fill the whole earth. Could such a founder of such an empire be a mere man?

Again: The Founder of a Kingdom, so generous in its embrace, was a Jew, one of a nation notorious for bigotry and exclusiveness, who look upon the rest of mankind as Gentile outcasts. But this Jew, of low life and unlearned though He was, among which class bigotry is the strongest, brushed aside without an effort the cobwebs of national exclusiveness, and says to His ministers, "Go ye into all the world." And we must bear in mind that this Jew was beset with temptations to confine His efforts to His own nation, more powerful than any that have tried any other being. Even infidels do homage to the transcendent wisdom of Christ and His influence over the mind, and if He had chosen He could by the exercise of these have led on His nation to the conquest of the earth, and He who was King of the Jews, and of the world in a moral sense, might have become so in a temporal sense, and then, instead of a crown of thorns, would have been placed upon His brow a diadem of earthly glory, outshining all others. What mere man would not have yielded to these temptations, and thought too that he was doing right?

Again: Christ, unlike any mere earthly founder, voluntarily selected the *poor* as the especial objects of His regard. His parents were poor, His prime ministers were fishermen, the chief one of whom seems to have been too poor to pay a little tax, and His Lord sent him to fish with hook and line out of the sea. He mingled with the poor, ate with them, and performed miracles for them more than for the rich and great. He said with significant emphasis, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." He might have sat on the highest seat, first among the powerful, but He passed them by, unlike any

mere man; because He knew that, as a class, they are lovers of gold and place more than of God; and because He could in this way most effectually teach the great lesson of human equality; and also, that only the poor in spirit are heirs of that Kingdom which is above all others; and he could give an example of condescension and love, which shall teach and encourage the hearts of the poor through all ages, and by being an exhibition of the noblest magnanimity the world has ever seen, or that can be conceived of, draw admiration and adoration from all truly generous minds of whatever station. Another reason why this unlearned carpenter pursued such a course is, because He was eighteen centuries in advance of His age to perceive and practice the radical principle just beginning to be felt in this day, that the elevation of the race can be secured only through the elevation of the lower classes. That man is a wonder who is a quarter of a century in advance of his times, but Jesus was in this one thing eighteen centuries in advance of His times. But He is not merely a man.

Again: The mission of the despised Nazarene was contrary to all the religions of that age, and thus assailed the most inveterate prejudices of the human heart, for of nothing is man more jealous than of his religion. It was contrary to the Jewish religion, choked with vain show, and rooted into the very life of the Jews by the practice of time immemorial;—Rome, the mistress of the world, had her gorgeous temples and idol worship;—renowned philosophers had proclaimed religions of reason and of the beautiful and the good, but He who was “unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness,” stood before and against them all, and with a moral heroism and grandeur, beside which that of Paul before Areopagus and Luther before Antichrist, is not to be named, said, “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.” Indeed, the term heroism seems out of place here, as applicable only to mere man, authority would seem a better term; for surely Jesus was not a mere man. And the

Religion of Christ is opposed not only to the religions of that and of every age, but as a single exception to all others, it is *opposed to the depraved heart*. The sword and torture may *terrify* multitudes into embracing a false religion, and licentious allurements, and merit ascribed to works may *entice* them to embrace it, but all the armies that ever drew sword, and all the inventions of men would be utterly powerless to conquer a soul. Christ wages a contest with the world of souls, and all shall be overcome, the willing by grace, the unwilling by eternal vengeance. And these mighty victories are to be attained by *moral* means. What a contrast in this respect between them and others. The great leaders of profane history marshal their hundreds of thousands of warriors and go forth to conquests of blood. Look, on the one hand, battalions bristling with death, on the other are a humble carpenter and a few unlettered followers. The one goes to devastate a small portion of the earth, and erect a transient empire. The other takes the world for His field, and establishes a Kingdom that shall never end. Can human history furnish a parallel? But Christ belongs not merely to human history.

Christ commenced and pursued this wonderful undertaking, and predicted its success as calmly and confidently as though it were already realized. His life presents two characteristics rarely combined in man, and never as in Him. These are untiring activity strangely connected with repose. He never seemed excited, except when the unutterable agony wrung the bloody sweat from His brow, and the *lama sabachthani* from His lips. And even then there was a majestic quietness about His sufferings. When some great leader would effect his revolutions, how he fumes; but Christ moved in the midst of the most marvellous teachings and the mightiest miracles,

“Like the sun fulfilling his God-given heat,
Never in haste, never at rest.”

Look at the sun, upholding the worlds, pouring down his crystal flood upon those who can make him no return, and

without which, dark destruction would chill the planets, with his millions of golden chords drawing up oceans of water to the sky, and holding them there in the hollow of His hand. How vast His works, and how sublime, and yet how still. Christ is the Sun of Righteousness. Surely, such a Being can be none other than God-Man. "O, Glorious Messiah! King eternal, immortal, invisible! And does He dwell in my heart, and in the hearts of all who give Him welcome?"

"While the angel choirs are crying
 Glory to the Great I Am,
 I with them will still be vying,
 Glory, Glory, to the Lamb,
 O how precious is the sound of Jesus' name."

CHRIST ABLE TO SAVE.

BY GEORGE STOVER.

But who say ye that I am? Mark xvi: 15.

How is this question of our Lord answered by the mass of professed Christians, in their life testimony, and condition in the sight of God? And how will the world of lookers-on understand it? The wisely formal professor, in answering this question, declares to the world by life and testimony, that Jesus is not what he has styled himself to be—a Saviour from all sin, and a giver of life from spiritual death. While they profess to follow him, they deny that he gives his children to be filled with himself, thereby bringing them in possession of all the glorious benefits of adoption into the family of heaven. How often is it remarked by worldlings, "that they see no difference between Christians and themselves." This would be fearfully true if we were to accept the life and testimony of the many professing Christians as the standard of Christianity. Thus, while Jesus is the Life, the Truth, and the Way, and is no less than the Son of the living God, and is able to make a thorough change in man's moral condition in this world, removing the very seed of sin, disease, and turning nature's rapid tide, fast eb-

bing us on to ruin, and cause it to flow back to himself. Yet it is alarming to notice the multitudes within the pale of the church, who know nothing of the saving ability of Jesus. They show by their lives that they do not know what he is able to accomplish in the heart. They expect to get to heaven, but wish to let the natural heart choose its own way to get there: they know comparatively little about perfect submission to God, the only position in which God through Jesus can save them. Yet they pass before the world as specimens of God's saving power. How dreadful is the effect produced! It promotes the belief in universal salvation, and thereby sends souls to hell. The unregenerate man reasons, that if God can save a professor of religion in his sins that he will save him as well. Thus is Jesus disregarded by the world. There is great energy exercised to increase the church in numbers, while spirituality fearfully deadens and dies out. Head religion is a very cheap commodity, and the fact of its cheapness renders it worthless to the world.

But thanks be to God, there are some who are not contented with mere forms, and who raise the standard of Christianity where it belongs, "who walk in the light, have fellowship with Jesus, and his blood cleanses from all sin. "Unto them that believe he is precious." He is precious with the cross and its reproach. Glory to God, he reigns in the hearts of his people, making us heirs to an immortal crown.

How very essential it is that every one who has named the name of Christ should depart from iniquity, and in life and testimony show to the world around that there is power in Jesus to save to the uttermost. We ought to be a standing rebuke to the dead formality which is so prevalent. God will be with us, *for he says*, though all men forsake thee yet will I not forsake thee." Glory to the Lamb, I am able to say that he is to me a Saviour from all sin, he has cleansed my heart and filled it with his love. My earnest desire is to set him before the world by life and testimony at his real worth as a Saviour from all

sin according to the word. "I in them and thou in me, that they may *be one* in us. That the world may know that thou hast sent me." Lord give us to know the fellowship divine

THE APOCALYPSE.

VIEWING these Epistles then, as descriptive of the entire church, I find in them this item of fact: that the professed church, as pronounced upon by Christ himself, is a mixed society, embracing intermingles of good and evil from its beginning to the end. Whether we take the seven churches as significant of seven successive or as seven co-existing phases, they must needs reach to the end, and so depicture the entire church. And as there is not one of these Epistles in which the presence of evil is not recognized, so there can be no period in the earthly history of the church in which it is without bad admixtures. Whether the Ephesian church extends, as in some sense it must, from the apostolic era to the consummation, or whether it relates mainly to the first period alone, and the Laodicean the last, we will still have a vast deal which the Lord the Judge of the church condemns, stretching its dark image from the commencement to the close. There were fallen ones, and some whose first works have been abandoned, and some giving place to the base deeds of the Nicolaitanes, and some false ones claiming to be apostles and were not, even among the warm, patient, fervent, enduring, and faithful Ephesians. In Smyrna were faithless blasphemers, and those of Satan's synagogue, as well as faithful, suffering ones, and those whom Christ is to crown in heaven. In Pergamos were those who denied the faith, and followed the treacherous teachings of Balaam, and the doctrines of the detested Nicolaitanes, as well as those who held fast the name of Jesus, and witnessed for him unto death. In Thyatira, we find a debauching and idolatrous Jezebel and her death-worthy children, and multitudes of spiritual adulterers, as well as those whose works, and faith, and charity, and pa-

tience are noted with favor, and who had not been drawn into Satan's depths. In Sardis there was incompleteness, deadness, defalcation, need for repentance, and threatened judgment, as well as names of those who had not defiled their garments. In Philadelphia we discover "the synagogue of Satan," falsifiers, those who had settled themselves upon the earth, and such as had not kept Christ's word, as well as such as should be kept from the sifting trial, and advanced to celestial crowns. And in Laodicea there was found disgusting lukewarmness, empty profession, and base self-conceit, with Christ himself excluded.

Never, indeed, has there been a sowing of God on earth, but it has been oversown by Satan; or a growth for Christ, which the plantings of the wicked one did not mingle with and hinder. God sowed good seed in Paradise; but when it came to the harvest, the principal product was tares. At earth's first altar appeared the murderer with the saint—Cain and Abel. God had his sons before the flood; but more numerous were the children of the wicked one. And in all ages and dispensations, the plants of grace have ever found the weeds upspringing by their sides, their roots intertwining, and their stalks and leaves and fruits putting forth together. The church is not an exception, and never will be, as long as the present dispensation lasts. Even in its first and purest periods, as the Scriptural accounts attest, it was intermixed with what pertained not to it. There was a Judas among its apostles; an Ananias and a Simon Magus among its first converts; a Demas and a Diotrephes among its first public servants. And as long as it continues in this world, Christ will have his antichrist, and the temple of God its man of sin. He who sets out to find a perfect church, in which there are no unworthy elements and no disfigurements, proposes to himself a hopeless search. Go where he will, worship where he may, in any country, in any age, he will soon find tares among the wheat, sin mixing in with all earthly holiness; self-deceivers,

hypocrites and unchristians in every assembly of saints; Satan insinuating himself into every gathering of the sons of God to present themselves before the Lord. No preaching, however pure; no discipline, however strict or prudent; no watchfulness, however searching and faithful, can ever make it different. Paul told the Thessalonians that the day of the Lord should not come until there came a falling away first, and an extraordinary manifestation of sin and guilt in the church itself; and assured them that that embodied apostacy was to live and work on until the Lord himself should come and destroy it by the manifestation of his own personal presence. The Saviour himself has taught us, that in the gospel field wheat and tares are to be found; that it is forbidden to pluck up the bad, lest the good also be damaged; and that both are to "grow together until the harvest," which is the end of the economy—the winding up of the present order of things—"the end of the world."—*Dr. Seiss.*

A WORD TO THE FLOCK.—If God indulge you with extacies, and extraordinary revelations, be thankful for them, but be "not exalted above measure" by them; take care lest enthusiastic delusions mix themselves with them; and remember that your Christian perfection does not so much consist in "building a tabernacle" upon Mount Tabor, to rest and enjoy rare sights there, as in taking up the cross, and following Christ to the place of a proud Caiaphas, to the judgement hall of an unjust Pilate, and to the top of an ignominious Calvary. Ye never read in your Bibles, "Let that glory be upon you which was upon Stephen, when he said, I see heaven open, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." But ye have frequently read there, "Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus, who made himself of no reputation, took upon him the form of a servant, and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."—*Fletcher.*

THE PHILISTINES ARE UPON THEE.

BY MRS. H. A. CROUCH.

It used to be a wonder to me, when a little child, that Sampson should lose his strength, and become weak as other men, at the time his hair was cut. I knew such an effect does not follow such a cause, usually. But when I learned that Sampson was a child of promise, and peculiarly consecrated to God as a Nazarite; that God covenanted with his mother, and one of the signs of that covenant was that no razor should ever come upon his head, I could see, behind the simple act of hair-cutting, a reason why the strength and power of God should depart from him.

Broken vows! As long as he kept the vows his mother made to God for him, so long no power of earth could touch him; so long he triumphed over the enemies of the Lord.

"What shall we do to thee? They bound him with two strong cords, and brought him up from the rock, and the Philistines shouted against him. And the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jaw bone of an ass, and put forth his hand and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith."

One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.

"What shall we do to thee?" They bound him with seven green withes that were never dried, and then the alarm was given, "The Philistines are upon thee!"

No alarm to him. The strength of the Almighty is his. He breaks the withes as a thread of tow is broken when it touches the fire.

What shall we do to thee? A nation stands arrayed against one man, and yet they have not power to touch him. Love is strong as death. They will try the strength of that; and so his wife entices him. He stands against her influence for awhile, then yields. So thousands have yielded to the soft persuasions, and tearful entreaties of love, whom whole battalions of armies

could never have touched. So thousands who would have burned at the stake rather than lose the strength and love of God, for love to one ungodly person, have lost all, and become as other men.

Love lulls the strong man to sleep. Love causes the razor to pass over his head, and the vows so carefully kept by his mother, and by him until this time, are broken. Love afflicts him; (surely there must be something lacking in that love,) and love rings out the alarm, "*The Philistines are upon thee!*"

He wakes from sleep. His strength is gone, but he does not know it. He goes out and shakes himself as at other times; but, oh! God is not with him. The enemies of the Lord take him; put out his eyes; they triumph over him. They praise their god, Dagon.

The wicked watch the righteous, and seek to slay him. *They do.* The Bible says so. You may think yourself so amiable, so gentle, so attractive in your ways, that the world cannot but love you; but there are foes in ambush, and whether you know it or not, their eyes are upon you. Walk carefully. Keep your integrity to God.—They cannot harm you. They may say all manner of evil against you falsely, but God will keep you secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.—Psa. 31: 20. They may bind you with green withes, and bands of iron. The bands of iron are broken, and the enemies of God fall before so weak and despicable an instrument as a jaw bone of an ass. Weak, powerless, despised instruments as we are, *use us, oh, God.*

The Philistines are upon thee, Christian. They watch thy words, they watch thy deal, they watch thy bearing, they watch thy eating and thy drinking, and they watch thy dress. They are bound to speak evil of you; they are bound to find fault in some way. Of John they said, "He hath a devil," because he was abstemious, and lived on locusts and wild honey. Of Jesus, "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine bibber," because he ate as people commonly did.

They will not be satisfied any way.

Like sulky children in the market-place who will not play *dance*, because they do not feel like it; neither will they play *funeral*. Though you can scarcely hope to please them, keep your integrity to God. Let them lie in wait and even pounce upon you, you are more than conqueror through him who hath loved you.

But if you listen to the clamorous voice of the world, or the softer tones of love which day and night, and night and day, may press you, till your soul, as Sampson's was "is vexed unto death," and begin to reason with yourself that your strength does not lie in the length of your hair, that it will not affect your relation to God, or the mighty power you have in him, whether your seven locks remain on your head, or are cut off, and yield so small and indifferent a point, you will shortly wake from your sleep; you will rise from the lap of the world, and hear the alarm, "*The Philistines are upon thee!*" You will go out and shake yourself as at other times; but that will not give back your lost strength. Oh, you are in their hands, and the glorying is theirs.

The Philistines are upon thee, Sampson.

CONFERENCE has progressed rapidly to this time, but Freemasonry and Odd-Fellowship have arrested us. Oh how can brethren allow the peace of the church to be thus violated! The Lord will judge in these matters! Have enjoyed and suffered much during its session. Masonry and Odd-Fellowship, bone of contention in the midst of us, having done us much evil here. Oh, may Methodist ministers be men of one work! — *Bishop Hamline.*

TRIALS.—If the Lord should suffer the best men in his camp, or the strongest men in Satan's army, to cast you into a furnace of fiery temptation, come not out of it till you are called.

PRESUMPTION abuses Christ; despair refuses him.

THE WORD OF GOD ON DRESS.

BY MRS. M. S. LA DUE.

THE Bible is the word of God. No further revelation is necessary. What we have, needs no additional miracle to determine its authority. But, receiving, as many professedly do, the truth that *all* that is necessary to the present and eternal well-being of the soul, has been clearly defined by the Great Lawgiver, what infidelity does their practice, as Christians, oppose to their theory! I refer to the increasing extravagance in dress, among professed Christians.

I ask those who really desire to advance the cause of Christ, to pause and consider what the Word of God enjoins. I am not a stickler for a certain shade in color,—for an invariable form of garment, nor yet for any rules which prohibit the exercise of taste, in variety, neatness, and convenience. All these may be consulted without violating health, happiness, or God's Word. I love propriety and delicacy in shades—proportion and good taste in form—nor do I think religion lessens a correct taste, but rather gives the last touch of refinement. Yet, while God has so indulgently given every innocent pleasure, who is content with what He has allowed? How few, having taken the Bible as their guide, are willing to acknowledge its requisitions upon the *outer* as well as the *inner* man! While open transgressors of the holy law, it may be they had very clear views of what constituted the Christian, in every outward expression of the soul. They could detect every discrepancy between the life and creed of a worldly-minded professor. Why, in taking upon them the sacred profession, have they contrived to lower the standard?—to persuade themselves that the very things they condemned in others have all at once become *non-essential* to a Christian character? Has grace blighted their moral vision? Can they assume, as one sister did, that God commanded only what we find in *the decalogue*.

I fear that *here* we are guilty; here

is our infidelity. Do we believe that “*all* Scripture is given by inspiration”? Tell a sister that God's Word condemns the “putting on of gold and costly apparel.” She replies, “I know there is such a passage, but it is not in the words of Christ,”—or, “yes, but that is not a command; I would lay them aside if I felt it *duty*.”

There are ministers who stoutly affirm that these passages in Timothy and Peter, relative to apparel, were never intended for our benefit, and others who declare they do not know what gold was made for if not to wear. And has infinite wisdom merely outlined the essential paragraphs of Divine truth with *unimportant* matters, never *designed* for our observance? Then let common sense and religion call for revision, and emendation, till we know what God *means*, and what he does not.

Are not such interpretations proof of a heartless religion? What wonder that infidels see more consistency in a “natural religion,” where every passion has full sway in heart and life. The gospel seems to commend itself to us as truth, because it seeks the *destruction* of both root and branch of sin. Shall we ward off its arrows because they speed toward our idols—our small ones—even *one*?

The Apostle Paul and Peter expressly forbid four things which are every day becoming more common among professing Christians. Gold, pearls, costly array, and curled hair. Weighty arguments against these sins have been drawn from squandered time and money that God gave us for nobler uses. How my heart bleeds when I glance from jewelled professors to the missionary treasury, and thence to the starving millions yet to be fed with the bread of life, before “the stone cut out of the mountain shall fill the whole earth.” I know that these splendid Christians think, (if they *say* what they think) that they bestow less thought upon their persons than she who is so careful as to what impression she leaves on the sinner's mind. Yet, with *all* this affected indifference, never have I found one who would fain justify herself, make a sacri-

fice of her ornaments, without a struggle that told where the heart was.

You, my sister, who indulge this love of show, if you have ever had courage to apply the rigor of self-examination to your heart, cannot be *honest* and not know, that your aim is, not to conform yourself to the Bible, but to adapt the Bible to the carnal bias of your own heart. I know it by experience, and so will you when you understand your motives. Pause and consider the *consequences* of your infidelity. They are not measured by material things.—These *trifles* involve principles that will seal your doom; and God only knows how many of your fellow mortals. You cannot detach one act from the motive that prompts it. A fearful retribution awaits that soul, who, to pamper any appetite, dares to trifle with Divine truth. These things I have felt, not because thus *educated*, but because I asked and permitted the Holy Spirit to show me the depths of my heart. Who shall commence the reform that will pour wealth into the coffers of the Lord, and remove from the church one of the most glaring inconsistencies? That will cut off what is at once a carnal pleasure, and the avenue of sin from the world to the soul. “How long, oh Lord?”

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—Live in the sight of God. This is what Heaven will be—the eternal presence of God. “Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like Him to hear. Write nothing you would not like Him to read. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you. Read no books of which you would not like God to say, “Show it me.” Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, “What art thou doing?”

BESSETTING SINS.—Vanity is such a sin; love of money is another. How many through these sins shall miss the crown of life only the judgement will reveal.

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

BY E. L. DAVIS.

YES we as surely seek a country as did Abraham, “wherefore God is not ashamed to be called our God, and hath prepared for us a city.” How comfortable, to know that *this* is but a state of probation. Let those who will, set their affections on things of earth; they may have all, but let *me* keep “my title clear to a mansion in the skies.” I would rather wait, like poor Lazarus, than sell my birthright, given me by the Holy Ghost, to “an inheritance incorruptible.” We are pilgrims; how my soul does glory in the fact as every day I have a fresh proof of it. “He shall *choose* our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.”—Psalm xlvii: 4. “I have chosen you *out* of the world, therefore the world hateth you.”—John xv: 18. How precious! We are not assigned to our lot by fate, but He hath chosen our inheritance; our home is yonder,

“Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the *discord never comes*;
Where life's stream is ever leaving,
And the palm is ever waving—
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Son of man, they crown, they crown him;
Son of God, they own, they own him;
With his name the palace rings.”

—Bonar.

PERFECT love does not imply perfect knowledge; but perfect humility, and perfect readiness to receive instruction. Remember, therefore, that if ever you show that you are above being instructed, even by a fisherman who teaches according to the Divine anointing, you will show that you are fallen from a perfection of humility into a perfection of pride.—Fletcher.

CHRIST is the Christian's strength.

BEARING THE CROSS.

BY MRS. A. M. SELEE.

NONE but the Christian who has a deep experience in the things of God knows the significant import and the deeper meaning of those words, "Bearing the Cross." When the baptism of love is on our hearts, and when we are filled with gratitude to Him who has done so much for us—then we think we will bear the cross, but when the cross is presented, how we shrink from it; how appalling it looks; we start back in a fright, saying, "I cannot, O, I cannot." We find ourselves unwilling to be crucified with Christ, to suffer with Him. I am speaking now of my own experience. A cross was presented—one that I had always shrunk from, and had never been in the habit of taking up, that of praying in public. But now it was presented to me as a cross that I *must* bear—and I thought I could. I thought I was willing to do anything for Him who had done so much for me. It was Thursday—that evening was our prayer meeting at the church, and I had decided in my mind to pray audibly. I went to the meeting, and when one was praying, I said I will open my mouth in prayer next. But now the flesh began to shrink, and the cross to look heavy, and when he had finished praying I hesitated just long enough for some one else to commence, and so I went through with the meeting. The order of the meeting was changed, and I had not borne that cross—and consequently had not received the blessing that I *might* have had. I went home to weep, and pray God to forgive me once more, but I found it was not so easy now to be reconciled to my offended God. I found, to my sorrow, that His face was turned away from me in anger, and O how I suffered that night! The solemnity of the grave rested upon me, and I understood then the import of the words, "He that knoweth His Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes," and also that obedience is better than sacrifice. In the morning I arose with

the determination never in the strength of God to grieve His blessed Spirit again by not bearing the cross. I fervently prayed—and this was the burden of my prayer. Let not Thy face be hid from me, O Lord, nor frown my soul away. Turn upon me again the light of Thy countenance, smile upon me once more, and I *will* bear Thy cross. Still no answer came, and I said, canst thou not trust me, Lord; O trust me once more, once more trust me, and I *will* not fail. But no pardoning voice came, all was silent as the grave, and I said it is well; I cannot expect the Lord to bless me again until I *have borne* that cross, and I thought I must endure the hidings of His face until the Sabbath evening prayer meeting came, when I had resolved, God being my helper, to bear the cross.

But O, Blessed Jesus! Precious Saviour! Saturday evening, just as the sun was setting behind the western hills—leaving the world in darkness, the precious dove of peace descended. The sun of righteousness shone in upon my heart, and all was light. What a sweet season of prayer I had, how near I got to the throne. Blessed Jesus! he could trust me. O I knew He did not willingly afflict me, and how sweetly these words were applied to me, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby."

Fulton, N. Y.

ARE the persecuted and abused children of God, who are despised by those who profess His name, to be encouraged in their separation from their friends? To them it is said, "Hear ye the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."

CHRIST is to be the believer's judge, and if he were to choose his judge, he could not choose a better friend.

HONESTY.

BY MISS R. A. HUMPHREY.

WHAT is it to be honest? We are not honest if we deal fairly with our neighbor, but unfairly with ourselves and cheat our God. We are not honest with our neighbor even, if we give him his right only in dollars and cents, even to the last cent; we owe our neighbor kindness, benevolence, love.

What then is honesty?

1. We must be honest with ourselves, when our holy intuitions speak with a pleading or a warning voice, if we are honest we will listen and obey; not silence that faithful friend and guide, and set about deceiving ourselves. Do we not too often cheat ourselves out of some holy, Godlike thought or deed by allowing the lower, baser motives to pervade and control us? Reader, watch yourself and see.

2. We must be honest with our neighbor;—give him all his due of charity, generous forbearance, faith, loving kindness and trust.

Last and greatest, we must be honest with our God. What do we deal with God? Every one of us, since all goodness, all purity, every thing that in the least degree elevates or ennobles is God's property. Are we honest with God? Do we ask Him for the good we take? Do we thank Him for the happy, holy influences shining through our lives? What do we owe our God? We owe Him attention. When His Spirit speaks should we not listen and remember? We owe Him love—perfect love. He gives us love in infinite measures; should we not give Him our human measures *full*? We owe the service of our lives. Since the Son of God lived for us and died for us, should we not accept that life and death, and pay the debt we owe?

Brother, are you an honest man? Sister, are you honest? Search and see.

If we would stand, Christ must be our foundation; if we would be safe, Christ must be our sanctuary.

AT EVENING IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

BY MRS. A. M. SELEE.

BLESSED words! I never knew all their meaning till of late. I am not old, but with me 'tis evening time. The scorching, burning, mid-day sun of noon is past, and evening time is coming on. The light of heaven shines in upon my soul. The words of the poet are beautifully exemplified in my experience:

"Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd
By faith and not by sight."

And thou shall own His word fulfilled,

At eve it shall be light.

Tho' earth-born shadows now may shroud

Thy thorny path awhile,

God's blessed light can part each cloud,

And bid the sunshine smile.

Oh, yes, His word hath said to the earth-worn pilgrim that ere their sun should set in death His light should 'round them shine. Blessed light! With this light I can say, "Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Gracious Father! ever grant me the light of Thy countenance while my bark is tossed on life's tempestuous ocean, and when I anchor in heaven's broad bay—grant that I, and all who love Thee here on earth—may ever bask in the light of Heaven's unclouded day—where no night ever comes to dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

"But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,

'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright."

Fulton, N. Y.

♦♦♦♦♦
TO THE UNCONVERTED.—Betake yourselves to God in a course of constant prayer. Confess and lament your former life, and beg grace to illuminate and convert you. Beseech him to pardon what is past and to give you his Spirit, and change your heart and life, and lead you in His ways; and to save you from temptation. Give over your known and wilful sins. Make a stand, and go that way no farther.—*Baxter.*

Editorial.

FIFTY THOUSAND SOULS.

A young brother, who has recently commenced to labor in the ministry, writes us that he has set his mark at fifty thousand souls! This is to be the work of his life. For the accomplishment of this object he consecrates all the powers of his body and mind. He hopes to see, before he goes to his reward, fifty thousand sinners, turned, through his instrumentality, from sin to holiness, from hell to heaven. This would be making a noble use of life. This would be true philanthropy upon an extended scale. The millionaire, who devotes all his treasures to doing good, could not hope to achieve so grand results. Many of these converted souls will be the means of converting others, and thus the work may go on and spread until the knell of time shall sound. "What has been done, can be done," and this very work, that at first might seem impossible, has been done by men under circumstances no more favorable than these which surround us here. Wesley's converts reached many times the number proposed by our brother. Finney, and Redfield, and Caughy, have probably each been instrumental in the conversion of fifty thousand souls, directly or remotely. An average of three a day for about forty-six years would secure the number. And who will say that this cannot be done? It is certainly worth striving for. Consider,

1. *The personal advantage that would be realized.* Men generally enjoy to a limited extent, and for a brief period of time, the fruit of their labor. They die, and leave the product of their toil behind them. They build houses, and others inhabit them; they amass fortunes and others spend them. In a few years, at farthest, the gains of the most successful worldling will profit him nothing. He must go the way of the earth, and leave his treasures behind. He cannot carry with him his gold and silver, his bonds and stocks, and farms and merchandise,—all must be forsaken forever. The more luxuriously he lived on earth, the harder will seem his condition in hell.

But he that wins souls to Jesus will be

adding to his happiness for all eternity. Every soul that he is instrumental in converting will make him the richer forever. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." Dan. xiv: 3. There is a wonderful difference between the shining of the firmament and that of the stars.

2. *The benefit conferred.* Who that has ever tasted the pleasure of doing good but would love to be made a blessing to others? It is more blessed to give than to receive. But of what value is the human soul? Who can estimate its worth? Who can appreciate its loss? He who knew its excellency has asked the startling question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" So that in being instrumental in the conversion of souls you are conferring the greatest possible benefit upon mankind. If you could give ten thousand dollars to every man you meet you would not do him as much good as you would by bringing him into the narrow way that leadeth unto life. If you would succeed in this work you must have.

1. The special help of the Holy Spirit. Without that you can do nothing. Zeal and eloquence, and learning, will not avail you in this work unless God is with you. Benjamin Abbott was unpolished, and unlearned; but sinners could not stand before the power with which he proclaimed God's searching truth. John Bunyan was an unlettered tinker; but his simple words of warning and encouragement have led many a soul through the wicket gate, across the slough of despair, and up the hill difficulty. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord.

2. You must have genuine humility. Success has spoiled more preachers than discouragement ever did. Just as soon as you begin to think you are somebody, and can do something, God will leave you alone. It seems next to impossible for successful preachers to keep humble. They get lifted up, and become vain, haughty and self-willed. If you would have God use you, year in and year out, you must lie low at the foot of the cross.

3. This must be the business of life. Your one work must be to save souls. To this, your calling, every thing must bend. Ease and interest, and honor, must all be sacrificed upon the altar of God and humanity. What others make the main question of life—"what shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed"—with you must be the remotest incidental. If, like Paul and Silas, you find your resting place for awhile in a prison, like them you must pray and sing praises to God, and look for converts even there. Before such a spirit of consecration difficulties must vanish, and success must come. With such a man, God will work, and he who has this co-operation is always conqueror.

Brethren in the ministry! what do you say to setting your mark high, and laboring for a great harvest of souls? The fields are inviting, help of the most desirable kind is at hand; the reward such as might tempt an arch-angel to leave the seats of blessedness to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. Men of God! gird on your armor anew, and haste to the conflict.

TAKE WARNING.

Reader, be warned in time. You stand in peril. When St. Paul preached, he WARNED EVERY MAN. Then every man is in danger. About this matter the Apostle was not mistaken. There is a Heaven. He knew a man who was caught up to the third heaven. There is a hell. The Saviour has declared there is. He describes it as a place of anguish and despair. He says that among the wretched inhabitants, *There is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of the teeth.* They are utterly without hope. Their pain is without mitigation, and it lasts forever. *Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.* Reader, to which of these places are you now going? Do you make a profession of religion? That does not settle the matter. You may be deceived. Thousands will be, clear down to death. Jesus declares that, *Many will say to Him in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?* What agonized

lamentations will be heard, as the Judge pronounces the doom of these orthodox sinners. DEPART FROM ME YE THAT WORK INIQUITY. To gain heaven your religion must be a reality. It must have its seat in your heart, causing you thoroughly to repent of your sins, to forsake them utterly, and to trust your all in Christ as a complete Saviour. It must lead you to a life of self-denial, of non-conformity to the world, and of active devotion to the cause of God. It must make you holy in life and in all manner of conversation.

Do you make no profession of religion? Then there is no doubt in your case. Unquestionably you are on your way to hell. Every step you take brings you nearer to your final doom. Go on as you are, and you will soon be a lost soul. You have not time to wait. The clouds are gathering blackness over you. A horrible tempest will soon sweep you away to utter ruin. Make haste, and flee to Christ. He waits to save you, but he will soon be tired of waiting. Delay not. BEHOLD NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME, BEHOLD NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

THE Tenth Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches has just been held in Hanover Chapel, Sheffield, England. The Rev. Marmaduke Miller was nominated for the presidency, but declined to accept the honor at present; remarking that, as a preacher of only fourteen years' standing, he was too young for such an honor. The Rev. Thomas Newton was then elected, almost unanimously. The Rev. R. Chew was appointed secretary. At a subsequent sitting, a resolution was adopted expressing sympathy with the Rev. James Everett, who, through advancing age and enfeebled health, was unable to attend the sittings of Conference. Fourteen ministers were received into full connection, and six ministers resigned. Several discussions took place on the question of amalgamation with the Methodist New Connexion, the result being the adoption of a resolution requesting the Connexional Committee to meet the Annual Committee of the New Connexion, should the latter desire it. The annual address to the members speaks hopefully of

the state of the Connexion. The number of members is 65,757, the net increase during the year being 68. There are 3,500 preachers, itinerant and local; 3,806 class leaders; 11,200 Sabbath-school teachers, and 145,000 Sabbath scholars. The state of the Connexion formed the subject of serious conversation and prayer.

The Methodist.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Another number closes the year. We have a few words to say to our subscribers, and we speak in season.

1. We thank you for the promptness with which the most of you have sent on your subscriptions; and we especially thank those who, in addition, have sent us one or more new subscribers. Without this assistance, trifling as the effort doubtless seemed to most of you, we could not have gone on with the publication of the *Earnest Christian*. May the Lord reward you a thousand fold.

2 We have done the best we could to give you a magazine filled with matter calculated to make you richer to all eternity. We have had many testimonies of the great good accomplished in many cases, and we trust that all our readers have been largely profited. We have mailed each month's number to every subscriber, and when informed that any have been lost by mail we have re-mailed them. In a few instances subscribers complained that they did not get their magazines, when, about the same time we received their complaints, we received also a notice from the Post Master, saying, "*That our magazine addressed to that same person was not called for.*" If you do not get your magazine at the proper time, inquire for *The Earnest Christian* by name, and if the clerks will not take the trouble to look it up for you inquire of the Post Master or his assistant, and then if it is not forthcoming inform us, giving your address accurately and in full, and we will do all we can to have it reach you.

3. We have set our mark at ten thousand subscribers for next year. We ought to have that number. It will be for the glory of God and the good of His cause for us to

have them. All that will be necessary to accomplish that will be for each of you to renew for yourselves, and get us one new subscriber. Nearly all can do that, and some can do much more. If you cannot get any one to subscribe, can you not pay for some friend and make them a New Year's present of it? Beloveds, will you not set about this work earnestly and prayerfully at once? If you do, it will be accomplished.

4. If you are still indebted to us, please forward the amount at once. We greatly need all that is due us.

5. If you intend to discontinue, please inform us as soon as your time is out. It is not honest to let the book run on a part of the year, and then send back a number, or let it lie in the Post Office until towards the close of the year and let the Post Master send us notice that it is not called for.

6. In all business letters give us, in a plain hand, your name and Post Office address.

7. Please do not send us any counterfeit fifty cent pieces. We have received enough now to send one to State's Prison.

ONE IN JESUS.

TO THE READERS OF THE "EARNEST CHRISTIAN":—Having with you been privileged with the reading of the *Earnest Christian* for the past eighteen months, I feel that though strangers in the flesh we are indeed brought nigh by the precious blood of Christ. Though we may belong to different denominations of Christians, the walls of division quickly crumble down, when Jesus enters the heart, and makes all pure within. The little peculiarities which once tried us are laid aside and it is no longer "*our church*" but all one in Christ Jesus. Oh I love this pure religion, and long to see the bands of Christian union drawn more closely around God's children that the world may know we are *true* followers of Him whose name is Love. I am filled with gratitude to God, when I look forward to the time when, if faithful, I shall meet many of the readers of the *Earnest Christian* whose experiences vibrate a sympathetic chord in my own heart, before the throne of God, unfettered by the frail tenelements of clay, where one everlasting song

of hallelujahs to the Lamb, shall ascend from every heart, and shouts of glory to the ever blessed Christ be our united employ. I praise God for the tidings of so many plunging into the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and earnestly desire that all who may read these lines may be persuaded to prove Jesus' power to save to the uttermost. Oh do not fail to walk in the light as it shines upon your hearts. He is more willing to purify us, than we are to be pure, and surely his great love for us should constrain us to accept what he is so anxious to bestow. Tongue cannot express the blessedness of living in the very atmosphere of heaven, where we are encircled with the waves of glory, and feel our whole souls in unison with the myriads gone before, who are now prostrate before the throne praising the Lamb who died to purchase this great salvation for us. If we would ever unite with them in that blessed employ, we must live a life of *entire devotedness* to God. Nothing short of this will answer, for I am fully convinced we cannot remain in a justified state before God, unless we improve upon the light He gives us. When reading the word of God, and the experiences of others in the divine life who have received the holy unction, if the still small voice whispers in your heart, urging you *now* to "reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin but alive unto God, oh! begin at once, without further delay, to bind the sacrifice to the altar, and look to God in constant faith for the consuming fire. When Jesus takes full possession, surely, you will exclaim, "the half was never told me." That you may all prove it for yourselves, and taste the powers of the world to come, is the prayer of

A CONGREGATIONALIST.

It does not seem right for people to pray, "Suffer us not to come and go like a door upon its hinges"; just as if a door was of no use swinging the way it does. It is just what it was made for; and all it was made for; and it does its work perfectly. If we do our work as well, God asks no more. Why, if God should tell that door to do anything, it would do it. We are the ones who do not obey. We are the ones who come and go to no purpose. M.

A VOICE FROM NEW JERSEY.

I recently received a package containing the July and August numbers of the *Earnest Christian*, on which were the words "Paid one year, friend." I do not know who the friend is but am grateful for the gift. The two numbers have been quite thoroughly perused. I like the magazine. Its direct, matter-of-fact, pungent way of dealing with great practical questions suits me exactly. Also its high moral tone, its all-pervading earnestness, and its deep imbueing with the spirit of holiness. By reading it my heart has been stirred, my faith quickened my conscience nerved, and my purpose to live and work for God and his cause strengthened. Most of the matter is fresh, vigorous, practical and well adapted to do good.

The increase of spiritual light and power in this quarter of the vineyard is marked and widely pervading. Holiness as distinct from, and advanced beyond the justified state, has been made very prominent at our camp meetings for several years past; also at our village camps, so called, in a series of day and evening meetings in our churches. These have been quite common and some of them greatly owned of the Lord. A daily morning prayer and experience meeting, during Conference, has been marked with unusual displays of the divine glory and power. Meetings for the promotion of holiness are established in many of the churches. A large number of our ministers have experienced and openly profess the blessing, and are frequently preaching on that theme, with great clearness, liberty and unction. As a matter of course the people are stirred up to talk about it and pray about it, and many of them are coming into its clear and full enjoyment. The camp-meetings of the past summer have been more than usually successful. Not only have many believers been wholly sanctified but large numbers have been converted, and the altars of a good many churches are still ablaze, lighted by the flame carried home from these feasts of tabernacles.

Still there is much room for improvement in many respects. Discipline is too lax in many cases. Pride and fashion hold sway over multitudes of the nominal followers of Christ. Engrossment with secular pursuits

to the neglect of religious duty is painfully manifest. The excitements of party politics carry many from their moorings. An utter failure to realize the obligations of stewards in the use of God given possessions, is a mighty barrier to the church's success. In a word, the lack of consistency in life and zeal for the cause of Christ and humanity largely and sadly cripple the church's energies, and clog her wheels of progress. Yet this has always been the case, and why dwell upon the dark side of the picture? All things considered the signs are auspicious, the prospect is brightening.

G. R. SNYDER.

Burlington, N. J.

FREE METHODIST CONFERENCES.

The Conferences held this fall were the best, on the whole, we ever attended. A spirit of self-sacrifice, of devotion to God, and of unity prevailed, that augurs favorably for the future prosperity of the work. There was a gratifying increase in the number of members and preachers. The work is spreading, and the calls for preachers were more numerous than could possibly be met. We never saw the preachers in so good a spiritual state to go forth and labor for the salvation of souls. Both they and the people were baptized with the Spirit from on high. Several promising young men were received on trial. A true Missionary spirit prevailed, and several strong men of the conference, were sent to new fields upon the border. At Aurora, Illinois, that old veteran soldier of the cross, Rev. Seymour Coleman, was present, and preached two powerful sermons in the Free Methodist Church. His fire has not grown dim, nor his strength abated. The pulpits of the Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and Baptist churches, at their invitation, were supplied by members of the Conference, and so far as we learn, to the satisfaction of the people. We expect glorious results the coming year from the labors of the preachers and people of this little church.

HOLINESS REASONABLE.—The command to be holy is *reasonable*. The purpose manifested in our creation is that we may glorify God. This we cannot do while we remain in sin, tainted by its depravity.

DYING TESTIMONY.

Sister JANE BRAGG, a member of the West Falls society, died in the Lord, May 14th, 1865.

She was converted in 1861, and soon after entered into the Canaan of perfect love. She walked with the Lord in true humility of soul; and was a living witness of his power to save, and keep in health and sickness. She was very clear in her testimony to the end, and being dead yet speaketh. The Holy Spirit was especially present at her funeral, and many date their awakening and conversion from that time.

JAMES MATHEWS.

Mary A., the only child of Abram and Sarah Castle, died June 16th, 1866, aged 19 years and six months.

This amiable young lady was one who remembered her Creator while in the days of her youth. All of her life she enjoyed the advantages of a religious education. And such was the blessing of God upon her early privileges, that, at the age of ten years while at camp-meeting, held on the Bergen ground, at a prayer-meeting conducted by that good man, Rev. W. C. Kendall, she gave her heart to the Saviour. The religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is never more winning and lovely than when it is exemplified by those in the prime of youth. Mary, in person, was very agreeable. In disposition, pleasant and lively. She possessed the rare faculty of making and enjoying friends; hence she had a large circle of those who mourn their loss. Her mind was clear, active, and retentive; and, perhaps, too vigorous for the body. She loved God's word; and had committed much of its precious truths to memory. She was a student at the Parma Institute. Her motto was *excelior*. She won the universal respect of all the students, and especially the teacher, Prof. Clark. As a Christian, she, the most of the time, maintained her religious integrity. In the absence of her parents she would ask the blessing at the table, and keep up the family altar. A part of the time, during her illness, she thought that she would recover. But, as disease advanced, her approaching mortality was seen by her parents, and when she was told that death was near, she met it with a smile. And when

in the arms of death, her father said to her, "though I pass 'through the valley and the shadow of death,' I will what?"—She answered, "I will fear no evil." At this time, she was inquired of, "Who is coming for you?" She answered, with a smile, "My Jesus." Thus passed away one, in the flower of youth, to a land where the inhabitants never die, never grow old, but are in perennial youth.

G. W. MARCELLUS.

THE LOVE FEAST.

JOHN STEPHENS.—My wife went to White Oak Springs to spend a few days with her parents. A protracted meeting was going on in the M. E. Church. She attended, and gave herself to God, who blessed her, and took her in his fold. About a week after that, I went for her. I saw at a glance there was a change. Her whole countenance beamed with love as she told me what the Lord had done for her. I told her I was glad of it, and hoped she would pray for me. From that moment I made up my mind to lead a different life. A few weeks afterwards I attended a meeting at the Primitive Methodist Church at Benton, and partook of the Lord's supper. It was quite a trial, as it was my first step in public towards beginning a new life. I felt that God had in a measure blessed me. On the next sabbath I went to class-meeting. After I had spoken, I felt that God was with me, and it was good to be there. I feel tempted with the things of the world, but I look to God and think of his promises, and what he has done for me. It convinces me more firmly of my duty. Thank God we are now living happy in the fear of the Lord. We feel more determined every day of our lives to so live that we can enjoy that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

St. Rose, Wis.

C. L. CARLTON.—My soul does triumph in the Lord. I feel the blood applied day by day. I am living on the bounties of the Lord. We could, in no case, do without the *Earnest Christian* in our house; by the time we get one read through we can hardly wait for the next. Keep it full of fire.

LeRoy, N. Y.

G. W. ALEXANDER.—I feel that Jesus saves me now, bless his name. While writing this, I feel my blessed Saviour is near, filling my soul with glory. During the recent grove meeting, held in this place, I felt the glorious presence of God, and I felt anew the refining fire of the Holy Spirit burning in my heart, and glory to God, I still feel that my peace flows as a river. Praise the Lord, I feel now the sanctifying power of the blood of Christ in my soul, and the joys of full salvation well up within me. Glory to God! Praise the Lord, for a free and full salvation. Bless the Lord; I feel just now that,

"There is power in Jesus' blood,
To cleanse and keep me clean."

Hallelujah to the Lamb! I trust firmly in Jesus to keep me unto the end, and then to give me a crown of life eternal. I would like the whole world to feel the joys of full salvation in the atonement, purchased by the blood of a crucified, and risen Saviour. I would say to all who have not the full assurance that you are wholly the Lord's, do not rest until you get it, for "it is the will of the Lord even your sanctification."

McClure Settlement, N. Y.

MARY E. REED.—This morning the fire of Divine love is burning in my heart. I wear the world as a loose garment while I walk in the light of the countenance of my reconciled Father. My eye is fixed on the prize which lies at the end of the race. My heart, cleansed by the precious blood, is fixed on God, and my feet are on the Rock, while my goings are established. Though I am very "poor in Spirit" I find a promise left on record, and by faith I claim it.—Praise the Lord!

Oswego, Ills.

MRS. M. MANZER.—I belong to the royal line and have the glory in my soul. I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content, taking joyfully the spoiling of my goods, and bending forward to drink the cup prepared by my Heavenly Father's hand. All glory to his great name for the application of the blood that cleanses even me just now.

South Gibson, Pa.